

**YELLOWJACKETS**

Episode 103  
"WELCOME TO THE DOLLHOUSE"

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**EXT. SHACK - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)**

MOONLIGHT illuminates an old, rickety shack. The CAMERA HOLDS on the FRONT DOOR, and then -- ADULT TRAVIS comes BANGING OUT of it. He looks worried, scared, a wild glint in his eyes. He scans the surrounding WOODS... as if desperate to find the source of something and also terrified he will find it.

ON TRAVIS, listening, with every ounce of courage. But all he hears is his own BREATHING and the EERIE SAW OF KATYDIDS.

Finally, controlling his trembling, Travis makes a decision.

He goes to his banged-to-shit TRUCK and climbs inside, still glancing around warily. Resolute, he STARTS THE ENGINE.

As Travis drives off purposefully into the DARKNESS...

**EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)**

YOUNG TRAVIS stares in to the GLOWING EMBERS of the campfire, troubled, unable to sleep. A BREEZE lifts wisps of his hair, carrying with it a sudden inscrutable WHISPER. Travis bolts upright. *What the fuck was that?* He looks around, wondering if anyone else heard it. All the others seem fast asleep...

Travis's eyes flick to the edge of the woods. He stands, then walks past the plane's wreckage toward the tree-line, as if inexplicably drawn to it. Travis stares out into THE NIGHT.

The breeze rustles the tree branches, and again he hears a soft, hushed SOUND, as if the wilderness is calling his name.

JAVI (O.S.)

Travis?

Travis jumps, *holy shit* -- then whips around to FIND a sleepy yet concerned JAVI watching him.

JAVI

Is something there?

TRAVIS

(a beat; shaking his head)

No. Go back to sleep.

Javi hesitates. Sees the fear in his brother's eyes, matching his own.

JAVI  
I had a bad dream...

Javi shivers. Travis gets a grip on himself for Javi's sake. Gruffly, covering his unease...

TRAVIS  
Come on. It's just woods. There's nothing to be scared of.

Travis ushers Javi back toward the CAMPFIRE. Javi goes, as Travis walks behind him, stealing one last fearful look back at the impenetrable dark of the woods. As the brothers walk off, we STAY ON THE TREES. The breeze picks back up. We hear a low and sinister EXHALATION, as if the woods are whispering for Travis to STAY and preparing to make him STAY.

Off these frightening, ominous surroundings --

### MAIN TITLES

#### EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

DIRT gets tossed onto Ben Scott's AMPUTATED LEG. The MARKER made out of sticks and bark reads: "COACH SCOTT'S LEG." Nearby are FIVE OTHER GRAVE MOUNDS: "Coach Martinez," "Flight Attendant Janet," "Pilot Robert," "Pilot Fred," and "Rachel Goldman" (our dead Yellowjacket from 102).

FIND TAISSA, VAN, and LAURA LEE shoveling the last of the dirt with METAL SCRAPS from the plane. Van pauses, staring at Rachel's grave. Laura Lee puts a steadying hand on her.

VAN  
Before we took off I heard Rachel say she was going to see Oasis at the Meadowlands next month. And now she's just...  
(a beat)  
She'll never hear Wonderwall again. And her parents will always have her unused ticket.

They nod, processing how terrible that would feel.

LAURA LEE  
Let's join hands. We'll pray for her.

TAISSA  
I'm pretty sure she was Jewish.

Laura Lee gives Taissa a look -- just do it. Taissa reluctantly joins hands with them.

LAURA LEE

Rachel, you just got pulled up from JV, so we didn't really know you. But in Trig class... you never confused your secants and cosecants. You seemed really smart. And even if you were Jewish, Jesus still loves you.

(to Van and Taissa)

Anyone else?

VAN

I saw her carrying a flute case once.

Laura Lee nods -- she can work with that.

LAURA LEE

Oh Lord, please accept Rachel Goldman into your arms, so she can fill your kingdom with beautiful music. Please accept Coach Martinez into your glory, too. And flight attendant Janet, Pilot Robert...

As Laura Lee's prayers drone on... the SOUND DIMINISHES for Taissa. The sight of these graves mysteriously affecting her.

**INT. TAISSA'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK (1985)**

We're in SOMEONE'S POV entering a dimly-lit living room. A WOMAN'S VOICE struggles for breath as she says her prayers.

VOICE (O.S.)

Take me to your kingdom, Father.  
Reunite me with your love, send me  
your Spirit...

Our POV moves tentatively into the room, taking in -- a gory CRUCIFIX on the wall, Jesus's torso sliced and bloody; and a beeping HEART RATE MONITOR, until we FIND -- an ELDERLY WOMAN (NANA BASSEY) lying in a home hospice bed, a cannula in her nose. Her eyes are closed as she whispers her prayers... But now, sensing a presence, she opens her eyes and looks at us.

REVERSE TO REVEAL: YOUNG TAISSA (6), eyes wide and unnerved at the creepy sight of her grandma on the brink of death. But Nana Bassey smiles, her face warm and welcoming.

NANA BASSEY

Don't be frightened, Tai-Tai. Come  
sit with your Nana.

Young Taissa makes her way over and sits on the chair next to her. Nana Bassey nods at all the machines she's plugged into.

NANA BASSEY (CONT'D)

All these beeps and whooshes sound  
scary, don't they?

Young Taissa nods. Then, she isn't sure she should say, but--

YOUNG TAISSA

Are you going to die?

NANA BASSEY

Dying's nothing to be afraid of. The  
Lord gives us our time here, and then  
he calls us back. Simple as that.

YOUNG TAISSA

Back to where?

NANA BASSEY

To Him. To Heaven.

Young Taissa takes that in. Seems soothed by her Nana's calm.

YOUNG TAISSA

With the angels?

Nana Bassey lovingly takes Taissa's hand.

NANA BASSEY

That's right. With the angels.

As Young Taissa shares a loving, quiet moment with her grandmother, WE HEAR:

LAURA LEE (V.O.)

The Lord is my salvation, whom shall  
I fear?

**EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996) - RESUME**

Taissa, Van, and Laura Lee are still holding hands near the graves. Taissa is looking disturbed, like she has had enough.

LAURA LEE

The Lord is my strength, whom shall I  
fear?

Taissa looks away, the pervasiveness of death and prayer  
making her uncomfortable. Until --

TAISSA

(burying her feelings)  
I'm going for a walk.

Taissa turns toward CAMERA and moves off.

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

A tired and drawn-looking TAISSA makes her coffee as she  
pulls up email on her LAPTOP. A subject line from her  
campaign manager catches her eye -- "We've got a problem."  
Taissa quickly opens the email and clicks on the link. A  
POLITICAL ATTACK AD begins to play --

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What do we really know about Taissa  
Turner?

Unflattering PHOTOS of Taissa (looking menacing, annoyed)  
POP ONSCREEN, as the dramatic NARRATOR continues...

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

She claims to put education first.  
But has she been honest about how?

A PHOTO of Taissa with a sly grin.

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

The only real way is by cannibalizing  
your tax dollars.

A PHOTO of Taissa taking a big bite of BBQ at a local event.

TAISSA

You gotta be kidding.

SIMONE enters, clocking her wife's anger.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Who will be safe? Certainly not your  
wallet. Taissa Turner hides from the  
truth. And we all know she has  
secrets to spill.

(then, very rapidly)

Paid for by Phil Bathurst for New  
Jersey State Senate.

As the ad ends, Taissa looks at Simone, flabbergasted.

TAISSA  
Is he fucking serious?

SIMONE  
Bathurst is a Mitch McConnell wannabe  
no one cares about.

TAISSA  
People listen to this shit, Simone.

SIMONE  
Have some faith your constituents are  
smarter than that.

Taissa shakes her head, barely containing her rage.

TAISSA  
I bet if I dug around I'd find his  
family owned a slave or two. Put that  
in an ad.

Simone goes to Taissa, buoying her up.

SIMONE  
What did you say when you started  
this campaign?

Taissa waves her off, just too frustrated -

SIMONE (CONT'D)  
That you'd focus on your issues and  
make rational arguments for change.  
Appealing to voters' rage and fear  
was never part of the plan. So why  
let this man change that?

A beat, Taissa nods. Knowing deep-down that Simone is right.  
As SAMMY comes in with their dog, BISCUIT, on a thick leash.

SAMMY  
Biscuit wants to go to the park.

TAISSA  
Okay, baby. Get your jacket.

Sammy goes to get his coat.

SIMONE  
It's the weekend. Go enjoy our son.

Simone kisses her goodbye. Off Taissa, trying to "enjoy" --

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

Shauna sips her coffee, staring coldly at JEFF. After finding the text from "Bianca" in Ep.102, she's been on a slow simmer: Is he really having an affair? Obviously making some GREEN JUICE, Jeff kills the BLENDER.

JEFF

I added more celery this time. Kinda stringy, but my guy at Planet Fitness swears it's good for your blood pressure.

Jeff sees Shauna looking at him.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You want some?

SHAUNA

(taps her mug)

I like my blood pressure high.

He gives her a sly, flirty grin.

JEFF

You want your heart rate up, say the word.

Jeff's still feeling good from their decent sex last night. Although she suspects he's a lying piece of shit, she paints on a smile. Testing him, light and casual --

SHAUNA

Oh, I almost forgot -- I need to take the van in this afternoon to fix the bumper. Can you swing by the mechanic's and drive me home?

Jeff wipes some green juice off his mouth.

JEFF

Roger's out and we're getting a delivery. Can't you take an Uber?

SHAUNA

If we want to spend sixty bucks. It's at Fairview and DeVine.

JEFF

(annoyed)

Why all the way over there?

Now Shauna goes in for the lie. With a shrug --



SHAUNA

It's where I got the best deal.

Jeff seems actually to consider it for a moment.

JEFF

Sorry, babe. My boys need me at the store. You know I like to lead from the front...

(then)

You should've told me yesterday.

SHAUNA

(flat)

Yeah. I should've told you.

JEFF

I'll see you later, 'kay?

Jeff kisses her on the cheek and heads out with his glass of green juice. Off Shauna, *this motherfucker* --

**INT. MISTY'S CAR (DRIVING) - DAY (PRESENT DAY)**

ON NATALIE as she drives, an inscrutable intensity in her eyes. MISTY'S GABBING slowly fades up in her ears. REVEAL MISTY riding shotgun --

MISTY

...But that guy was a total flake. I found out later he got caught stealing tons of office supplies from his job. And I'm not just talking staplers. Then there was hiking guy -- he seemed pretty normal, but afterward he asked if he could have my socks.

(then)

He still never called.

(she shrugs; to Natalie)

What about you? Seeing anyone?

Natalie's still in her head, wishing Misty would shut up.

NATALIE

How much longer until Travis's?

Misty checks the navigation on her phone.

MISTY

Three hours, twenty four minutes.

(MORE)

MISTY (CONT'D)

(then)

I totally get not dating, by the way. It's so hard to find a good guy at this age. The available ones are basically just crumbs at the bottom of a chip bag.

Misty's phone DINGS. She checks it, biting her lip, then texts back. Grinning like a cheshire cat --

MISTY (CONT'D)

Mostly...

NATALIE

(side - eyeing her; dry)

Gotta whole chip?

MISTY

(shakes her head; coy)

Just a friend. For now.

Natalie spots a GAS STATION ahead and turns into it. As she pulls up to the pump and puts the periwinkle-blue Fiat in park...

NATALIE

I'm hungry. Grab some snacks while I gas up.

Natalie hands her cash, hoping Misty will leave her purse. Misty lingers, almost as if she doesn't want to leave Natalie alone in her car.

MISTY

But I don't know what you like. Maybe you should--

NATALIE

Chocolate's good...

MISTY

Well there's dark, milk, white -

NATALIE

Surprise me.

Misty gives a small nod and grabs her purse before heading inside. *Dammit*. Natalie looks around, opens the console, snooping, and pulls out a RABBIT'S FOOT. Fucking weird. She flips open the GLOVE COMPARTMENT. She rummages around and then, BINGO -- a BATTERY CABLE with STRIPPED WIRES, as if it was ripped away from the engine. We see a PORSCHE GENUINE PARTS tag on the casing.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Fucking knew it.

Off Natalie, knowing *what*, but still unsure why...

**EXT. MISTY'S CAR (PARKED) - A FEW MINUTES LATER (PRESENT DAY)**

Natalie finishes filling the tank as Misty comes back from the store holding a plastic bag of SNACKS. She tosses Natalie a family - size SNICKERS and takes a big bite of BEEF JERKY. Natalie gives her a look: after everything, she likes eating that?

MISTY

What?

Natalie just shakes her head and replaces the pump, keeping her cards close. As they get back in the car and drive off, Misty takes another bite of jerky and we CUT TO:

**EXT. WILDERNESS - LATER (1996)**

NATALIE placing a single GUSHER into her mouth. Next to her SHAUNA, JACKIE, Van, LOTTIE, AKILAH, and MARI sit in a circle, other YELLOWJACKETS hovering around, as "breakfast" is divvied up. Their dwindling snack supply is in the center, along with an alarmingly small stash of SODAS and airline WATER BOTTLES. The other girls pass around a few meager packets of SNACKS, taking a couple morsels each. Shauna uses Van's SWISS ARMY KNIFE to delicately slice a SNACKWELL COOKIE in half. Next to her, Jackie scratches at a RASH on her leg.

SHAUNA

Misty said don't scratch. It can get infected.

JACKIE

If poison ivy's what kills me out here, I deserve to die.

Shauna hands her half the cookie.

SHAUNA

Close your eyes and pretend it's bacon.

Travis marches into their circle. Without a word he grabs a whole bag of PRETZELS.

VAN/AKILAH  
Dude! / What the hell?

LOTTIE  
Maybe you didn't notice but we're in  
kind of a situation here, Flex.

Natalie gives them a look.

NATALIE  
Don't.

Travis glares at her, not wanting the help, and heads off.

LOTTIE  
Who died and made him king of the  
snacks?

NATALIE  
His dad, Lottie. Literally his  
fucking dad.

JACKIE  
Nat's right, we should cut him a  
break.

MARI  
Cool. I guess it's fine if we all  
starve to death, as long as Travis's  
feelings are okay...

JACKIE  
We're not going to starve to death.  
When the rescue party gets here --

VAN  
If it gets here...

JACKIE  
*Don't say that.*

SHAUNA  
(gently)  
It has been three days...

JACKIE  
They're coming.

Jackie's eyes blaze, desperately needing to believe this. As Natalie and Shauna exchange a look, not sure they still do --

**EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)**

Travis joins Javi, who's chewing on gum, dejectedly flicking pieces of leaves. Travis tosses over the bag of pretzels.

TRAVIS

Eat.

Javi doesn't comply. Travis's eyes burn with menace.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Eat.

Javi grabs the pretzels, no energy to fight.

Travis watches as Javi takes the gum his mouth and carefully wraps it in its foil, saving it.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Throw that shit out already.

JAVI

Dad gave it to me. So my ears  
wouldn't pop.

Travis knows this, and it's compounding his pain and anger.

TRAVIS

Well, are they still popping, Javi?  
*Are they?*

Javi turns away and nibbles a pretzel, ignoring his brother,  
Off a frustrated Travis, set to boil--

**EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)**

TIGHT ON BEN SCOTT, as a partially unwrapped NUTRIGRAIN BAR  
lightly taps at his sealed lips.

MISTY (O.S.)

(sing - song)

Incoming. Open the ha-atch.

MISTY's coaxing him like a child. Ben moves his head away.

BEN SCOTT

Misty, can you just -- I told you I'm  
not hungry.

Propped up, immobile, it's clear that Ben's in a dark place.

MISTY  
 (whispering)  
 I stole this from the food stash.

BEN SCOTT  
 I didn't ask you to do that.

MISTY  
 You haven't eaten in two days. And I  
 can't give you any more of these on  
 an empty stomach.

She shakes a bottle of PAIN MEDS, smiling down at him. Ben knows he's at her mercy. As he takes a joyless bite of bar --

**EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)**

Shauna writes in her JOURNAL. She glances over and sees Lottie rummaging through her suitcase. Lottie throws a glance behind her to make sure no one's looking (not noticing Shauna), then pulls out her bottle of LOXAPINE and empties the LAST PILL into her hand. *Shit*. As Lottie dry-swallows her last pill, worried, Shauna clocking this --

TAISSA (O.S.)  
 There's a lake!

An excited Taissa bounds into camp, the others gathering.

TAISSA  
 I saw it from that hill. Looks about  
 four or five miles away.

SHAUNA  
 Do you think we could hike it?

TAISSA  
 It's pretty rocky, but yeah.

Jackie looks at them, incredulous.

JACKIE  
 We can't just... leave.

TAISSA  
 We've got two days of water, tops.  
 Then what? Sit around and die?

JACKIE  
 What if the rescue team comes?

TAISSA

You think they're taking their time on purpose? If they knew where we were, they'd be here already.

JACKIE

You don't know that!

ON MISTY, discreetly averting her eyes. Poker-faced.

LAURA LEE

What do you think, Coach?

They all turn to Ben Scott. He's still traumatized, unable to focus on much beyond his own pain and suffering.

BEN SCOTT

I don't know. I mean... you'd have to leave me behind, I guess, but whatever.

The girls trade looks -- not the decisive, adult perspective they were hoping for. Taissa steps into the void --

TAISSA

We can make you a stretcher. If we take turns carrying it --

TRAVIS (O.S.)

I'll do it.

REVEAL Travis has joined the group, to everyone's surprise. Jackie shoots him a look, pissed.

JACKIE

This is bullshit. I say no. No way.

TAISSA

Let's put it to a vote.  
(looking around)  
All in favor of waiting here?

Jackie's hand shoots up. After a beat, Laura Lee raises her hand, as do Lottie, Mari, and a few others. The rest hedge, clearly not wanting to provoke Jackie.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

All in favor of the lake?

Taissa raises her hand. Slowly, almost apologetically, the others' go up as well, despite Jackie's death stare. Shauna avoids Jackie's glare as she finally raises her hand. Taissa nods.





Jackie glances at it.

JACKIE  
(coldly)  
Your backwash? I'll pass.

Taissa clocks Jackie's bitchiness. Jackie moves away from Shauna and catches up to Mari. Jackie starts chatting with Mari as if Mari's her new BFF. WE STAY WITH Shauna, watching. Taissa sidles up next to her.

TAISSA  
Thanks for having my back in the vote.

SHAUNA  
I didn't *have your back*. It was just what I thought.

TAISSA  
Either way, it was the right call.

SHAUNA  
You don't know that. I mean, we think we're doing the right thing. But really? We have no clue.

As Taissa considers this, FIND Natalie who's curiously eyeing something in the woods. She slows.

LOTTIE  
What is it?

NATALIE  
I don't know...

Natalie moves into the woods as if magnetically drawn to whatever it is. The others exchange looks, then follow. They make their way through the brush, until --

JACKIE  
Oh, god. I'm gonna puke.

REVEAL the grisly remains of a fresh BEAR CARCASS. The meat's ravaged, exposing bone. The entrails are spilled. A RAVEN pecks at its eyes.

TRAVIS  
Whoa. Sick.

SHAUNA  
What could've done that?

Ben Scott speaks up, having gotten a look from his litter --

BEN SCOTT

A wolf, probably.

They all turn to him, surprised by his sudden engagement.

NATALIE

They can kill a fucking bear?

BEN SCOTT

Yeah. Wolves can kill anything, if the pack's big enough.

As the gravity of this lands on them, Natalie glances around, worried.

NATALIE

We should keep moving.

As they turn to go, we FOCUS ON Taissa, noticing something in another direction.

In shadowy, leafy brush, she glimpses a QUICK FLASH of a DEATHLY LOOKING MAN, dressed in black, with NO EYES. He's crouched creepily in the darkened thicket. If he had eyes, he would be *looking right at her*. Taissa startles, but he's gone in an eye blink --

VAN

(seeing Taissa jump)

Hey, you okay?

Taissa nods, haunted, but tries to play it cool.

TAISSA

Yeah. Let's go.

Van eyes Taissa warily, but doesn't say anything more about i . As the group re-shoulders their bags and moves on, we're OFF SHAUNA, taking one last look at the mutilated bear...

**INT. SHAUNA'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY (PRESENT DAY)**

Shauna cautiously tails Jeff, staying a few cards back so she won't be noticed in her glaringly dented minivan. UP AHEAD we see a LARGE SIGN plastered across a strip-mall store: SADECKI FURNITURE EMPORIUM. A faded image of JEFF, leaning against the "I" in Sadecki.

Shauna anxiously watches... will Jeff turn into the store's parking lot? Sure enough, Jeff's BLINKER lights up and Jeff pulls into the parking lot. Shauna breathes a sigh of relief as she watches Jeff head inside. *Thank Christ.*

She puts the minivan back into drive, and just as she's about to pull away, Jeff re-emerges carrying a WRAPPED GIFT BOX. WTF? Shauna's face falls as Jeff gets back into his car and heads out of the parking lot.

Shauna quickly hits the gas to follow him, but then finds herself *directly behind Jeff* as they both roll up to a light. Shauna ducks.

SHAUNA

*Shit.*

After a beat, she hears a HORN behind her and pops her head up. Light's green, and Jeff was quick off the line. Shauna punches it. Jeff turns right at the next light. Shauna weaves through traffic like a badass as the light turns red. She blows through it, turning right, almost hitting another car. They lay on their HORN. Shauna gives them a small wave --

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Sorry!

She recovers, flooring it, finally catching up to Jeff just as he's turning into -- The Jolly Hitcher Inn.

Shauna slows, watching as Jeff disappears around the corner toward parking. Even though she thought he was probably having an affair, confirming it in the cold light of day is a surreal, visceral experience. Off Shauna, hurt and regret and a strange sense of the inevitable commingling on her face...

**EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY (PRESENT DAY)**

CHILDREN, including Sammy, SCREAM and chase each other around the playground. FIND Taissa moving away from the kids as she answers her ringing phone.

TAISSA

About time.

**EXT. GAS STATION - DAY - INTERCUT**

CLOSE ON a PUMP NOZZLE being shoved into a gas tank. REVEAL we're in someplace rural. Taissa's talking to JESSICA ROBERTS.

JESSICA

Sorry, I've been busy.

TAISSA  
 (sarcastic)  
 Busy cashing my checks.

We realize that Jessica and Taissa are working together.

JESSICA  
 Hey, this hasn't been easy. Some of  
 you guys love living off the grid.  
 I've got a few more to track down,  
 but so far no one's talked.

TAISSA  
 How hard are you pushing?

JESSICA  
 Money, book deals. If you want me  
 busting kneecaps, that'll cost extra.

TAISSA  
 Just hurry up and try the rest.  
 Bathurst's ad is tanking my numbers.  
 If there's an October surprise coming  
 I'm fucked.

JESSICA  
 You want to hit back?

TAISSA  
 Meaning?

JESSICA  
 Bathurst's daughter is a junkie.

Taissa takes this in.

TAISSA  
 You've got proof?

JESSICA  
 Three rehab stints before the age of  
 sixteen. Last year, he buried an  
 arrest for heroin possession so she  
 wouldn't get expelled from Blair.

TAISSA  
 How old is she now?

JESSICA  
 Eighteen. Fair game.

A SHRIEK rips through the air. Taissa looks over to find  
 Sammy standing over a howling BOY (6) with a BLOODIED NOSE.

TAISSA  
Shit, I gotta go.

She hangs up and goes over to Sammy.

TAISSA (CONT'D)  
What happened?

Blood flows from the boy's nose as Taissa sees the boy's MOTHER get up and hurry over from a park bench. *Oh, Jesus.*

TAISSA (CONT'D)  
Sammy, did you do this?

The boy cries and snivels. Sammy is eerily unaffected.

SAMMY  
Yes.

Taissa eyes him. Then she kicks into political mode and turns toward the oncoming mom with charm and sympathy --

TAISSA  
Oh God, I'm so sorry. I guess they were playing rough, and my son's elbow whacked him in the face.

The mom comes over to comfort her son. Before she responds, and as Taissa gives Sammy a reproachful look --

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

Taissa downloads a troubled Simon. In the b.g., Sammy plays with his ANIMATRONIC REPEATING BOY DOLL "MANNY" (from 102). Taissa and Simone keep their voices low --

TAISSA  
It wasn't that big a deal.

SIMONE  
Sammy punched him in the face.

TAISSA  
Yeah, well, hearing his mom called names brings it out in him, I guess. Luckily, he thought the kid was saying I was a "cannonball".

SIMONE  
This kid said *what* now?

TAISSA

He probably heard his parents talking about Bathurst's ad. Monni, this could be our new normal, if I don't hit back.

(off Simone)

What?

SIMONE

Our son just assaulted another child, and you're talking strategy?

Taissa looks conciliatory, the stress getting to her.

TAISSA

You're right. I'm not thinking straight.

Simone touches Taissa's arm, softening. Taissa goes over to where Sammy is playing with Manny and sits next to him.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Baby, we need to talk about why you hit that boy today.

Sammy only looks at Manny, who repeats everything Sammy says in a grating mechanical voice.

SAMMY/MANNY

No. / No.

TAISSA

Yes. You cannot hit people, no matter what they say to you.

SAMMY/MANNY

Be quiet. / Be quiet.

TAISSA

What did you just say?

Sammy doesn't respond, just continues to fiddle with Manny.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

That's it --

Frustrated, Taissa takes Manny away from Sammy and hits its "off" switch. Sammy turns to Taissa and glowers, a grownup intensity in his eyes.

SAMMY

Give him back.

Taissa looks at him probingly, trying to understand him.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Give. Him. Back.

TAISSA

Go to your room, Sammy.  
(off Sammy)

Go.

Sammy walks off. But it's unsettling, like somehow he just won their battle of wills. At a loss, Taissa shoves Manny up in a high cabinet. She and Simone meet eyes, not sure what that was and what they're going to do about it. Off Taissa, this stress on the domestic front the last thing she needs --

**EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)**

An EXTREME WIDE of the Yellowjackets, as if from an UNKNOWN POV, as they trudge along through the dense forest. It's eerie, almost as if the wilderness itself is watching...

**EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)**

Our team drips with sweat, everyone looking tired and thirsty and miserable. Van has the compass trying to say on course.

NATALIE

This shit's way longer than four miles. What if we missed it?

TAISSA

From the angle of the sun, it looked just left of due north.

Jackie scoffs, Mari enjoying her new status beside her.

JACKIE

"Left?" Wow. *That's* a precise way of doing it.

TAISSA

I'm not a fucking cartographer.

JACKIE

Or maybe, you saw a mirage--

As Van's YELL drowns out their squabbling --

VAN

Oh, shit! Hell yeah, bitches!

Taissa looks hopeful as the girls hurry to the tree line. A brilliantly blue, GLIMMERING LAKE spreads out before them. Van breaks into a sprint, shedding her bags. She sprints through the shallows and face-plants into the water.

VAN (CONT'D)

(sputtering)

It's great! Get your asses in here!

They rush to join her, ripping off t-shirts and Umbros --

JACKIE

Fuck, it's *freezing*!

They whoop it up, celebrating, some cupping the water and chugging it, so thirsty and relieved. FIND Natalie, tip-toeing her way deeper into the cold water, when -- SPLASH. Travis CANNONBALLS off a boulder, soaking her completely.

NATALIE

Asshole!

Travis grins and swims away, as Natalie secretly *checks him out*. Jackie and Mari wade up next to her, watching Travis too. They stand there, wondering who will be first to say it.

MARI

Is Travis... actually hot?

Jackie almost chokes, but she can't deny, he has a nice body

JACKIE

It's only been three days. You guys can't really be that desperate.

From a ways off, Travis sees them talking about him and laughing. He scowls, self-conscious, assuming they're making fun of him. Off Natalie, awkwardly meeting his eyes --

**EXT. TRAVIS'S SHACK / INT. MISTY'S CAR - DAY (PRESENT DAY)**

Natalie pulls into the gravel driveway of the old shack from the opening. Now in the daylight, we see the paint's sunbaked and chipping. The windows filmy. Natalie kills the engine, apprehension in her face (which she hides from Misty). Misty takes in the unwelcoming shack...

MISTY

You should've brought the rifle.

(off Natalie's look)

What? We haven't seen Travis in twenty-five years.

(MORE)



MISTY (CONT'D)

He changed his name, moved to the sticks. That's got Unabomber written all over it.

Natalie privately steels herself, getting a hold of her anxiety. She POPS the car door and starts toward the shack.

**EXT. TRAVIS'S SHACK - MOMENTS LATER - (PRESENT DAY)**

With Misty on her heels, Natalie gets to the front door.

MISTY

Careful, it could be booby - trapped.

Natalie smirks. With a subtle in-breath, she KNOCKS. Nothing. She KNOCKS again. No movement. She tries the door and finds it LOCKED. Misty looks around.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Don't see a car. We could check out what's happening in town? Grab some buffalo wings and come back later?

As Misty talks, Natalie makes a decision, wrapping her hand in her jacket and -- SMASH. She shatters the door and reaches inside to unlock it.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Or -- that works.

**INT. TRAVIS'S SHACK - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT DAY)**

Natalie and Misty enter the dark, gloomy space and move down the hall toward the kitchen. It's spare and monastic -- the walls bare, not much on the shelves, as if Travis was just existing, not necessarily living.

MISTY

Yikes. Someone could use a trip to Tuesday Morning.

Natalie glances around, then moves through the kitchen into the living room. She takes it in as if figuring out a puzzle. Misty makes her way through the kitchen to the living room, checking behind the couch cushions and in other weird areas, looking for "clues" as she talks --

MISTY (CONT'D)

It's never a good sign when a suspect lives like a hermit. We see this sort of thing all the time.

NATALIE

Aren't you... a nurse?

MISTY

And a Citizen Detective. It's common knowledge that the less a person owns, the creepier they turn out to be. If all Travis does is send us weird postcards, we should consider ourselves lucky.

Natalie peeks into a drawer in the living room. Looks at the bare shelves. All very empty and sad. As Misty talks, Natalie notices Travis's bedroom entrance across the way --

MISTY (CONT'D)

There was this one guy, Mike McGreevy, AKA the Gibbsboro Ghoul? Barely owned anything. Turns out he was robbing graves because he was collecting teeth to--

NATALIE

Why don't you go through the trash? I saw a can around back.

MISTY

Great idea. You can find much about a person from personal refuse.

As soon as Misty goes off to check, Natalie moves into --

**INT. TRAVIS'S SHACK - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Natalie enters the cramped room -- a tightly made bed, a mirror dresser. She goes to Travis's closet and opens it up -- a few FLANNELS hanging, a couple worn PANTS. Natalie feels the arm of one of his shirts, almost a yearning to her touch.

She moves to the dresser. A brush, deodorant. And then she spots -- a POLAROID PHOTO tucked into the side of the mirror: Natalie and Travis, a few years ago. Their eyes are bleary, both looking a little fucked up, but happy.

We realize Natalie's not only seen Travis recently, but they were close. *Intimate.* Natalie glances up from the photo, and suddenly we see ADULT TRAVIS in the mirror. He's standing behind Natalie, and his eyes seem to be judging her.

Natalie spins breathlessly around, but there's no one there, the room is empty. Off Natalie, rattled --

EXT. WILDERNESS - LAKE - DAY (1996)

Natalie, alone, dries off in the sun. Most of the other Yellowjackets still swim and mess around in the water. She sees Travis DIVE off an outcropping of rock and come to the surface, wiping his eyes. She tries not to look at him.

Misty ENTERS FRAME walking purposefully with a bottle of water. We follow her away from Natalie as she stares hungrily ahead of her toward an oblivious Ben Scott who lies miserably on a slab of rock. Misty lands in front of him and smiles...

MISTY

I thought I'd bring the lake to you.

She holds up the bottle of water.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Take off your shirt. I'll splash some on you.

BEN SCOTT

Yeah. I'm not doing that.

Misty purses her lips, not satisfied with that.

MISTY

Trust me, it'll be nice.

Before he can stop her, she pours water down the back of his head, as if gently anointing him. Ben jerks away.

BEN SCOTT

Misty, stop. I really don't want it.

MISTY

But you look so hot. It'll cool you down...

Ben grits his teeth, stuck where he is, and not sure what to do about this right now. He just sits there, taking it, as Misty soaks his entire shirt. CAMERA MOVES TO FIND --

Taissa and Akilah standing knee deep, their top halves dry, Taissa's hair wrapped in a SCARF. They watch Misty creepily bathing Ben Scott. Taissa seems troubled, not all there --

AKILAH

If that girl poured water on *my* hair,  
Coach wouldn't be the only one  
missing a limb.

(off Taissa)

You okay?



Natalie notices a BOTTLE OF SCOTCH on the counter. Near it are TWO GLASSES, one still with a finger of amber liquid in it. She picks up the bottle and takes in the LABEL...

NATALIE

This is a two-hundred dollar bottle.

MISTY

Expensive taste for a man barely making minimum wage...

Misty spies a NOTEPAD on a small table, a piece of ripped paper hanging from the top where the last note was hastily torn away. She picks it, curious, just as --

MAN (O.S.)

Hello?

Natalie and Misty exchange a look, thinking this could be Travis. As Natalie braces herself to see him again, she's surprised to find OFFICER BEATY (40s) round the corner. He spots them, unsure what they're up to, and draws his GUN.

OFFICER BEATY

Freeze!

Natalie looks at him disarmingly.

NATALIE

(re: gun)

That's really not necessary --

OFFICER BEATY

Get your hands up!

Misty's shoot up. Natalie's go up halfway.

OFFICER BEATY (CONT'D)

What are you doing in here?

NATALIE

Just visiting a good friend.

Officer Beaty nods to the shattered window's GLASS on the floor down the hall.

OFFICER BEATY

So good you had to bust his window.  
On your knees. Now.

Misty drops to her knees. Natalie hesitates. Her eyes flick to the exit as if she's considering her options.

OFFICER BEATY (CONT'D)

Lady, I will shoot you.

Off Natalie, lackadaisically getting on her knees --

**INT. JOLLY HITCHER INN - LOBBY - DAY (PRESENT DAY)**

An "old-world" lobby that is sorta classy, but really feels like your grandma's living room. Shauna, now composed, is meeting resistance from the maddeningly chipper RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, I'm not allowed to give out room information if your name isn't on the reservation.

SHAUNA

I'm his wife. He just hasn't texted me our room number.

RECEPTIONIST

Then I'm sure he will soon.

Shauna narrows her eyes. Not the day to fuck with her. But she bites back her frustration and changes tack, leaning in.

SHAUNA

Look, I'm with *Homeland Security*. We're undercover and just tracked our guy here. Now all we need is his room. My badge is in my pocket, but this motherfucker's got eyes everywhere. If I show it to you, I might get made.

As the Receptionist gives her a truly dubious look --

ADAM (O.S.)

Agent Sadecki?

Speaking of getting made... Shauna turns to see ADAM (Fender Bender guy from 102) standing behind her. With the hint of a smile, playing along --

ADAM

D.C.'s on the line. Briefing.

Surprised and very caught, Shauna gives him a nod. She throws a hard look at the Receptionist, who eyes them both warily...

SHAUNA

What are you doing here?

ADAM

I'd ask you the same, but apparently the answer is... anti-terrorism?

Shauna struggles to explain herself --

SHAUNA

Yeah, I...

ADAM

Like to mess with people, I'm aware. We can leave it there for the moment.

SHAUNA

Thank you.

ADAM

I'm not here fighting crime, but I was going to get a drink. I've got a studio space down the street and this place makes a classic martini, sidecar and all. You look like you could use one.

Shauna considers how bizarre this is: Her asshole husband having an affair, now this guy standing here. She shrugs.

SHAUNA

If a bomb goes off, it's on you.

ADAM

I'll take full responsibility.

As they HOLD EACH OTHER'S EYES --

**INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY (PRESENT DAY)**

Cinderblock walls, a crusty toilet. Natalie stews, hating that she's in here. Misty seems weirdly intrigued by it all.

MISTY

Wow, the ol' slammer... Definitely smells like I thought.

A GUARD walks by, makes eye contact with Misty.

MISTY (CONT'D)

I'll bet he thinks we're hookers.

Natalie's had about all she can take of Misty today. Misty senses her annoyance --

MISTY (CONT'D)

Hey, what crawled up your --

NATALIE

You stole my battery cable, Misty.

(off Misty)

Why would you fucking do that?

A charged beat, as Misty just looks at her, quirking up the corners of her mouth. She either looks sinister or sheepish.

MISTY

I really wanted to come with you...

And I didn't think you'd let me.

(then)

Was I wrong?

Natalie searches Misty's face, trying to parse out what is real. So much history between these two. A GUARD, whose face we don't need to see, comes to the BARS and interrupts --

GUARD (O.S)

Phone calls. Scatorccio first.

Natalie breaks from Misty's gaze and goes to make her call. Off Misty, her eyes cryptic --

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

Taissa stares at a PHOTO of JANE BATHURST on Instagram. Jane is sweet-faced, preppy, an innocent kid other than her heroin addiction. As Taissa struggles over what to do with the dirt Jessica gave her, her CEL RINGS, unknown ID. She picks up --

TAISSA

Hello?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

*You have received a collect call from Eden Falls Police Station. The caller's name is "Natalie." Will you accept the charges?*

Taissa sits up -- are you fucking serious?

TAISSA

Yes.

(MORE)



TAISSA (CONT'D)  
 (then, as Natalie gets on)  
 Three days out of rehab and you're  
 already arrested? Was there some  
 record to beat?

**INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY - INTERCUT**

Natalie stands at a dingy payphone.

NATALIE  
 I missed my three hots and a cot.

TAISSA  
 Guess you can be funny when it's not  
 your money wasted.

NATALIE  
 I never asked you to pay for rehab.  
 And I'm not high, if that matters.

We realize that these two are closer than we thought.

TAISSA  
 Where's Eden Falls?

NATALIE  
 New Hampshire.

TAISSA  
 What the hell's up there?

A beat, Natalie struggling to even speak his name.

NATALIE  
 Travis.

Taissa takes that in.

TAISSA  
 For fuck's sake, Natalie.

NATALIE  
 I got a lead that he's been living up  
 here. The cops found me looking  
 around his place.

TAISSA  
 Meaning, you broke in.  
 (then)  
 Have you seen him yet?

NATALIE  
 No, but I found out where he works.



NATALIE

I need to find him, Tai. Please.

Taissa struggles for a beat. But no. No fucking way.

TAISSA

I'm sorry. But I can't help you. Not this time.

She hangs up. Natalie sags against the wall. Off Taissa --

**EXT. WILDERNESS - LAKE - DAY (1996)**

Taissa is watching Van again, and now we're sure: Taissa is *crushing* on her. Van meets her eye, grins, but then gets pulled back into her game of "Chicken." Natalie is on Van's shoulders, Laura Lee on Shauna's. They're squealing, having fun, almost forgetting all of their worries. As strangely...

UNKNOWN POV we're extremely WIDE AGAIN... as if the DENSE WOODS is watching... hungrily taking in the Yellowjackets...

A RISING CHANT brings us back to the LAKE --

Where Jackie, Mari, and many of the others are looking up at Lottie and egging her on. Lottie has climbed on top of a BOULDER. Playing to the crowd, she does the Cabbage Patch or some awesome 90s dance, then plugs her nose, about to jump --

When suddenly, Lottie freezes.

LOTTIE'S POV -- a small HUNTING CABIN across the lake. But Lottie seems very disturbed. She only points, mouth agape...

JACKIE

What the fuck is happening?

LOTTIE

Guys. Look.

Laura Lee and some of the others start scrambling up the boulder, to get a look at what Lottie is pointing at. Laura Lee kisses her CROSS NECKLACE.

LAURA LEE

Oh, thank you, sweet Jesus!

As other girls SCREAM and CHEER, taking in the miraculous sight of a SMALL CABIN, half hidden in the trees--

HARD CUT TO:

**EXT. WILDERNESS - CABIN - DAY (1996)**

The girls, bursting with excitement, rush toward the cabin --

JACKIE  
Hello?! Anyone home?

AKILAH  
We need help!

They storm up the cabin's porch -- as Natalie and Taissa notice Lottie hanging back, not sharing in the exuberance.

NATALIE  
Hey, what's wrong?

TAISSA  
Lottie, what is with you?

They watch Lottie sizing up the cabin with a strange unreadable expression. Then reluctantly, looking a little spooky, she follows them up the porch.

AT THE DOOR

Jackie POUNDS on it. No answer. Akilah tries the door. It's unlocked. They share a look, the other girls running up behind. They open it. Stepping over the threshold into --

**INT. WILDERNESS - CABIN - CONTINUOUS (1996)**

A squalid, two-room space. Rough-hewn walls, beamed ceilings, musty TROPHY HEADS of stunned-looking DEER. Cobwebs, dust.

JACKIE  
Hello...?

On one side, a GRIMY KITCHENETTE -- sagging cabinets, table and chairs. In the other room, we see the foot of an unmade BED covered with a moth-eaten quilt. A single place setting -- PLATE, FORK, HUNTING KNIFE -- is on the table, crusted with the remains of an ANCIENT MEAL.

LAURA LEE  
Maybe they just... went on a hike?

JACKIE  
Yeah, like a decade ago.  
(then)  
Ugh. It reeks in here.

Their disappointment is palpable. Trying to take charge, Taissa looks to Jackie and Mari --

TAISSA

You guys check the pantry, see if there's any food. Everyone else, look around for stuff we can use. First aid, flashlights, tools.

Jackie and Mari begin to rummage. The first cabinet is bare. The second is filled with EMPTY WHISKY BOTTLES. Then -- a glimmer of hope as they discover a low, back shelf PACKED WITH RUSTED CANS: CHILI, SPAM, PEAS, CORN. Jackie hungrily pulls one out and peels back the lid --

TAISSA (CONT'D)

What the hell, Jackie? That's not your personal buffet.

Jackie looks sick and drops the can --

JACKIE

Oh, fuck. Ugh.

As it SLAPS the floor, we see it's covered in a GREEN FILM, obviously RANCID. Jackie whirls on all of them --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You see? We should've never left the plane!

VAN

Yeah, well, we did. So this is helping... how exactly?

A few of the other girls roll their eyes. Jackie flinches, feeling like they're ganging up on her.

JACKIE

This place is a fucking nightmare.

Jackie heads outside and BANGS out the door. Shauna watches Jackie go. As they all stare down at the slimy can of food...

**EXT. WILDERNESS - CABIN - DAY (1996)**

Jackie, scratching at her RASH, beelines for her backpack where she left it among some others. She opens it, searching desperately for some lotion, starts to rub it on her thigh.

Suddenly, she STOPS, overwhelmed by her emotions -- how scared she is, how alone she feels, how much she hates the wilderness, and the shame she feels for showing it.

As Jackie quietly starts to cry, head resting on her arms...

**INT. CABIN - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)**

Shauna watches Jackie from a window in the cabin. She takes in Jackie's pain. Despite all the friction between them, her heart is breaking for her friend. Then --

VAN (O.S.)

Well, *hell-o*.

Shauna and the others turn to see Van in front of an opened OLD CHEST, peering inside.

VAN

Don't worry, guys. We may be in the middle of nowhere, but hey, at least there's porn.

She dramatically brandishes a few VINTAGE MAGAZINES. *Hustler, Beaver Hunt, Juggs...*

AKILAH

Oh, man. Gnarly.

Natalie grabs one of the magazines anyway and starts to flip through. Mari looks over her shoulder.

MARI

(to Travis)

Hey, this guy kinda looks like you, Flex.

He flinches at the clearly familiar nickname, but sublimates his anger into a sort of detached, cutting condescension...

TRAVIS

If only any of you looked like her.

Akilah mock hurls at a photo of some double penetration --

AKILAH

Okay, that is gross.

(to Travis)

Do guys really jerk off to this stuff?

Insecurity mounting, and overcompensating accordingly, Travis grabs one of the magazines. Displaying it for the girls --

TRAVIS

Nah, we hate this shit. You can't even tell what her favorite book is in this picture.

As some of the girls give him the FINGER, we STAY WITH Travis as he stalks off and OUT THE DOOR.

**EXT. WILDERNESS - CABIN - CONTINUOUS (1996)**

Travis barrels down the steps with the magazine. Javi's right on his heels, still chewing obsessively on his GUM. Travis moves off the porch and gets to a big fallen TREE TRUNK. He sits up against it, fuming, laying the magazine at his side.

JAVI

Can I see?

TRAVIS

No.

JAVI

C'mon, let me see.

Javi chews his gum. Travis's eyes turn dark. All of his anger, resentment, and grief igniting deep within him.

Sensing Travis's growing fury, Javi's eyes go wide with fear.

TRAVIS

Spit it out.

JAVI

(a plea)

No.

TRAVIS

Spit it out.

Javi takes a protective step back. He looks toward the cabin and starts to run, but he's too slow. Travis launches himself at his brother and wrestles Javi into a HEADLOCK under one arm. With his free hand, he squeezes Javi's face, trying to pry open his mouth. Javi keeps his jaws shut tight --

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Dad was a dick, Javi! He's the whole  
fucking reason we're in this hell!  
And now, he is dead. You understand?  
Dad is fucking dead!

Lost in his rage, Travis uses his fingers to peel open Javi's mouth, then shoves his hand inside. Travis finally rips out the GUM, shoving Javi into the dirt.

Travis turns and hurtles the gum deep into the woods. Javi, heartbroken, watches it sail away.

Travis feels a lump in his throat, realizing the cruelty of what he's done. REVEAL NATALIE standing nearby, her mouth parted in shock, a witness to what happened. Travis hardens.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

The fuck are you looking at?

Travis goes, past Javi sobbing in the dirt. Off Natalie --

**INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY (PRESENT DAY)**

The Guard escorts Natalie back to her cell. Misty waits expectantly.

MISTY

Who did you call?

NATALIE

Someone I thought was a friend. Turns out, I was wrong.

MISTY

So, it's my turn?

The Guard nods. Natalie scoffs.

NATALIE

Who do you have to call? Your bird?

MISTY

Caligula hasn't learned how to answer the phone yet.

As Misty's led away, an enigmatic smile spreads across her face, a card up her sleeve.



INT. JOLLY HITCHER INN - BAR - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna downs what's left of her DIRTY MARTINI, her attention torn between the reason she came here and the man sitting in front of her...

ADAM

I mean, it looked like it was frayed down to a single wire, but really it's an aircraft cable, it can hold four thousand pounds. Still, turns out NYPD wasn't thrilled about a having a giant bank safe dangling over the streets of Chelsea... Especially once the winds kicked up. Anyway, after that debacle, I pretty much had to swallow my pride and move back across the river. But being broke has forced me back to my roots. Figurative stuff, mostly. Of course, there are maybe six people in the world making living doing *that*, but in a way it's, I don't know, freeing. I get to go wherever the work takes me. I don't have to ask where or why, I just have to follow...

Adam sees Shauna subtly glances at the elevators.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Hey. You okay?

Shauna forces a smile.

SHAUNA

I'm fine.

ADAM

"We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful what we pretend to be."

Shauna looks at him, surprised.

ADAM (CONT'D)

That's Vonnegut.

SHAUNA

(raising an eyebrow; duh)  
...And I asked myself about the present: how wide it was, how deep it was, how much was mine to keep...

ADAM  
Slaughterhouse Five.  
(he smiles)  
I think I like this book club...

Shauna smiles back, kind of impressed. Adam gives her that look, which she can't turn away from. Then --

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Why are you here, Shauna?

Shauna senses that he knows the answer. That she could tell him anything and that he would listen without pretense or judgement. There's also a sudden freedom in that.

SHAUNA  
I'm confirming a suspicion.

ADAM  
And once you do, will you be happier?

The question is without guile or agenda, As is her answer.

SHAUNA  
No.

A beat.

ADAM  
(a fact)  
You're beautiful when you're honest.

ON SHAUNA, taking that in, when -- the moment gets ruined as, behind Adam, we suddenly see Jeff walking through the lobby, speaking closely with an attractive woman whom we can only assume is BIANCA.

Adam turns, seeing Jeff with Bianca, too, as Shauna watches them go. A whirlwind of emotions vibrates through her. Pain, shame, the satisfaction of knowing the truth. After a long moment, she looks back to find Adam watching her. Waiting.

She takes him in. Reciprocating his own challenge --

SHAUNA  
Why are you here, Adam?

ADAM  
I was just getting a drink. But I'm starting to think something out there had other ideas.  
(then)  
I just go. I don't ask where or why, remember?

Shauna takes that in. Wanting just to go wherever it leads too...

**INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DUSK (PRESENT DAY)**

On Natalie, her mind a million miles away. She looks up as KEYS RATTLE. The Guard's unlocking her cell door.

GUARD  
Your friend phoned a winner.

Natalie walks out, surprised. She finds Misty beaming proudly just down the hall.

NATALIE  
Who'd you call?

Misty takes pleasure in parroting Natalie from before --

MISTY  
Just someone I thought was a friend.  
Turns out I was right.  
(off Natalie)  
Oh, alright, Kevyn Tan.

NATALIE  
(confused)  
Kevyn? Why would you call him?

MISTY  
Because, he's a cop, and because  
we've been texting. And... okay,  
*fine*. He thinks I'm you.

Off Natalie, what the actual fuck --

**INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DUSK (PRESENT DAY)**

Natalie heads toward the exit. Misty's next to her digging through the clear plastic property bag that held her purse's possessions during their arrest (peanut butter, condoms, a small toy plastic cat). Natalie's keeping her exasperation in check, while Misty's doing her best to make light of it all.

MISTY  
Oh, c'mon, what's the big deal?  
(off Natalie)  
He was looking at you at the bar like  
he wanted to ravage you then and  
there. So, I thought: what the heck?  
I thought, What the heck?  
(MORE)

MISTY (CONT'D)

Let's see where this could go for these crazy kids. And I was right. He's super into you.

NATALIE

What... have you been saying to him?

MISTY

Mainly, I've tried to channel you. A little dark, kinda deadpan?

NATALIE

I can only imagine.

MISTY

Yeah, like that.

NATALIE

Do you hear how weird you are?

Misty finally pulls out what she's been searching for -- the NOTEPAD from Travis's. Relieved, she slips it into her purse.

MISTY

Please don't be mad. It's a long drive home and uncomfortable silences make me uncomfortable.

NATALIE

We're not going home.

MISTY

Oh. Where are we going?

NATALIE

Willow Brook Ranch.  
(off Misty's questioning look)  
I'm not leaving until I find him.

Off Natalie's singular determination...

**EXT. CABIN - WILDERNESS - DUSK (1996)**

We hear the faint sounds of the rest of the group settling into the cabin inside. FIND Ben Scott, alone, sitting on the stoop. The setting sun's rays trickle through the trees. The waves of the lake gently lap the shore.

ON BEN, in the serenity. For a brief moment, he is avoiding thoughts of what complete shit his life has become. Until...

BUZZ. A FLY darts past Ben's ear, then circles back. Ben swats at it. Another lands just above the GAUZE BANDAGE on his leg. He tries to flick it off, sending a bolt of pain through his leg. *Fuck*. Another fly BUZZES, then another, until a small business of flies surrounds him. But Ben's stuck on the stoop, unable to hobble away from the swarm. As he furiously swats them away with increasing frustration --

**INT. CABIN - WILDERNESS - DUSK (1996)**

Everyone's arranging their sleeping spots, as Jackie searches through a STEAMER TRUNK, pulling out an old, yellow-stained pillow. *Yuck*. Shauna enters carrying blankets. Jackie doesn't look at her.

SHAUNA

Hey. I found a couple extra blankets, if you want one.

Shauna holds out a blanket. A beat, Jackie finally taking it.

JACKIE

Thanks.

Shauna remembers seeing Jackie earlier. Knows what a mess Jackie is inside.

SHAUNA

I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, okay? I have no idea what's right or wrong out here. I just went with my gut. So we wouldn't die of thirst.

(a beat)

I don't know about you, but I'm really scared. They should've come for us by now. What if... they're not going to?

(Jackie softens)

I just need my best friend right now. I really need us to be okay.

Shauna is scared, but she also knows this is what Jackie needs to hear. To allow Jackie to seem like the brave one.

JACKIE

Come here.

She pulls Shauna in for a hug.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

The worst is behind us, okay? We survived a fucking *plane crash*. We're gonna be fine.

Shauna nods, taking this in, Jackie trying to believe it herself. Mari comes over and sees them together.

An awkward beat.

MARI

Hey, Jax. I saved us a couple spots by the window.

JACKIE

Oh, I told Shauna she could sleep next to me tonight.

Mari deflates, seeing Jackie has her OG BFF back, as we HEAR:

BEN SCOTT (O.S.)

FUUUUUCCKKKK!!

ACROSS THE ROOM -- Misty pops up from a cabinet, sending an old empty whiskey bottle CRASHING to the floor. She bolts to the door, the others behind her --

**EXT. CABIN - WILDERNESS - MOMENTS LATER (1996)**

Misty and the others book it outside to FIND Ben Scott, now on his back, splayed out on the dirt, having just fallen off the stoop. He's in the middle of a full-blown breakdown.

BEN SCOTT

Ahhhhh! Fuck fuck FUCK! I can't -- I fucking CAN'T!

His amputated leg moves grotesquely as he writhes.

BEN SCOTT (CONT'D)

Why the fuck?! Fucking WHY? Fuck you fuck you fuck youuuuuu!

The girls stand awkwardly watching. No idea how to react. They've never seen an adult lose his shit like this before.

BEN SCOTT (CONT'D)

I can't do a fucking thing!

Misty takes a gentle step toward him.

MISTY  
It's gonna be okay --

BEN SCOTT  
Get the fuck away from me!

He flails his hand wildly and accidentally CLOCKS Misty right in the mouth. Misty's head snaps back. Some of the girls jump, others GASP. Ben FREEZES.

Misty touches her lip. Blood. Blood dribbles down her chin. A beat, all eyes on Misty. Wondering what she is going to do...

Misty slowly crouches down next to Ben Scott. She starts calmly stoking his head.

MISTY  
It's alright... shhhhh.

Ben looks at her, at a loss. Then chokes back a sob.

BEN SCOTT  
How can this... no... it can't be like this now.

In front of everyone, he starts to cry in earnest. A much needed release. Utterly breaking apart --

BEN SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Why couldn't I have died?

Misty cradles his head, purring softly.

MISTY  
Because we needed you. And I'm here for you, Ben... I'm here.

So raw, so irreparably damaged, Ben doesn't have the strength to move away. Or to chide her for using his first name. He leans into her, needing the comfort.

As Misty holds him, WE FIND Taissa, watching Ben have his existential crisis. Taissa watches Ben stare off, his eyes empty, like he's barely seeing; and we FLASHBACK TO --

**INT. TAISSA'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK (1985)**

Young Taissa sits with a weakened Nana Basse, holding her hand. Her grandma seems ready, at peace. Taissa softly sings "Grandma's Hands," her Nana only able to whisper a word here and there...

YOUNG TAISSA

(singing)

*She'd say Billy don't you run so  
fast, might fall on a piece of glass,  
might be snakes there in that grass,  
Grandma's hands...*

Taissa trails off, noticing her grandma suddenly grow more alert. She's watching something in the corner of the room.

YOUNG TAISSA (CONT'D)

Nana? What is it?

Grandma's brow furls, using all her strength --

NANA BASSEY

Who are you?

Taissa looks toward the dark corner, her eyes falling on nothing but an old wooden rocking chair.

YOUNG TAISSA

(whispers)

Is the angel here?

Nana Bassey's breath quickens, getting more labored, her eyes growing wide with panic.

NANA BASSEY

Don't you come over here.

Taissa looks again.

NANA BASSEY (CONT'D)

I mean it, stay away.

YOUNG TAISSA

Who, Nana?

Nana's frightened now --

NANA BASSEY

He's coming...

YOUNG TAISSA

Who?

Nana turns to Taissa, and in a gravelly, terrible voice --

NANA BASSEY

Run, baby! Run!

Taissa begins to freak out. And now Nana Bassey grabs her and instead yanks her close, consumed with horror --



NANA BASSEY (CONT'D)  
 Don't let him take me! Don't let him  
 take my eyes!

Taissa is immobilized by fear. As her Nana starts to  
 SCREAM --

**INT. TAISSA'S TOWNHOUSE - SAMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)**

Sammy lies on his side, facing away from Taissa, who stands  
 over him, watching.

TAISSA  
 I know you're not asleep. You gonna  
 stay mad at me forever?

Sammy is defiant in his silence.

TAISSA (CONT'D)  
 I get you want Manny back. But you  
 hurt that boy today. And when people  
 do bad things, they should be  
 punished, don't you think?

Sammy rolls over and now holds Taissa's gaze.

SAMMY  
 Yes.

Taissa is a bit surprised, though Sammy's eyes seem fraught  
 with meaning.

TAISSA  
 Well, okay then. Next time you'll use  
 your words, not your fists. In the  
 morning, you can have Manny again.

She bends down and gives him a kiss, which he doesn't really  
 return. As they separate, he eyes her warily.

SAMMY  
 Why don't people like you?

Taissa absorbs that cold dose of reality. Then shrugs,  
 making light of it.

TAISSA  
 I'm different from what people  
 expect, and that scares them. But you  
 knew whatever they say about me, I  
 hope you know it isn't true.

Sammy nods a bit. And for the first time, he seems to relax.

SAMMY

I know. You're not the bad one.

Taissa frowns at that creepy statement.

TAISSA

Sammy. Is someone else the bad one?

Sammy slowly, disturbingly, shakes his head no. The oddness hair-raising. He rolls over and stares back at the wall.

SAMMY

Goodnight, Mommy.

Off Taissa, concerned for her son --

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

Taissa comes in and shuts her door, moving over to her desk. She send leans against it, contemplating, then takes out her cell. She scrolls through her contacts and makes a call...

TAISSA (INTO PHONE)

Senator Bathurst. It's Taissa Turner. I wanted to give you a heads-up: I know about Jane's heroin arrest. I get why you buried it. You're a parent, so am I. But that attack ad, Phil... insinuating that I'm dangerous... guess what, you're right. I won't think twice about destroying you, your family, your entire existence. Another move like that, and your daughter's face is above the fold in every newspaper in the Tri-state area.

(then)

Don't fuck with me, Phil.

Taissa hangs up, a dark electricity pulsing through her.

**INT. CABIN - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)**

Some of our Yellowjackets are asleep, others on their way, as Taissa sits up, sensing something isn't right. She scans the room and realizes... Lottie isn't there, Taissa swears under her breath, and as she pull on a sweatshirt --

**EXT. CABIN - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)**

Taissa marches out of the cabin, heading straight for Lottie, who's standing eerily by the lake.

TAISSA  
Fuck's your deal? Come inside.

Lottie looks uneasily at the cabin.

LOTTIE  
I have a bad feeling about this place, Tai.

TAISSA  
Yeah, because it smells. And there are spiders that could eat your face. But after that bear we saw today, I'm not gonna let you sleep out here.

ON LOTTIE, still not moving.

TAISSA (CONT'D)  
(exasperated)  
"A bad feeling?" Are you *kidding* me right now? I don't believe in that shit, and you're not going to, either. Now get your ass inside.

Taissa grabs Lottie by the arm and starts pulling her toward the cabin. Lottie gives in, but her eyes are full of fear.

**INT. JOLLY HITCHER INN - HALLWAY - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)**

Shauna walks down the hall until she reaches the door to a room. She slides her key into the card reader and opens the door a crack. She turns, a challenging tone in her voice...

SHAUNA  
You coming?

REVEAL Adam just behind her, wavering, wondering if this is really what she wants.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)  
Backing out now doesn't make you a gentleman. It makes you fucking boring.

Then she moves inside and is about to close the door, when --

Adam steps inside and prevents the door from shutting. She lets him in. And it is about to be fucking on. Adam follows Shauna inside, as the door shuts and we CUT TO BLACK.

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

Taissa SNAPS AWAKE, startled by a NOISE. Simone sleeps soundly next to her. Taissa listens for a beat, then HEARS: a LOW CROAKING SOUND coming from down the hallway. As she gets out of bed to see what it is --

**INT. CABIN - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)**

CREAK. Taissa's eyes POP OPEN. She sits up, surveys the room. Everyone sleeping in their cramped spots, curled up under airplane blankets. She hears the CREAK of a floorboard again and looks up. Whatever it is, it's coming from the ATTIC. As Taissa stares at the ceiling, listening to the soft sound of FOOTSTEPS OVERHEAD, we FLASHBACK TO --

**INT. FUNERAL HOME - FLASHBACK - DAY (1985)**

A solemn Young Taissa as she slowly, falteringly -- one step at a time -- approaches her Nana's OPEN CASKET. The adults around her are distracted in hushed, mournful conversations. Finally, Taissa steps to the edge of the coffin. Bites her lip, summoning her courage. As Taissa peers down into the casket, we begin INTERCUTTING the THREE TIMELINES:

**TAISSA IN HER TOWNHOUSE -- (PRESENT DAY)**

Taissa checks in on Sammy, who's thankfully safe and asleep. She hears the chilling CROAKING SOUND downstairs. As Taissa heads that way...

**IN THE CABIN -- (1996)**

Taissa notices an ATTIC DOOR has been pulled down, revealing a WOODEN STEP LADDER that leads up to the dark attic. As Taissa gets up and begins walking toward it...

**AT THE FUNERAL HOME -- (1985)**

CLOSE ON Nana Bassey, embalmed and made - up in that creepy way corpses are. Young Taissa leans into the casket, getting face-to-face with her Nana, staring intently at her eyelids...

**IN THE CABIN -- (1996)**

Taissa tamps down her fear as she begins the ascent up into the attic...

**AT THE TOWNHOUSE -- (PRESENT DAY)**

Taissa sees the basement door is cracked and she slowly descends the basement stairs, the darkness surrounding her. She hears the CROAK again, then --

TAISSA

Ow!

Taissa swears under her breath. She looks down where she's stepped on something. She picks it up, and by the light at the top of the stairs, she sees it's a PLASTIC EYE.

**AT THE FUNERAL HOME -- (1985)**

Taissa gently pokes at her Nana's eyelid with her finger...

**IN THE CABIN -- (1996)**

Taissa reaches the attic, peeking her head inside.

TAISSA

(whispers)

Hello?...

**AT THE TOWNHOUSE -- (PRESENT DAY)**

Taissa reaches the bottom of the basement steps, then FLIPS on the LIGHT...

**IN THE CABIN -- (1996)**

An old LANTERN casts a dim LIGHT over the attic... as Taissa sees Lottie sitting in the corner, *completely entranced* by something on the opposite side of the room.

TAISSA

Lottie?

Lottie doesn't move, doesn't even blink. Just stares obliquely toward the corner of the room.

LOTTIE

I told you...

**AT THE FUNERAL HOME -- (1985)**

Taissa begins to press up her Nana's eyelids to see what's underneath...

**IN THE BASEMENT -- (PRESENT DAY)**

Taissa takes in the sight: In the middle of the floor is Sammy's MANGLED MANNY DOLL. The head has been SNAPPED. His voice a DISTORTED CROAKING SOUND. The LIMBS TORN OFF. The EYES GOUGED OUT...

**AT THE FUNERAL HOME -- (1985)**

Taissa peeks under Nana's eyelids -- and we see her EYES ARE GONE. They've been replaced by WHITE CAPS (what embalmers use so a corpse's eyelids don't look concave). As Taissa's eyes goes wide with terror...

**IN THE ATTIC -- (1996)**

Taissa follows Lottie's gaze, and that's when she sees it: A DEAD BODY, mummified skin tight against its skull, ONE EAR MISSING. An old HUNTING RIFLE clutched by skeletal hands that are missing a FEW FINGERS. And on the floor below it: several of the haunting RUNE SYMBOLS, which have been carved roughly into the floorboards in a strange but seemingly deliberate pattern. Taissa zeroes in on the body's EMPTY EYE SOCKETS as she unleashes a blood-curdling SCREAM --

**EXT./INT. MISTY'S CAR (DRIVING) - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)**

Taissa's scream fades into the night as two headlights snake their way through the darkness. Natalie drives as Misty reads directions from her phone.

MISTY  
Right here... Right!

Natalie slams on the brakes and whips the car left. A long, creepy dirt driveway marked with a SIGN: Willow Brook Ranch. Up ahead is a weathered RANCH HOUSE. Nearby, an old BARN. Natalie parks the car. They climb out --

**EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT DAY)**

Natalie surveys the grounds, looking for anywhere Travis might be. Misty nods towards the barn, a LIGHT on inside.

Natalie nods and follows Misty as they head that way. She looks around, on edge, as if someone could pop out of the darkness. Misty reaches the barn first, the wide wooden door ajar. As she looks inside, her face fills with shock --

MISTY

Oh god...

Misty steps back, trying to stop Natalie from entering.

MISTY (CONT'D)

No, Natalie don't --

But an alarmed Natalie shakes her off and pushes toward the open door. And that's when she sees him: Travis, dead, hanging by a THICK RUSTY CHAIN wrapped around his neck.

Stunned, Natalie drops to her knees.

NATALIE

No! No no no!

Natalie absorbs this horror, utterly gutted. Misty watches her, taking in her pain. After a beat, Misty's ears perk up, hearing SIRENS off in the distance...

MISTY

(quietly)

We have to go.

But Natalie isn't listening, withered and consumed with grief. The SIRENS grow louder, Misty more urgent --

MISTY (CONT'D)

Natalie, the police are coming. If they find us... and this... We need to get out of here now.

Misty pulls Natalie to her feet. In her shock, Natalie lets her. Trying to be gentle, but still firm, Misty leads Natalie from the barn. And with one last glance back at Travis --

**INT. MISTY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT - LATER (PRESENT DAY)**

ON NATALIE, now calm, staring ahead blankly. A subdued Misty drives next to her. Neither of them says a word... Then --

NATALIE

He didn't fucking kill himself.

Misty glances at her. Debating whether to go there now; but then, as if deciding that she must --

MISTY  
That another lie?

Natalie frowns at her, confused, not in the mood for games.

NATALIE  
(sharp)  
What?

Keeping her eyes on the road, Misty reaches inside her purse and pulls out the NOTEPAD. She hands it to Natalie. We see she has SHADED IN the top page with a pencil, so that the indentations from the page before it that was torn away show up as negative space. They read: **"Tell Nat she's right."**

Natalie stares at the notepad.

MISTY  
That's the last thing Travis wrote.  
Why would he write that unless you  
two were still in touch?

Natalie wracks her brain, wondering what the fuck she could've been right about. And then, she admits --

NATALIE  
We were together, on and off. We  
started up again about ten years ago.

Misty nods, taking this in.

MISTY  
So what were you right about?

NATALIE  
I don't know. But I know I'm right  
about this.

Natalie turns to look at Misty. Her eyes are suddenly steely, probing. Misty's been with her all this time, and yet...

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
Travis didn't do this. Somebody  
killed him.

Misty absorbs this. Is that a glimmer of excitement we see in her eyes? Off Natalie, determined to find out who killed Travis, we go one last time back to --



INT. BARN - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A WIDE of Travis's body eerily hanging in the barn. As we wonder if Natalie's right about the cause of his death, we --

CUT TO BLACK.