

YELLOWJACKETS

Episode 105
"BLOOD HIVE"

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INT. ADAM'S LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A LOOP OF ROPE is coiled once, twice around A MAN'S WRIST... then cinched tighter, biting into the flesh...

ADAM (O.C.)

I can take a little more than that.

REVEAL SHAUNA, still in a sexy dress, grinning wickedly as she ties ADAM-- naked but for an open shirt-- to the headboard. The disparity in their attire clearly part of the game.

He shivers as she tightens the knot--

ADAM

God, you turn me on.

She runs her hands hungrily over his skin, shimmying out of her underwear before climbing on top of him. The vibe is playful... but with a feral intensity.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Now, choke me.

SHAUNA

(hesitating)

Are you sure--

He nods. Then, with a sincerity tinged with real need--

ADAM

Please.

She wraps her hands around his throat. Cautious but firm. He nods: yes. She begins rocking her hips, closes her eyes--

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

And we're in POV - a MEMORY, evidently SHAUNA'S-- and close on a bare, vulnerable adolescent THROAT. The PULSE leaps visibly underneath the skin. Firelight flickers. WHOOSHING BLOOD rings in our ears. As the tendons tense--

REVEAL the throat is TRAVIS'S. He's THRASHING helplessly, pinned in place somehow, outside of frame. He tries to cry out, but there's something DARK AND SLICK-LOOKING in his mouth-- *A rock? Or is it something wriggling and alive? A frog?* As he struggles to scream, his eyes stare back at us, wide, terrified. But before we can understand what's happening, we SLAM BACK TO:

INT. ADAM'S LOFT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna's eyes snap open. Pushing the image away, she focuses back on Adam. He nods to her, rasping--

ADAM

Harder.

So she does. But as she closes her eyes again she tumbles back into:

THE WILDERNESS MEMORY

The same moment, now JAGGED WITH SOUND. The CRACKLING of a bonfire. Girls LAUGHING, HOWLING. Shauna's left hand grips Travis's throat... his eyes widen as a KNIFE appears just in front of his face. His struggling grows more panicked as the knife slowly moves closer to his throat...

JACKIE (O.C., INSIDE THE MEMORY)

Shauna... Shauna, stop!!

BACK IN ADAM'S ROOM

Shauna FREEZES. Jackie's voice seems to echo in the space. With trepidation, she swivels her head to look over her shoulder. There's nobody there. She breathes a SIGH of relief, then becomes aware of--

Adam, beneath her, SPUTTERING and thrashing. She's been choking him in earnest! His face is red, his eyes bulging.

Recoiling, panicked, she lets go, revealing ANGRY RED MARKS on his neck. He GASPS, gulping air--

SHAUNA

Oh my god. Are you alright?

He nods as she moves to untie him--

ADAM

It's fine, I'm okay now, I...

And off her panic... he GIGGLES. A nervous, I-maybe-just-almost-died-there giggle that only gets more uncontrollable as Shauna stares at him. And now:

JACKIE (O.C., IN THE ROOM NOW)

You're doing it again.

Once again, Shauna looks fearfully over her shoulder, and this time--

There's JACKIE. In her team uniform. Though of course-- it couldn't be. Nevertheless, Jackie locks eyes with Shauna, her face a haunting, baleful accusation:

JACKIE
You didn't learn anything out there
at all, did you.

Shauna's face fills with guilt and shame, confirming what we've been suspecting all along: That Jackie died out there. That it had something to do with Shauna's betrayal.

Off Shauna's stricken expression, SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES

INT. HUNTING CABIN - MAIN - NIGHT (1996)

This is how we doooooo it -it... Montell Jordan sings us in via a jerry-rigged WALKMAN IN A BUCKET. A "typical" night of entertainment at the candle-lit cabin. MARI counts:

MARI
One, two, one-two-three-four--

On cue, a number of the girls launch into a choreographed DANCE NUMBER elaborate enough that we can tell it has been weeks in the making. As they run through the moves--

MARI/AKILAH/LOTTIE/VAN
And Running Man, Running Man...

JACKIE/SHAUNA/NATALIE/LAURA LEE
(Nat rolls her eyes but
she's playing along)
Bart Simpson, Bart Simpson...

MARI
And Javi... and-- Javi, you're late!

JAVI hurries to get on beat-- TAISSA jumps in with an assist-- and the group re-synchronizes, filling the cabin with a palpable sense of triumph. MISTY applauds wildly. Even TRAVIS, definitely too insecure to be attempting this, can't help but grin.

From the bed, COACH SCOTT watches with an expression of grim bemusement-- as if finally coming to appreciate the very specific hell he has been consigned to. WHEN--

Suddenly the tape begins to struggle... the song creepily slowing, distorting into an eerie dirge, before STOPPING completely as the batteries die. The girls stand helplessly, acutely aware now of the SILENCE. Thick, alien, frightening. VAN gives the Walkman a few hopeful SMACKS, to no avail.

VAN
Has hitting something ever fixed it?

MARI
Maybe try blowing on it?

But before anyone can reply to that piece of technological acumen, they all hear-- A distinct, sustained SCRAPING NOISE.

From the attic they all know is EMPTY.

JACKIE
Um. The fuck is that?

LOTTIE
(surprised)
... You hear it, too?

TAISSA
It's probably just a branch.

MARI
Inside? On the floor?
(then)
What if it's *him*?

SHAUNA
What, the dead guy?

MARI
Um, *yeah*.

Taissa snorts derisively.

NATALIE
(deadpan)
You know what it probably was? The dead guy's missing fingers... trying to find their way home.

This prompts SQUEALS. Glaring at Natalie--

TAISSA
You really have to encourage them?

AKILAH
 (to Taissa)
 You gotta admit, it didn't sound like
 it was on the roof.

JACKIE
 Fine, so it was a rat. Or, a raccoon.
 Or, I dunno--

LOTTIE
 Shhhh! Listen!

Everyone pauses, straining to hear. But there's only
 SILENCE.

MARI TAISSA
 Well I don't hear it now. See?

Before the debate can resume, Coach Scott breaks in:

COACH SCOTT
 You know what I think? I think the
 ghost decided it's time to get some
 sleep. Maybe we should do the same.

Thus concludes another evening in the forever slumber party.
 Coach breathes a sigh of relief as the girls start getting
 ready for bed...

INT. HUNTING CABIN - COACH'S SLEEPING AREA - MORNING (1996)

A SUNBEAM shines across Misty's spellbound expression.
 REVEAL: She's gazing upon the tented blanket that belies
 Coach Scott's morning wood-- assuredly the first boner Misty
 has had the privilege of sighting at such close range.

Entranced-- no, *hypnotized*-- her hand begins drifting
 inexorably toward the unsuspecting member. Closer. Closer...

COACH SCOTT
 (awake, just in time)
 The fuck are you doing!?

MISTY
 (caught, stammering)
 I was-- I just--

COACH SCOTT
 You were *what*?

This Misty hasn't yet gained the facility with lying that
 her future self has mastered. Blushing furiously--

MISTY

Your blankets. Were, um... I mean I thought...thought... I didn't mean to--

COACH SCOTT

Do not. Fucking. Touch me, Misty. Ever. Do you understand?

Stung, Misty nods. Backs away. Into...

INT. HUNTING CABIN - MAIN - CONTINUOUS (1996)

The floor has been cleared, the bedding's rolled up and tucked away, but for the SLEEPING LUMP in the middle of the floor. Natalie looks over annoyed, nudging the lump with her foot.

NATALIE

Jackie. Up and at em, or something.

In reply, Jackie burrows deeper under the blankets, whining:

JACKIE

It's so cold.
(then, peering out)
And I have cramps.

NATALIE

No shit. We literally all have cramps.

Jackie pushes off the blankets and grumps to her feet...

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - MINUTES LATER (1996)

Exiting the cabin, Jackie finds a skeleton crew of girls handling the morning routine: Van and LAURA LEE hang laundry. TAISSA chops wood nearby. Other girls stack CHOPPED WOOD by the cabin and sweep the porch. AKILAH is rolling torn-up men's dress shirts into MAKESHIFT MAXI PADS. Nearby her are TWO HEAVY POTS simmering over the fire.

AKILAH

(indicating the pots)
Bloody soldiers on the left.
Breakfast on the right. Don't get 'em mixed up like Travis did.

This earns titters. Travis blushes furiously. Natalie, now outside, tries not to laugh at him, too. Travis shakes his head--

TRAVIS

You guys are disgusting.

Meanwhile Jackie heads straight for the breakfast pot. Mari intercepts her, shoving an EMPTY BUCKET into her hands.

MARI

How about getting some more water?
Breakfast isn't going anywhere.

Jackie glares at Mari, but takes the bucket. As she turns away, the other girls share an exasperated LOOK. Shauna, sitting testing a WIRE SNARE she's been fashioning, watches Jackie stalk away.

EXT. LAKEFRONT - MOMENTS LATER (1996)

Reaching the lakefront, Jackie slows as she sees... LOTTIE, waded in up to her waist in her pajamas. She stares down into the water, as if concentrating intently.

JACKIE

(concerned)
Lottie?

Lottie slowly turns to Jackie. Something strange in her look.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

...Aren't you cold?

Lottie holds up her wet hands, puzzled. Then, covering:

LOTTIE

Actually? Yeah. I... thought it would
be warmer.

Weird, but... Jackie doesn't push it. With a stiff smile at Lottie, she PLUNGES the bucket into the water...

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - MOMENTS LATER (1996)

On the HEAVY, SLOSHING BUCKET as Jackie struggles to haul it back to the cabin. Awkward as it is, it's hard not to feel like she's being extra dramatic as she sets it down to rest.

Taissa & Van trade an eye-roll: *This chick*. Shauna clocks the look. Setting her work aside, she heads for Jackie, trying to beam a better attitude into her friend:

SHAUNA

Hey. Need a hand?

JACKIE

No, I can do it.

(then)

Why are you so chipper? Or don't you have a blood sacrifice between your legs like the rest of us?

(off Shauna's hesitation)

Hang on... do you not?

SHAUNA

I'm... late this month. I mean, we were in a *plane crash*, so it's probably just stress.

JACKIE

Lucky you're a virgin or we'd really have to worry... I guess enjoy it while it lasts-- this rag situation is a fucking *horror show*.

With that, Jackie hefts her bucket and moves on. We stay with Shauna, as anxiety floods her face. Is she... pregnant? Off this ominous new possibility--

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

RED-HOT TOASTER COILS blacken toast slices as Shauna smirks at her phone, typing with a laser focus that screams *sexting*. The toaster begins to SMOKE.

CALLIE enters. Sizes things up. Shauna hasn't noticed her.

CALLIE

No worries, I've been trying to cut carbs anyway.

Shauna startles out of her trance. Waving the smoke away --

SHAUNA

Shit.

CALLIE

Hey, if you see an Uber pre-auth on your account tonight, don't cancel it. I'm going into the city with Cleo and Linh.

SHAUNA

I'm sorry, did you mean to phrase that as a question?

CALLIE

Um, no.

SHAUNA

You're sixteen years old, you're not doing Halloween in the city.

(off Callie's look)

I know. It's heartless how I take an interest in your safety.

CALLIE

My *safety*? Sorry my idea of a good time doesn't involve sitting on the porch in some 90s character costume nobody even recognizes.

SHAUNA

The people who matter recognize Daria. And for your information... I'm not handing out candy, you are. My book club is meeting tonight.

JEFF walks in, catching the tail end of this.

CALLIE

Wow, a Halloween for the ages. But hey, good stuff you're doing all that lame stuff now, it'll free up so much time during your retirement.

Callie breezes out, having made her mother feel defensive and stupid, as usual. Which Jeff doesn't help by saying:

JEFF

You shouldn't be so hard on her.

SHAUNA

Sorry, I... shouldn't be so hard on her? Our daughter is an asshole.

JEFF

You let her get under your skin, is all.

Because she's like Jackie, Shauna doesn't say.

SHAUNA

And you let her do whatever she wants. How am I the only one in this family who thinks actions have consequences?

Is she talking about his affair? His permissive parenting? Or *their* affair back in 1996, and the possible pregnancy we're only just learning about?

Jeff, seeing he's hit a nerve *somehow*, tries a redirect.

JEFF

You really have to go to book club tonight? I thought we shared a commitment to insulin resistance.

He's trying to be charming. But Shauna's mind is roiling with lies and secrets and consequences, old nad new.

SHAUNA

Diabetes is a serious condition.

(then)

Yes, Jeff, I really have to go.

JEFF

Maybe I could come, too. Make it a date.

SHAUNA

(panicking now)

To... book club? But you haven't done the reading.

JEFF

What's on the docket?

SHAUNA

The... Girl... on the train... in the... window

(quickly)

To be honest, I'm only going to avoid side-eye from the other moms. It's pretty much... well, what's the opposite of a sausage fest?

A beat, as they both contemplate that image.

JEFF

A cla--

SHAUNA

Don't.

JEFF

(giving up; affable)

Alright, alright. I guess I can appease the local goblins alone this year.

Off Shauna, having dodged this wrinkle, but still feeling her nagging conscience closing in...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

NATALIE eats VENDING MACHINE SNACKS, half-watching a UFO SHOW on TV, restless, aimless...

Her phone BUZZES and she dives for it. It's Kevyn. She picks up quickly, trying to sound blasé as:

NATALIE

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STREET - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

KEVYN in his work clothes, on the move--

KEVYN

Hey. I'm glad I caught you.

Natalie glances around, painfully aware that she has nowhere to be, unless--

KEVYN (CONT'D)

I got the file on Travis.

At this, Natalie sits forward, alert.

NATALIE

You did?

KEVYN

Yeah. And the toxicology report is clean. He wasn't on anything, Nat. I know that doesn't make it any less of a tragedy, but... I hope it helps you rest easier.

We can see Nat's mind already racing feverishly as--

NATALIE

Oh, it will.

(then)

Thanks. I owe you one.

KEVYN

In that case... look, if my timing's off, don't even worry about it, but-- if you'd ever want to hang out again...

Fuck. Why does he have to be so nice. Nat, hating this guilty feeling, hurries to get away from it.

NATALIE

Kev? I'm getting another call. I'll talk to you later, okay?

Hastily she hands up. Then starts scrolling through her phone address book... to a contact called "**DON'T PICK UP.**" As she dials it, CUT TO:

INT. NURSING HOME - PATIENT ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

MISTY, in Halloween scrubs and matching cat ears/tail, fluffs a pillow behind a GAPE-MOUTHED RESIDENT in a bed. TWO LITTLE KIDS in costume (girl DOCTOR, boy MERMAID) peer around the doorframe. Misty grins, beckoning them, but they duck away.

Her phone BUZZES. Still wounded from Natalie's 104 restaurant tirade, she picks up, affecting chilly formality:

MISTY

Hello?

Now we INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Natalie's pacing, amped up:

NATALIE

Did you say you knew a guy who could break into people's email?

Misty takes an excited breath, then remembers-- she's doing a cold shoulder thing here. So she sniffs:

MISTY

Who is this, please?

NATALIE

What is wrong with you? It's a simple question.

MISTY

I haven't heard an apology yet.

DEAD SILENCE from Natalie. After an excruciating beat--

MISTY (CONT'D)

But in light of what you've been through... I forgive you. As for my contact? I'll reach out to him.

(MORE)

MISTY (CONT'D)
 (then, sotto)
 Who're we hacking?

NATALIE
 Kevyn. He got the whole file on
 Travis's death. Which as far as he
 knows is a suicide, so... I can't
 exactly ask him for it.

MISTY
 Say no more. It's done.

As Misty hangs up, she catches a glimpse of the boy
 protesting just outside the door:

BOY
 But it smells weird in there...

Misty shoots him an encouraging smile.

MISTY
 That's just antiseptic. C'mon in.

The kids reluctantly enter. The girl rolls her eyes,
 sighing.

GIRL
 This place is boring.

MISTY
 (stiffly sweet)
 Well. But was there something you
 wanted to ask Mr. Petersen?

BOY/GIRL
 (lackluster)
 Trick-er-treat.

The gape-mouthed resident doesn't move. As Misty doles out
 their candy, she slyly kicks loose one of the monitor
 leads-- triggering a BEEPING ALARM SOUND. Dramatically:

MISTY
 Code Blue, Code Blue! Doctor,
 please!! You have to save him!

The Mermaid SCREAMS. The Doctor WAILS. Both run out of the
 room. Misty reattaches the machine, smirking to herself.

MISTY (CONT'D)
 Trick it is.

EXT. WILDERNESS - WOODED AREA - DAY (1996)

Shauna squats behind a SHRUB, peeing. Experimentally, she cups her breasts-- frowns. They certainly *feel* like they've gotten bigger. She stands, wheels turning, and we CUT TO:

INT. MEAT DRYING SHACK - DAY (1996)

A grim little structure with bloodstained walls and a DEER CARCASS hanging from the rafters... Macabre as it is, it's also a place Shauna has come to feel oddly at home.

Surreptitiously Shauna pulls out one of the makeshift MAXI PADS and starts dipping it in a bucket of BLODY ENTRAILS.

Just as she's doing this, Taissa walks in. Shauna quickly hides the bloodied maxi behind her back.

TAISSA

Sorry, I was just--

SHAUNA

It's fine.

Shauna bolts out of there. Taissa watches her go, curious...

INT. TAISSA & SIMONE'S HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

TAISSA (INTO THE PHONE)

I will. Talk to you later. Thanks.

She hangs up. Simone enters, hands her a fresh mug of coffee.

SIMONE

That bad?

TAISSA

I'm trailing by twenty points in the suburbs. Even here I'm nowhere near Bathurst. Fuck, why couldn't I have just smiled and kissed Diane Rafelson's rich old liberal ass?

Simone steps closer, runs her hands over Taissa's shoulders and down her arms. Soothing. Sexy.

SIMONE

You've never been any good at being anything other than yourself. Honestly? It's your superpower.

TAISSA
Are you trying to get in my pants?

SIMONE
Always.

They kiss. Tai starts undoing Simone's blouse, but then--

GRRRRRRR. BISCUIT starts GROWLING, low and menacing. Taissa peers at him. Is he staring... at *her*? No-- at the window. Concerned, Taissa turns to look outside, where she sees--

A WOLF. Just standing in the street, glowering hungrily at her house. *The hell?*

Taissa blinks, and--*the wolf is gone.*

Simone, feeling Taissa's tensed muscles, peers over her shoulder. Seeing nothing. Worriedly...

SIMONE (CONT'D)
Baby, what's going on?

Adrenaline surging, Taissa untangles herself from Simone, grabs a LETTER OPENER and starts to rush out of the room--

SIMONE (CONT'D)
What're you--? Did you see someone out there!?

TAISSA
Keep the dog inside.

And she's gone.

EXT. TAISSA & SIMONE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER (PRESENT DAY)

Outside, Taissa looks in every direction, but still sees no sign of the wolf. Did she just... *imagine* the thing? As she turns a slow circle, searching for the wolf, she instead finds herself facing something stranger--

The word **SPILL**, in DRIPPING RED PAINT, across her FRONT DOOR.

From Taissa's alarmed expression, we FLASH TO:

- Bathurst's political ad, saying Taissa has "secrets to spill" (103)
- Thisbe Van Doren, gleefully chanting, "spill, spill" (104)
- The blood of a teammate, spilling onto the snow (101)

Then we're back with Taissa, staring at the word. The question burning in her mind: *Who did this?*

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - DAY (1996)

Shauna quickly carries her now BLOOD-SOAKED RAG to the fire and drops it in the left-hand pot, glancing over to make sure Jackie's paying attention...

She isn't. Headphones on, she's futzing with the dead WALKMAN. Taissa walks over just in time to hear--

SHAUNA
(slightly too loud)
Thanks for jinxing me.

Jackie glances up, sees what Shauna's doing. Taissa continues to subtly listen as--

JACKIE
Welcome to Club Flo. Call me when
you're ready to shake Misty down for
Motrin.

With that, Jackie snaps the last in a row of SPENT BATTERIES into the Walkman, willing this last vestige of civilization to come through for her. It doesn't.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Ugh. Fucking cocksucker.

As Jackie starts to try a few more batteries that are obviously dead, Shauna looks over and sees Akilah feeding more wood to the fire. Mari carrying water. While Jackie sits...

Suddenly Shauna's pulling the headphones off her head--

JACKIE (CONT'D)
The hell?

SHAUNA
You're coming with me.

As Shauna takes Jackie's arm and leads her away, CUT TO:

INT. MEAT DRYING SHACK - DAY (1996)

A KNEE JOINT. Of a DEER. Cartilage, bone, tendon...

Now, the trembling point of a HUNTING KNIFE probes timidly into the crevices.

SHAUNA (O.C.)
You have to push it harder.

REVEAL Shauna, endeavoring to coach Jackie through this task.

JACKIE
I *am* pushing.

SHAUNA
You're not. You have to push till it pops. Like this--

Shauna takes the knife, swiftly drives it between the bones and then--TWIST, CRACK--pops the joint apart handily.

JACKIE
Gross.

SHAUNA
It's not that hard. It's like shucking an oyster.

JACKIE
I'm not doing that.

SHAUNA
(exasperated)
Then I don't know how to help you, but you can't keep not pitching in! People are *noticing*, Jackie.

Jackie stares at Shauna. Her eyes fill with TEARS.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
(instantly relenting)
Stop, no. Don't--hey. Jax. *Hey*.

Shauna takes her friend by the shoulders. Jackie avoids looking at her, genuinely ashamed.

JACKIE
Why am I the only one not getting off on this boring back-to-the-land bullshit.
(then)
I don't know who to be anymore, Shauna. I suck at this stuff. I don't belong here, I...
(truthfully)
I don't know how much longer I can do this.

Shauna looks at her friend, feeling so many things. Compassion. Frustration. Guilt. She takes a breath.

SHAUNA

Remember when Kiffy Schumacher broke her arm right before we were supposed to go to WhipSplash River, and you told her if she shared her Percocet we'd all crash bingo at the Elks Lodge instead?

Jackie smiles at the memory. Then:

JACKIE

Oh, shit. Are you trying to do a *pep talk*?

Shauna shrugs sheepishly--she *is* trying. Jackie LAUGHS.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Wowza, Shipman, that is so not your style.

SHAUNA

Tell me about it. Cheering people up is your thing. I'm better at, uh...

JACKIE

Making people feel judged? Cutting up dead things?

SHAUNA

Gee, thanks.

JACKIE

Kidding. You know I love you. And for real--you're kind of turning into a badass out here.

Shauna smiles, legitimately flattered. Then--

SHAUNA

You taught me how to be like this, you know. I was never brave until I met you. But the way you move through the world--it was always so... easy. So self-assured. You make people feel like things are going to be okay, just by showing up and being your dumb hot awesome self. At least you always did that for me.

JACKIE

Thanks.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(then)

But I'm still not sticking a knife through that fucking deer knee.

SHAUNA

Fine. Still: we need you, Jackie. You don't have to be anyone you're not. Just be you. Here -

Shauna takes the HEART NECKLACE off and clasps it around Jackie's neck, restoring it to her with a smile.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

(off Jackie, touched)

You're basically the best. Remember?

Jackie nods, hugging Shauna, genuinely grateful. On Shauna's troubled face--she's acting like a good friend, but... her own body's reminding her she really isn't one.

INT. TAISSA & SIMONE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A delighted SAMMY (still in his "Ham SAM-wich" costume, Dum-Dum sticking out of his mouth) dashes past the front door where a MAKESHIFT GHOST DECORATION now hides the threatening graffiti. Simone & Taissa follow him in, shedding coats & Halloween accessories.

As Sammy pours his candy haul across the kitchen table--

TAISSA

Whoa there, Samwich, what'd we say?

Taissa sorts through the mail. Her attention's drawn by a Bathurst mailer: **"TAISSA TURNER IS HIDING FROM THE TRUTH."**

SAMMY

Five pieces. Can I have six?

SIMONE

Counting what's in your mouth?

Sammy pops the lollipop out of his mouth and feigns surprise.

SAMMY

I don't know how that got there!

SIMONE

(with a smile)

And remember, no candy for the dog.

Simone notices Taissa stewing. Sees the mailer.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Speaking of truth, maybe it's getting time for you to "spill" about your opponent's junkie daughter.

TAISSA

Whatever happened to not going low?

SIMONE

Turns out, when the nut-jobs come to my house, I'm less magnanimous.

Taissa sees that her unflappable wife is genuinely freaked out by the word on the door. She piles the other mail on top of the Bathurst mailer, hiding it. Gives Simone a squeeze.

TAISSA

The contractor's sending someone to paint over it tomorrow.

Taissa walks over to Sammy.

TAISSA (CONT 'D)

Arms up.

Sammy reluctantly pauses his candy-sorting to permit her to lift off his foam bread "samwich" board...

INT. TAISSA & SIMONE'S HOUSE - SAMMY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER
(PRESENT DAY)

Taissa tucks the costume into Sammy's closet, then stops. Seeing a SMEAR OF RED PAINT near the foot of Sammy's bed.

With a sinking feeling, Taissa gets down on her knees, then leans down even further, so she can see--

UNDER THE BED

A DIRTY PAINTBRUSH still sits in a can of congealed red paint, clearly stolen from the house renovation supplies. Their house wasn't vandalized by some Bathurst fanatic! Nor was this a threat from whoever sent the SYMBOL. That word was scrawled across their door by their very own child.

Off Taissa, trying to fathom what this could mean...

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE SPACE - HALLWAY - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

PART ARTSY, PART GORY, lots of HOT YOUNG FLESH is on display as Shauna and ADAM step into line at a hip, underground Halloween event. Neither are in costume. Up ahead, Shauna watches two GORGEOUS COSTUMED PEOPLE greeting the BOUNCER.

SHAUNA

If you'd warned me we were going to a place this cool I could've come with a sheet over my head.

ADAM

I think the mask will lend itself better to not running into walls.

Shauna looks doubtfully down at a MASQUERADE MASK in her hand. Adam's holding one, too. She looks back at the line.

SHAUNA

They're all just so young, and so--
(as a stunning, scantily-dressed WOMAN walks by)
--naked.

ADAM

Don't let it intimidate you. This was practically every other weekend at Pratt. Art students will use any excuse to take their clothes off.

SHAUNA

That must have been very educational for you.

He grins suggestively, not arguing. They're nearly to the front of the line. Re: mask--

ADAM

Shall we?

She shrugs. He helps tie on her mask. Shauna makes a face:

SHAUNA

At least now I look like I fell off a Fifty Shades of Grey bus tour.

He shakes his head in bemusement, tying on his own mask. More BEAUTIFUL YOUNG PEOPLE walk past in their Halloween finest.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

God. Maybe we should leave.

She turns, as if to step out of line. Adam catches her hand-- reels her back in.

ADAM

Not so fast. Trust me. You'll fit in here better than you think.

They lock eyes, both stubborn... then both grinning. There's that sparky *chemistry* again. Now the bouncer pulls back the rope, and we follow them into:

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE SPACE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

The music's deafening as they enter a labytinth of fog-hazed, dimly lit spaces. MASKED, ROVING EYES check Shauna out, and as she looks around, she surrenders by increments to the party's strange, carnal anonymity.

A DRAG QUEEN walks by with a shot tray. Shauna grabs a SHOT off the tray and drains it. Fueled by the promise of liquid courage, she takes Adam's hand and pulls him toward the dance floor. Confounded and bewitched, Adam smiles and lets her lead him into the throng...

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

A tree. A tree. Another tree. We sweep across them through the RIFLE SIGHT as Travis squints, the SIGHS, weary. As he sits back to rest, Natalie teases him--

NATALIE

Giving up makes sense. You're too far behind to ever catch up.

TRAVIS

It's not my fault your lady blood is scaring all the prey away.

NATALIE

Wow. You went there.

TRAVIS

Went there, I'm surrounded on all sides. That cabin is, like, the blood hive.

NATALIE

What's the matter, Travis, are you scared? Of our *menses*?

She makes monster claws, takes a teasing swipe at him. Travis makes a face.

TRAVIS
I never said that.

NATALIE
Anyway, shouldn't the smell of blood
attract animals?

TRAVIS
Predators, maybe. But didn't hunter-
gatherer tribes used to make women
hide in huts or whatever when they
had their periods?

NATALIE
I'm confused now; are you a zoologist
or an anthropologist?

TRAVIS
I'm pretty sure it was so they
wouldn't ruin the hunt.

NATALIE
More like 'cause men needed something
to blame their failures on.
(off Travis)
Ouch. Guess *that* hasn't changed.

Suddenly, several BIRDS burst out of some distant growth.
Travis aims, fires, hits one!

Natalie's (quietly) impressed. Travis pulls a tattered
SCORECARD out of his pocket and notches his kill under "T."

TRAVIS
What were you saying about me not
catching up to you?

Natalie grins and lifts the gun out of his hands--challenge
accepted. Off this matched pair, their hunting bravado
barely hiding their growing mutual attraction...

PRE-LAP: An elaborate DOOR KNOCK, possibly Morse code.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

FISH-EYE POV ON MISTY, a GIFT BAG under her arm. The sound
of the CHAIN and BOLT sliding, then Natalie opens the door--

NATALIE
I told you we don't need a code.

Misty enters, thrusting the gift into Natalie's hands.

MISTY
I have good news and bad news.

NATALIE
(eyeing the bag)
Which one is that?

MISTY
Open it!

Nat rummages into the tissue and pulls out a creepy-cute (possibly bird-themed) tabletop AROMA DIFFUSER.

MISTY (CONT'D)
It's ylang-ylang... with a hint of gardenia. Subtropical florals are very uplifting.

NATALIE
Huh. Good to know.

She sets the diffuser on the dresser.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
So what's the bad news?

MISTY
My contact was able to access the file. But he's being--
(delicately)
A *d-bag*.

NATALIE
And... who is this person exactly?

MISTY
We only know each other by our Citizen Detective chat handles. He's mad I didn't tell him he was stealing a police file. Now he wants to meet in public to discuss--
(reading off her phone)
"The terms of the exchange."

NATALIE
(ominously)
Oh, we'll meet him alright.

Off Misty, a smile spreading across her face at the prospect of an adventure...

INT. TAISSA & SIMONE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Simone and Taissa approach Sammy, who has finished sorting his Halloween candy into piles. Taissa sets the brush and paint can on the table. Sammy looks up.

SAMMY

What's that?

TAISSA

Maybe you should tell us, Sammy. We found it in your room.

Sammy just shakes his head, "no."

TAISSA (CONT'D)

What do you mean, "no?"

(then)

You painted a word on the front door.
You want to tell us why?

He shakes his head again, emphatic. Simone tries her luck.

SIMONE

Sweetheart, we promise not to be angry, but you need to tell us the truth.

Sammy looks nervous now. His eyes stay fixed on the table as:

SAMMY

I didn't paint the word.

TAISSA

Sammy, please--

SAMMY

The bad one did it. The lady in the tree.

TAISSA

And did the lady in the tree also leave this paint under your bed?

(off his stony silence)

Sammy, you know there isn't any lady.
Please don't lie to us.

Sammy suddenly explodes, sweeping his candy off the table:

SAMMY

I'm not lying! You're lying!

He runs away to his room. Taissa and Simone share a worried look, unsure what to make of Sammy's outburst...

OMITTED

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

The grimy, relatively private rear of a Chinese restaurant. Misty hovers, still in her Halloween outfit, as Natalie squats next to her Porsche and places a SECTION OF TUBE in the gas tank. Misty hands Natalie a large plastic THERMOS.

As Natalie begins the suction with her mouth...

MISTY

Are you sure this'll work? You know most restaurants don't let you bring in food or anything.

In reply, Natalie spits GASOLINE onto the ground, then directs the flow into the Thermos.

NATALIE

You tell me, Misty. I've still got that rifle in the trunk.

Misty GIGGLES nervously, impressed, a little frightened...

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Natalie and Misty step into the restaurant. Misty hold the Thermos. A sign near them says "**No Outside Food or Drink.**" Misty opens her mouth to mention it... then thinks better of it... but Natalie sees her hesitation. She grabs the Thermos.

NATALIE

Just give it to me.

The pair scan the nearly-empty restaurant, spotting--

MISTY

There he is. Two o'clock.

A WEIRD DUDE, 40s, alone in a booth. Natalie starts toward him, passing a second sign that says "**Please Wait To Be Seated.**" Misty clocks it--

MISTY (CONT'D)

Uh, Nat?

But Natalie's on the move. She strides up to the weird dude as Misty hurries to catch up.

NATALIE
Stallion99?

STALLION99
African Grey?

NATALIE
Yeah, no.

Natalie slides in opposite him, setting the Thermos on the table--Stallion looks alarmed. Misty sits next to him, blocking him in, and takes possession of the Thermos.

MISTY
I'm African Grey.

STALLION99
(to Misty, sotto, glaring)
I didn't authorize anyone else to come to this meet.

MISTY
(equally sotto)
Relax. I can vouch for her.

NATALIE
(tired of the cosplay)
Oh my god. Please just tell us what you want for the file.

At this moment, a BORED WAITER comes and drops menus. Misty tries to obscure the Thermos in her lap and flashes a big smile, covering--

MISTY
Now! That's a real selection you have here, isn't it?

The waiter gives her a sidelong glance and leaves. Then Stallion leans forward, lowering his voice:

STALLION99
I want in.

NATALIE
On... what?

STALLION99
Your operation! The stiff in this file--I looked him up. *He doesn't exist.*

NATALIE

No shit he doesn't exist. He's *dead*.
And he's none of your goddamned
business. So how about that file?

A beat, as Stallion stares intensely at Natalie. Then:

STALLION99

What's it worth to you?

At his challenge, Misty's face lights up. She looks eagerly at Natalie: Now? Off Nat's sure-go-for-it shrug, Misty opens the Thermos and pours gasoline across Stallion's lap.

STALLION99 (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Natalie pulls a ZIPPO from her pocket, flips it open.

NATALIE

If your question is, is getting my
hands on that file worth me going to
jail for setting your dick on fire,
the answer is: *fucking try me*. So...
what's it worth to you?

Misty BEAMS, practically bouncing in her seat, loving this. Stallion grudgingly hands Natalie a THUMB DRIVE.

STALLION99

You guys are fucking crazy.

Both women get up and leave. As they're walking out:

NATALIE

You should ask that guy out. Seems
like you had a lot in common.

Misty's not sure whether Natalie is making fun of her or not. She cuts a glance back toward Stallion, considering...

MISTY

You think?

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

CLOSE ON VAN, a finger to her lips: *Listen*.

She's with Taissa some distance from the cabin. The pair stand perfectly still, listening. Then:

VAN

Finally. We're alone.

They start kissing each other hungrily. And this is no first kiss--this is the passion of two girls who have known each other intimately, and often. Taissa starts to moan as Van's hands slide under her clothes. Until, in the distance:

SCREAMING. Sharing a look with Van, with a sigh--

TAISSA
Jesus Christ, what now?

They separate, sprinting toward the sound.

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - DAY (1996)

Var and Taissa rush up to find several girls gathered around Mari, who's shrieking:

MARI
Get it off me! Somebody get it off!

AKILAH
Get what off? I don't see anything.

MARI
I don't know! I was standing under the trapdoor and *something* crawled down my shirt! Please...

Akilah steps up--*hold still*--and inspects her. Nothing.

AKILAH
There's nothing on you.

TAISSA
Must've been the ghost.

MARI
Don't say that...

JACKIE
You guys. You guys! I just had a *brainstorm*.

This gets everyone's attention. It's the most animated they've seen her in weeks.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
We should do a seance.

TAISSA
That's a terrible idea. Also, we're not in middle school.

JACKIE

Yeah, but remember how *fun* this shit used to be? Maybe if we could laugh about this, it would help.

And now we find Shauna, realizing Jackie has taken her advice to heart. Unfortunately:

LAURA LEE

(gravely)

The occult is no laughing matter.

JACKIE

It's not the *occult*. It's a game. Shauna, tell them. It'll be fun.

The girls' skeptical faces turn to Shauna, now on the spot. But even if Shauna might've had misgivings about this particular party theme, she's forced in this moment to set them aside and support her friend.

SHAUNA

I mean... it's not like we have anything better to do. Besides, maybe the dead guy can give us some life advice.

Jackie senses the group warming to the idea.

JACKIE

It's settled, then. Tonight, the attic. *We make contact.*

PRE-LAP: Some bloodcurdling goth house VOCAL SAMPLE--

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE SPACE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A gut-thumping HOUSE BEAT. Shauna, now pleasantly buzzed, dances close with Adam. Skin on skin, sweat dripping, she has literally let her hair down and is playing the dark, dangerous goddess to Adam, her hot young supplicant. Until--

Across the room: It's Jackie again. Looking right at her.

Shauna stares, rooted to the spot. After a moment, Jackie vanishes into the crowd. And now Shauna springs into action--

Separating from Adam, Shauna pursues this apparition... around CORNERS, through DOORWAYS. Catching fleeting GLIMPSES of her as the crowd eddies and surges.

Desperate to catch up, Shauna rushes, stumbles, gropes--

Finally: there she is, just steps ahead, her back turned.
Shauna steels herself. Reaches out. *Touches* her, fearful.

SHAUNA
Jackie... ?

But as "Jackie" turns to her, she realizes she's touching...

CALLIE
Mom??

An astonished Callie is dressed as a "Zombie Yellowjacket"
(I.e., 1996 team uniform + death makeup. Not cool, Callie.)

SHAUNA/CALLIE
What're you doing here?

SHAUNA
Where'd you get that uniform?!

CALLIE
In your closet.

SHAUNA
I can't believe you. I specifically
told you--

Adam catches up to them, sensing tension and slipping his
hand around Shauna protectively.

ADAM
Everything okay here?

Callie's eyes *widen*. Shauna shrugs Adam off--too late.
Callie takes a step toward her mom, looking... Hurt? Angry?
Awed?

CALLIE
You look... so... weird.

Shauna realizes now--Callie is *lit*.

SHAUNA
Oh my god. What did you take?

CALLIE
Just Molly.
(off Shauna's blank look)
Ecstasy, Mom.

SHAUNA
Wonderful.

Shauna places her hand on Callie's back and starts steering her out of the club.

CALLIE

Wait... what about my friends...
where're we going?

SHAUNA

Where do you think we're going, the
afterparty? I'm taking you home.
(as Callie gawks at the
lights)
Or... someplace you can sober up.

ADAM

(catching up again)
If you guys need a ride--

Shauna waves him off--no way. Callie twists around to stare at him, even as her mother drags her away. Off Adam, watching his lover and her daughter vanish into the crowd.

INT. TAISSA & SIMONE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Taissa sits at the kitchen table, worriedly playing with Sammy's abandoned candy. Simone enters.

SIMONE

He's asleep, finally.

She sits down opposite Taissa.

TAISSA

I'm worried about him.

SIMONE

(not cruelly, but)
Glad you're catching up.

A beat, then:

TAISSA

I know I've been distracted...

SIMONE

You've been worse than distracted.
You're losing weight, you're
exhausted... You want to know what's
wrong with Sammy? I think a big part
of it is that he's missing the mom he
knew.

(MORE)

SIMONE (CONT'D)

(then)

You'll never get the time back, you know. None of us will.

This lands on Taissa, sobering.

TAISSA

(weakly joking)

All this, just to lose a bid for state senate...

This is where Simone would usually give a pep talk, but instead she just sits there, grave. Taissa realizes:

TAISSA (CONT'D)

You think I should drop out.

SIMONE

(carefully)

I would never ask you to do that. I just don't want you to have regrets. You have a long career ahead of you. Maybe this just... isn't the year.

Taissa takes this in--staring at the dripping red PAINT CAN still on the table. She breathes, contemplating Simone's words--as well as the tears her wife is trying not to cry...

And she reaches a decision. Nodding, she reaches out, squeezes Simone's hand...

TAISSA

I'll make an announcement.

Simone nods gratefully, her tears falling freely now. Off Taissa, hating that they've arrived at this place--but feeling completely unable to take it back.

INT. HUNTING CABIN - MAIN - LATE AFTERNOON (1996)

Coach Scott grimaces in pain as he adjusts himself on a makeshift stool. Misty's suddenly beside him, handing him a mug of tea. She seems to be trying to make up for what he almost caught her doing this morning.

MISTY

Here. It'll help with the swelling.

He looks at her. Is she serious right now?

MISTY (CONT'D)

In your leg!

Coach Scott wordlessly accepts the tea, then lifts his gaze to the ceiling...

...Where FOOTSTEPS shuffle and creak upstairs.

JACKIE (O.C.)

No, no, no...

The ATTIC STAIRWAY's open. And we move upstairs, to--

INT. HUNTING CABIN - ATTIC - LATE AFTERNOON (1996)

Shauna sets candles on the floor under Jackie's supervision.

JACKIE

Not like that. Put them along the marks that are already there. That symbol thing is totally seance-y.

Shauna starts setting candles along the perimeter of the mysterious SYMBOL that's still scratched into the floor... a move that fills us with foreboding.

Suddenly, she stops, sitting back on her heels. Did she have an intuition? But:

SHAUNA

Isn't this kind of a waste of candles?

JACKIE

Not if we're getting rid of a ghost.

EXT. WILDERNESS - LATE AFTERNOON (1996)

Some ferny leaves tremble, then reveal: A MARMOT, nose twitching in the alpine air... perfectly oblivious to Natalie, who is aiming right at him.

She gently pulls the trigger, and... click. Nothing happens.

She frowns down at the gun. Travis bursts out laughing, then holds up a BULLET that he took out of the rifle.

NATALIE

You cheater!

Nat tries to swipe the bullet from his hand. He closes his fist around it... opens his fist again. The bullet's gone.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, are you seriously doing magic right now? You do know girls aren't into that, right?

TRAVIS

Are you saying that when I *wasn't* doing magic--you were into it..?

Nat blushes. Maybe she was? Covering--

NATALIE

Give me that.

She grabs for the bullet again. He ducks away. She lunges for him, catching his shirt and yanking him backwards.

They continue to play keep-away as she tries to pry his fingers away from the bullet. Panting. Giggling.

Finally, she gets it. Takes off running but he's right behind her--she takes a wrong turn--he corners her against a tree. She clutches the bullet to her chest.

Now--sweaty, disheveled, heaving--they lock eyes. All pretense melts away. Hungry, shy, and oblivious to the tragedy that awaits them, their lips meet for their very first KISS...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

CLOSE ON: TRAVIS'S CORPSE, in a medical examiner PHOTO. CHAIN MARKS around his neck. Various OLD BURNS and SCARS. Dirty nails. Natalie shuffles through a STACK of pictures of his body and the crime scene, betraying no emotion, even as:

FLASH TO: ADULT TRAVIS's living smile. His breathing chest.

Nat will not cry in front of Misty, but she's clearly letting the brutality of these images wash over her in some kind of private penance. Misty steals furtive looks, inspecting each shot as Natalie hands it off.

Then, Natalie's phone BUZZES. She checks it, frowns--

Kevyn: **Trick or treat.**

Kevyn: **Lonnngg Halloween shift. You free?**

She lingers for a moment, her conscience tugging at her... Then pushes the phone away and returns to the photographs.

Misty absently inspects each picture in turn. Until--looking closer at one of the crime scene photos--Misty notices a strange, waxy GLOB on the floor of the barn.

She takes off her glasses, peering at it.

MISTY

Nat, look. What is that?

Natalie looks where Misty's pointing. Sees nothing. Misty picks up another photo, scanning it. Finding another GLOB.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Here's another one. Look.

She points. Natalie looks again.

NATALIE

What, that smudge?

Misty switches to her LAPTOP, zooming way in on one of the GLOB IMAGES to see:

MISTY

It looks like... wax. Doesn't it?

Now she has Natalie's attention. And it *does* look like wax.

IN QUICK CUTS: They shuffle through the photos--find more blobs, visible from different angles on the BARN FLOOR--and, using a wider shot to orient them, lay the pictures edge to edge across the bedspread. Misty grabs a PEN--starts connecting the wax across the lapped-together photos... Finally revealing: The SYMBOL.

NATALIE

Misty. This is--wrong; this is bad.
Travis didn't believe in this shit.

MISTY

Then why would it be in the place
where he died?

NATALIE

I don't know. But I promise you, *he*
didn't put it there.

ON NATALIE, her eyes almost feverish, now more than ever needing to know what happened to the man she loved...

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

FOOD TRUCKS await hungry Halloween revelers. Shauna brings TACOS to Callie, who waits at a PICNIC TABLE. Shauna sits.

CALLIE
(sniffing the food)
Oh. I don't think I'm hungry.

Shauna sighs. It's gonna be a long night. Then:

CALLIE (CONT'D)
So was that... your lover?

SHAUNA
I don't really want to--

Still high, Callie continues, unfiltered:

CALLIE
He was pretty hot. Funny the kinds of guys who go in for a mom type.

SHAUNA
I'm a "mom type"..?

CALLIE
Though you do have that whole Yellowjackets thing going for you. Buzz buzz buzz, right?

SHAUNA
As a matter of fact, Callie, he has no idea about any of that.

Callie laughs.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
That's... funny?

CALLIE
Mom. Come on, Does he know your name? Does he have the *internet*?

This settles over Shauna. She never thought about it. But what if Callie might be right?

CALLIE (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something?

SHAUNA
Honey, I--

CALLIE

When did you fall out of love with Dad?

On Shauna, stricken. Was she ever even in love with Jeff?

SHAUNA

You know, it's... complicated. With your dad and me. There's a lot of baggage.

CALLIE

Baggage.

SHAUNA

Er... *history*.

CALLIE

You mean Jackie?
(off Shauna, thrown)
You guys never talk about her.

SHAUNA

What do you want to know? She and I were friends since grade school. We did everything together. I barely remember who I was before Jackie.

CALLIE

And then she died and you married her boyfriend? I mean... that's kinda fucked up, right?

SHAUNA

(defensive)
It's not like I did that the next day. We were out there for a year and a half, and she died--
(lying now)
Right at the beginning.
(then)
And yes, when I finally came home, your dad and I...

But Shauna trails off, because Callie is suddenly *crying*.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Whoa, honey, are you okay?

Callie nods. Eyes shining, she looks at her mother with a deep, MDMA-assisted compassion...

CALLIE

God. I'm so sorry, Mom. That's so... heavy. It's just so awful you had to go through all that.

SHAUNA

Oh. Uh. It's okay. Bad things happen in life, and--

CALLIE

No, but Mom--

SHAUNA

I'm fine.

CALLIE

But you're *not*. You're so not fine. You think I can't see that?

Well, yeah. Shauna *did* think Callie couldn't see that. Touched, Shauna lets herself open up just a little.

SHAUNA

You know... that was *her* uniform. Not mine.

Callie looks down and the jersey she inconsiderately mutilated for her costume. Feeling bad now.

CALLIE

Oh, shit. I didn't know, I--

SHAUNA

Her parents gave it to me for her 40th birthday. So I could "remember her."

(and another truth)

As if I hadn't already spent the better part of my life thinking about her every single day.

Callie listens earnestly, genuinely moved--and we sense that Shauna is relieved to even be able to share this much. But at the same time, in her eyes we see she's recalling the *real* story, which in 1996 is turning increasingly sinister...

INT. HUNTING CABIN - ATTIC - NIGHT (1996)

ON JACKIE, holding a bowl filled with thick, dark liquid, seated in a circle with the other girls. Candles blaze in the shape of the symbol. At the center stands Shauna, blindfolded, with a small KNIFE tied to the end of a rope.

Jackie dips her finger into the liquid, marks a small, red-brown "X" on her forehead, and intones:

JACKIE

O, keeper of this wild and hidden
place! We anoint ourselves with blood
and earth...

She passes the bowl to Travis, who looks at it askance.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

It's just dirt and deer blood,
classic witch recipe, relax.

GIGGLES. Travis dabs at the blood, follows Jackie's lead.
Passes the bowl to Natalie, letting their fingers touch as:

JACKIE (CONT'D)

O spirit! We offer our sister as your
instrument. Come to us, and speak
your peace.

The girls continue to pass the bowl and mark themselves with
blood-mud, feeling more than a little silly. Silence.
Coughs.

Then, as if "channeling" the ghost of the dead trapper:

SHAUNA

...It is I, Jacques.

This earns laughter. Shauna drops her voice an octave--

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Ahem. Jacques. Ask your questions.
The pendulum will answer.

It's so goofy. A beat. Then Van leans forward, serious.

VAN

Dear dead hunter guy...
(dramatic pause)
Did OJ do it?

More GIGGLING. Shauna peers out from under the blindfold at
Jackie. *Maybe this was a dumb idea.* But Jackie's determined.

JACKIE

C'mon you guys, real questions.

SHAUNA

The veil is thin between our two
planes. Ask what is in your heart.

MARI

I'll go. Is Principal Berzonsky
screwing Ms. DeWine?

Arm out, Shauna gently, imperceptibly, starts the knife-pendulum swinging. The girls watch as its arcs widen, eventually becoming a distinct CIRCLE.

SHAUNA

It is certain.

The ice properly broken now, there's a flurry of interest--

VARIOUS

Dead guy/Hunter guy/Jacques!

AKILAH

If we hadn't crashed, would we have won Nationals?

The pendulum swings back and forth ("no"), earning a chorus of boos. Even Lottie's laughing now. Jackie beams, feeling like she finally made a valuable contribution to the group.

MEANWHILE:

INT. HUNTING CABIN - MAIN - SAME (1996)

Javi, Taissa, Ben Scott and Laura Lee sit in awkward silence, feeling acutely left out of the laughter and gossip upstairs.

Determined to ignore her teammates' sinful fun, Laura Lee valiantly attempts to read her BIBLE. But as LAUGHTER continues, she sets it aside, instead cracking open the prop plane's FLIGHT MANUAL. Taissa, clocking this--

TAISSA

If you're thinking about flying that thing you're even crazier than those idiots upstairs.

LAURA LEE

My grandpa used to fly a Cessna and he could barely write his name. It can't be *that* hard.

Taissa makes a the-fuck-are-you-talking-about face: *Really? We were just in a plane crash.*

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)

Fine, it's probably hard. But there's no harm in *reading* about it.

Taissa looks to Ben Scott: eyes closed, empty mug clutched in his lap, looking even more tormented than usual.

TAISSA
Coach, are you listening to this?

COACH SCOTT
("can't I die already")
No.

Another PEAL of laughter erupts upstairs.

JAVI
I'm gonna see what's so funny.

He creeps up the stairs to spy on the proceedings. Taissa watches him go, tempted. Grim company down here...

NATALIE (PRELAP)
They're obviously fake, you really need a ghost to tell you that?

INT. HUNTING CABIN - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS (1996)

Javi wedges himself between Travis and Natalie. Taissa comes upstairs, too, but hangs back--she's just there to observe.

MARI
You think? But who would've paid for them? Her parents?

Travis whispers to Javi as the banter continues--

TRAVIS
I told you to stay downstairs.

VAN
I think they got divorced recently. Maybe it was guilt money.

JAVI
Whatever, it's boring.

MARI
Well that's just creepy.

VAN
"Your mom and I are splitting up, but don't worry--your tits are gonna be *amazing*."

More laughter. It's not so much hilarious as it is obviously cathartic. Jackie, more confident now:

JACKIE
Okay guys, focus, next question.
(spotting Misty, eager)
Misty?

MISTY

Dear spirit, I need to know the truth. Does the person I likelike me back?

Shauna loops the pendulum, "yes." Misty flushes with pleasure. Oooooooo-ooooooooos ripple around the group.

JACKIE

Who's next?

Javi waves his hand. Jackie nods to him.

JAVI

Are we gonna die out here?

And just like that, all the fun goes out of the room. The question hangs in the air. Serious. Real.

Shauna hesitates, unsure what to do. Javi looks around, confused. What'd he do wrong?

TRAVIS

(sotto)

What the hell is wrong with you?

Feeling bad for Javi, Shauna glances down at the pendulum. She frowns as it suddenly begins to move in an INFINITY SHAPE. And we're suddenly:

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - SAME

In the unsettling objective POV we are coming to know as that of the wilderness itself, we look through the attic window at the lively, jostling little circle of unsuspecting teens. Their voices clear but distant, as if heard through water.

VARIOUS (REMOTELY)

Eight? What's that supposed to mean?/
It's not an eight, it's infinity?/Oh,
okay Aristotle...

AS THEY ARGUE-- WE MOVE CLOSER. Creeping toward Lottie. A subtle shifting of shadows on the periphery as Lottie slowly, slowly turns her head and looks right back at us, STRAIGHT INTO CAMERA... THEN SCREAMS.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. HUNTING CABIN - NIGHT

Where LOTTIE CONTINUES SCREAMING, a sound of pure, abject terror, as Van and Akilah quickly spring into action, grabbing her, trying to soothe her, but now--

The WINDOW blows open! All the candles gutter out. Lottie's screams stop as DARKNESS & CONFUSION swallow the room.

Squeals of fright--panicked giggles--shushes--calls for calm. We hear purposeful footsteps, the window being closed and latched, then:

JACKIE

Who has the matches?

A FLAME licks up as Shauna strikes a MATCH and begins re-lighting the candles. The girls are spooked, but now there's a palpable thrill in the room, a giddy sense of anticipation.

VAN

(re: Lottie, worried)

There's something wrong with her.

All eyes on Lottie now, whose eyes are wide, fixed. Slowly, she opens her mouth...

AKILAH

(with dread)

Oh, I don't think--

LOTTIE

(with a jerk)

It--it--itii

(then forcing it out)

It--wants--!

(guttural, unintelligible)

Nunh. Ssss. Hhhh.

She pauses, panting. Her eyes roll back, twitching, as a violent TREMOR rips through her.

Freaked out, Van and Akilah do their best to hold her still.

VAN

Should we, uh... Misty?!

Misty pops up, delighted to have been summoned, but as she approaches, Lottie resumes barking out words:

LOTTIE

It--! Nnnh. Wants-- !

MARI
Lottie, I swear to God, if
you're fucking with us...

AKILAH
Is she, like...
("possessed?")

Sensing she's out of her depth, Misty backs away. Shauna
crouches beside Lottie.

SHAUNA
Lottie, Sweetie, what's going on?
What is "it?"

AKILAH
More like what does "it" want?

LOTTIE
Hungry. *Hungry.*

Lottie GRABS Shauna's wrist, tight, and hisses:

LOTTIE (CONT'D)
Shhhhhh! It's in you already.

Shauna quietly panics. Is Lottie talking about...the pregnancy? Feeling everyone's eyes on her, she tries to
wrest herself free.

Now, for the first time, Taissa steps in.

TAISSA
Lottie, cut it out--this isn't a
game.

Lottie releases Shauna, a manic smile forming as she echoes:

LOTTIE
Ce n'est pas un jeu.

Taissa backs off, alarmed, as Lottie starts speaking faster.
The words are coming more easily, but she looks panicked,
like she's driving a runaway car--

LOTTIE
*Au début, il a pris soin de
moi. Je l'ai nourri.*

VAN
Is that... French?

LOTTIE
*Il m'a apporté ses cadeaux.
Les cadeaux des bois...*

NATALIE
Since when does Lottie know
French?

LOTTIE
*Mais il avait toujours
faim...*

SHAUNA
Jackie, aren't you guys in
the same class?

LOTTIE
*Mes offres étaient trop
 maigres.*

JACKIE
 Yeah, but--she sucks at
 French!

LOTTIE
Il voulait du sang.

MARI
 Well what's she saying?

LOTTIE
Il veut toujours du sang.

JACKIE
 I dunno, I suck at French,
 too!

VAN
 Well, damn it, Jackie, try not to!

Chastised, Jackie does her best to translate as -

LOTTIE
Il veut toujours du sang!

JACKIE
 He, no, it--wanted--
 something.

LOTTIE
Il voulait plus de sang.

JACKIE
 It... blood? I think she's
 saying blood.

MARI
 Not the word I want to be hearing
 right now.

Lottie gets up, walks quickly to the window and starts
 jabbing at the glass with her finger. Pointing?

LOTTIE
Le sang coule ici.

JACKIE
 Shit... More blood stuff..?

LOTTIE
 (pointing, urgent)
Ici. Ici.

JACKIE
 Here...? I don't...

VAN
 There's blood *where*, Lottie?

TAISSA
 Would you stop encouraging
 her!?

VAN
 Here, or out there?

LOTTIE
Il faut.

JACKIE
 It's... fake?

LOTTIE
 (effortful English)
 You must... Spill... Blood... Or...
 Or else...

She falls silent, breathing hard from effort, still pointing desperately at the window. The room is rapt.

JACKIE
Or else *what*, Lottie?!

Suddenly, Lottie SMASHES her head against the glass, SPIDERING IT. Girls SCREAM.

INT. HUNTING CABIN - MAIN - SAME (1996)

Laura Lee glances up sharply at the sound of the SCREAMS. She looks to Ben Scott, whose eyes are squeezed shut, grimacing.

LAURA LEE
Do something. Make them stop!

Slowly, he opens his eyes. stares at her oddly.

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)
Coach--?

And then... BEN PROJECTILE VOMITS! Laura Lee SCREAMS.

Convinced Satan is at hand, Laura Lee now grabs her Bible and bravely marches up the stairs.

Still violently dry-heaving, Ben Scott's gaze suddenly lands on the EMPTY MUG Misty brought him as he realizes: It wasn't a peace offering at all! She deliberately gave him something that would make him sick!

In a spasm of helpless anger, he KNOCKS IT OVER.

INT. HUNTING CABIN - ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER (1996)

PANDEMONIUM NOW. Blood runs down Lottie's face into her eyes. She struggles, unleashing a long, bizarre-sounding WAIL, as Natalie and Van try to restrain her.

Now: Laura Lee appears at the top of the stairs. She beelines for Lottie, holding up her Bible, determined.

LAURA LEE
The power of Christ compels you!

ON LOTTIE: Eyes still rolled back, still wailing.

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)
Be gone, Satan! I said-- the power of Christ compels you!

Lottie continues to wail, seemingly not even registering Laura Lee's presence, much less her words.

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)

Lottie! Stop!!!!

With that, Laura Lee chucks her Bible right at Lottie, hitting her squarely in the stomach. The wailing stops. Lottie's eyes instantly focus, angry, confused...

LOTTIE

Ow! What the hell, Laura Lee?!

And just like that, it's over. The girls stare at each other, dumbstruck, hearts pounding.

MARI

Seriously? What the *motherfuck* just happened?

EXT. TAISSA & SIMONE'S HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

CAMERA FLASHES light up Taissa's plastered-on smile as she poses with Simone and Sammy in front of their home. Definite "stepping down to spend time with the family" vibes.

JOURNALISTS and PHOTOGRAPHERS jockey for position. Simone squeezes Taissa's hand, warm, grateful. Steeling herself, Taissa steps forward.

TAISSA

Thank you, everyone, for coming on such short notice. I, um...
(glancing at her notes)
Wow, this is hard.

The FLASHES continue to shower her. Taissa scans the crowd, suddenly freezing as she sees: The NO-EYED MAN. Just for a second--until someone steps in front of him.

Unsettled, Taissa squints down at her cards. The words seem to blur together. Except for one: **SPILL**

Taissa blinks, reeling a little. Is she losing it?

Apolite COUGH reminds us that the audience is here, *hungry*.

ON HER NOTES AGAIN: **Spill** has reverted to **Phil**. Taissa cuts a look over at her wife and son--nervous, expectant. Then she lowers her notes. Straightens up. Faces the crowd.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

I guess it'd be nice of me to explain why you all had to wake up so early!

Polite laughter. Taissa resumes:

TAISSA (CONT'D)

I knew when I started this campaign that I was getting into a bloody business. But I believed it was important. The people of New Jersey deserve honest representation. They deserve leaders with courage.

(then)

My opponent, Phil Bathurst, is trying to scare people with lurid insinuations. And his supporters-- they're lapping it up.

Off that, Taissa walks to the door... Simone watches in astonishment as Taissa YANKS AWAY the ghost decoration, revealing the GRAFFITI. The crowd reacts.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Yesterday, someone defaced our home with his disgusting taunt.

FLASHES. She turns to the cameras, eyes bright. Fierce.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Since everyone seems so fixated on this--here's what I will say about the time I spent in the wilderness. It's not sensational, but it's the truth: In life, we sometimes encounter challenges so enormous that we can only face them with the help of our community. That's as true today in New Jersey as it was out there. We need each other. We need to help each other.

(then)

So here's my commitment to you: No matter what gets painted on my door-- I'm staying in this race. Because together we can do anything. I believe that. I've seen it happen.

Taissa smiles. The flashes continue--exhilarating now. But steps away, Simone looks gut-punched... betrayed, even a little frightened, by this side of her wife she's never seen.

INT. HUNTING CABIN - ATTIC - NIGHT (1996)

A tear-stained Laura Lee does the lonely labor of attempting to scour the SYMBOLS out of the floor with some rusty STEEL WOOL... mostly just leaving blood-red STREAKS in the wood.

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - REAR - NIGHT (1996)

Clammy, off-looking Coach Scott peers out into the darkness, eventually spotting a FIGURE in the distance: *Misty*.

With predatory focus, he sets off toward her, lurching, not-quite-himself. Is he... possessed? Merely furious?

He's steps away when *Misty* turns--surprised, then nervous. She clutches her TRAVEL TOOTHBRUSH in alarm.

MISTY

Ben? Is everything--

COACH SCOTT

Stop.

She glances around worriedly now, scanning for a witness, or--

COACH SCOTT (CONT'D)

Don't look for them. Listen to me.

(off *Misty*, wide-eyed)

You poisoned me. Why?

MISTY

That's a very strong word, it was-- I just-- I mean--

COACH SCOTT

Misty. Why.

MISTY

I... um. I have these feelings for you, and--

COACH SCOTT

Misty. I feel the same way you do.

Misty's as astonished as we are... but as he continues, we realize: he has made a calculation.

COACH SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I lost my temper this morning. It's just...

(MORE)

COACH SCOTT (CONT'D)

When you get close to me like that,
it frightens me. I get scared that
I--won't be able to control myself.

Misty can't believe her ears. The pendulum was right!

MISTY

Oh. But you don't have to! I would
love for--

COACH SCOTT

No, Misty, I do. You're--
(fingers crossed)
Not even eighteen. And I'm your
teacher. I couldn't live with myself
if I crossed that line, no matter how
badly I might want to. Do you
understand?

Misty's face falls. But she nods, reluctant.

COACH SCOTT (CONT'D)

And we shouldn't tell anyone. the
other girls would only be jealous.

She doesn't love this, either. He tries a positive spin.

COACH SCOTT (CONT'D)

It'll be our secret. Please, Misty.
My sweet... Misty. Help me be strong.

A hackneyed finale. But Misty only hears exactly what she
has been longing for. Off her radiant, yearning little
face--

INT. HUNTING CABIN - MAIN - NIGHT (1996)

The girls have bedded down for the evening, but nobody looks
anywhere near being able to sleep. They're wide-eyed,
spooked.

Laura Lee's face is scrunched in concentration as she prays
furiously. As crammed in as they are, there's a distinct
cautious margin around Lottie, who is dead asleep, SNORING.

VAN

At least *someone's* getting some rest.

MARI

Raise your hand if you'll never sleep
again.

Mari raises her own hand. Other hands go up. **FIND TAISSA**, hand down, but frankly afraid, and *hating* it.

AKILAH

Do we think it's... still up there?

At this, Taissa sits up.

TAISSA

You all need to stop. There's nothing up there. Lottie's been acting weird for weeks.

Silence. The girls would like to believe Taissa, but...

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Fine. I'll prove it.

She starts gathering her bedding. Heads for the trapdoor.

AKILAH

You're going to *sleep* up there??

TAISSA

That's right. Who's with me?

Here, Taissa shoots a meaningful look to Van: *Coming?* But Van, visibly frightened, shakes her head: *No way.*

TAISSA (CONT'D)

(tamping down panic)

Fine. More room for me, then.

Taissa heads upstairs. As she does so -

WITH SHAUNA & JACKIE

Jackie rolls over, pushing away the nagging sense that she might be partly responsible for everything that happened. Shauna nudges her. Jackie turns back-- *what?*

SHAUNA

We should go up there with her.

JACKIE

In the attic? No freaking way.

SHAUNA

She shouldn't have to be up there alone. If it weren't for us--

JACKIE

Shauna. *Whatever* happened tonight? It was *not* because of our dumb seance.

SHAUNA

Okay, but--

JACKIE

If you want to sleep up there, be my guest. *I'm* staying down here.

Jackie's genuinely scared. So Shauna stays put, brooding...

INT. SADECKI HOUSE - MORNING (PRESENT DAY)

Callie shuffles out to the kitchen, hungover. Shauna, unpacking groceries, gives her daughter a sympathetic smile.

SHAUNA

I picked you up some Pedialyte. Thought it might help with your stomach. How're you feeling?

CALLIE

How do you think? Like ass.

So much for the newly forged mother-daughter intimacy. And now Callie looks up at her mother, calculating...

CALLIE (CONT'D)

So here's the deal. I don't *have* a curfew anymore. And any Ubers into the city are gonna be no -questions-asked. Or else I'll tell Dad about your new boyfriend.

Shauna stares at her daughter, hurt, shocked. Callie smirks, starting to leave... But then:

SHAUNA

Honey, have you ever heard of mutually assured destruction?

CALLIE

I basically invented it.

SHAUNA

Good. Then let's chase down exactly what you're proposing. First of all, do you have any idea how much divorce lawyers cost? We're talking, five, six hundred dollars an hour. There's about twelve thousand bucks in your college fund right now, and yes, I *do* wish that number sounded less pathetic, but regardless--you can kiss it goodbye.

(MORE)

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

(then)

Speaking of that curfew you're so eager to be free of, get ready for a different kind of cramp on your weekends, because there is *no one* lonelier than a recent divorcé. You'll be spending Friday nights at your dad's sorry little apartment, eating cold pizza on the couch you know he cries into. And after a few months of that? Just when you start thinking, "Hey, dad's taking a little better care of himself lately?" Get ready. That's when he'll be coming to you for dating advice. Which I don't doubt you'll be able to give him, since those girls'll be about your age. But hey - I - guess you're the one holding the trump card here.

Shauna smiles at Callie's horrified face. They hear Jeff, stirring. Shauna levels her gaze at Callie, then calls out--

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Hon? Can you come in here? Callie has something she wants to tell you.

Jeff comes in, sleepy, unsuspecting. Callie takes in his mussed hair, his slovenly bathrobe... And:

CALLIE

I snuck into the city last night.
(off Shauna: *and?*)
I got high, I... kinda freaked out a little, and I had to call Mom for a ride home.

Jeff's surprised. *He's* usually the "ride home" parent. does his best to play the heavy now.

JEFF

You know, Cals... I'm really disappointed in you. You're lucky your mom was able to give you a ride, or you could've wound up--

Rather than hear the rest of this, Callie just walks out of the room. Jeff's jaw drops as he watches her go.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You were right. She is really getting an attitude.

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - CONTINUOUS (1996)

Above the small, dark refuge of the cabin, the STARS scintillate like eyes. The CRESCENT MOON, a single fang.

And in the deeper shadows, we begin to detect: MOVEMENT, restless, predatory. A PACK OF WOLVES-- perhaps having scented blood-- sniff ravenously around the cabin's perimeter, their ears pricked, their footfalls silent. From this gathering menace, CUT TO:

INT. SADECKI HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Alone in the house, Shauna wakes up the old PC TOWER in the corner, then opens a search portal and types in her name...

The query returns HUNDREDS OF RESULTS. She leans in, scrolling. Lurid NEWS HEADLINES. Wild REDDIT THEORIES. Bizarre FANFIC featuring various team members by name.

Callie was right: there's basically no way Adam *didn't* know Shauna's history... And yet: he never asked about it. Shauna closes the browser, feeling unsettled, and *vulnerable*...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Natalie tapes together the edges of the crime scene photos so that the Sharpie-traced SYMBOL is clearly visible across them. A KNOCK. She answers. It's Taissa. She glances around, worried about being seen, then steps in, already annoyed.

TAISSA

Since my press conference my phone
hasn't stopped ringing with folks
trying to interview me. So tell me:
why am I here?

Natalie holds up the photo collage of the SYMBOL. Taissa's impatience evaporates. She looks afraid.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

What is that?

NATALIE

It's the floor of the barn where they
found Travis. The police ruled it a
suicide. But there were candles on
the floor underneath him, Tai--
arranged like this. Someone burned
them... and then took them away.

TAISSA

But who would do that? Why?

Just then, Natalie's phone BUZZES with a text. Taissa's GOES OFF at the same time. The same text, from a relay number. In it: the SYMBOL, drawn in ascii. And a short message:

NATALIE

Gather 50K cash and await further instructions. Do NOT discuss this with your teammates-- I WILL KNOW.

They stare at each other, chilled. What the fuck is going on.

TAISSA

I'm calling Shauna.

NATALIE

Good idea.

As they spring into action, we push past them, toward the AROMATHERAPY DIFFUSER, puffing away. We move closer, into the blackness of a barely noticeable CAMERA LENS in its base, until we come out in--

MISTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Where Misty sits on the couch, gnawing a piece of JERKY as she avidly watches a VIDEO FEED OF NAT'S MOTEL ROOM on her iPad. It's from a HIDDEN CAMERA in the diffuser.

CALIGULA sits perched on her shoulder. As she offers a bite of jerky to the bird, her eyes glued to the tablet screen...

ON THE FEED/INTERCUT as Taissa makes the call to Shauna.

TAISSA

I'm with Natalie. You need to get over here. Travis is dead, and--
(now, to Natalie)
She says she already knows.

NATALIE

What? How?

TAISSA

Misty called her.

Misty leans in, excited at the mention of her own name.

NATALIE

That conniving, poodle-haired little freak. Give me that.

(MORE)

NATALIE (CONT'D)
(she takes the phone)
Shauna, we need you here. Now.

On Misty, taking in her teammates' unconcealed contempt. Her smile slips away... Her expression turns to a look of dark determination. And we shudder to think what a scorned Misty might have in store for her old teammates, we:

CUT TO BLACK.