

YELLOWJACKETS

Episode 108
"FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLEBEE"

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YELLOW REVISIONS 08/23/21
FULL PINK 08/15/21

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EXT. CAMP POOL - DAY (1992)

TIGHT ON a YOUNG GIRL'S FEET at the edge of a pool. Yellow DAISIES are painted on her toenails. The clear water below shimmers under the hot summer sun --

REVEAL: a pasty LAURA LEE (13) in a one-piece swimsuit. She's taking in the shimmering pool, the horde of MIDDLE SCHOOL-AGED splashing around with floaties and pool noodles.

Overhead, a hand-painted BUNTING BANNER spells out:

M A R Y M A G D A L E N E S U M M E R C A M P

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY (1992)

All noise is MUFFLED down here. Dozens of legs kick above us. The surface of the water BREAKS as Laura Lee dives HEADFIRST into the water. It's too shallow -- her head COLLIDES with the concrete bottom with a sudden, excruciating impact.

Laura Lee's body goes limp, suspended like a jellyfish at sea, as BLOOD blossoms in the water around her.

LAURA LEE'S POV: We're losing consciousness. One second passes. Two. Three. As our vision goes BLACK --

EXT. CAMP POOL - DAY (1992)

The dark film over our eyes gives way to BLURRED LIGHT. A golden CROSS NECKLACE sways into view, dangling right above us. It glints in the sun, the rest of the sky blocked out by a dripping MUSCULAR CHEST --

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Laura Lee lies supine, a hunky BIBLE INSTRUCTOR (early 20s) attempting another bout of lifesaving mouth-to-mouth. GIRLS look on in stunned silence...

Until Laura Lee SPITS UP WATER, gasping. ALIVE. She opens her eyes and struggles to speak. Finally --

LAURA LEE
You saved me.

BIBLE INSTRUCTOR
No, Laura Lee. I didn't save you. He did.

The instructor kisses his cross necklace, as if in thanks. Laura Lee's devotion swells as she passionately gazes at that DANGLING CROSS...

EXT. SWIMMING HOLE - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

LAURA LEE floats peacefully on her back in the moonlight. Face serene, finding grace in the worst of circumstances. She takes in the beauty all around her: the silhouetted trees looming above, the innumerable stars, the rift of the MILKY WAY in the dark night sky...

She spots a HORNED OWL looking at her from above. For a moment they watch each other. And over this strangely tranquil scene, we hear -- a HEART-RENDING SCREAM -- and we SMASH TO:

EXT. DISTANT WILDERNESS - BASECAMP - NIGHT (1996)

The gruesome aftermath of 107's WOLF ATTACK. TAISSA cradles VAN's head -- the skin on Van's cheek flayed open, exposing teeth and sinewy muscle; a series of deep PUNCTURES collects blood beneath her eye.

AKILAH

Taissa. What if they come back?

The other girls hover nearby, horror-struck. Taissa ignores her, continuing to rock silently with grief. MISTY, MARI and AKILAH exchange a look. Hesitantly --

MARI

We could try to dig a grave...

Taissa brings her lips next to Van's mouth, hoping to feel breath. It dawns on her that Van's actually gone.

MISTY

With what? I hate to say it, but they'd probably just dig her back up, anyway. If nothing else, she might keep the wolves from coming after us...

This snaps Taissa out of her paralysis.

TAISSA

We can't just leave her as some kind of bait.

Misty softens. Her face tells us she hates the idea, but they don't have many options...

MISTY

I'm sorry. But we can't carry her. And we can't stay here.

We understand that Taissa realizes the truth in that. Still... for the first time, the group's defacto leader had *no fucking clue* what to do. A beat. Finally --

TAISSA

Fine. But first we make sure that nothing else touches her...

Off Taissa's determination, fueled by grief and guilt --

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. DISTANT WILDERNESS - BASECAMP - NIGHT (1996)

A LIT TORCH (t-shirts around a branch). We follow the FLAME until it's touched to a pile of dried trigs and branches... then moves to another part of the pile... IGNITING that too.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- a makeshift FUNERAL PYRE built beneath Van's prone form. The girls watch solemnly as the flames grow and start to spread toward Van, tendrils of smoke rising, and we realize: their plan is to *burn Van's* body. As Taissa shakes with silent sobs, we tilt up past her face to the black sky above her, and suddenly --

WE'RE IN A DARKENED POV. There's a faint WHOOSH of a BEATING HEART. The CRACKLE of fire. A THIN CRIMSON LINE spreads horizontally across the black as our eyes struggle open --

-- To a strange new world with corrupted colors -- trees a pale violet, a prismatic sky. This NEGATIVE IMAGE is frightening and beautiful, all at once. We watch as each of the girls -- their faces oddly BRIGHT -- lays a BRANCH on top of us. Behind them, we catch glimpses of eerie, dark shadow-forms, hovering on the periphery. We hear a LOW MOAN...

BACK WITH OUR GROUP

As the FLAMES LICK at a motionless Van. ON MARI, whose gaze drifts to Van's face. She sees a FLUTTER in Van's eyelids.

MARI

Oh God. Stop. Stop! She's alive.

Realizing what's happening, Taissa LURCHES FORWARD --

TAISSA

NO!!!

Taissa KICKS AWAY THE BURNING BRANCHES and rolls Van out of the fire. Lowering herself over Van's body to smother the flames as -- yes! Van makes some semblance of EYE CONTACT --

 TAISSA (CONT'D)
I'm here. *I'm right here.*

Van stares up at her. Struggling to speak --

 VAN
(with effort)
Really? ...*Fire?*

 TAISSA
It's okay. I've got you.
(then, to the group)
We're taking her back.

Off Taissa, prepared to do whatever it takes to save Van's life, we SMASH CUT TO --

MAIN TITLES

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - PORCH - DAWN (1996)

Find Laura Lee sitting silently on the steps of the cabin. Her hair is still damp from her late-night swim.

She stares up into the brightening sky, as gradients of violet and pink swallow the remnants of a crescent moon.

 LAURA LEE
(a whisper)
Please. Just show me a sign...

She sits quietly for a moment. Hears nothing but a light breeze rustling the leaves on their branches. When --

Suddenly, a small bird -- a CHICKADEE -- alights on the porch beside her. Slowly, Laura Lee extends her hand -- like some sort of teenaged Snow White -- and for a moment we almost believe the bird might accept the invitation to perch on her outstretched fingers. Instead --

The Chickadee flits away as LOTTIE emerges from the interior of the cabin. She quietly sits down beside Laura Lee.

 LOTTIE
(after a moment)
Do you think they're okay?

A beat. Off their shared fear -- and their mutual hope.

LAURA LEE

They're in God's hands now. All we
can do is have faith.

On Lottie, considering. Clearly wanting to share in Laura
Lee's conviction. As she rubs the scar on her forehead...

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

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

Shauna, not yet showered, enters to find CALLIE dressed for
school looking pissed off and incredulous. She's standing at
the island hitting keys on her LAPTOP, which she's taken out
of her backpack. We can't make out what is on the SCREEN --

SHAUNA

You're up early.

CALLIE

Lucky for you. Or Dad might've seen
this first...

Cassie tosses a tarnished silver MONEY CLIP onto the
counter. Atop a few bills and a credit card, we see a
DRIVER'S LICENSE for "Martin, Adam J" and ADAM'S SLIGHTLY
SMIRKING PHOTO.

Shauna blinks, trying to process.

SHAUNA

Where did you find that?

CALLIE

On the floor near the couch. You're
having him over now?

SHAUNA

Please keep your voice down.

CALLIE

(deliberately Loud)

Oh, I'm sorry, is it time to be discreet?

SHAUNA

Callie--

CALLIE

Jesus Christ, Mom. When did you decide that he could *come inside our house*? Right under Dad's nose? And please do not explain how something usually kept in a guy's pants ended up on the floor of our living room, because *that*, I don't wanna hear.

Shauna moves closer to her. Quietly imploring --

SHAUNA

Listen to me. Okay? Adam came here on his own. *And I was not okay with it.* You were at Ilana's. Your dad was... at work, supposedly. And I told him *never again*. He understood. But as he was leaving---

(re: money clip)

--he must've dropped that getting out his car keys. Thank God you found it, because yes, that could've been bad.

CALLIE

You're cheating on Dad and making me your fucking accomplice. I think we've already officially crossed over into "bad."

SHAUNA

I'm sorry, Cal. I really am. But let's not act like your father's an innocent victim here. I mean, the "*inventory database*"? Seriously?

(then, gaining steam)

First you judge me for looking the other way, and now that I'm finally doing something about it - maybe not the best thing, admittedly, but *something* - you're just judging me even more.

A beat, as Callie absorbs the truth of her own double standard. But still, Callie shakes her head...

CALLIE

So, that's it? You're just gonna keep on seeing him? You don't even fucking know him.

SHAUNA

Oh, Sweetie, it's not that complicated. He's a starving artist, not an axe murderer.

CALLIE

Yeah? Then why can't I find him online?

Callie shoves the LAPTOP toward Shauna, her demeanor shifting from pure anger to something closer to concern. It's filled with INFORMATION and PHOTOS linked to many ADAM MARTIN; but conspicuously, Callie is right -- ADAM is not among them.

Shauna scoffs, but we see a hint of something taking root.

SHAUNA

C'mon. "Adam Martin?" There's gotta be a million--

CALLIE

Where's his website? His Instagram? No self-promotion? Nothing?

Shauna hides her growing unease.

SHAUNA

What are you saying?

CALLIE

I'm saying literally everything is on the internet -- except for your boyfriend. What if he's conning you? Sleeping with a Yellowjacket, so he can turn around and sell the story? Who knows what he fucking wants.

Shauna bristles, her self-esteem kicking in.

SHAUNA

He wants *me*, Callie. Okay? I know you find that impossible to believe, but I am what he wants. He sees a part of me that you don't even know exists.

(MORE)

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

And I'm not expecting you to forgive me, but maybe when you're old enough, at least you'll understand.

Callie slams the laptop shut and starts shoving it in her backpack, her eyes welling up despite herself.

CALLIE

Well, just don't let whoever he is in our house anymore. I swear to God, if you do it again...

Shauna sees Callie's eyes, and in them, the implied threat: *I'll stop lying for you and tell Dad.*

SHAUNA

Cals...

CALLIE

I'm late for homeroom.

Callie swings her backpack on her shoulder and goes.

ON SHAUNA, alone... Finally, she reaches in her pocket and pulls out her CELL. We see a MISSED TEXT FROM ADAM: *Don't shoot the messenger: I think my wallet's in your house.*

Shauna's face darkens. SHE TEXTS ADAM BACK: *Did you leave it on purpose?* Shauna eyes her SCREEN as an ELLIPSIS CYCLES, showing that Adam is responding. Finally, his ANSWER: *Why would I do that?*

...Which is not the same as "no." Shauna CLICKS OFF her cell screen. She stands there for a beat. HARD CUT TO --

INT. LIVING ROOM - SADECKI HOUSE - LATER (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna (now dressed for the day) sits at her DESKTOP TOWER setup. She types "ADAM MARTIN PRATT INSTITUTE" into a search engine, hits ENTER.

There are no pertinent search results. Shauna returns to the search page and types "PRATT INSTITUTE REGISTRAR." DIALS the number listed. When the registrar answers:

SHAUNA

Hi, my name is... Sandra Norberg. I'm calling from UConn's MFA Studio Art program. We're missing the transcript files for one of our incoming grad students, and I'm hoping you can help me out...

(MORE)

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Adam Martin, he would've graduated
in... '07 or '08.

She waits, unable to hide her anticipatory anxiety. Until --

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Really? I could have the year
wrong... So no record of him at all?

She HANGS UP, feeling truly disturbed now. Why would Adam lie about where he went to school? But there's no time to dwell on this question, because JEFF enters with a SHOPPING BAG:

JEFF

Hey, babe, I gotcha something.

Shauna clicks out of the Pratt Institute webpage. Jeff sets down the bag, pulls out a BRIGHTLY COLORED WRAP DRESS. Shauna does her best job of emotionally pivoting --

SHAUNA

If this is an anniversary present,
you're three months and my entire
personality off.

JEFF

The reunion's tomorrow.

(off her look)

Babe, you married into homecoming
royalty. Sorry, but I checked the
bylaws; you're a queen by
technicality. Figured you'd want to
dress the part.

SHAUNA

You have met me before, right? This
is an outfit for a 28-year-old
restaurant hostess.

JEFF

That's why I know you secretly want
to wear it, you just won't give me
the pleasure of admitting it. But
hell -- you'll still be turning every
head in the room -- and that is
alright with me.

Jeff lightly kisses her on the head and moves off...

Shauna shoves the dress back in the bag. She's pissed off at the man she's married to and increasingly anxious about the one she's cheating on him with. Off Shauna --

OMITTED**EXT./INT. HUNTING CABIN - WILDERNESS - DAY**

Jackie watches SHAUNA hang laundry outside the cabin. Her stare is heavy, her mind working over Shauna's betrayal. For a moment, we think she's about to confront her *supposed* best friend... But when Shauna smiles and waves, Jackie forces herself to smile back. It's surprisingly convincing.

SHAUNA

Hey. Whatcha up to?

JACKIE

I was gonna go check on the fishing net.

SHAUNA

Want me to come with?

Jackie shakes her head, glancing at Shauna's belly.

JACKIE

I got it. You should rest up, ya know?

Jackie continues toward the lake. We FOLLOW an oblivious Shauna as she heads back inside, TRACKING WITH HER as she enters the cabin. Lottie is in a corner reading, and Travis is in the kitchen looking for his cards -- as Shauna moves toward the attic stairs.

INT. HUNTING CABIN - ATTIC - DAY (1996)

Shauna plops herself down on her makeshift bed. She finds her PEN and reaches above her for her JOURNAL on its LEDGE --

Her hand lands on EMPTY SHELVING. With a start, she looks up to find the journal a foot out of place. She grasps it, suspicion rising within her -- *what the fuck?* All she knows is that *someone* moved it...

Shauna furiously rifles through the journal's pages, head spinning. As she slams it shut...

INT. HUNTING CABIN - LIVING AREA - DAY (1996)

Shauna storms out of the cabin, journal in hand. We stay inside with TRAVIS, playing SOLITAIRE at the table with creased and stained PLAYING CARDS.

NATALIE (O.S.)

There are no queens in that deck, you know...

Travis doesn't look up. Natalie stands in the doorway, doing her best to ignore the profound awkwardness between them.

Feeling the tension, Lottie gets up with her book and goes outside, throwing a look over her shoulder at them.

Travis turns over another card from the draw pile.

NATALIE

You wanna go for a walk? We could bring the rifle, try to hunt. Who knows, maybe we'll get lucky...

She cringes slightly -- maybe not the best word choice. Travis just stands, still avoiding eye contact.

TRAVIS

You go. You're better at it anyway.

Natalie, frustrated and hurt -- no clue how to fix things between them -- grabs the rifle from against the wall. She moves out the door, leaving Travis still playing cards.

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

FIND: NATALIE taking large SWIGS from a bottle of BOURBON as she paces her cramped motel room. Her bed sheets are upturned, the space where Kevyn slept now VACANT. She gives the bed a long look, then pulls out her phone. As she shoots off a TEXT we don't yet see...

EXT. STREAM - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

Find Natalie watching Ben Scott read a copy of *The Magus* by the stream. He looks up at the sound of her footsteps as she hesitantly approaches.

NATALIE

Hey. Is it cool if I...?

He nods. She sets down the rifle, then wades over and sits next to him.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

So. How'd you convince her to go?

Ben looks at her, surprised. Thinks about playing dumb, but then shakes his head instead.

BEN SCOTT

I didn't have to, if you can believe it. Not that I didn't think about it, but... she beat me to the punch.

NATALIE

Ouch. Dumped by Misty Quigley? That's rough, man.

He gives her a sardonic look.

BEN SCOTT

You guys know that we were never...

NATALIE

Uh, yeah. Misty's always been kinda weird. Besides, I'm pretty sure she's not your type...

BEN SCOTT

What, an underage girl who happens to scare the ever-loving shit out of me?

NATALIE

Well, yeah, that. But also... I mean... you like guys, don't you?

Ben nearly chokes with surprise.

BEN SCOTT

What?

(then, a little sharp)

Why would you say that?

NATALIE

Sorry, I didn't mean to- it's just, you never look at our boobs. And we all have pretty good ones. Like, I'd give us a solid eight out of ten.

She glances at him, gauging his reaction.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I think it's cool. My cousin Scott's gay. He's like, the only cousin I have who doesn't look at my boobs.

BEN SCOTT

That's... fucked up, Natalie.

NATALIE

Yeah.

Ben thinks hard about denying it further, but then realizes -- what's the point? He gives her a long look. Finally --

BEN SCOTT

I've been pretending to be something I'm not for my entire life. Do you know that? Because if I told the truth-- like, really told the truth, people would hate me as much as I hate myself for being such a coward.

He laughs, feeling the weight of this fundamental, terrible truth.

BEN SCOTT (CONT'D)

But hey at least I was able to come out to a teenage girl before I die...

Natalie nods, understanding his anger isn't directed at her. Wanting to give him the chance to finally tell his truth --

NATALIE

Do you... have a boyfriend?

A beat.

BEN SCOTT

I did. He's a writer. Paul. He wanted me to move into the city with him, *really be with him*, but...

He trails off. Clearly a painful subject.

NATALIE

...If you lost him, you're afraid you'd have nothing left.

He glances at her, curious if she even understands how true that is. Natalie hesitates. Finally --

NATALIE (CONT'D)

You don't think... Travis is gay, do you?

(then; stumbling)

We tried to...you know... and he couldn't. He kind of, like, lost...

BEN SCOTT

Oh. Right. Yeah. Well just so you know that's not exactly unheard of. Um, guessing that he just got nervous - you know, up in his head...

(MORE)

BEN SCOTT (CONT'D)
Trust me, I've seen the way that kid
looks at you. He's in pretty deep.

She smiles, amused by the irony of that statement.

BEN SCOTT (CONT'D)
Just, don't make a big deal out of
it. He'll be happy to get a second
chance. If you want to give him
one...

NATALIE
Yeah. Thanks, Coach.

He nods. Then, giving her a serious look --

BEN SCOTT
Nat. Please. If this got out...

NATALIE
(shaking her head)
I won't tell anyone. I promise.

Off Natalie, grateful for the advice, and this new
burgeoning friendship between them...

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

A CHILD-SAFE SPORK with CHEESY GRITS enters frame, is
SNIFFED--

WIDEN TO REVEAL: JESSICA ROBERTS, ankles and one wrist
chained to the bed frame. She smells her morning food. MISTY
surfs through channels on a nearby TELEVISION as CALIGULA
plays with one of its antennas. As the picture fuzzes out --

MISTY
Caligula, you're being rude.

The sound of a RINGTONE. Misty ignores it.

JESSICA
Your phone's ringing.

MISTY
No, it's not.

Jessica reluctantly TAKES A BITE with her one free hand as
the RINGING continues. Misty walks over to her TABLET,
explaining--

MISTY (CONT'D)
It's a live feed of my friend's motel
room. It's *her* phone ringing.

She says this like it's totally normal.

JESSICA
Oh, right. Naturally.

NATALIE'S VOICE (THROUGH THE
LIVEFEED)
(answering the phone)
Are you here? It's been over an hour.

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

We RISE UP over the AROMA DIFFUSER to find Nat ON THE PHONE.
She deflates, clearly not who she was expecting -

NATALIE
For fuck's sake, I tell you this
every five years - I'm not going to
some bullshit reunion, Allie.
(then, listening)
Look, I don't have time for this --
I'm expecting my dealer. With *drugs*.
D-R-U-G-S. Drugs.

When -- there's a KNOCK on the door. Natalie hangs up and
hurries to let in -- a tracksuit-clad DEALER (early 20s) .

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Took you long enough. Cute get-up.

She holds out her hand, palm-up? The dealer can tell she's
itching to tweak, so he withdraws a few PLASTIC BAGGIES of
COCAINE (and maybe a mix of other stimulants). As Natalie
digs LOOSE CASH out of her back pocket --

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

Misty's eyes have gone WIDE at the sight of the drug deal.

MISTY
No, no, no, no, no...

She pockets her phone and rushes up the basement stairs and
out the door in a panic. In her haste, nearly forgetting to
lock it behind her. Then -- CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. The
deadbolts slide shut.

As Jessica contorts her body, resuming her desperate attempts to break out of the RESTRAINTS --

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

JAVI sits writing on the pages Shauna gave him, his GEOMETRIC DRAWINGS nearly filling them up by now -- when someone GRABS his arm and YANKS HIM AROUND.

SHAUNA

I was being nice to you. You want me to go through your shit? How would that feel?

Javi anxiously SCRATCHES behind his ear, a nervous tick we are realizing he does often when stressed out. He stammers --

JAVI

What? I didn't --

Javi's dumbstruck. Shauna's giving him a scary glimpse of the rage within her. Brandishing her journal --

SHAUNA

How dare you? Did you jerk off while you read it, you little creep?! What did you see?

Javi just looks at her for a moment, stunned, then turns and runs away. OFF a fuming Shauna as Javi retreats...

EXT. LAKE - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

Jackie sits at the water's edge. She spies TRAVIS as he emerges from the woods, taking off his shirt before wading in towards the gillnet. She can't help but check out his body as he dunks himself under the water.

JACKIE

(calling out)
Anything?

TRAVIS

Nope.

She stands. Approaching --

JACKIE

Why aren't you out hunting?

TRAVIS
 (shrugs; lifeless)
 Told Nat to go without me.

Jackie picks up on his tone. It'd be hard not to.

JACKIE
 Oh. Did... something happen?

TRAVIS
 Wasn't it some old-ass philosopher
 who said 'whatever can happen, will
 happen'?

JACKIE
 I dunno. Lemme consult my
 philosophers handbook.

TRAVIS
 I just... think I really fucked
 things up.

Travis busies himself with the net, trying to cover how
 shitty he feels. Still, needing to vent to *someone*...

JACKIE
 Relationships are bullshit anyway.
 Trust me.
 (then, seeing his angst)
 Whatever you did, she'll get over it.
 I mean, let's face facts, Nat's
 standards are pretty low.

TRAVIS
 Cool. Thanks.

JACKIE
 I don't mean you. You're basically
 Brad Pitt compared to the dirtbags
 she usually goes for...

Travis is surprised by the sort-of flattery, but if Jackie
 notices, she doesn't let on.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Like, ugh, don't get me started on
 the loser Bobby what's-his-face she
 was hooking up with before we left...
 It's like, dude, you graduated, why
 are you still partying with high
 school girls? She missed a whole week
 of practice 'cause she was too busy
 screwing him in the back of his gross
 van. I thought your dad was gonna--

TRAVIS
 (interrupting)
 Bobby who?

Jackie shrugs, confused by his sudden intensity.

JACKIE
 Whatever, it was before you. I'm just
 saying--

TRAVIS
 Bobby who?

JACKIE
 Jesus. Farleigh. What does it
 matter--?

Travis STORMS OFF, splashing through the water. Off Jackie,
 taken aback by his sudden fury...

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

Find Natalie staring intently at TWO LINES of COKE on the
 motel BIBLE. She sits like that for a long beat, almost
 hypnotized by the sight of the line she's about to cross.
 Then -- she JOLTS at the sound of -- MISTY barging in.

NATALIE
 Um. Knock?

Without a word, Misty SHOVES PAST Natalie, leans all the way
 down to the table, and SNORTS AS MUCH OF THE COCAINE AS SHE
CAN. She whips her head back, eyes wide--

MISTY
 Woo! Kinda burns, is that normal?

Natalie's dumbfounded. Misty's eyes drift to another BAGGIE
 of cocaine on the bed. She LUNGES FOR IT -- Natalie tries to
 block Misty's arms, GRAPPLING --

NATALIE
 Are you possessed?!

MISTY
 I'm-- ouch! Not letting you--

Misty manages to pick up the BAGGIE --

MISTY (CONT'D)
 I'm protecting you!

Natalie takes hold of the baggie, too. It BURSTS OPEN, COCAINE now dusting the bed and FREE-FLOATING in the air.

NATALIE
NO! You psycho!

Misty tries COVERING Natalie's mouth with her hand --

MISTY
Don't breathe that!

Natalie manages to BITE Misty's HAND. A Misty instinctively returns the attack with a BACKHANDED SLAP --

CUT TO:

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

Jessica Roberts tries to WHISTLE over daytime TV. She's rubbed her wrists raw trying to break out of the restraints. Jessica re-lubricates her lips; she makes another attempt at a whistle, a bit LOUDER this time.

REVERSE TO REVEAL -- CALIGULA, flitting around the bunker. We realize -- in her haste, *Misty forgot her bird...* And now Jessica is attempting to call him to her.

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

Our dynamic duo, worse for wear, now facing one another across the bed. Misty pressed TWO FINGERS to her neck --

MISTY
That's about... 100 bpm? Maybe? I lost count --

NATALIE
You just wasted 500 dollars worth of blow.

MISTY
A -- I'll Venmo you. B -- I couldn't just watch as --
(catching herself)
I felt *compelled* to save you from yourself.

NATALIE
'Watch'?

Misty, unthinking, glances at the AROMA DIFFUSER. Natalie follows her line of sight, eyes landing on Misty's gift --

MISTY

(rambling)

Oh, I know. I'll do a 15-second count
and multiply by four. Duh!

As Misty re-counts her heart rate, Natalie, in one swift move, grabs the diffuser, lifts it, and SMASHES IT to the ground. She bends down -- there's a THIN WIRE snaking through the plastic wreckage. She follows it, fingers landing on a miniature BULB. The CAMERA.

NATALIE

You *pervert*. You've been, what?
Spying?

Natalie THROWS the bulb at Misty, who DUCKS --

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Did you watch Kevyn and me *fuck*?

Natalie, overwhelmed, keeps throwing stuff -- an empty BEER CAN, an ASHTRAY -- at Misty, who impressively dodges most bits --

MISTY

That was *not* the intention! Friends
watch out for each other!

NATALIE

Not with hidden cameras, you fucking
freakshow! What the hell do you even
want from me? Are you in on it? I
knew I couldn't trust you--

MISTY

This *freakshow* just saved you from
relapsing. Who else was going to do
that? Face it, Natalie. I'm the best
friend you have -- not that there's
much competition...

Misty gives up trying to discern an accurate pulse.

MISTY (CONT'D)

You should be *thanking* me. I've been
working day and night on Travis'
case. The lengths I've gone to -- You
have *no* idea. Did you know Travis'
bank account closed right *after* he
died? Someone emptied it. But don't
worry. Bank firewalls are notoriously
hard to infiltrate, but--

NATALIE

Stop. I don't want to hear any more
of your bullshit. Period.

Misty's hurt by Nat's vitriol and lack of gratitude:

MISTY

Then next time, I'll let you zonk
your brains out. I've never even
tried cocaine before -- which I'm
hoping that was, because if it's
heroin, fentanyl, bath salts, or PCP,
I'll probably be dead soon. But I was
willing to take that risk. For you.

Misty spins and walks out, leaving Natalie in her wake --
with a new clue to bite into...

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - PORCH - DAY (1996)

Natalie sits on the porch as Travis returns from the lake.
He tries to blow past her -- again -- but she blocks his
path.

NATALIE

Hey. Can we talk?

He stops, finally giving her a silent, ice-cold glare.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Travis. C'mon. You have to talk to
me. You can't just--

TRAVIS

Bobby Farleigh?

Now it's Natalie's turn to go quiet.

NATALIE

Who told you?

TRAVIS

I can't *believe* you.

NATALIE

Travis--

TRAVIS

You lied to me. You said--

NATALIE

-- That I've only been with two guys.
Yeah.

(MORE)

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Because I know if I told you about that, you'd fucking hate me. But that was before I even knew you. And I had no idea about the stupid Flex thing. I--

(off his silence)

I made a mistake, okay?

TRAVIS

Yeah, well. Apparently so did I.

NATALIE

What the fuck does that mean?

Travis tries to walk around her, but she shoves him back.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Travis.

TRAVIS

What do you think it means?

They stare each other down a beat.

NATALIE

Wow. Are you seriously gonna ruin this over something this stupid?

He just looks at her. Tears spring to her eyes. Covering them with anger of her own --

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Well then, I guess it's actually a good thing you couldn't get it up. This would be a lot harder if we'd actually fucked.

We see that land on him. Both their hearts breaking, but neither capable of doing anything about it. Finally, Travis stalks past her. We hear the back bedroom door SLAM.

Natalie cringes. Then spots Jackie, standing at the edge of the clearing. Clearly having heard most, if not all, of the fight. Jackie opens her mouth, perhaps to say something comforting, when --

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Was it you?

Jackie's silence tells Natalie all she needs to know.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Right. *Fuck* you, Jackie.

As Natalie turns and stalks away -- Off Jackie, clearly feeling a pang of guilt...

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

Shauna, Jeff, and CALLIE sit around the table in near-silence, forks clanking. Callie's eyes flutter to her mom, to her dad. The tension's palpable. The front doorbell RINGS.

JEFF
(to Shauna)
You expecting somebody?

SHAUNA
No.

She turns to Callie.

CALLIE
Kyle's at his dad's. And my other
boyfriend's also busy, so...
(off Jeff's look)
Oh you haven't heard? Backup
boyfriends are really in right now.

The doorbell RINGS AGAIN. Jeff starts to rise --

SHAUNA
No!

Shauna, anxious, gets up instead; after Adam stopped by her house at four in the morning, who's to say he wouldn't take things a step further by interrupting family dinner?

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
I'll get it-- I'm closer.

She's definitely not.

JEFF
What?

She starts to get up but Jeff's right. He's closer -- and already heading for the door, giving her an odd look as he goes. An uneasy beat as Shauna tries to listen, unsuccessfully, for whatever's happening at the front door.

Callie gives her a look -- *seriously?* -- when, unable to take the suspense, Shauna stands and cautiously heads for --

INT. FOYER - SADECKI HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna turns the corner, steeling herself, to find Jeff standing in the foyer with -- not Adam, as she feared, but -- Taissa, looking like unequivocal shit.

JEFF

Look, hon. We've got a celebrity in our midst.

TAISSA

(to Shauna)

Ta da...?

(then)

I was... canvassing in the neighborhood and remembered you used to live around here, so I thought I'd pop by...

SHAUNA

Wow. That's a nice surprise after... twenty years.

Shauna gives Taissa a sly, loaded look -- *what the hell are you doing here?*

TAISSA

I'm sorry, you're probably in the middle of dinner--

JEFF

No, no, join us. Shauna made her famous meatloaf. Hopefully rabbit-free.

(off Taissa's confusion)

Inside joke. Come in, come in.

TAISSA

If you're sure you don't mind...

Off the two women's awkward smiles, and Jeff's totally genuine one...

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

Jeff looks from Taissa to Callie, who are now seated awkwardly across from each other as Shauna fixes Taissa a plate...

JEFF

Your campaign ads have given me some great marketing ideas for the store. You've got the Sadecki vote!

Shauna comes back in carrying a plate of just TATER TOTS.

SHAUNA
 Sorry I don't have something more...
 not tater tot-ish.

JEFF
 (to Taissa)
 So you don't eat any meat? That's
 cool. But like at all?

This does not compute for Jeff. Taissa gives him a shrug.

TAISSA
 This is great, Shauna.
 (then; trying)
 You must be Callie... It's nice to
 finally put a face to the name.

CALLIE
 My mom's literally never mentioned
 you.

Off Taissa, second-guessing her choice to come here...

EXT. DISTANT WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

TIGHT ON Van's BLOODSHOT EYES peeking through bandages. She hobbles along, Taissa's arm wrapped under her armpit.

ANGLE ON: a STONE CAIRN as Taissa and Van pass by (one of the many cairns the group made in 107 after their compass broke).

TAISSA
 One step at a time. I've got you,
 okay? Push through the pain...

ON the others, who've slowed to let Taissa and Van catch up--

MISTY
 We were talking and... once we get
 back, we'll need sterile water and
 some thread to stitch her up.

AKILAH
 Laura Lee has a sewing kit. I've
 never done anything like this before,
 but I'm pretty good at needlepoint...

Taissa looks at them gratefully. When --

VAN
 (weak but clear)
 No.

They all turn, surprised she's got the energy to talk.

VAN (CONT'D)
Leave me. It's not... safe.

Taissa pulls her tighter.

TAISSA
 C'mon, you can't give up. We're
 almost there...

But we can see on all their faces that neither of those things is necessarily true. And Van knows it.

VAN
 Tai... let them go

Taissa looks at her. Understanding what she's saying -- that staying with her is a likely death sentence... and Taissa is the only one who she'll allow to bear that burden.

Finally, turning to the others --

TAISSA
 Are there any more flares?

AKILAH
 (searching her pack)
 ...One.

TAISSA
 Get back to the cabin as fast as you
 can. We'll be right behind you. Okay?
 (then)
Go.

Misty, Akilah, and Mari hesitate... then pick up the pace. As they leave, Taissa scans the trees. The wind's picked up, the woods ominous and deep.

She looks at Van, who's staring at her chest. Taissa looks down and realizes she's still wearing Lottie's BONE TALISMAN. As Taissa wordlessly takes the strange necklace off and puts it back around Van's neck --

EXT. STREET - SHAUNA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna and Taissa walk down the quiet suburban street. Shauna is keeping quiet, giving Taissa space to open up. Finally--

TAISSA

I'm sorry to just show up like that, but... I didn't know where else to go. I'm sleep walking again.

Shauna nods, trying to take that in with neutrality.

SHAUNA

For how long?

TAISSA

Couple weeks. I think. It's just stress. The campaign, this goddamn - blackmail fiasco. Not to mention Simone and I have been having... some problems...

Shauna sees how frayed Taissa is. Wants to help her but sure how. So she chooses to keep listening --

TAISSA (CONT'D)

I want to still believe there's a solution for everything. An explanation for everything. But...

SHAUNA

How bad is it, Tai?

TAISSA

Biscuit's missing. Our dog. I must have freaked him out and he got out the back gate...

Holding back a wave of emotion --

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Sammy loves the shit out of that dog... *Jesus Christ*, I'm really fucking this kid up--

SHAUNA

No, Tai-

TAISSA

He's seen me do it. He thinks it's like some other version of me. He calls her the 'bad one.'

We've never see Taissa this upset. But then she takes a deep breath, calming herself. Her force of will is almost spooky.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

I'm afraid to fall asleep. I spent the whole night pounding espressos in my office, just so I could -- stay in control. I don't know how bad it's gonna get this time, but we both know how bad it could...

Taissa shakes her head. As much to herself as to Shauna --

TAISSA (CONT'D)

I just need to get some fucking sleep.

SHAUNA

Stay here tonight. Callie went to her friend Ilana's. Which is probably code for staying at her boyfriend's, but...

Taissa looks like she's about to protest --

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

It's okay, Tai. I'll stay with you.

TAISSA

What will you tell Jeff?

SHAUNA

I'll figure something out.

Taissa nods. Grateful in a way that words can't express. Then she leans forward and does her best not to break down. Shauna reaches out to her, putting her hand on Taissa's back...

OMITTED

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - WILDERNESS - SUNSET (1996)

Shauna and Teen Lottie sit around the campfire, half-heartedly mending torn clothes. Nearby, Laura Lee sits, staring intently at a BOOK on her lap. [We might assume it's her trusty bible... but later we will realize it's actually the prop plane's FLIGHT MANUAL from Ep. 105.] When --

Suddenly, Laura Lee and Lottie look up as -- Misty, Akilah and Mari stagger into camp. They're filthy, drained. Afraid.

the others -- The girls immediately stand, concerned, as the others -- Jackie, Shauna, Natalie, the Bec Scott -- come out of the cabin to meet them... ON Laura Lee, devastated -- knowing that something's gone very, very wrong.

JACKIE

(to Misty)

Oh my god, what happened?

SHAUNA

Where are Van and Tai?

Misty looks shell-shocked. They all do. Mari's teeth are chattering from shock. Akilah sits heavily, the sheer exhaustion setting in.

MISTY

She-- she told us to leave them. We had to get help.

Laura Lee steps forward and looks directly at Misty. Off her sudden calm authority, one we've never quite seen before --

LAURA LEE

Show us which way to go.

INT. SADECKI HOUSE - CALLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Taissa helps Shauna make up Callie's bed with clean sheets. Glancing at the SHAWN MENDES POSTER on the wall --

TAISSA

Good lord. That boy is straight up asking for it.

SHAUNA

Please. I remember your Leo phase...

TAISSA

(laughs)

Oh, god. That's how you all should have known I was gay...

Shauna smiles, spreading the comforter over the bed. A beat. Then, glancing around the room at all of Callie's stuff -- her teenaged hopes and dreams and aspirations, all manifested in typical teenaged mess.

SHAUNA

Do you ever wonder what our lives would have looked like? If... it never happened?

Taissa gives her a long look, then lies down on the bed, giving in to her exhaustion. Shauna lies down next to her, as though some unspoken communication has passed between them.

TAISSA

Sometimes.

SHAUNA

(staring at the ceiling)

I was going to go to Brown. I got in, early admission.

Taissa glances at her. Clearly this is something Shauna never told her before.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

I was going to write brilliant papers on Dorothy Parker and Virginia Woolf and meet a dark-haired, sad-eyed poet boy who ran the school lit magazine. We'd be rivals at first, obviously, but my short stories would have made him fall madly in love with me anyway, and we'd spend all our time drinking coffee and red wine in my rented room in an old Victorian mansion. Well, until I left him, broken-hearted, for my year abroad in Paris and met François...

Taissa raises an eyebrow.

TAISSA

Tell me François is a brooding musician.

SHAUNA

Oh no, Francois is a mime.

Taissa bursts out laughing.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Miming is a very serious art form in France!

A beat as they both ponder that *might-have-been*.

TAISSA

Yeah, well... you think that's something? I was gonna go to Howard. Pre-law, with a double major in history and philosophy.

(MORE)

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Date a bunch of beautiful women, make first string on the soccer team, graduate top of my class... then I was gonna go to Columbia Law and land an internship at one of the biggest firms in the city.

Shauna glances over, looking amused and annoyed in equal measure.

SHAUNA

You *did* do all those things.

Taissa doesn't turn to meet Shauna's look. Instead, staring up at the ceiling --

TAISSA

Yeah. And if I'm honest... not a single one of those things felt... real. After everything that happened to us... I mean, Christ, how fucked up is that? But at least out there, I felt...

SHAUNA

Alive. Really alive.

Taissa nods. Off the two women, considering that...

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - NIGHT - SEVERAL HOURS LATER (1996)

On the SEARCH AND RESCUE PARTY -- Shauna, Jackie, Laura Lee, Lottie -- carrying a few sputtering oil lanterns as they follow Misty through the dark and increasingly dense woods.

SHAUNA

TAI! TAISSA!

JACKIE

VAN! VAAAAAAN!

LAURA LEE

(to Misty)

Are you sure you came this way?

MISTY

I... I don't know! It's too dark, I can't see anything...

When, suddenly, the sky over the nearby tree canopy LIGHTS UP with glowing RED SMOKE. A FLARE. The girls stare at it for a moment, bewildered, before --

LAURA LEE

It's them!

As the team bolts in the direction of the DISTRESS SIGNAL --

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

Find Taissa limping, exhausted, as she COLLAPSES to the ground -- the FLARE GUN she just fired in her hand. Though utterly depleted, she's somehow still supporting Van, whose bandages are now stiff and soaked with blood. As the others find them, and rush to help...

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTING CABIN - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

CLOSE ON a LONG SHANK FISH HOOK, now a makeshift, suturing needle, held by TWEEZERS over a flame.

Akilah carefully threads the sterilized hook, as we see that Van is lying on the TABLE, her mutilated face now fully exposed. Taissa's crouched beside her, whispering closely -- trying to reassure herself as much as Van --

TAISSA

We're gonna get you all fixed up,
okay...

Akilah gives Taissa a nod: she's ready. With a pit in her stomach, Taissa firmly grips the sides of Van's head, holding her steady--

As Akilah begins to SHIMMY THE NEEDLE through the flesh of what remains of Van's cheek. Van MOANS through clenched teeth, gripping to sides of the table with her hands as Akilah pulls the thread all the way through and then begins another stitch. As this brutal process continues, we find --

Laura Lee, watching in gut-wrenched silence, along with Lottie, Mari, Misty and several other girls. OFF Laura Lee, privately questioning the efficacy of her prayers...

OMITTED

INT. MISTY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

-- to find that, while Jessica is still handcuffed and chained to the bed, she's now HOLDING CALIGULA -- and Caligula's head -- in a tight grip.

JESSICA

Okay Misty, here's the deal. If you don't let me go right now, I wring your boyfriend's little neck.

Misty's muscles all go tense; she doesn't move. Jessica's fingers dig even harder into Caligula's feather's --

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I swear, I'm gonna do it.

Instead of relenting, Misty squares her shoulders --

MISTY

Fine. Go ahead -- I don't care. I'll just buy myself a new one.

Shit. Jessica wasn't expecting Misty to call her bluff. What now? Does she really have to kill this bird? She doesn't want to... but she also doesn't want to let Misty win...

JESSICA

Fine -- I will!

Jessica flexes her wrist in preparation... Just as she seems about to do it, Misty unleashes an insane, bone-chilling, cocaine-fueled SCREAM.

As Jessica looks up, alarmed, Misty grabs a DECORATIVE GLASS BALL and HURLS it at her head! Jessica DUCKS, the ball EXPLODES against the wall. Misty throws another ball -- SMASH! -- and, in the ensuing chaos, Caligula escapes from Jessica's grasp.

Misty rushes toward the bird and grabs it, cradling him against her body, all her fear and tension and relief now spilling out in sudden, ugly sobs.

MISTY

Oh no, oh thank goodness, you're okay... I didn't mean it, I swear. My sweet, sweet boy...

After one final repentant squeeze, she releases the bird to fly back upstairs. Then, trying to pull herself together -- her sobs now morphing into awkwardly emotional HICCUPS -- she returns to Jessica and starts to vindictively TIGHTEN HER RESTRAINTS.

Jessica's been watching all this, stunned. Misty's even crazier than she thought... but also way more vulnerable.

JESSICA

You look like hell.
(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 (then; genuine)
 Are you... okay?

MISTY
 I'm fine. I'm just. having one of
 those days.

There is a long beat of silence, then Misty glances up at Jessica, clocking her concern. Misty isn't used to kindness.

As she finishes cinching the chain, she looks at Jessica again, perhaps a little more cordial this time. As. Misty straightens up --

MISTY (CONT'D)
 Are you hungry? I'm hungry. I'm gonna
 go make us something to eat.

Misty moves off up the stairs. OFF Jessica, realizing that a softer approach with Misty might serve her well...

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

Natalie, with cold cream on her face and continuing to apply more, paces around her motel room, on her CELLPHONE talking to a bank representative (we only hear her side of the call).

NATALIE
 No, I don't have his account
 password, but look, I'm pretty much
 his only family, so--

She listens as she gets some bureaucratic version of "no."

NATALIE (CONT'D)
 Oh yeah? Well then FUCK YOU!

She HURLS her phone against the wall but that's not satisfying enough, so she grabs the TV and FLINGS it off the dresser. Breathless, her eyes dart around the room, looking for something else to destroy...

Her gaze lands on the carpet next to the bed, where a thin layer of WHITE DUST remains. Getting on her hands and knees, Natalie tries collecting the powder into a pile with the side of her hand. It just rubs into the pile of the rug. *But maybe she could just... sniff the rug itself?* OFF Natalie, staring it down...

INT. HUNTING CABIN - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

FIND Van, asleep on the bed, her face now held together by Akilah's careful stitches. Somewhat Frankenstein, but better than before. The other girls tiptoe around her, preparing for bed in a state of weary silence.

Taissa sits among them, unmoving. Just watching Van's chest rise and fall with every breath. Jackie clocks Shauna watching Taissa with concern.

JACKIE

You should go. Y'know, make sure she's okay.

Shauna smiles, appreciative. We stay with Jackie -- her eyes brimming with spite -- as she watches Shauna approach Taissa, talking quietly, gently ushering her way toward the attic...

INT. HUNTING CABIN - ATTIC - NIGHT (1996)

FIND Taissa and Shauna lying next to each other, Taissa staring at the roof beams, clearly traumatized.

TAISSA

This is all my fault.

SHAUNA

Tai, no...

TAISSA

I let the fire die out. I fell asleep, and I must have been, like... *sleepwalking* or something, 'cause when I woke up I was in a fucking tree and...

She trails off, the details too painful to recount.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

I'm the reason she went. And I'm the reason she got hurt.

Taissa turns away from Shauna in shame.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Lottie said she saw me in the woods the other night, shoving dirt into my mouth. I told her she was crazy, but at the same time I could feel the grit between my teeth.

(MORE)

TAISSA (CONT'D)

I don't know what's happening to me,
Shauna. I'm afraid to go to sleep...

SHAUNA

Then I'll stay awake, okay? I won't
let you go anywhere.

Shauna curls up against Taissa, wrapping her arm around her. Spooning her. Reassured by Shauna's closeness, Taissa finally lets her own eyes close. OFF this intimate platonic moment --

INT. SADECKI HOUSE - CALLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Taissa and Shauna lie on Callie's bed, an echo of the former intimacy we just saw.

SHAUNA

I'm having an affair. Sorry. I don't
know why I told you that.

TAISSA

Don't apologize. With who?
(off Shauna)
If you say Randy Walsh, I will burn
this whole town to the ground...

SHAUNA

It's just this guy I met. He's...
younger.

TAISSA

(raising an eyebrow)
Alright. What's he like?

Shauna is suddenly unsure, almost fumbling for how to start.

SHAUNA

His name is Adam. He's an artist. He
can be really earnest, but like, in a
way that makes you want to punch his
face. But then he also...

(thinks, then)

He makes me feel something. I mean,
yeah the sex is good, but... it's
more than that.

TAISSA

He makes you feel it.

SHAUNA

(a beat; then)
Yeah. He does.

TAISSA

Man, I remember that...

SHAUNA

Simone doesn't make you feel "it" anymore?

TAISSA

No, but that's a good thing. What we have is different. It's stable. Safe. And I like that. *It*, whatever that really is -- wasn't good for me. It's like if someone made me feel it, it wasn't gonna be good for anybody, you know?

SHAUNA

Unfortunately, I think I do.

As Shauna turns, her eyes happening to fall on the framed picture of Callie's boyfriend Kyle (Ep. 101)...

TIME CUT TO:

**INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING
(PRESENT DAY)**

Shauna, holding TWO COFFEES, knocks on Adam's door. He answers in a t-shirt and boxers, clearly half-asleep and surprised, but happy to see her.

SHAUNA

My turn...

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT DAY)

As they enter, Shauna forces a smile.

SHAUNA

I've just been thinking -- our interactions have been so, um... how should I put it --

ADAM

Hot?

SHAUNA

--*Singularly focused*, that I realized: I don't know that much about you.

ADAM

I seem to remember you mocking all my efforts on that front, but... yeah. What do you wanna know?

Shauna shrugs, pretending to "randomly" pick a subject --

SHAUNA

Tell me more about your art school days. You said you went to Pratt, right? What was that like?

ADAM

Pretentious, mostly.

SHAUNA

What classes did you take? Who was your favorite professor?

Adam narrows his eyes, clocking her hyper-casual affect.

ADAM

Okay... I take it you did some googling, and... you caught me.

(sheepish)

Look, I didn't actually go to Pratt. I had this girlfriend back then, Lauren, and she went to Pratt.. And I spent so much time with her and her friends, it kinda felt like I went there too... But yeah. I guess I just you I did 'cause I thought it might impress you. Did it?

Shauna studies him, ignoring the question.

SHAUNA

Where did you grow up?

ADAM

Suburbs of Houston.

SHAUNA

High school?

ADAM

Milby High, class of '04. Go Buffs!

SHAUNA

Any siblings?

ADAM

An older brother. Matías.

SHAUNA

Where is he now?

ADAM

Ann Arbor, Michigan. He's a colorectal surgeon. He's got a book in his house that's just called *Anus* and, yes, I'm a ten year old but it always makes me laugh...

She smiles halfheartedly. He tries to read her expression.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Okay, as much as I want to believe that you just finally want to get to know me, what is this really about? Are you trying to catch me in another lie? Because I swear it was just the stupid Pratt thing...

She smiles, wanting to dismiss this whole thing. He gives her an affectionate look. Pulling her close --

ADAM (CONT'D)

The rest of it...us... that's real, Shauna.

(then)

Listen, a friend of mine has this empty cabin in the Poconos. We could drive up there tonight. Spend the whole weekend... I'll tell you everything. My first kiss. My shoe size. My favorite color. Whatever you want to know.

SHAUNA

And how exactly do you propose I explain that?

ADAM

I don't give a shit. Just pack a bag and get back here...

Of course, this invitation is outrageous -- she can't go -- but still, some part of her is deeply tempted...

INT. HUNTING CABIN - WILDERNESS - EARLY MORNING (1996)

At dawn, FIND Laura Lee staring up at the ceiling as though she hasn't slept all night.

As the others girls start to grumble and stir, starting their morning routine, Laura Lee rises smoothly. She walks to the fireplace, then turns and addresses the room.

LAURA LEE
I have an announcement.

The girls are barely paying attention. Frustrated, Laura BANGS A SPOON on one of the cauldrons.

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)
Hi! Excuse me!

As everyone begins to quizzically take notice --

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)
Thank you. In light of the expedition ending as it did, I've decided that... I'm going to take the dead guy's plane and fly south. I'm going to find us help, and I'm going to get us out of here.

The girls are quiet. Confused. Finally --

LOTTIE
You're... gonna fly?

Laura Lee nods.

NATALIE
But... you don't know how. Also, that's insane.

LAURA LEE
I've been studying the manual for weeks, and I checked the gas tank -- it's full. I used to watch my grandpa fly. He even let me steer a few times! I *know* that I can do this.

Noting the group's continued skepticism, she looks to Van --

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)
You can't deny that Van needs serious medical attention...

Van is now stirring fitfully, clearly in pain. Possibly feverish. This is a powerful case -- especially for Taissa, who has climbed down from the attic (along with Shauna).

JACKIE
 She's not the only one...
 (to Shauna)
 Go on. Tell them.

Shauna reacts -- *is Jackie really fucking doing this now?*

SHAUNA
 I really don't --

JACKIE
 Shauna, tell them.

AKILAH
 What is it?

MARI
 Yeah, tell us what?

Everyone is looking at Shauna now. Jackie's prodding gaze is intense. Shauna can't get out of this...

SHAUNA
 I'm... pregnant.

The girls react with shock and concern. Questions come fast--

AKILAH
 You were having sex?

MISTY
 How far along are you?

MARI
 Wait, did you get knocked up *here*?

All eyes go to Ben, Travis... even Javi.

SHAUNA
 Ugh, *no*, I...

As Shauna is humiliated, we see a brief flash of satisfaction on Jackie's face before she shuts down further questioning --

JACKIE
 It doesn't matter when it happened.
 We've just got to get her home.

LAURA LEE
 This is a *sign*.

Ben Scott, sensing that Laura Lee's plan is gaining support, steps forward. The voice of reason.

BEN
 Okay, sorry, Laura Lee, but you can't do this. It's not safe.

LAURA LEE

There is no 'safe' anymore, Coach
Scott. It's gonna be winter soon. If
I don't do this, we're all gonna...
fucking starve.

The rare curse from Laura Lee bears weight. Ben starts to
hobble closer--

BEN

Look, I'm the only adult here, and I
am not gonna let you--

Laura Lee steps to meet him, defiant.

LAURA LEE

What are you gonna do to stop me,
Coach?

Ben looks to the rest of the girls -- including Taissa,
Shauna, Natalie, Lottie, even Misty -- but none of them rise
to take his side.

If he actually did try to stop this, he'd get taken down. He
has no real power anymore, and it fucking shakes him. OFF
Laura Lee's determined expression --

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

We're with Natalie as she navigates a hushed church basement
in lower Manhattan, finally opening a door into --

A NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEETING, just barely begun.

GROUP LEADER

Hello, I'm an addict and my name is
Jim. Welcome to the Chelsea Morning
group of Narcotics Anonymous.

As Natalie slips into a seat in the back row, we TIME CUT
TO:

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - LATER (PRESENT DAY)

The meeting now over, the group members dispersing and
exiting. At the SNACK TABLE, SUZIE (50s) -- professional,
but with a much wilder past behind her -- piles of few
COOKIES on a napkin "for the road."

Natalie approaches, waits until Suzie notices her. When she
does, Suzie has an almost comically adverse reaction --

SUZIE
Oh Jesus Christ, not you...

NATALIE
Wait. Can we just --

SUZIE
(side-stepping away)
Uh-uh, get the hell away from me. I mean it...

NATALIE
You still working at First National?
Last I heard you got a promotion...

SUZIE
What's it to you?

NATALIE
There's something I need your help with.

We now understand: Natalie did not come to this meeting in earnest; she only came to make this ask.

SUZIE
Why would I ever do a favor for you?

NATALIE
Because it might be the only thing that keeps me sober. And you are technically my sponsor.

Suzie looks at her, incredulous.

SUZIE
I haven't seen you in ten years, Natalie. And frankly, I'd like to keep it that way...

NATALIE
Suze, c'mon. I just got out of rehab. I promise I'm not going to assault you or anything... again.
(earnest)
I just want to talk. *Please.*

Suzie sighs, then starts stuffing the cookies into her purse "for the road."

SUZE
We're staying in public. Got it?

Off Natalie as she nods, *absolutely* --

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NEW YORK CITY - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Natalie and Suzie sit across from each other in a crowded coffee shop.

NATALIE

Do you remember that guy I used to talk about? Who was in the plane crash with me?

SUZIE

(trying to recall)
Trevor?

NATALIE

Travis. Yeah. Well, he's dead.

Suzie eyes Natalie, clearly unsure if this is true, or some sort of con.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

The cops ruled it a suicide, but I know it wasn't.

SUZIE

And why is that, Natalie?

Natalie considers. Instead of listing off her clues, she offers a reason we have never heard her share before:

NATALIE

Because he promised me. Back when I was--

(a painful recollection)

When I was really on the brink. He made me swear that I'd never fucking do that. And then he promised me the same.

Natalie studies Suzie's skeptical expression, and adds:

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I know my promises don't mean much, but Travis always kept his word. That's why I know he didn't kill himself.

Suzie considers this heartfelt plea. Somewhat amazed.

SUZIE

For once I think you're actually
telling me the truth...

We see on Natalie's face that this is true. Suzie reaches forward, and takes Natalie's hand. It feels genuine -- it is genuine -- and Natalie is touched.

NATALIE

Then help me. Somebody closed
Travis's bank account after he died.
If I could just find out who it was,
or where that money went--

SUZIE

I'm so sorry. But I can't just give
out the details of a personal account
unless you're family. I could get
fired.

As Suzie starts to stand, Natalie feigns sympathy for Suzie's plight, but then, she plays her trump card--

NATALIE

Of course. I understand... Then I
guess I'll just have to call the
bank. Tell 'em how you used to feed
your habit. Selling customers'
information to identity thieves? I
have a feeling they'll be interested
to hear about that. Then again, maybe
they won't care 'cause of all your
'personal growth'...

Suzie stops and sits. She knows she's trapped.

SUZIE

I wish I'd never fucking met you.

OFF Natalie's dark victory...

EXT. PROP PLANE/"RUNWAY" - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

As Laura Lee uses a KNIFE to cut the ROOTS from the plane --

Shauna, Jackie, Mari, Akilah and some of the other girls work on re-clearing the area that used to serve as the plane's RUNWAY but has been left to grow wild for the past ten years.

We FIND SHAUNA, who's using the AXE to chop down a SMALL TREE. Jackie works on pulling up BRUSH beside her. Shauna glances at Jackie, annoyed.

SHAUNA

Did you really have to tell them?

Jackie looks up, as though surprised by Shauna's displeasure.

JACKIE

How could I not?

(feigning "emotional")

We have a chance to get you out of here. You and the baby. That's all that matters. It's not the time to be keeping secrets, Shauna.

OFF Shauna, annoyed by Jackie's righteousness (though she can't argue with her logic)...

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

Taissa enters quietly to find Simone and Sammy sitting at the dining room table making "Lost Dog" posters. Sammy is drawing his own picture of Biscuit on one of them, next to BISCUIT'S PHOTO. Even as upset as he is, this is a different kid than the one we've seen with Taissa. He's animated, at ease...

SAMMY

(re: his drawing)

I think it needs more whiskers.

Simone leans over and playfully doodles on one of the posters herself, trying to keep him upbeat. As she draws a "Biscuit" with really long whiskers --

SIMONE

How's this?

Sammy gives a laugh --

SAMMY

Mo-om.

But then Sammy looks up and spot Taissa hovering in the doorway. He stiffens a bit, his demeanor more guarded.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

Biscuit's missing.

TAISSA

I know, baby. But we're gonna find him.

She looks to Simone. A beat. Off Sammy and Simone, both looking skeptical...

**INT. SIMONE AND TAISSA'S BEDROOM - TAISSA'S TOWNHOUSE -
LATER**

Now alone with Simone, Taissa takes a moment to gather her courage. Choosing her words carefully.

TAISSA

After the crash, when we were stuck out there, I started sleepwalking. A symptom of the trauma, I guess. Once we were rescued, it just... stopped. But with the stress of the campaign, and everything that's been going on... it's started happening again.

(correcting herself)

It's not just "happening" -- I'm *doing* it, and it fucking scared me. Because last time--

She cuts herself short. Not quite ready to go there.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

I think I might have been the one to let Biscuit out of the house.

Simone gives her a sympathetic look. Relieved to finally have her wife opening up and letting her in, even this much.

SIMONE

We're gonna find him, okay? And whatever help you need, we'll get it. We can enroll you in a sleep study, or--

TAISSA

What I really need is for you and Sammy to go stay at your mom's house for a while.

This lands on Simone. She wasn't expecting that.

SIMONE

What? *Why?*

TAISSA

I just think it might be better for us all...

SIMONE

(overlapping)

Taissa, we are family, we support each other, we're not just leaving you--

TAISSA

(blurting)

Simone, you can't fucking be here!

Simone is stunned. Taissa tries to collect herself...

TAISSA (CONT'D)

I'm... I'm obviously not making myself clear. I'm afraid I'm going to hurt you. You, or Sammy. So, please, I'm begging you -- just go.

OFF Simone, not quite sure whether she should feel angry, or frightened, or both...

EXT. PROP PLANE/"RUNWAY" - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

Laura Lee finishes clearing off the prop plane. She sees the girls have made progress on the "runway" -- and the fact that *she's going to do this* starts to land. She's getting scared.

Feeling the need for reassurance, she walks up to Lottie, clearing brush nearby. Lottie stops what she's doing and looks at Laura Lee, who smiles. The fear of moments ago suddenly gone, thanks to Lottie's reassuring presence...

OMITTED

EXT. PROP PLANE - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

All the Yellowjackets are now gathering around the plane. Natalie and Travis are avoiding each other.

Javi glances at Shauna with a mix of hostility and fear. Shauna clocks this, then turns to Jackie, who gives her a big, hopeful smile, which Shauna forces herself to return.

The crowd parts, as Laura Lee walks through them toward the plane, carrying a small SACHEL and her TEDDY BEAR. Everyone gives her hugs, or team-ly pats and squeezes. A nervous but hopeful CHEERING SQUAD.

JACKIE

You be safe up there.

Laura Lee smiles, as she climbs up into the plane.

INT./EXT. PROP PLANE - WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS (1996)

As Laura Lee straps herself in, the flight manual on her lap, and positions her teddy bear on the seat next to her (as her co-pilot) Ben Scott approaches the open door, to make a final plea --

BEN

For God's sake, don't do this, Laura Lee.

LAURA LEE

Thanks for worrying about me, Coach.
But... this is my purpose.

She gives him one last reassuring smile -- then makes eye contact with Natalie before pulling the door closed.

INT. PROP PLANE - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

We are INSIDE with Laura Lee. She turns on the engine, and the PROPELLER suddenly spins into a blur. She takes off the brake and the PLANE STARTS ROLLING SLOWLY FORWARD.

With adrenalized focus she steers it onto the "runway", then pauses. So far, so good...

She glances back toward the Yellowjackets, who now appear at a distance. They give her waves and thumbs-up. She smiles -- but, from this vantage, there's no doubt that she is in this alone. Except for her bear, that is.

LAURA LEE

Just you and me now, Leonard.

She stares down the "runway." Then, taking a steadying exhale, she pushes the throttle. The plane starts to accelerate -- bumping along, faster and faster, over the uneven ground. The AIRSPEED INDICATOR comes on.

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)

Okay, that's good. It needs to get up to 55 before we take off. Kind of like "Back to the Future," remember?

She watches the indicator climb up... 40... 45... She can't help but focus on the TREE LINE at the end of the runway, coming at her fast.

50... 53... Come on...

As soon as it hits 55 she starts to pull back on the yoke. The trees are close now. It takes all her effort not to simply close her eyes and disappear into a prayer.

Wincing, she pulls harder -- and, just in time, the plane begins to lift! Laura Lee gasps.

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)
Oh my gosh! Leonard! We're flying!

EXT. "RUNWAY" - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

The Yellowjackets, huddled together, react to Laura Lee's success. First with disbelief --

JACKIE
Oh my god... She's doing it!!

-- then with elation, hugging and jumping up and down.

MARI
Go, Laura Lee! Yes!!

Ben Scott watches, stunned, as the plane climbs higher. *Could it be possible he was wrong??*

As the girls begin to run, ad-libbing jubilant support for Laura Lee, following the path of the plane towards the lake --

INT. PROP PLANE - WILDERNESS - FLYING - DAY (1996)

Amazed at herself, as the plane keeps rising higher over the trees, Laura Lee takes a quick triumphant glance at the bear.

LAURA LEE
We're really gonna save them!

Her eyes go forward for a beat, surveying the sky. But when she turns to the bear again, it is some ON FIRE. It's so sudden and strange, almost like an hallucination...

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)
What the--?

But then the cockpit starts to fill with SMOKE.

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)
Oh no. No, no, no.

She sees that the OIL TEMPERATURE GAUGE is in the RED ZONE.

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)
No, this can't be happening...

Starting to panic, she starts punching buttons, coughing desperately. Nothing is helping. She tries to hold her breath, but it is getting fucking hot...

It really seems that she might die in here. And as she realizes this, there is a shift. All the panic and fight disappears, and an incongruous CALMNESS overtakes her.

It requires *every single ounce of her own will*, but she achieves it: a faithful acceptance of whatever is to come. She grips her CROSS NECKLACE, closing her eyes.

EXT. WILDERNESS - LAKE - DAY (1996)

Meanwhile the Yellowjackets -- having now reached the lake -- watch from below as the plane plateaus over the water. A TAIL OF SMOKE now trailing it...

JACKIE
 Is that... smoke?

Just as they're contemplating this, the plane EXPLODES INTO A MASSIVE FIREBALL! BOOM!

The Yellowjackets cannot even process this for a moment. Then some drop to their knees. Ben Scott looks ill. Jackie lets out a SCREAM as the flaming wreckage of the plane cascades toward the water in a big cloud of smoke. Pieces of ash and debris fall surreally from the sky, but the bulk of the wreckage appears to have already hit the lake and sunk.

The girls cover their mouths, wailing and crying and hugging in their collective shock and grief.

Lottie, in shock, wades straight into the water, as if in doing so she'll be able to help Laura Lee.

But it is absurd. Laura Lee is gone.

Lottie looks up into the smoke-filled sky, the site of her earlier vision. She now realizes that what she saw during baptism was not the benevolent light of God, *but something very different*...

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. SHAUNA AND JEFF'S BEDROOM - SADECKI HOUSE - DAY

Now home from her visit to Adam's, Shauna sits down on her bed, no idea what to do. She glances up at the closet door.

The brightly colored WRAP DRESS that Jeff bought her hangs from it. She grabs the dress and drapes it against her body, looking in the mirror. *Jeff really doesn't know her at all.*

Shauna drops the dress and strides into the closet. She reaches up onto a shelf, pulls down a WEEKEND BAG and starts stuffing CLOTHES into it. Fuck the reunion; she is going away with Adam, consequences be damned.

A little smile plays on her lips at this decision. It's insane, but it feels good. As she crouches down to pick out SHOES, she notices something SPARKLING on the floor --

A small patch of GLITTER. That's odd... As she rubs it between her fingers, her eyes go wide as we **FLASH TO:**

-- **Shauna, Natalie and Taissa outside the donation center after failing to catch the blackmailer (#107).**

NATALIE (FLASHBACK)

Got any ideas now? Should we look for an asshole covered in glitter?

-- **Adam, standing in the closet in his boxers and t-shirt, grinning and holding out the laundry hamper (#107)**

SHAUNA (FLASHBACK)

Wait for the sound of running water, count to ten, and get out. Got it?

BACK ON Shauna, now starting to panic, as she punches in the code to her SAFE. She swings the door open to find ALL HER JOURNALS ARE FUCKING GONE. OFF Shauna, going pale --

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

BANGBANGBANG! Shauna pounds on Adam's door. Adam answers with a smile, delighted that she came... but Shauna's in a rage.

SHAUNA

Who the fuck are you?

OFF Adam staring at her, his expression inscrutable, we --

CUT TO BLACK.