

TELL ME YOUR SECRETS

Episode 101

"Once I Had A Love"

Written by

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Directed by

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TELL ME YOUR SECRETS

"Once I Had A Love"
#101

CAST LIST

EMMA HALL/KAREN MILLER
MARY BARLOW
PETE GUILLORY *
JOHN TYLER
MIKE BARLOW
ROSE LORD
LISA GUILLORY *
GEORGIA DUBREAUX *
JAY ABELLARD

SAUL BARLOW
THERESA BARLOW
JESS CAIRNS
TOM JOHNSTON
CHRISTOPHER PARKER
CLAIRE LAWS
AUDREY

ASHLEY
JUDGE
LUKE
MARNIE
MICHELLE
OFFICIAL
ROB
YOUNG THERESA *
STYLIST #1
STYLIST #2
TANYA
BLACK STYLIST *
WHITE STYLIST

CUT:
CLIENT *
DEFENSE ATTORNEY *

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LOCATION/SET LIST

INTERIORS

BARLOW HOUSE
BEDROOM
HALLWAY
KITCHEN
LIVING ROOM
SITTING ROOM
THE BARLOW TRUST
BOARDROOM
RECEPTION
BEDROOM (THE PAST)
BLACKROOT SHACK
CABIN
BEDROOM
KITCHEN AREA
LIVING AREA
GUILLORY HOUSE *
JOHN TYLER'S APARTMENT
MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON
CELL
CORRIDOR
INTERVIEW ROOM
MINNESOTAN SALON
OLD SALLY BAR
LADIES' ROOM
MEN'S ROOM
PETE'S CAR
SAINT JAMES CHICKEN DINER
LADIES' ROOM
SAINT JAMES HAIR PLACE
ST. JEROME HOUSE
SUPERMARKET
WOMEN'S PRISON
INTERVIEW ROOM
RECEPTION AREA

CUT:

CABIN
BATHROOM
INDOOR POOL *
BARLOW HOUSE
WORKSHOP *

EXTERIORS

APPROACH TO CABIN
BLACKROOT SHACK
BLACKROOT SWAMP
BLACKROOT WOODS
CABIN
DECK
JETTY
MINNESOTAN SALON
MINNESOTAN WOODS
SAINT JAMES HAIR PLACE

CUT:

INDOOR POOL *

TELL ME YOUR SECRETS
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*

TEASER

1 EXT. MINNESOTAN SALON - NIGHT (THE PAST) RESHOOT

1

The soft tap of snow falling against a window. The flakes coming down, slow. Through the glass we go into...

2 INT. MINNESOTAN SALON - NIGHT (THE PAST) RESHOOT

2

A homely salon, decorated for Christmas. Phil Spector's Christmas album playing. Hair falls, slow motion like the snow outside, as stylists in floral aprons cut. Their small town pretty faces preserved in similar tones and styles of make-up and all sporting the same flashing LED antlers. We catch snatches of their conversations with familiar clients as we move through the salon.

STYLISTS

It's gonna be a cold winter.../Did you want to try the pomade?/How long now til Sheryl's due?

And now the salon owner, MARNIE, identifiable by the angel wings she's supplemented her antlers with, and the maternal eye she casts over her staff, watches KAREN, the young woman sweeping, her blonde hair falling over one eye.

KAREN

Marnie, is it okay if I come in a little later tomorrow? I think Kit has kind of a surprise for me.

(pointing it up...)
It's my birthday -- I figure he has plans.

(again)
For my birthday.

MARNIE

It's your birthday? You should have said. I can't refuse young love, I can't hold it back.

KAREN

So I can come in later?

A nod from Marnie and Karen does a happy dance.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I love you guys, so much, even if you forgot my birthday.

Marnie nods to someone and the lights go down and the music stops. And now from the dark a glow as a cake with candles is brought forward.

STYLISTS
Make a wish. Make a wish/She's got
that look.

And in the glow of the candles Karen's smiling face as Happy Birthday is sung.

STYLISTS (CONT'D)
Oh I know she's wishing for a ring/
She hasn't stopped smiling since
she met him/We're so happy for you.

And the women around her all thrilled for their friend and some clasp their hands to their chests, moved. One points to her antlers -- on crazy flashing mood -- and squeals with happiness.

And a breath and the candles are extinguished and the scene freezes and fades a little, just the trace of lights from the candles and antlers and Christmas lights remains on the screen as if they've left an imprint.

And over this a voice comes through...

PETE (V.O.)
(compassionate)
You're doing it again. Changing
the story. *

2A INT. WOMEN'S PRISON - MEETING ROOM - DAY (THE PAST) RESHOOT 2A*

Close on Karen, in the light from a light well in a room we cannot see the details of. PETE in front of her. Close. *
Too close perhaps. He's clean shaven, glasses. The light *
reflects off the lenses, makes him harder to read. *

KAREN
You're saying I'm lying? *

PETE
I'm saying it's a different version
of a story you've told me before. *

KAREN
They were happy for me. *

PETE
You said Marnie was worried -- she
thought Kit was cutting you off
from people who cared about you. *

EMMA
They were happy for me. *

PETE

No, you want to believe that
because to believe otherwise makes
you feel you can't trust yourself.
You know what I think? You've
suppressed the memories you find
traumatic, the things you don't
want to remember.

*
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2B INT. MINNESOTAN SALON - NIGHT (THE PAST) RESHOOT

2B*

PETE (V.O.)

Your friends were trying to warn
you.

*

And now the light coming back to the scene and no music and
no birthday cake. Just Karen sweeping up hair, pulling on
her jacket and getting ready to leave. And now a hand on her
arm -- Marnie, concerned.

MARNIE

Don't go with him tonight. Come
out with us. We never see you
outside of work anymore.

And back to blackness and the sound of a heartbeat, slow at
first but getting faster...

3 EXT. MINNESOTAN WOODS - NIGHT (THE PAST) RESHOOT

3

Snow falls on a white woodland landscape.

Sound of the heartbeat, faster...

We are on the back of a figure running through the trees.
Stumbling, trying to run. Footprints clear in this fresh
snow. The sound of breathing, hard and heavy. Running to
something or someone or running FROM someone. We can't yet
tell.

*
*
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*
*

And now this figure collapsing to the ground. The same woman
from the salon (Karen/Emma). And she lets out a guttural
gasp and now we see her hands are covered in blood and it
stains the pristine snow.

*
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*

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 EXT. APPROACH TO CABIN (JORDAN PARISH, LOUISIANA) - DAY 4

We follow a car moving along a road, a sense of tension as we pull back and watch from high up as we see an endless bayou -- dense green and dark water. A sense of isolation. A sense of foreboding in this eerie landscape of bald cypress trees in deep dark water.

5 INT. PETE'S CAR - APPROACH TO CABIN - DAY 5

We follow a track, fringed with overgrown vegetation. PETE GUILLORY drives, he glances at the woman in the passenger seat: EMMA HALL. She tugs at a hair from her head, lays it on her leg, tugs another one. She thinks he doesn't see. He reaches out a hand, restrains hers. She startles. Pushes her hands into her pockets, breathes deeply to calm herself.

And now ahead of them an isolated, elevated cabin on the edge of water.

6 INT. CABIN - DAY RESHOOT PETE ADR 6

Pete puts down paper bags of groceries -- dust over the work surfaces.

Emma taking in this unfamiliar cabin, its wooden open plan interior dark, utilitarian, masculine. Taxidermy heads of deer stare down from a wall. For now she doesn't move from where she stands, her back against the wall.

He studies her. A vulnerability about her.

PETE
It's a lot to take in. I know.

It's as if she's only half listening. She begins to tentatively explore. She brushes her hand across a surface covered in dust.

PETE (CONT'D)
Okay -- refrigerator is stocked.
Pasta, sauces, milk. Dry goods in the cupboards. You could be here a month without needing to go anywhere.

And he's moving round the cabin.

PETE (CONT'D)
Main switches are here -- if the lights go, or the electrics, you flick this one. There's a lot of weather out here.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)
Cabin's elevated so it can handle
rising water but if you get a storm
-- there's a shelter out front.

EMMA
Do people come here?

Emma looking from the window out over the bayou.

Her voice brings new presence to the cabin: as if a Gregory Crewdson photograph just came to life.

PETE
It used to be a weekend cabin.

EMMA
It looks like someone's stuff is
still here. Am I on my own?

PETE
The guy that was here before -- he
just took off.

And she takes that in, processes it.

EMMA
He could come back?

PETE
No.

Pete takes a breath -- in his own way he's as tense as she is. And we're on her as she takes in this new world.

PETE (ADR) (CONT'D)
(tender)
No one's coming back, no one's
coming here. No one. Okay?

PETE (CONT'D)
I should get going.

And this is a shock to her.

EMMA
Wait, what?

PETE
I have to get back...

EMMA
But I...I just got here.

Apology in his expression. She tries to breathe through it, some anxiety pushing up, feeling untethered.

PETE
You're going to be fine.

EMMA
You can't just...

PETE
It's a long drive...

EMMA
So you just leave, you just leave
me here?

PETE
I have my work.

EMMA
Work. You have patients? Or clients?
What do you, what do you call them?

PETE
Whatever they're comfortable with.

EMMA
What am I?

PETE
What are you comfortable with?

EMMA
You never asked.

PETE
Well now I am.

She studies him. And we see her answer in her eyes.

And he's taking out a cellphone. He places it on the table.

PETE (CONT'D)
My number's in here. Keep the
phone with you.

He places an envelope beside it. Something very significant
about it -- the way she takes a breath, shakes her head.
Makes no move to open it.

PETE (CONT'D)
(tender)
Everything you'll need is in here.

She reaches for his hand, awkward. He takes in that need,
that vulnerability: he'd never admit it but he enjoys it.

EMMA
I don't think I can... (do this)

PETE (ADR)
*This isn't going to be easy. I
know what you've been through, but
I know you can do this.*
(MORE)

PETE (ADR) (CONT'D)

In three years I've watched you flourish. I'm proud of you. You're the one who got away from him. He can't hurt you anymore, and he'll never find you. You're safe now, Emma.

And now she draws her hand away, that moment of connection, disconnected by this reminder.

7

INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - DAY RESHOOT

7

A bed. On it a backpack. Emma begins to unpack it. She takes great care with the few things she has as she puts them neatly in the drawer beside the bed.

Toothbrush, toothpaste, tampons, headphones, an mp3 player. A roll of hairdressing tools, a small key, a polished flat stone. A small plush kitten, its fur bedraggled, it's been a comforter. She's about to put it in the drawer, changes her mind, puts it under the pillow.

8

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN AREA - DAY RESHOOT

8

Emma at the kitchen table, trying to tune in an old radio, sound of static as she does. Finally a station and BLONDIE'S "Heart Of Glass" plays. Emma turns it up and eats the sandwich of peanut butter and jelly, the open jars still before her, she takes hungry bites from it til it's gone in a few seconds. And the music plays and Emma loves it. She turns it up louder, some sense of release about her.

She turns to the journal beside her on the table.

A memory of Pete in the cabin from earlier. He hands her the journal.

PETE

Open it. Go on. It's a gratitude journal.

And Emma gives him a look: seriously?

PETE (CONT'D)

I want you to write something in every day. One good thing that happened, something you want, something you tried.

*

She's taken with the idea, despite herself.

EMMA

(can't resist)

Did you get a t-shirt says
"strangers are just friends I
haven't met yet?"

He taps at the book.

PETE
One thing that made you smile.

And the memory is gone and Emma runs her hand over the book, despite herself it means something to her. She opens it. And after a moment, a slight smile about her, she begins to write: Peanut butter. Blondie.

9 INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - DAY RESHOOT 9

She lifts a blouse from the bag, it's new, the tags still in it, holds it to her.

PETE (V.O.)
Interview blouse.

Pants in the bag too. And shoes. The price stickers still on the soles of the shoes.

PETE (V.O.)
(playful)
I'd give you the job.

Emma dressed in the sensible, modest clothes. Turns this way and that, studies herself in the mirror. Tweaks her hair, neater now. Holds out her hand in greeting, rehearsing this.

EMMA
Hi, I'm... Hello, it's nice to
meet you, I'm...
(perhaps we notice she
can't say her name)
Oh, sorry, what? "I haven't worked in
three years?" Yeah, I hit a rough patch.

But though she tries to smile, there's a nervousness about her, like she's in the wrong clothes or can't get her words out.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Cuz I got terrible taste in men.

And then any wry playfulness is gone and she's staring at her reflection. Taking slow, deep breaths, like she's trying to contain some strong emotion pushing out of her. And she starts to pull at her clothes, like she can't bear the feel of them, can't bear this version of herself. And she tears them off, one by one, awkward, messy, her arms caught in the blouse, throwing the shoes off and she's sitting on the bed, stripped down to her underwear, staring at her reflection.

And Daft Punk's "Doin' It Right" begins to play as she stares a moment longer at herself and then she's going to the drawers and raking through her few clothes and taking out a top.

A flash of something darker about her as she feels this garment from the past.

*

10

INT. OLD SALLY BAR - LADIES' ROOM (SAINT JAMES) - NIGHT

10

Music continues as Emma at the mirror, pulls a strand of hair from her head and then moves hair to cover the "habit patch" of raw pale skin. She takes a lipstick from her pocket and applies it with grim effortlessness. And with one fluid movement, adjusts her top to be more revealing.

11

INT. OLD SALLY BAR - NIGHT

11

MUSIC CONTINUES Emma messier, darker, sexier, dancing, sensual and seemingly for herself yet provocative in this place of trawler men and refinery workers.

At the bar, LUKE, mid 30s, weathered and worn and hard from this place, glances at the cleavage of the barmaid as he drinks his whiskey. Emma lets her gaze rest on him. He senses it. And she holds his gaze and keeps dancing. And he's watching her, transfixed by how she dances. And her look is powerful, challenging, seductive.

Now he drains his drink, orders another, on his feet but she's moving, collecting her Coke from a table and draining it and just one look back as she pushes through the door to the men's room.

12

INT. OLD SALLY BAR - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT RESHOOT

12

MUSIC CONTINUES as Emma shuts the stall door. Turns to Luke: judgment now mixed with desire in his expression.

LUKE

You do this a lot?

EMMA (ADR)

(deadpan)

I'm a virgin. You're just
irresistible. When you don't talk.

She takes his hand, puts it on her breast, unzips his jeans, reaches into his pants and starts to push him back against the stall wall, pushing herself against him. And he tries to kiss her but she pulls back and now she pushes him down onto the lavatory and she climbs astride him, not thinking of anything except what she needs to feed this hunger, and she's powerful, aggressive, Luke doing his best to keep hold of her, exhausted, sweating at the effort. In the mirror on the door he sees himself beneath her, he looks dominated, he tries to move her, wants to be dominant with her, she pushes him back, from this angle she is stronger.

Then the scene is slowing and the light fading out and she's into a memory...

13 OMITTED

13

14 INT. BEDROOM (THE PAST) RESHOOT

14

Emma slow dancing with a MAN who has her in his arms, his cheek against hers, she trying to look at him, but he holds her close, like he's playful with her but also doesn't want to be seen.

*

EMMA
(whispers)
I want to look at you.

KIT
(whispers)
I'm shy.

And close on their mouths, smiling, whispering.

EMMA
(whispers)
You smell different. What is that?

KIT
(whispers)
I just took a bath, that's all.

And he kisses her hair. And she closes her eyes and rests her head against his chest as they dance.

15 INT. OLD SALLY BAR - MEN'S ROOM - STALL - NIGHT

15

Luke weak with the effort and his imminent climax and now Emma can't be here. She pulls away from him and exits the stall. The door swings shut.

Numb, she turns on the faucet, splashes water on her hand and wipes between her legs.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16

INT. BARLOW HOUSE - HALLWAY (SAN ANTONIO) - DAY RESHOOT

16*

Sound of a doorbell.

A moment before MARY BARLOW can open the door. The shadows of three people through the opaque glass. Low murmur of voices from outside.

Finally Mary opens the door. Sunlight behind the couple (TANYA and ROB) who stand with their daughter ASHLEY (early 20s), and her hair is golden.

And then a searing image from Mary's POV: heightened colors and summer light, a perfect day. THERESA, as a young child, hair golden in the sunshine, posing in silly ways and running towards us, laughing and so full of life.

And Mary standing by the door, overcome with emotion for a moment as she takes in the young woman before her -- whose parents look at Mary with tearful gratitude. And Mary pulling herself out of her memory.

TANYA

Ashley -- this is Mary Barlow, the woman who helped us find you and bring you home. The incredible woman.

And Ashley comes towards Mary and hugs her.

ASHLEY

(whisper)
Thank you, thank you.

And the moment merges into a memory where young Theresa reaches up and Mary hugs her daughter close.

MARY

(as if to the memory)
I'm so glad you're home.

17

INT. BARLOW HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY RESHOOT

17*

A shabby warmth to this family home. Mary, at the head of the table, beside her son MIKE, (early 20s) Tanya and Rob either side of their daughter and opposite Mary, is her estranged husband SAUL, the sexy side of disheveled. An empty chair beside Mike -- a place set before it. Theresa's holding place.

TANYA

(of Mary to Ashley)

Mary was our strength, day in day
out, while we prayed and hoped we'd
find you.

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*

Rob pushes an envelope across the table to Mary but she's
watching Ashley, transfixed.

*
*

ROB

For your foundation. To help you
keep doing what you do: campaigning
and searching for other people's
kids.

*
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*

TANYA

(to Ashley)

You know Mary holds a vigil every
week -- for missing people. Your
picture was in there every time and
she kept saying: people keep
looking, look at your neighbors, ask
yourself if something isn't right --
are they buying extra food or milk,
or things that don't add up.

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Mary still watches Ashley -- Mike tries to bring her back.

*

MIKE

Which in any other circumstance
would be vaguely disturbing.

*
*
*

MARY

(of Mike)

My son the comedian.

*
*
*

Mary opens the envelope. In it a cashier's check for the
Barlow Trust.

*
*

MARY (CONT'D)

This is really very kind, Rob. It
makes a big difference to us --
what the Trust can do.

*
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*
*

(bright, strong)

So, Ashley you going back to
college?

*
*
*

ASHLEY

I'm gonna take some time out --
spend it with Mom and Dad.

*
*
*

Ashley's voice growing fainter with Mary's Flashback: for a
moment in Mary's head: Young Theresa at the table in the seat
left empty for her, drawing monsters on a sketch pad.

*
*
*

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Just be together as a family then
get back to our church and put my
trust in God again.

SAUL

I don't know he deserves it. Your
trust.

Saul refills his glass and drinks from it.

ROB

I know you don't mean that, Saul.
You can't give up. Your daughter's
out there -- and we believe and we
trust that you'll find her too.

TANYA

Of course you will -- you got Mary.

MARY

We don't give up. And seeing you
together: it's hope. It keeps us
going.

SAUL

After seven years I'm good with
closure.

MARY

Then come with me to see Parker --
that's our closure.

(to Tanya)
We finally got a visiting order.

TANYA

I'm so glad for you, Mary. You
will know when you talk to him.
You will know.

MARY nods, fighting emotion at the enormity of this event.

SAUL

I can't visit that man, Mary. You
know that. My daughter's dead. We
need to move on.

MIKE

(of the food)
So the cheese is a sheep cheese.
It's got that real tangy hit to it.
I get it from a deli on First. And
I think it's just more distinct. I
don't know, I guess I'm a cheese
fan.

And Mike willing the family on to eat and not talk.

LATER and the guests are gone and Mary clears up and Saul smokes a cigarette discreetly at the open window, careful not to get smoke in the house. She studies him a moment, his back is to her, and now she puts her arms around him and they stay like that a moment.

He flicks his cigarette from the window, turns to her, wipes his hand across his eyes, like he's rubbing them, but they were tears in his eyes.

MARY
How did they not fall apart?

SAUL
Maybe they just stayed honest with each other.

And from the doorway Mike watches them, unobserved and then slips away.

18

INT. BARLOW HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT RESHOOT

18

The tinny sound of a gentle voice, could be a young philosophy student coming from the earphones Mary wears. Lost in the dark place, this voice takes her to. And we go inside her head and hear the voice she hears in all its clarity --

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (V.O.)
My client, Christopher Parker, wishes to make his allocution to the court prior to sentencing.

KIT (V.O.) (ADR)
I won't say yes to things I haven't done. Not "yes" to the Watkins or the Barbola girl or, I forget her name, but I know it began with a T....

(appears to try and recall)
Toni, that was it, Toni Caulkin. I won't say I did these girls and I'd like that reflected in my sentence.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (V.O.) (ADR)
Mr. Parker, I believe you also wish to express your regret...

KIT (V.O.) (ADR)
No, I don't.

19

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT RESHOOT

19*

Sound of the clock ticking.

Moving through the kitchen area.

PETE (V.O.)
If you get so you can't settle,
can't feel centered, then you just
keep it real simple...

Coffee grounds spilled on the side.

PETE (V.O.)
You make a coffee, some food, focus
on the egg you crack...

A box of eggs full of empty shells. An attempt at an omelette discarded in a pan. Not good.

PETE (V.O.)
The cream you pour. Pick a recipe
and work through it.

A recipe book open and spattered with egg and milk.

PETE (V.O.)
Ground yourself, Emma. Find your center.

20

INT. SAINT JAMES CHICKEN DINER - NIGHT

20

Melamine and tiles reflect harsh lights. Kids pallid and sheeny in humidity and unflattering light -- an unforgiving club. Emma watching from her table, shielded a little in a booth, she hangs back, tries to see without being seen. Returns to her burger.

Emma gulps down Coke, like it's the first and last drink she's ever had. She moves her hand to her hair, pulls a hair, pulls another one, stops herself, increasingly tense.

She senses JESS CAIRNS (14), across from her, in short dress and push-up bra pushing up nothing watching her. Self-conscious at her savagery, Emma, dabs a napkin at her mouth. JESS self-conscious too, checks her phone, charms hang from it, kitten stickers adorn it.

Emma sees new movement: ROSE and AUDREY (around 14) coming in -- checking their phones. Something inhuman about them, CGI girls escaping a screen, Emma drawn to their delicate waists, the skinny legs, sharp heels, their small town pretty faces. Some abstract dissection of them. Jess uncomfortable but tries to hide it as the two girls arrange themselves at her table: a subtle threat about them. Their whispered voices drowned by the sound of air conditioning and the kitchen.

Then Jess pushing away from the table.

JESS
Just leave me be.

And Jess hurrying to the restroom. And a look between Rose and Audrey and they go after her.

Emma wipes her hands and mouth, looks at her tray with the wrappers of burgers and fries, all gone. Organizes her savage remains, folds the wrappers, puts them in her empty beaker.

21 INT. SAINT JAMES CHICKEN DINER - LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT 21

Jess in the corner of the restroom. Rose predatory before her, blocking her escape. Rose has Jess' phone. Audrey watching from where she stands, her back against the wall. A triangle of fear.

JESS
I ain't done nothing to you.

ROSE
You need to stop telling lies, Jess Cairns. Bad things happen to little girl liars.

JESS
I don't lie.

And then all are aware of Emma in the doorway.

Rose and Audrey startle, flash cheap smiles that would win over parents. And Emma walks on to the stalls.

Audrey takes out the gum she chews and she rubs it in Jess' hair.

JESS (CONT'D)
Oh don't, oh don't you do that,
don't you do that to my hair.

And Audrey pushes more in and Jess tearful now as she tries to pull the gum out but Audrey sticks more in.

AUDREY
Cuz your hair is so pretty.

Rose pulls up a profile picture of Jess on her phone and Rose now scribbles: **I suck all dick.** She shows it to Jess.

JESS
Don't you post that. No. Rose,
please, don't you post that.

And Jess tries to snatch the phone but Audrey keeps her back and Rose taunts with the phone just out of reach.

ROSE

You're a dirty little liar. A
dirty, filthy girl who lives in a
house full of slutty trash who no
one wants, who are so dirty and
disgusting their own mamas and
daddies didn't even want them.

And Jess fighting tears.

JESS

My mama did want me.

And Rose just shakes her head.

ROSE

No one wants you. Except the
trashy boys.

She is about to post the photo but now they see Emma in the mirror.

Emma doesn't move. She continues to stare.

Rose and Audrey swap measured looks of intrigue. They turn to face Emma.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, is there something you
need help with?
(to Audrey)
This freak just gonna stare me out?

And Rose's head cracks back against the mirror. Emma's hand smashing back her nose, blood spilling down over Rose's chin, over her white teeth, bared in shock. Emma in her face.

EMMA

She said leave her be.

Rose tries to take it in, head still back, throat exposed, whimpers, drops the phone. Audrey gasps. Emma grips the cheeks tighter, pushes her again against the mirror. The pressure starts a crack in the glass. She releases her. Rose sobbing now falls into the arms of Audrey. Both in shock.

AUDREY

Oh my God -- she's crazy.

And Emma hauls the bag one of the girls has left, it hits the wall beside them, scattering teenage junk. Rose scrambles to collect her stuff.

EMMA

Get out. Get out of here, you
little bitches.

And she goes after them: savage, animal -- they gasp at the sense of violence and stumble out of the door.

Emma turns back to the mirror, the crack cuts straight through her reflection. She takes a breath, picks up Jess' phone and hands it to Jess who trembles with shock.

EMMA (ADR) (CONT'D)
You're afraid. People see it in you. I was afraid once and someone saw it in me too. It's dangerous to be afraid. Don't show it.

Perhaps a moment of connection.

Emma releases Jess. Jess exits and Emma leans against the mirror, shocked at her own easy violence.

22

INT. GUILLORY HOUSE - BEDROOM (UPSTATE LOUISIANA)- NIGHT
RESHOOT INSERT

22*

A text from Emma on Pete's phone: I'm having a difficult night. Tension about him. He quickly deletes it as his wife LISA talks.

LISA
So I was thinking about my Dad today and I remember this thing he would do.

Another text from Emma: don't think I fit here. Pete in bed, deletes the text and hides his phone.

LISA (CONT'D)
It's like he always thought I had a motive, you know. There was this time, I was probably six.

And a sinking feeling about Pete: This story. Again.

She begins to undress, putting away her clothes. He reaches for his phone.

LISA (CONT'D)
He went out to buy candy for Mom. I don't know, maybe he was trying to get her into bed. Anyway, I went with him and he literally bought a stack of candy bars, like there was everything, Hershey's and Reese's Cups and Snickers. I mean this was heaven. Heaven. Right? Pete, are you even listening?

He hides his phone.

PETE
Totally. Your dad and the candy.
You already told me.

LISA
I can't tell you something twice?

PETE
Of course -- I'm just saying: I
remember.
(wry)
And it's more than twice.

And now she playfully slaps him. He catches her hand.

PETE (CONT'D)
I know about your dad and the
journey back -- how you were so
good, you were the best kid because
you wanted the candy but he made
you feel unnatural about it, like
it was a bad thing. And he always
made you feel as if you had an
ulterior motive, that you weren't
genuine.

LISA
(a little crestfallen)
Yup.

PETE
But you did want the candy?

LISA
Because I was a kid. What kid
doesn't want candy?

But now even she laughs. And she climbs on top of him.

LISA (CONT'D)
You used to want to listen to me.

PETE (ADR)
It used to be my job.

LISA
I'll leave the money on the
bedside, you mercenary shit.

And she leans down and kisses him. And starts to move
against him, kissing his neck, his chest.

Lisa working harder, wanting him. A grunting snuffle on the
baby monitor beside her -- then silence. She closes her
eyes, waits. Here is the cry. He's about to get out of bed.
She tries to stop him.

LISA (CONT'D)
We have to leave her, we have to
let her cry it out. She's ruining
things.

PETE
She's a baby, Lisa. She just needs
love.

LISA
I need love too.

And he climbs from the bed, glad of the distraction. Lisa
sinks back trapped in her own exhaustion and neglect.

23

INT. CABIN - LIVING AREA - NIGHT RESHOOT INSERT

23

A close up of Emma's cellphone. A text from Pete: it will
take time. Stay calm. Yr doing great.

And then we are on Emma. Slowly, with precision, she tugs
out hair after hair. Some sense of feeling eventually and
she moves her hand away, her finger tips bloody. She stares
at the envelope from Pete unopened on the table before her --
almost reaches for it, doesn't.

And then a faint cry from outside -- something young and
vulnerable and Emma tries to place it, alert to it. She gets
to her feet, goes to the deck.

24

EXT. CABIN - DECK - NIGHT

24

Emma moving to where the cry grows louder and there before
her, is a little kitten. A fishing line caught on its collar
and trapping it. And Emma immediately drops to her knees and
begins to untangle it, trying to make sense of it. Some
emotion she can't process pushing up: delight. She finds
she's smiling.

EMMA
Come on, come on, little one.

She reaches for the kitten and slowly holds it to her.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You're okay, you're okay. I got
you. I got you.

And we see such tenderness about her as she strokes the
kitten, even though her hand is stained with Rose's blood.

25

INT. CABIN - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

25

Emma, the kitten cradled to her as she sits with her back against the cabin wall, looks at the envelope still unopened beside her. She kisses the kitten and keeps it with her as she finally opens the envelope. Takes out one of several copies of her resume. **Emma Hall** typed neatly at the top and a phone number. She studies it. Also in the envelope: passport, social security card, license, bank card, 100 dollars. Now almost a smile about her. Just a hint of possibility about her.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

26 INT. THE BARLOW TRUST - RECEPTION (SAN ANTONIO) - DAY RESHOOT 26

A triptych image of Theresa Barlow:

A smiling infant on her first day at school.

A high school graduation image, formal, demure.

An enhanced CCTV image of her paying for goods at a gas station counter.

Printed beneath are the words: Searching. Praying. Hoping.

The images and text dominate the simple reception area hung with messages of safety such as: safer together, never truly alone, working for safety. Under each is the symbol of The Barlow Trust: a rose protected by briar thorns.

JOHN TYLER, late 30s, tall and lean, hair closely cropped, sits next to MICHELLE, 40s, in a dark suit, continually checking her phone. A quick nervous energy to John, alert, takes in everything: the RECEPTIONIST busy at her desk.

Now his focus is his suit, slightly too short, the cuffs on the sleeves and the trouser legs are turned down and the crease is clear. It bothers him.

JOHN
(of the cuffs)
I feel like I had a growth spurt.

MICHELLE
Just pull your socks up, no one'll notice.

And John hoists up his dark socks so they cover the gap from shoe to trouser leg. And now something else catches his attention. A security camera on the wall. John's energy slows and he sits very still.

27 INT. THE BARLOW TRUST - BOARDROOM - DAY RESHOOT

27

John, yet to take his seat: self-conscious at his trousers obviously too short now, but styles it out, opens his briefcase with efficient purpose, takes out the notepad and pen from this otherwise empty case.

Into the room comes Mary, phone and can of Diet Coke unopened in hand.

MICHELLE

We appreciate you taking this meeting, Mrs. Barlow -- we're hoping John can be a real help to your Trust. On a voluntary basis, of course.

Mary takes in John, his quick neat movements, his polite nod to her and somber smile, a studied performance.

JOHN

Thank you, Mrs. Barlow, for seeing me. I want to say I'm sorry there's still no news of your daughter.

Discomfort in him at her silence and he takes his seat. *

MARY

(to Michelle)

I'm still trying to work out what it is you're offering me. *

MICHELLE

John, why don't you just jump right in. *

And now Michelle's gaze on John too. And Mike's. And the room very silent now, so much that John can hear the ice cracking in his glass.

JOHN

(discreetly from notes)
Prison was a real epiphany for me.
When you're away from everything you know and there's nowhere else to go, no one else to blame, you got to look to yourself. I was able to do that, to think about what I'd done and the lives I'd impacted.

John Tyler is unsettled by Mary's impassive gaze: a heavy conscience in the room. *

MICHELLE

John has reached out, by letter, to the women involved.

MARY

The women you raped?

Now the only sound in the room is the Diet Coke she opens like a pin from a hand grenade. John looks down at his cuffs.

MICHELLE

(recovery)

At New Start we support ex-offenders in their post-penitentiary lives but I've met few men who genuinely want to change. John does. He was a model prisoner, recommended for early release. He's in full time employment at Allfoods super market and recently received a commendation.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

John Tyler touched, appreciative of her confidence.

JOHN

My display work.

(off the silence)

I can tell you things: how the world *thinks* it is and how it really is. Safety's a dream.

MARY

Because of men like you?

John takes a breath.

JOHN

I was every woman's nightmare. I was the boogeyman. I stalked my victims. I was a predator.

*

MARY

And you're not now?

JOHN

No. No. I was sick but I'm well again. I can tell you everything, tell you about the gaps where ladies think they're safe, I drove a cab, worked as a cleaner -- cut keys of women who lived alone, I was all over social media -- watching the check-ins, looking at photos, seeing who was tagged.

*

MARY

And your colleagues -- they know about your past?

*

*

*

JOHN

I prefer to be judged on my present.

A "no," then.

Mike looks to Mary but she continues to study John, who's uncomfortable under her gaze, reaches for his water.

*

*

MIKE
(whisper)
I don't get what this is. Why did
you let him come in here?

But John's heard, despite the whisper.

JOHN
I can see this is peculiar. But I
truly believe I can help women stay
safe.

MIKE
Our foundation's about victims. We
counsel, offer support. We raise
awareness of sexual violence.

JOHN
What I'm offering falls within
that: awareness raising is how I
would describe what I can do.

MIKE
We're not a fit for you.

MARY
(to John)
There's one thing you can share
with me: why you did the things you
did? Tell me why you chose the
women you chose? What was it about
them? Why one and not another?

JOHN
I don't like to talk about myself,
not in that personal way. I want
to talk about the gaps in safety.

MARY
I don't want to talk in a general
sense. What makes a woman your
victim, Mr Tyler?

John in discomfort at the question, looks to MICHELLE: help.

MICHELLE
John's not on trial here -- he
wants to offer a view on safety.

MARY
You can't tell me that? Then why
are you here?

And now Mary nodding, almost compassion at his turmoil.

MARY (CONT'D)
You know why I set up this Trust?

JOHN

Because your daughter went missing.

MARY

(correcting)

She was taken. Seven years ago. I know who but I can't prove it. The Trust is for her. And for other people's daughters and sons who are gone or missing. We keep searching, going on the talk shows, telling anyone who'll listen: "nobody found them yet, keep looking." We work so hard to help families who've been destroyed by men like you. I'm glad you've changed. I hope people can change. But I wanted you to tell me what it was about my daughter that made a man take her -- take her out of my life.

JOHN

I don't know your daughter. I wish I did.

(quick)

Not in a strange way, of course.

MARY

I know you don't. But I'm looking for insight and I'll take any meeting that gives me the possibility of that. But I can't have you with us - you see that, don't you, John. So you go on now and you stay well.

John slowly nodding though everything inside is breaking.

And Mary walks from the room.

28

INT. SUPERMARKET (SAINT JAMES) - DAY

28

A basket of chocolate, chips, candy, shower gel. And Emma utterly absorbed at the shelves of baby products. She trails her fingers over pacifiers, bottles, baby oils and creams. Finally she selects a tin of infant formula.

And suddenly two hands over her eyes from behind.

JESS

Boo!

And Emma nearly drops her basket in shock. Jess Cairns beside her now, amused at how jumpy Emma is.

JESS (CONT'D)
You sure scare easy.
(sees the infant formula)
Oh, wow, you got a baby?

And that seems to take the wind from Emma. A moment before she shakes her head, not comfortable with this enthusiastic girl in her space.

EMMA
A kitten.

JESS
I always wanted a kitten. We're not allowed pets.

And CLAIRE LAWS, 30s, turns down the aisle, her shopping cart contains sanitary napkins and mattress protectors. She's on her phone, she beckons impatiently to Jess.

CLAIRe
(covers phone)
Jess, I been looking for you, come on now.
(into phone)
St. Jerome House is taking for the whole State now.

JESS
(whisper to Emma)
Can I come see it? The kitten.

EMMA
I'm in a rental. There's a lot of rules -- what I can, what I can't do.

JESS
(deflated)
I get it. We got a lot of rules where I am too.

CLAIRe
Jessica? I'm not going to ask you again. Come on now.

And Jess glances once more at Emma but turns away at the impassive expression and discretely slips a bottle of painkillers into her pocket as she moves towards Claire. Seeing her go, Emma relents.

EMMA
I'm up on the Long Bank. If you want to come see my kitten.

And Jess turns back, her face lights up.

CLAIRE
Jessica.

Claire hurries Jess along. Emma glances once after them before continuing to browse.

29 OMITTED 29

30 OMITTED 30

31 OMITTED 31

32 OMITTED 32

33 INT. BARLOW HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT RESHOOT ADR 33

Mary sits before her mirror and puts on a shade of lipstick. A moment before she wipes it off. She puts on another. Wipes it off.

KIT (V.O.) (ADR)
 (softly spoken, low key)
 ...I see the things I did as acts
 of compassion: young women trapped
 in ideals put upon them. Perfect
 girls from perfect homes. When we
 all know nobody's perfect.

The sound of some commotion on this recording, a muffled voice, growing clearer as the voice is picked up by the microphones in this court.

MARY (V.O.) (ADR)
 What did you do with my daughter?

JUDGE (V.O.) (ADR)
 Sit down, please.

MARY (V.O.) (ADR)
 I just want to know. Please. Did
 you take my daughter too?

JUDGE (V.O.) (ADR)
 Sit down, madam, or you will be
 removed from this court.

KIT (V.O.) (ADR)
 See me whichever way you want to
 see me. If you need a monster,
 I'll be your monster. But the
 truth is those girls were begging
 for their freedom and I gave it to
 them.

Another lipstick for Mary. She wipes it off. No shade right *
to meet a murderer. *

34 EXT. CABIN - DAY

34

Emma scrubs down the front deck. Someone climbing the timber steps, Emma shields her eyes from the sun. Jess is there.

35 EXT. CABIN - DECK - DAY RESHOOT JESS ADR

35

EMMA
Don't you have school, someplace
else to be?

JESS
I don't care so much for school.
You working at the refinery?

EMMA
I don't have a job right now.

JESS
What d'you do in Seattle?

EMMA
(stays patient)
I cut hair.

JESS
No. That is so cool.

Emma studies Jess, taking in how impressed she is.

JESS (ADR) (CONT'D)
There's a hair place in town --
they got a vacancy. You be looking
for a job you should try there.

EMMA
I'm not looking to go back to it.

JESS
They try and cut mine at St Jerome
House -- but they don't know how to
do it right.

EMMA
Your hair's nice, pretty.

JESS
I don't want it pretty.
(shame about her)
They got gum in it. The other
night.

EMMA
Those girls?

JESS
I need to get it put right.

EMMA
I don't cut any more.

JESS
(of the kitten)
What's her name?

EMMA
I don't have one yet.

JESS
You sure it ain't "Bitty?"

And a look from Emma, wry disbelief. And she's almost impressed as Jess takes out a crumpled flyer from her pocket and unfolds it. Neon orange. Emma clearly recognizes it. With the details of a lost kitten and picture of Bitty. A phone number to call.

JESS (CONT'D)
I found it on the way. Bella Sharp been looking for her all over the Long Bank.

EMMA
And so, you going to say something?
To Bella Sharp? About my kitten?

JESS
Only if you don't put my hair right.

And Jess laughs, playful. Emma shakes her head but finds she can't help smiling at this blatant blackmail.

EMMA
And I thought you were so sweet.

JESS
Oh, I'm sweet, like you...

EMMA
I'm not sweet.

JESS
But I still want my hair nice.

And Jess moving over to the stereo. And she plugs in her phone and searches for a song.

JESS (CONT'D)
Besides, Bella Sharp just like the rest. I reckon Bitty be happier without her.

Her song plays: Nina Simone's *My Baby Just Cares For Me*.

And Jess begins to dance. And Emma watches her. And Jess reaching for her hands, pulling her to her feet. Emma trying to resist but finally she's up and the music connecting with her and Jess' effervescent nature contagious. And these two are dancing, just letting go and it's joyous.

36

INT. CABIN - DAY RESHOOT JESS ADR

36

Later and Emma lays a canvas roll on the side and slowly unrolls it, the clink of her hairdressing tools as she does so. Another section of oils. She grimly studies these tools as if she doesn't want to pick them up again.

She looks across to where Jess takes down her hair.

EMMA
How old are you?

JESS
Fourteen.

Emma draws a chair, scrape of its legs. Jess sits.

Emma begins to put oil in Jess' hair working from her scalp out to the ends.

JESS (CONT'D)
You think I look older? I get that from a lot of folk. I'm so mature. There's a bar in town I can go, they never ask me for ID. I can't tell you which one, I don't want it getting shut down...

EMMA
I don't think you look older.

And perhaps Jess is disappointed by this. Emma massages her head while she applies the oil.

JESS (ADR)
Do you have other things you need to do today?

And Emma studying Jess in the mirror.

37

OMITTED

37

38	OMITTED	38
39	OMITTED	39
40	EXT. BLACKROOT SWAMP - BOAT - DAY	40

JESS

I never brought no one here before.

They glide under the canopy of Spanish moss. Sound of frogs and birds. Emma absorbed by it.

JESS (CONT'D)

You believe in monsters?

(off the silence)

Abel say there's a swamp monster here -- ten foot tall and skin all scale like a alligator. One red eye, one black.

EMMA

And you believe that?

Jess continues to guide the boat. And then suddenly Jess screams and Emma gasps in horror.

And now Jess laughs.

JESS

See. We all believe in monsters.

And Emma laughing now in relief.

JESS (CONT'D)

You the one told me not to show no fear.

And Jess still laughing.

EMMA

Who's Abel?

But Jess just gives a shy smile.

JESS

I don't never talk about Abel.

And now ahead of them. A dilapidated wooden shack on the edge of the water, absorbed by the vegetation around it. They float beside the shack and Jess reaches for the rope and ties up the boat. She holds out her hand to Emma, slowly Emma takes it and Jess pulls a key from beneath one of the boards and unlocks the damp, decaying door.

41 INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON (TEXAS) - CORRIDOR - DAY 41

Mary walks down a prison corridor. Her body full of tension.

Mary into an interview room. *

And Mary sitting at a table. Waiting. *

There are restraining cleats beside the empty chair, to secure the monster coming to her. *

And now the sound of an alarm. Shattering her nerves. And the flash of red of a warning system.

42 INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - CELL - DAY 42

Guards running to a cell, unlocking it.

43 INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 43

And Mary on her feet, not knowing what is coming. And now the door bursting open and OFFICIALS racing in -- drained with shock.

44 INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - CELL - DAY RESHOOT NEW KIT 44

And a slick of blood surrounds the naked body of CHRISTOPHER PARKER (INSERT NEW KIT). On the floor beside him is an envelope in a dense neat scrawl, addressed to **Mary Barlow**.

45 INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY RESHOOT 45
ADR

And Mary's head pounding as the OFFICIALS approach her. She can't take in what they say, the sound distorted.

OFFICIAL
Christopher Parker is dead.

And a high sound as if a bomb has gone off and her ears are ringing. And now another sound. The voice of a ghost.

KIT (V.O.) (ADR)
(from the letter)
"It was so good of you to come visit,
Mrs. Barlow, and in some ways I'm
sorry you had a wasted journey. But
I suppose the way to look at it is:
the journey is the only thing that
truly matters. A destination you
have longed to arrive at can only
disappoint you. It is much the same
with riddles and puzzles.

(MORE)

KIT (V.O.)(ADR) (CONT'D)

We are all children who love to
search for what is hidden. I think
searching keeps us young. I have
done my best to keep you young, Mrs.
Barlow. I think it's ugly to get
old."

And Mary screaming and trying to get past them, trying to get
out of this room and to Parker.

MARY

No.

And an Official holding on to her and her struggling with a
desperation and rage.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

46

INT. JOHN TYLER'S STUDIO APARTMENT (SAN ANTONIO)- DAY

46

A deep night sky exploding with stars and intermittent lightning flashes.

And we pull back to see John Tyler lies in his underpants on the floor and watches his phone where the cosmos fills the screen. And from his headphones he hears his Buddhist guide.

GUIDE (O.S.)
(from Gyatso's
Understanding the Mind)

Desirous attachment is a deluded mental factor that observes its contaminated object, regards it as a cause of happiness and wishes for it. We must be careful to distinguish attachment from love.

JOHN
(from memory)
"Love is a virtuous mind that creates only peace and happiness, whereas attachment is never virtuous and causes pain and problems."

And there are tears in his eyes as he thinks on his past.

On his wall we see a vibrantly colored Buddhist wheel of life with a center of The Three Poisons: desirous attachment, hatred and ignorance represented by a rooster, snake and pig -- hangs on a wall of peeling paint and damp.

And John looking to the Buddhist wheel of life and trying to deep breathe as he looks at a mantra hand written on a Post-It note and stuck to the mirror above the basin: **love is a virtuous mind that creates only peace and happiness.** And now we see that these mantra-covered Post-It notes litter the walls and surfaces and add brightness like confetti to this grim, cramped unit.

47

INT. BLACKROOT SHACK - DAY

47

Sunlight seeps into a room that spans the length of the boathouse. On the sill a glass jar with flowers. On a table, mismatched china cups. A mattress on the floor, a sleeping bag on it. Jess lies on it.

JESS
I'd live here if I could. I'd never go back and they wouldn't know where I gone.

Emma stands over her now.

JESS (CONT'D)
But you'll know where to find me.

EMMA
What if I don't look?

Jess reaches up her hand and pulls Emma down, side by side they lie on the mattress together. And Emma lies there, awkward but touched by this girl's intimacy. ~~From the mattress Emma can see paper drawings pinned to the roof timbers: a giant, images of gnarled bayou trees and fish like mermaids~~ a fairytale quality to the drawings.

JESS
You got dreams?
(off the silence)
Must be something you want?

EMMA
To go back and be with someone I
don't have anymore.

Jess ponders this, doesn't see the glaze of tears in Emma's eyes.

JESS
I be happy you here. With me, in
Saint James.

EMMA
I don't know that I'll be here that
long.

JESS
You got to stay now. You my true
friend, Emma Hall. You my
Huckleberry Finn.

And Jess slowly unfastens her necklace and puts it around Emma's neck. ~~And she slowly kisses Emma's cheek.~~ Emma shocked by the gesture.

JESS (CONT'D)
I can't give you nothing better.

And Emma finding she is deeply moved.

EMMA
Thank you.

A moment between them which seems to stretch. Such quiet need about Jess and Emma reaches for her hand.

48 INT. ST. JEROME HOUSE RESIDENTIAL TREATMENT CENTER - NIGHT 48

Jess pins a new drawing to the drab wall that is covered in her work. We can see it is inspired by Emma's rose tattoo. JAY, 12, his eyes older than his years, his frame dwarfed by the bathrobe he wears over his pajamas, sits on the bed and marvels at Jess' new haircut.

JAY
I think I like your hair better
now, Jessie.

JESS
You saying you didn't like it
before?
(off his squirm)
I'm messing with you. I know you
think I'm beautiful.

And now Claire in the open doorway, she knocks on the frame.

CLAIRe
You have your shift at the Carlton,
don't be late. You're not getting
pen on the wall, are you?

JESS
I'm staying on the paper.

And Claire nods and exits.

Jess takes precious items from a box on a shelf: bath gel and a body spray. Anxiety about Jay as he watches her. Jess senses it but tries to offer comfort.

JESS (CONT'D)
Goodnight, sleep tight...

JAY
(by rote)
Don't bite.

And she reaches for his hand. Two tiny, broken souls connect.

49 EXT. SAINT JAMES HAIR PLACE - NIGHT RESHOOT 49

A dawn pink building against the sunset as evening falls, emblazoned with SAINT JAMES HAIR PLACE in electric blue hand painted signage. Emma's reflection in the glass reading the sign in the window: Chair for rent.

50 INT. SAINT JAMES HAIR PLACE - NIGHT RESHOOT 50

Inside is a shabby vibrancy. Electric colors from old movie posters on the walls. A vivid green linoleum floor.

ONE BLACK STYLIST and one older, heavy WHITE STYLIST busy
with their clients. A wall of noisy gossip. They glance at
Emma as she walks in and back to their work.

And GEORGIA DUBREAUX, heavily pregnant, cuts her client's
(TOM) hair but studies Emma in the mirror.

GEORGIA
Do I know you from someplace?

EMMA
(thrown)
I don't think so.
(holds out resume)
I've come about the chair for rent.

Georgia brushes the cut hair from Tom, early 30s, the
handsome man who studies Emma then shyly looks away when she
sees him watching her.

TOM
(to Georgia)
You made me presentable again.

GEORGIA
(playful)
Gotta look nice for your Mama.

TOM
(shy)
"My mama."
(for Emma's benefit)
It's a work thing. A promotion I'm
in line for.

Georgia brushes down his shoulders and mouths, with
affection, "for his mama" to her fellow stylists. Emma can't
help a slight smile as Tom searches his pockets for his
wallet and Georgia nods to the shelf beside the mirror where
his wallet, phone and keys are piled neatly.

GEORGIA
(of the items)
Where they always are.

TOM
I'm just testing your visual
memory. You know who notices every
detail?

GEORGIA/STYLISTS
(heard it many times)
The Eskimo people.

TOM
(thunder stolen)
Uh-huh. In a world of visual
uniformity...

GEORGIA/STYLISTS

They attune to the smallest visual
cues. Do not let us keep you, Tom.
(takes resume)
So, Emma Hall, why you want my
chair?

EMMA

(deep breath)
I'm a stylist, I was in Seattle. I
cut in some really good salons...

TOM

That's somewhere I want to go.

GEORGIA

Do not let us keep you, Thomas.

Tom watches after Emma as Georgia walks her to the chair,
talking with a warmth and grounded ease about her.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

You did notice this is Saint James,
Louisiana, right? I mean I love
this town, but it ain't no Seattle.

EMMA

I needed a -- I wanted to start
over.

GEORGIA

Only two reasons anyone starts
over: breakup or breakdown.

Georgia sees this has struck at something deep in Emma.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Oh, hey. I didn't mean anything,
it's just the way I am: engage
brain, Georgia Dubreux.

Emma fights her emotions, her hand on the battered chair.

EMMA

You're, what, seven months gone?
I stood in for my manager. I know
how to run a salon. I see you're
low on products, there's dust on
your shelves, a damp patch on the
ceiling.

GEORGIA

There is no ceiling out back. And
I'm not looking for a manager.

But Georgia drawn to this awkward woman so clearly hiding
something pained inside.

EMMA

I mean I'm good on details. And I
work hard. I can cut and I can
sweep floors and make coffee. But
if you need me to step up --
because of your baby -- I can do
that too.

GEORGIA

Gonna save the world while you're
at it?

EMMA

(shy)
Maybe. On the weekends.
(covers her pain)
I'm really good at cutting. I want
to rent this chair.

Her emotional pain tugs at Georgia, connects her. Georgia
begins to dust down the chair, spins it round.

GEORGIA

Cuz it's a good chair. In fact,
it's my most favorite chair.

EMMA

(honest simplicity)
I need to stay busy.

Georgia nods, covers her pregnant belly protective but
perhaps just a flash of something about her: like she's
daunted by the future -- a moment of shared overwhelm.

GEORGIA

I like busy too.
(onwards)
You got money, for my chair? So no
one else can turn my head.

A slight smile from Emma: starts to realize it's her chair.

51 OMITTED

51

52 INT. CABIN - KITCHEN AREA - DAY RESHOOT INSERT

52

Emma writes in her gratitude journal: hot guy. She crosses
it out and instead writes: job. She draws a star around it,
like the word has exploded.

A pounding at the door. Wariness about Emma. The pounding
continues.

PETE (O.S.)
Emma. Open up.

And finally she opens the door to Pete. Tension about him. He doesn't wait to be asked in.

PETE (CONT'D)
You okay?

His hands on her shoulders, her arms, trying to read her.

PETE (CONT'D)
You been out? You put on the radio?
You been online? Called anyone?
Anyone from before, from the past?

And now tension about her, a flush about her -- thinking back to the message she left...

EMMA
Sometimes I want to...but I don't.
I don't...

But he's preoccupied, scans the cabin, checks from the windows. And now tension about her. And he's back to her.

EMMA (CONT'D)
What is it? Why are you here?

He realizes she doesn't know. It's now all to do for him.

PETE
Sit down. Emma, sit down. Sit down. Come on now. It's okay.

And he tries to ease her to the chair, she's resistant, tense now. Doesn't trust.

EMMA
What is it?

PETE
Something very bad has happened. I need you to trust me that we'll find a way through this. Do you trust me? Emma?

EMMA
You're scaring me.

PETE
Christopher Parker is dead.

And a great gasp from Emma like something has ripped through her, trying to take it in, trying to catch her breath, a scream starting to build inside her, panic.

PETE (CONT'D)
He's dead. He killed himself yesterday in prison.

But she's reeling, can't breathe.

EMMA
No. No. Not true, it's not true.

PETE
Emma, listen to me. Emma.

EMMA
He wouldn't. He wouldn't do that.
He wouldn't.

PETE
It's true. Emma. It's true.

And a primal sound of pain from Emma and she's shaking her head.

EMMA
He wouldn't, he wouldn't. No. No.
And not that. He wouldn't do that.

PETE
He did. He cut his artery. And he killed himself.

And Emma shaking her head. Tears coming. Disbelief. Fury.

EMMA
I know I shouldn't feel like this.
I know he was a monster.

PETE
(gentle)
He was. He was and he did you so, so much damage.

EMMA
It felt real. What we had. It felt like... like what I wanted love to be.

PETE
That wasn't love.

And now she's pushing away from Pete and stumbling for the door.

PETE (CONT'D)
(after her)
Emma. Emma.

54

INT. WOMEN'S PRISON - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY (THE PAST) RESHOOT 54

The sound of a door release.

A GUARD silent beside the door. His hand rests on his baton.

Mary Barlow steps into the windowless room. A woman stands, her back to us, her head turned up to the light from a light well as it falls on her, soaking up this version of sun.

Mary takes in this figure, so many emotions. Finally the woman turns. Her face bruised and scratched and a gauze over one eye. Karen Miller. And Mary just taking her in -- this woman who may hold the truth of her daughter's disappearance.

MARY

You get hurt a lot?

KAREN

Guess seeing trouble coming's not my thing. I don't win a lot of popularity contests in here.

MARY

You remember me? From the trial?

KAREN

You came every day, sat in the same seat. The bailiff sent you out because you shouted at him, at Kit.

MARY

Good recall. You know how hard it was -- for the mothers and the fathers who had to listen?

KAREN

I can't imagine.

MARY

(relieved at the empathy)
And thank you, for letting me visit. I write to Parker every week but he won't see me.

KAREN

He can't help you. Neither can I.

MARY

Then why agree to my visit?

KAREN

Because I want you to have peace.
I never knew her. I never saw her.

MARY

Finding her will bring me peace.

KAREN
I can't help you.

MARY
Look at the pictures, look at my
daughter.

Mary lays down photographs of Theresa, filling the table
between them, watching Karen's reaction to them, the way she
shakes her head, an emotion building in her.

MARY (CONT'D)
I think you need to hear she was
really someone -- her first word
was 'mama,' she used to fall asleep
on my husband's chest when she was
little, curled up on the couch, she
loved stories -- same ones over and
over about mice and bunnies and
fairies and we made promises to her
that she'd always be loved and
always be safe, and she grew up so
smart and so focused and she loved
her brother and she swam for her
college and was very, very close to
olympic selection. And all of
that's gone. It's like I dreamed
her because I'm never going to hold
her again, or kiss her, or tell her
I love her.

Tears in Karen's eyes.

KAREN
I'm so sorry.

MARY
For what?

KAREN
For your loss.

Karen looks away, blinks back her tears. Mary taking in the
emotion, trying to work it out.

MARY
Will you look at these, Karen.
Please...

And she lays down enhanced CCTV images...

MARY (CONT'D)
A gas station in Nevada, seven
years ago: it's the last image of
her. And here, where we've
enhanced it... On the back of her
neck, see?

And we close in on the enhanced image -- a tattoo clear on the *
back of Theresa's neck as she hands over her cash for gas. *

MARY (CONT'D)
And then this, thirty seconds later
this man comes out of the restroom.
(a CCTV image of KIT)
Your man. The tattoo artist.

KAREN
I didn't know him seven years ago.

MARY
You never heard him talk about her
or saw anything that linked to her?
He's here, with her. My missing
daughter and a serial killer.

KAREN
Your daughter was buying gas with
cash in Nevada. Maybe she wanted
to get lost. Why can't you see
that in your pictures? Why can't
you be glad he never claimed her?

MARY
Because I don't believe in
coincidence.

KAREN
Maybe you should. Take the peace,
Mrs. Barlow.
(to guard)
We're done.

MARY
(can't stop herself)
How could you not know? How could
you live with him and not know what
he did, what he was capable of?

KAREN
You don't have secrets?

MARY
I had an abortion at seventeen.
Postpartum depression at 22. I was
alcohol dependent for a number of
years and I fuck my son's oldest
friend. I don't talk about any of
these things to anyone: but my
husband knows every one of them.

KAREN
And your family? You know
everything about them?

MARY

I know they're not murderers.
(lets that land)
Repressed memories, dissociative
amnesia -- the syndromes you claimed
at the trial. You really can't
remember? Or you're in denial?

KAREN

I have PTSD.

MARY

From what? If you can't remember.

KAREN

My brother drowned when I was
twelve. I was with him. I've
found life traumatic ever since.
Be glad you don't have the answer
you're looking for.

And she gets to her feet, heads to the door.

MARY

(after her)
You think I'll give up? Stop
looking? I'll never stop. I'll
haunt you both as long as I live.

The door shuts behind Karen. Mary alone with the echo in the
room and the images of her daughter.

54A INT. WOMEN'S PRISON - RECEPTION AREA - DAY (THE PAST) RESHOOT 54A*

A vending machine. A woman's finger jabbing at the keypad.
Frustration as the Diet Coke fails to deliver. Mary presses
again.

PETE (O.S.)

There's Pepsi.

And now she slams her hand against the machine. Still
nothing. She rests her head against the glass.

MARY

I don't drink Pepsi.

She takes a deep breath and turns to Pete (glasses, clean
shaven, in a sweater with leather patches on the elbows).

MARY (CONT'D)

Do you believe her? That she can't
remember?

PETE

I know how bad you want answers,
absolutes -- and I can't imagine
what it feels like not to get them.
But in months of working with her,
of trying to get inside her head --
I think she loved him and she
didn't know. I think the only
thing she's guilty of is falling
for a sociopath.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

MARY

You ever worry you're loyal to the
wrong people?

*
*
*

PETE

You ever worry you're suspicious of
the wrong people?

*
*
*

Mary hits the machine and this time finally a Diet Coke
delivers. She cracks it open, downs it.

*

55 EXT. CABIN - JETTY - DAY

55*

Emma out onto deck in panic meltdown. Pete running to reach
her, trying to hold her, trying to calm her.

PETE

Emma. Emma. Listen to me. Listen
-- it's not just about him. I
don't give a damn about him --
that's not why I'm here.

But she is inconsolable and she beats her hands against his
chest and struggles to break free and collapses onto her
knees onto the deck and gasps as tears run down her face.

And now he's down beside her.

PETE (CONT'D)

They're talking about Karen Miller.
About how she's in Witness Protection.
About how she has a new identity. Do
you understand me? You're on the news.
You're in the paper.

EMMA

No. No. No.

PETE

You need to stay low, you need to
wait 'til all of this blows over.
You don't speak to anyone, you don't
go out. You stay tight. You only
talk to me. Do you understand me?
Do you understand?

(MORE)

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PETE (CONT'D)
No one can know who you are. No one
can find you. I cannot protect you
if they do.

And Emma in emotional free fall at this news, gasping for
breath.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

56

INT. CABIN - LIVING AREA - NIGHT (THE PAST) RESHOOT NEW KIT 56

A newspaper headline screams: **TEXAS KILLER SUICIDE**. A picture of CHRISTOPHER PARKER. A darkly handsome man with dead black eyes. The man from Emma's flashbacks. Another headline: **SERIAL KILLER PARKER'S FINAL ACT OF VIOLENCE**.

Another photograph: Karen Miller, a tattoo on her left shoulder inked with **Kit & Karen** in a heart. A headline: **MONSTER'S MONSTER STARTS LIFE AGAIN**. Another: **NEW IDENTITY FOR KILLER'S LOVER**.

Another: **SHE LIED TO SAVE HIM**. The face drawn with tension. One eye blue the other brown.

Emma pulls at her clothes, pulls off the necklace Jess gave her. And now she puts her finger in her eye and we see on the tip of her finger a "blue contact lens." Now as she raises her head we see her distinct eye difference: one brown eye, one blue. And we focus on the eyes of Karen Miller on the online image open on her phone and see the same distinct eye coloring one brown, one blue. *

57

INT. BARLOW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

57

And now we see the same newspaper headline: **SHE LIED TO SAVE HIM**. And the picture of Karen.

And we see Mary internalizing the horror and anger she feels and she folds the newspaper and puts it on a pile of papers and files beside her.

58

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT RESHOOT INSERT

58

Later and a feeling of chaos and grief. Bad food ransacked and half eaten.

And somewhere a thundering pounding at the door but Emma can't hear it because she's in a fog of grief and alcohol and prescriptions (the anti anxiety medication box beside her). Her knuckles bloody and bruised, tousle haired, a sheen of sweat over her. And a fade to black.

And from the darkness a figure coming in to focus in the low light, standing over her. Abstract, the face unclear but the dress, the yellow dress dominates. The voice disconnected and distant.

JESS (ADR)
(whisper)
I need to tell you something. I
need to tell you a secret.

EMMA (ADR)
(disconnected whisper)
You can't be here. You can't be
with me. You have to go. I'm not
your friend.

JESS (ADR)
I need to tell you the secret.

And then the scene freezes and fades to darkness, for a moment just the trace of light from the upturned lamp on the screen as if it's left an imprint.

59	OMITTED	59*
60	OMITTED	60*
61	OMITTED	61
62	OMITTED	62
63	OMITTED	63
64	INT. CABIN - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT	64
	It's later and Emma, numbly centered, reaches for the discarded necklace Jess gave her. As she holds it, some deep feeling stirs.	
	Now Emma gets to her feet, puts the necklace around her neck.	
65	EXT. BLACKROOT WOODS - NIGHT	65
	Emma stumbles through the dark woods. The shadows of trees are eerie and unsettling in the moonlight. She dials Jess. It rings but goes to voicemail.	
	Finally ahead of her is the shack.	
66	INT. BLACKROOT SHACK - NIGHT RESHOOT INSERT	66
	Emma edges open the damp and decaying door. Beneath her the broken floorboards through which the black water below shimmers.	

EMMA
I'm sorry. Jess?

Just the silence and a yawning blackness.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Jess?

Emma stares again at the darkness beyond. Something in this setting strikes at something deep and distressing inside her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Jess. I am your friend.

She makes herself push open the door, enters into darkness.

She dials the number again: it goes to voicemail.

The mismatched china cups upturned and broken on the floor. The floor where the mattress is. The mattress where the sleeping bag is.

On the floor, blood seeping through her yellow dress, lies Jess. Still and dead.

Emma vomits.

Turns away.

Can't look.

Can look.

EMMA (CONT'D)

No. No, no, no.

Reaches for the sleeping bag, wants to cover her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Jess. Oh, Jess. Oh no. Oh no.

And Emma's voice dies in her throat at a sound: the shack door opening.

Footsteps as someone comes in. Emma breathing fast. Can't take her eyes off Jess. Emma scrambling away. The door opening. The lights fusing, someone coming through the door, coming towards Emma. Emma screaming, panicked, searching for a way out... Clambering up to jump from the window. Her ankle caught by a gloved hand, some pain as well as the panic from this and Emma kicking back, wrestling herself away from him.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(screaming)

No.

Smashing the window and clambering out.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

67 EXT. BLACKROOT SHACK - NIGHT

67

Emma drops down into swampy dark water and gasps in horror as she sees the silhouette of a figure on the deck. And now Emma starts to scramble.

68 INT. JOHN TYLER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT RESHOOT

68

John Tyler brushing his teeth before bed.

A banging at his door and now he goes quickly to the window beside the door and edges back the curtain a little to see who is there. Surprise about him, tries to smooth down his clothes, work on his hair. Is he presentable?

Bang at the door again.

He opens it. There on the threshold is Mary.

JOHN

Mrs. Barlow? Hello?

MARY

Can I come in, John?

JOHN

Of course. Have you changed your mind? Can I be of some kind of help?

MARY

Do you think people really change?

JOHN

If we let them. I believe in the cycle of rebirth.

MARY

I'm not sure, John. I think we can try but I think our natures are our natures. I think we can have good days -- where we want to be better but they're just days.

JOHN

No, Mrs. Barlow, I think when we know better, we do better. Every day I ask myself: did I make it better, the world I mean, did I leave a good mark today?

MARY

I want to believe in you, John.

JOHN

You can't know what that means to me to hear you say that. Mrs. Barlow, if you knew what an inspiration you have truly been to me...

Mary studies him, nods, then takes an envelope from her bag.

MARY

I want you to do something for me, a job, if you like. I want you to find someone for me. I don't know where she is, I don't even know her name. But this is who she used to be.

Mary hands him an envelope. He won't take it.

JOHN

I don't think I understand you.

MARY

You told me you had a skill set, John. An area that you could flourish in.

JOHN

Yes, yes I do -- and I want to, I want to help the Trust. I want to be a force for good...

Mary shakes her head.

MARY

I don't want you to help the Trust. I want you to help me -- because you're good at finding women and I want you to find this one. The monster who took my daughter.

JOHN

I don't do that.

MARY

But you'll do it for me.

JOHN

I know you have pain, and you want to find Theresa...

MARY

Don't speak about my pain. Help me. Help me find this terrible, terrible woman, before she ruins someone else's life. Do something good, John.

JOHN

It doesn't sound like a good thing,
Mrs. Barlow.

MARY

I'm not offering you a choice. I'm giving you your chance. The one you wanted. The chance to prove to me -- your inspiration -- that you can have a different life, that you can be somebody new.

JOHN

Yes, Mrs. Barlow, and I want that. I do. But not this way. I feel uneasy. My stomach, I'm getting a pain already.

MARY

You got Tylenol?

(off his silence)

Take your vacation, go sick, or quit your job. I don't care. You've got four weeks to find her. Or wherever you go, John I will make it my business everyone knows who you are. You're the man we all dread, the man who rapes women. The bogeyman.

And she drops the envelope at his feet.

69

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

69

Emma scrambling for the cabin, breathless, her skin torn from the bayou, she races up the stairs of the cabin.

70

INT. CABIN - NIGHT RESHOOT ADR

70

Emma collects up the kitten, holds it to her, trying to get her breath back, stares down at the cuttings on the floor.

EMMA ADR

(faint whisper to calm herself)

Once I had a love, and it was a gas. Soon turned out had a heart of glass.

Above her a faint hum from the overhead light bulb. The faint hum grows louder, taking her back to a memory...

71

INT. MINNESOTAN SALON - NIGHT (THE PAST) RESHOOT

71

Blondie's "Heart Of Glass" playing loud. The same night we opened on. The salon empty except for Karen sweeping the floor, dancing and lip syncing to the music. The sound of the bell above the door and an icy gust of wind.

KAREN

We're closed.

And she turns her head to see the woman who has just entered. We know her instantly: THERESA BARLOW.

THERESA

I just want a little trim.

And Karen and Theresa study one another.

THERESA (CONT'D)

And then I want to know the best bar in this town to go get trashed in.

And Theresa laughs, warm, engaging, explosive.

And now Karen slowly turning the chair to face Theresa and gesturing she sit in it. She takes out her scissors as Theresa takes a seat.

KAREN

What's your name?

THERESA

Theresa.

And they study one another in the mirror.

And Karen lifts the hair from the neck and we see the tattoo of the two birds beneath it. Karen turns up the radio and Blondie plays louder.

BLONDIE

"Once I had a love, and it was a gas. Soon turned out had a heart of glass. Seemed like the real thing, only to find, mucho mistrust, love's gone behind."

END OF EPISODE