

YELLOWJACKETS

Episode 110
"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI"

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OMITTED

EXT. WILDERNESS - CLEARING - CONTINUOUS (1996)

From high above, we look down on -- OUR GIRLS, lying scattered on the forest floor. Motionless, their faces and dresses still stained with dirt and wine, makeup and blood. It's a strange, haunting tableau, like the aftermath of some doomsday cult's mass suicide.

Slowly, the girls begin to stir. ON LOTTIE, near the LIGHTNING TREE STUMP, as her eyes flicker open. A small, satisfied smile plays at the corner of her lips as --

Nearby, SHAUNA, MARI, AKILAH, and YELLOWJACKET #3 (STUNT ALLIE) rouse themselves from their post-Doomcoming stupor. Slowly, they sit up, shivering at the chill in the air. Hugging her knees to her chest --

SHAUNA

What... happened last night?

MARI

(rubbing her temple)

I don't know... I remember singing.

And dancing. And then...

She frowns, trailing off. The memories eluding her. Or does she simply not want to face them? Shauna watches as Lottie dreamily places her palm against the lightning stump.

LOTTIE

Then we let it in. And it tried to set us free.

Shauna spots the HUNTING KNIFE on the ground, where Natalie must have left it after her altercation with Lottie. Shauna picks it up, wincing at the sight of dried blood on the blade. As the girls exchange uneasy looks...

OMITTED

INT. SUNNYVIEW NURSING HOME - HALLWAY - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

MISTY strides down the hallway of the nursing facility carrying a large TOTE BAG ("Don't Ruffle My Feathers!") like a woman on a mission. She pauses as she passes a room where two NURSES make up an empty bed with clean sheets. Peeking in the doorway --

MISTY
Oh, no. Gloria? When?

NURSE
Last night. Another stroke.

MISTY
(shaking her head)
And she was so young...

NURSE
She was 89.

MISTY
Young at heart, though.
(then)
I can't believe I didn't get to say
goodbye. Do you know if there's going
to be a service? I was like a
daughter to her, you know...

The nurses exchange a look. One of them shrugs.

MISTY (CONT'D)
That's okay, I'll just call Kenny at
the morgue, he's always got the 4-1-
1. Anyhoo! I'm off. I just popped by
the grab my Tupperware.

She pulls an empty TUPPERWARE CONTAINER from her tote bag,
marked *MISTY'S - DO NOT TOUCH!!* in thick Sharpie.

MISTY (CONT'D)
But you ladies have fun!

As Misty turns and continues down the hall...

CUT TO:

INT. MISTY'S FIAT - PARKING LOT - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Misty climbs in behind the wheel and hands the TOTE to
NATALIE, sitting shotgun. Natalie starts rifling through the
bag. Pulling out the Tupperware --

NATALIE
You planning on taking home
leftovers?

MISTY
I needed a cover story.
(MORE)

MISTY (CONT'D)

(then)
I got gloves, waste disposal bags,
oxygenated bleach...

NATALIE

Why didn't we just go to a store?

MISTY

(rolling her eyes)
Um, maybe because 12% of all killers
are caught buying cleaning supplies?
Plus regular bleach leaves hemoglobin
behind for luminol tests. Trust me,
this is the good stuff. It's like a
regular corpse-o-rama in there.

NATALIE

Good to know.

Natalie throws the tote in the back. Misty starts the engine, then hesitates. Turning to Natalie --

MISTY

Before we do this, I just want to
confirm the terms of our deal...

NATALIE

What do you want, a blood oath?

(then)

I said I'd go, didn't I?

MISTY

Okay, okay. Just making sure...

As Misty smiles, satisfied, and puts the car in drive -- Off Natalie, what the fuck has she gotten herself into...

EXT. CABIN - DAY (1996)

We find TEEN NATALIE rounding the corner at the back of the cabin. Finally she spots TRAVIS, crouched down, splashing water on his face from a PAIL. She picks up her pace as she heads towards him, filled with relief --

NATALIE

Jesus, I've been looking for you
everywhere. Are you... alright?

He turns and glances up at her, his expression oddly impassive.

TRAVIS

Why wouldn't I be?

Natalie stops short, caught totally off-guard by his detached, slightly defensive demeanor.

NATALIE

What? But... last night...

TRAVIS

I'm fine. Actually, I'm better than fine. I finally got laid, so. I'm fucking great.

NATALIE

I'm not talking about-- Travis, they had a fucking *knife* to your throat. They were going to... I don't know, but I know it scared the shit out of me.

She takes a step towards him.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Look, I don't care what happened with Jackie right now. I just need to know you're okay.

A long beat. Finally --

TRAVIS

I said I was fine, didn't I?

He stands, not quite meeting her eye. Clearly wanting to end the conversation.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm going to look for Javi.

NATALIE

(confused)

He isn't here?

(off his silence)

Shit. Do you want any help?

Finally, he looks at her. His gaze cool, emotionless.

TRAVIS

No.

And with that, he walks off. As Natalie, hurt and confused, storms off in the opposite direction, into the woods...

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

Shauna and the others make their way back to camp. As they cross with Natalie, who's heading deeper into the woods --

Natalie stops, silently unshouldering the GUN. Slowly, she raises the muzzle, pointing in directly at Shauna. Everyone freezes. A beat as they all stare each other down.

LOTTIE

(calmly)

It's okay. She's not going do it.

Natalie swivels the gun, aiming at Lottie now. Lottie gazes back blithely. Finally, after an excruciatingly long moment, Natalie lowers the rifle. Tears shining in her eyes. Then, as she lowers her weapon and continues on her path without another word...

Off Shauna, taking a deep breath, trembling with fear and guilt and shame...

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

Find Shauna, gazing down blankly at ADAM'S BODY, now covered with a bloody sheet, as Taissa lets Natalie and Misty into the loft. A beat as Misty surveys the scene. Finally --

MISTY

Well. You guys are a real bunch of Gloomy Gusses. Who died?

(she laughs; then)

But seriously. Who is this guy, anyway?

Shauna takes in Misty, in all her jumpsuit-ed glory, as she sets down her tote and kneels beside the body, peeling back the sheet to examine Adam's face.

SHAUNA

(to Natalie)

Oh my god. *This* is your big brainstorm?

NATALIE

Did you have a better idea?

MISTY

I think what you guys mean to say is: hi, Misty! It's so great to see you after all these years. Thanks so much for swinging by and helping us cover up a murder.

SHAUNA

Why does everyone keep using that word? It's not like I woke up this morning and thought, what should I do today? Oh I know, I'll find out my boyfriend is a creepy stalker and stab him to death!

TAISSA

(to Misty)

His name is Adam Martin. He seduced Shauna to get to her journals, then used them to blackmail us.

SHAUNA

(muttering)

I'm going to prison. I'm going to prison for the rest of my life...

Misty stands. Shaking her head confidently.

MISTY

No, you're not. None of us are, as long as you do exactly what I say. So listen up...

Misty starts unpacking her tote.

MISTY (CONT'D)

First of all, if you haven't turned off your phones already, I suggest you do that now.

(glancing at the body)

Where's his?

SHAUNA

I took it home and put it in my safe.

MISTY

(nods)

As soon as we're done here, you're going to wipe it and destroy the sim card. Then do the same to your own. Cell carriers on keep texts in the cloud for a few days so even if someone goes looking for them, we should be okay.

Now Misty has their attention. Shauna and Taissa nod.

MISTY (CONT'D)

I didn't see any security cameras in the building. Did any neighbors see you come in?

SHAUNA
I don't think so...

MISTY
The right now, it's all about
destroying the evidence. Shauna,
you're the best with a knife -
clearly - so you're in charge of
breaking down the body.

TAISSA
(to Shauna)
Are you up to that?

Shauna nods.

NATALIE
I'll help her.

MISTY
That leaves me and Tai on clean up.
(re: the blood)
Boy, he was a real gusher, huh?

A beat, as everyone processes her rapid-fire plan - not to mention her utter lack of concern about the gruesome task ahead. Suddenly Misty claps, like a chipper drill sergeant.

MISTY (CONT'D)
Well, what are you waiting for,
ladies? Let's suit up and get to
work!

Of Misty, clearly in her element, we CUT TO --

INT. ADAM'S LOFT - BATHROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna and Natalie -- both now wearing LATEX GLOVES and MISTY'S COVERALLS -- as they heave his body into the BATHTUB with an unceremonious THUD.

Shauna kneels down at the edge of the tub, while Natalie plugs in an ELECTRIC CARVING KNIFE from the kitchen.

NATALIE
(handing it over)
You remember how to do this?

SHAUNA
Just like riding a fucked up, really
gross, bike.

She takes the knife from Natalie, gazing down at Adam.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

It's weird how they never look like themselves after...

Natalie doesn't respond. She's watching Shauna, not the corpse in the bathtub. As Shauna turns on the electric knife and gets to work --

NATALIE

When did you say you met this guy again?

SHAUNA

A few months ago...

Shauna works an ELBOW JOINT, popping it like a deer knee.

NATALIE

And he never mentioned the crash? Or asked about the rest of us?

SHAUNA

No. No. I didn't think he even knew about it. I thought that he just...
(finally)
...liked me.

Suddenly, it hits her: he probably *did*. He might have even loved her. And now she's cutting his body into pieces. But Shauna can't afford to feel that kind of remorse right now. Instead she channels everything into the task at hand -- CRACK -- separating a wrist with chef-like precision...

NATALIE

And after he killed Travis, you didn't notice him acting weird or--

SHAUNA

Natalie, I was with *him* the day that Travis died.

Shauna drops one of Adam's HANDS in a waiting MEDICAL WASTE BAG, wishing like hell that Natalie would stop asking questions.

NATALIE

Then he must have been working with someone else. I need to get my hands on his cell, maybe there's--

SHAUNA

Or maybe it's all just a fucking coincidence and Travis really did kill himself, did you ever think of that? That all this time you've been so sure there's some big conspiracy, but the truth is just that our heads are screwed up because of what happened to us, and now you're looking for answers that don't exist?

She's talking about herself as much as anything. Natalie glares at her.

NATALIE

No, Shauna. That did not fucking occur to me.

SHAUNA

I know what it's like, Nat. The nightmares. The numbness. The paranoia. Sometimes I look at the world around me and it's like... it's like all the light has gone out of it.

Natalie softens, almost imperceptibly. Clearly what Shauna's talking about -- the darkness that permeates their lives -- resonates with her in a powerful way.

NATALIE

(quietly)
That's because it has.

SHAUNA

Maybe Travis couldn't live like that anymore. Maybe... maybe you need to start trying to forgive him for that.

And just like that, Natalie's walls go back up. A tense beat.

NATALIE

Or maybe you just don't want to admit that your stupidity helped get him killed.

(then)
Now stop stalling, and cut this asshole's head off.

Off Natalie, seemingly unmoved by Shauna's argument...

INT. ADAM'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Misty wrings out a bloody RAG in the SINK, while Taissa scrubs what remains of the blood stain on the floor.

MISTY

Woo! I just got the craziest case of déjà vu. Does that ever happen to you?

Taissa just gives her a look. Clearly not thrilled to be on Misty duty.

TAISSA

And her I thought the worst thing that was gonna happen to me this week was losing this election...

She says it casually, like a joke, but clearly the prospect still hurts.

MISTY

Sounds like *somebody* doesn't believe in the power of positive thinking...

TAISSA

I could have a vision board the size of Time Square, and it still wouldn't change the fact that as of yesterday I'm still behind in the polls by almost 20 points. All that's really left now is delivering my concession speech.

MISTY

Well, I voted for you. And I only registered so I'd get jury duty.

(then)

When do you find out who won?

TAISSA

Tomorrow.

When -- Shauna and Natalie emerge from the bathroom. Shauna's carrying the now-bulging MEDICAL WASTE BAG.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

(eyeing the bag)

Is that--?

Shauna nods.

SHAUNA

The rest is draining in the tub.

MISTY

Good. Once that's finished, you can stuff it in there--

She gestures to a WHEELED SUITCASE sitting in the corner.

MISTY (CONT'D)

-- and bury it out in Hacklebarney Park. I have a shovel in my trunk that you can borrow, but I do want it back. Oh, and I already took the liberty of packing some books and toiletries and stuff. That way if anyone comes looking for him, it'll just look like he went on a trip. For a while, at least.

Glancing skeptically at the suitcase --

TAISSA

And after that? What if animals dig him up? Or some hiker's dog sniffs it out?

MISTY

(rolling her eyes)

It won't matter. Torsos are useless, *duh*, that's the whole point. It's the head and hands you really have to worry about.

NATALIE

And what's the plan there, exactly?

They all turn to look at the bag in Shauna's hands.

MISTY

I'll handle that.

Off Misty, filled with a kind of gleeful confidence; like she's been training for this moment for years...

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - FIRE PIT - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

MISTY, sitting on the porch and pretending to read a book, while stealing baleful glances at BEN SCOTT -- who's tending to a kettle of BONE BROTH with Taissa and Van.

They all look up as Shauna, Lottie, and the rest of the "pack" from the night before slump back into camp. Gesturing to a nearby BUCKET --

BEN SCOTT

I boiled some drinking water. If you guys are half as hungover as I am, I figured you'd need it.

Shauna looks around. Hesitantly --

SHAUNA

Has anyone seen Jackie?

Lottie gives a small nod -- *behind you* -- and Shauna turns to see Jackie at the cabin door. Her expression fucking arctic.

Suddenly, Shauna grimaces as we FLASH TO -- glimpses of the night before. Lottie, *brandishing the bloody sheet. Shauna kissing Travis. The pursuit. The knife against his throat.*

Shauna shudders, clutching her belly as though in pain. But for once, Jackie is unmoved by her friend's distress. Instead, she is absolutely, brutally, FURIOUS.

JACKIE

I have *nothing* to say to you. To any of you.

(then; directly to Shauna)

I mean, *what the actual fuck?*

Shauna flushes and looks away.

MARI

(muttering)

Yeah, like you're so innocent...

JACKIE

Hey, I'm not the one who went completely fucking insane last night.

VAN

No, you were too busy screwing Travis...

BEN SCOTT

Whoa, hey. I'm sure we all said... and did... some stuff we regret last night on account of the 'shrooms. I think the best thing now is just to try to put it behind us, and ---

They all look at him.

SHAUNA

Shrooms?

VAN
Yeah, okay. That makes sense.

TAISSA
(realizing)
Oh shit. The broth...

Everyone turns and looks at Misty, who looks back guiltily.

AKILAH
You *drugged* us?

MISTY
No, I didn't--
(seeing their faces)
It was an accident! They were only
supposed to be for Ben!

MARI
Oh my god. Do you have any idea how
crazy you are?

MISTY
(getting mad back; re:
Mari)
They were my mushrooms! You're the
one who stole them and put them in
the stupid soup. Besides, none of
this would have happened if he hadn't
tricked me into falling in love with
him, when it turns out he's actually
a--

LOTTIE
Stop!

Everyone shuts up as Lottie, who's been quiet this whole
time, suddenly speaks up.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)
Do you hear that?

Everyone freezes as -- in the BRUSH, trees rustle and
branches snap. Then, there's a low, moaning ROAR, as --

A MASSIVE BEAR lumbers out of the woods, right for the
center of camp. It stops and shakes its head, sniffing the
air.

Holy. Shit. The girls all go ashen with fear, stumbling
back, away from the beast. Ben Scott hastily gets to his
feet (foot), trying to make himself as tall as possible.

EVERYONE

Oh my god/ What do we do/ Nononono/
We're going to get fucking eaten.

BEN SCOTT

Everybody stay calm.

MARI

(verging on hysteria)
How the fuck are we supposed to do
that?!

TAISSA

Where's the gun? Somebody grab it.
Now.

MISTY

It's not here!

AKILAH

(grimly),
Natalie has it. We saw her.

The bear takes another few drunken steps towards them, before letting out another deep, rumbling bellow. Everyone screams. Everyone, that is, except Lottie.

LOTTIE

(turning to Shauna)
Shauna. Give me your knife.

Visibly shaking, Shauna hands the HUNTING KNIFE to Lottie. Then they all watch in horror and awe as Lottie slowly approaches the beast.

VAN

Lot, don't--!

LOTTIE

Shhhhhhhhhh.

It's unclear if she's soothing the others, or the animal itself. Her face is serene, almost as if in a trance.

The bear grunts, watching her approach. It lets out a low, warning moan... but it doesn't attack, even as Lottie gets dangerously close. Perhaps an instinctive reaction to her absolute lack of fear.

For a moment, everyone holds their collective breath as Lottie and the bear hold each other's gaze, a beat of some strange communion between them. Then --

In one smooth motion, Lottie raises the knife with both hands and lunges forward -- driving the blade home to the hilt at the base of the bear's skull, severing its spine. Killing it instantly.

The bear lets out one final, moaning death rattle, then collapses. Blood pours out from its mouth... Off everyone's stunned silence...

EXT. HACKLEBARNEY STATE PARK - DUSK (PRESENT DAY)

Find Shauna, Taissa and Natalie in a stretch of dense woods, as the last strains of daylight filter through the trees. Natalie holds a SHOVEL; a carry-on SUITCASE, ostensibly stuffed with Adam's body (minus the head and hands), sits on the rotting-leaf-covered ground beside them. Reaching for the shovel --

SHAUNA

It's my mess. I'll do it.

NATALIE

(handing it over)

Be my guest.

Taissa shakes her head.

TAISSA

We'll take turns. It'll be faster that way.

(giving Natalie a look)

We're here because of us. All of us.

Shauna nods, raising the shovel. As its blade hits the damp earth with a dull THWACK --

PRE-LAP: The moody siren call of a SAXOPHONE...

INT. WISKAYOK HIGH GYMNASIUM - EVENING (PRESENT DAY)

-- As Wreckx-N-Effect's *Rump Shaker* blares from an old P.A. SYSTEM...

Welcome to Wiskayok High's 25-year REUNION. Balloons and banners celebrate the "CLASS OF '96!" Rented tables and chairs fill the space, save for a small dance floor in front of the stage, where a low-rent DJ is manning the turntables.

Old friends and classmates mingle and make small talk, catching up. A few people are already a little drunk, while others are clearly on their way.

WE FIND JEFF, in his suit and tie,
standing nervously by the bar with RANDY WALSH.

RANDY
What if they know it was us?

JEFF
I told you, it's fine. C'mon, man.
Act natural.

A beat as they wrack their brains for something... normal to
talk about. Coming up empty --

RANDY
I'm choking, dude. I've been in,
like, a million conversations. How
can I not think of a single one?

Jeff anxiously checks his watch, when --

ALLIE (O.S.)
There he is!

Jeff looks over, dismayed, to find ALLIE (of broken-leg
fame) flashing a big, flirtatious smile as she approaches.

ALLIE
Your highness.
(giving him a once-over)
Wow. Somebody's been working out. I
mean, I've seen your commercials, but
these days with all the filters and
the facetunes and the whatnot, you
never really know.

RANDY
Hey, Allie.

Allie glances at Randy. With significantly less warmth --

ALLIE
Oh. Hi, Randall.
(then, to Jeff)
Where's Shauna? I haven't seen her
yet...

JEFF
She's just running a little late.
Hey, everything looks great in here,
by the way.

ALLIE
Thank you. I feel such a sense of
responsibility, you know?
(MORE)

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Not just as class chair, but as a member of the team. I don't know if you knew this, but I was supposed to be on the plane that day...

They *all* know that, mostly because she clearly brings it up every chance she gets to anyone who will listen.

JEFF

Right. That must be... weird.

ALLIE

These reunions are such an important way to honor the unique bond we all share. Our trauma bond. And this is the big one. Ten, who cares? Twenty, everyone's busy with kids, careers. But twenty-five? That's reunion pay dirt, baby. Tonight's going to be *special*.

(suddenly suspicious)

Shauna is coming, isn't she? You did both RSVP.

She narrows her eyes, giving him an intense, accusatory look.

JEFF

Yep. Any minute now...

ALLIE

She better be, mister. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to check on the caterers...

Allie smiles, satisfied, before turning and walking away.

RANDY

(calling after her)

See you on the dance floor

As Jeff glances at the door -- *where the hell is Shauna, anyway...?*

INT. CREMATORIUM - EVENING (PRESENT DAY)

On a COFFIN slowly sliding into the furnace chamber of a CREMATOR. As the column of flames lick up the side of the casket, setting it ablaze, we --

GO INSIDE THE COFFIN ITSELF, tracking slowly up a waxy, age-spotted HAND and the Chanel-suited arm beyond -- to find a familiar WASTE DISPOSAL BAG tucked neatly into the crook of the corpse's elbow...

MISTY (PRE-LAP)

I am just so, so sorry for your loss...

INT. CREMATORIUM - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT DAY)

Back in the viewing/reception area, past a large, unsmiling portrait of GLORIA DEGENARO, we find Misty among the gathered MOURNERS -- talking animatedly to a woman we soon understand is Gloria's daughter, DEB (60s).

MISTY

...I mean, I'm devastated. She was like a mother to me. Which, if you think about it, kind of makes us sisters!

Deb looks at her blankly.

DEB

I'm sorry. Who are you again?

MISTY

Misty. Misty Quigley. From Sunnyview? I was your mother's nurse. Or, as I like to think of it, her guardian angel.

DEB

(vaguely)
Right, of course. Well, thank you for coming. I'm sure Mom was lucky to have you.

MISTY

Oh, I'm the lucky one, believe me. She was really there for me when I needed it, you know? Always smiling. Always laughing. I mean, not literally - after the last stroke she pretty much lost all control of her facial musculature. But you could still really sense her profound inner joy.

Deb just stares at her. As if utterly unable to compute this information --

DEB
My mother was *Gloria DeGenaro*.

MISTY
(shaking her head)
May she rest in peace...

As Misty hugs the deceased's thoroughly baffled daughter...

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

Taissa enters the dark, empty townhouse. With Sammy and Simone gone, it's quiet. Too quiet. Taissa braces her hand against the wall, suddenly overcome with the gravity of what she just did. What they all did. Then, she takes a deep breath. Collecting herself. Just like she always does. As she slowly heads up the stairs --

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

CLOSE ON Shauna's face as she takes a shower. She closes her eyes, letting the hot water stream over her. She begins to sob, letting out all the guilt and grief and remorse she's been bottling up all day...

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

Shauna, now calmer and wrapped in a terrycloth robe, walks to the bed, where a LARGE BOX is sitting with a note:

"Thought this seemed a little more you. Love, Jeff".

Shauna opens the box to find a lovely, understated DRESS. As she picks it up and considers it...

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

Natalie, hair wet, wrapped in a towel, stands over the table with Travis's file, staring at his autopsy photo. Where usually she's vibrating with an almost electric energy, her expression is now stoic, her face unreadable...

INT. WISKAYOK HIGH SCHOOL - VARIOUS ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Various shots of the empty school. The **CHEMISTRY LAB**. The **CAFETERIA**. A **CLASSROOM**, filled with vacant desks, walls plastered with a PICTORIAL DISPLAY of "Women Who Changed the World!"

We hear the thrumming base of MUSIC from the reunion -- hollow, distant, echoing. Getting louder as... reminiscent of our pilot, we slowly track down a darkened **HALLWAY**, past a row of **LOCKERS**, until we find --

INT. WISKAYOK HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna and Taissa, standing in front of the gymnasium doors, now cleaned up and dressed in their reunion finest. Taissa glances at Shauna, and moves to open the door. When --

SHAUNA

Don't.

Taissa gives her a questioning look.

TAISSA

You okay?

SHAUNA

How is this possibly the most scared I've been all day?

Taissa gives a small, mordant laugh.

TAISSA

(*'chipper small talk voice'*)

"Oh my god, it's been *forever!* What have you been *up* to?"

SHAUNA

(*playing along*)

Oh, you know. Book club, PTA, dismembering my lover's corpse...

They both take a deep breath. *Ready? Ready.* When --

NATALIE (O.S.)

Hey. Wait up!

They turn to see Natalie striding down the hall towards them. Seeing the total surprise on their faces --

NATALIE

What?

(*then, rolling her eyes*)

I made a deal, okay?

Then, before either of them can stop her --

NATALIE (CONT'D)
 C'mon. Let's just fucking do this
 thing already.

As Natalie shoves open the GYM DOOR and barrels through...

INT. WISKAYOK HIGH GYMNASIUM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

SLO-MOTION, RESERVOIR DOGS-STYLE MUSIC UP as our women enter
 the reunion...

-- On Misty, making small talk -- her eyes LIGHTING UP as
 she spots Shauna, Taissa and Natalie striding in. As she
 moves (also in slo-mo) to meet them --

A murmur goes through the crowd of attendees. Slowly, more
 and more people turn to stare at --

Our badass threesome... now a foursome, as Misty zealously
 joins the squad. Then, resuming normal speed as they come to
 a stop--

MISTY
 (clapping)
 Oh my god, you showed up!

Natalie can't help but be a little flattered by Misty's
 excitement at her presence.

NATALIE
 I said I would...

Shauna turns as Jeff walks up, placing a hand on her back.

JEFF
 There you are.
 (then, lower)
 Are you--?

SHAUNA
 I'm good. Yeah.

TAISSA
 (to Jeff)
 Respect the power tie.

Shauna looks around nervously, sensing all the eyes on her.
 On all of them. Really, how could people not look? They're
 basically celebrities...

But at least one of them isn't daunted by the attention.
 Instead, Misty looks downright *delighted*.

MISTY

I can't believe you're all actually here. This is going to be so. much. fun.

(holding out her phone)
Ooh, somebody take our picture!

Allie, almost as excited as Misty about her former teammates' presence, is already waving over the hired reunion PHOTOGRAPHER. As Misty coerces them also into striking a group pose -- off the women's forced smiles...

EXT. CABIN - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

Misty hovers as the other girls busy themselves with preparing Lottie's kill -- Shauna using the HUNTING KNIFE to carve a hunk of meat... Mari using a smaller POCKET KNIFE to cut smaller chunks of flesh to cook... Akilah scraping flesh from the inside of a hide with a flat, sharp ROCK... Ben Scott rubbing already-scraped swaths of hide with the animal's BRAINS to tan it...

Mari glances up, annoyed, as Misty tries to take her plate of already-cut bear meat.

MISTY

Here, I can start cooking. I already got the fire going...

MARI

Yeah, right. Like we're going to trust you around the food...

Misty hesitates, then reaches for the plate again.

MISTY

I'm just trying to help. I swear, I'm not going to--

MARI

Oh my god, Misty, just -- get the fuck away!

MISTY

Where do you want me to go?

MARI

Literally anywhere else.

Misty balks, looking to the others for help. Lottie meets her eye but doesn't say anything. The rest just look away. Finally, eyes shining, Misty turns and quietly walks back to the cabin, passing --

Shauna, who's finishing separating a haunch. She moves to wipe the hunting knife on her shirt, then stops. Shauna looks at the knife, glistening with blood, as though fascinated. Impulsively, she touches the blood, and -- out of deep, primal instinct -- brings her finger to her mouth.

AKILAH

Shauna. Don't.

Shauna looks up, startled, to see Akilah watching her.

AKILAH (CONT'D)

It could make you sick.

Quickly, Shauna wipes her hand on her shirt, then uses it to clean the rest of the blood off the knife. Off her guilt, mingled with something darker... a low, buzzing thrill...

INT. CABIN - ATTIC - DAY (1996)

Taissa watches her teammates work from the attic window, then turns as she hears footsteps coming up the stairs. As Van emerges from the trap door --

TAISSA

Hey.

(then)

I thought you didn't like to come up here.

VAN

I don't. But...

Van approaches. Taissa sees the BONE TALISMAN hanging around Van's neck again. Van notices her clocking it.

TAISSA

But what?

(off Van's silence)

C'mon. I want to hear you say it.

VAN

Why? So you can lecture me about how dumb I am?

Taissa senses Van's defenses going up. Choosing her words carefully --

TAISSA

You're not dumb. I think something really, really scary happened to you and you're trying to deal with it I get it. But, Van--

VAN

I saw something, Tai.

(then)

After... it happened. I don't think I was dead, but I wasn't really alive, either. I think I was, like, in between, or something.

TAISSA

You were in shock. Your body was--

VAN

No. Tai, I know what I saw. I mean, I don't know what it meant, but-- I know I saw *something*. Something was out there with us.

TAISSA

So you had a near-death experience, and now you believe in, what? Ghosts? Wood sprites? Tree demons?

VAN

Don't do that. I get that you're scared, but don't act like you have any clue what's happening out here. Because you don't.

TAISSA

Van. You believe Sporty Spice is the most underrated Spice Girl. You believe that Scully is way too good for Mulder. You don't believe in-

VAN

(cutting her off)

Yeah, well maybe I do now. And if that's going to be a problem, then just... just say it, okay?

Van looks at her, trying to blink away the tears threatening to spill. Nakedly vulnerable. Taissa softens, coming to her.

TAISSA

Hey, no. It's okay. We're okay. I promise.

As Taissa wraps her arms around Van in a reassuring embrace, making a promise she doesn't know if she can keep...

INT. WISKAYOK HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Find Natalie in the dim hallway, standing in front of a large glass display case filled with TROPHIES, PLAQUES, PHOTOGRAPHS, school pride MEMORABILIA...

There's a special section of the display dedicated to the Yellowjackets: candid pictures, the NJ STATE CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY, a frames article about their victory there. Nat stares at one picture in particular: of Travis, very much the picture of 'brooding teenager' in his YEARBOOK PHOTO.

KEVYN (O.S.)

Is that him?

Natalie turns to find that KEVYN has walked up beside her.

KEVYN

I wish I could say I remember him better.

NATALIE

You were actually kind of alike.

KEVYN

Why? Because we both loved you?

She doesn't turn to look at him. Instead, staring fixedly at Travis's photo, her voice breaking along with her heart --

NATALIE

He killed himself, Kev.

KEVYN

(gently)
I know.

NATALIE

The fucking asshole killed himself.

KEVYN

Yeah.

Only this time, Kevyn doesn't move to comfort her. As much as he may instinctively want to. When --

WOMAN (O.S.)

Kev! You coming?

They both turn towards the sound of another woman's voice. She's waiting by the door. A date? Another classmate? Does it even matter now? Kevyn gives Natalie one last look. Then --

KEVYN

Look, I gotta go. But... take care of yourself, Nat. I hope you find whatever it is you really need.

And with that, he walks away. Leaving Natalie alone with the reality that what she really needs -- answers, certainty, closure -- is utterly out of her reach...

INT. WISKAYOK HIGH GYMNASIUM - BAR - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Find Shauna waiting to order a cocktail. She steps up to the bar as the couple in front of her moves away with their drinks.

SHAUNA

(ordering)

Two cabernets, a beer, and a white wine spritzer, please.

RANDY (O.S.)

S'up, foxy lady...

Randy sidles up next to her. Shauna glances at him, then shakes her head at the BARTENDER.

SHAUNA

You know what? Make that four shots of tequila. Doubles.

RANDY

Hell yeah. We partying tonight?

Shauna turns and just stares at him -- absolute fucking *daggers*.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Um.

(starting to sweat; sotto)

Shit. He told you, didn't he?

Shauna doesn't say anything. She doesn't even blink. If looks could kill, this one could take out a thousand Randy Walshes.

Slowly, Shauna nods. Then, stepping close, Shauna speaks low into Randy's ear --

SHAUNA

If you ever tell *anyone* what you two did, I will fucking end you.

(MORE)

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

I will gut you like a pig, and if anyone finds your body - which they won't - it won't matter, because it will be un-fucking-recognizable, Got it?

She steps back and smiles. Randy looks shaken.

RANDY

So you're mad, then?

SHAUNA

Yeah, Randy. I have to be mad at someone, and it can't be Jeff, right now -- so it's you.

Randy takes that in for a second, then:

RANDY

I get that.

SHAUNA

Good.

She calmly turns back to the bar, gathers her shots, and as she passes Randy on her way back to her table:

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

You're a good friend.

Off Randy still shaken by the threat, but appreciating the acknowledgment...

INT. CABIN - MAIN AREA - DUSK (1996)

On a makeshift TRAY of charred, steaming BEAR MEAT as it's carried across the threshold of the cabin.

WIDER TO REVEAL that Shauna is carrying the tray, flanked by Lottie and Van, each carrying another heaping platter. Perhaps the image is reminiscent of the feast we witnessed in the pilot... only this time, we don't find waiting congregants in ritualistic garb. Instead, we see a group of desperately hungry teenaged girls (plus Ben Scott), sitting silently in a loose circle on the cabin floor with empty dishes. Misty sits a bit apart, clearly still feeling the sting from earlier.

Shauna, Van and Lottie move around the room, portioning out the feast. Even Jackie eyes the food hungrily. And yet, though clearly ravenous, everyone waits, as if by some unspoken agreement.

Finally, Shauna, Van and Lottie fill their own plates and find a place to sit. A beat.

SHAUNA

...Should we maybe wait for Natalie and Travis?

BEN SCOTT

I'm pretty sure they've got some stuff to sort out. They can eat when they get back.

A few of the girls glance at Jackie, who immediately looks down at her plate. ON VAN, who's suddenly got a strange look on her face. Looking at Lottie --

VAN

Last night you said 'we won't be hungry much longer.' How... did you know?

LOTTIE

I just... did.

JACKIE

Um, it's called getting lucky, guys. It probably just smelled us and came looking for food. That bear obviously had something wrong with it.

MISTY

(staring at her plate)
It didn't look sick...

MARI

Honestly, at this point, I don't even think I care. Can we just eat?

VAN

Wait.
(glancing at Lottie)
Maybe we should say something first. Like, I don't know, grace, or thanks, or whatever.

Taissa gives her a sharp look, then catches herself.

TAISSA

(a peace offering)
Fine. Just, make it quick.

VAN

Lot?

And suddenly everyone's looking at Lottie. No vote was necessary to imbue her with this new authority; but it's undeniable that it exists. Even Lottie looks a little surprised by this turn of events. Hesitantly --

LOTTIE
Let's join hands...

As everyone reaches out to clasp fingers and palms... that is, everyone except for Jackie...

INT. WISKAYOK HIGH GYMNASIUM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

On Shauna, as she approaches a table precariously carrying her four tequila SHOTS. Natalie just sits, uncharacteristically quiet, while Misty chews Jeff's ear off about god-only-knows-what.

TAISSA
(swooping in)
Good call.

Taissa takes two of the shots from Shauna.

TAISSA (CONT'D)
I swear to god, if one more asshole tells me I've been in their thoughts and prayers...

They both sit, doling out the drinks. Natalie gives Shauna a grateful look. Misty claps.

MISTY
Oooh. A shooter! I've never done one of these before...

The four women raise their glasses. Then hesitate -- what should they cheers to? Surprisingly, it's Natalie who speaks up first...

NATALIE
To old friends.

It's difficult to read her tone. Is she being sarcastic? Sincere? Still, it's certainly apt. Misty, Shauna and Taissa nod, then throw the tequila back (Misty sips hers). When --

Suddenly, there's a SCREECH OF FEEDBACK.

ALLIE (OVER THE P.A.)
Can I have everyone's attention, please?

Onstage, Allie adjusts a microphone. A guy in the crowd BOOS.

ALLIE
 (briefly losing her cool)
 Shut the fuck up, Doug, you're a grown man.
 (then, starting fresh)
 Good evening. And thank you all for coming tonight.

Allie glances down at the NOTECARDS in her hand. Clearing her throat --

ALLIE (CONT'D)
 Dictionary.com defines a reunion as the act of uniting again. A gathering of friends, relatives, or associates after a period of separation. And indeed, a graduating class will forever be united by their shared high school experience. But as the Wiskayok High Class of '96, we are united by something even greater. Together, we went through a tragedy. And tonight, together, I'm hopeful that we can finally truly heal.

Shauna, Taissa and Natalie share a look. *What fresh hell is this?* ON STAGE, an IMAGE appears on a PROJECTION SCREEN behind Allie: the Yellowjackets TEAM PHOTO. Allie gestures to the DJ. As Mariah Carey's "Hero" begins to play...

ALLIE (CONT' D)
But in order to move forward... we must first look back...

INT. CABIN - WILDERNESS - DUSK (1996)

The Yellowjackets bow their heads, holding hands. Waiting for, Lottie to begin her prayer...

LOTTIE
 For this gift from the wilderness, we give our thanks...

She glances up. It takes everyone a second to realize, she literally wants them to do it. Finally --

VAN
 Thank you.

LOTTIE

To the spirit of the bear, who
sacrificed so that we could live, we
give our thanks...

This time, everyone chimes in --

EVERYONE

Thank you.

LOTTIE

To the ancient gods of the sky and
the dirt, we give our thanks...

A few uneasy looks at that one. still -

EVERYONE

Thank you.

Lottie takes a deep breath and smiles, satisfied. When --

MISTY

You didn't say it.

Misty stares at Jackie accusingly. Turning to the others --

MISTY (CONT'D)

Jackie didn't say it.

As everyone turns to look at Jackie...

INT. WISKAYOK HIGH GYMNASIUM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Meanwhile, at the reunion, Allie's building steam. As
candids and group shots flash across the projection
screen -- *Shauna, Natalie, Taissa, Van, Laura Lee, Akilah,
Mari, Lottie, Rachel, Misty, Princess, Mya (Yellowjackets #1
& 2), Ben Scott, Coach Martinez, Javi, Travis...*

ALLIE

They were our classmates. Our
teachers. Our friends. But more than
that, they were strong. They were
courageous. They were, and they
remain, a true *inspiration*.

On our four women, as the pitch dark irony of that statement
hits home. Misty is rapt; the others stare down at the table
in front of them.

A Jeff gives Shauna a concerned look, placing his hand on
hers...

INT. CABIN - MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS (DUSK) (1996)

Jackie stares back at everyone with furious indignation.

JACKIE

No. I didn't thank the fucking dirt
for sending us a brain damaged bear.
What is even happening right now?
What is wrong with all of you?

They all stare back at her, hackles raised. Taissa looks around, concerned by the escalating tension in the air.

TAISSA

It's fine, guys. She doesn't have
to--

JACKIE

Oh, shut up, Tai. You were part of
it, too. I mean, are we really not
going to talk about this? We just
howl at the moon and have fucking
orgies now? And somehow I'm the one
who did something wrong?

BEN SCOTT

(clearly missing something)
Wait, what?

SHAUNA

Jackie. Calm down...

JACKIE

Don't fucking tell me to calm down!
(whirling on her)
What were you going to do to Travis
last night, Shauna?

Shauna looks down, the shame of the night before flooding back.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Answer me.

SHAUNA

I-- I don't know... I don't
remember...

JACKIE

Bullshit. You had a knife to his
throat! Jesus Christ, if we hadn't
stopped you, you would have kille--

Finally, all the rage and fear and resentment that Shauna's been sublimating for weeks bubbles over --

SHAUNA

Shut up, just shut up! None of this would have happened if it wasn't for you! If you hadn't--

She cuts herself off. Jackie narrows her eyes. The others watch, silently.

JACKIE

If I hadn't what? "Stolen" him?
 (off Shauna's silence)
 Wow. The irony...
 (to the others)
 Shauna was fucking Jeff behind my back, you know that? That's who's really responsible for her little bundle of joy.

A murmur goes through the group.

SHAUNA

(realizing)
 It was you. You read my journal.

Jackie stares at Shauna, equal parts rage and bewilderment.

JACKIE

How could you? I thought you were my-- You don't even like him.

SHAUNA

(coldly)
 How would you know? You're so obsessed with yourself, I'm surprised you're aware other people even exist. You know you never even asked if I wanted to go to Rutgers? You just assumed I'd go wherever you wanted. You tell me what to wear, what to do, who to hook up with. I don't even like soccer! But you just... get everything you want. All the time. Like it's nothing.

JACKIE

Oh my god, you are such a cliché.
 ("pouty voice")
 Is the sad little sidekick mad? Did she get forced to live in my shadow? Poor Shauna. It must be hard being this jealous all the time.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 (off Shauna's scoff)
 You're so jealous you can. hardly
 breathe.

SHAUNA
 Are you... quoting *Beaches* at me
 right now?

JACKIE
 What? No!

Well, not intentionally..

SHAUNA
 I'm not jealous of you. I feel sorry
 for you. Because you're weak. And
 deep down, I think you know it. This
 was actually a lucky break for you,
 wasn't it? I'm sure everyone's so
 fucking sad about losing their
 perfect princess, and they'll never
 know how tragic and boring and
 insecure you really are. And that
 high school was the best your life
 was ever gonna get.

JACKIE
 (a beat; then)
Fuck you.

As Shauna and Jackie stare each other down, both nearly
 trembling with anger and hurt...

INT. WISKAYOK HIGH GYMNASIUM - NIGHT (1996)

On Shauna, as the slideshow ends on Jackie's SENIOR PHOTO.
 Her eyes crinkled slightly, a coy smile on her face.

ALLIE
 Let's take a moment to honor these
 brave souls. Both the survivors...
 and those who survive here...
 (tapping her chest)
 ...in our hearts.

Allie closes her eyes briefly, with performative grief.
 Taissa leans over to Shauna. Her voice low --

TAISSA
 Jesus. What a crock of shit.

But Shauna's eyes are glued to Jackie's face on the screen.

ALLIE

Now traditionally, we'd end tonight with a dance from our class king and queen. But while she isn't here with us, I know that *this* is what Jackie would have wanted...

(looking into the crowd)

Jeff? Shauna? Get up here.

SHAUNA

(to herself, mostly)

Oh no. No no no.

People start to applaud, including Misty. A few coaxing catcalls around the room. Jeff looks at a mortified Shauna, unsure what to do.

JEFF

Do you wanna make a break for it?

ALLIE

C'mon, you two! Get your butts on the dance floor!

Shauna looks around and realizes -- everyone's staring at them. Seeing no other option... Shauna plasters on a smile, and takes Jeff's hand.

INT. CABIN - MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS (1996)

Jackie glares at Shauna, angry tears threatening to spill.

JACKIE

That's it. Get out.

Shauna doesn't move.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I'm serious. GET THE FUCK OUT, Shauna.

SHAUNA

No.

JACKIE

I can't be around you right now. I can't even look at you.

SHAUNA

(coldly)

That sounds like your problem. so maybe, you should leave.

Jackie looks around the room for support, but comes up empty handed. The others either glare back, or look away.

MARI

Maybe you'd be better off. Since we're all so crazy...

BEN SCOTT

Okay, hold on. Nobody's going--

LOTTIE

(firmly)

Stay out of it, Coach.

Jackie just stares at them in shock. Then, her pride getting the better of her --

JACKIE

You know what? FINE.

Jackie stomps over and starts collecting her blanket and bedding. Then, as she heads for the cabin door.

TAISSA

Jackie. Wait--

Jackie turns back. Glaring at Taissa --

JACKIE

Don't act like this isn't what you've wanted all along.

(then, to Shauna)

I don't even know who you are anymore.

Shauna shrugs.

SHAUNA

Maybe you never did.

Off Shauna, as Jackie storms out...

INT. WISKAYOK HIGH GYMNASIUM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Reunion-goers make way as Shauna follows Jeff onto the dance floor. The photo of Jackie still looms on the screen, larger than life. Then, as a familiar melody begins to play...

Ba-da-da-da, ba-da-ba-da-da-da, ba-da-da...

SHAUNA

You've got to be kidding me.

Shauna puts her arms around Jeff's neck, and -- with everyone watching -- they begin to dance to Seal's *Kiss From a Rose*.

A quiet moment as they slowly turn in time to the music. Jeff looks at Shauna; so many questions between them...

JEFF
Are you alright?

Shauna just nods. It's a lie, and they both know it.

JEFF (CONT'D)
And did you... I mean, is he...

SHAUNA
I took care of it. It's probably better if you don't know too much.

JEFF
Right.
(then)
So... what happens now?

SHAUNA
Honestly? I really don't know.

He nods, pulling her closer.

JEFF
It's going to be okay. We're going to get through this.

Off Shauna and Jeff as they dance, the image of Jackie still behind them, inescapable, an uncertain future ahead...

EXT. CABIN - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

Find Jackie, as she throws her bedding to the ground, letting out a cry of pure frustration and rage. Inside, through the cabin windows, we can see the warm glow of the fire in the hearth, the others eating their feast. Finally, unsure what else to do, Jackie begins gathering wood to build a fire...

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

JESSICA ROBERTS lies tied to the bed. She looks up as she hears Misty's FOOTSTEPS coming down the stairs. Her expression shifting from misery to something resembling warmth as her captor approaches with two CUPS OF COFFEE.

JESSICA

Well, don't hold out on me. How was the reunion?

MISTY

Oh my god. It. Was. *Amazing*. Sorry I slept in so late. I have a little hangover, if I'm being honest.

(with pride)

We did shots.

JESSICA

Sounds pretty wild.

MISTY

Oh, it was. It was just so great to see old friends, you know? Everybody wanted to talk to us. I have to say, it really just showed me how much people want -- no *need* -- to hear my story...

JESSICA

The fact that I'm still strapped to this bed makes me think there's a 'but' coming...

MISTY

I want to do this. Really, I do. But how do I know that the second I let you go, you won't...

JESSICA

Go straight to the cops?

Misty nods. Exactly.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Misty, do you know what I do for a living?

MISTY

Stick your nose into other people's business?

JESSICA

I'm a fixer. I clean up messes for the rich and powerful. Everyday, I see firsthand the boundless entitlement and casual cruelty of the privileged class. And not only do I witness the utter lack of consequences they face, I fucking facilitate it.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'd say it was soul crushing if I remembered what it felt like to have one. And the kind of money we're talking about making here? Even my little slice, of it? Let's just say there are things I can never forget or undo, but at least I'd be able to stop adding to the list...

She gives Misty a direct, pointed look.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

So if you think a little stay at the Caligula Inn is enough to make me rethink our partnership, then you haven't gotten to know me at all.

A beat, as Misty holds her stare. Then, as Misty moves to the bed and starts to unfasten Jessica's shackles...

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

Find Taissa at her desk, typing on her LAPTOP. Her cell rings. Checking the number, then quickly picking up --

TAISSA

Hey. I'm glad you called.

Simone pauses. We can feel the strain between them.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

As Simone stands outside her car, on her cell --

SIMONE

I'm sorry I wasn't there last night.
I just didn't think...
(she trails off; pivoting)
How are you?

TAISSA

Well, I'm working on my concession speech, so.

SIMONE

I'm sorry, Tai.

TAISSA

Are you?

Simone lets that hang.

SIMONE

Look, I'm calling to let you know that I was planning on swinging by tonight to pick a few things up. Clothes, a few of Sammy's toys.

TAISSA

Yeah, of course. But I won't be there, I have to be with my staff when they announce the results...

Simone lets that hang, too. Suddenly realizing --

TAISSA (CONT'D)

You don't want me to be there.

SIMONE

I just think it might be easier. For Sammy.

TAISSA

Right. Is he there? Can I talk to him?

SIMONE

He's actually on a playdate. With a kid named Elvis, if you can believe it... but I'll call again tomorrow, you can talk to him then, okay?

TAISSA

Okay.
(then)
I love you, Simone.

A beat. Finally --

SIMONE

I'll call you tomorrow.

Simone hangs up. As Taissa processes what could very, well be the end of her marriage...

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

Misty hands Jessica her POCKETBOOK.

MISTY

I parked your car out front. I even filled up the tank and topped off the wiper fluid.

Jessica looks through her purse, checking her phone, her wallet. She frowns, digging deeper.

JESSICA
(scoldingly)
Misty...

Misty looks at her innocently.

MISTY
What?
(then)
Okay, fine. I threw them out. But it's a disgusting habit. Do you have any idea how bad they are for you?

JESSICA
(deadpan)
Yeah. It's why I do it. C'mon. You know I'll just buy more. Save me a stop?

Misty sighs, rolling her eyes, and walks to the TRASHCAN. She opens it, and picks a pack of CIGARETTES out from under a banana peel. Handing it back --

MISTY
So, what's our first move? Oprah? Dr. Phil? Ooh, should I get a publicist?

JESSICA
Eventually, yes. First, I'm going to call a few contacts I have at the big lit agencies. But let me worry about that for now. Earn my keep. You just start thinking about who you want to play you in the movie, alright?

MISTY
(without hesitation)
Meryl Streep. No. Scarlett Johansson. No-- wait, who's that one, in that thing, about the rich ladies who kill that guy...?

Misty considers the possibilities...

EXT. MISTY'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Jessica exits Misty's house, blinking in the sunshine. Regardless of how cool a customer she is, there had to be a part of her that thought she might die in that bunker.

Her hard-won freedom making even this ordinary suburban street look like it's in *technicolor* right now...

Jessica spots her car sitting at the curb, just like Misty said. She turns back and sees Misty watching from the window. Misty WAVES; Jessica waves back, then -- as she heads for her car, pulling her keys from her purse...

INT. JESSICA'S CAR - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Jessica starts her engine, rolls down her window, and -- with no small amount of ceremony -- lights one of those CIGARETTES. It's her first in days and the relief is exquisite. As she puts the car in drive and pulls away...

OMITTED

INT./EXT. CABIN - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

ON Shauna, watching through the window as, outside --

JACKIE struggles to build her fire in the FIRE PIT. Then -- as though she can feel herself being watched, Jackie looks up towards the cabin.

But the window is empty. Shauna's gone...

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

Natalie hikes in the moonlight. The rifle slung over her back, returning from her anger-fueled, solo hunting trip. WHEN, in the distance --

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Javi!

She stops at the sound of Travis's voice. It's cracked and raw, as though he's been yelling for hours.

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

JAVI!

Natalie changes direction, heading toward the sound of his calls. She breaks into a run --

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

Travis looks up at the sound of her footfalls. But the hope in his eyes dims as he realizes she's not his brother.

She stops, uncertainly. He looks at her dully, like a part of him is a million miles from this place.

TRAVIS
I can't... I can't find him.

Natalie takes another step closer.

NATALIE
He might be back at the cabin.

Travis shakes his head.

TRAVIS
No. Something happened last night.

Natalie keeps coming closer, approaching Travis like he might startle and bolt at any moment.

NATALIE
Then I'll help you look.

A beat. He looks at her, eyes shining. A wounded animal.

TRAVIS
I don't want your help.

NATALIE
I know.

Then she's standing next to him. On the verge of tears --

TRAVIS
I don't want your fucking help,
Natalie!

It's unclear -- possibly even to him -- whether he's talking about Javi or himself. Gently, she puts her arms around him. Travis collapses into her.

NATALIE
I know.

Finally, Travis starts to sob. The pain and confusion and humiliation of the previous night all hitting him at once.

TRAVIS
I'm so sorry, Nat. I didn't want to--
I fucking love you, and I..
(breaking down completely)
I deserved it. What they did. I wish
they had...

He chokes, unable to finish the thought -- crushed by the humiliation and shame. As Natalie holds him tight...

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

FIND Natalie, in the process of, at long last, cleaning up her room. Throwing out empty bottles of booze, sweeping candy wrappers and other random trash into the motel WASTE BIN.

Finally, she comes to the table with Travis's file. She closes her eyes for a moment... then sweeps all of that -- the autopsy photos, the crime scene photos, the police report -- into the trash as well...

EXT. STREET/INT. JESSICA'S CAR - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

On Jessica, driving, still smoking that cigarette. Suddenly something seems wrong. She grimaces and touches her head with her free hand. She opens the window even wider, letting in more fresh air. When --

HER VISION BLURS. In a panicked daze, she hits the brakes, jumping a curb as she attempts to pull over. Despite her swimming head, the cold sweat, her labored breathing -- something occurs to her.

With effort, she pulls open the glove compartment to find -- a mostly empty SYRINGE, a piece of RUBBER TUBING --exactly the kind of paraphernalia you'd find at the scene of an OVERDOSE.

FLASH TO:

-- MISTY, standing in her **KITCHEN**... carefully using a SYRINGE to inject the filter of every cigarette in the pack with fentanyl, just like she did with the chocolates...

BACK TO --

Jessica, as her breath -- and heart rate -- slow even more...

JESSICA

Misty... you crazy... fucking...
bitch..

There's a blast of CAR HORN as Jessica's head hits the steering wheel. Off her lifeless body...

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

Natalie and Travis approach the cabin in silence, side by side. They pass Jackie, sitting shivering by her puny fire.

No one speaks. Natalie gives Jackie a look that can only be described as pure, unadulterated hatred. Travis can't look Jackie in the eye. As they move past her and into the cabin, without a word...

INT. CABIN - ATTIC - NIGHT (1996)

Shauna stands by the attic window, illuminated only by moonlight. Still watching Jackie.

TAISSA (O.S.)

This is stupid. Just go talk to her.

Shauna turns to find Taissa watching *her*. Shauna glances back out the window. Then a hardness settles over her.

SHAUNA

That's just giving her what she wants.

Instead, Shauna moves away from the window and settles into her sleeping spot on the floor. It turns out Jackie's not the only stubborn one...

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

Shauna and Jeff sit next to each other on the sofa, watching TV. It's cozy. Affectionate.

DATELINE-STYLE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

But what if this 'good boy' was actually... a very bad dog?

A dramatic STING underlines the question as what is clearly a DATELINE-STYLE show goes to commercial.

SHAUNA

We should get a cat. Cats are underrated.

Jeff looks at her, raising an eyebrow.

JEFF

Sure. As long as you don't turn it into chili...

He grins. She swats him, playfully. They both laugh, when -- Callie enters. Looking at them from the foyer, baffled by the normal, domestic -- affectionate, even -- scene before her.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Hey, Cal.

CALLIE

What.. is happening right now?

JEFF

We're watching TV. Join us.

CALLIE

I've got trig homework...

JEFF

Oh, come on. Homework can wait.

She's downright spooked to see them looking so... happy together. And though she'd never admit it, it's kind of nice.

SHAUNA

I'm about to make some popcorn...

Callie rolls her eyes, but she cautiously takes a seat anyway. As Shauna heads into the kitchen...

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

Taissa sits behind her desk, looking over her concession speech. Through the open door, we see the BULLPEN, where the rest of her STAFF and VOLUNTEERS are gathered around a TELEVISION, waiting for this doomed voyage to finally reach its conclusion.

REPORTER (ON THE TELEVISION)

And now turning to the State Senate race, where results are expected momentarily in Taissa Turner's bid to unseat incumbent Phil Bathurst. Dana, what are you hearing from your sources inside the Turner campaign?

OTHER REPORTER (ON THE TELEVISION)

As I understand it, Ken, the mood in the Turner office right now can only be described as grim...

There's a half-hearted "woo-hoo!" when the reporter mentions their location; a few BOOS about the "grimness" of the atmosphere.

Taissa looks up as her CAMPAIGN MANAGER leans in the doorway.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER
C'mon, get out here. It's almost
time.

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

ON Natalie, sitting on the edge of the bed in her now-clean room. WIDER TO REVEAL the RIFLE, sitting in her lap...

On the table, Natalie's phone BUZZES. She ignores it, staring calmly into space...

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT (1996)

ON THE FIRE, burning low -- too low -- as Jackie shivers uncontrollably, curled up with her meager blanket, hugging her knees to her chest for warmth. Her breath comes out in stuttering puffs of mist. She stares down at her feet, miserable. When --

SHAUNA (O.S.)
Hey.

Jackie looks up to see Shauna standing over her shyly.

SHAUNA
This is dumb. I'm sorry, okay? I'm
so, so sorry. Just come inside.
Please?

A beat. Then -- Jackie's face softens, flooding with relief. Shauna offers her hand, and Jackie takes int. As they make their way inside...

INT. CABIN - MAIN AREA - NIGHT (1996)

Jackie enters with Shauna to find EVERYONE waiting for her. They're smiling, welcoming. As Akilah puts a blanket over Jackie's shoulders --

JACKIE
Thanks. It's *freezing* out there...

Shauna steers Jackie to a chair in front of a roaring FIRE in the hearth. Lottie places a steaming MUG in Jackie's hands.

LOTTIE
Here. This will help.

Jackie looks up at Lottie, wearily.

JACKIE
I'm so tired...

She takes a sip from the mug. Her eyes go wide.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Hot chocolate?
(off Lottie's nod)
How? Where did you find this?

Jackie closes her eyes, savoring another sip. The sweetness on her tongue. From behind her...

SHAUNA
Does it matter?

Jackie turns to see Shauna standing behind her, looking at her affectionately.

JACKIE
Shauna, I--

SHAUNA
(hushing her)
It's okay. It's all going to be okay.
I love you, Jackie.

EVERYONE
(in unison)
We all love you, Jackie.

Jackie grows uneasy. But the chair is so comfortable, and she's so very tired. Her eyelids start to droop. She blinks, heavily. Fighting through the exhausting. When --

LAURA LEE is suddenly kneeling before her.

LAURA LEE
It's not as bad as you thought, is it?

Jackie turns to Shauna questioningly.

SHAUNA

You're the best friend I ever had.
You know that, right?

Jackie nods.

JACKIE

I know.

Then she frowns, spotting -- a STRANGE MAN in HUNTING CLOTHES standing in the shadows of the corner, watching her. It's hard to tell, but he looks to be in his mid-30s, with a face that -- despite the filthy beard -- has a certain boyish quality.

HUNTER

We're so glad you're joining us.
We've been waiting for you.

As Jackie suddenly goes pale with fear...

INT. CABIN - ATTIC - MORNING (1996)

Shauna GASPS awake near a still-sleeping Taissa. She catches her breath, glancing at the window. The early light shining through it is strangely diffused, although we don't yet understand why...

Shauna stands, bristling at the cold. Her breath visible. Frowning, she walks to the window and looks outside. Her eyes go wide with panic.

SHAUNA

(a shocked whisper)
No.

As Shauna bolts for the stairs...

INT. CABIN - MAIN AREA - MORNING (1996)

Shauna barrels downstairs and through the pantry. The commotion wakes the rest of the sleeping Yellowjackets, who start to stir...

THROUGH THE WINDOW we see NOTHING BUT BLAZING WHITE. It snowed while they were sleeping, leaving everything under a thick blanket, at least a foot deep.

As Shauna bursts out through the front door, we stay with the rest of the Yellowjackets, who are momentarily dazzled by the sight of this winter wonderland...

EXT. CABIN - MORNING (1996)

On Shauna, Looking around desperately -- hoping against hope, but already knowing, on some level, what she's about to find...

SHAUNA
(shouting)
Jackie!

Shauna spots a bulge in the snow. She runs to it, collapsing on her knees, furiously shoveling away snow with her hands, to reveal -- JACKIE, LYING STILL and CURLED in her stiff blanket. Her expression peaceful. Her face tinged blue in death.

As Shauna lets out a WAIL of unimaginable grief -- OFF the horrified faces of the others, now gathered behind her...

INT. SADECKI HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna finishes making popcorn in the kitchen while Jeff and Callie watch tv...

CALLIE
I didn't know commercials still existed.

JEFF
I'm in a commercial.

At first we might not notice the promo for the nightly news that starts...

REPORTER (ON THE TELEVISION)
Tonight, continuing coverage of your
New Jersey State Senate election
results...

Jeff's about to say something else but then he notice the news promo.

REPORTER (ON THE TELEVISION) (CONT'D)
... And authorities are asking for
help finding a local artist who's
gone missing. According to Sheriff
O'Conner, Adam Martin, 36, was last
seen Monday in the Hoboken area.
(MORE)

REPORTER (ON THE TELEVISION) (CONT'D)
 Concerned family and friends say they
 have not heard from him in several
 days, prompting them to alert the
 authorities about his
 disappearance...

ON THE TELEVISION we see a picture of a smiling Adam. Both
 Jeff and Callie go still, neither realizing that the other
 knows exactly who that is...

Shauna walks back into the living room with the bowl of
 popcorn, just missing the report...

SHAUNA
 I burnt it a little. But I added
 extra butter to make up for it...

The news promo is over, but the vibe remains. Off Shauna,
 clocking the shift in mood, as Callie gives her a
 questioning look...

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

Taissa joins the rest of her staff in the bullpen. As her
 CAMPAIGN MANAGER turns up the volume on the television:

CAMPAIGN MANAGER
 Shhh. Everybody, quiet down. This is
 it...

REPORTER (ON THE TELEVISION)
 With numbers now coming in from
 precincts throughout the 31st
 district, it's starting to look like
 this race was closer than anyone
 anticipated...

An excited murmur goes through the room. Off Taissa, does
 this mean she's actually got a chance...?

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

SIMONE and SAMMY enter. Gesturing to the stairs --

SIMONE
 Okay, kiddo, why don't you go grab
 some toys from your room? I'm just
 going to grab a suitcase from the
 basement.

As Sammy runs upstairs...

INT. TAISSA'S CAMPAIGN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT DAY)

Everyone huddles closer to the TV.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

(to Taissa)

No matter what, just know that we ran
a good race...

Taissa nods, her face strangely blank.

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

Simone walks down the stairs and moves to the WASHER AND DRYER, next to which she finds a LARGE SUITCASE under some folded clothes. As she moves those to the top of the dryer, she absentmindedly looks over her shoulder as she feels a subtle DRAFT of cold air...

Something by the COAL SHAFT GRATE catches her eye. A dark smudge on the wall. She approaches and touches it -- it looks disturbingly like DRIED BLOOD.

She takes her cell phone from her pocket and shines the flashlight into the SHAFT. Several more red splotches further in the little corridor...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TAISSA'S CAMPAIGN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT DAY)

Everyone holds their breath. Then -- CHEERS ERUPT as the unthinkable happens.

REPORTER (ON THE TELEVISION)

And it's official. Wow. In a stunning upset, Taissa Turner has defeated incumbent Phil Bathurst to become New Jersey's first Black woman to serve as State Senator... marking a truly historic night in Garden State history.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

Oh my god. *Oh my god.* Tai, we did it.
You did it.

As she throws her arms around Taissa...

IN THE TOWNHOUSE --

SIMONE comes through the crawl space into the dark, dank hidden storage space on the other side. She shines the light from her cellphone, illuminating:

BURNT CANDLES; an ALTAR with familiar symbols carved into it; a bloody DOG HEART; BISCUIT'S dismembered HEAD MOUNTED ON TOP.

As Simone starts to SCREAM...

AT CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS --

ON TAISSA, STUNNED, surrounded by her screaming, celebrating staffers, before... she breaks into a wide, almost frightening grin.

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

ON A BULLET between Natalie's fingers. She regards it with an eerie reverence. Her CELL buzzes again. She ignores it. Then, in a slow but smooth motion, she loads the round into the rifle, chambering the round...

Holding the rifle between her knees, the barrel to her chin, she looks right into the camera before closing her eyes.

She takes the slack out of the trigger. Either trying to work up the nerve, or savor the ceremony of it. When --

BAM. BAM. BAM. There's a KNOCK at the door. Natalie glances at it. Irritated at the interruption --

NATALIE
(calling out)
I'm... busy.

Silence. Then suddenly -- the door is kicked in with a BANG and four PEOPLE, all dressed the same, in strange clothes all shades of purple and violet, burst in the door.

Natalie scrambles to her feet. The first one through the door is fast enough to get the barrel of the rifle before Natalie can use it to defend herself -- then two others are on her, grappling, overpowering her, clasping a hand over her mouth to muffle her screams. The fourth hangs back as a lookout. Watching the struggle, utterly unperturbed --

LOOKOUT
Don't be afraid. We're here to set
you free.

Natalie makes brief, terrified eye contact before the others throw a hood over her head. Then --

We catch a glimpse of a small, golden charm in the shape of a very familiar RUNE-LIKE SYMBOL around the lookout's neck before her cohorts DRAG NATALIE, KICKING AND FIGHTING FOR ALL SHE'S WORTH, OUT THE DOOR.

SUZIE (PRE-LAP)
Natalie. Fucking call me goddamn
it...

INT. SUZIE'S CAR - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Find SUZIE (Ep. 108) sitting in her car, looking deeply upset -- no, frightened -- as she leaves Natalie another VOICEMAIL.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. NATALIE'S MOTEL - ALLEY - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

The four mysterious figures shove Natalie into the back of awaiting VAN.

SUZIE
Look, I did what you asked. I found
the woman who closed Travis's
account. But now-- Jesus Christ, I
think I'm being followed. What the
hell have you gotten me into? Who the
fuck is Lottie Matthews?

As Natalie's abductors slam the back of the Van shut, Suzie hangs up with shaking hands...

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

On Lottie, as she treks through the fresh snow towards... the LIGHTNING TREE. In her hands is a large lump of raw, red meat. A HEART -- too big to be human. The bear's.

Lottie kneels in front of the strange stump, placing the heart atop like an offering. We pullback as she bows silently... to see VAN and MISTY each kneel down beside her. Lottie's first acolytes in whatever strange new faith is burgeoning inside her.

LOTTIE

(a whispered chant)

Versez le sang mes beaux amis... And
let the darkness set us free.

And as a light dusting of snow begins to fall...

END OF EPISODE