

DEADLIER THAN THE MALE
2ND DRAFT
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Written by

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1

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CAR - DAY

1

Hard rain drums on the roof, courses down the windscreen. *
EMMA HALL, impassive, contained, a lean body under a parka *
coat, twists a strand of hair around her finger. The sound *
of rain gets into her head. The outside world a blur through *
the rain. Oppressive. *

She yanks out the strand of hair. Same time the door cranks *
open and there is PETE JAMIESON, 40s, trying to defy every *
one of them with his coolish t-shirt, soaked from the driving *
rain. *

Hesitation about her, like she doesn't quite understand him - *
the smile, the words... *

PETE *
It's all open, go on in. *

She looks beyond him. Through the rain. A cabin. Light *
from its windows small specks in a leaden sky. *

2

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - DAY

2

Rain against the timber. EMMA takes in this functional, *
masculine space. Open plan. Small kitchen area - pans hang *
from hooks in a beam, espresso pot on the stove, bags of *
unpacked groceries on the side. Living space - couch in *
front of the small TV, shelves around it stuffed with books. *

PETE on his knees blows on kindling in the wood burner. *
Getting a flame, more effort than it actually needs. A sense *
he enjoys survival skills. She drops down beside him. *

EMMA *
How do I do that? *

She watches as he takes more kindling, tears sheets from the *
newspaper beside him, scrunches them up, puts them in the *
wood burner. Blows til more are alight. *

PETE *
Once you got a good flame, close it *
up, unscrew the damper, that brings *
the air in, keeps it going. *

She nods, taking it in. *

PETE unpacks the groceries - fresh herbs, good pasta, *
ingredients for a cook. She picks up the unfamiliar risotto *
rice, puts it down. *

EMMA *
I never cooked. Not really. *

PETE

Good time to learn. There's stacks
of books - this is great - really
good Italian.

She takes the battered copy he pulls from the drawer in the
sideboard, lets the pages fall open, dense print, line
drawings. Sees him watching her, faint smile on his face. An
awkwardness about her, like he's suddenly more than she
expected. He sees it too.

3

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. UNDER STAIRS - DAY

3

PETE shines a torch in the space beneath the stairs.

PETE

Fuses - all straightforward.
Basically - you get a power-outage
you'll need to flick this one.

EMMA

Why would the power go?

PETE

Hurricane.

4

EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. STORM SHELTER - DAY

4

EMMA looks up to the sky, rain still falling. Big heavy
drops. She turns back to where PETE emerges from a storm
shelter buried into a slope in the cabin grounds.

PETE

Come on - it's fine. No spiders -
I promise. You should know where
everything is, for emergencies.

But she shakes her head again. Like a kid being asked to
stroke a rat. PETE endeared, exits, secures the doors again.

5

EXT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. NATIONAL PARK - DAY

5

Sound of breathing, dry ground, a woman bends to catch her
breath, stares down at the desert dust coating her white
running shoes. Ahead of her: heat haze and a figure - dark
silhouetted, alien. His voice abstract, deadened by hot,
thick air.

PAUL

That all you got, Mary? Really?

MARY BARLOW, early 50s, every ounce of her trim physique
earned, brings the alien figure into focus - a man, his arms
folded.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You can go harder, I know you can.

MARY buries the desire to curse, raises herself and runs again. A soulless triumph on her face as she passes him.

6

EXT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. NATIONAL PARK - DAY

6

Drenched in sweat MARY and PAUL walk to their parked cars. Sound of the desert around them.

PAUL

How's the back?

MARY

Wonderful. When I ignore it.

An affectionate smile between them. He tips his water over his head, cools down as it soaks his t-shirt. She rolls her eyes, elegantly sips from her water bottle, perhaps glances at the way the run-off has made his muscular legs gleam.

PAUL

Are you going to be okay? Do you really want to put yourself through this?

MARY

It's not about want.

He nods, puts a hand on her shoulder.

PAUL

We're here for you.

And he touches his heart and continues the gesture to point upwards. She nods, grateful.

MARY

I know.

She drains her water canteen.

He climbs into his car and starts the engine. Dust behind him as he goes.

MARY alone in the desert, drops to her knees and vomits watery bile into the sand. When she raises herself back up she is struck by how the burning sun makes the tangled bushes around her look like they're alight.

7

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - DAY

7

EMMA turns over the cellphone in her hand.

PETE

On the side. Just push and hold.

She holds down the side button. The phone comes to life. She gives a start of delight at the vibrant coloured home screen.

PETE (CONT'D)

Yep, real fancy: you can take a picture on it, play a game...

She gives up on what to do with it. PETE takes it, opens the contacts: his name the only one.

PETE (CONT'D)

You can call me - it doesn't matter what time. I'm here for you.

She nods, hangs on every word. Sees the envelope he slides towards her. She takes a breath.

PETE (CONT'D)

Everything you're going to need is in here.

She doesn't take the envelope, leaves it on the table.

EMMA

Do people come here? I mean, your family?

PETE

My son used to - but not since he went to college. My wife hated it throughout our marriage. I think she was afraid she'd get it in the divorce.

He puts his hand on hers.

PETE (CONT'D)

You're safe, Emma. You're protected.

EMMA

Can't you stay?

He's flattered by her need, she's embarrassed by it. He squeezes her hand in apology.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I don't know ... I don't know how to do this.

PETE

Because you don't know your strength. But I do.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

Three years of knowing you, of
watching you grow, flourish.

*
*

EMMA

I don't think I flourished. I don't
see myself that way.

*
*
*

PETE

Then trust me.

*
*

She looks down at his hand on hers, watches as it moves to
her arm, her shoulder, and he's drawing her gently to him.

*
*

PETE (CONT'D)

Trust me, Emma.

*
*

And finally she leans against him and he holds her like a
father might and now she clings to him.

EMMA

(whisper)

Please stay with me.

*
*
*

8 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. BEDROOM - DAY**

8

EMMA opens plastic wrapping, IKEA bedding, new, harsh. She
unfurls a sheet and lays it over the bed in the sparse
bedroom. With obsessive detail she smooths every crease from
the sheet, tucking it around the mattress with efficient
precision. The same with the pillow cases. The new duvet.
She fold the duvet neatly in the centre of the bed. Studies
her work. It doesn't come close to filling an emptiness.
She goes to the small window and looks out. PETE'S car has
gone - just the tire tracks, the rain water beginning to fill
them.

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9 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT**

9

EMMA, in the light of the refrigerator, studies the good
ingredients. The cookbook open on the side. She closes the
refrigerator and eats another handful of cereal from a box.

*
*
*

The envelope still unopened on the table. EMMA before it.

*

10 **EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - NIGHT**

10

The sound of a car horn. The rattle of the door screen as
EMMA locks the front door. A second where she takes in the
door key - as if trying to make sense of it. She puts it in
her pocket and heads to the waiting cab.

*
*
*
*

EMMA

I need to get something to eat.

*
*

DIRECTOR DRIVER
You mean like a restaurant or a
grocery store?

EMMA
McDonalds.

DIRECTOR DRIVER
We have something like that - I can
take you, Miss.

A moment where she makes a point of studying the licence
plate and the driver as if weighing up a risk.

DIRECTOR DRIVER (CONT'D)
Is there some problem?

EMMA
Do you have ID?
(off his query)
For your cab?

Offended, he gestures to the dash-mounted ID. She peers in
quickly, studies him again - he's gained weight since the
photograph.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You don't look like the picture.

DIRECTOR DRIVER
I lost my wife.

The comment doesn't seem to register with her.

EMMA
Do you lock the doors - in the cab?
I don't like to have them locked.

DIRECTOR DRIVER
It's automatic - I can try and take
it off. Look, do you want to take
my cab or not?

She takes a moment and then opens up the back.

11 **INT. CAB - NIGHT**

11

EMMA watching from the back - alert to this new landscape
still drenched in its rain. Dark sugar cane fields. A small
clapboard church stark white. EMMA leans her head back.

EMMA
I'm sorry - about your wife.

But the DRIVER doesn't respond lost in the weather forecast
on the radio. More rain coming.

12 **EXT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. MARY BARLOW'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 12

A neat bungalow.

13 **INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. MARY BARLOW'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 13

MARY BARLOW, in pale leisure wear, sits at the table, neatly *
eating a salad. On the table a heavy duty tape deck, the *
kind from a police interview room. A man's voice, soft, *
melodic comes from the machine. *

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.) *
Oh we spent a lot of time together, *
oh she was a very nice lady. Yes, *
I enjoyed my time with her. *

DETECTIVE REYES (O.S.) *
Theresa? Did you enjoy her? *

Silence as the tape plays on, just the echoey sound of an *
interview room. Finally... *

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.) *
Theresa you say? No, no I don't *
believe I ever knew a Theresa... *

And MARY eats her salad, her face unreadable as she listens *
to every word. *

14 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. ST. JAMES CHICKEN - NIGHT** 14

Melamine and tiles reflect harsh lights. Kids pallid and *
sheeny in humidity and unflattering light - an unforgiving *
club. EMMA watching from her table. Returns to her burger - *
devours it in three hungry bites. She reaches for the second *
of three wrapped burgers on her tray - more in consumption *
than pleasure. *

She gulps down Coke, like it's the first and last drink she's *
ever had. Senses JESS CAIRNS (14), across from her, in short *
dress and push-up bra pushing up nothing watching her. Sees *
the fascination and flash of empathetic pity about JESS and *
now EMMA self-conscious at her savage eating 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. 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. *
Their voices and snatches of conversation in amongst the *
sound of the ventilation system and the fryers and the heavy *
rain still falling outside. *

ROSE and AUDREY share a sly look. *

ROSE

She sure loves that dress.

AUDREY

She wears it like every single night.

JESS

Just leave me alone. Please.

ROSE tips the Coke over: floods the table, over JESS, pooling in brown on the floor. EMMA'S burger wrapper drops on the tray, crinkle of its greasy paper. JESS grabs thin napkins tries to mop her dress. Her hands shake. *

AUDREY

You're at our table. Slut.

EMMA wipes her hands and mouth, looks at her tray with the wrappers of burgers and fries, all gone. Organises her savage remains, folds the wrappers, puts them in her empty beaker. The table where JESS was at is empty. *

15 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. ST JAMES CHICKEN. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

EMMA walks along a dim corridor vibrating with the sound of a generator. At the end the door to the female restroom. *

16 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. ST JAMES CHICKEN. FEMALE RESTROOM - NIGHT**

A tap runs. On the mirror in lipstick: JESSICA CAIRNS SUCKS ANY DICK. A cell phone number beside it. Wet paper towels slide down the locked door of a stall. ROSE and AUDREY at the basin - quiet, bubbling laughter between them, wetting more towels. JESS' adorned phone in ROSE'S hand - casually getting wetted by the water. ROSE doesn't care. Now they see EMMA in the mirror. They startle, flash cheap smiles that would win over parents of friends. *

EMMA doesn't move. She continues to stare. The cheap smiles start to fade. Stifled sobs come from the stall. ROSE and AUDREY swap measured looks of intrigue. They turn to face EMMA. *

ROSE

I'm sorry, is there something you need help with?

(to AUDREY)

This bitch just gonna stare me out? *

And ROSE'S head cracks back against the mirror. EMMA'S hands on her cheeks, face close.

EMMA

Leave her be, cunt. *

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 fucking crazy.

And EMMA hurls 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.

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 leans against the basin fills her hands with water, washes them carefully, takes a breath. Picks up JESS' phone - sets it on paper towels to dry.

The stall door unlocks, EMMA starts. But there stands JESS. It's like EMMA expected someone different to this wary, pale girl with soaked paper towel stuck in her hair who takes in the remaining scattered contents of the bag. The scrawl on the mirror. The cracked glass. JESS reaches for her phone on the basin. EMMA grabs her hand. JESS gasps.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You're afraid.

JESS seeks to deny it with a shake of the head. EMMA'S insistent, grips her hand tighter.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I see it. They did too. It's dangerous to be afraid. You see?

Perhaps a moment of connection. EMMA releases JESS and glances once more around this unfamiliar place and moves to the exit.

17

EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. ST JAMES. STREET - NIGHT

17

EMMA moving through the small town, soaked by the rain, tries to find the button that turns on her phone. She shelters in the doorway of one of the Acadian buildings preserved here to celebrate a long gone powerful past. Fingers cold now from the wet, too cold to get the screen to work. Frustrated she keeps pressing, finally her contacts and PETE'S lone name and her relief as she hears his voice.

EMMA
(into phone)
Pete?

And then her confusion, realising this is his voicemail.

PETE (O.S.)
...leave me a message and I'll
return your call.

She hangs up and dials again. Same message. And she pushes the phone into her pocket. Moves on. Past the bait shops and the crab and crawfish shacks. Past the hair and beauty salon advertising a senior stylist wanted. The tone of an SMS. She pulls out her phone. But it's a marketing text: has she been the victim of an accident? She stares at herself in the window of the salon. She dials PETE again. Gets the voicemail.

EMMA
(into phone)
I can't do this. I can't stay
here.

18 **INT. UPSTATE LOUISIANA, PETE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

18

On a mobile screen: **EMMA** displayed as a voicemail. The phone's on a table in a kitchen, we follow from the kitchen into a hallway and up the stairs into a bedroom...

19 **INT. UPSTATE LOUISIANA, PETE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

19

PETE over LISA who is much younger and just waking.

LISA
(sleepy)
Where were you?

PETE
Conference in Monroe - post
traumatic stress.
(whispers)
Are you sure? Are you sure you
want this?

LISA
(weary affection)
What do you want me to say?

And PETE continues with his lovemaking, tender, slow. Kisses her, sensual, lingering. And then he's moving away from the kiss, staring at the headboard but seeing something, someone else, a sense his focus is elsewhere as he gets lost in his own need. LISA, her arms around him, stifles a yawn. A grunting snuffle on the baby monitor beside her - then silence. PETE closes his eyes. Lisa waits.

Here it is: the cry. LISA pats at PETE'S back. PETE continues. LISA pushing out from under him.

*
*

PETE
We said we'd try crying it out.

LISA
She's already out of our room. Why don't I just check her into a hotel. You have a right hand, don't you?

She whips her pants from the floor and throws them at him.

LISA (CONT'D)
Something to work with.

He lies there in the dark, her pants in his hand. Hears her on the monitor soothing baby. Stares up at the ceiling and drops the pants. His hand moves beneath the duvet.

20 **EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. ST JAMES. RIVERSIDE - NIGHT** 20

EMMA on the edge of a harbour. Down river a refinery throws up an eerie glow. Wind whips the surface of the harbour water sending up fine spray. A string of lights above EMMA swing. She watches trawler men make their way in from their boats. Hard, strong men - they head towards *Old Sally* the bar at the end of the quay.

*
*
*

21 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. OLD SALLY. FEMALE RESTROOM - NIGHT**

EMMA at the mirror, she pulls another strand of hair from her head and then moves hair to cover the small patch of raw pale skin. From the bar sound of fiddle music floats through. She takes a lipstick from her pocket and applies it with grim effortlessness. She takes the top of her vest and with one sharp pull she tears it to reveal her cleavage.

*
*
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*

22 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. ST JAMES. OLD SALLY - NIGHT** 22

EMMA messier, darker, sexier. A Coke in her hand. She moves slightly to the music of the two women playing fiddles to the trawler men and refinery workers.

*
*
*

At the bar, LUKE, mid 30s, pale, plump, glances at the cleavage of the barmaid as he drinks his whiskey. She lets her gaze rest on him. He senses it. Just a moment where he's not sure she's looking at him. She smiles. Looks away.

*
*
*
*

She's back to the music but glances over to him again. He's watching her. Again the smile. Contained, seductive.

*
*

Now he drains his drink, orders another, on his feet.

*

LUKE beside her watching the fiddlers. She moves closer to him.

EMMA
I like your shirt.

LUKE taking her in, trying to make sense of the compliment, his eyes falling to her cleavage.

LUKE
My shirt? Yeah?

She smiles from behind her drink, shy, seductive.

EMMA
Maybe it's how you wear it.

He drinks his drink, weighing her up.

LUKE
The way I wear it, uh-huh. So where you from?

EMMA
Someplace else.

And he nods, takes another drink.

LUKE
You got a name then...

He discretely takes her hand, rubs his thumb up the inside of her wrist. Foreplay.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Or I just gonna call you Miss Someplace Else?

Finally...

EMMA
Emma.

23

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. ST JAMES. OLD SALLY. MEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

23

She locks the stall door. Turns to LUKE: judgment now in with desire in his expression.

LUKE
You do this a lot?

She takes his hand, puts it on her breast, unzips his jeans, reaches into his pants.

EMMA
Do you care?

24 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY (THE PAST) 24

From EMMA'S POV: window shutters open enough to let in early morning light and sound of ocean and gulls. Room service tray on the floor from the night before along with clothes left where they fell. KIT, darkly handsome, sprawls naked in crumpled sheets asleep beside her. Just breathing in and out. A sense of a holiday morning, the world has stopped. Just this beautiful man asleep. *

25 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. ST JAMES. OLD SALLY. MEN'S RESTROOM. STALL - NIGHT 25

Precariously balanced on the lavatory, LUKE, his jeans down around his ankles, EMMA astride him, 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 with her, it makes him bolder.

LUKE
Yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah.

But she is somewhere else.

26 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY (THE PAST) 26

From EMMA'S POV KIT wakes, first reaction is a melting smile, to draw her closer. *

27 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. ST JAMES. OLD SALLY. MEN'S RESTROOM. STALL - NIGHT 27

LUKE out of breath, struggles with the effort, glances with frustration at her blank expression.

28 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY (THE PAST) 28

From EMMA'S POV, KIT moving beneath the sheet, easing himself over her, staring down at her, communicating such promise, such excitement, shading the sunlight. *

29 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. ST JAMES. OLD SALLY. MEN'S RESTROOM. STALL - NIGHT 29

LUKE weak with his imminent climax. EMMA pulls away, exits the stall. The door swings shut.

LUKE
What the hell?

She grabs a paper towel, wipes herself, washes her hands, the sound of LUKE trying to gather his jeans. She exits, her head full of the past.

30

EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. ST JAMES. RIVERSIDE - NIGHT.

30

EMMA out into the night and the rain, fast. *

EMMA tries to breathe, wipes away tears. *

EMMA slumps against the river wall, strength gone. *

A moment and now she's trying to get herself together: hands
cold and shaking, slippery in the rain as she takes out her
phone, rolls up her jeans leg and cranes to read the phone
number scrawled on her calf. Dials it. *

SIMON (O.S.)

Simon Davis.

(off the silence)

Hello?

A moment before EMMA can speak.

EMMA

(into phone)

It's me.

A sense of shock in the silence. *

EMMA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I shouldn't call. I know that.

SIMON (O.S.)

No, no I've been thinking about you
- wondering how you're managing.
This must be hard for you...

EMMA

(over him into phone)

Will you do something for me.

SIMON (O.S.)

You're calling about Kit..?

EMMA

(into phone)

I went into a bar tonight and I
found this guy, this average guy...
(self loathing)

So average. I let him fuck me. I
want you to tell Kit that. Tell
him I'll do it every night. Every
night I will drip from another man.
I'll smell the same, feel the same,
taste the same but it won't be with
him.

SIMON (O.S.)

(over her)

Kit's dead.

EMMA

I want you to tell him that...I
want him to feel pain...
(news hitting her)
What? What?

*
*
*

SIMON (O.S.)

Kit's dead. I thought you knew. I
thought that's why you were
calling.
(off the silence)
Let me come to you. Let me sit with
you and we'll talk. Just tell me
where you are.

But EMMA fights to breathe, throws up into the river.

*

31

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. BEDROOM - NIGHT

31

EMMA wide awake. Stares up at the ceiling, her eyes raw with
emotion. Slowly, with precision she moves her hair at the
back of her head and tugs out hair after hair on her habit
patch. Some sense of feeling eventually and she moves her
hand away, her finger tips bloody. Still she stares, still
she pulls out her hair.

*
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*
*

JUMP CUT TO:

Later and EMMA is asleep with the light on. Prescription
sleeping pills on the bedside table.

*

32

INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. THE BARLOW TRUST. BOARD ROOM - DAY

32

MARY, immaculate now in an armour of good clothes and make-up
at the head of the board table, performs a ceremony: watches
the second hand on her watch as a glass pot of herbal tea
brews before her. Delicately she lifts the pot and pours the
tea, meditative, contained, restrained, preparing herself.
STEVE (late 20s), her assistant watches her. He's bright and
clean and has no scars, not like her. Even with those good
clothes MARY'S scars are clear. She takes a sip of her tea
then pushes it away - a ritual rather than a need.

MARY

Is he here, Steve?

*
*

STEVE

Not yet. You know you don't have
to do this.

*
*
*

MARY

I know.

*
*

33 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. BEDROOM - DAY 33

EMMA, numb, sits on the edge of the bed. She feels the back of her head - glad to feel some sensation, even pain. She moves her hair, covers the habit patch. *
*
*

34 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. KITCHEN - DAY 34

EMMA at the table, stares at the envelope from PETE still on the table - almost reaches for it, doesn't. *
*

EMMA looks around, this place still so unfamiliar and filled with an overwhelming silence except the creak of the wooden boards. *
*
*

She kneels before the woodburning stove, tries to ignite the kindling but it extinguishes. She slams the stove door in frustration and screams... *
*
*

 EMMA *
 Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you, *
 Kit. Fuck you. *

Over and over, screams of anguish. *

She slumps on the floor her emotions exhausted. And then another sound. A faint mewing coming from the understairs cupboard. *
*
*

35 INT. UPSTATE LOUISIANA. PETE'S PRACTICE - DAY 35

PETE, a notebook on his lap, sits across from his client, LAURA, in her 20s who focuses on the screwed up tissue she clutches, wishing she could disappear: anorexia the path she's taking.

 PETE
Did you talk with your father?

 LAURA
I tried but you know when someone just makes you feel...

 PETE
"I", try and stay with "I" - these are your feelings, Laura.

 LAURA
Scared. I feel scared of him. Still. I want to say to him like what he did, what he made me feel...

 PETE
So tell him.

PETE gets up and puts an empty chair in front of LAURA, gestures to it.

PETE (CONT'D)
There he is. Your dad. He's not going to say anything, he's not even going to look at you. He's just going to listen.

SARA, utterly uncomfortable, stares at the chair, looks away. PETE takes the opportunity to check his phone. Sends a swift text to EMMA. **Tried calling you. Sorry.** He sends then swiftly deletes the text.

36

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. HALL - DAY

36

EMMA pulls open the understairs cupboard door. A thin little kitten blinks in the light. EMMA trying to make sense of it. Some emotion she can't process pushing up: delight. She finds she's smiling, dropping to her knees, studying the tiny thing. *

The sound of her phone ringing. EMMA ignores it, still focused on the kitten. *

EMMA
Come on then. *

She heads back to the kitchen, turning to beckon it again. *

EMMA (CONT'D)
Well, are you coming? *

37

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. KITCHEN - DAY

37

EMMA pours cereal into a bowl and into a saucer, splashes both with milk. She lets another call from PETE go to voicemail. She puts the saucer down beside the kitten - there's a tentative sense of life to EMMA as she hesitantly strokes the kitten who sucks at her finger. She turns to the envelope still on the table. Finally she opens it. Takes out one of several copies of her resume. EMMA HALL typed neatly at the top and a phone number. She studies it. Just a hint of possibility about her. Glances in the envelope: passport, driver's licence, bank card... *

38

INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. THE BARLOW TRUST. RECEPTION - DAY 38

A corporate reception area hung with sanitised messages of safety under slogans such as: **safer together, never truly alone, working for safety.** Under each is the crest of The Barlow Trust.

JOHN TYLER, mid 30s, lean, hair closely cropped, sits next to MICHELLE, 40s, in a dark suit, continually checking her phone. A quickness to JOHN, alert, takes in everything: the RECEPTIONIST on a call on her headset. The girl who just walked in: RACHEL, 20s, her grey pallor drained further by the baggy cardigan she draws around her, self-conscious at her excess weight. In her grocery bag: Coke and a sub. The flash of a text on his phone from MARIANA: **good luck today**. Now his focus is his suit, slightly too big, the cuffs on the sleeves are turned up. It bothers him.

JOHN
(of the cuffs)
Feel like someone from the 80s.

MICHELLE
Everything comes back in
eventually.

JOHN
Just sit here for 10 years, then?

MICHELLE
(glances at her watch)
Might come to that.

The RECEPTIONIST nods to the board room.

RECEPTIONIST
You can go through.

MICHELLE stands, taller, broader than JOHN who picks up his briefcase, follows her.

RACHEL watches as they head to the boardroom, looks to the RECEPTIONIST who shares her disbelief.

39

EXT. ST JAMES, LA. MAIN STREET - DAY

39

The street steaming with the heat that follows heavy rain. *

EMMA at an ATM. She carefully punches in the PIN - referring to the notes section on her phone where that and other PIN numbers are detailed. *

She presses to withdraw 20 dollars and watches fascinated as the machine dispenses it. *

About to move on, she turns back to the ATM and re-inserts her card. Withdraws another 20 dollars. *

40

INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. THE BARLOW TRUST. BOARDROOM - DAY 40

JOHN and MICHELLE into the room. Tension about MARY as she studies his quick, neat movements, pulling out the chair for MICHELLE, polite nod to MARY, a sombre smile, a studied performance, opens his briefcase with efficient purpose, takes out the notepad and pen that fill the empty case.

MICHELLE

We appreciate this, we're hoping John can be a real help to the trust. On a voluntary basis of course.

JOHN TYLER

(to MARY)

First off I want to say I'm sorry there's no news of your daughter.

The merest turn of MARY's head towards STEVE.

STEVE

We've been clear: we're not here to discuss Mrs Barlow's family.

JOHN TYLER

Understood, sir.

STEVE

The Barlow Trust's a campaigning organisation - we raise awareness on sexual violence. How to help women and men stay safe. How do you see yourself helping, Mr Tyler?

RACHEL enters, takes a seat, doesn't make eye contact with MARY who watches her. RACHEL looks away as JOHN attempts a smile and brief eye contact.

JOHN TYLER

(discreetly from notes)

Penitentiary 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 unsettled by MARY'S impassive gaze. A powerful silent presence in the room. A conscience.

MICHELLE

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

JOHN TYLER

I wanted to apologise. Tell them that, hard as it was to believe, it wasn't personal. It was important to do that - for their own journeys. For their closure.

RACHEL

The women you raped?

She opens her Coke. JOHN looks down at his cuffs, nods.

MICHELLE

(recovery)

Our clients at New Start are ex-offenders. We support them in their post-penitentiary lives. I've been doing this job a long time and I've met few men who genuinely want to change like John does. He was a model prisoner, recommended for early release. He's already in employment at Allfoods Supermart.

JOHN TYLER touched, appreciative of her confidence.

JOHN TYLER

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

RACHEL

Because of men like you?

JOHN

Like I used to be.

RACHEL

And who was that?

A glance from MICHELLE: is he okay? JOHN doodles on the page before him, takes a breath, gathers himself.

JOHN

Every woman's nightmare. The boogeyman. I stalked my victims. Some for months. Saw the gaps - that little place between what they thought was safe and safety. I was a predator.

STEVE

You see a way your knowledge, for want of a better word, can help improve safety?

JOHN TYLER

(grabs the lifeline)

I'd tell you everything, tell you about the gaps, 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.

STEVE

How long have you been out?

JOHN TYLER

Three months.

STEVE

Your colleagues - they're aware of your past?

JOHN TYLER

I prefer to be judged on my present.

A "no" then.

MARY

Could you all take a moment out. I'd like to speak with Mr Tyler alone.

Wary looks from all. JOHN TYLER sits straight, expectant, wary, senses on high alert.

41

INT. ST JAMES, LA. SUPERMART - DAY

41

Moving down aisles. A sense EMMA can't take in the choice on offer. *

She opens bath products, smells the cheap fragrances, feels the fluffy towel bundles. Studies chocolate, chips, candy. A sensory overload experience. *

Baby products: EMMA trails her fingers over pacifiers, bottles, baby oils and creams. Finally she selects a tin of infant formula. *

A woman, CLAIRE, rounds the corner, her trolley piled high with bulk buy canned tomatoes and chickpeas and kidney beans and pasta, she has a frazzled air about her and holds an agitated conversation on the phone that EMMA can overhear *

CLAIRE

(into phone)

This has moved beyond a behavioural issue. *

Behind her comes JESS, discreetly she slips something from the shelf into her pocket and then sees EMMA watching her. The two study one another as CLAIRE piles sanitary napkins and sheet protectors into her trolley.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
This is repeated and increasing violence.

JESS finally raises her hand, silent hello. EMMA does the same.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
We're a residential treatment centre we don't have the personnel to manage this situation. You have to move this boy.

CLAIRE turns, beckons to JESS to hurry along. JESS passes EMMA slowly, sees the infant formula in her hand.

JESS
(whisper)
You have a baby?

EMMA shakes her head, she speaks quietly too, a sense that CLAIRE would not approve of this conversation.

EMMA
Kitten.

And JESS' face melts.

JESS
I always wanted a kitten.
(nods to CLAIRE ahead)
We aren't allowed pets.

EMMA takes that in, nods.

JESS (CONT'D)
How old is it?

EMMA
I don't know. It's small.

JESS
Is it a boy or a girl?
(EMMA blank)
What colour?

EMMA
Black.

Something about JESS like she's waiting for EMMA to offer something else.

JESS

Can I come play with it?

EMMA thrown by this - clearly it's not a yes, JESS takes in the rejection, nods, pained.

JESS (CONT'D)

Ok.

EMMA

It's a rental. I don't know if I can have people.

JESS

Well, thanks for what you did.

CLAIRE

Jessica, come along.

JESS makes to go - it seems to jolt EMMA into action.

EMMA

I'm up at Long Bank. You could come and see it - the kitten.

JESS nods, her face lit up in brief rare enthusiasm but now aware of the tension about CLAIRE as she watches the two talking. She hurries off. EMMA turns back to the shelf from which JESS stole: condoms. She looks to JESS but the aisle is empty.

42

INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. THE BARLOW TRUST. BOARDROOM - DAY 2

MARY reaches out for JOHN TYLER'S hands and holds them. JOHN unsure but locks in to MARY'S direct gaze, goes with this.

MARY

You know why I set up this Trust?

JOHN

Because your daughter went missing.

MARY

My daughter, Theresa, was *taken*. Five years ago. I know who but we don't have the evidence. I set this trust up to find her. So that *when* I find her - and I will - she'll know I spent every day searching for her. And in doing so I helped others, because the Trust's bigger than my daughter now, it's other people's daughters, other people's sons.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

And we work every day to raise awareness on safety, to support initiatives, work with communities and I can't have you with us. I'm glad you've changed John. I hope people can change. But you've done so, so much damage.

JOHN TYLER slowly nods though everything inside is breaking.

MARY (CONT'D)

Stay strong, John, you gotta work every day to be this new person because the other one: he's terrifying and he's dangerous and you can't let him come back. So you go on now. Go on with love.

She clasps his hands once more, moved at the tears in his eyes.

43

EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - DAY

43

EMMA carries her shopping onto the porch. A cab drives away. A neon orange flyer on the porch, EMMA picks it up, unfolds it, studies the message, glances around her and balls up the flyer and throws it out into the undergrowth. *

44

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - DAY

44

The pump of a spray, trickle of cleaning fluid. EMMA, damp from sweat. A ceaseless energy about her as she scrubs clean the cabin. Lean arms traced with sweat and sinewy muscles. A patch of irritated skin on her upper arm where a tattoo has been badly removed. The kitten watches from a washing up bowl padded with a towel. *

45

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. BATHROOM - NIGHT

45

EMMA in the shower, scrubs herself clean with new cheap showergel from the supermart. The kitten in its washing up bowl on the floor outside the shower unit. *

46

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - THE PAST

46

High end hotel toiletries in the shower, from EMMA'S POV she pours them out extravagantly. Coming into the shower now, KIT. Urgent, hungry, the shower gel falls to the shower floor, KIT upon her. A sudden startling hammering at the door. *

47 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. BATHROOM - NIGHT

47

Water cascades over EMMA, she closes her eyes, fights tears. *
 Shuts off the shower. Steps out. Takes her new towel wraps *
 it around her. Sinks to the floor and cradles the kitten. *
 Then suddenly aware of a door opening and creaking *
 floorboards downstairs. EMMA starting to become very alert, *
 like an animal sensing a predator or prey. *

48 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. STAIRS - NIGHT

48

EMMA silently down the stairs, already knows which creaking *
 floor boards to avoid. She gasps as a figure moves into the *
 kitchen doorway. PETE. *

49 INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. MARY BARLOW'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

49

The film of a microwave meal punctured more than is needed by *
 MARY. She carries on her endless mission on her phone with an *
 outward charm and grace - despite their inward cost to her. *

MARY

(into phone)

Well now, I know we're stretched
 but we can fit this in and it is
 important we're talking with all
 the schools. Or we saying: if some
 kids aren't safe that's just their
 bad luck cos they didn't speak
 English? Come on, honey. I'll go
 myself if you can't. Alright then.
 Let's pick it up tomorrow.

RACHEL enters with a takeout. Flash of disapproval from MARY.

RACHEL

Your day never finishes, does it.

MARY

I wish you wouldn't eat that trash.
 Why don't you have one of mine?
 There's salmon, chicken....

RACHEL

Mom - please.

Rachel unwraps her taco and opens a can of soda. MARY sets
 the table. RACHEL takes her seat. MARY gently touches the
 extra place setting, closes her eyes in silent prayer. RACHEL
 pointedly doesn't watch the ritual.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell him to go fuck
 himself?

MARY

How's that kind of language help?

RACHEL

It helps me. You sat down with a rapist.

MARY

In five years I've sat down with every type of man: police, politicians, journalists, obsessives, liars, and I'll bet there were rapists amongst them, only they don't wear it like a banner. And I'll keep sitting down with them until I find Theresa.

RACHEL

So you're letting him be involved?

MARY

He preyed on women, tracked them down to places where he knew they were alone. He raped them at knifepoint, one was pregnant, one was blind. He beat another so badly she lost her hearing. You think for one moment I'd give a man like John Tyler a platform? I'm sorry you don't know that about me.

RACHEL focuses on her taco, bite after bite, barely time to chew. Terrible pain about MARY as she watches RACHEL gorge - she takes out her phone and buries herself in her inbox.

50

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

50

EMMA watches PETE boil the kettle - a territorial ease about him as he takes down two mugs from the shelf and makes them coffee. He's close to her as he sets the mug down, studies her.

*
*
*
*

PETE

You didn't sleep?
(off her shrug)
You've been crying?

*
*
*
*

And his concerned stare burning deep into her. A sense she could break down but she tries to keep it together...

*
*

EMMA

This is hard.

*
*

PETE

Change is hard, Emma. Change is growth. It can be painful.

*
*
*

She's shaking her head, biting her lip to hold back tears. *

EMMA *

I called you. It was my first
night. *

PETE *

I didn't get the calls. The
network coverage - it's in and out.
Your message didn't come through
til this morning... *

She gives him a look: wants to believe, finding it hard. He
pushes on. *

PETE (CONT'D) *

Do you still feel that way? That
you can't be here? *

EMMA breathes out, can't find an answer. *

EMMA *

I feel...so alone. *

PETE *

You're not. I'm here. *

EMMA *

I feel it. *

PETE *

Do you feel unsafe here? *

EMMA *

Unsafe? *

PETE *

Unsettled. As if you'd want to go
back? *

A sense she wants to confide - that she could share the news
of Kit's death. *

PETE (CONT'D) *

This can only work if you can truly
be in your present. You can't be
here if you want what's in the
past. *

A moment more and the desire to share has gone. *

51

EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - NIGHT

51

EMMA walks with PETE to his car - now he's going there's a
flash of anxiety, loneliness about her. *

EMMA

You go and I feel like I just got here again.

PETE

I'm sorry I can't stay longer.

EMMA

If I knew you were coming - we could have gone into town, got something to eat.

PETE

You been into town, already?

EMMA

Just today, I needed a few things.

PETE

You don't have everything you need here?

EMMA

I just...I wanted to get out.

Compassionate concern about him.

PETE

Okay. How was it? Did you meet anyone, talk to anyone?

A moment before she shakes her head.

EMMA

I went to the ATM. There's money in my account. Did they put it there?

PETE

There'll be money every month - for a while. Not much but enough. You don't need to make the rent.

Discomfort in with her gratitude...

EMMA

So, you still have your key?

PETE

I knocked, there was no answer.

EMMA

I was in the shower.

PETE

(as light as he can)
It's my cabin, Emma. I need to have access, if something was to happen.

She nods, tries to quell a rising panic, dial down to okay. *

PETE (CONT'D) *
Go easy on trips into town... *
(softens it) *
This is all new, you need to settle *
with it. *

She nods, but somewhere she's stung by what feels like a rebuke. He softens it further by gently putting his arms around her, holding her close, paternal. *

PETE (CONT'D) *
You're doing so well. I'm proud of *
you. *

Her face against his chest. *

EMMA *
Thank you. *

He gets into his car and she watches him drive off. *
Shivering in the night air, despite the humidity. *

She heads back to the cabin but her eye is caught by the neon *
orange flyers that are intermittently stapled to trees along *
the track. *

52

INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. MARY BARLOW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

52

MARY in the dark, tortures herself with another recording. *

DETECTIVE REYES (O.S.) *
Anna Maples? Tell me what your *
relationship with Anna was? *

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.) *
My "relationship", that sounds *
serious. I didn't have a *
relationship with Anna. *

DETECTIVE REYES (O.S.) *
No? You sure about that? *

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.) *
Quite sure. No, I killed Anna with *
a hammer. I kept hitting her on *
the head til she was dead. *

And gentle laughter from Christopher. *

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.) (CONT'D) *
I made a rhyme. Did you get that *
... on your machine, Detective *
Reyes? *

MARY switches off the tape. *

53 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. LIVING AREA - NIGHT 53

EMMA sits at the table, in the silence, tries to recalibrate. *
 The only sound the faint purring of the kitten on her lap. *
 On the table face down the neon flyers. *

And now she's getting to her feet, a decisiveness about her. *

EMMA at the woodburner, trying to get it to light. Fails. *

Tries again: blows gently on the kindling and paper, finally *
 flames flare up. The woodburner alight. Triumph about her. *

Beside the stove the neon flyers torn from the trees, some *
 screwed up as kindling some still intact but face down. *

EMMA in the light of the stove, starting to feel some warmth. *

54 INT. PETE'S CAR - NIGHT 54

PETE parked at a service station, illuminated by the light of *
 trucks. He's on his phone. *

PETE *
 (into phone) *
 ...She doesn't know. There's been *
 no contact. I would say the *
 situation is healthy... *

55 INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. JOHN TYLER'S SINGLE ROOM OCCUPANCY (SRO) - NIGHT 55

JOHN TYLER in underpants and undershirt, unfurls the cuffs on the suit and picks at the dust that has settled on it. He slips it neatly into a plastic cover. A text on his phone which charges in an overwhelmed gang plug running kettle, TV and radio from. The text is from **MARIANA: how did today go? Call me?** JOHN switches off his phone unable to reply. He sits on his sagging couch and stares at the Buddhist imagery on the poster pinned on the wall above the tiny sink: the Dharma Wheel, the cycle of rebirth.

56 EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - DAY 56

EMMA scrubs down the front deck. Someone climbing the timber steps, EMMA shields her eyes from the sun. JESS is there. *

JESS *
 You said I could come see the *
 kitten. *

EMMA *
 Don't you have school? *

JESS shrugs. *

EMMA puts down the scrubbing brush and sinks back on to her heels.

*
*

57

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. KITCHEN AREA - DAY

57

EMMA puts a Coke down beside JESS who sits by the stove and strokes the kitten.

*
*

JESS
What's her name?

*
*

EMMA studies the kitten.

*

EMMA
I don't have one yet.

*
*

JESS watches EMMA, glances around the cabin.

*

JESS
Are you from here?

*
*

EMMA shakes her head, joins JESS in stroking the kitten.

*

JESS (CONT'D)
Where you from then?

*
*

EMMA
Seattle.

*
*

JESS' eyes widen at a place so foreign.

*

JESS
Why you come here then?

*
*

EMMA
I lost someone. I needed to start again.

*
*
*

JESS tries to make sense of that.

*

JESS
You working at the refinery?

*
*

EMMA
I don't have a job right now.

*
*

JESS
What d'you do in Seattle?

*
*

EMMA
I cut hair.

*
*

JESS
No. That is so cool.

*
*

EMMA studies JESS, taking in how impressed she is. Watching as JESS touches her own hair.

*
*

JESS (CONT'D) *
 Would you cut mine? I want it all *
 chopped up but they won't let me *
 cut it. *

EMMA *
 Who? *

JESS *
 Miss Laws - the place I live. *

EMMA *
 She who you were with in the store? *

JESS nods. *

EMMA (CONT'D) *
 Your hair's nice, pretty. *

JESS *
 I don't want it pretty. *

A knocking at the front door. EMMA gets to her feet, hands *
 the kitten to JESS. *

EMMA *
 I don't cut any more. *

58 **INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. JOHN TYLER'S SRO - DAY**

58

JOHN TYLER full of the energy of a new day, converts his bed
 back into the couch, folds his sheets, puts them neatly in a
 cupboard in which his worldly possessions are laid out. His
 movements are brisk, light, efficient. He squeezes a small
 dab of toothpaste onto his brush and goes to the tiny sink.
 Glances again at the Dharma Wheel, this time takes a deep
 breath as if to acknowledge it, believe it.

59 **EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. DECK - DAY**

59

The wind starting to blow. A neon flyer caught in the wind *
 lands near her. A young girl scrambles to pick it up on the *
 porch, she holds another bunch of flyers and hands one to *
 EMMA. It appeals for the return of a lost black kitten. A *
 photo of the kitten EMMA has. *

GIRL *
 Have you seen my kitten? I live *
 down the bank. She been gone since *
 last week. *

EMMA studies the flyer. *

GIRL (CONT'D) *
 I think she may have gotten stuck *
 in somewhere. *

EMMA shakes her head, hands back the flyer. *

EMMA
I haven't seen her. *

GIRL
Could you keep a look out for her.
She's only little. *

EMMA
What's her name? *

GIRL
Bitty. *

EMMA nods, folds the flyer, hands it back. *

GIRL (CONT'D)
Keep it. *

EMMA
It's okay. I'll remember. *

GIRL
Our number's on it. *

And EMMA takes back the flyer. The girl stands a moment longer, peers slightly into the house. *

GIRL (CONT'D)
You just moved in? *

EMMA
Yeh. *

The girl nods. EMMA starts to close the door as the girl turns and heads down to the car in which her father waits. EMMA slightly chilled by him. His long hair and beard and the suspicion he watches her with. *

60 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - DAY**

60

JESS holds the kitten as EMMA returns. *

JESS
(to kitten)
So you're "Bitty", then?
(to EMMA)
Ain't you gonna give her back? *

EMMA
She came to me. *

And EMMA lifts Bitty from JESS and cradles her close - the flyer falls from her pocket, JESS unfolds it, studies it, the phone number, the owner. *

JESS

You still not gonna cut my hair?

And JESS casually waves the flyer.

EMMA

Is that blackmail?

And JESS shrugs, gives EMMA a wryly innocent smile.

61

INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. ALLFOODS SUPERMART - DAY

61

JOHN attentive to the restock of frozen on his aisle. Behind him, her hands briefly over his eyes is MARIANA.

MARIANA

Ola.

He smiles on seeing her: pretty, plump, exuding kindness.

JOHN

Sorry, I had no pre-pay on my phone.

MARIANA

Right, you were at a bar celebrating with all those friends you never gonna introduce me to.

JOHN

I didn't get it. The job.

MARIANA

Oh, John. It was so perfect for you. You know so much about cars.

JOHN

I don't have the sales experience though. I mean, look at me? Frozen turkeys to selling Chryslers? Something'll turn up.

MARIANA

So we get to keep you a little longer. How was the suit?

JOHN

Perfect. It's in my locker. Thank your Dad, will you.

MARIANA

My Dad's never going to know. Let's be clear. So when you come round for dinner - cos you can't stand to be away from me - don't say nothing to him.

He takes in her easy warmth, nods, touched at the thought of dinner.

MARIANA (CONT'D)

(shivers)

You must have been bad in a past
life - that's why Janice keeps you
stuck out on frozen.

And she gives him a grin as she heads away. He watches after her and then returns to his shelf stacking, beside him a woman at a chiller cabinet, her nipples hard in the cold air, JOHN turns away, back to his work. *

62 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. BEDROOM - DAY

62

EMMA opens the drawer where her few possessions are neatly laid out. At the rear of the drawer a canvas roll, she opens it, hairdresser scissors and clips and comb. She grimly studies them - doesn't want to go back to them. *

63 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - DAY

63

EMMA watches as JESS rinses through her hair in the basin, her body bends awkwardly to do so. *

EMMA *

How old are you? *

JESS *

Nearly fourteen. *

JESS, soap in her eyes, feels for a towel, it's just beyond her reach. *

EMMA *

And you already got a boyfriend? *

JESS' expression darkens. *

JESS *

You asking that cos of what they wrote about me? On the mirror? *

EMMA *

I saw you lift the condoms. *

EMMA passes her the towel. JESS wrings out her wet hair with it. *

EMMA draws a chair from the table, scrape of its legs on the floor. JESS sits. *

JESS *

I don't have no boyfriend. *

EMMA lays a towel around JESS' shoulders, a hand on each. *

EMMA
(gentle)
Okay. *

EMMA studies JESS in the mirror that rests on the table, she
begins to comb through the hair, lifting sections into clips.
Something about the repetitive action, the wet hair in her
hands, the grate of the clips... *

64 INT. ROOM - DAY (THE PAST)

64

From EMMA'S POV, the scene over exposed, a high sound in her
head, like the noise before you black out: inky black hair
being combed and cut, expert, swift. Sections lifted, a
delicate creamy neck exposed. *

65 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - DAY

65

Sound of the scissors as EMMA cuts, fights to focus. Beads
of sweat on her forehead. *

JESS
All the girls wear it long and
straight. They say it's how boys
like it. I don't want it long no
more. *

No response from EMMA who keeps cutting, tries to control the
shake of her hand *

JESS (CONT'D)
You okay? *

EMMA
I have this headache. *

Locks of JESS' hair fall to the floor. *

66 INT. ROOM - DAY (THE PAST)

66

Over exposed light, high pitched hum of electricity, dark
cuttings of hair falling to the floor. *

67 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - DAY

67

JESS strokes the back of her neck where the hair has been
cut, sensual, exposed. *

JESS
I like how it feels. *

- 68 INT. ROOM - DAY (THE PAST) 68
- Over exposed light, high pitched hum of electricity: a brush sweeping hair from the floor. A trashbag into which the hair is swept. Maybe we notice the hair cuttings are not all dark, there is blonde in there too. *
- 69 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - DAY 69
- EMMA dries JESS' hair with her dryer, her hands run through the hair, firm movements that mold and mess the hair. *
- 70 INT. ROOM - DAY (THE PAST) 70
- Over exposed light, high pitched hum of electricity. Black stains in a washbasin. Sound of a car engine. From a window we see a car pull away. A woman in the passenger seat, a slump about her, like she's exhausted, she starts to turn... *
- 71 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - DAY 71
- EMMA shuts off the hair dryer, takes off the towel from JESS' shoulders, folds it, dumps it on the floor. She hurries from the room. *
- 72 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. BATHROOM - DAY 72
- EMMA locks the door, slumps onto the WC. Absorbed by a past. Edge of panic. Breathing shallow and fast. Does not know what to do. Runs her hands through her hair, tries to slow breathe, doesn't work, winds her hair round her finger, yanks it out. No relief. And then there are tears that she's trying to fight, anger, guilt, loss. And she tries to shake it all away. Nothing is working. The sound of the zip of her jeans. Fighting tears. The sense of her masturbating. But no pleasure on her face just need and the release of a consuming pain. Something more like self-harm, a response system to a traumatic feeling, something she can control. *
- 73 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. KITCHEN AREA - DAY 73
- JESS sits on the chair, waits. Above her the floor creaks slightly. Eventually she gets up, scoops up the kitten and goes to the refrigerator. *
- 74 EXT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. MARY BARLOW'S HOUSE - DAY 74
- A dark car outside the house. DETECTIVE NICOLAS REYES locks the car, takes a deep breath and heads to the door. *

75

INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. MARY BARLOW'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM - 75 DAY

Family photographs hang on the walls. In one group shot, a studio portrait in black and white. It must be five years ago - two glamorous girls in their late teens/early 20s. RACHEL and THERESA. A smartly dressed man flanks them on one side and on the other MARY. It is almost as if the weight lost by MARY since this photograph has been gained by RACHEL.

MARY and RACHEL on the couch. DETECTIVE REYES opposite them.

RACHEL

How can he kill himself? He was on 24 hour watch.

DETECTIVE REYES

He got a blade from somewhere. We'll find out how.

RACHEL

So, he's got away with it then. He got a life sentence - he's served three. That's not punishment.

MARY silent, trying to take this in.

DETECTIVE REYES

He'd have been in a lot of pain if that's any comfort.

It's not.

RACHEL

He killed nine women - they're the ones we know about.

DETECTIVE REYES

He left a letter.

Suddenly every ounce of MARY alert. RACHEL in furious meltdown.

RACHEL

Another one? Like we haven't had our fill already? "Your Theresa wasn't one of mine." I don't know where Theresa is." "I hope you find your Theresa." He's fucked with us for three years...

MARY

The letter, Nicolas. What does it say?

DETECTIVE REYES

We think he refers to Theresa. I mean, it's cryptic - would you expect anything else? He mentions "TB" - we're taking that as Theresa Barlow. He talks about "loving her" of "taking care of her" and about them being "connected til death and beyond".

MARY gasps, an involuntary show of emotion. RACHEL instinctive, all hostilities gone, reaches for her mother.

RACHEL

It's alright, Mom.

MARY

I thought we'd get him, I thought he'd tell us.

MARY breaking down as RACHEL holds her.

RACHEL

We'll find her. We will, Mom, we'll do it together, I promise you.

DETECTIVE REYES

Christopher Parker don't get the last word. We still believe Theresa's out there.

And he watches, pained at their agony. MARY holding RACHEL as the two of them break down.

76

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. HALL - DAY

76

EMMA down the stairs slowly, into the hall. The sound of television.

*
*

77

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. LIVING AREA

77

JESS sits with two plates of a dish she's made - a hodgepodge of ingredients and pasta and two cans of Coke. A cookery show plays on the TV. The kitten on the sofa too.

*
*
*

JESS

I thought your headache...maybe you were hungry. You ate a lot, the other night.

*
*
*
*

EMMA nods, sits quietly on the sofa beside JESS, takes the plate and begins to eat. JESS watches her. Pleased to see that she's eating. It's enough for JESS. She turns back to the TV and quietly eats her own meal. EMMA glances at her.

*
*
*
*

EMMA *
Do you like your hair? *

JESS turns to her. *

JESS *
Do you? *

EMMA nods. JESS shares a smile. *

JESS (CONT'D) *
They're looking for someone at *
Bailey's Salon. In St James. *
(in explanation) *
Miss Laws is always trying to get *
the older kids into work. No one *
wants us though. *

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

JESS nods, drinks her Coke. They sit in comfortable silence *
a moment watching the TV cook crack eggs. *

EMMA (CONT'D) *
You cook at home? *

JESS *
Saint Jerome House ain't home. *

EMMA studies her. *

EMMA *
Does she know you're here with me? *
Miss Laws? *

A shy smile about JESS. *

JESS *
I ain't gonna tell about you. *
You're my secret weapon. *

EMMA studies her a moment before taking another mouthful of *
food. JESS puts down her plate. *

JESS (CONT'D) *
Do you want to come someplace with *
me? *

78

INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. ALLFOODS SUPERMART. MARIANA'S CAR -78 DAY

JOHN leans on the back seat with the suit over his arm. MARIANA starts the engine. JOHN sees her open handbag, the purse sitting on the top. A moment where he just takes in the possibilities of that. Shakes it away. He hangs the suit from the clothes hook and exits the car.

JOHN
See you tomorrow.

MARIANA
You busy Friday night?

JOHN
I'm planning on a run, watching TV.
This a glamorous life of mine.

MARIANA
Come for dinner.

She gives him a smile and pulls away. He watches after her and then he's smiling, clenches his fist in triumph.

79

EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. BLACKROOT WOODS - DAY

79

Down a narrowing track walk EMMA and JESS. The light disappears under the forest canopy.

*

JESS
There's a tree, broken down, like
lightning or something's come right
through it. It's how I find my way.

Ahead of them a split tree, beside it a narrower track descends. EMMA follows JESS down the steep path through the foliage until they reach the bank of dark, clear water. JESS reaches under an overhanging root and hauls out a canoe. She steps in, steadies it for EMMA who shakes her head.

EMMA
I don't like the water.

*

*

JESS
You in the wrong place then. Anyhow
- you the one who told me not to be
afraid.

*

*

*

*

Finally EMMA steps in to the canoe and JESS pushes off the bank, they glide under the canopy of Spanish moss and bald cypress. Sound of frogs and birds. EMMA absorbed by it. The waterway narrows - EMMA can touch the sides of both banks. Then it widens out into a dark pool.

JESS (CONT'D)
This is blackroot pool. No one
knows how deep it is. Abel say the
devil made it with his hoof, that
it goes straight down to hell.
Nothing reaches the bottom. Abel
say they drowned the witches here.

EMMA
Abel? Is he a friend?

JESS turns back to look at EMMA with a shy smile, she puts a finger to her lips.

And now ahead of them. A dilapidated wooden shack on stilts, almost absorbed by the wall of bald cyprus. They float beneath the shack and JESS reaches for the rope and ties up the canoe. She helps EMMA from the boat onto the jetty.

JESS

I've never brought anyone here.

She holds out her hand for EMMA'S hand, slowly EMMA takes it and JESS leads her through overgrown ferns and foliage to a dilapidated boathouse, heavily overgrown with foliage, JESS pulls a key from beneath one of the boards and unlocks the damp, decaying door.

80

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. BLACKROOT POOL SHACK - DAY

80

Ahead is a small flight of stairs. EMMA follows JESS up to where late evening sunlight fills a room that spans the length of the boathouse. A mattress on the floor, a sleeping bag on it. On the sill a glass jar with flowers. On a table, mismatched china cups. JESS full of pride at EMMA'S amazement.

JESS

I'd live here if I could. I'd never go back and they'd never find me.

EMMA

Who?

JESS

Everyone.

JESS goes to the mattress and flops down on it, basks in the sunshine. EMMA stands over her. JESS reaches up her hand and pulls EMMA down, side by side they lie on the mattress together.

JESS (CONT'D)

So if I ever go - you'll know where to find me.

EMMA gives her a curious look.

EMMA

Not in that boat.

JESS

There's a path - it takes longer. You just carry straight on from the lightning tree.

EMMA

You're not planning on running just yet are you?

JESS

Are you going to be my friend?

A moment between them which seems to stretch. Such quiet need about JESS. Finally...

EMMA

I hope so.

EMMA squeezes her hand and they lie there in silence. Very slowly JESS unfastens her necklace and puts it around EMMA'S neck. EMMA shocked by the touch and the gesture.

JESS

It's the best thing I have.

EMMA

I can't take it.

JESS

It's on you now.

And EMMA finding she is deeply moved.

81 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. LIVING AREA - NIGHT** 81

EMMA with the kitten, she cuddles it. Then aware she is at the window, pushes closed the shutters. She settles on the sofa and puts on the TV, a cookery show plays. EMMA utterly captivated. She finds she touches the necklace Jess has given her. *

82 **EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. SAINT JEROME HOUSE RESIDENTIAL TREATMENT CENTER - NIGHT** 82

A large cinderblock house - a starkness to it where harsh lights burn in rooms where curtains are not yet pulled. A security door marks it out from other places on this street.

83 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. SAINT JEROME HOUSE RESIDENTIAL TREATMENT CENTER - NIGHT** 83

Stars of Hip Hop stare down from posters covering drab walls. JAY, 12, his eyes older than his years, his frame dwarfed by the bathrobe he wears over his pajamas, his hands inked with self carved tattoos, sits on the bed and marvels at JESS' new haircut. *

JAY

You think she'd cut my hair? *

JESS gives him an affectionate but patronising look. *

JESS
She did it for me because I'm her
friend. *

And JAY accepts that completely. *

From her bedside table, JESS takes out some precious items, a bath gel and a soap, she reaches for her pajamas. She makes to leave the room when a text comes through from an unlisted number: **cab coming for you**. And we see that JESS is sickened by this. She closes her eyes.

JAY
(knows what the text means)
You got to get out, Jess. You got
to try.

And she nods, looks at him, reaches for his hand. Two tiny broken souls connect.

84 **EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CARLTON HOTEL - NIGHT** 84

Peeling paint and rising damp. A sign: **no vacancies**.

A cab pulls up outside. *

85 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CARLTON HOTEL. LOUNGE - NIGHT** 85

JANET KEEP sits on the sofa and smokes a cigarette and focuses entirely on the television, while her cavalier dog barks at the door into the hall as if the girl walking past and towards the stairs is a ghost. *

86 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT** 86

EMMA finishes clearing up, sweeping up JESS' cut hair. She tips it into the trashcan - about to close the lid, she stops and reaches in, takes out a lock of the hair and puts it carefully in a tissue and then into her pocket. *

She turns to the hairdressing tools on the table and carefully cleans and packs them tidily back in their places. She leaves the tool wrap on the table. *

A low roar of thunder outside and heavy rain begins. *

87 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CARLTON HOTEL - NIGHT** 87

A red carpet with a swirling pattern snakes past the doors of a ground floor - all but one are closed. One door ajar into the lounge, the sound of a television.

The swirling pattern draws us on, up winding stairs, through another landing where all the doors are closed and up again.

On this landing a MAN, in his 50s and his underpants, his pot belly shiny with sweat exits a room with a black door. He leaves the door ajar and enters a bathroom. Another MAN exits from a room full of ten maybe 12 MEN, drinking and passing round fingers of coke and this MAN goes into the room with the black door and on a bed is JESS CAIRNS, disorientated from something, weakly she tries to push away the MAN who climbs onto the bed. Outside a storm continues.

88 **EXT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. CHURCH OF OUR LADY - NIGHT** 88

MARY among others on their knees waiting to receive evening communion. *

The sign of the cross made above her head... *

PAUL
Body of Christ. *

The white disc placed on her tongue. A look of compassion from PAUL, her priest and trainer, as he meets her gaze. *

89 **INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. JOHN TYLER'S BEDSIT - NIGHT** 89

JOHN lies on his back looking up at a ceiling full of stars projected from a star machine. He has earphones in and we can hear the faint voice from them.

GUIDE (O.S.)
You are not your past. You are not
the things you've done. You are
now. You are the things you want
to be.

And something like peace about JOHN. Tears in his eyes just before he closes them.

90 **EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - NIGHT** 90

EMMA out into the night. Rain falling hard again. She holds her head back and lets it hit her. And she stands there getting soaked, baptised by the bayou weather system. *

91 **INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. POLICE STATION - DAY** 91

A desperate MARY races to where RACHEL waits.

RACHEL
Mom? I been calling you...

MARY

Where is he? Where's Detective
Reyes? What did he say?

And MARY now sees DETECTIVE REYES striding towards them. And
a terrible hope fills MARY'S face.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh God. Oh my God, you have her.

RACHEL

No, Mom, no. No.

MARY

You found my daughter?

DETECTIVE REYES

Mary, I need you to sit down. I've
got news but it's not in relation
to Theresa.

RACHEL

Karen Miller's out.

MARY'S legs give way. REYES and RACHEL going to her, holding
her.

92

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. BAILEY'S HAIR SALON - DAY

92

Something brighter, lighter about EMMA as she walks with
GEORGIA BAILEY, early 30s and heavily pregnant, through the
pretty salon. Several girls in a pretty uniform cut and
style their varied clients - several elderly women sit under
dryers at the side and watch EMMA intently as GEORGIA guides
her round. *

GEORGIA

Well we are very busy here, Emma.
We have a high percent of regular
clients but we are a destination
for the Parish as a whole. And
that's not even taking into account
the tourists. St James is getting
more popular each summer, I swear
it is. *

EMMA

I would really love to work here. *

GEORGIA touched by this openness. *

GEORGIA

Thank you, Emma. It's nice to hear
that. I'm very proud of my salon.
So Seattle's where you learned to
cut? They have a great style up
there. Why'd you leave? *

And EMMA barely takes a moment.

EMMA

My boyfriend and I - we broke up. I
need to start over.

GEORGIA

Well I been there - breakups - not
Seattle. I never been out of
Louisiana.

(touches her bump)

It all works out though. How about
we trial for a month?

EMMA

Okay. Okay. Yes. So I have this?
I have this job?

GEORGIA

Unless you hate it after a month.
How about you come in tomorrow and
we start then?

And EMMA nodding, energised. Another stylist begins to lay
out the daily newspapers and weekly trashy magazines.
Something catches GEORGIA'S eye.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

(low)

Marie? Not the papers today. I
don't think that is appropriate
reading for our clients.

And MARIE nods and begins sweeping up the newspapers.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

(to EMMA)

I have a duty of care to my
clients, Emma and I take that so
very seriously.

A saleswoman into the salon with hair products and GEORGIA
puts a hand on EMMA'S arm in apology and hurries to her. But
EMMA struggling with something she has seen on one of the
newspapers, struggling now to hide the emotions it stirs.

MARY focuses on the cup of water before her, wiping the bead
that trickles down.

MARY

Where is she?

DETECTIVE REYES

We don't have that information.
I'm getting what we do have late in
the day. Miller was released the
same day Parker took his life. We
only just got word.

MARY

She got five years.

DETECTIVE REYES

She's done three.

MARY

I want to see her, I want to ask
her to her face if she knows where
my daughter is.

RACHEL

She had every chance, just like he
did, they asked her over and over
and she said nothing. She lied
for Christopher Parker, she covered
up his movements. He killed women
and she protected him.

MARY

If I could talk with her. If I
could look her in the eye and ask
her ...

DETECTIVE REYES

Karen Miller's now a protected
person - because her safety would
be under threat.

RACHEL

Good. I hope she fucking dies.

DETECTIVE REYES

It means she's been given a new
identity: name, address, history,
medical records. People knew her
real identity she'd likely be dead.
Karen Miller's gone, Mary. We
won't find her.

And quietly something snaps inside MARY, though her
expression gives nothing away.

MARY

"Repent ye therefore, and be
converted, that your sins may be
blotted out, when the times of
refreshing shall come from the
presence of the Lord."

*
*

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RACHEL
You think that bitch reads her
bible?

MARY
I'm not praying for her.

And RACHEL pained as she sees the hope drain from MARY.

94

INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. KITCHEN AREA - DAY

94

A selection of newspapers hit the table. EMMA over them,
weak with what they represent. The headline on one 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'S FINAL
ACT OF VIOLENCE.** EMMA turns the pages, tugging out strands
of her hair as she does. Another photograph: KAREN MILLER,
vastly overweight, a tattoo on her left shoulder inked with
Chris & 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 jowly with weight,
the hair long and lank but look very closely and the eyes are
the same. EMMA looks at the photograph of who she used to be
and she screams.

EMMA
No. No. No.

And now she rocks herself at the table, peeling off the false
eyelashes she wears each day and beginning to pull out her
own stubby eyelashes beneath. She lays each fragment on the
newspaper, beside the picture of the monster KAREN MILLER.

95

INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. MARY BARLOW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

95

RACHEL takes a bottle of wine from the fridge. MARY numb at
the side. RACHEL opens the wine, pours it. MARY shakes her
head.

MARY
Not for me.

RACHEL
(desperate)
Drink the fucking wine, mom.

MARY takes it, pours it down the sink, closes her eyes.

MARY
I won't lose any more of myself.

RACHEL
Well we don't all have your
strength.

And RACHEL downs her own wine and turns away from MARY who watches her, agonised at what has happened to her.

*
*

96 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. SAINT JEROME HOUSE RESIDENTIAL 96
TREATMENT CENTER - NIGHT

JESS in her bedroom receives a text: **cab coming for you.** She starts to breathe fast, light, shakes her head...

*
*

JESS
(whisper)
No, no, no.

*
*
*

97 EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. BAILEY'S HAIR SALON - NIGHT 97

From outside we see GEORGIA peel the "stylist wanted" advert from her window. She waves at whoever is watching and hurries out, locking the door behind her. She kisses the man who waits for her, he takes her hand, squeezes it protectively and LUKE BAILEY, the man EMMA fucked on her first night, walks his wife to his truck.

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98 INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. MARY BARLOW'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - 98
NIGHT

MARY taking off her makeup, undressing. On her belly a caesarean scar, vivid still, from the days when the incision was larger, she touches it, studies herself in the mirror, finds she's sobbing.

*
*
*
*

Sits on the edge of the bath. Then aware of some strange feeling, puts her hand between her legs, brings it away, covered in dark menstruation blood. She can't take it in. She looks to the wooden figure of Christ on the crucifix on the wall above the basin. Gets to her feet, goes to the bathroom cabinet, searches through it, can't find what she needs. Something fevered about her as she searches. She mops herself with toilet tissue, reaches for her bath robe.

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99 EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. SAINT JEROME HOUSE RESIDENTIAL 99
TREATMENT CENTER - NIGHT

A cab waits a little way down from Saint Jerome House. The driver checks his watch, reaches for his phone. No passenger.

*
*
*

100 INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. MARY BARLOW'S HOUSE. RACHEL'S 100
BEDROOM - NIGHT

RACHEL in a deep sleep. On the bed table a pack of sleeping pills. MARY pulls open her bedside drawer, amongst the sleeping pills are tampons. She takes some from the packet and gently bends down and kisses her daughter's forehead.

*
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*

101 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT 101

A feeling of chaos. Bad food ransacked and half eaten. A prescription tranquiliser box beside her. Her knuckles bloody and bruised, tousle haired, a sheen of sweat over her. EMMA pulls down her top and stares at the raw red scarring where a tattoo has been removed and with a knife she begins to dig at it, not even flinching at the pain. *

Hammering at the door. It's muffled to her now. Deadened through prescription pills. *

102 INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. MARY BARLOW'S HOUSE. OFFICE - NIGHT

MARY at her desk, searches through paperwork, minutes of her meetings at the Barlow Trust, we glimpse details of the meeting with John Tyler. *

103 INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT 103

A numb peace about EMMA now as she opens her eyes. A resignation. She surveys the bomb site of the kitchen as if she's never seen this place and then she gasps. Standing over her, her face stained with tears is JESS. *

JESS
I been knocking, so long. *

EMMA getting to her feet, disorientated, the newspapers scattered around quickly bringing it back. *

EMMA
What are you doing here? You can't just come in like that. You can't do that. *

JESS
Can I stay with you? Please. *

EMMA
What? No. *

JESS
I need a safe place. Please. *

EMMA
No. No you need to go. You can't be here. *

And now JESS breaking down from all it took to get here.

JESS
You said you were my friend.

EMMA pushing her towards the door. JESS desperate, sobbing.

JESS (CONT'D) *
 What you doing? Don't you hear me? *
 I'm in trouble. Bad trouble. *

And JESS taking in the newspapers, seeing the shudder about *
 EMMA as she does. JESS trying to make sense of this. Seeing *
 the bloody space where the tattoo was on EMMA'S arm, seeing *
 the tattoo in the picture. *

JESS (CONT'D) *
 Is that you? *

EMMA *
 You can't be here. *

JESS *
 I don't care. I need you. *

EMMA *
 Get out. You need to go. Get out. *

JESS *
 But there's people will hurt me. *

And EMMA grabs her, tight, twisted, close. *

EMMA *
 I'll hurt you. *

She shoves JESS out into the rain. And JESS devastated at *
 this breach of trust, sobbing as EMMA slams the door in her *
 face. *

And EMMA slumps against the table, the rain beats heavily on *
 the timber cabin, drumming, getting inside her head... *

104 **INT. PRISON VAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

104

...a beating sound, like heavy rain, flashes of light in the *
 darkness. The flashes from press cameras held up against the *
 tiny windows of the prison van in which KAREN MILLER sits *
 locked in her cubicle and shackled. The beating thuds *
 increase, hands of a hateful public beating against the side. *
 Harder and more and more they come. *

MOB *
 Bitch/Murderer/Liar/Whore *

And the van begins to rock, the sound of its siren as it *
 forces its way through the mob. *

105 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

105

EMMA lies on her bed, in trapped agony searches for a way out *
 of her pain, masturbates, no joy, no relief but some *
 sensation burning through her numbness. *

She feels the necklace JESS gave her around her neck, she holds it, slowly some deep feeling stirs.

106 **INT. UPSTATE LOUISIANA. PETE'S CAR - NIGHT** 106

LISA alternating between reverse and drive as she moves up and down the drive to soothe screaming baby in her carseat in the back. To kill the mindnumb she hits the media unit and turns the control stick to reach the radio but instead hits the navigation system and can't help herself: she scrolls through "recently found" and is stunned to see ST JAMES, LA come up as most recent.

107 **EXT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. SRO BLOCK - NIGHT** 107

JOHN TYLER shovels down a burger as he enters the building. A sense of someone watching him.

108 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. BLACKROOT WOODS - NIGHT** 108

EMMA hurries down the track. The split tree - ghostly ahead of her. Rain falling hard. She dials JESS. It rings but goes to voicemail. *

She descends the path, feels for the canoe beneath the tree root. Loses her balance slips in the dark water, staggers, rights herself. No canoe. She clambers out. *

She takes on the overgrown path beyond the tree. Rain heavier now. *

Ahead of her the shack.

She dials again. Now she can hear the ringing tone very faintly and a glow in the window as a mobile phone lights up.

109 **INT. UPSTATE LOUISIANA, PETE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT** 109

LISA returns. PETE is asleep. A faint glow comes from a crumpled heap on the floor. She hesitates a moment, glances at PETE sprawled asleep in the bed, doesn't want to do this, can't help it. Takes the phone from his trousers and sees the missed calls from EMMA, ten of them.

110 **EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. BLACKROOT POOL. SHACK - NIGHT** 110

EMMA edges open the damp and decaying door. Beneath her the broken floorboards through which the black water below shimmers.

EMMA
I was a bitch. I'm sorry. Jess?

*
*

Just the silence. Ahead: the small flight of stairs and a yawning blackness beyond.

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.

She makes herself climb the stairs, pushes open the door, enters into darkness.

She dials the number again and the glow from the end of the room, reflected and spread by the glass of the window. EMMA'S name on the display. EMMA ends the call and picks up the mobile phone. The mismatched china cups upturned and broken on the floor. The floor where mattress is. The mattress where the sleeping bag is. Between the sleeping bag and the dark damp wooden wall something pale. A foot.

And the pale naked leg and the pale naked torso and the small firm breasts and the blackened bruising around the neck and the dead eyes staring up from the space between the mattress and wall.

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 as a sound below as the door shunts open.

Footsteps. EMMA suddenly still. The footsteps stop, as if someone beneath is listening for a sign of life. They begin again, climbing the stairs. EMMA breathing fast. Can't take her eyes off JESS. Footsteps coming closer and now JESS' phone begins to ring and glow in EMMA'S hand. EMMA scrambling away, pushing through a busted up window, snagging her arm on broken glass and clambering out.

111 **EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. BLACKROOT POOL. SHACK - NIGHT** 111 *

EMMA drops down into swampy dark water and gasps for her *

breath as she scrambles for the bank. Someone at the shack *

window disappears. Sound of the door wrenching open. *

112 **EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA, BAYOU SWAMP - NIGHT** 112

EMMA scrambling for her life through the swampy warren of the *

bayou. *

Someone some way off behind her, heavy splashes of a powerful *

force. *

EMMA catches her foot on a twisted root and plunges into a *

channel of water. She hauls herself back to the bank. *

Clings to the tree root. *

Torchlight over the surface of the water. Her sheltered in a *

recess on the bank. A brief reflection in the water: a *

figure in dark waterproofs, a hood drawn up around them. A *

hunting knife glints at their side. A moment where all EMMA *

can hear is her heartbeat. The torchlight moves on. EMMA *

clings to the bank, closes her eyes. *

113 **INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. JOHN TYLER'S SRO - NIGHT** 113

JOHN TYLER works through a personal development exercise as

he stands before his Dharma wheel.

JOHN TYLER

(mantra)

I am not my past. I am not the

things I've done. I am now. I am

the things I want to be.

A banging at his door and now he is alert again. Quick on

his feet, he goes to the door, looks through the spyhole,

pulls back.

Bang at the door again.

He opens it. There on the threshold is MARY. *

JOHN TYLER (CONT'D) *

Mrs Barlow? Hello? *

MARY *

Can I come in, John? *

And her smile is met by his. *

JOHN TYLER *

Of course. Have you changed your *

mind? Can I be of some kind of *

help? *

She takes in the room. The Dharma wheel its only adornment.

MARY
Do you think people really change?

JOHN TYLER
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 TYLER
No, Mrs Barlow, I think when we
know better, we do better.

MARY
Do you, John?

JOHN TYLER
Yes, yes, I really do. I'm working
with change. Every day, I work to
be better.

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

MARY
I do want your help. 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 TYLER
I don't think I understand you.

MARY
Do you believe people have a skill
set, John? Areas that they will
flourish in?

JOHN TYLER
Yes, yes that's why I feel I can
help you, the Trust...

MARY shakes her head.

MARY
No, John. I don't want you to help
the Trust. I want you to help me.
(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

You're good at finding women aren't you. I want you to find this one.

*
*

JOHN TYLER

I don't do that.

*
*

MARY

But you'll do it for me.

*
*

JOHN TYLER

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

*
*
*

MARY

You don't know one thing about my pain. Don't speak about it, don't speak about my daughter. Take your holiday. Take all of it: from Allfoods on Tyne Street. Take your sick leave too. You've got four weeks to find her. Or wherever you go, John I will make it my business that everyone knows who you are. That you're the man who rapes women. You're the bogeyman.

*
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*

And she drops the envelope at his feet.

114 **EXT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN - NIGHT**

114

Torch light moving over the overgrown grounds of the cabin.

*

Falling on the storm shelter.

*

Bolts being drawn back.

*

115 **INT. SAN ANTONIO, TX. JOHN TYLER'S SRO - DAY**

115

JOHN TYLER focuses on his Dharma wheel, tries to breathe deeply, the sound of a ringing tone as he waits for a call to connect.

JANICE OARLY (O.S.)

This is Janice Oarly - I can't take your call at the moment so please leave a message.

JOHN TYLER

(into phone)

Hi, Janice - it's John, John Tyler: from Frozen. I need to be away for a little bit. My mother's just passed. So I have to go take care of matters. I didn't want you to think I just decided not to show up. This job means a lot to me.

And now, sickened, and shaking he turns to the envelope on the floor and slowly opens it. He takes out the photograph of KAREN MILLER. He studies it. He takes out other cuttings of the trial. Photos of her former life with Kit Parker, cold photos, clear photos. He studies them intensely.

116 **INT. JORDAN PARISH, LA. CABIN. STORM SHELTER - NIGHT** 116

Torch light shines around the interior of the storm shelter, moving over cans of food, a sack of rice, a water filtration unit, first aid kit. *

EMMA finds the light switch. Opens the first aid kit, begins to pull the splinters of glass in her arm and hands, left from the window of the shack. She binds the wounds. *

She tears open the rice sack and takes handfuls of rice and makes a mound on the floor. With great care she takes JESS phone from her pocket, the kitten stickers peeling from the water. Delicately she covers the phone with the rice. *

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

117 **INT. ROOM - THE PAST** 117

An overhead bulb glares down. Cut hair on the floor, dark blonde in with jet black. Black stains on a wash basin: hair dye. The sound of a car engine. From a window we see a car pull away. A woman in the passenger seat, a slump about her, like she's exhausted, she starts to turn, to come back to consciousness, and despite her newly dark, newly cut hair we recognise her as THERESA BARLOW. KIT PARKER drives her away as KAREN MILLER watches from the window. THERESA is, was, alive. *

END OF EPISODE
ONE: