

YELLOWJACKETS

Episode 106
"SAINTS"

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EXT. STREET / INT. CAR (STOPPED) - DAY - FLASHBACK (1987)

Lottie's father, MALCOLM (late 30s, exacting) is stopped at a RED LIGHT with 8 YEAR OLD LOTTIE and her mother, EMILIA (30s, eternal optimist). Lottie plays with a STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE DOLL in the back--

MALCOLM

And there's no way gas prices won't go up. Exxon-Valdez is going to pay billions in cleanup, but you know who's really gonna foot the bill? We are. Right at the pump.

EMILIA

Those poor birds. Just gone.

As the light turns GREEN, Lottie suddenly throws a tantrum, SCREAMING and BANGING her fists. Malcolm and Emilia are startled. With his foot still on the brake, Malcom turns--

MALCOLM

Christ! Lottie, stop it!

But Lottie doesn't--and in fact gets LOUDER. We see a RED CAR next to theirs start forward toward the INTERSECTION...

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

That's enough! what have I told you about this behavior?

EMILIA

Honey, please. Your father's had a difficult day, and you--

HORNS BLARE and TIRES SCREECH! Lottie's parents look out the windshield as -- a truck brutally T-bones the blue car in the intersection that Malcolm was about to drive through. The wreckage of the crash comes to a stop, CRACKLING and SMOKING.

As quickly as she began her tantrum, Lottie ends it--and goes back to playing with her doll. Malcom and Emilia look at each other, weirded-out and bewildered by their child, as--

INT. LOTTIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (1987)

Young Lottie sits on the stairs, her small hands clutching the balusters of the banister like prison bars. Light from the kitchen casts her parents in a SHADOW-PLAY along the walls as Lottie listens to them argue.

MALCOLM (O.S.)
It's just getting worse!

EMILIA (O.S.)
You saw what happened, Malcolm!

MALCOLM (O.S.)
I can't listen to this.

Emilia is imploring, not the first time she's said it--

EMILIA (O.S.)
Why can't you accept the possibility
that there are things in this world
we don't understand?

MALCOLM (O.S.)
Our daughter didn't "save us" because
she can't see the future. That
accident was a coincidence.

EMILIA (O.S.)
How can you be so sure? People always
said my aunt Virginia was--

MALCOLM (O.S.)
A kook! She thinks there are gnomes
living in her backyard. Lottie's
sick, and we're taking her to a
psychiatrist. That's the end of it.

We hear FOOTSTEPS as the large shadow of Lottie's father moves from the wall and disappears. A DOOR SLAMS, and the shadow-form of Lottie's mother puts her head in her hands. Off Lottie, as she wonders which parent is right about her...

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

Lottie (now with a scar on her forehead from hitting the glass in Ep. 105) is with VAN, AKILAH, and MARI scavenging for food. They tromp through the woods, hungry and irritable. Mari's stomach GROWLS, loud and long.

VAN
Jesus, Mari. Turn the volume down.

MARI
Oh, excuse me as my body devours
itself from the inside out.

AKILAH
I told you to eat before we left.

But then, the deer lifts its head and stares right at Lottie.

Its antlers are SHEDDING GRUESOMELY. A nightmare of skin, fur, and sinew hangs from the antlers' bloody bones.

ON LOTTIE, eyes wide at the sheer wrongness of the sight unsure if what she's seeing is real or just in her mind.

She backs away slowly, choosing to ignore that question as-- she bumps into Van coming her way.

VAN

Hey. Look, ignore Mari. I don't think she's taken a shit in, like, two weeks.

(looking at her closer)

You okay? What's up?

Lottie looks disturbed for a beat, wondering if she should tell, wondering if it was real...

LOTTIE

Nothing. I'm fine.

Van nods and heads back to the group, assuming Lottie will follow. Lottie does, but off the growing FEAR IN HER EYES.

MAIN TITLES

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

SHAUNA pulls up in her minivan, kills the engine, and looks around the quiet parking lot. With a deep breath, and trying to keep a low profile, she starts toward Natalie's room--

RANDY (O.S.)

Shauna?

She turns to find RANDY (Jeff's friend from the pilot).

SHAUNA

Randy... hey.

She takes in Randy's pajama bottoms, Cheeto-stained Jets T-shirt, and the ice bucket in his hand. Trying to get out in front of the suspicious way he's eyeing her--

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Are you staying here?

RANDY

Oh, yeah. Tammy kicked me out. We're going through one of our little "divorces" right now... but she'll come around little "divorces" right now... she'll come around. Might be cheaper to keep her, know what I'm saying?

(then)

Are you staying here?

SHAUNA

What? No.

(thinking on her feet)

My book club's meeting at the coffee shop on Lincoln. You know how parking is over there, so... You won't rat me out, will you?

RANDY

Hey, I'm no narc.

He pulls down his I-shirt to reveal a poorly done tattoo of a Yellowjacket with the words: *Buzz Buzz Buzz* underneath.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Wiskayok High 'till I die!

SHAUNA

Buzz, buzz, buzz.

Randy seems a bit flustered, reins it back in--

RANDY

Alright, well... give Jeff a big man hug from me, will ya? You two... man, you're the real deal, huh? He's a lucky man.

Giving him a tight smile--

SHAUNA

Good luck with Tammy.

As Randy moves off toward his room, Shauna pretends to head toward the "coffee shop on Lincoln." But as Randy rounds a corner, she stops and reverses course. Shauna hurriedly moves toward Natalie's room and KNOCKS on the door--

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

(whisper-yelling)

Let me in. Now.

INT. NATALIE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Natalie opens the door and Shauna walks in. It's the first time Natalie and Shauna have seen each other in a decade. As TAISSA looks on, they size each other up for a long beat.

NATALIE
(to Shauna)
You look like shit.

SHAUNA
Back atcha.

TAISSA
Hey, it's been ten years-- Can we play nice for a minute?

Shauna surveys the room, bottles of booze scattered around--

SHAUNA
So is this rock bottom, or does the elevator still go down a few more floors?

TAISSA
Am I talking to the wall?

NATALIE
(smirking; to Shauna)
How's Jeff? Still hawking futons?

TAISSA
No. We are not doing this, not after all the shit we've been through. *We've got a situation*, and we need to deal with it together.

Natalie shrugs and stands down. Shauna backs off too.

SHAUNA
Fine. What's going on?

Natalie shows Shauna the AUTOPSY PHOTOS as well as the taped-together CRIME SCENE PHOTOS from Travis' death, complete with Sharpie lines connecting the areas where CANDLE WAX dripped on the floor of the barn. It takes Shauna a moment to figure out what she is seeing.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
(disturbed)
Is that... Travis? And... Oh God... is that the--

NATALIE

Yeah.

(letting that land)

Someone strung him up and then tried to cover their tracks.

SHAUNA

I thought I told you to take care of her.

TAISSA

What was I supposed to do, kill her? I threatened a lawsuit and told her to back off.

NATALIE

Okay, fuck this...

Natalie pulls out her cell, finds Jessica's card--

TAISSA

What are you doing?

NATALIE

Bringing Jessica Roberts - nice fake name, by the way - to us. I'll say I'm "ready to talk."

SHAUNA

And if it's not her? We'd be handing her the exact kind of story she's looking for.

TAISSA

Shauna's right, Nat. Stop.

(then)

Stop.

A tense beat as Shauna and Taissa lock eyes with Natalie. Finally, Natalie yields and puts down her phone.

SHAUNA

Can you get the money?

TAISSA

I'm working on it. We're still waiting for instructions on how to make a drop.

SHAUNA

(nods, wheels turning)

Once we do, we can put a GPS tracker in with the cash. Then we follow it, see what we're dealing with.

(MORE)

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
 (to Natalie; pointed)
Together.

Taissa and Natalie nod. At least it's half a plan.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
 I can't believe I'm about to say
 this, but... should we loop Misty in,
 too?

TAISSA
 She could be part of it.

NATALIE
 (shaking her head)
 She's the one who drove me to see
 Travis-- well, after fucking with my
 car, but still. She's been helping me
 try to figure out what the fuck is
 going on.

SHAUNA
 Oh, right. Naturally.
 (the; to Taissa re: Nat)
 Anything else I should know about, or
 does the blackmail, Travis maybe
 being murdered, and this one playing
 buddy cop with Misty fucking Quigley
 basically sum things up?

NATALIE
 I say we keep Misty at arm's length
 for now, then see how fucking weird
 she gets.

TAISSA
 And if it turns out she really is
 behind all this?

A beat. Finally--

SHAUNA
 Then we deal with her.

Our women trade ominous looks. Their intent here, no joke.
 Off their resolve to get to the bottom of this mystery--

INT. POTTERY BARN - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

MISTY pushes a cart filled with ornamental knickknacks,
 framed wall art, and assorted bedding. She stop at a section
 full of DECORATIVE BALLS. Holding two different balls in her
 hands, she inspects them. A smiling CLERK approaches.

CLERK

Hi, there. Is there anything I can help you with today?

Misty turns to the clerk, checking her name-tag: Beatrice.

MISTY

Beatrice, you sure can. Which ball do you think says, "classy but fun?"

Beatrice doesn't have a clue. Misty considers them-- then puts both in her basket.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Now, what do you have when it comes to bean bags and papasan chairs?

INT. SADECKI HOUSE - MORNING (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna holds the postcard she took from Natalie, staring blankly at the CERAMIC BUNNIES lining her windowsill. Her mind is still reeling from her meeting with the women.

JEFF (O.S.)

Shauna.

Shauna's knocked back to the here-and-now as she slips the postcard in her pocket and turns to JEFF.

JEFF

Are you ready to go?
(off her blank look)
Brunch. With the Taylors?

Shauna checks her wrist for a watch that she's not wearing.

SHAUNA

That's not until Tuesday.

JEFF

No, brunch is today. Wednesday. Do you think it's Monday?
(then)
Do you not want to go?

SHAUNA

Of course I want to go. It's her birthday and Jackie was my best friend.

Off Shauna as she walks out, leaving Jeff unsure what he did wrong...

INT. HUNTING CABIN - ATTIC - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

Sweat drips from Shauna's brow as she lies on the floor, wearing her SOCCER UNIFORM Her jersey, however, seems longer and roomier than usual-- and she appears to be wearing no shorts. Shauna's face is strained, and she's panting heavily. Then as she lets out a pain-filled groan, we realize-- she's in the middle of giving birth as JACKIE, also in uniform, holds her hand, coaching her through the contractions.

JACKIE

C'mon, Shauna! Breathe with me!

Shauna tries to sync her breaths with Jackie's as they both breathe in through the nose, out through the mouth. MISTY kneels between Shauna's legs, ready to deliver the baby. Strangely, Misty is also in a Yellowjackets uniform, as if she is a full member of the team.

MISTY

It's crowning! Push! PUSH!

Shauna gives one last, laborious push, SCREAMING as Misty delivers her baby. Only... it's not a human infant...

An UMBILICAL CORD runs from between Shauna's legs straight to a whole, golden, ROTISSERIE CHICKEN covered in the remnants of birth and wiggling like a newborn.

With a gleam in her eye, Jackie cuts the umbilical cord with the HUNTING KNIFE and Misty grins luridly as she lays the chicken-baby in Shauna's arms. Jackie looks at it in awe.

JACKIE

He's so beautiful... Just like his father.

A happy, tearful Shauna looks at the chicken-baby with love, then ferociously tears off a DRUMSTICK and takes a huge bite!

With a GASP, Shauna wakes from her NIGHTMARE, and we CUT TO--

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

THE NEXT MORNING: Shauna and Jackie are in the woods checking the SNARES for rabbits. We watch their disappointment grow as each successive trap turns up EMPTY.

JACKIE

I never thought I'd be desperate enough to want to eat a rabbit.

(next trap, nothing)

I mean, what even is a rabbit, anyway? A squirrel with floppy ears and a pom-pom on its ass? Like, why? What even is that?

SHAUNA

It's... a rabbit. What even is this question?

They get to the last of the snares and not a rabbit in sight. Jackie kicks on to the side--

JACKIE

I'd sell my firstborn for a cheesesteak right now.

SHAUNA

Maybe stop talking about food?

JACKIE

I think I miss cheesesteaks more than I miss Jeff. *Is that possible?*

(then, shaking her head)

I mean, obviously I miss Jeff more. I miss his smell... The way he'd rub my wrist with his thumb when we held hands... I think I even miss his stupid Ace Ventura impressions.

Shauna fidgets, uneasy. As they turn back toward the cabin--

JACKIE (CONT'D)

He must be losing his mind right now. Did I tell you he said he loved me the day before we left?

SHAUNA

No, you never--

JACKIE

I didn't say it back.

Jackie abruptly stops walking.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I should have said it back.

SHAUNA

(uncomfortable)

I'm sure he knows how you feel.

(MORE)

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

(then)

Wait, do you love him? I thought--

JACKIE

I don't know! I just-- I shouldn't have made him wait. I was so caught up in making it perfect, you know? Now if I die, someone else is gonna be his first. And I'll never...

Shauna's guilt floods her empty stomach. she reaches out and touches a tree, as if she might faint.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You okay?

SHAUNA

Yeah, just... hungry.

Jackie pulls a small piece of DEER JERKY from her pocket and holds it out to Shauna. Shauna shakes her head.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

It's your last piece.

JACKIE

(genuine)

You need it more than me. Just take it, Shipman.

As Shauna takes the jerky, feeling like an awful person--

EXT. WILDERNESS - HUNTING BLIND - DAY (1996)

NATALIE and TRAVIS look bored as they sit in a hunting blind (that's made in part from pieces of plane wreckage) waiting for game. Travis YAWNS.

TRAVIS

How long has it been?

NATALIE

I dunno, five hours maybe?

TRAVIS

Maybe we should take a break. Stretch our legs or something.

Natalie and Travis look at each other. We sense the electricity running between them. A simmering, mutual longing. And as they hold each other's eyes, we CUT TO--

INT. CRASHED PLANE - DAY (1996)

Dried blood stains. Scorch marks. A graveyard of dangling oxygen masks. We're back in the grisly wreckage of the plane.

We hear panting, kissing... the sweet sounds of teen lust, and REVEAL Natalie and TRAVIS making out, hot and heavy.

Travis is excited and a little awkward-- his hands are fumbling all over her body and his kisses are frenetic. We hear a painful CLICK as they bump teeth.

TRAVIS

Sorry.

NATALIE

It's cool. Maybe just, slow down a little. Like...

She kisses him, slow and gentle. Travis follows her lead this time, a little insecure at first. But it's better this time-- he's more in control as their kiss grows deeper, more passionate. His hand tentatively makes it to second base. His touch hesitant, gentle. Maybe too gentle this time.

Natalie reflexively giggles. Then, seeing his face--

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, sorry. That just... tickles.

They go in for more, Travis making the adjustment, touching her more firmly. Natalie MOANS as his hands move south. Emboldened, Travis takes her down to the floor. When--

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Ow!

She rolls to the side, revealing a broken tray table under her back. Travis, sits up, frustrated. Avoiding eye contact--

TRAVIS

I'm obviously just gonna keep screwing this up, so whatever. Maybe we should just head back.

Natalie gives him a look.

NATALIE

C'mon, who *hasn't* rolled over a broken tray table while making out in a blood-stained death trap?

They both LAUGH, breaking the tension, and Natalie climbs on top of him, straddling his lap.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

You're a really good kisser, you know.

(then, shaking her head)

I don't want to go back yet... Do you?

He shakes his head, pulling her close and kissing her as they both roll on to the floor. As she moves his hand below her waistband--

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM DAY (PRESENT DAY)

ON TWO HANDS twined together on a dining table. We PULL OUT to REVEAL the smiling faces of Jeff and Shauna as they sit for their annual brunch with the Taylors.

MRS. TAYLOR (late 60s, exquisitely coiffed and blissfully incapable of reading a room) sets down her "famous" tuna quiche. Before they dig in, she presents a small gift box to Shauna.

MRS. TAYLOR

I know it's silly to do this every year, but it's not a real birthday without presents.

Shauna smiles, but it doesn't reach her eyes. She knows what's in the box-- it's the same thing every year. Shauna opens it to REVEAL a small ceramic bunny. The same kind that lines her windowsill at home.

SHAUNA

Thank you. It's... lovely.

MRS. TAYLOR

Jackie just adored rabbits.

SHAUNA

(lying)

She sure did.

MR. TAYLOR (early 70s, doesn't suffer fools, an impossible combination of Burt Reynolds and Archie Bunker) starts cutting the quiche.

MR. TAYLOR

Dig in before it gets cold.

As they eat--

MRS. TAYLOR

You two have an anniversary coming up, don't you?

JEFF

(pretending he remembered)
Uh, yeah. Pretty soon.

MRS. TAYLOR

Jackie would be so happy for you. I truly believe that. She was generous that way. And she always worried about you finding someone, Shauna - - we all did.

(then)

What a blessing that you two found each other. Silver linings, I suppose...

She smiles at Jeff but keeps talking to Shauna, like she can't help herself--

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Jackie always was so ambitious, I'm sure she'd be living in the city, jetting off to all sorts of places for her career. And how would that have been for Jeff? Always worried she was going to get bored...

At this moment, Shauna's phone BUZZES with a text from Adam. Fuck. She ignores it and looks at Jeff with her best silent expression of marital bliss.

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

He doesn't have to worry about that with you. No, you two are a better match.

Shauna throws Jeff a look. He avoids it, studiously eating his quiche.

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You're both the type to be content. You don't want more than, well, what you have.

SHAUNA

Um.

MRS. TAYLOR

Oh, I don't mean that in a bad way dear! I mean... it's nonsense, all that talk about "having it all"...

(MORE)

MRS. TAYLOR (CONT'D)
the fact is, you can't be remarkable
and raise a family.

MR. TAYLOR
And you're the mother of such a
special little girl.

Mrs. Taylor beams and nods.

SHAUNA
I don't even like my daughter.

The Taylors don't know what to make of that. We don't
either. Jeff laughs to cover the awkward moment. The Taylors
decide to believe Shauna was joking...

MR. TAYLOR
How is Callie?

Shauna ignores another text from Adam-- and another.

JEFF
Sixteen going on thirty.

MRS. TAYLOR
She reminds me so much of Jackie at
that age...

MR. TAYLOR
Callie's got college coming up,
doesn't she?

MRS. TAYLOR
It's so expensive now. Jeff works
hard but he's the only one who
contributes--- Financially, I mean.
The stress of providing for Callie's
education must be keeping you both up
at night. But we'd be happy to help.
It would be--

SHAUNA
No.

The definitiveness of her "No" catches everyone, including
herself, off guard. Then, regrouping:

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
Thank you, Mrs. Taylor, but that's
not necessary. Jeff and I have it
covered.

MRS. TAYLOR

You just let us know if you change
your mind.

Shauna nods. A perfunctory gesture. Then:

SHAUNA

Will you excuse me? I think I need to
use the little girls' room.

Shauna doesn't wait for an answer as she walks out, unable
to hear anymore.

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - CLEARING - DUSK (1996)

The girls are finishing up their chores as Natalie and
Travis return from an unsuccessful hunting trip. The girls
start to WHISPER as they clock Nat and Travis's furtive
glances, their flushed cheeks, the back of their hands
touching as they walk a bit too close, and the sly grin
radiating from Travis's face-- the other girls know what's
up.

The whispering turns to WHISTLES and CATCALLS at Natalie and
Travis.

LAURA LEE

(singing)

Natalie and Travis sittin' in a tree.
K.I.S.S.I.N--

LOTTIE

I think they were doing a little more
than kissing, Laura Lee.

MARI

Hey, Nat. What exactly are you and
Flex hunting for out there, anyway?

VAN

I hear it's beaver season...

Travis looks embarrassed as the girls all LAUGH. Natalie is
more defiant, giving them all the finger...

NATALIE

Sit and spin, assholes.

JACKIE steps into their path.

EXT. SWIMMING HOLE - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

JACKIE

Is this why we don't have any food?
Because you're running for mayor of
pound town?

NATALIE

Uh, go fuck yourself?

Louder, as much to the group as to Natalie:

JACKIE

I guess we shouldn't be surprised.
You're always down for a good time,
aren't you Nat?

Travis looks at Natalie uncomfortably -- *is that true?*
Natalie gets in Jackie's face.

NATALIE

I can't magically conjure deer,
Jackie. But keep talking shit, I'll
find something to shoot...

JACKIE

Oh, wow, you're so tough. I'm not
scared of you, burn out.

NATALIE

(rolls her eyes)
No. You're jealous. Cause you're an
uptight, prudish bitch--

Stepping between them:

TAISSA

Hey-- chill! Both of you.

Shauna grabs Jackie as Mari and Lottie pull Natalie away.
Natalie shakes them off, heading towards the cabin to cool
off. As she passes, Misty leans in, conspiratorially--

MISTY

I know how you feel. I have a secret
boyfriend, too.

As Natalie throws Misty a look that could sear roast beef...

EXT. SWIMMING HOLE - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

Later, find Taissa and Van on a secret romantic rendezvous
in the water.

Van's fingers trace invisible letters on Taissa's bare back. Taissa guesses at the word Van just drew...

TAISSA
 Seriously? "Boob"? Are you five?

VAN
 I write what I know.

Taissa LAUGHS as she splashes Van, then takes her own turn. As her fingers roam Van's back--

VAN (CONT'D)
 Is that even a word, or are you just feeling me up?

TAISSA
 C'mon. Concentrate.

VAN
 You always win, anyway...

TAISSA
 Why do you think I like to play?

Taissa kisses Van slow and sexy. Van takes Taissa's hand in hers, moving it towards her chest, when she gets a look at Taissa's FINGERNAILS. They're caked in dirt. More than usual.

VAN
 Jesus, Tai. Treat me like a lady.

Taissa stares at her own hands.

TAISSA
 I don't know how they got so dirty.

VAN
 You're forgiven, if I get another turn.

Taissa smiles and turns around. But now Van goes in for the kill, tickling Taissa as she tries to swim away. Van LAUGHS LOUDLY, chasing Taissa in the water--

TAISSA
 SHHHH!

VAN
 Seriously? No one can hear us.

TAISSA

You saw how they all were with Travis and Nat. How do you think they'll treat us?

Van throws Taissa an appraising look.

VAN

Taissa Turner. Scared of what people think?

TAISSA

No. Just not interested in the drama.

VAN

They're gonna find out eventually.

TAISSA

Not if we get the hell out of here.
(off Van's skeptical look)
I want to go look for help. Find a way out.

VAN

We are literally surrounded by hundreds of miles of wilderness.

TAISSA

How can you be sure? What if there's like, a town, or an outpost or something, closer than we think? It's not like we're on an island. If we head south long enough...

Van shakes her head--

VAN

You take off into the woods, how the fuck are you gonna survive?

TAISSA

I don't know. But I know what'll happen if we stay. Winter's coming, Van. And none of us are prepared for that.

Off Taissa, her mind already made up...

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

SAMMY sneaks BISCUIT a TATER TOT as a weary, frustrated Taissa tries to make headway on the phone with the bank--

TAISSA

(into phone)

Yes, I understand it's a joint account. But I shouldn't need my wife's signature for a withdrawal of any size... Can't I increase the cap?

SIMONE enters, kissing Sammy on the head as she steals a fry from his plate. Taissa hastily ends her call.

SAMMY

(to Simone)

Hey!

TAISSA

(sarcastic)

Thank you for your help.

Fuming about the Ep. 105 press conference, Simone pours herself a coffee as she frostily ignores Taissa.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Hey, Sammy. Why don't you and Biscuit go play in your room for a little bit while I talk to Mom?

SAMMY

About what?

TAISSA

What have I said about getting into grown folks' business?

Sammy sighs and leads Biscuit out.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Simone, I'm sorry--

SIMONE

We're taking Sammy to a child psychologist. Today. I made the appointment. You need to be there by three.

Despite feeling contrite, Taissa is taken aback.

TAISSA

How could you do that without telling me?

SIMONE

(overlapping)

Are you for real right now? And where the hell were you last night? You promised we were going to have a conversation. This isn't a request, Taissa.

TAISSA

I know you're upset...

SIMONE

Oh, I'm beyond upset. I'm wondering who you are. The woman I saw yesterday is not the one I married. You lied straight to my face!

TAISSA

I didn't lie! When I started that press conference, I was going to drop out. But then, looking at you... Sammy... I remembered why I was doing this. This wasn't just my dream, it was ours. Letting it go felt like... giving up on us.

Simone seems to soften, but then her guard goes up again.

SIMONE

Three o'clock. Our son needs help. If this is really about "us," you'll fucking be there.

Simone walks out. Off Taissa, so tired, and with so much going on right now--

INT. HUNTING CABIN - ATTIC - NIGHT (1996)

Taissa slips in quietly, trying not to wake Shauna.

SHAUNA

Hey.

Taissa is startled, as Shauna rolls over to face her.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Where've you been?

TAISSA

Had to pee. What are you doing up?

SHAUNA

Bad dream.

TAISSA

What was it this time? A cheeseburger-baby?

Shauna gives a grim but affectionate laugh.

SHAUNA

I should never have told you about that.

(then, in quiet anguish)

What am I gonna do, Tai?

Taissa just sits with her, supportive, but lacking answers.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

I heard Katie Lindstrom did it with the underwire of her bra last year.

Taissa finds Shauna's eyes, horrified she'd go there.

TAISSA

Have you-- lost your mind? You'll die.

SHAUNA

I'll probably die either way! I'm in the middle of nowhere and the OB-GYN on call is Misty-fucking- Quigley. At least this way I won't die having my best friend's--

Shauna swallows that last syllable, realizing she was about to share her secret. Taissa stares at her.

TAISSA

What were you about to say?

(a beat)

Shauna.

Shauna takes a deep breath.

SHAUNA

That at least I won't die having... my best friend's boyfriend's baby.

This hits like a silent wrecking ball.

TAISSA

It's *Jeff's*?

Shauna looks away, ashamed by Taissa's genuine shock.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Whoa, okay... I mean. Wow. Yeah. But still, Shauna, it's not worth dying to keep Jackie from finding out.

(off Shauna, clearly unconvicted)

I have a plan, alright? To head south and find help. So just... wait.

(MORE)

TAISSA (CONT'D)
 Please. Promise me you won't do
 anything stupid...

A long beat. Off Shauna as, finally, she nods--

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - JACKIE'S BEDROOM DAY (PRESENT DAY)

We find Shauna, still avoiding the Taylors, as she walks into Jackie's old bedroom. It's as if time stood still.

From the pink striped bedspread, to the soccer medals, to the of gently loved teddy bear and Sassy magazines, nothing is out of place since the last time we saw this room in the pilot.

It's a shrine to Jackie that hasn't been touched in 52 years.

Shauna's phone buzzes. She takes it out, sees a text from Adam: "*I miss you.*" Then another. "*Too much?*" She slips the phone back in her pocket without replying and looks around. She runs her hands over Jackie's things, mentally transported back to 1993. As she picks up one of Jackie's NOTEBOOKS--

YOUNGER JACKIE (O.S.)
 Okay, read it back to me.

REVERSE TO REVEAL YOUNGER JACKIE (13), sitting on her bed facing YOUNGER SHAUNA (13), who has the same notebook adult Shauna is holding on her lap; she's been taking notes in it.

YOUNGER SHAUNA
 Okay. So I'll go, '*You're Jeff, right?*' And then after he nods or whatever I say, '*Your friend Randy told me that you asked him to ask me to ask Jackie if she likes you.*'

Shauna smiles, lost in the memory as Younger Shauna looks up waiting to see how the script played with Younger Jackie. This is very serious business between them.

YOUNGER JACKIE
 Just don't say that I asked you to ask him. I don't want it to sound like I've been pining for him or whatever.

YOUNGER SHAUNA
 What if he says yes?

YOUNGER JACKIE

Just be like, "Okay. Cool."
Definitely don't act like you know I
like him back.

YOUNGER SHAUNA

Wait, do you? Like, like like him?

Teen Jackie smiles coyly, a little bashful all of a sudden.

YOUNGER SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Oh my god, why didn't you tell me?

A PHOTO falls out of the notebook (Adult) Shauna is holding. She bends down to pick it up. It's of Jackie and Jeff, mugging for the camera at some party as a slightly older, teenaged couple.

When Shauna looks up, she sees Younger Jackie alone now, sitting on the bed facing her.

YOUNGER JACKIE

It's not your fault. What happened.

SHAUNA

I know.

YOUNGER JACKIE

Um, what? Actually, you don't know--
also, it was totally your fault.

(then, softening)

But we were just kids. And it was...
awful.

SHAUNA

Why are you here?

YOUNGER JACKIE

Why are you here?

SHAUNA

That's mature...

Shauna jumps when she hears:

JEFF (O.S.)

Where have you been?

She wheels around to find Jeff looking at her curiously.

JEFF

You left me alone down there.

Jeff SIGHS, looks around at Jackie's bedroom, taking in the fossilized life of a girl long gone. He spots the photo of him and Jackie in Shauna's hand. He looks at it for a beat-- his own complicated feelings bubbling to the surface.

SHAUNA

Do you ever wish...

It's awkward between them -- it always is at this time of year, as Jackie's memory bubbles up to both bond them together and pull them apart. The question hangs in the air.

JEFF

Do you want to get out of here? we can leave if you want.

TEEN JACKIE (O.S.)

You know, if you'd just told me, everything might've been different.

Behind Jeff, Shauna sees Younger Jackie sitting at the VANITY, applying a LIPSMACKER in the mirror.

SHAUNA

You know that isn't true.

She was talking to Younger Jackie, but Jeff accepts that answer as well. Younger Jackie turns from the mirror, watching Shauna and Jeff, who clearly can't see her.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

(to Jeff)

We just have to make it through dessert.

Then Shauna crosses toward the door, heading back-- resigned to her sentence. Jeff looks back over his shoulder toward the vanity. There's nothing there but his expression leads us to believe he can almost sense something. Then, as he follows Shauna back downstairs...

HARD CUT TO:

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

BACK AT THE TABLE where Mrs. Taylor holds a glass up for a toast.

MRS. TAYLOR

To Jackie-- whose light shone too bright to ever be extinguished from our memories. Happy Birthday, Baby.

MR. TAYLOR
Happy Birthday.

JEFF
Cheers.

SHAUNA
To Jackie.

As they sip down their mimosas, Mrs. Taylor looks at Shauna and Jeff-- memories of the three of them come flooding back.

MRS. TAYLOR
We're reading Elena Ferrante in my book club, and it reminds me so much of you girls. It can't always have been easy for you, Shauna. Jackie was just so... gifted. I can't imagine how exhausting it must've been, always comparing yourself to someone so beautiful and smart--

JEFF
Shauna got into Brown.

Jeff even seems surprised by what he just said. But now that the seal is broken:

JEFF (CONT'D)
She's the smartest person I've ever met.
(then; to Shauna)
Are you a genius? Like literally? You ever take one of those tests?

Shauna freezes, as Jeff gains steam.

JEFF (CONT'D)
We started sleeping together when Jackie and I were still a couple, you know.

Jeff isn't sure what point he's making. But he's gonna make it goddamn it.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Which is, obviously, a shitty thing to do, you know, cheating... But, there it is. Because the truth is, Jackie was amazing. But so was my damn wife--in fact, she still is. I might have been an idiot back then, but at least I was smart enough to see that.

They all sit in that for a beat. Finally:

JEFF (CONT'D)

You really do make the best tuna
quiche I've ever had, Mrs. Taylor.

Shauna tries to hold back her smile as she digs back in along with Jeff. Off this strange partnership and the stunned Taylors--

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - VIEWING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Behind a big ONE-WAY WINDOW, we watch Sammy in a PLAY ROOM, having fun with LEGOS. We're in TAISSA'S POV, and as we WIDEN OUT, we find her standing with Simone and DR. SANDLOW, 50s, who is talking to them about Sammy. But Taissa is having trouble focusing. The doctor's VOICE plays like an UNINTELLIGIBLE DRONE in her ears until she catches the last few sentences.

DR. SANDLOW

... Which suggests any number of things. Psychogenic fugue. Dissociated amnesia. It'll take more sessions to get a firm grasp on what's going on.

Taissa gets a TEXT and can't help glancing at her phone. Simone and Dr. Sandlow give her the eye. *Has she even been paying attention?* Off this awkward moment, HARD CUT TO:

INT. TAISSA'S CAR (MOVING) / EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Taissa drives, Simone shotgun. Sammy is in the back with EAR-BUDS IN, watching a movie on an iPad. Simone stews. Taissa, eyes forward, looks like she's barely seeing the road...

SIMONE

(re: her driving)
How 'bout slowing down? There's a school zone up ahead.

TAISSA

I'm familiar with the area, Monni.

Simone's jaw visibly tenses. She throws a look in back to make sure Sammy is deep in his movie, then, low and sharp--

SIMONE

Any thoughts at all on what Dr. Sandlow had to say? Or were you too busy checking your inbox?

TAISSA

Wow, you really aren't going to stop being mad at me.

SIMONE

Give me a reason to. We just learned our son doesn't remember doing any of the things we've accused him of. *He thinks he's telling the truth.*

TAISSA

(shrugs)
According to the shrink.

SIMONE

What, you don't believe her?

TAISSA

I'm saying our son's no idiot-- and shrinks make their living off of problems that *don't* get solved.

SIMONE

You know, for someone who went through a little shit of her own, it never ceases to amaze me how shut off you are to help.

TAISSA

I'm just pragmatic. "Psychogenic this, dissipated that." Beyond all the jargon, did she actually have any fixes?

If Sammy weren't in the back, Simone would really let loose.

SIMONE

Now I *know* you weren't listening. She said that his behavior stems from *overwhelming stress*. And that his memories may resurface when he feels safer in his surroundings--

TAISSA

Oh, for fuck's sake--

SIMONE

She chose the word, not me. And you were standing right there! If you had something to say about it, you should've opened up your mouth.

Taissa drives in silence, as a wave of emotion hits Simone.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Sammy is... not okay, Tai. I don't know why, or how, but we're his moms and we have to do better. Why do you keep acting like this isn't serious?

Simone stares out the window, holding back tears. A beat, as Taissa softens. When suddenly-- OUT THE WINDSHIELD-- we see the car barreling straight for a CYCLIST in the CROSSWALK--

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Jesus-- watch out!

Taissa SLAMS THE BRAKES and SCREECHES to a stop. The Cyclist gives them the FINGER. Jostled, Sammy looks up, but Simone flashes him an "it's okay" smile, then shoots Taissa an exasperated look. Before Taissa starts to drive again, as they both catch their breath from the near miss--

INT. HUNTING CABIN - DAY (1996)

Travis enters the cabin, grabbing more bullets for the rifle. BEN SCOTT hobbles over with a strange sort of energy.

BEN SCOTT

Hey, grab a seat for a sec? I've been... wanting to talk to you.

Travis glances around, almost as if for witnesses.

TRAVIS

O-kay.

He pulls up a chair and Ben nervously CLEARS HIS THROAT.

BEN SCOTT

(awkward)

Look, uh... girls like to talk, right? So, I've heard a few things.

ON TRAVIS, getting a sense of what he's in for. Not at all psyched about it, he decides not to make it easy for Ben.

TRAVIS

Yeah? Like what?

BEN SCOTT

Look, whatever's up with you and Natalie is your business. Okay? But where it could become our business is if... if... you...

The silence is getting unbearable. Finally--

BEN SCOTT (CONT'D)

Look, the last fucking thing we need out here is a baby to take care of-- let alone the risks to Natalie...

Travis gets up from his chair, so wanting this to be over.

TRAVIS

(lying)
I got it covered, Coach.

BEN SCOTT

Do you? I mean, literally?
(Travis stops)
'Cause the pull-out method sucks, Travis. Only a 78% chance of success. If 22% of your players couldn't make it onto the field, would you want to play that game?

Travis goes BRIGHT RED.

TRAVIS

I'll make sure that I... I mean...

And now Ben turns RED too as he pulls a sizable handful of CONDOMS out of his WARM-UP HOODIE'S pocket. Travis looks down at the condoms.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

(can't help himself)
Weren't we only gonna be in Seattle for, like, a week? Who were you--

BEN SCOTT

That's really not your business--

TRAVIS

You kind of just made it my--

BEN SCOTT

Jesus Christ, just take 'em. Alright? And make sure to use them.

Travis takes the condoms and stuffs them awkwardly into his pocket, secretly happy to have them. Ben gives Travis a manly nod, indicating this fuck-show of a convo is over. Grabbing the gun and bullets, Travis goes outside. OFF BEN, *fuck me--*

OMITTED

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

Taissa leans back in her desk chair looking glassily out the window. PAPERS are strewn everywhere, which she has no energy to look at. Her eyelids are heavy. If only she could sleep...

A QUICK KNOCK on the door makes Taissa sit up and pretend to be working. Simone enters, looking hassled.

SIMONE

In case today hasn't been shitty enough, the bank just called. Someone pretending to be you tried to take fifty thousand dollars out of our account.

Taissa hides her guilt like a pro.

TAISSA

Fuck. Are you serious?

Yep. Even knew our password.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Well we've gotta... I mean, change it and freeze the account.

SIMONE

That's what the Fraud Department said. I gave my authorization, but you have to call and do it, too.

TAISSA

Right, sure.

Simone eyes all the work on Taissa's desk, knowing how distracted Taissa can get. And still mad from before.

SIMONE

Please make it a priority.

TAISSA

I will.

SIMONE

(clipped)
Thanks.

Simone looks at her for a beat, like she's considering saying more. Or really, like she's hoping Taissa will. But getting nothing, she walks out, quietly shutting the door behind her.

Taissa goes still for a moment. Then she grabs her cell and dials a number. It only RINGS ONCE before Natalie picks up--

NATALIE (O.S.)
Hey. You get the money?

INT. NATALIE'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY) - INTERCUT

Natalie cleans her rifle as she sits on the edge of her bed.

TAISSA
I can't.

NATALIE
"You can't?" You're supposed to be the rich one.

TAISSA
I'm going through some shit with my family right now. My wife and I aren't really in a place where I can ask her to co-sign a withdrawal of fifty grand.

A beat of silence. Natalie nods, hearing the undercurrent of pain in Taissa's voice.

NATALIE
Alright. I'll get it.

Taissa gives a scoff.

TAISSA
How, by selling your soul?

NATALIE
Just be ready when this fucker texts again. Okay?

Natalie hangs up. She stares off for a long moment. CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Natalie on a mission as she heads towards her car. She stops short when she runs into KEVYN. A beat, then--

NATALIE
What are you doing here?

He holds up a white paper bag from a local restaurant.

KEVYN

Thought you might be hungry.

NATALIE

I've got some... stuff to do.

Natalie looks toward her Porsche, ready to get in it.

KEVYN

I've got time.

Off Natalie, realizing she could use the companionship-- and actually, some help--

EXT. CAR LOT / INT. KEVYN'S CAR (STOPPED) - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

THROUGH A LONG LENS, we watch Natalie with a CAR SALESMAN standing near her Porsche. They conclude what appears to be a transaction with a firm handshake. Then, with one last look at her car, she bravely walks away from it, towards Kevyn's waiting SUV. She gets in.

KEVYN

When you said errands, I was thinking more like the dry cleaners. Why'd you sell it?

NATALIE

I'm not the same person I was when I bought it.

(suggestive)

So now what?

KEVYN

Actually, my ex just called. There's something. I've gotta do. I can drop you off, unless... you want to return the favor?

Natalie thinks for a beat. As far as the Blackmailer is concerned, there's not much to do right now but wait...

INT. HUNTING CABIN - NIGHT (1996)

It's DARK. All the Yellowjackets are sound asleep... except for one. Lottie is awakened by a RUSTLING outside. She grabs a LANTERN and creeps out into the night.

EXT. HUNTING CABING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

It's eerie as Lottie makes her way to the edge of the woods. Hearing the sound again, she swings her lantern around-- casting light on the NIGHTMARISH DEER she saw before. It's staring at her again, antlers still BLOODY and SHEDDING.

The deer takes off into the woods and-- acting on impulse-- Lottie chases it, determined to figure out if this thing is real, or if she is losing her mind.

The deer runs into a stand of trees and is gone. ON LOTTIE, trembling... was it really there? Upset, and very spooked, Lottie starts to head back when she hears the rustling again.

She freezes. HEART POUNDING, Lottie slowly moves her light in the direction of the sound...

But this time, instead of the deer, she finds Taissa, on all fours, shoving dirt into her mouth. Taissa looks up, eyes freakishly unseeing in the glow of the lantern.

This is all too much for Lottie. Confused, and unsure if she's unraveling, Lottie turns and runs back to the cabin.

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

At the end of her shift, Misty swings her LARGE TOTE onto her shoulder, clutching it protectively as she cheerily waves goodbye to a passing NURSE.

MISTY

See you tomorrow, Val! I'm bringing cronuts!

Val looks totally uninterested in Misty or her cronuts. We follow Misty out to--

EXT. NURSING HOME - CONTINUOUS

Misty heads to her car and POPS THE TRUNK. She drops her tote inside, and now we see what Misty has been hoarding-- her bag is full to the brim with syringes, drug vials, alcohol wipes, and numerous bottles of pills.

With a satisfied expression, and a look of disturbing anticipation, Misty SHUTS HER TRUNK.

INT. JEFF'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Jeff and Shauna are silent on the ride home from the Taylors' house, that damn ceramic bunny sitting awkwardly in Shauna's lap. The silence is complex-- a tapestry of emotions, and of things left unsaid. But something has to be said, eventually...

JEFF

I don't wish I'd married Jackie.

(then)

I mean, it's not like I've never thought about it. But we've made a life together, Shauna And, sure, it's not perfect, or anything like either of us thought it'd be...

SHAUNA

(playfully sarcastic)

You think?

JEFF

But I have no regrets. I want you to know that. And yeah, how we started was... not our finest moment, but we were kids.

SHAUNA

That doesn't make it right.

They both know that's true.

JEFF

C'mon. Jackie was gonna breakup with me anyway.

Shauna gives him a look. She didn't know he knew that.

JEFF (CONT'D)

It's not like we were in love; I was just the high school boyfriend, and that's all I was ever gonna be. And you and I, we're still together. That's gotta count for something.

(then)

I love you, Shauna.

Shauna tentatively, almost like it's the first time, grabs Jeff's hand. He squeezes. Decades worth of reconciliation in that single gesture...

Then we hear Jeff's phone PING with an incoming TEXT. There's a fumbling, rushed quality as he digs in his pocket.

Watching him, suspicious, as despite the fact that he's driving, Jeff tries to check who it's from.

SHAUNA
Can't you just check it later?

JEFF
It could be work...

She gives him a hard look. He sighs and puts the phone back in his pocket, when--

We hear the sound of an another TEXT ALERT. But this time it's Shauna's phone. Shauna's cell goes off again. Jeff looks at her like, *you gonna check that?* But she can't, at this point out of sheer stubbornness. As they fall back into their complicated silence, watching the road ahead...

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

KIDS SCREAM and chase the ball, as we FIND Natalie and Kevyn sitting in the bleachers watching Kevyn's son's soccer game. The score is tied, and a WHISTLE-BLOW indicates a time-out.

MASON
Dad!

Kevyn's son MASON (12, shy but energetic) runs over.

KEVYN
Looking good out there, Mase.

MASON
Where's mom?

KEVYN
Got stuck at work. So now you are stuck with me.

Mason smiles, okay with that-- these two have a good relationship. Mason eyes Natalie.

KEVYN (CONT'D)
This is my friend, Natalie. I've known her since I was your age.

MASON
Hi.

NATALIE
Hey.

An awkward beat of silence as Natalie struggles for what to say, clearly not a natural with kids.

KEVYN

You know, when we were in high school, Natalie was on the team that won the State championship.

MASON

Whoa! You won States?

NATALIE

Long time ago.

MASON

Did you go to Nationals?!

This time the silence is weighted. Kevyn shuts his eyes. *Shit.* He didn't mean for the conversation to go there.

NATALIE

Never made it.

MASON

Why? Did you get hurt?

KEVYN

Mase, you better get back out there. Timeout's about to end.

Mason nods and starts off, but Natalie stops him--

NATALIE

Hey. The opposing team's sweeper is weak on his right. Run directly at him, feint left, then when he turns his hips, cut hard the other way.

MASON

Cool. Okay, yeah.

Mason runs back to the field. Kevyn finds Natalie's eyes-- sorry-- but her look tells him, it's alright.

As the game resumes, Natalie actually seems to let go for a minute, allowing herself to enjoy it. Kevyn smiles seeing her lips move slightly as she roots for Mason under her breath.

NATALIE

(sotto)

Yes. That's it... watch the winger.

THEN, as she watches the kids, the present day sounds fade and are replaced by the VOICES OF HER TEAMMATES, calling out to each other on the field: young, carefree, full of promise... and then those SHOUTS become the TERRIFIED SCREAMS from the crash that ended the lives they all knew. Natalie's eyes darken with the disturbing memory--

The REFEREE'S WHISTLE snaps her, rattled, back from the past. To Kevyn's dismay, she abruptly gets up and walks away.

INT. HUNTING CABIN - DAY (1996)

We find Laura Lee sweeping. There is something determined about her devotion to neatness. She is making a small pile of dirt and dust when suddenly Lottie appears in the doorway, startling her.

LAURA LEE

Cheese and rice, you scared me.

LOTTIE

Sorry.

Lottie looks at Laura Lee. Laura Lee looks back. It's awkward as Lottie stands there without saying a word.

LAURA LEE

Did you... need something?

She doesn't really know how to phrase it...

LOTTIE

I guess I wanted to ask you something. It's kind of about God, I think.

Laura Lee nods and waits with an expression of infinite patience and understanding.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)

In the Bible, people had visions and stuff, right? Like prophets or whatever...

LAURA LEE

I was taught that visions were God's way of communicating. They could be a warning or a revelation.

LOTTIE

But, how did they know they weren't just crazy?

Laura Lee takes that in. She thinks about it before answering. The stakes couldn't be higher and she knows it.

LAURA LEE

I think, because God also gave them faith. It's *the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things unseen*. They knew it, because they believed it.

Lottie nods but Laura Lee sees that she is still troubled.

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)

Jesus wants us to do right in the world. Like he wants to help us to do it. If you accept him into your heart, he'll help you discern the true from the false.

LOTTIE

But how do I accept him into my heart?

Laura Lee frowns. That's a good question. But then:

LAURA LEE

I have an idea...

Off Lottie, grabbing the lifeline, desperate for answers--

INT. HUNTING CABIN - ATTIC - DAY (1996)

Taissa is hanging up the towel she uses to bathe with when she notices the DUST VOID next to her DUFFEL BAG. Meaning, something is missing. It's Shauna's backpack.

Then she sees one of Shauna's bras carelessly thrown near her sleeping area... Antennae up, Taissa retrieves the bra and finds the UNDERWIRES have been cut out. *Shit*. Taissa rushes down the ladder--

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER (1996)

Taissa BANGS OUT the cabin door and runs into Lottie walking in the direction of the lake.

TAISSA

Lot, have you seen Shauna?

Lottie oddly looks at her, like she's getting up her courage.

TAISSA (CONT'D)
Lottie, have you?

LOTTIE
 I think I saw her go that way.

Taissa starts off in the direction Lottie pointed, but Lottie suddenly grabs her, emboldened by her talk with Laura Lee.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)
 Wait! Were you outside last night eating dirt?

TAISSA
 What the actual fuck? No.

LOTTIE
 But---

TAISSA
 I can't do crazy right now, Lot.

Taissa twists away from Lottie and takes off into the woods.

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

Shauna, alone, spreads a towel across the ground. From her backpack beside her, Shauna pulls out items and methodically lays them on the towel-- unused PERIOD RAGS, a LIGHTER, a bottle containing the last of the SEA BREEZE TONER, and the STRAIGHTENED, JOINED-TOGETHER UNDERWIRES from her bra. A wilderness DIY abortion kit.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. LAKE - WILDERNESS - SAME TIME

Lottie and Laura Lee stand by the bank of the lake. The answer to Lottie's question-- *How do I accept Christ?*-- is in the midst of being answered as Laura Lee preps Lottie for baptism. Laura Lee slips a WHITE, OVERSIZED NIGHTGOWN onto Lottie-- the closest they have to holy robes.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WILDERNESS - SAME TIME

Taissa tearing through the wilderness, passing Van, Jackie, and some other Yellowjackets out scavenging.

VAN

Tai! Where are you going?!

Ignoring her and the others, Taissa just KEEPS RUNNING.

WITH SHAUNA: Everything in place now, getting up her nerve--

TO LOTTIE AND LAURA LEE: Bizarrely, but to give the moment reverence, Laura Lee slips on a singed PILOT'S HAT.

WITH TAISSA: Her face getting SLAPPED by BRANCHES and BRUSH-

TO SHAUNA: As she FLICKS the lighter and holds the FLAME to the underwire, sterilizing it. She swallows hard.

WITH LOTTIE AND LAURA LEE: Laura Lee leads Lottie to the water.

TO TAISSA: Sprinting at top speed.

TAISSA

Shauna!

WITH SHAUNA: Shaking with anxiety, as she lies back, legs spread, underwire poised between her legs, when--

Taissa CRASHES through the trees and sees Shauna in the dirt as we END THE INTERCUT.

Taking in the scene, Taissa gets down on the ground near Shauna, subverting our expectations--

TAISSA (CONT'D)

You're not doing this alone. I'll help you. If you let me.

Grateful, Shauna nods, passing the underwire to Taissa. They look at each other as Taissa kneels between Shauna's legs. Shauna nods to Taissa-- *she's ready*.

Looking ill, hand shaking, Taissa moves the underwire towards Shauna. Closer. Closer.

Finally, Taissa reaches her hand inside Shauna's body.

They've been sharing an attic for weeks, but this is the closest they've ever been-- and the most intimate thing they've ever experienced.

Shauna jerks, stunned by the contact. Taissa stops, checking on her. They're both BREATHING HARD, more than a little scared.

SHAUNA

Keep going.

Taissa hesitates, then pushes slowly towards Shauna's cervix.

Shauna grows more and more uncomfortable, letting out a moan of discomfort. Then ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. Until the pain is too much to endure.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

STOP!

Taissa lets out the breath she'd been holding and carefully removes underwire. Then drops it like it bit her.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

I can't do it. I can't do it, Tai.
I-- I don't want to die out here.
Fuck.

Shauna's CRYING, and Taissa is there, holding her. Tears fall from Taissa's eyes, too. Thank fucking God.

EXT. LAKE - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

Laura Lee stands with Lottie in the lake, up to their waists. Laura Lee takes Lottie's hands and lowering her head:

LAURA LEE

Dear heavenly Father, please accept Lottie into your loving embrace, so that she may recognize your Holy Spirit, be cleansed of her sins and let into the Kingdom of Heaven. In your name we pray, Amen.

LOTTIE

Amen.

LAURA LEE

Let your faith in Him be your guiding light.

Laura Lee then tilts Lottie backwards into the lake until her face is submerged, hair billowing out around her...

UNDERWATER

We see things have taken a surreal turn as Lottie sinks deeper and deeper into the inky blackness of a liquid void...

Laura Lee is gone. Everything is gone. Except Lottie and the darkness that expands in all directions. Lottie continues to sink lower and lower until-- in the distant void, the figure of a DEER emerges, as if it's being born out of pure nothing.

Lottie looks into the abyss at the most perfect, radiant deer imaginable, its antlers sleek and shimmering. As the deer turns away, and Lotties moves to follow it--

INT. DARK CORRIDOR - NIGHT - VISION (1996)

-- she finds herself in a long, dark corridor. Walls like living shadows that seem to thrum as the deer, up ahead, leads her toward a faint, flickering light.

This is the bowel of Lottie's psyche. A place we haven't dared go before.

The deer rounds an invisible corner and is gone. As Lottie's footsteps echo, her face is oddly neutral. Finally, she come to the end of the corridor and enters--

A PRAYER ROOM

Small and dark, the only thing that distinguishes it from the corridor is the shape, and the white votive candles the line a stand in the center of the space. They are the source of the flickering light.

Lottie stares at the candles, unsure what to do. Until she spots a book of matches. She picks it up, ready to light a candle of her own.

A match is struck. As she puts the flame to a wick, she closes her eyes... The flame grows... and GROWS, becoming more intense,,, the votives now black... until--

MATCH CUT BACK
TO:

EXT. LAKE - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

-- THE FLAME from the prayer room has followed Lottie back here. It's now a powerful ball of fire blotting out the sky, causing a strange HALO to form around Laura Lee.

Lottie's eyes snap open and she SCREAMS at the sight of the ball of fire bearing down on them like a meteor-- water rushes into her mouth...

Laura Lee quickly pulls her back up. Lottie coughs up water, sputtering.

LAURA LEE

What is it? What happened?

LOTTIE

(scared)

I saw-- fire-- light.

LAURA LEE

That's the Holy Spirit! You've been touched!

Laura Lee hugs Lottie, intensely glad to have saved a soul. Off Lottie's radiant smile-- feeling like she finally has clarity...

EXT. SOCCER FIELD PARKING LOT - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

CLOSE ON A GLOWING CIGARETTE, as we REVEAL Natalie leaning on Kevyn's SUV, trying to settle down. People stream into the lot. The game is over. Kevyn comes over to be with her.

KEVYN

They won. That move you gave Mason clinched it.

Natalie gives a dark laugh.

NATALIE

That's funny. It never worked for me.

(then)

Where is he?

KEVYN

Off with a friend, for pizza.

NATALIE

Keep him away from the crazy lady, huh?

KEVYN

I don't think you're crazy. Just that you've been through a lot. And that's... okay with me.

Kevyn takes her hand, lacing his fingers with hers. Surprisingly, Natalie lets him. Off the two of them--

INT. CRASHED PLANE - DAY (1996)

Back in their macabre love nest, Natalie and Travis make out on the floor of the plane. Both their shirts abandoned nearby, Natalie still in her bra. His hands dip beneath the waistband of her shorts, like she showed him earlier. He's deep in concentration, hoping he's doing it right, and that Natalie is on the verge of a mind-blowing--

Travis stops abruptly when Natalie starts LAUGHING.

NATALIE

I'm sorry, I'm sorry: It's just... your face was so serious.

Face hot, Travis gets up and one of the condoms Ben Scott gave him falls out of his pocket. Embarrassed, he shoves it back in his pocket, hoping she didn't see. Too late--

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. I mean... do you want to...?

Travis blushes furiously.

TRAVIS

No. I mean, yeah, but. I didn't mean to--

Natalie gets close, sensing his awkwardness, not wanting to let him pull away. She kisses him. Then, softly--

NATALIE

It's okay.

He sucks in a shaky breath, a little overwhelmed. His insecurity at war with his desire. Finally, the insecurity gets the best of him. His expression going dark--

TRAVIS

I dunno. What number would I be?

NATALIE

What?

TRAVIS

How many guys have you been with?

NATALIE

(pulling back)

Are you serious right now?

TRAVIS

I just want to know if--

NATALIE

If what? If I'm a slut?

(laughs, sardonic)

Un-fucking-believable. Jason Russo screwed half the girls on the volleyball team. What does that make him?

TRAVIS

He's a dude. And he's never had his hand on my--

NATALIE

(on fire)

No. Nuh-uh, no way, you do NOT get to judge me, dude. The fifties called, they want your dumbass attitude back. Welcome to nineteen-ninety-six, our vaginas have, like, monologues now. And newsflash, girls like to do stuff, too. You don't have a monopoly on that shit. Like, why is it your job to want to do it and my job to say no? Why do you get all the wants and needs? Who made that stupid fucking rule, anyway?

TRAVIS

(a little stunned)

Okay! Jesus. I'm sorry.

She sits back. Sees the regret on his face for going there in the first place. Natalie takes a deep breath.

NATALIE

You gonna tell me how many girls you've been with?

Travis looks down again, unable to meet her eye. A beat.

TRAVIS

No.

NATALIE
 (feeling righteous)
 Seriously? Why the fuck not?

Travis hesitates for a beat as he turns BEET-RED.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
 Well?

TRAVIS
 Because it's none, okay?!
 (sotto)
 I've never... done it before.

NATALIE
 (softening)
 Ohhh.
 (then)
 Well, if it makes you feel any better
 I've only been with two guys,
 alright? Levi Houser sophomore year,
 and this guy I met at a show last
 summer. I was kind of fucked up, and
 he was older, and it... it wasn't
 great. So now you know. Okay?

She scooches next to him. Sitting close, but both looking forward...

NATALIE (CONT'D)
 No matter what Jackie says, this
 means something to me, Travis. Like,
 really means something. Especially
 with you.

Travis smile, and turns to kiss her. She kisses him back, starts to make her way down his chest. His breath hitches in his throat, when--

TRAVIS
 Natalie...
 (then, more insistent)
 Nat, stop. Look.

She looks up, confused, to find his eyes locked on something outside the fuselage of the plane. Then she hears it, too, the rustling of some animal in the brush...

Food? Could it be?

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 Grab the gun.

As Natalie quietly picks up the rifle, ready to hunt...

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

WALL ART, FRESH BEDDING, and of course those DECORATIVE BALLS adorn a small, CONCRETE ROOM with a single, frilly bed.

Welcome to Misty's bunker!

Misty crushes pills, mixing a homemade concoction as she watches Natalie and Kevyn enter NATALIE'S MOTEL ROOM from the VIDEO FEED on her TABLET.

Misty pulls out her phone and dials a number. It RINGS a couple of times, and then JESSICA ROBERTS picks up.

JESSICA (O.S.)
Misty Quigley. You call at last.

MISTY
(on phone)
You know your plan isn't working.

JESSICA (O.S.)
My plan? That's rich.

MISTY
(on phone)
I can help. Meet me tonight, at
Kolmar and Main. I'll be waiting in
a--

JESSICA (O.S.)
Hospital green Fiat, yeah, I'm
familiar--

Misty hangs up. As she starts filling syringes with some kind of liquid, she glances at the VIDEO FEED. Natalie and Kevyn are kicked back drinking amber whiskey. Off Misty--

INT. SADECKI HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna sits in the dark LIVING ROOM, looking at several unanswered texts from Adam: *What are you wearing? / Call me / For the record, I do not miss you at all.* And the piece de resistance: a picture of a pile of clothes with a message that says, *Can you guess what I'm wearing?*

JEFF (O.S.)
Looks like I am gonna have to go into
the store tonight.

She looks over her shoulder to find Jeff standing in the bright kitchen, his face cast in shadow.

SHAUNA

Inventory database still giving you trouble?

JEFF

What? Oh, yeah. And with the quarterly taxes coming due, you know...

SHAUNA

Yeah... You want me to go with you? I could help.

JEFF

Oh, nah. It's pretty boring. Why don't you get a jump on your... book club.

It's hard to get a read on his tome with his face obscured by shadow. Was that pointed? Does he know about Adam?

SHAUNA

Guess I'll just see where the night takes me.

Jeff nods and as he crosses toward the door, Shauna responds to Adam. *Lie on the floor face down and wait for me. Maybe I'll be there in 45 minutes. Maybe I won't.* And then it's sent. She lowers her phone and sits in the dark stillness for a moment...

EXT. STREET / INT. MISTY'S CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A LAMPPOST BULB FLICKERS, illuminating the darkness of an EMPTY STREET. MISTY is in shadow at the wheel of her Fiat.

Abruptly-- Jessica slips into the seat beside Misty. Misty gives her a smile. As we wonder if these two know each other a lot better than we've been led to believe--

JESSICA

So, what made you finally want to--

Misty stabs Jessica in the thigh with a syringe. It twangs there for a beat, and as Jessica looks down at it too shocked to say anything for a moment--

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

ON JESSICA, her hands and feet ZIP-TIED to the frilly bed. DUCT TAPE over her mouth. Yep, she's in Misty's bunker, but at least the decor is... classy but fun.

Jessica struggles against her bonds as Misty watches her from the doorway, eerily silhouetted by BACKLIGHT from the kitchen behind her.

MISTY

Goodnight. Sleep tight. Don't let the fact that you're a terrible person keep you up tonight.

Misty shuts the door, locking Jessica in the PITCH DARK.

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - CLEARING - DUSK (1996)

Our Yellowjackets perform their evening tasks as Shauna emerges from the woods with Taissa.

Her tears dried, but there's an obvious closeness in the they glance at each other as they approach camp. Jackie CLOCKS it, frowning-- when--

Van spots Natalie and Travis returning with A MASSIVE DEER CARCASS! Everyone CHEERS.

VAN

Meat! Fuck yeah!

LAURA LEE

Oh, thank you, Lord.

Only Lottie isn't celebrating. As Natalie and Travis lay the deer down on the dressing table, we understand why.

Apart from the perfect deer that she saw during her baptism, this is the same fucked up deer Lottie's been seeing in her "visions." This confirms the deer is real, but something about it still very wrong as-- the other girls notice the BLOODY, SHEDDING ANTLERS and a couple GAG at the sight--

VAN

Whoa. That thing is gnarly.

AKILAH

It's like--Freddy Krueger and Bambi had a baby.

JAVI

I'm not eating that.

BEN SCOTT

Guys, deer shed their antlers
seasonally. This is all normal.

(to Shauna)

You want to do the honors?

As they all gather round, Shauna takes out her KNIFE and cuts into the deer -- everyone eager to get it slaughtered and cooked-- but as she slices into its belly, we see it is infested with PARASITIC WORMS. Completely inedible.

A CHORUS OF DISGUST rises as Lottie moves closer. Laura Lee comes to Lottie's side. While everyone else backs away, revolted, they share a whispered, private exchange--

LOTTIE

I'm not crazy...

LAURA LEE

No. You have a gift.

JACKIE

That normal too, Coach?

Ben looks almost as grossed-out as the girls.

TAISSA

(at her wit's end)

We can't do this anymore, you guys!
What happens when winter gets here?
We starve to death? Freeze?

Taissa looks around at the troubled faces of her teammates. All except for Lottie, who continues staring at the deer.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

We can't count on getting rescued
anymore-- we all know that is not
gonna happen. We have to save us.
That's why I'm gonna go find help.

The girls react-- some shocked, some on board, others shaking their heads in disbelief.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

I'm leaving in the morning. Come with
me if you want to get out of this
fucking hell-hole.

Taissa stalks back towards the cabin, leaving her teammates MURMURING anxiously in her wake...

INT. NATALIE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Natalie sleeps next to Kevyn, until the buzz of her phone wakes her up. It's a text from the blackmailer: Tonight, 2 am. *Drop the 50k in the donation box at the corner of Grand and DeWalt. Off Natalie, this motherfucker--*

EXT. TAISSA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

ON TAISSA, EYES GLAZED, as we find her on all fours beneath the craggy tree in her inner courtyard. Her hands, clothes, and face are COVERED IN DIRT, reminiscent of Lottie seeing her eating dirt in the wilderness.

Taissa seems to be in a kind of fugue state, when her CELL BUZZES on the ground beside her. The sound brings her into the moment-- and Taissa JOLTS AWAKE. Utterly freaked out, she tries to get her bearings... *What. The. Fuck.*

She looks at her HANDS, soil caked under he fingernails, and sees that one of them is DRIPPING WITH BLOOD from... what is that... A BITE WOUND? There are punctures as if from teeth...

Taissa reaches out, trembling, and picks up her ILLUMINATED PHONE. ON IT-- a text from Natalie: *It's go time.*

Off Taissa, confused, alarmed, and in no universe even remotely ready to "go," we--

CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE.