

FEARLESS

Written by  
Jeane Wong

Circle of Confusion  
The Abrams Agency

Fearless, one hour pilot

TEASER

INT. STATIONARY STORE - DAY

A manicured hand with a pale pink polish and a TENNIS BRACELET gathers craft paper into a very organized cart, filled already with mason jars, tissue paper, gift bags, etc., everything with a nautical theme/purple color scheme.

WINONA (V.O.)

Some people would think this ball  
of nerves was pathetic.

A hardened and cynical voiceover that's incongruous against this super Type A personality. The same manicured hand grabs glitter from a shelf and brings it back to--

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

A DIFFERENT CART, but putting plywood down next to purple paint.

WINONA (V.O.)

But I miss this person who was  
blissfully ignorant.

Find the backside of this woman in an A-line dress and kitten heels, someone who would give Donna Reed a run for her money. As she turns down an aisle, to--

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

The baking aisle. Cheery MUSAK plays. REVEAL WINONA WALKER (30s) pushing a third cart. Her make up hiding a fragility. A conservative and safe vibe.

She puts some purple cupcake cups into her cart, stacked already with utensils, plates, and purple cups. Next to this see kale chips, low fat almond butter, rice cakes, etc.

As Winona pushes the cart, a phone reminder goes off. She takes out a PILL ORGANIZER from her purse and takes a pill.

She passes by the bakery and sees a flourless chocolate cake. She stares at the cake. Takes out her phone to google: "flourless chocolate cake calories."

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Do you need help with anything?

The voice STARTLES her and she jumps, dropping her phone and spilling her purse in one motion. She gets flustered--

WINONA

Oh, my dear... I didn't...

Her voice is more high-pitched, the voice of a woman unsure of herself in this world, very different from the voiceover.

Turning red, the MALE ATTENDANT helps pick up the spilled contents of her purse: the pill organizer, make up bag, and at last a HEAVILY TABBED PLANNER, which he hands to her.

MALE ATTENDANT

Whoa, this weighs a ton.

WINONA (V.O.)

I envy this person I used to be.  
Maybe cuz she's not capable of  
murder.

Off that note, Winona takes the planner back and offers a meek smile. She rubs at her bracelet, a nervous tick.

INT. ACCOUNTING FIRM - BREAK ROOM - DAY

STAN (40s) has lunch with ELIZA (20s). He's all-American, like a slice of apple pie, while she's earth-mother personified underneath her professional suit. Stan takes something out from a brown paper bag.

ELIZA

I had it blessed.

Stan holds a MALA BRACELET with earth-color stone beads.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Whenever you meditate or pray, I'll  
always be with you.

STAN

(teasing)

But I like it when we go together.

ELIZA

I do, too.

She puts a hand on his. Her touch like an anchor to him.

STAN

You ground me, unlike any other  
woman ever has in my life.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

Like a rock. I -- I don't know where I'm going with this.

ELIZA

I believe the next words you're looking for are: "You're amazing and I don't know what I'd do without you."

STAN

You forgot something.

He makes sure no one is around, and kisses her. It's romantic. Electric. SOMEONE enters and she retracts her hand -- a workplace romance that's kept under wraps for now.

INT. HOME - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Cozy. A finished dinner before them. Winona and her daughter GRACE WALKER (6, precocious) pack party favors into the gift bags Winona purchased. Next to them see a SEAFARERS THIS WAY sign painted on the plywood with purple paint. They're in party-planning mode.

GRACE

I thought Dad was gonna help.

WINONA

He's still at work.

GRACE

(glum)  
Dad works a lot.

WINONA

It's so he can take care of us.  
God has blessed us. We have more than most people.

Grace shrugs. Winona tries again.

WINONA (CONT'D)

How about a break?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Winona hums and plays a haunting rendition of "Ave Maria" on a piano. Winona sits next to Grace on the piano. Above them, find a framed image of the Virgin Mary. Grace CLAPS.

GRACE  
You should play at church.

WINONA  
God understands how shy I am.

Winona smiles but sees something out of the corner of her eye and YELPS -- it's a TINY LIZARD crawling on the piano. Grace sees her mom is frightened.

GRACE  
It's Eddie. He lives in the yard.

Grace takes Eddie and lets Eddie crawl on her arm. It tickles her a bit. Winona watches her daughter, amazed, making the sign of the cross on herself.

WINONA  
Why don't you let Eddie go back home? It's almost time for bed.

GRACE  
Okay. Bye, Eddie.

Grace moves to the backdoor and deposits Eddie outside and comes back to her mom. She settles on her mom's lap.

WINONA  
You're so brave, aren't you?

GRACE  
Am I?

Winona hugs her tight. Studies Grace's face, as if trying to keep her this age forever.

WINONA  
You always have been.

Grace recognizes where this is going.

GRACE  
Because I was born with a bad heart.

WINONA  
But when the doctors operated on you--

GRACE  
(finishing the metaphor)  
They left a song my heart and a song in yours.

WINONA

You are my little miracle. So strong, but can you handle the tickle monster?

Grace's eyes widen.

GRACE

No.

WINONA

Yes.

GRACE

Mom, no.

Grace giggles as Winona launches into a tickle attack. The women become a chorus of laughter, launching us to--

INT. HOME - DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Dead silence, late at night except for the sound of the clock on the mantle. TICK-TOCK-TICK-TOCK. Winona sits at the cleared dining room table and pours some decanted red wine into a glass, counting to herself.

WINONA

One, two, three, four... and five.

She writes down "5 oz cab" in her planner, next to a list of other food she ate today, and closes it.

She sips the wine. She has the family iPad in front of her and logs out of her account: Mrs. Walker. She toggles over to ANOTHER ACCOUNT: Mr. Walker.

Winona's finger HOVERS over her husband's LOG IN PAGE but--

WINONA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

No.

She can't bring herself to go further. Puts the iPad away.

Then Stan walks in, *the same man from the accounting firm who professed his feelings for Eliza*. He gives Winona, his wife, a cursory peck on the forehead.

WINONA (CONT'D)

We missed you. I warmed a plate on the kitchen table.

STAN

Thanks.

Her phone ALARM goes off and she takes a PILL. He sees this, venturing, laced with concern.

STAN (CONT'D)

Did something happen? Thought you were easing up on the anxiety meds.

WINONA

No.

She misreads his concern as judgement, an old disagreement coming up again, preventively stops it with a cheerful attitude, her default mode in avoiding confrontation.

WINONA (CONT'D)

It helps me.

He nods, resigned, and beelines towards the kitchen.

Winona rubs at her tennis bracelet again. She regards the bracelet, something about it bothers her, prompting her to grab the family iPad again to find her social media account.

She UPLOADS a WEDDING VIDEO CLIP (we don't see yet) of her and Stan with the caption:

"Stan and I are still in love after seven years. #soblessed"

Winona stares at what she wrote. Satisfied, she POSTS IT and waits. Then she gets some likes. Relief washes over her.

Winona replays the video for herself.

WINONA AND STAN'S WEDDING VIDEO FILLS THE FRAME:

Stan's in his Marines Corps uniform. He holds a bottle of champagne at the reception. Both deliriously happy. *It's painful to watch, to see how these two were once in love.* He opens the champagne -- POP as the cork flies.

EXT. CATHOLIC SCHOOL - FIELD - THE NEXT DAY

CRACK. A leg KICKS a soccer ball and launches it into a goal. Grace just scored said goal.

Reverse to find Winona sitting at the BLEACHERS with an umbrella, driving gloves, with the same tennis bracelet, and of course, another pressed frock. Winona stands with a group of women including AMY (late 30s), who are all similarly Stepford-Housewifed-out. Some nuns oversee the game.

AMY  
 (re: bracelet)  
 Winona, you can see that from Mars.

WINONA  
 Thank you. Stan got it for me.

AMY  
 Stan told Joe at the course that he  
 won't be at Gracie's birthday  
 party. That's too bad.

Other moms within earshot turn not so subtly, to eavesdrop.

WINONA  
 Stan's out of town for work.

AMY  
 He sure works a lot.

WINONA  
 Did I say something? What's wrong?

AMY  
 It's silly but my Nana used to say,  
 "Men only do something nice out of  
 the blue, when they feel guilty."  
 I'm certain that's NOT the case  
 here.  
 (then, seeing something)  
 Please tell me you didn't invite  
 her to Gracie's party.

One of the moms, JENN (40s), in workout gear, arrives.

WINONA  
 We're supposed to invite everyone  
 in the class.

Amy scoffs. Then, Winona makes room for Jenn but Amy puts  
 her hand out, stopping Winona, shaking her head--

AMY  
 (re: cooler)  
 Help me with this.

Winona realizes that they're placing a COOLER on the only  
 empty seat. Winona can't even make eye contact with Jenn  
 after helping Amy. Jenn sees no one is letting her in.

JENN  
 Are we in elementary school or are  
 the kids?

WINONA

Amy, maybe...

Amy shoots an icy look at Winona.

AMY

Maybe what?

Winona gets timid again.

WINONA

Nothing.

Jenn says in Winona's direction.

JENN

You should grow a backbone.

Filled with guilt, Winona watches Jenn stand off to the side by herself. PRELAP a sound of a METAL GONG.

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - ALTAR - DAY

A MONK nearby sounds the GONG. Near him, Stan and Eliza put incense sticks into a holder. They bow in silent prayer.

EXT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

Stan walks with Eliza to their respective cars. He sneaks a quick kiss with her. She looks around. A bit paranoid.

STAN

No one here knows us.

A knowing smile from him. She treads lightly. Hopeful.

ELIZA

Does this mean you're ready to *stop being careful?*

His hesitation, her answer. She walks to her car, stung.

STAN

I'm gonna tell her.

That stops her from getting inside her car. She waits.

STAN (CONT'D)

After dinner tonight. Then we'll start our life together.

ELIZA

Good. It doesn't feel great to always watch you leave me to go back to *her* and I'm just here.

STAN

I know. You're always there and I appreciate that. And you know me. *All of me.* I'm only asking for a few more hours. Gimme time.

She puts his hand on her flat belly.

ELIZA

Your clock is gonna run out soon.

*We realize she's pregnant.* He watches her leave.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATER

Post-service, Winona, Stan, and Grace stand up from the pews to exit. Stan is eager to get home, his conversation with Eliza on his mind. They get stopped by FATHER ELKINS (60s).

FATHER ELKINS

Stan, Winona, don't forget the donation bins on the way out.

STAN

(rude)  
We won't.

Elkins goes to greet others. Winona catches Stan's mood.

WINONA

What did Father Elkins ever do to you?

STAN

He shouldn't be asking for money like that. It's tacky.

Despite his annoyance, she deposits some change in a basket as they move out.

WINONA

I'll see you at home.

STAN

I thought we were heading straight home.

WINONA

Grace has a pick up game and then we're getting some more decorations for the party.

Off Stan, agitated and impatient.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - EVENING

Winona and Grace exit an art supply store. Grace in her soccer uniform. Winona holds two very-filled shopping bags.

WINONA

(re: shopping bags)

Looks like we've got everything for your party. Are you excited?

Before Grace can answer, a BIKE skids in front of them.

WINONA (CONT'D)

(to Biker)

Watch where you're going!

BIKER

(pedaling away)

Sorry lady.

Winona wheels around on Grace, helicopter mothering on roids.

WINONA

Are you okay? Does it hurt anywhere? What's wrong? Are you sure you're okay?

GRACE

Mom, you worry a lot.

WINONA

It's because I adore you so much.

Winona smothers Grace. Picks up on Grace's mood.

WINONA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

GRACE

Liz said I didn't play hard enough. That's why we lost.

WINONA

We can always be better and improve.

GRACE

I guess.

WINONA

Did you say or do anything you  
shouldn't have to make Liz upset?

GRACE

I don't think so.

WINONA

People like Liz are bears and  
sometimes it's safer to not poke  
the bear.

Winona's outlook on life. Grace isn't quite satisfied with  
her mom's words when suddenly--

A car swerves out towards them, jumping the curb, in front of  
them -- Grace is a few steps behind Winona -- shit! The car  
is heading straight for Winona first--

On Winona, all of it happening fast -- maternal instincts  
kicking in, she pushes Grace out of the way--

Turning back around, eyes wide, FACE FROZEN IN FEAR--

The car SLAMS INTO WINONA and she flies back several feet and  
lands on the ground -- art supplies strewn around her, paint  
splatter looking like blood -- *actual blood* seeps from  
Winona's head -- the tableau almost artful if not for the--

Chaos ensuing amongst the locals, a crowd gathering, and a  
horrified Grace freaking out--

Off a still Winona, eerily lying there.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONEINT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY

CHYRON: A week later

A confused Winona (head in a bandage) tries to focus/keep up with the group of people circling her, holding balloons and flowers. Among them are Stan, Grace, and...

WINONA

Roger?

ROGER (late 30s) unkempt hair, whose image could be found in the urban dictionary under "man-child".

WINONA (CONT'D)

When did you get here?

ROGER

(to everyone else)

Looks like I'm not the only stoner in the family anymore.

(off Winona's confusion)

I came in a few days ago. Dontcha remember, sis?

STAN

Must be the fog from the pain meds.

Stan hands Winona some flowers and balloons.

STAN (CONT'D)

The doctor said she was lowering your meds today.

ROGER

The doctor also said you healed super quick with your strong muscles.

(flexes his arm)

I told him it was our rad DNA.

STAN

Could've been all those costly pilates classes I pay for.

Winona looks directly at Stan, scowling. He's a bit taken aback. Not expecting this reaction.

GRACE

Dad says Uncle Roger's gonna stay with us until you get better!

ROGER

Got fired again at Target. Thought I'd stick around to help you recover.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Which should be soon.

The circle parts to reveal a DR. MORGAN (40s, female) entering, addressing Winona.

DR. MORGAN

I'm Dr. Morgan, I've been overseeing you since the car accident. Besides the egg on your head, you'll have some muscle ache and tenderness for a few days. You were very lucky.

STAN

We're very relieved.

GRACE

We missed you.

STAN

We didn't have a birthday party for Grace.

WINONA

(remembering, to Grace)

Oh my God. Really? We'll have to do it soon then. It'll be the best belated birthday ever.

GRACE

Could we?!

DR. MORGAN

I'll let your family and you catch up. Best thing now is stability and a few weeks of physical therapy and you'll be back to 100%.

Dr. Morgan leaves. Stan embraces Winona. She smiles.

INT. HOME - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Roger, Stan, and Grace bring Winona home. As they settle in, Stan gets a phone alert. Winona clocks that.

STAN

I gotta head back to the office.

WINONA  
Looks like things are back to  
normal.

Her tone throws him. Roger catches on to the rising tension.

ROGER  
Gracie, let's be anywhere but here.

Roger makes haste and exits with Grace. Once they leave, a  
beat. Stan whips around to Winona, defensive in tone.

STAN  
I had to use all my vacation hours  
to play single dad.

WINONA  
I'm just saying, that you work a  
lot. It's not a bad thing. Just  
the way things are, I suppose.

She has to sit down, to take a breather. He softens.

STAN  
You need help?

WINONA  
(short)  
I'm fine.

He sits next to her.

STAN  
Look, you've been through an  
ordeal, for godsakes, and came out  
with a bad headache and barely a  
bruise. Let's count our blessings  
and start over, okay?

WINONA  
(still curt)  
Sure.

STAN  
You don't have to do this birthday  
if it's too much.

WINONA  
(ignoring that)  
You don't want to be late to work.

STAN  
Kill me for actually trying.

He goes. Off Winona, mad and conflicted.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - EVENING

Stan sits opposite his therapist, DR. TRAN (60s), mid-convo.

DR. TRAN

Going to temple with Eliza has helped?

STAN

Yes, and I know how fucked up it is that Eliza knows everything. To be fair, I was going to tell Winona about the affair and everything. Then the accident happened.

DR. TRAN

You had also tried to tell Winona about your past when your daughter got surgery.

STAN

The surgery made Winona become this person -- pills, anxiety, you name it, someone who would crumble...

DR. TRAN

I understand but you came to me to find a way to talk to your wife about the sexual abuse.

STAN

(finishing the thought)  
And I keep making excuses.

DR. TRAN

Think about this for next week: Giving your wife the benefit of the doubt. She got hit by a car and lived to tell about it. She might be stronger than you think.

Stan takes that in.

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shivering, Winona grabs a wrap from a COAT RACK but accidentally knocks the hanger over. She finds Stan's mala beads that fall out of the coat pocket. She's perplexed.

INT. HOME - DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Winona makes her way to the dining room table and polishes off a glass of wine she's already been drinking from. She refills with a HEAVY POUR OF WINE into her glass. She puts the beads aside to work on hand sewing a mermaid costume for Grace. Roger walks in, noticing her drink the wine.

ROGER

Digging the bartender's pour, all is good?

WINONA

Great, in fact.

She gets a phone reminder about her pills. She puts the reminder on SNOOZE. Returns to the costume.

ROGER

As in "starting-a-second-bottle-of-wine" great?

WINONA

A little indulgence once in a while never hurt anyone.

He gives her a funny look.

WINONA (CONT'D)

What?

ROGER

I haven't seen you this chill in a while. It's nice.

(light re: the mala beads)

I even dig the hipster beads.

She grins. Some levity. He goes to the kitchen and we can hear sounds of him making something as Winona regards the beads, no longer interested in the costume, and without hesitation she grabs the family iPad -- she logs in successfully into Stan's account after a few attempts.

She absentmindedly RUBS at the mala beads.

In the TRASH icon, she sees Stan's deleted texts with an "Eliza" -- she clicks on the message chain.

She glimpses the sexting between them: "Can't stop thinking about last night", "Miss ya", "Want to go to temple?" etc.

WINONA

(WTF, quietly to herself)

Temple?

Winona regards the mala beads. Her phone reminder goes off again. Irked, Winona takes her pills.

She goes back to the sexting chain, SCROLLS to the latest:

"Back from the hospital yet? ;)" with an accompanying IMAGE:

Of Eliza in tasteful lingerie. Eliza stares straight at the camera, bold and powerful, the opposite of a mousey Winona.

Winona WRINGS the bead bracelet in her hands.

Winona looks at the clock, it's now past midnight, 12:02 AM.

She TWISTS the beads further. Herself unravelling mentally.

Looks back at the latest text, timestamped at 8:11PM.

And realizes she snapped the string connecting the beads in the bracelet as the beads FLUTTER and BOUNCE on the table.

WINONA (CONT'D)

Shit.

ROGER (O.S.)

Everything okay?

WINONA

(calling out)

I'm fine.

She collects the loose beads, *not fine*, a new vibe about her. She's on edge. Unstable. Suddenly, she WINCES at something. Winona discovers a bleeding finger -- one of the stone beads cracked and cut her. She's calm, almost curious, staring hard at the blood. Drip. Drip. Drip. Snaps out of it.

Sees blood getting on the mermaid costume.

WINONA (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Goddamnit.

Her expression shifting to something else. Maybe anger at herself? Or something bigger?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. PHYSICAL THERAPIST OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY/ESTABLISHING

DANIEL (O.S. PRELAP)  
I'm Daniel and I'll be your  
physical therapist.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPIST OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

DANIEL (late 20s) observes Winona's range of motion and movements and records them on a notepad.

DANIEL  
The accident impacted your neck.  
We'll start with working on  
stretching your neck and  
strengthening the shoulder muscles  
to support it. First, move your  
neck clockwise.

He demonstrates and Winona mimics him but stops when she experiences some pain, wincing.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
(observing)  
Very good. That pain you feel  
there is your levator.

WINONA  
(finishing)  
Scapulae.  
(off his surprise)  
I went to nursing school.

DANIEL  
Where'd you go?  
(re: her neck)  
Move counterclockwise now.

She continues the therapy while answering his question.

WINONA  
San Francisco. Dropped out my last  
year.

DANIEL  
You ever think about going back?

WINONA

No. But--  
 (now that I think about  
 it)  
 That's not a bad idea. I dropped  
 out because my daughter was sick.  
 But she's doing well now.

DANIEL

It's never too late I say. I got  
 into physical therapy after a soul-  
 sucking job as an ad exec.  
 (his point)  
 Sometimes you just have to do a  
 180.

That resonates with her deeply. She's not sure why yet. But  
 this strange man has read into her soul. He approaches.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Now I'm gonna guide you to correct  
 your form if that's okay?

He RUBS his hands together and guides her using his hands.

WINONA

(flirty perhaps)  
 Your hands are warm. I didn't  
 learn that in nursing school.

DANIEL

(oblivious)  
 Little physical therapy magic.  
 Raise your shoulders for me.

She does that, but lingers on his buff arms taking notes.

INT. ACCOUNTING FIRM - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Stan goes in to refill his cup of coffee and sees Eliza  
 there. He tries for casual.

STAN

Hey.

She looks around, making sure they're alone.

ELIZA

Hey. Where the hell were you last  
 night?

STAN

Winona came home.

(lying)

You know how she is. She's antsy.  
I had to stay home and make sure  
her and Grace were okay.

Eliza doesn't believe him but before she can press, SOMEONE enters to grab water. Once alone again, Eliza gets intense.

ELIZA

You've never ignored me before.

(careful)

What's different?

STAN

I just -- Winona getting hurt.  
Time away from her, real time away,  
made me see things.

ELIZA

Reconsider things?

He catches the insecurity in her voice. He reassures her.

STAN

No. We're good. I just, I want to  
do this -- us right -- and right  
now, I don't know how to do that.

He's genuine. She gets close to him, grabbing him by the balls. He gets turned on but she releases her vice grip.

ELIZA

I'm young. I'm not gonna stay on  
the sidelines forever.

(touches her belly)

Both of us won't.

She leaves him at that.

EXT. PHYSICAL THERAPIST OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Daniel helps Winona out the door. Roger approaches and sees them laughing about something, clocking the camaraderie.

ROGER

Glad to see Winona smiling.

(to Daniel)

I'm Roger.

DANIEL

Daniel.

WINONA

I'm sure Daniel is busy with other patients. Let's not keep him.

ROGER

Just saying, it's nice to see her smile.

She nudges him to the car and out of Daniel's earshot:

WINONA

Was that necessary?

ROGER

(singing)

Daniel and Winona sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I--

WINONA

Please stop singing.

He does. They climb into the car. Roger then HUMS the Kissing Song as Winona faux glares at him.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Winona's hand (note chipped pale pink nail polish) sweeps a mix of healthy snacks and junk food into a shopping cart. Roger watching her, amused.

ROGER

What's with the variety in snack purchases?

Winona HUMS a cheerful tune while she browses the aisle for more snacks to put in the cart. She's carefree and relaxed.

WINONA

Variety is the spice of life.

ROGER

Hmmmm. I don't know what you've done with my sister but I am so down with all of this.

(off her look)

You hate change. It freaks you out.

He grabs some spray cheese and she puts it back.

WINONA

Not that much variety. Let's find a nice gouda.

ROGER  
 Alright, you're still bougie.

WINONA  
 Funny. Let's get ice cream. I'm  
 craving Rocky Road.

ROGER  
 I'm a purist. I'm all about that  
 Belgium chocolate.

WINONA  
 Who's bougie now?

Winona laughs with Roger. They enjoy themselves.

INT. HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Winona finishes dinner with Roger and Grace. They have a  
 classic meatloaf and potatoes setup. Stan enters.

STAN  
 That conference call ran an hour  
 too long.

He goes to give another perfunctory peck on Winona's  
 forehead, but she stands up and begins to clear the table.

WINONA  
 We've just finished dinner.

STAN  
 But I'm here now.

He uses a fork to stab a piece of meat but she moves the  
 plate away. Sensing the conflict, Roger looks to Grace.

ROGER  
 Grace, wanna show Uncle Roger that  
 science project?  
 (before Grace can answer)  
 What's that? Yes? Okay, let's go.

Roger exits with Grace. A beat. Winona sees Stan turn on  
 her. He's bewildered, trying to grasp her newfound attitude.

STAN  
 What's with ya?

WINONA  
 I'm tired.

STAN

You don't think I am, too. That's why I wanna come home and enjoy my dinner.

WINONA

If you got here in time, you could. But you didn't and you know what--

Winona calmly goes to grab the family iPad nearby and shows him the sexting exchange from Eliza last night.

WINONA (CONT'D)

It's amazing when people leave proof of their stupidity lying around. Your deleted texts were still in the cloud, you idiot.

STAN

I meant to tell you -- I mean, I know that's not the point.

WINONA

That's all you have to say?

STAN

Winnie...

Genuine remorse fills his face; it catches her off guard. He reaches out. She hardens again.

WINONA

You're full of shit.

She goes to clear her plate in the trash but sees it's full. She then takes out the trash angrily. That poor bag of trash becomes the victim of her wrath. He follows her out to--

STAN

Get back here!

INT. HOME - GRACE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Roger has Grace show him an air pressure science experiment with a balloon in a jar. They can hear the MUFFLED FIGHTING through the walls from outside. It's awkward.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

Winona dumps the bag inside the trash bin but accidentally spills the bag and the trash lands everywhere. She goes to PICK. UP. EVERY. SINGLE. PIECE. OF. TRASH.

-- and makes no effort to be quiet about it. Giving zero fucks about how messy it is.

STAN

You'll wake up the neighbors.  
Here, lemme help you.

He goes to help but in her frustration she knocks the bin over, trash everywhere. *Fuck it all.*

WINONA

Now you wanna help me?!

STAN

Calm down.

WINONA

*Calm down?* Are you--? No -- I--

She can't articulate it. Something surges through her, an awakening of sorts and she impulsively tosses a piece of trash at him. He ducks in time.

STAN

Are you serious right now?

Though they intensely whisper, NOT screaming at the top of their lungs, in a normally too-quiet cul-de-sac as this, some nearby houses turn on their LIGHTS. Seeing this, Stan gets self-conscious. Winona could give a shit.

STAN (CONT'D)

Get inside. Now.

WINONA

Fuck you. Fuck this. No. I had a life. I was in school.

STAN

Then go back to school. We're not doing this out here.

WINONA

No, we're doing this now. I moved for you. Stayed home because you asked me to. Did everything you wanted but... I was never enough.

(holding back tears)

I don't know this person standing before me. Where you go.

(read: emotionally)

*Where you are* in this marriage.

(simply)

You broke this house.

Stan's stunned, having never seen this side of Winona before.

INT. HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Winona wakes up in an empty bed. She looks upset, last night's fight still lingering, dragging her feet.

AMY (O.S. PRELAP)  
Are you okay?

EXT. CATHOLIC SCHOOL - FIELD - DAY

Winona watches Grace play another soccer game with the moms at the bleachers. Amy and Winona converse. Nuns are nearby.

WINONA  
Of course, why wouldn't I be?

Winona doesn't hide the irritation in her voice though. The other moms look over. Amy has a condescending tone back.

AMY  
Winona, no need to use a tone with me. I'm only concerned.

WINONA  
I can think of another word for your "concern".

AMY  
The whole neighborhood heard you and Stan fighting last night. At least now you know. I always found that Eliza to be such a slut. Who goes after someone else's husband?

Winona simmers but the arrival of Jenn breaks the tension -- The moms don't make room for Jenn except for--

WINONA  
Jenn, sit here.  
(gesturing)  
I've been meaning to talk to you.  
Is Bella coming to Grace's birthday party? She should.

Winona throws a withering look to Amy. Amy fumes.

JENN  
Thanks. I appreciate that.

WINONA

No problem. And we should hang out sometime.

JENN

That'd be nice.

But Amy fumes, deadset on gaslighting...

AMY

Jenn, you shouldn't bother coming if you'll be this late.

JENN

(trying to make light)  
You know how LA traffic is.

AMY

No, I don't. I know you're new to town but the mothers here prioritize coming to soccer games on time. I understand you have to work twice as hard as a single mother and scheduling is tough. But you need to step up.

Winona shares a look with Jenn, *ignore her*. Jenn does.

WINONA

Amy, why don't we enjoy the game? No one has time today to hear you being a busybody mom-ster poking around in other people's business.

AMY

Excuse me, you can't talk to me like that?

WINONA

I'm sorry I grew a "backbone."

Winona shares a grin with Jenn.

AMY

Little too late though. Considering you've lost Stan.

Winona shakes her head and contains her mounting frustration.

WINONA

(more to herself)  
No, you're not worth it.

AMY

I hope the apple falls far from the tree for Gracie.

WINONA

Keep Grace out of this. If this is between us, keep it between us.

AMY

We are role models for our little ones. A little constructive criticism never hurt. We're always learning and growing.

(cheeky to the other moms)

Unless you're not willing to be your best self. Right, ladies?

WINONA

Where do you get -- you're a... bitch. No you're a--

Amy, Jenn, and everyone waits. A NUN looks over at the gathering crowd. What is Winona winding up to--?

WINONA (CONT'D)

--A CUNT. YOU'RE A MOTHERFUCKING  
CUNT!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. CATHOLIC SCHOOL - OFFICE - DAY

Winona stares at the huge cross on the wall as she listens to Father Elkins finish a lecture. The lecture heard in pieces. Winona not really listening.

FATHER ELKINS (O.S.)  
 ...We cannot have that kind of  
 conduct... We want to instill a  
 certain kind of value among the  
 young women here... know that this  
 is your only warning...

INT. CATHOLIC SCHOOL - HALLWAY - SAME

Grace sits outside quietly reading a book but can hear muffled sounds of Winona and Father Elkin's conversation.

WINONA (THROUGH THE WALL)  
 Of course. My apologies.

At that moment, Amy and her daughter LIZ (6) come by.

AMY  
 Hi Gracie.  
 (nudges Liz)  
 Lizzy, don't be rude. Ask how  
 Gracie is doing.

Her mother's mouthpiece and accessory, Liz does as told.

LIZ  
 Are you okay, Grace?

GRACE  
 I'm okay.

AMY  
 Now Gracie, I think you're handling  
 everything very well. My little  
 Lizzie agrees, doesn't she?

Liz nods.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 Good. Now Gracie, this is why I  
 think you're so strong and grown up  
 enough to hear some bad news?  
 Lizzie?

Amy gives Liz an expectant nod, as Liz steps forward, about to say something. Before we can hear what, TIME CUT TO:

EXT. HOME - DRIVEWAY - LATER

Winona and a sulking Grace alight out of the parked car.

GRACE

Liz says she can't go to my birthday party anymore. I don't know what I did wrong.

WINONA

Hun, you didn't do anything, okay?

Grace isn't convinced, but still--

GRACE

If Liz doesn't go, half the class won't go.

Winona sighs, then raises a brow. She sees Eddie, the lizard from the opening and has a sly smile. Winona goes to grab Eddie and brings him to Grace. Grace's eyes widen.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Mom, you're not scared?

Winona is surprised herself, holding Eddie nonchalantly.

WINONA

We need to be strong and brave. People like Liz's mom are bullies and we need to stand up to them.  
(to Eddie)  
Don't we, Eddie? We're gonna make sure our Grace has the best birthday ever.

Winona flashes her daughter a klieg-bright smile. Grace can't help but crack a grin.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPIST OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Post-session. Daniel jots down some notes.

DANIEL

Okay, you're doing well.

He notices that she's fixated on something on his shirt.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

What is it?

WINONA

You have a...

She gestures to her own shirt collar but he doesn't get it. She steps into his space and tugs at a loose thread at his shirt. It accidentally unravels his shirt at the seam.

WINONA (CONT'D)

Oh shoot.

They start laughing.

WINONA (CONT'D)

Now I insist on fixing your shirt.

DANIEL

That's okay, it's an old shirt.

WINONA

No stop. I feel bad.

She puts a hand on his shoulder briefly. A charged beat. She removes her hand, aware of how intimate that was. It surprises her. Then--

DANIEL

I can't impose on you.

WINONA

I'll be mortified if I can't personally make it up to you.

He sees that she won't budge.

DANIEL

Well, okay.

WINONA

Good. By the way, thought about what you said. Going back to school.

DANIEL

You're gonna do it?

WINONA

Not exactly. I wanna work again, but now I gotta figure out doing what, which is...

DANIEL  
Scary. For me it was.

WINONA  
I was thinking more... exciting.

Their bond deepens. An openness between them.

WINONA (CONT'D)  
Anyhoo. I'll wait for you  
outside...  
(with a wink)  
...for the shirt that is.

She shares a grin with him, and leaves, pleased with herself.  
PRELAP GUNSHOTS.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Winona and Jenn target practice with 9mm guns, in protective eye and ear gear. Jenn is in her sheriff's deputy uniform.

WINONA  
Thanks for meeting me after your  
shift. I didn't realize how much  
steam I needed to blow off.

JENN  
Amy is a handful.  
(re: shooting)  
You never done this before?

WINONA  
Nope.

JENN  
You're a natural.

Winona grins. She then realizes she's out of ammo.

WINONA  
I wanna try another gun.

Winona eyes a 12 gauge shotgun.

JENN  
You sure? The recoil on this can  
be a bit scary.

WINONA  
I'm up for it.

Jenn gives her the shotgun and shows her how to hold it.  
Winona fires -- badass. Jenn is impressed.

JENN

I would've never seen this coming.

(off Winona)

No offense, but you seemed like  
someone who wouldn't want to chip  
her nails unless Amy said it was  
okay.

WINONA

Ugh, I'm sick of Amy's suburbia mom  
drama.

JENN

Aren't we all?

WINONA

That's why I'm gonna have a chat  
with her.

On Winona firing the shotgun.

EXT. PILATES STUDIO - DAY

Winona waits for someone, then beelines when she sees--

WINONA

Amy.

AMY

Winona, hi--

WINONA

Grace's birthday.

AMY

Oh.

WINONA

Oh. Really? Oh.

AMY

Lizzy felt--

WINONA

Okay, I tried "polite" but cut the  
bullshit already. So what? My  
marriage isn't perfect. I've  
stopped caring about who knows  
anymore. It's liberating. You  
should try it sometime.

AMY

I don't know what--

WINONA

Stop. Stan does the books for you guys. I know how much time Joe spends at the tracks.

Before Amy can deny, Winona raises a hand.

WINONA (CONT'D)

Believe it or not, I'm not saying that as a threat. Woman to woman, mom to mom, I'd rather keep you on my PTA list, you know, the "Parent to Avoid list", but I wanna make peace for my daughter. Truce?

Amy considers this plea.

AMY

Don't consider us best friends.

WINONA

Of course not.

Off Winona, relieved, not afraid to take emotional charge of her life for the first time ever.

INT. HOME - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Winona finishes sewing Daniel's shirt. She turns off her sewing machine and trims the loose thread. She HUMS another cheerful tune. Grace and Roger eat take out and watch TV. Stan comes back from the gym and takes in the sight.

STAN

You didn't make dinner.

WINONA

I was busy.

She holds up the shirt she's repairing as proof.

STAN

That Roger's shirt or something?

WINONA

It's my physical therapist's. He's been very helpful to me since the accident.

Stan hides his sudden jealousy.

STAN

And you're fixing some guy's shirt because...?

WINONA

I thought it'd be a nice thing to do.

He watches her dutifully fold the shirt all *nice and so*.

STAN

You always go around doing "nice" things for other men?

Roger subtly turns up the volume on the TV. She's annoyed he's still standing there.

WINONA

There's some take out. You'll have to heat it up yourself.

He stomps away. She rolls her eyes.

INT. HOME - GRACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Winona comes in to see Grace, distant.

WINONA

I spoke to Liz's mom and she'll be going to the party.

GRACE

I know.

WINONA

I thought you'd be happy.

GRACE

Yeah, but Liz told everyone that you made Liz come.

WINONA

So what? You have a full party again.

GRACE

Everyone's talking about it.

WINONA

Grace.

GRACE

Liz says you're a bully.

WINONA

What? How? I tried to--  
(then)  
You don't think that, do you?

Grace doesn't know what to say. Winona changes the subject.

WINONA (CONT'D)

What do you want me to read  
tonight?

Winona goes to a shelf to pick out a book.

GRACE

I'm tired, Mom. G'night.

Grace has turned to her side away from Winona, ready to sleep. Winona hides her hurt and turns off the light.

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT, MOMENTS LATER

Winona considers a bottle of wine but puts it back. The sting of Grace's rejection still on her mind. CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER. She watches a teapot boil with a thousand mile stare.

The steam HISSES out of the mouth of the pot.

She walks up to it and slowly CUPS her hand over the teapot, burning herself until, pulling her hand back in pain--

ROGER (O.S.)

Whatcha doing? Whoa, y'okay, sis?

He panics when Winona holds her hand in pain from the BURN.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Is it supposed to be ice or milk?

He rushes to the fridge and pulls out yogurt. She shakes her head.

WINONA

I have some fresh aloe vera on the  
windowstill.

Roger stares at an herb garden, not sure which is aloe vera.

WINONA (CONT'D)

It's the one that looks like a  
cactus.

ROGER  
I shoulda never dropped out of the  
boy scouts... ummm--

He finds it and brings it to her. She slices the aloe vera  
and places it on her palm where the burn is. Grimacing.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
What the heck happened there?

WINONA  
I...

She's at a lost for words. Trying to make sense of things.

WINONA (CONT'D)  
I don't know. I came in to get  
something to drink, to sooth my  
throat, it was feeling scratchy, I  
got... curious?

ROGER  
About burning your hand?

WINONA  
I know. It's...

A thought that occurs to her for the first time. Something  
definitive. Concrete.

WINONA (CONT'D)  
Do you think I've been different  
since the accident? Like weird.

ROGER  
Where is this coming from?

He pours the hot water into her mug for her.

WINONA  
I have this feeling that something  
is off.

ROGER  
Finally, I was really worried about  
having to battle the aliens that  
took over your body.

WINONA  
I'm being serious.

ROGER  
So am I. If you were acting wack  
I'd tell you.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

You're nothing but an amazing mother and sister who's letting me crash here for a while longer once she's healed?

WINONA

I totally would say yes but you need to get a job.

ROGER

I know but I'm working on something in town. It's important. I can't talk about it yet, but trust me.

Off Winona, nodding.

INT. HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Winona goes to bed but things are tense between Stan and her. She turns off the light; he turns the light back on.

STAN

We need to talk.

WINONA

I didn't realize repairing one shirt could get you to pay this much attention to me.

STAN

I don't like you doing things for some other guy.

WINONA

I don't like you sleeping with other women but I guess we can't always have things our way.

He watches her closely. There's something about her that's *confident, strong, and... something else?* He moves closer.

WINONA (CONT'D)

Are you serious?

She pulls away, baffled at his BONER.

STAN

You're... sparkling with this... it's different.

WINONA

I'm not sparkling with anything.

She's vexed. He leans in but she pushes him away and knees him in the groin accidentally. He buckles in pain.

STAN  
What the fuck?

WINONA  
Sorry. I...

STAN  
(his turn to be angry)  
You're always saying I never give you any attention.

WINONA  
For years you couldn't even touch me.

STAN  
You don't understand.

WINONA  
What? What do I not understand?

Pained, he can't bring himself to be truthful.

WINONA (CONT'D)  
Amazing. My physical therapist that I've known for less than a week has told me more about himself than you have our whole marriage.

She's disappointed. Equally pained. Why can't he open up to her? She turns off the light, plunging the room in darkness.

INT. HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Winona wakes up. Stan already left. Her PHONE ALARM goes off for the PILLS. She DELETES the alarm. Last night's fight still lingers in the air.

Winona opens her closet. Her clothes are organized by color and size, an OCD dream. She's unsatisfied with her options. She grabs her cell to text someone.

INT. FABRIC STORE - LATER

Winona and Jenn shop and talk, multi-tasking. Jenn nodding yay or nay to various fabric options Winona picks throughout:

JENN

I thought you already did the outfits for the kids.

WINONA

I know but I want this party to be perfect.

JENN

You truly are mom of the year.  
(sees a fabric)  
Oh my God, this one.

WINONA

(re: fabric)  
Really?

Off Jenn's nod. *Hell yeah.*

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - HOURS LATER

The living room has been decorated and set up for Grace's birthday. A pinterest worthy mermaid theme. Winona diligently sews and alters a garment. Catch glimpses of sequins and sheen, never seeing the finished product.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

On the backside of a WOMAN in a sheer top outfit finishing up The Drifters's "Under the Boardwalk" on a karaoke machine.

Her voice is THROATY but SULTRY. PARENTS and KIDS gather around including a jealous Amy, an admiring Jenn and Roger, and a wowed Stan. She finishes the song with a flourish.

The room explodes in APPLAUSE, especially Grace.

REVEAL Winona singing. Her and the girls are in mermaid outfits and boys in pirate/sailor outfits, all sequined out. Winona's mermaid outfit is different -- scandalous, but tasteful, the front nude with her cleavage covered up.

EXT. HOME - BACK YARD - LATER

At a remove from the party, Jenn comes up to Roger.

JENN

Hey.

She slips him a piece of paper. Roger flinches. Looks around. Paranoid. No one saw that.

JENN (CONT'D)

It's that journalist contact you asked for.

ROGER

(pockets the paper)  
Thanks.

JENN

You sure about this? I'm on your side, he should rot in hell for what he did, but this story will blow this town up.

ROGER

You didn't grow up here. This town "blowing up" might be a good thing.

Off this cryptic conversation, could this be Roger's secret project in town?

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The party in the b.g. Stan comes to Winona, who's rearranging the nautically-themed food spread.

STAN

I haven't heard you sing like that in years.

WINONA

I don't know what got into me.

STAN

Maybe it's liquid courage.

WINONA

(realizing)  
But I haven't had a drink.

Before she can dwell on that, Winona sees Grace following Eddie the lizard in the backyard, out of the corner of her eye. Winona stares strangely at Grace who's climbing a tree in the yard, following Eddie. No one else at the party sees Grace doing this until--

STAN

Grace, get off that tree.

GRACE  
 (giggling)  
 But this is where Eddie lives.

Winona smiles at Grace. Stan stares at Winona, stupefied.

STAN  
 Tell her to get off the tree.

Winona stares at Stan.

STAN (CONT'D)  
 Earth to Winona?  
 (off her daze)  
 Nevermind.

He beelines to the BACKYARD. Stay on Winona, shaking her head, snapping out of her trance. That was weird. Then she hears GRACE'S SCREAM and a COMMOTION. Off Winona, in motion.

EXT. HOME - BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Stan cradles a scared Grace, who's crying. Her bone jutting out of her arm, not breaking skin yet but definitely broken/dislocated. Parents gathering, concerned. Even Amy is helpful. All of it happening at breakneck speed.

AMY	JENN
I'll call an ambulance--	I'll go with you--
WINONA	STAN
What the hell happened--?	Just help me steady her--

Off everyone frantic, but Winona privately feeling guilty.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Winona, Stan, and Roger. A DOCTOR comes out with an update.

DOCTOR  
 Grace is doing well. She'll  
 recover from the surgery but she'll  
 have to spend a few months in a  
 cast.

STAN  
 Thank God.

But something gnaws at Winona. Roger noticing.

ROGER

You okay, sis? What am I saying?  
Of course, you're not, Grace almost  
fell over and broke her head.

WINONA

No, I mean, yes. No. No I'm not.  
I saw Grace on the tree and I let  
her keep climbing.

STAN

What the hell are you talking  
about? What's your deal?

WINONA

Real helpful attitude, Stan.

Winona storms off. Roger comes after her.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALL - CONTINUOUS

Roger catches up to Winona.

WINONA

What kind of mother lets her child  
fall?

Roger absorbs that. Not sure what to say.

WINONA (CONT'D)

I knew it was dangerous but I  
didn't stop her right away.

ROGER

You seem so relaxed lately. But  
your judgment... something seems  
different.

WINONA

Isn't it?  
(beat)  
I need you to take me somewhere.

Off that mystery.

EXT. NEUROLOGIST'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

On a sign for the Department of Neurology.

INT. NEUROLOGIST'S OFFICE - VARIOUS - DAY

A SERIES OF JUMP CUTS:

- Winona goes inside an MRI machine.
- Winona doing a rorschach test.
- Winona hooked up to wires and probes.
- Winona's reflexes being tested.
- Winona looking at various SCARY images.

INT. NEUROLOGIST'S OFFICE - HALL - DAY

The longest hallway ever. Winona and Roger walk.

WINONA

Thanks for coming with me.

ROGER

'Course. What'd you tell, Stan?

WINONA

Follow up from the car accident.  
(off Roger)  
Not a complete lie.

They continue down the sterile hall in awkward silence. It's almost dreamlike. Winona clocks Roger, his concern and fear. She's puzzled by it. His HEART practically pounding. Her FOOTSTEPS on the linoleum. Building the tension until they reach an ordinary office door at the end, as it slowly opens.

INT. NEUROLOGIST'S OFFICE - LATER

Winona flips through a neuroscience book. She sits with Roger. A beat of agitation, more so for Roger, she's rather... stoic. DR. STEVENS (40s, male) enters and sits opposite them.

DR. STEVENS

Sorry for the wait.  
(looking at paperwork)  
Mrs. Walker, I would like you to comment on some images I'm gonna show you. I want you to tell me what the emotion is you're seeing.

WINONA

Okay.

Winona and Roger exchange looks. Confused. Stevens turns his computer monitor around to show a series of images.

WINONA (CONT'D)  
(re: the images)  
Sadness... Happiness... Love...  
Anger... disgust... surprise...

A tentative beat. She's unsure about this next image, which is the face of someone scared.

DR. STEVENS  
Mrs. Walker?

WINONA  
(struggling)  
Fear?

Stevens stops the test. A beat.

DR. STEVENS  
Have you heard of Urbach-Wiethe?  
(off blank looks)  
It's a brain disease. One of the  
symptoms is the inability to  
recognize fear in others because...  
(beat, to Winona)  
You're losing your ability to feel  
fear.

Winona is stunned. Off that bombshell, we--

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. NEUROLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Winona and Roger listen to Dr. Stevens talk. His voice muffled, coming in and out in pieces.

DR. STEVENS  
Over time your amygdala is  
calcified... Fully calcified,  
that's when you lose all fear....

Pure shock on Winona's face while Roger worries for her.

DR. STEVENS (CONT'D)  
There isn't a set timeline... 400  
diagnosed cases worldwide.

Finally, a moment of silence until...

ROGER  
Dude, this is nuts.

Roger notices Winona's dazed stare. She still can't speak.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Winona?

She slowly gathers her thoughts.

WINONA  
Is there something else? Like how  
I'd act.

DR. STEVENS  
Not having fear can manifest in a  
multitude of behaviors. Hyper  
curiosity about dangerous  
situations.

CUT TO:

WINONA HOLDING HER HAND OVER THE TEA KETTLE EARLIER.

DR. STEVENS (V.O.)  
It can take a while for your sense  
of logic to process a dangerous  
situation.

CUT TO:

WINONA SNAPS OUT OF IT, SEEING GRACE CLIMB THE TREE.

DR. STEVENS

There's an inability to recognize fear in others. Sometimes an increased sex drive at times. Skin lesions can form. A hoarser voice over time. Not everyone gets all of these symptoms.

WINONA

(dry)

Try 4 out of 6.

(off Roger)

Maybe I'll gain a sense of humor in all this.

Roger gives Winona a reassuring look. Stevens remains clinical but sympathetic.

DR. STEVENS

We don't have enough cases of this to establish clear symptomatic behavior. But it is both psychological and neurological.

WINONA

I haven't felt any anxiety in days. That's an upside.

DR. STEVENS

The reason we don't know more about the disease is because a lot of people die due to risky behavior.

*That warning lands on Winona. It shakes her to the core. A warning to her of possible things to come if she's careless.*

DR. STEVENS (CONT'D)

I would like to have you come in as part of a study for this disease, if you're interested.

On Winona, looking to Roger, not sure about anything anymore.

INT. ACCOUNTING FIRM - BULLPEN - DAY

Stan straightens out his tie. Guilt etched on his face. He's waiting for someone. See that someone -- it's Eliza -- who comes out of a conference room.

She beelines towards the WOMEN'S RESTROOM and Stan follows her inside.

INT. ACCOUNTING FIRM - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eliza is at the sink refreshing her make up but turns to a sheepish Stan.

STAN

Talk to me...

ELIZA

(ignoring)

You need to get out. Everyone in this God-loving town knows about us and I don't need the Scarlett Letter painted on me to be any brighter.

STAN

Eliza...

ELIZA

Am I not speaking English?

STAN

Please...

ELIZA

(erupting)

What do you want me to say? Huh? This will all blow over? People are gonna stop giving me judgmental looks? That we're gonna go off into the fucking sunset together?

He lets her let it out.

STAN

Maybe that isn't a bad idea.

ELIZA

Don't be an idiot.

STAN

Why not?

Eliza looks at him, hopeful.

ELIZA

You and Winona...?

STAN

We're done.

ELIZA

Any reason why you couldn't figure this out sooner?

STAN

Something's off with Winona. It's like she's gotten worse since the accident.

ELIZA

(shaking her head)

No, Winona's gonna try and keep your daughter away from you. Use her as a bargaining chip. 'Cause that's what I'd do.

STAN

It doesn't matter.

ELIZA

How does it not matter? That's your kid.

STAN

Winona's not gonna take anything away from me. *From us.*

ELIZA

You don't know that.

STAN

I know I'm gonna fight like hell.

*A pointed look at her. On Eliza, thawed a bit.*

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Winona sits shotgun as Roger drives in bumper-to-bumper traffic. After a moment of silence:

ROGER

I could stay with you when we get home. I could reschedule my meeting.

WINONA

Don't be silly. You said your project is important. I should handle this alone anyway.

(off Roger)

I think I need to make things work with Stan.

ROGER

Whoa, where is this coming from?

WINONA

Look at what happened to Grace. I almost let her die.

ROGER

She didn't die. She fell. Kids fall. You can't do this, then you'll have to tell him about all this. Doctor said less people that know, the less taken advantage of you'll be.

(pointed)

Stan is someone who will take advantage of you.

WINONA

People have been taking advantage of me my whole life.

ROGER

So stop letting them...

WINONA

Easier said than done.

(beat)

You would think not being afraid would be... amazing. But it's not.

ROGER

Something will work out.

WINONA

We don't know that. All that matters is Grace and she needs stability and that means both of her parents together.

ROGER

That's crap. Grace needs her parents happy, even if it means her parents *aren't together*. And if you're worried about taking care of her yourself, I'll be around.

WINONA

I can't ask you to do that. No. I have to at least try to fix this before I break apart Grace's home life.

Roger has no words. Her decision has been made.

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Winona walks in to see Stan packing his bags.

WINONA  
What're you doing?

He blows past her as she stops him.

WINONA (CONT'D)  
Stan. Think this through.

STAN  
I have.  
(calling upstairs)  
Grace.

Grace has come downstairs, in a cast. That's when Winona notices Grace's luggage, too. Winona shakes her head.

WINONA  
No. Grace is staying here. I'm  
not letting her stay with some  
strange woman.

STAN  
Her name is Eliza and don't be  
ridiculous. We're staying at a  
hotel. But we are leaving. C'mon,  
Grace.

And he's out the door with a confused and tearful Grace.  
Winona chases them. Love and desperation driving her.

EXT. HOME - DAY

Winona tries to block Stan, who's already in his car with  
Grace, about to drive off. She's hitting and pounding the  
car, begging.

WINONA  
Don't do this. Please! No.

Stan rebuffs her with a cold look and peels off.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEINT. PHYSICAL THERAPIST OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Winona finishes up a session with Daniel with weights and a mat. Her mood engraved all over her face. He notices.

DANIEL  
You're quiet today.

WINONA  
Everything's just been hard since  
the accident.

He's not sure how to respond. She shakes her head, covering.

WINONA (CONT'D)  
I'm being weird. Ignore me.

DANIEL  
Not at all. You're recovering from  
an accident and though you're doing  
well, you're relearning how to  
strengthen your body again. That's  
physical and mental.

A charged beat. She goes to grab his repaired shirt.

WINONA  
Before I forget.

DANIEL  
(re: his shirt)  
It's like it's new. Thanks.

WINONA  
You're welcome.

He grabs the shirt from her but she leans in and kisses his cheek. He steps away. It's a bit weird. After a beat.

WINONA (CONT'D)  
I should go.

She leaves, embarrassed.

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Winona plays "Ave Maria" alone. The mood somber.

INT. HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Winona drinks some tea. She checks her phone. She sent Stan a text: Please call me.

She looks at the clock on the mantle; it's past midnight.

Grabs the family iPad and scrolls for something we don't see. But whatever she's looking for, it's with purpose.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A car makes a half-ass job parking in front of a CONDO. The lights on the car are killed.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Winona sits inside the car. Trying to dial back her intensity. Wired. She stares at the light on inside a CONDO. After a moment, she gets out of her car.

INT. CONDO - NIGHT

Eliza holds incense sticks and places it in front of a Buddhist altar. She bows in prayer, wearing the same tennis bracelet Winona has.

EXT. CONDO - SAME/INTERCUT

Winona looking in at a window, stares at her own bracelet.

Inside the condo, Eliza hears knocking. Looks up to see:

A slightly crazed Winona staring in at the window.

INT. CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Eliza opens the door as Winona forces her way in without an invite. Eliza rolls her eyes.

ELIZA

What the fuck?

Winona looks around, Eliza following her.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

WINONA  
(ignoring the question)  
Where's Stan and Grace?

ELIZA  
They're not here.

WINONA  
I can see that.

ELIZA  
You are losing it. Please leave or  
I'm gonna call the cops.

WINONA  
For fuck sake. I just wanna know  
where my daughter is.

ELIZA  
Leave right now.

WINONA  
Not until you tell me where they  
are.

ELIZA  
I'm warning you! LEAVE. NOW.

WINONA  
Really? You're angry? Of course.  
But I'm not the one in the wrong  
here.  
(mutters to herself)  
I shouldn't waste my time on you.  
(then with venom)  
You think he's not gonna do to you  
what he did to me?

That question gets to Eliza. Winona goes to leave when Eliza taunts her.

ELIZA  
Stan's right. You retreat when  
things get tough.

WINONA  
(turning back)  
You don't know me.

ELIZA  
I know enough. Stay out of my  
life.

WINONA

I'd tell you the same thing but seeing as you're fucking my husband, I guess it's a little too late for that.

ELIZA

You're delusional. We're gonna get custody of Grace, which shouldn't be a problem as even I could see that you're medicated half the time. He says you're an unfit parent.

Eliza's words hit too close to home in light of recent news. Winona's annoyance becomes anger.

WINONA

Screw you.

ELIZA

You're mad because you know I'm right. Stan tells me about how Grace gets bullied at school and you never tell her to stand up for herself. Your daughter will be better off without you. You know it; I know it.

Winona simmers.

WINONA

Stop talking about her.

ELIZA

Soon she'll forget you.

Winona EXPLODES in anger and SHOVES Eliza first. The fight beyond two women over one man. It's Winona fighting for her daughter. *Raw and visceral. Her suppressed emotions, like an erupted volcano. SHE. JUST. CAN'T. FUCKING. ADULT. TODAY.*

Winona's fury brings both women towards the altar. Eliza loses her footing and in the momentum -- FALLS BACKWARDS INTO THE ALTAR AND IT COMES CRASHING DOWN ON HER. A sickening THUD. Her neck snapped in the fall.

WINONA

SHIT.

Winona goes over to Eliza's motionless body. Checks her pulse. There is none. PRELAP Billy Holiday's "Crazy He Calls Me". CUE MONTAGE.

INT./EXT. CONDO - NIGHT

QUICK CUTS of Winona cleaning. Fixing the altar. She wraps Eliza in a carpet, like a burrito. Searches around and finds a rolling cart used for shopping. With all her strength, Winona shoves Eliza (still wrapped in the carpet), into the her car.

INT. CAR/EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Winona drives aimlessly. She turns around at Eliza rolled up in the carpet in her backseat, *hmmm, what to do with a dead body?* She focuses on the road, seeing something she makes an erratic turn.

EXT. AQUADUCT BRIDGE - NIGHT

Empty. Think the Pasadena Bridge. The rolling cart by her with Eliza inside, with all her strength, Winona heaves Eliza's body over the bridge into the aqueduct.

EXT. ROAD - LATER THAT NIGHT

Winona's car drives off, as behind it see the rolling cart and carpet burning on the side of the road. END MONTAGE.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Winona jogs. Jenn waves to her but Winona gives her the cold shoulder. On Jenn, catching that. That was weird.

INT. ACCOUNTING FIRM - BULLPEN - DAY

Stan goes to work and sees Eliza isn't at her desk. He takes out his phone and composes a text to Eliza we don't see.

INT. HOME - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Winona checks the news on her iPad, scrolling through websites to see if anything has popped up about Eliza.

EXT. CHURCH - ANOTHER DAY

Winona exits church alone. Grace and Stan leaving separately. People stare at them. Winona looks wary.

WINONA (V.O.)  
 I felt like I was on display.  
 Would they know that I took a life?

EXT. AQUADUCT - SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

Eliza's undiscovered, decomposing body flows in the water.

INT. HOME - DINING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Winona comes home with grocery bags to see Stan sitting with SHERIFF HUDGENS (40s) and Jenn, in her deputy's uniform.

WINONA  
 What's going on?

JENN  
 We're here to talk about Eliza Farrell.

WINONA  
 What about her?

JENN  
 Your husband was...

SHERIFF HUDGENS  
 ...the last person to see her according to some texts we found on Eliza's phone.

JENN  
 We found Eliza's body today.

WINONA  
 Oh my God.

Winona looks to Stan. He looks like he's gonna be sick.

STAN  
 What happened?

JENN  
 We're trying to find out. We're still waiting on the autopsy.

SHERIFF HUDGENS  
 And we're talking to everyone.  
 (delicate)  
 Stan, where were you Friday night?

WINONA  
Stan was with me.

Stan looks to Winona, confused. Hudgens catches this. So does Jenn. Winona puts a hand on Stan's arm.

SHERIFF HUDGENS  
What do you mean?

WINONA  
I've known about Stan and Eliza's affair for a while, but as of late, we're trying to make things work.

Hudgens takes Winona in. She's convincing but something doesn't smell right to him.

SHERIFF HUDGENS  
Mrs. Walker, I'm gonna ask again. You guys were home Friday night?

WINONA  
Yes.

STAN  
Yeah.

SHERIFF HUDGENS  
If you guys remember anything else, let us know.

Hudgens gives them his card and gets up with Jenn. Jenn looks back at Winona, worried. They leave.

Winona realizes her hand is still on Stan. She leaves it there.

INT. HOME - GRACE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Winona pulls a blanket up over a sleeping Grace.

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Winona gives Stan some pillows and blankets.

WINONA  
Thanks for letting Grace stay.

He stands there, as if contemplating something.

STAN  
Why did you say you were with me?

WINONA

Because the cop seemed to think you hurt Eliza. You're a philanderer, not a murderer.

He takes that in. Grateful. Stan takes a deep breath. She goes to Stan, eerily calm. Touches his arm, soothing.

WINONA (CONT'D)

What is it?

STAN

There's something you should know.

His tone causes her to sit down.

WINONA (V.O.)

That's when Stan told me about his abuse.

As Stan talks to Winona, she takes in the news, heartbroken.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN ON:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Winona, a few years older, different hair, nice blouse and slacks, a look that's closer to the Winona voiceover we've heard so far, darker and sophisticated. She clips a DETECTIVE'S BADGE on her belt. Note the wedding ring on her hand. Sheriff Hudgens comes in. Her voice RASPY.

SHERIFF HUDGENS

Hey, I heard Grace starts middle school today.

WINONA

Don't remind me. They grow up too fast.

WINONA (V.O.)

So I got away with Eliza's murder.  
*But that wasn't the only murder I got away with.*

Winona smiles brightly, leaving us on that note, as we--

END PILOT