

YELLOWJACKETS

Episode 102
"HEART-SHAPED BLACK BOX"

Written by
Jonathan Lisco & Ashley Lyle & Bart Nickerson

Directed by
Jamie Travis

GREEN REVISIONS 05/24/21
YELLOW REVISIONS 05/21/21
PINK REVISIONS 05/09/21
BLUE REVISIONS 05/03/21
WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 04/20/21

©2021 SHOWTIME NETWORKS INC. This Teleplay is the sole property of Showtime Networks Inc. No portion may be distributed, published, reformatted, reproduced, sold, used by any means, quoted, communicated, or otherwise disseminated or publicized in any form or media, including without limitation by any written article, television and/or radio interview or on the internet, without the prior written consent of Showtime Networks Inc. No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost or destroyed, please notify the story department at: Showtime Networks Inc. 1041 N Formosa Ave, Suite 300, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

RAW SCREAMS are horribly muted by the DEMONIC ROAR of engine failure. It is the sound of PURE TERROR.

SMASH OPEN ON:

INT. PLANE - DAY (1996)

In a gut-wrenching dive. Bins are POPPING OPEN. Oxygen masks WHIP AROUND. We're looking toward the rear of the cabin -- and our view is terrifyingly UPSIDE DOWN.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT on her knees is getting pummeled by COFFEE POTS and DEBRIS. As our perspective rights itself, WE FIND --

We are in MISTY'S POV. Her eyes are wide with fear, but also a perverse curiosity. She's had her head between her legs in "brace position." But now, she glances up and sees the WILDLY SHAKING cabin and the panicked faces of the rest of the team -- screaming, crying. Across from her, LOTTIE reaches forward to desperately clutch LAURA LEE'S hand in the aisle. Their shared terror making it all the more clear that, in this moment, Misty is ALL ALONE.

CAMERA staggers down the aisle, catching shots of JACKIE, SHAUNA, TAISSA, NATALIE, VAN -- and moves into --

THE COCKPIT, its door BANGING OPEN AND SHUT.

LIGHTS FLASH, instruments freak, as we come up behind the PILOT and CO-PILOT. One stoically pages through THREE-RING BINDERS full of CHARTS and CALCULATIONS while they trade ideas we can't hear because of the RUSH OF DEAFENING WIND.

The plane is plummeting out of control, and they are flipping through the fucking User's Manual! It's no use. As the plane descends into the darkness of the canopy, the cacophony of persistent and ominous ALARMS merge with the sound of a RINGING PHONE, and we're suddenly in --

INT. MISTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (1992)

A 13-year-old Misty lies in bed in her PAJAMAS, reading "The Cheerleader" by Caroline B. Cooney. Picking up the RINGING RED LIPS PHONE on her bedside table --

MISTY

Hello?

On the other end -- the high, musical sound of GIRLS GIGGLING. There's an immediate, eager menace to it. Then a shushing noise. Finally, BECKY, 13, speaks. Faux casual --

BECKY (O.S.)
Misty! Oh my god, hi.

More giggles in the background. Misty sighs with resignation.

MISTY
What do you want, Becky?

BECKY (O.S.)
Sorry, I'm sure you're like, so busy. We just thought you should know that Robby Delgado is telling everybody you two did anal in the janitor's closet.

More hysterical giggles in the background on Becky's end. Misty goes red, no idea what "anal" really is.

MISTY
(a bit pedantic)
Um, for your information I've never even *been* in the janitor's closet.

Unfortunately, that's not quite the 'case closed' Misty was looking for. Becky is, in a word, undeterred.

BECKY (O.S.)
So where did you guys do it then?

MISTY
I didn't--
(lowering her voice)
I didn't do anal with Robbie Delgado.

BECKY (O.S.)
But you've done it with somebody else. Do you, like, love anal?

MISTY
No! I-- I never--

BECKY (O.S.)
You know what I think? I think you *wish* someone would do anal to you, Misty. Only, you're too ugly to like, find a victim.

Misty straightens her shoulders. Primly --

MISTY
You can think what you want. Opinion is the wilderness between knowledge and ignorance.

(MORE)

MISTY (CONT'D)

(then)

That's *Plato*.

A beat. Did Misty... make a point?

BECKY

Oh my god. You are *such* a fucking weirdo.

Nope. CLICK. The line goes dead. ON MISTY as she slowly hangs up the LIPS. Carefully, she closes her book and takes off her glasses, placing them on the bedside table. Getting ready to go to bed -- or, possibly, cry herself to sleep.

Then, as she turns off her CERAMIC FROG LAMP, plunging the room into darkness --

MATCH TO:

INT PLANE CRASH - DAY (1996)

BLACK SMOKE, as we FIND Misty in crash position, face mashed against her armrest in the MANGLED FUSELAGE. She turns to see a piece of METAL piercing clean through from the row ahead into her adjacent seat, blocking her path to the aisle. Misty shoves the seat in front of her forward, REVEALING --

A DEAD GIRL in 2C with that same piece of metal sticking out of her throat, eyes frozen open, OXYGEN MASK filled with BLOOD. Misty chokes back a scream as she tries to see through the TOXIC HAZE. People are MOANING, CRYING OUT. Carefully, Misty starts to climb UNDER the detritus penning her into her row and CRAWL DOWN THE AISLE...

She sees LIGHT pouring in from a JAGGED HOLE in the TAIL big enough to climb through. But it is also ON FIRE, tall flames leaping. The flight attendant suddenly LURCHES from the fire, her body a BIG TORCH, then collapses in a heap.

Misty wheels around and starts feeling her way up the aisle toward the front. She moves past bodies -- some moving, some not -- until a shorted-out EXIT SIGN hanging by wires becomes visible in the smoke.

Misty staggers to the EXIT DOOR and yanks up on the HANDLE. It's stuck! A BLOODY TAISSA appears at her side. Together, they struggle with the handle, but it won't budge!

They see Natalie regaining consciousness in a seat nearby. She is buried in carry-ons and equipment from the overhead bins.

Taissa yanks free a piece of METAL DEBRIS piercing a nearby seat and uses it as a lever to pry open the jammed exit door -- until finally the door gives slightly letting in a bright CORONA OF DAYLIGHT.

Taissa and Misty throw themselves at the door. Three other shapes join in -- Lottie, Laura Lee, and AKILAH. As they all kick and shove, the door finally GRINDS OPEN. The girls unbury Natalie and get her to her feet. BLINDED BY SUN, they JUMP OUTSIDE.

OTHER BODIES crowd THE LENS, desperate to follow, as CAMERA fights its way through them a few rows up TO FIND -- Jackie frantically shaking Shauna, who's just coming to, her pleas barely audible in the chaos --

JACKIE

Shauna, get up! Get the fuck up!

Shauna gets her bearings. Together, they make a beeline for the EXIT -- when suddenly, Shauna moves right past it.

Several rows down, we see that Van is trapped in her seat near the rapidly SPREADING FIRE. Her seatbelt is jammed, and so tight she can't wriggle free. Shauna starts to help, but can't get Van loose! Jackie runs after Shauna and starts CLAWING at her, trying to move her toward the exit --

SHAUNA

No! We can't leave her!

JACKIE

We have to get out now!

Jackie starts wrestling Shauna away from Van. Finally, choking on smoke, Shauna allows herself to be yanked away.

As she and Jackie stumble towards the exit, off Van -- trapped, flames encroaching, desperately straining to grasp a BACKPACK that's just out of reach...

EXT. PLANE CRASH - DAY (1996)

Jackie and Shauna fall to the ground from the exit door. Then -- A SERIES OF CUTS -- and a slice of hell, from Shauna's shell-shocked POV:

TEAM MEMBERS stagger around in a bloody daze. One is on all fours, lips quivering, unable to form words, as she stares at a FLAMING LAVATORY randomly sitting yards from the plane.

Another blinks up at the sky, miraculously still in her seat but somehow in the grass with only minor cuts and bruises, while nearby a YELLOWJACKET with her sleeve on fire struggles to yank off the burning sweatshirt...

SOUND RUSHES BACK IN as Shauna finally gets her bearings; all around us are CRIES FOR HELP, confused YELLING.

Shauna and Jackie begin fighting angrily in the dirt, Jackie clearly still desperately afraid to remain so close to the fiery wreckage -- *this thing could blow...*

SHAUNA

Let go, she's still inside!

When -- suddenly, there's a BURST OF FLAMES in the fuselage, forcing both girls to instinctively cringe and move away...

OMITTED

EXT. PLANE CRASH - DAY (1996)

WE FIND TAISSA in the chaos, desperately searching --

TAISSA

Van! Has anyone seen Van?

A few girls give her a dazed head shake, *no*. Nearby, Javi is also screaming at the top of his lungs and CRYING, no sign of Coach Martinez in sight --

JAVI

Dad! Daaad!

We also FIND TRAVIS. He's covered in soot and standing off, aloof all by himself. He's watching all of it with a weird detachment. Alert, but not all there. In a state of shock.

Then -- somewhere in the DIN, the VOICE OF A GROWN MAN (Ben Scott) calling out in pain and desperation --

BEN SCOTT (O.S.)

Help! I need help!

Misty goes still, alert and listening, trying to locate the source of Ben's voice. Quickly realizing -- *he's on the other side of the plane.*

MISTY

Coach Scott!

Others follow as Misty takes off, forging a path through the now-separated nose and fuselage of the mangled aircraft...

EXT. PLANE CRASH - OTHER SIDE OF THE PLANE - DAY(1996)

...To FIND BEN SCOTT lying on the ground, His RIGHT LEG buried under a massive CHUNK OF WRECKAGE.

TIGHT ON BEN SCOTT'S TWITCHING, SWEAT-COVERED FACE. Clearly in wicked pain, he's doing his best to keep it together

BEN SCOTT

Is it... can you move it?

Taissa, Misty, Natalie, and Lottie quickly work together in an attempt to move the heavy hunk of metal and free Coach Scott. Taissa backs off and looks around helplessly --

TAISSA

Fuck, it's too heavy.

Akilah and MARI run over with Laura Lee and ANOTHER GIRL --

AKILAH

What if we all try?

NATALIE

C'mon!

The girls put their backs into it... GRUNTING... SWEARING ENCOURAGEMENT... as Misty backs off for a moment, weirdly taking in the problem. Coach Scott is HUFFING HEAVILY.

They manage to tilt the wreckage just enough so that some of the girls can start pulling Coach Scott out from under it...

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Yeah! Push! Just a little more!

It's excruciating to watch. As they pull on his upper torso and lift the wreckage further off of him, Coach Scott's eyes roll back and he blacks out from the pain.

Still, they got this, but then -- the girls recoil at the sight of Coach Scott's leg TURNING INTO SPAGHETTI as he starts to move and his lower leg stays exactly where it was.

LOTTIE

Oh fucking God--

TAISSA

Holy shit.

From just below his knee: an awful, stretchy mass of skin, tendon, and muscle! The girls stop. Mari RETCHES.

The other girls stagger away and avert their eyes. ON MISTY, moving away from the group, seemingly on a mission...

In b.g., Jackie and Shauna approach. Jackie tries to put an arm around Shauna --

JACKIE

There was nothing we could do--

But Shauna twists away, unable to talk or take comfort. They come upon the Coach Scott situation unfolding...

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Jesus... Coach...

On the move toward the other girls, when suddenly -- Van steps in their path. Her hair is singed, her face tear-stained and caked with soot and sweat. And she is pissed.

VAN

Surprise.

An intense, shocked beat as the girls eye each other. *Awkward*. But before they can get into it, Taissa launches herself at Van, catching her in a relieved BEAR HUG. Then Shauna's eyes go wide as she spots --

MISTY, barreling back towards the group with the plane's CRASH AXE hefted over her shoulder. Before anyone can even process what she means to do --

THWACK!

ON MISTY'S FACE as it's splattered with blood. REVEAL: *she just hatcheted off the coach's leg below his knee*. Spaghetti problem solved... at least temporarily. SOMEBODY PUKES. But mostly, shocked and horrified, they all stare incredulously at Misty.

NATALIE

What? The? Fuck!?

Misty holds their eyes, victorious, oddly confident; there's no time for second guesses right now. Then Misty unbuckles her belt and, kneeling, loops it around Ben Scott's thigh, pulling it tight into a TOURNIQUET.

MISTY

Help me move him.

And as we realize this little show called "Yellowjackets" is sick, unexpected, and awesome, we SMASH CUT TO --

MAIN TITLESINT. RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING (PRESENT DAY)

CLOSE ON A WOMAN'S HAND, slowly caressing the stem of a WINE GLASS. Her voice husky, redolent with seduction.

MISTY (O.S.)
Bubblebaths. Walks in the rain.
Muscular calves...

REVEAL MISTY QUIGLEY as she takes a sip. A quixotic smile playing on her lips as the list grows... stranger.

MISTY
Escalators. Knuckles. Steamed clams.
The feathers of a newly molted
macaw...
(coquettishly)
But enough about me. What turns you
on, Stan?

Reverse to REVEAL the uncomfortable-looking STAN (40s, timid, looks like an insurance adjuster) sitting across from her.

STAN
Oh. Uh. I don't know... The usual
stuff, I guess.

Stan looks around, trying to catch the eye of their waitress. Any waitress. Misty waits him out with an expectant stare. Finally, seeing no way out of this --

STAN (CONT'D)
...Hair?

MISTY
I can work with that.

Stan is clearly not sure what that means. Nor does he seem inclined to find out. When, to his (temporary) relief --

WAITRESS
Another Rioja, hon?

MISTY
(quickly)
That would be great.

STAN
(blurting)
No!

STAN (CONT'D)
It's just, I have to be up kind of
early tomorrow. So...

MISTY

It's six o'clock. And I thought you said you just got fired.

STAN

Well, technically I said there were some intradepartmental redundancies post-merger, so really I wasn't fired so much as...

He trails off. The WAITRESS waits; Stan sighs.

STAN (CONT'D)

What the hell. I suppose one more drink won't kill me.

WAITRESS

And did we want to take a look at some menus?

Stan starts to object, then sees Misty's intensely hopeful look. With a sigh, and as much sarcasm as he can muster...

STAN

I honestly don't see how we couldn't.

The waitress hands over two MENUS. Misty immediately sits up straighter, with a small, victorious smirk.

MISTY

Ooh, carpaccio of beef! Add *that* to the list...

(a beat; then)

You know, I'll admit, I really wasn't sure about this date when I first saw your profile. I said to myself, there's no way a man with that much raw animal magnetism is going to be a decent guy. But I underestimated you, Stan. I bet that happens a lot, doesn't it?

Stan looks up at her. A nerve struck.

STAN

Yes. It does, actually.

MISTY

I knew it. It's one of many things we have in common, I can tell...

She reaches out and places her hand over his. He instinctively starts to pull his away, but she firmly holds it in place. Off Misty, a woman hellbent on connection...

MATCH TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - CRASH SITE - DAY (1996)

TEEN MISTY, eyes narrowed in earnest concentration, as she tears a long, thick STRIP from a T-SHIRT.

MISTY
Like this. Got it?

Taissa and Natalie nod, a small pile of collected shirts on the ground at their feet. Demonstration finished, Misty hands the shirt over to Taissa.

MISTY (CONT'D)
As many as you can. And fast. We're gonna need to change the bandages soon. And then hourly after that.

NATALIE
If he even lives that long...

MISTY
Don't say that.

If Misty seems sharp, it's because she's trying to be brave. Natalie just blinks. She's very pale. Still in shock. Clearly this is a side of Misty they haven't seen before.

MISTY (CONT'D)
Just -- keep ripping those up, okay?

Natalie nods, okay. Then, as Misty heads off, moving with purpose, WE FOLLOW HER through what we see is now an --

IMPROVISED TRIAGE AREA:

In the b.g., we see the wreckage of the plane, black smoke still billowing from the fuselage as the relatively unscathed collect scattered LUGGAGE, or help tend to the wounded...

SHAUNA, gently pouring a bottle of water over a nasty BURN on MARI'S THIGH... LOTTIE, using even more bottled water to help flush smoke out of VAN'S EYES... LAURA LEE trying in vain to hold and comfort a struggling, hyperventilating JAVI...

All around, girls pace, or sit in small clusters. Some cry quietly; others stare off vacantly into space. Misty continues making her way through the chaos -- passing AKILAH as she tries to help TRAVIS staunch a gnarly but superficial scrape on his arm...

TRAVIS
Ow. Watch it.

AKILAH
Hold still, then.

Misty detours towards them.

MISTY
That's too loose...

She takes the makeshift bandage from Akilah and efficiently ties it around Travis's arm. As she tugs it TIGHT --

TRAVIS
Fuck.

MISTY
(ignoring him; to Akilah)
You want to stop the bleeding, but not cut off circulation.

AKILAH
How do you know how to do all this?

MISTY
(deadly serious)
I took the Red Cross babysitter training class. Twice.

And then Misty's off again. And so are we, as she beelines for her true target:

BEN SCOTT. Lying on the ground, blissfully unconscious, the makeshift belt TOURNIQUET around his thigh and a blood-soaked HOODIE wrapped around the stump of his leg. A few of the girls, including JACKIE, hover around him anxiously. Clearly relieved by Misty's return.

Immediately, Misty drops to her knees next to him and, chewing her lip, gently unwraps the hoodie. Jackie averts her eyes, looking green, as a few of the other girls wander over.

MISTY (CONT'D)
Bleeding's slowing down. But we need to disinfect it somehow. Maybe something from the bar cart?

LOTTIE
There wasn't one. I mean, it was just soda. It cost less that way.

TAISSA

Seriously?

LOTTIE

Rich people are fucking cheap.

LAURA LEE

Maybe *somebody* brought some
contraband...

Everybody immediately turns to Natalie, who's walked up with Taissa and some fresh bandages.

NATALIE

Um, okay. Wow.

MISTY

Well, did you?

NATALIE

Yeah, obviously. But I stashed it in my bag, and god knows where that is now...

VAN (O.S.)

You guys. What about this?

They all turn to see Van digging through an open recovered SUITCASE. As she holds up a bottle of SEABREEZE TONER --

JACKIE

Hey. That's--

--*mine*, is what she was going to say. Catching herself --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

-- a good idea, Van...

Van gives Jackie a dark look, handing her the bottle before pointedly walking away. Jackie cringes, tossing the bottle to Misty. Inspecting the label--

MISTY

Witch hazel, isopropyl alcohol.
Actually, this could work...

Carefully, she uncaps the Seabreeze and pours some directly over the raw, exposed stump. If you think that shit stings on your face...

A few girls involuntarily shriek as Ben Scott COMES TO with a scream of pure, unadulterated pain. He tries to sit up, disoriented from the pain, pupils wide and unfocused. Misty firmly presses a hand to his chest.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Lie back.

BEN

My leg. *Jesus Christ*, it hurts...

He pants weakly, unable to prop himself up to get a look.

BEN (CONT'D)

Is it bad? *Fuck*. How bad is it?

Misty takes a deep breath, steeling herself.

MISTY

Well, the good news is--

TAISSA

(interrupting)

You're gonna be fine, Coach. You got pretty banged up, but Misty's taking really good care of you. Right, Misty?

Misty throws her a questioning glance. Taissa shoots a warning look back. *Not now*. Misty stands; sotto --

MISTY

We have to tell him.

TAISSA

And freak him out worse?

(before Misty can protest)

Are you really that psyched to tell him you chopped his fucking leg off with an axe?

Off Misty, torn. It's a decent point..

JACKIE (PRE-LAP)

She hates me now..

EXT. WILDERNESS - CRASH SITE - DAY (1996)

Find Jackie and Shauna, who have drifted further away from the group, looking through a couple of battered SUITCASES for supplies. Jackie keeps glancing at Van in the distance, handing out a few CANS OF SODA.

As though sensing her gaze, Van looks in their direction. Then turns away again, her face stony.

SHAUNA

Maybe just give her some time.

A BEAT, as Shauna digs through the suitcase. She unzips a MAKEUP BAG, finding a bottle of MIDOL and a small SEWING KIT.

JACKIE

For the record, I was trying to save you. I thought...

...I was going to lose you. Jackie bites her lip, a little teary. Shauna glances at her and nods, *I know* -- but we also get the sense that Van isn't the only one judging Jackie right now. Off Shauna, as she turns and walks away...

CUT TO:

INT. SHAUNA'S MINIVAN - EVENING (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna, driving. Glancing between the road and her CELL as she tries to make a call while negotiating rush hour TRAFFIC.

She dials and taps the speaker phone button. We hear several rings. Finally --

CALLIE (O.S.)

Yeah?

SHAUNA

Hey. It's me.

INT. CALLIE'S BEDROOM - EVENING (PRESENT DAY)

Callie sits on her windowsill, VAPING out her window.

CALLIE

Uh, yeah. I know. Do you *not* know how cell phones work?

INTERCUT WITH SHAUNA IN THE VAN.

SHAUNA

Are you home?

CALLIE

Um. Maybe.

SHAUNA

Do you *not* know how being home works?

CALLIE

What do you want, Mom?

SHAUNA

I just realized I forgot to defrost the chuck.

Shauna turns off the main road, then hits the brakes -- hard -- as she suddenly sees the line of cars stopped ahead of her. A CONSTRUCTION ZONE. Perfect.

CALLIE

Literally, what are you even talking about?

SHAUNA

For dinner tomorrow. Can you just take it out of the freezer, please?

CALLIE

What does it look like?

SHAUNA

Like a little refrigerator, on top of the big refrigerator. It's meat, Callie. It looks like frozen meat.

Shauna briefly closes her eyes, trying to keep her cool. Callie's obviously in a phase; it's still annoying as fuck, though. When she opens them, she has to hit the brakes again to avoid the JEEP in front of her.

Shauna lays on the horn, narrowing her eyes at its corny "CO-EXIST" BUMPER STICKER.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

For fuck's sake. Come on.

Callie makes a face, exhaling a plume of vape.

CALLIE

Fine, god. Chill out. It's not my fault you suck at time management.

SHAUNA

Thank you.

CALLIE

Whatever. Have fun at couples counseling.

Processing that, before Callie can hang up --

SHAUNA

Callie, wait-- Dad told you we've been seeing a therapist?

CALLIE

Yeah, Mom. Because he actually treats me like I'm an adult.

Shauna starts to reply, when -- WHAM. The dance with the Jeep comes to its inevitable conclusion as Shauna REAR-ENDS it with a dull THUD.

SHAUNA

FUCK. I gotta go.

Shauna hangs up and follows the jeep to the shoulder. Then, putting the minivan in park, she throws open her door. She's so mad she forgets to unclip her seatbelt, getting caught up in it as the door bounces back on her...

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Goddammit...

EXT. SHAUNA'S MINIVAN/STREET - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna finally untangles herself and climbs out, only to find the DRIVER of the Jeep approaching to inspect the damage.

SHAUNA

Who taught you how to drive?!

She's too fired up to immediately notice how good-looking he is. This is ADAM (mid-30s, Latino) -- tall, lean, shaggy hair.

ADAM

Are you okay?

SHAUNA

No, actually, I'm not. Because you, sir, are an *asshole*.

ADAM

Wow, it usually takes people at least a few minutes of conversation to figure that out. You're good.

He gives her a wry, winning smile. She narrows her eyes.

SHAUNA

What is that, *adorable*? Are you trying to be adorable with me? Does that usually work for you?

Shauna looks down at her mangled front BUMPER with dismay.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

This isn't my fault. Shit. You can't just stop without warning!

Adam calmly walks over to stand directly beside her and inspect the damage.

ADAM

Okay, I'm honestly not sure what to do here. Because a) you rear-ended me, so technically this is your fault and b) that's literally what tail lights are for.

SHAUNA

How do you know your tail lights aren't out?

ADAM

Are they?

He isn't staring at her, exactly, but there's something penetrating about his gaze. Like he's *really seeing her*.

SHAUNA

That isn't the point. There are laws and then there's -- Stop looking at me like that!

ADAM

(innocently)

Like what? Okay, now I *am* being an asshole. It's just, man, you are so mad, and yet so wrong.

And just like that, Shauna's rage dissipates, leaving only a growing sense of dismay in its place. Glancing at his Jeep --

ADAM (CONT'D)

Look, you clearly took the worst of it here. We probably don't need to get our insurance involved...

Shauna leans down, trying to put her bent and dislodged bumper back in place. It immediately falls off again.

SHAUNA

Shit.

On ADAM as he clocks her WEDDING RING. He doesn't mean to -- it's almost like a reflex. He looks back at the small DENT in his own bumper, then back at Shauna. Coming to a decision...

ADAM

Got a pen?

Shauna looks up at him. He shrugs, gesturing at her PURSE.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Figured if I asked for your phone I
might end up in the hospital...

Wordlessly, Shauna digs through her purse and finds a
"SADECKI FURNITURE EMPORIUM" PEN. Adam takes her by the
wrist and gently pushes up her sleeve. Then writes a PHONE
NUMBER on the soft skin of her inner arm.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Here's the number of a good body
shop. A guy there owes me a favor.
Give them a call, they'll take care
of you.

A beat as Shauna clocks the small, electric buzz of his
lingering touch on her wrist. She pulls back her arm and
gives him a long look.

SHAUNA

Why are you being nice to me?

ADAM

Oh, I'm a notoriously bad judge of
character. I'm Adam, by the way...

He holds out the pen, handing it back. A beat as Shauna
takes it... reluctantly reciprocating...

SHAUNA

Shauna.

Off Shauna, annoyed by the effect his *nice to meet you* smile
is having on her, in spite of herself...

CUT TO:

INT.THERAPIST'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING (PRESENT DAY)

AN ABSTRACT, BUT AGGRESSIVELY EROTIC SCULPTURE...

As we find Shauna and JEFF SADECKI sitting awkwardly on the
couch across from DR. OKADA (70s, if your Nana had a Ph.D.
and a deep collection of Hermès scarves). Jeff glances
around at the art, which is all either phallic, yonic, or
both.

DR. OKADA

So tell me, kids. How's the sex?

An awkward beat.

SHAUNA

I mean, we've just both been really busy lately. And Jeff's been working such late hours...

JEFF

We've been having problems with the inventory database at the store.

Shauna gives him a look. Clearly not totally sold on that.

DR. OKADA

I see.

She puts her pen down and looks at them frankly.

DR. OKADA (CONT'D)

Well, I've said it before and I'll say it again: a marriage lives up here...

(gesturing to her heart)

...but it dies...

(gesturing to her pelvis)

Down here.

JEFF

That's... quite the catchphrase.

DR. OKADA

I want to assign you two some real homework this week. Not only are you going to have sex, but I want you to share a fantasy with each other. Something you've never shared before.

Shauna looks down at her lap -- then quickly tugs at her SLEEVE to cover ADAMS' NUMBER, just barely peeking out.

SHAUNA

Oh, I don't --

JEFF

Awesome.

DR. OKADA

I know you've been together for a very long time. But that just makes it all the more important to try new things. Trust me...

(a knowing smile)

You just might find that you can still surprise each other.

Off Shauna and Jeff, clearly unconvinced about *that*...

INT. STAN'S CAR - NIGHT - DRIVING/PARKED (PRESENT DAY)

Misty rides shotgun as Stan pulls up in front of her quirky, cottage-like home. As they come to a stop, Stan unconsciously exhales. A man finally completing a harrowing task.

MISTY

Well, this is me! Thanks again for the ride. I can't believe my car wouldn't start. So weird! Just one of those things, I guess...

There's a long beat as Misty... fails to get out of the car.

STAN

Well, this was...

He trails off.

MISTY

Would you like to come in? Ooh! You could meet Caligula!

Stan hesitates. Clearly, every fiber of his being is screaming NO, I WOULD NOT LIKE THAT! Misty's face falls.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Oh. I see. It's because you think I'm ugly, isn't it? God, Misty, you're such an idiot!

STAN

(taking pity on her)
What? No! ...What? I think you're... very pretty.

Misty looks up at him, blinking away tears.

MISTY

If you thought I was pretty, you'd come inside.

As he processes what is commonly referred to as "checkmate" --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MISTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Misty leads Stan through the entryway of a dark house.

STAN

So, is it just the one bird, or...

MISTY

You're so funny, Stan!

(then)

Caligula's a little protective of me, but it's all for show. He's a total sweetheart, really. Just, make sure you shield your eyes if he does come at your face.

STAN

What?

When -- having reached the living room, Misty CLAPS TWICE and the LIGHTS COME ON. Stan's eyes dart around the room, clearly on high alert for the dreaded Caligula... only to spot:

NATALIE, sitting on the sofa. Waiting. Holding the HUNTING RIFLE in her lap. Locking eyes with her quarry --

NATALIE

Hello, Misty. You crazy fucking bitch.

As it turns out, Stan DOES have a limit. Eyeing that GUN...

STAN

Okay, yeah. I'm outta here.

And without another word, Stan turns and bolts for the door. Leaving Natalie and Misty to stare each other down...

INT. TAISSA'S TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

SIMONE loads the last of some dirty dishes into the dishwasher while SAMMY (7, small for his age) colors at the table behind her. Propped up next to him is an animatronic, and creepy, talking BOY DOLL (think Hasbro's "My Buddy").

TAISSA breezes in like someone making a concerted effort to enter breezily. Re: the large TAKE OUT BAGS in her hand --

TAISSA

I come bearing gifts...

Sammy jumps up, recognizing the bags instantly.

SAMMY

Yes!!! Rumba's!

TAISSA

You know it, hot shot.

Taissa sets the bag on the table next to him. Sammy starts rummaging, announcing each item as he unpacks it. Every time, the BOY DOLL repeats it in a high-pitched, tinny ECHO.

SAMMY

Chicharritas! Papa Rellenas!

BOY DOLL

Chicharritas! Papa Rellenas!

It's annoying as all hell. But everybody seems used to it. Simone gives Taissa a look.

SIMONE

So this is your move, then? You think you can skip the parent-teacher conference and then buy us off with picadillo?

TAISSA

Oh, I *know* I can buy off Sammy. With you it's more like cross my fingers and hope for the best...

Taissa picks up a tostone from a container and pops it in Simone's mouth before giving her a quick kiss. Simone tries to frown, but is too busy chewing. She ends up laughing instead. Taissa grins back.

SIMONE

We already ate. At, you know, *dinner time*.

TAISSA

Which is why I got the sandwiches for lunch tomorrow. And the --

SAMMY

Pastelitos!

BOY DOLL

Pastelitos!

TAISSA

... Pastelitos for dessert.

As they work together to clean up, a well-oiled machine --

TAISSA (CONT'D)

I am sorry. These goddamn strategy sessions... How was it? I miss anything big?

Simone hesitates, then turns to Sammy behind them.

SIMONE

Hey, kiddo. Why don't you and Manny take one of those pastelitos and go watch some TV?

Simone waits until Sammy takes his Boy Doll and moves off.

TAISSA

Uh-oh. That can't be a good sign...

SIMONE

His teacher's concerned. She says he's having trouble making friends.

TAISSA

That's it?

(off Simone's look)

I just thought-- the way you started... I mean, do we know for sure that the other kids don't suck? Kidding, obviously, but... I mean, I was kind of a loner when I was his age. Nothing wrong with a little self-reliance...

Taissa puts an arm around her waist. Then, seeing her worry --

TAISSA (CONT'D)

I should have been there. But you really think there's something to worry about here?

SIMONE

Maybe? No. I don't know...

Taissa looks across the stylish, open-concept kitchen into the living room. Watching Sammy stare intensely at the TV --

TAISSA

Maybe putting him in the public school was a mistake.

SIMONE

Education is the cornerstone of your platform.

(MORE)

SIMONE (CONT'D)

And you're right; if everybody who
can just bails on the public
system...

(really meaning it)

What you're doing is important, Tai.
It matters.

TAISSA

What we're doing.

Taissa pulls her in closer, and Simone allows herself to be held. Putting her head on Taissa's shoulder --

SIMONE

It's an adjustment, that's all. I'm
just used to you being there.

TAISSA

I'll talk to Sammy, okay? And I am
here for you, Monni. I'm always here.

Simone nods. Honesty and communication. It's what it's all about. Speaking of which...

INT. SADECKI HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna and Jeff, on opposite sides of the bedroom. Shauna tries, semi-successfully, to undo the buttons on her blouse. Noticing her frustration --

JEFF

Need some help over there?

Momentarily giving up, half-unbuttoned--

SHAUNA

What, am I not surprising you with
how sexy this is?

He walks over, close, then hesitates. Looking her over --

JEFF

I've been thinking about what Dr.
Okada said earlier. You know... the
whole fantasy thing.

(trying to be casual)

Like, I was thinking... maybe it
could be kind of hot if you, I don't
know. Pretended to be a... customer
at the store.

Shauna snorts. Only Jeff wasn't kidding.

SHAUNA

Oh. I just-- Your fantasy is for me to pretend to buy furniture?

JEFF

No, it's dumb, I--

SHAUNA

Nonono, I'm sorry. We can try that.
(touching his chest)
I want to.

JEFF

Yeah?

She nods encouragingly. Then, realizing --

SHAUNA

Should I keep my clothes on? I don't think I'd go shopping without them.

JEFF

Why don't I meet you in the middle?

Shauna watches while he unbuttons his own shirt. Then, dropping her voice to a husky, Bacall-esque rasp and giving him the eye --

SHAUNA

Pardon me... Ugh, wait. Let me start over.

*(clears her throat;
suddenly "British")*

Excuse me, sir. I-- Okay, I don't know if I can do this.

JEFF

No, you're doing great. Here, maybe I should start.

He closes his eyes briefly, takes a breath. Getting into character? Then, when he opens them again --

JEFF (CONT'D)

Hi. I couldn't help but notice you eyeing that credenza...

(putting out his hand)

I'm the owner. Hank.

Shauna raises an eyebrow. Hank? But if this is what they're doing... she shakes his hand, playing along.

SHAUNA

I'm... Tabitha.

JEFF

It's a real pleasure. Now, tell me, Tabitha, is there anything special I can help you with today?

SHAUNA

Yes. I'm here to make a return.

JEFF

(breaking character)
Why would you be returning something?

SHAUNA

I don't know! I just--
(back in that accent)
My armoire. It doesn't fit. I should have taken measurements.

JEFF

Are you making fun of me?

SHAUNA

No! I just feel stupid--

JEFF

Right. Stupid.

SHAUNA

C'mon. I didn't mean it like that. I mean, it is kinda weird, but--

Taking hold of her wrist --

JEFF

What's this?

Shauna pulls her arm back, rubbing at the remnants of ink from where Adam wrote his number.

SHAUNA

It's nothing. I just got into a little fender bender this afternoon, and we exchanged information. It's not a big deal.

JEFF

Seriously? You got into an accident and you're just mentioning it now? How bad was it, Shauna?

SHAUNA

I told you, it wasn't a big deal. I'm fine by the way.

(MORE)

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
 (off his silence)
 Now, about that armoire...

JEFF
 (shaking his head)
 This isn't working.

SHAUNA
 No shit.

He sighs, looking a little hurt, before heading for the door.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
 Where are you going?

JEFF
 I'm just gonna jerk off and watch
 some SportsCenter before bed.

Off Shauna as she watches him leave, clearly feeling like she really fucked *that* up...

CALIGULA (PRE-LAP)
 Hello, pretty Lady!

INT. MISTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

ON A LARGE, AFRICAN GREY PARROT -- the famous CALIGULA -- sitting on a perch in an ornate cage.

CALIGULA
 Hells bells! My dogs are barking!

It squawks, then ruffles its feathers with its beak. Watching with interest as Misty and Natalie stare each other down.

MISTY
 Hey, Nat. It's been a while.

If Misty's shocked to find Natalie in her living room, she sure as hell isn't showing it.

NATALIE
 Yeah.
 (then)
 You haven't changed. I take it you know why I'm here.

A beat. Then, with a small nod --

MISTY

The letter.

NATALIE

Yeah. The fucking letter.

Natalie stands, keeping the rifle in one hand. With the other, she digs a small, plain ENVELOPE out of her jacket pocket and tosses it on the floor at Misty's feet.

Misty picks it up and pulls out a small POSTCARD. On the front, a standard mountain landscape shot -- all snowcapped peaks, blue sky, and tall, impossibly green pines -- with the cheerful, superimposed sentiment, "*Wish You Were Here!*"

Misty flips the card over to find the back totally blank... save for a single, crudely-drawn, RUNE-LIKE SYMBOL.

MISTY

So... what does it mean?

NATALIE

You tell me.

Misty cocks her head, as if confused. Natalie raises the gun, aiming it directly at Misty's face. Flicking off the safety --

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I'm not playing games, Misty.

MISTY

Yeah, I think I got that from the gun. But I don't know why--

Suddenly, she smiles with understanding.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Ohh. You think-- Hold that thought.

Natalie keeps the gun trained as Misty turns and heads for a small HUTCH. She rifles through a cute MAIL ORGANIZER, pulling out another POSTCARD. Snowcapped mountains on the front, blank --save for that single, crudely-drawn, RUNE-LIKE SYMBOL -- on the back. IDENTICAL TO NATALIE'S.

Misty holds it out triumphantly.

MISTY (CONT'D)

I didn't send it, silly! I got one, too.

Natalie slowly lowers the rifle. Still eying Misty with the kind of caution usually reserved for wild animals

NATALIE

Lemme see that.

Misty approaches, handing it over.

MISTY

It came about a week ago. It was sent through an online app, so the postmark's useless...

NATALIE

How do I know you didn't send this to yourself?

MISTY

I could ask you the same thing. I guess we just have to believe each other...

Clearly not an option Natalie's in love with. But for now, what choice does she have? She watches, wary as fuck, as Misty marches back to the hutch and pulls a large manilla folder from a drawer.

MISTY (CONT'D)

So who's next on your suspect list? I have a lot of theories, but do you want to go first? Oh! Do you want something to drink? I have tea, coconut La Croix, there's some sherry in the cupboard...

Off Natalie, deadpan -

NATALIE

I'm gonna need something a little stronger than that...

HARD CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A WHISKY and a BEER as they're dropped on the sticky BAR of a dim, grimy DIVE -- graffiti etched into the tables, string lights, a murky FISH TANK, a few BARFLIES shooting pool.

Natalie sitting at the corner of the bar, watches as Misty makes her way back from the bathroom. Taking the seat next to Natalie:

MISTY

Oh, you got me a drink.

We realize that isn't the case when Natalie picks up the whisky, slugs it, and chases it with the beer. Misty pivots, taking the place in -- delighted and a little scandalized:

MISTY (CONT'D)

I can't believe I've never been in here before. It's so... edgy!

Natalie ignores her, instead eyeing a thick, manilla FILE FOLDER in Misty's TOTE BAG.

NATALIE

So. What have you got?

Misty sits on the adjacent stool and pulls out her file. Setting it on the bar with a proud flourish -

MISTY

Well. If I've learned one thing in the citizen detective community...

NATALIE

(Christ, what now?)
The... what?

MISTY

Citizen Detective. We're like private investigators, except nobody hired us or asked for our help. We work together online to solve cold cases. You know, disappearances, murders. It's super fun.

Natalie just takes another sip of her drink. Uh-huh.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Anyhoo! There are really only two questions that matter in any case: *who* and *why*. If you get one, you can usually figure out the other. So I've been asking myself: what does the person who sent those cards want?

NATALIE

To scare us? To mess with our heads?
To remind us of --
(lowering her voice)
--what happened out there? It's obviously a threat.

Natalie reaches out and slides Misty's FILE FOLDER to her. For a moment, Misty looks like she might protest -- but then keeps her mouth shut.

Natalie opens the folder to find it stuffed with various ARTICLES and MAGAZINE COVERS -- on the Yellowjackets, their disappearance, their rescue -- as well as random PRESS CLIPPINGS; we see Shauna and Jeff's LOCAL WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT, Callie's BIRTH CERTIFICATE, a CAMPAIGN FLYER for Taissa's STATE SENATE RUN, a BROCHURE for Natalie's REHAB CLINIC (*that one earns a real look from Natalie...*) Then --

Natalie picks up a BUSINESS CARD we've seen before (Ep. 101). Reading it --

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Who's Jessica Roberts?

MISTY

That depends on who you ask. She claims to be a reporter, but as far as I can tell that's a lie. She's been sniffing around. Claims to be peddling a book deal. But...

NATALIE

How could she know about... you know...

Natalie gestures to the SYMBOL on the CARD.

MISTY

Maybe someone talked.

Natalie picks up Taissa's campaign flyer. We can *almost* make out other clippings in the pile, perhaps on other survivors, but they're maddeningly obscured.

NATALIE

You didn't start collecting this stuff a week ago. You've been keeping tabs on us. Why?

To our surprise, Misty blushes. She looks at Natalie with a sudden, naked vulnerability.

MISTY

You guys are the most important people in my life.

It's a strange sentiment. But Natalie's suddenly distracted by something else she's spotted in the file...

Natalie examines a fuzzy photocopy of a MAN'S NEW HAMPSHIRE DRIVERS LICENSE, with a phone number scribbled in pen above it. Looking like she's seen a ghost --

NATALIE
You found *Travis*?

MISTY
Oh, yeah. Talk about somebody who
didn't want to be found...

Natalie stares intensely at the blurry picture. Her face
pale but unreadable. When --

BARTENDER (O.S.)
Here you go, ladies...

-- A BARTENDER sets two glasses down on the table.

BARTENDER
From the gentleman in the back. Two
shots of, and I quote, "the cheapest
shit you got."
(to Natalie)
Says it's your drink of choice.

Message delivered, she leaves with a shrug. Natalie's still
staring at the driver's license photo, but Misty looks over
with delight to see --

A man approaching. Clean cut, handsome. This, we will soon
come to learn, is KEVYN (40s) -- AKA GOTH from the pilot --
all grown up. The closer he gets, the more we can see that
beneath the casual approach is a jangly, keyed-up energy.
Like he's nervous to see them...

He never takes his eyes off Natalie. Finally, Natalie looks
up. A long, loaded beat as they take each other in.

KEVYN
Hi.

NATALIE
Hi.

KEVYN
Wow. It really is you...

MISTY
Hi!

Kevyn turns, as though just now realizing that Misty's
there.

KEVYN
Hey. I'm--

MISTY

Kevyn. It's *Misty*. Misty Quigley.
From third period Spanish--

KEVYN

Misty, right. Of course.

But he really only has eyes for Natalie. As though he can't quite believe she's really there in front of him.

KEVYN (CONT'D)

Man, Natalie Scatorccio. I really wish I had a killer line right now. In fairness, I've only had, you know, twenty years to come up with one...

NATALIE

It's good to see you.

KEVYN

Yeah. Yeah, you too...

(another beat)

Sorry, I-- Is this a bad time? I feel like you're in the middle of something...

Natalie gives him a tight smile.

KEVYN (CONT'D)

Right. Got it. Well...

(pulling out his WALLET)

I don't know how long you're in town for, but just in case, I'm gonna leave this. Somehow I don't think you're gonna use it, but if you maybe wanna maybe get a drink another twenty years from now, you'll know how to reach me.

Kevyn takes out a BUSINESS CARD, a stew of emotions on his face: embarrassment, exasperation, longing. Then he sets the card down on the table and walks away without looking back.

Misty watches him go, clearly perplexed.

MISTY

Dang. If somebody had told me goth freak Kevyn Tan would grow up like that...

(confused)

Didn't you guys used to be friends?

NATALIE

Yeah. Best friends.

Natalie slams her SHOT. Then immediately turns her attention back to that Driver's License -- supposedly a "John Garcia" --

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Are you sure this is him? Travis?

Misty nods. Re: the handwritten phone number --

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Is this a cell or a landline?

Misty shrugs; she doesn't know. Natalie folds the sheet of paper, stands, and unceremoniously drops some cash on the table. Then she heads for the door without another word.

Misty watches her go, her disappointment palpable. Then, as Misty looks down at Kevyn's BUSINESS CARD and surreptitiously slips it into her own purse...

CUT TO:

EXT. CRASH SITE - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

Misty, from a distance, as she helps fashion a makeshift SLING for a TEAMMATES' arm using a hoodie.

Akilah watches her, shaking her head, while she, Natalie and Taissa organize scavenged supplies.

AKILAH
Man. Misty is... awesome.

Taissa smiles -- that's a first -- when, glancing up --

TAISSA
Shit.

Akilah and Nat follow her gaze towards the wreckage of the plane, where we can just make out Javi attempting to climb up onto the wing, towards the still-smoking FUSELAGE.

TAISSA (CONT'D)
JAVI! STOP!

Javi turns back towards them, startled, almost losing his precarious balance. Then he shakes his head and resumes his mission. Calling out --

JAVI
Dad! DAD!

TAISSA
 (grim; to Natalie)
 Go find Travis. Now.

As Taissa and Natalie break, sprinting for Javi and his brother, respectively --

EXT. CRASH SITE - WILDERNESS - TRIAGE AREA (1996)

Find Travis, sitting off by himself. Playing absent-mindedly with his bandage, a dazed look in his eye.

NATALIE
 Travis, hey! Your brother's trying to get back in the plane. I think he's looking for your dad...

Travis looks up at her blankly. Then --

TRAVIS
 Yeah, well. He's not going to find him.

As though utterly bored --

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 The door ripped open while we were going down. He was trying to help one of you idiots put on an oxygen mask, and...
 (shrugs)
 He fell out.

Natalie just looks at him. The lack of affect is unsettling, but some part of her knows he's just a kid in shock.

NATALIE
 Yeah? Well, that fucking sucks. But your brother's still here. So... maybe you should go help him.

TRAVIS
 Maybe you should mind your own fucking business.

Travis stands and walks off -- in the opposite direction of the plane. As Natalie watches him go with a combination of rage and disbelief...

EXT. CRASH SITE - EDGE OF CLEARING - DAY (1996)

Lottie, Van and Laura Lee, as they scour a densely wooded area a short distance away from the group.

VAN
There's one...

She moves into the brush, dragging out another SUITCASE.

LOTTIE
That's mine!

Lottie rushes over with intense relief. Then --

LOTTIE (CONT'D)
Wait. Where's the other one? They were together!

VAN
Maybe you should call customer service and complain about their baggage handling...
(then; off Lottie's weird distress)
Don't worry, we'll keep looking.

Suddenly, Laura Lee cries out with elation. They turn to see her unzipping another found bag, on the verge of tears. She pulls out an old, worn TEDDY BEAR.

ON LAURA LEE as she hugs the toy to her chest in a moment of pure, childlike self-comfort, when --

DRIP. DRIP.

Laura Lee frowns as something RED AND WET drips onto the teddy bear's face. Her eyes going wide with horror as she looks up -- and another patter of BLOOD falls onto her own cheek. She cranes her neck up to find the source, and we...

REVEAL COACH MARTINEZ'S BODY, suspended high above her in the gnarled branches of a massive TREE. As Laura Lee lets out a blood-curdling SCREAM...

EXT. EDGE OF CLEARING - A FEW MINUTES LATER (1996)

Jackie, Taissa, Akilah, and Mari have joined Lottie, Van, and Laura Lee beneath the tree. Even after all that we've seen, this TABLEAU takes the grisly cake: our grungy, blood-streaked Yellowjackets STARING UP at Coach Martinez, who is stuck at weird angles in a span of knotty, needly BRANCHES.

Nearby, Shauna comforts a distraught Javi, pulling him close.

JAVI
Dad... Daddy...

Misty and Natalie approach. Taking in the scene, eyes wide --

MISTY
Holy macaroni, is that--?

Natalie looks to the group.

NATALIE
He's got to be dead, right?

Shauna throws Natalie a "WTF" look, nodding towards Javi. Jackie steps up, trying to take charge.

JACKIE
Alright. Who has the best arm?

LOTTIE
What?

JACKIE
We could, you know, throw something at him and see if he moves.

TAISSA
You want to throw rocks at Coach, who fell out of a plane?

JACKIE
(defensive)
I didn't say rocks. Someone's shoe, or whatever.

VAN
Oh, well, that's a fuck-ton smarter. You're on fire today, Jackie -- no, wait, that was supposed to be me.

TAISSA
What?

Van raises her chin to Jackie: *Go ahead, tell them.* Shauna calls over impatiently, pulling Javi in even tighter --

SHAUNA
Guys, stop. We need a plan here.

A beat.

LAURA LEE
We could lower him with ropes?

They all look at her: *What ropes?*

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)
Vines, then.

NATALIE
For fuck-sake, Laura Lee, we're not going to Tarzan him out of a tree.

JACKIE
You got a better idea?

NATALIE
Than shoes and vines? Sure. Let's just cut the fucking thing down.

TRAVIS
Dad.

They all turn. Travis has snapped out of his fugue state. He says it again, more of a scream this time --

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Dad!

Travis bolts for the tree and starts to climb, his strength almost inhuman as he somehow shimmies up the THICK TRUNK. ON NATALIE, at a loss, as she watches Travis climb higher...

CUT TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - UP IN THE TREE - MINUTES LATER (1996)

TRAVIS IN THE TREE, sweat soaking through his shirt. He's approaching the dense outcropping of BRANCHES where his dad is tangled up. The coach's body is bent in grotesque ways.

Travis creeps closer to him, out onto the GRADUALLY THINNING BRANCHES... He looks down as the lattice of branches begins to QUIVER under his added weight.

FIFTY FEET BELOW -- Misty, Taissa, Natalie and some of the other girls are doing their best to knot the BLANKETS they've found into a kind of tarp. Laura Lee comes over absurdly with a huge handful of AIRLINE PILLOWS. Travis watches an argument erupt about how best -- or if -- to deploy them.

Travis inches closer to his dad, whose face is turned away... and sees that a branch has PIERCED his dad's stomach and come out the other side. Travis starts shaking... or is it the branches shaking? Both. It's awful. Travis moves nearer...

TRAVIS

Dad... Dad.

THE COACH'S EYES POP OPEN. He suddenly GRABS TRAVIS! Fuck!

Eyes wild with pain and fear, the coach tries to speak but only makes RASPY SOUNDS as BLOOD bubbles at his lips.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Dad, let go!

He fucking won't let go. Travis tries to claw him off...

ON A BRANCH at its joint -- as we hear it GROANING and about to break... Travis getting more desperate --

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Dad, let me go! We'll figure out a way to help you!

A SHARP CRACK rings out -- and Travis knows it's his dad or both of them. He jerks out of his dad's grasp and springs to a THICKER BRANCH, barely gaining purchase before the branches under (and in) his father BREAK AWAY AND FALL to the ground.

Travis watches his dad hit as we hear a SICKENING SMACK.

Shauna pulls Javi's face tight against her, shielding his eyes. The rest of the girls glance up in shock, still holding blankets amidst stray pillows. Now the coach is dead, at least that much is clear. And off this bizarre and tragic moment, we RACK FOCUS to a spot on the TRUNK OF A NEARBY TREE, not far from the coach's crumpled body.

We see a strange, RUNE-LIKE SYMBOL carved into the bark. It is mysterious... unsettling... As we wonder, WTF --

INT. TAISSA'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

MATCH CUT to the SAME SYMBOL, on an IDENTICAL POSTCARD to the ones received by Natalie and Misty. REVEAL Taissa holding the card in an upscale HOME OFFICE: books, campaign materials, and (here and there) crafts and drawings Sammy has given her.

KNOCK-KNOCK. Simone enters through the half-open door.

Taissa hides how her world is spinning, folding up the paper and sliding it casually back in its envelope. In her low-level irritation, Simone doesn't notice --

SIMONE

The prince would like you to read to him. Apparently, you're "better at the voices."

TAISSA

Tell me he's opened his shades.

SIMONE

Nope, still refusing. It's like Dracula's crypt in there.

TAISSA

Got a wooden stake?

Simone gives a weary chuckle. Taissa gets up to go to Sammy.

INT. TAISSA'S TOWNHOUSE - SAMMY'S ROM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Taissa walks in. Despite the sunny afternoon, the blinds are shut so just a RIM OF LIGHT peeks through. A single bulb in a red shade burns on Sammy's nightstand, casting a GLOW onto her son's face reminiscent of a photographer's dark room.

Sammy sits on his bed staring off with his back against the headboard. BISCUIT sits at his feet. An open book, facedown, is at his side, next to a small flashlight, its WEAK BEAM fanned out on the bedspread. Taissa, trying to be playful, plops down next to him. A beat. Just the two of them in the semi-dark.

SAMMY

I'm sick of reading.

TAISSA

(surprised)

Since when?

He shrugs and looks off. Something intense about him.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Want to go the park?

SAMMY

No.

TAISSA

Why not?

SAMMY

No friends.

TAISSA

I'm your friend. Sammy...

SAMMY

Sammy, Sammy, Sammy.

Maybe he's just being childish, but there's a hint of mockery in his tone that's disturbing. A little "off." Taissa ignores it. She puts on a smile and leans back with him sweetly.

TAISSA

Hey, what's this?

She starts making SHADOW PUPPETS on the wall...

SAMMY

A bunny.

TAISSA

Nice. And this one...?

SAMMY

(brightening)

Snail.

TAISSA

Oh, you're good. Bet you won't get this bad boy...

Taissa grins, twisting her hands to make a WOLF. When -- from TAISSA'S POV, the shadow starts to shift and warp, subtly taking on a life of its own. And suddenly, WE FLASH TO --

A WOLF'S BLOODY JAWS, tearing at flesh, in Taissa's mind and maybe in her memory. Her body JERKS and SHAKES THE HEADBOARD. It's over in a few seconds. ON TAISSA, disturbed, as Sammy STARES AT HER...

TAISSA (CONT'D)

(playing i t off)

Charlie Horse, ouch.

Sammy knows she's lying and keeps staring at her.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

C'mon, let's walk around the block.
You can bring your scooter.

Taissa goes to his dresser and tosses him a sweatshirt. She yanks up the BLINDS. Instead of light flooding in, the windows are plastered over with Sammy's WEIRD DRAWINGS.

We can't see them clearly -- they're facing OUTWARDS -- but they feel unsettling, even sinister. Taissa takes this in...

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Why did you do this?
(he's silent)
Answer me.

SAMMY

So she can't see me.

TAISSA

Who?

SAMMY

The lady in the tree. She watches me at night.

Spooked, Taissa looks out a corner of the window not covered by Sammy's drawings. A CRAGGY, OLD TREE is there, its thinner branches swaying lightly in the wind. She turns to Sammy --

TAISSA

Look at me. Tell me what you mean.

SAMMY

I just did.

TAISSA

Sammy.

SAMMY

Sammy, Sammy, Sammy.

The low way he says it sends shivers down our spine. Off Taissa, heart pounding, and not exactly sure why --

EXT. SADECKI HOUSE - EARLY EVENING (PRESENT DAY)

ON SHAUNA'S (NOW DENTED) MINIVAN sitting in the driveway.

REVERSE TO REVEAL NATALIE, sitting in her Porsche, watching the house from a spot down and across the street. ON NATALIE, inscrutable. She seems to be fighting the impulse to get out of her car, but her feelings are unclear. Does she look uneasy? Vindictive? As the Porsche IDLES...

INT. KITCHEN - SADECKI HOUSE - EARLY EVENING (PRESENT DAY)

Inside the house, Shauna looks for the chuck she told Callie to take out and finds it still in the fucking freezer. Irritated, she takes it out and PLUNKS it into the sink. Her CELL RINGS. She glances at CALLER ID -- an unknown number. But for some reason Shauna answers it anyway --

SHAUNA

Yeah?

ADAM (O.S.)

Hi.

SHAUNA

I'm sorry, who is this?

ADAM (O.S.)

Wow. I guess I didn't make much of an impression...

Shauna realizes, it's *that* guy.

SHAUNA

Let me guess, you're calling to apologize.

ADAM (O.S.)

Do you not do "hello?"

SHAUNA

Hello, Guy Who Stopped Short.

ADAM (O.S.)

Hey there, Rear-Ender... Okay, yeah, I heard it. I'll get to the point.

SHAUNA

I'm on pins and needles.

ADAM (O.S.)

You never called the shop about your fender.

SHAUNA

How do you know that?

ADAM (O.S.)

(sheepish)

Because I'm the guy who works there. I thought the surprise might be... adorable?

(MORE)

ADAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (off her silence)
 Looks like I'm 0 for 2 on that
 front...

SHAUNA
 If you must know, I just can't really
 afford something like that right
 now...

ADAM (O.S.)
 You can't afford free?

SHAUNA
 Wait. Are you serious?

ADAM (O.S.)
 If you'll have dinner with me, yes.

Shauna is thrown. she gives a nervous laugh, which she hopes
 sounds condescending and not suggestive that she is
 blushing.

ADAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What, no clever comeback?

SHAUNA
 No, thanks.

ADAM (O.S.)
 No, thanks, no clever comeback, or
 no, thanks, I will now crush your --

SHAUNA
 Look. Adam.

ADAM (O.S.)
 My actual name, good start --

SHAUNA
 I can't, okay. I'm sorry.

ADAM (O.S.)
 (a beat; then, genuinely)
 No, I'm the sorry one. I just
 thought...

SHAUNA
 What?

ADAM (O.S.)
 ... I thought you might have felt the
 same thing I did.
 (MORE)

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

(then)

And you seemed like someone who
doesn't play by the rules, Shauna.

The way he says her name. It stirs something in her.

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

I'm an idiot, forget it. Enjoy the
rest of your... minivan.

She hangs up without saying goodbye. ON SHAUNA, glancing
down at that RING on her finger. Not sure *how* she feels
about what just happened.

Shauna looks at the chuck in the sink, hard as a rock and
covered in FROST. Shauna stares out the window... another
RABBIT is eating her flowers. WE HOLD, and then --

INT. KITCHEN - SADECKI HOUSE - MINUTES LATER (PRESENT DAY)

A KITCHEN DRAWER SLIDES OPEN, as Shauna digs into a jumble
of spatulas and egg slicers to find a large BUTCHERS'
CLEAVER.

WIDE: Shauna stands over the DEAD RABBIT. With a CRACKLE she
cuts off its head. She gets to work skinning it like she
could do this in her sleep. Off Shauna --

OMITTED

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

Natalie and Travis walk back toward the wrecked plane. The
crash site has become a kind of makeshift campground.

In the b.g., some Yellowjackets led by Misty are carrying
Coach Martinez's body toward the plane.

It is wrapped in the BLUE BLANKETS that were supposed to be
his safety net. The girls stagger under his weight... he was
not a small man.

Behind Natalie and Travis, we see Shauna still comforting
Javi. We can't hear what she is saying, but her body
language is very giving -- a maternal streak she didn't know
she had.

Natalie eyes Travis, who is still in shock. She wants to
tell him there was nothing he could've done.

How guilt like this is poison, and if he's going to blame himself, she will punch him in the face. Instead, she just walks with him in silence.

She takes out a FLASK and offers it to him. He stops to look at it. At her. Travis reaches out and takes the flask. Natalie watches Travis take a bitter swig. Off Natalie -

INT. MOTEL- NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Natalie paces in her room, the sounds of TRAFFIC outside. We sense she's been wrestling with something. FOOD WRAPPERS scattered around... we see a mostly-gone bottle of BOOZE.

Finally, *fuck* it. Natalie reaches for her cell and pulls out the paper with Travis's number on it. She dials. As it RINGS, her eyes tell us how hard this is. A MAN'S VOICE picks up.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Hello?

She recognizes it immediately as his. She freezes.

NATALIE

...Travis?

A long beat.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

I'm sorry. I think you have the wrong number.

CLICK. OFF NATALIE, haunted by a past we don't yet fully understand, as a dirty breeze wafts through the curtains...

EXT. WILDERNESS - LATE AFTERNOON (1996)

TIGHT ON MISTY as she studies something, clearly assessing her options. WIDE: She is kneeling near Ben Scott, looking intently at his BLOODY STUMP. He is pale and unconscious.

Blood SEEPS through the towels and other articles of clothing that she used as rudimentary bandages.

Jackie, Taissa, Natalie, Laura Lee, Lottie, Akilah, and Mari are looking on -- or actually, trying not to.

AKILAH

Is he going to die?

MISTY

Not on my watch.

LAURA LEE

It's not really up to you.

MISTY

He's going to make it, Laura Lee. I know it in my heart.

Misty tenderly, if creepily, touches BEN SCOTT'S FACE. The girls throw her sideways looks, but Misty's confidence is heartening, and in short supply. Only Jackie looks annoyed.

Shauna comes over, a little breathless.

SHAUNA

Javi fell asleep. Van's got her eye on him.

Jackie tenses at the thought of Van and Shauna getting along.

NATALIE

Where's Travis?

SHAUNA

I haven't seen him.

(off Coach Scott)

What if he gets, like, gangrene?

MISTY

It'll turn black and start to smell. So far, it looks okay.

JACKIE

Hear that, Coach? Dr. Quigley's got your back. She hacked off your leg, but it's scabbing up nicely.

TAISSA

Hey, give it a rest -- his leg was fucked anyway.

Akilah squints at the descending SUN.

AKILAH

It's going be dark soon. Shouldn't we maybe... make a fire?

Natalie produces a BIC LIGHTER from her pocket and FLICKS IT.

NATALIE

We just need some wood.

Laura Lee nods. She and Natalie move off to find some, and Akilah follows. The others hang back. Jackie shivers.

JACKIE

I do not want to touch any dead bodies, but we have to get them out of the plane so we have somewhere to sleep.

LOTTIE

(looking stricken)

Fuck. I almost forgot-- I mean, I still can't believe they're all...

Dead. They're all silent as they give in to their grief and the enormity of what happened for a moment. Finally, glancing uneasily at the charred husk of the fuselage --

MISTY

We can't sleep in there. It'll be way colder.

JACKIE

Yeah, like that makes sense...

MARI

Misty's right. It's the Law of Thermodynamics.

JACKIE

How 'bout the Law of Getting Eaten by Bears? Ever hear of that one?

TAISSA

If we take turns keeping the fire going, we should be alright.

Misty trades eyes with Taissa and Mari, thankful for the support. Jackie, feeling ganged up on, throws Shauna a look.

SHAUNA

(low, to Jackie)

It's just for a night...

JACKIE

Whatever. You guys do what you fucking want.

Jackie throws a parting "Et tu" look to Shauna, and storms off to God knows where. The girls trade looks -- *what's her deal?* Off Shauna, watching her best friend walk away...

INT. KITCHEN - SADECKI HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna, Jeff, and Callie eating dinner at the kitchen table. Jeff vents about his day; Callie texts; Shauna looks distant.

JEFF

I wanted to be like, dude, of course it's cheap construction. You bought a three hundred dollar sofa made by blind kids in Bangladesh. What were you expecting -- Mortise and Tenon joints? Altamura leather? I'm sorry if I'm interrupting you two completely not giving a shit...

SHAUNA

Jeff.

JEFF

Oh, so you are listening.

SHAUNA

Of course we're listening. Callie.

Shauna nods at Callie to get off her phone.

JEFF

Anything new at school?

CALLIE

Nope.

Jeff looks to Shauna. A peace offering --

JEFF

The chili's really good tonight. New recipe?

Shauna gives a smile, watching both of them digging in.

SHAUNA

Actually, yes. Callie forgot to take the meat out of the freezer so I killed a rabbit in the garden. Skinned it chin to anus--

CALLIE

Jesus, Mom.

Jeff just shakes his head a bit, while Callie stares at her.

JEFF

Okay, you're in a mood.

CALLIE

You are so. Freaking. Weird.

Shauna shrugs, as they keep eating. Spoons CLINKING on the bowls. Something exciting is stirring in Shauna, something dangerous, and dormant. As Shauna takes a BIG BITE --

PRE-LAP: the SNAP, POP of small scale combustion...

EXT. CRASH SITE - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

...AS A PILE OF TWIGS starts to catch and BURN. The beginnings of a CAMPFIRE. Compliments of Nat and her LIGHTER.

BEGIN MONTAGE of our team settling in for their first night in the wilderness...

-- SHAUNA, Taissa, Van and Laura Lee heft Coach Martinez, on an improvised stretcher, into the FUSELAGE OF THE PLANE. They place him next to the other bodies: PILOT, CO-PILOT, FLIGHT ATTENDANT, and THEIR DEAD TEAMMATE (a recent transfer from the JV Team, we'll learn later). Some of the girls shake with sobs as others cover the dead bizarrely with a BANNER that reads (in large, cheerful lettering): "Go, Yellowjackets!!"

-- LOTTIE looks through the accumulated PILE OF SUPPLIES, gasping with relief as she spots a small, banged-up makeup CABOODLE. She glances over her shoulder -- sees the others are busy feeding the fire -- before opening it up and taking out a PILL BOTTLE. She opens it and pours the seven pills out into her hand, looks at them for moment before dry swallowing one and putting the others back. Less than a week's supply...

-- SHAUNA sits next to Jackie by the fire. Javi is on her other side, silent and stricken. Shauna turns and gives him a little smile. He does his best to return it. Then, as she gently reaches for him, using her thumb to wipe a small smudge of blood from his cheek --

SHAUNA

I'm sure the plane has an emergency transmitter sending out a distress signal. They'll be here to rescue us by morning.

Jackie turns and looks ACROSS THE FIRE to Van, eating from a BAG OF CORN NUTS.

JACKIE

Still, maybe we should conserve some food. In case they don't come until later in the day.

Van glares, defiantly popping another bite into her mouth.

VAN

So you wanna save the *corn nuts*?

-- NATALIE, on the other side of the fire. She throws a look at Travis, who stands leaning against a tree some distance from the group, brooding. Sensing her, he looks up and meets her gaze -- then immediately looks away again...

-- TAISSA and Mari gathering more wood. Taissa notices that Mari is conspicuously silent, turns to see her staring back at the burnt wreckage of the plane...

MARI

Looks like you did Allie a big favor by breaking her leg.

Off Taissa, unsettled by the potential irony...

INT. DINING ROOM - SADECKI HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

WE FIND JEFF alone at the dining room table looking stressed as he sifts through DOZENS OF INVOICES. CLOSE ON HIS EAR, as a pair of lips leans in. In a low, seductive WHISPER:

SHAUNA

I'm in the market for a bed. Something... *king-sized*.

JEFF

What?

He turns to find Shauna behind him. Apparently killing that rabbit and feeding it to her family -- not to mention Adam's call -- has awakened something in her. It takes Jeff a second to realize what's going on. But then --

JEFF (CONT'D)

Oh.

She nods. He grins. Then he gets up to face her -- and she SHOVES HIM hard enough that he stumbles back into the table.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Whoa. What about Callie?

SHAUNA

She's at Kyle's.

(then; sexy voice)

You should know, my new bed needs to be sturdy. We should probably test a few options. I hope you're hydrated.

She's gone out on a limb. A hint of nervousness below her exaggerated confidence. For a second Jeff seems overwhelmed, but then he smiles -- And. It. Is. On.

Shauna grabs him by the front of his shirt and pulls him close. The awkwardness suddenly gives way to something else as he goes to kiss her and she holds him back-- their lips all but touching -- tantalizingly close. Finally, when she's ready, she kisses him HARD. As they both feel the rush of being turned on by each other again...

EXT. CRASH SITE - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

ON SHAUNA as light from the campfire dances across her face.

A grim silence has washed over the Yellowjackets. Exhaustion, shock, and just the brain-breaking, unprecedented quality of the day has taken a toll.

LAURA LEE absentmindedly uses a STICK to draw circles and lines around some pebbles. Like an improvised zen garden.

TAISSA

You okay, Laura Lee?

Laura Lee doesn't answer for a long time. When she looks up her eyes shine with emotion...

LAURA LEE

This is all my fault. I did something really bad...

The girls exchange a look. Laura Lee takes a deep breath.

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)

I kept screwing up at my piano lesson last week. And Mrs. Brophy kept yelling at me. 'Sharp. No, F sharp. F SHARP! She kept saying I needed to practice more, but I did practice. I swear. And I just... I called her a bad word. Just in my head, but God heard me. And now we're being punished!

Maintaining a poker face --

TAISSA
What did you call her?

LAURA LEE
(a shamed whisper)
Cunt.

The absurdity of it makes everyone ERUPT INTO LAUGHTER. It's outsized -- a release from all the stress. Then, blurting --

LOTTIE
I steal shitty clothes from the TJ
Max near my house!

Everyone looks at her.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)
Then I return them and get store
credit I never use. I have thousands
of dollars in TJ bucks.

MORE LAUGHTER as others begin to unburden themselves.

JACKIE
I used to sneak down after everybody
had gone to bed and watch the Color
of Night so I could pause it on Bruce
Willis's wang. I mean, Jeff's not
bad, but *damn*.

TAISSA
That is definitely why we crashed.

Everyone is having too much twisted fun to notice Misty HEAT
THE AXE in the fire before walking out of frame...

MARI
I started that rumor about Becky
Colgate getting her dog to eat her
out with peanut butter 'cause she got
a better grade than me in Trig.

As the laughter continues... INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CRASH SITE - WILDERNESS- CONTINUOUS (1996)

Ben Scott in a makeshift bed, barely conscious. Laughter drifts over from the campfire as --Misty strides toward him. On a mission. Apparently, one that involves that AXE.

She stops and gives him an appraising look, as though finally realizing the full extent of his helplessness.

There's pity there, as well as something closer to possession.

MISTY

(simply)

Your leg is gone. I chopped it off.

BEN

What? No, that isn't...

He tries to sit up, reaching for where his leg was.

MISTY

I saved your life. But you're not out of the woods quite yet.

BACK AT THE CAMPFIRE, Jackie turns to Shauna.

JACKIE

What about you, Shipman? Any secrets big enough to crash a goddamn plane?

Wait, does Jackie know something about her and Jeff? Shauna steels herself. Finally --

SHAUNA

Remember when Randy took us to that party in Holmdel?

JACKIE

Where that trashy girl was a bitch to you about drinking her Zima?

SHAUNA

Yeah... I found her bedroom later and peed on her pillow.

Everyone loves it. But their delight is cut short by -- an AGONIZED SCREAM, as --

Misty holds the still super-heated axe to Ben Scott's stump. CAUTERIZING IT. The rest of the Yellowjackets come running over as he passes out from the pain. The last echo of his screams fade leaving a palpable silence. Remorseless:

MISTY

It was the only way to stop the bleeding for good.

Off Misty, the sheer physical and emotional exhaustion of the day finally showing through her can-do spirit...

INT. SHAUNA AND JEFF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

FIND Shauna and Jeff in each other's arms, post-coital. For the first time in a long time. After a moment, Jeff kisses her on the head and starts getting up...

JEFF

Thank you for shopping, Tabitha...

I'm gonna take a quick shower.

(pausing at the door)

Hey. You were just kidding about the rabbit, right?

SHAUNA

Yeah. Obviously

The lie does nothing to dampen Shauna's afterglow buzz. In fact, it has the opposite effect... Once he disappears into the bathroom, she stretches out in bed. Just before the shower starts we hear THE SOUND OF AN INCOMING TEXT MESSAGE.

Shauna looks around, unsure where it came from. Then, on the floor, she sees a glow peeking through the pocket of Jeff's pants. A strange intuition guiding her as she gets up and takes the CELL out of his pocket.

ON AN ALERT, announcing a text from someone named BIANCA - "Tomorrow. Usual place. Don't be late." And just like that, Shauna's buzz is gone...

EXT. CRASH SITE - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

And ORANGE EMBERS are all that's left of the campfire as we move across the Yellowjackets, sleeping huddled in small groups around it. FINALLY we come to Misty, wide awake...

EXT. WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS (1996)

Misty makes her way through the darkness to pee. Suddenly she stops when she hears someone coming from the other direction. Actually, there's two of them. She can hear them talking but can't make out what they're saying... But then she catches one word: "Misty." They're talking about her. She crouches low, listening as Van and Laura Lee come closer...

VAN

I don't know how she knows all that shit, but thank God for Misty-- sorry. It's just, we'd be so completely fucked if she wasn't here.

They don't see Misty as they pass her on their way back to the crash site. So they don't see her BEAMING SMILE as she finds a good spot, then pulls down her pants and squats. A beat as she starts to pee... until, suddenly -- Misty spots the faint glow of a blinking red light in some nearby brush.

Curious, she pulls up her pants and heads towards it. She kneels, brushing aside a dense thicket of ferns - and the blinking grows brighter... ON MISTY, eyes wide, as finally she unearths an ORANGE PLASTIC BRICK, previously hidden in the dense foliage. A tiny bulb FLASHING RED... THE EMERGENCY TRANSMITTER THAT MARI MENTIONED. Off Misty --

EXT. MOTEL - MORNING (PRESENT DAY)

Natalie comes out of her room carrying a DUFFEL. She crosses to her PORSCHE, throws her bag in the trunk and gets into -

INT/EXT. PORSCHE - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT DAY)

She closes the door and turns the key. But nothing happens. *That's odd.* She tries again but it still won't start...

BEEP, BEEP. Natalie looks up and sees Misty pulling up in her periwinkle blue Fiat. Muffled through window:

MISTY
Everything, okay?

Natalie takes in Misty's blank smile. She's always smiling. Natalie rolls down her window, as Misty does the same.

MISTY (CONT'D)
I was getting coffee and I saw you.

Misty holds up a CUP OF COFFEE and points back over her shoulder at a coffee place next to the motel. How convenient.

MISTY (CONT'D)
Engine trouble?

NATALIE
Looks like it.

MISTY
You going someplace? I'm actually off today. Tomorrow, too. Just saying. Where you going?

NATALIE

I was actually thinking of taking a little trip up north.

If Misty's acting, she's bad enough at it to be believable --

MISTY

To see Travis? Aw, but your car! Well, I had some errands to run, but I can take you if you want. We can make it a road trip!

Natalie squints warily, trying to decide if it's worth it. Misty's up to something, obviously. But what...? Finally --

NATALIE

Fine. But I'm driving.

As Misty nods, fine by her...!

CUT TO:

INT. MISTY'S FIAT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER (PRESENT DAY)

Car doors open and close as Natalie climbs into the driver's seat, while Misty takes shotgun. Pulling a second CUP OF COFFEE out of the cupholder and offering it to Natalie --

MISTY

Do you prefer podcasts or show tunes?

Natalie accepts the coffee and gives Misty a look. Already regretting this. Then, about to take a sip, Natalie pauses...

NATALIE

Why'd you buy two?

MISTY

(heading around the car)
Oh, I always buy things in twos. That way I'll always have enough to share. Sandwiches, candy bars, New York style pretzels. Calzones from the stromboli place...

As Natalie starts the engine and pulls out, Misty continues to list things she buys two of... until she's slowly drowned out by the SOUND OF A BEATING HEART...

OMITTED

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

On Misty, holding the ORANGE PLASTIC TRANSMITTER. Cupping it gently in her hands like it's the key to something magical. The red light blinks as Misty's heart continues to POUND...

Then suddenly, she SMASHES it into a nearby rock. It bounces off with a dull thud. She retrieves it, squats down and picks up a bigger rock, SLAMMING it against the transmitter. OVER AND OVER AGAIN, until--- the metal dents, revealing the guts of the device. Misty spots a tangle of WIRES inside, connecting to the main BATTERY. Finally -- sweating, breathing hard -- Misty rips out the wires.

A few sparks fly as THE BLINKING LIGHT GOES OUT. Off Misty, their best chance at rescue utterly destroyed...

END EPISODE.