

F
R A
G M S
E N T

written by

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SUPER: COLORADO SPRINGS, CO

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

A STEEL WALKER clanks forward on hardwood floor.

ROSE HASHBURY (80s) is hunched over, wearing an oversized **RED NIGHTGOWN**. She grips the walker handles tight, inching towards a long flight of stairs.

Following attentively behind her is LEA SOLIS (27). She's dressed in your typical BLUE NURSE'S SCRUBS. But not so typical is the badge she wears around her neck: **Registered Dementia Specialist**.

Lea places a hand on Rose's back, holding the old woman steady as she approaches the climb.

LEA

Alright, let's lift up and step up.

Rose follows her instruction.

Lift. CLANK. Step. Lift. CLANK. Step.

Her decaying body moves at a snail's pace up the stairs. But Lea's patient with her. Eventually, they reach the top--

ROSE

Thank you, darling.

Lea removes her hand from Rose's back. Rose pushes forward down the hallway until she comes to TWO OPEN BEDROOM DOORS at the end. She stops in her tracks, unsure which one to enter.

LEA

The one on the left. I gotcha.

Lea places her hands on the walker. Guides Rose forward into the room.

ROSE'S BEDROOM - SOON AFTER

Rose eases herself down onto the bed. Lea fluffs up a pillow, lifts Rose's head, and scoots it underneath. Rose looks to the vacant side of the bed, puzzled...

ROSE

Bob sure is out late tonight. Here I am getting tucked in, and he's... well... must be stuck in traffic.

Lea acknowledges Rose with a smile but doesn't respond. She pulls the covers up over Rose's body.

ROSE (CONT'D)

But no need to wait up for him.
I'll be okay. You can head out.

LEA

Kicking me to the curb, huh?
Yeesh... I guess my snoring really
is that bad...

ROSE

Oh, that's not it. I'm just sure
you made plans tonight.

LEA

Actually, I did. The plan was for
me and my best friend to hang out,
watch some General Hospital, paint
our nails, and guess what-

Lea takes Rose's hand, interlocking their fingers. We see they both have matching raspberry-colored nail polish.

LEA (CONT'D)

Mission accomplished.

Lea smiles at Rose, then switches off the nightstand lamp. Rose turns over, trying to get comfortable.

But something doesn't feel right. Her eyes are restless, unable to make sense of the empty pillow beside her.

As Lea turns to leave the room--

ROSE

Wait-

Lea looks back.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I'd like to hear the grasshoppers.

LEA

Grasshoppers?

ROSE

Bob and I listen to them at night.
He'll appreciate it when he gets
home.

Lea looks to the bedroom's SLIDING BALCONY DOOR.

Let her have this one.

LEA

Alright, but just for a little bit,
okay?

She unlocks the SMALL DEMENTIA-PROOF LOCK on the door handle. She slides it open, making sure to keep the wired screen closed. The nighttime air HUMS through. Cars passing in the distance. Birds chirping. Grasshoppers HISSING.

Lea takes a seat in a chair near the bed. She watches Rose snuggle up into the covers, slowly getting comfortable. After a moment, Rose closes her eyes and drifts away.

Lea exhales. The only time she can truly relax. When--

CLACK. CLACK. CLACK. CLACK.

The sound of a DOG'S PAWS smacking against the stair steps. Seconds later, a GOLDEN RETRIEVER-- ROSE'S SUPPORT DOG-- barrels into the room. He jumps onto Lea's lap. Starts licking her face.

LEA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Hey Jax.

(more licking. Lea laughs)

Okay, okay! You're going to wake
your mom.

But he's persistent. Lea recognizes the look in his eye.

LEA (CONT'D)

Potty time?

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Lea stands outside on the lawn, leash in hand as Jax does his thing on a tree. After a few seconds, he lowers his hind leg.

LEA

Ready to go back in?

Jax sniffs around the grass. Finds a new spot he likes. Squats down.

LEA (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a no...

Lea removes a waste bag from the leash dispenser. Picks up Jax's business when he's finished.

She takes the bag over to the trash can on the sidewalk and tosses it in. She walks Jax back towards the house.

LEA (CONT'D)
Let's go inside and get some
treats.

Jax's ears perk up. One of his favorite words.

Lea steps onto the porch, reaches for the front door knob.

LEA (CONT'D)
Just don't tell your mom I'm
spoiling you-

When suddenly-- we see a **STREAK OF RED** in the frame behind Lea as SOMETHING FALLS FROM ABOVE and

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THUDDSSSS!! Onto the concrete below.

The sound makes Lea jump. She falls silent. *What the fuck-*
She turns around to see...

ROSE. Lying face up on the driveway pavement. The back of her skull has been SPLIT OPEN from the fall. Limbs broken. Neck contorted. Blood slowly pooling out around her.

ROSE'S BODY CONVULSES VIOLENTLY, coughing a MIST OF BLOOD into the air before going..... completely..... still.

Dead.

Lea stares at the mangled body. Paralyzed by shock.

We PUSH IN on Lea's face-- her expression warping into one of GUT WRENCHING HORROR as the grave reality fully sets in.

Jax's high-pitched whimpers fill the air. Each more broken than the last.

The leash slips from Lea's trembling fingers as we...

CUT TO **BLACK.**

SUPER: Six Months Later

INT. MEDICAL STAFFING OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Lea is seated in a small office. She's wearing a black polo shirt and black slacks-- trying her best to look professional. Hair straightened. A touch of blush and mascara.

In just six months, Lea looks like she's aged a decade. Dark, swollen bags under her eyes, bone-thin from poor diet, fingernails chewed to the nub.

A HIRING MANAGER (heavy-set woman, 40s, no-nonsense) is at the desk across from her. She holds LEA'S RESUME in her hand, scrutinizing each line.

HIRING MANAGER

... graduated from San Jose
State... started at UC Home Health
two years ago...

(looks up to Lea)

That's your current employer?

LEA

Uh-- yes. That's right.

HIRING MANAGER

So what made you want to apply
here?

LEA

Just looking for a change of
scenery.

HIRING MANAGER

I'll tell you right now, it's the
same view. Nurse work is nurse
work. And to be honest, we can't
pay the same rate as UC.

LEA

I get it. Totally understand that.

HIRING MANAGER

So you're fine with doing the same
work and making less? Why?

LEA

I think I could learn a lot here.

The hiring manager eyes Lea suspiciously then starts typing something on her computer. After a moment, she spins the monitor around.

HIRING MANAGER

I'm not seeing you listed on their website...

(beat)

Wanna try that again?

Shit. Lea looks down at her feet, thinking of a good cover.

LEA

Sorry. Yes. There were some-- budget cuts. I probably should've led with that-

HIRING MANAGER

And if I run a disciplinary check, will I find anything?

Double shit. Lea diverts eye contact again.

HIRING MANAGER (CONT'D)

It's better to be honest upfront. People make mistakes. But I need to know that you've learned from them and I can trust you.

Lea takes a deep breath, praying for an ounce of sympathy.

CUT TO:

INT. LEA'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Lea throws open the door to her HONDA CIVIC, collapses into the driver seat, tears pooling in her eyes. She SLAMS the door shut, crumples her resume, tosses it onto the passenger seat.

She grips the steering wheel hard, breathing heavy, trying to fight through the storm of emotions.

But she can't help it. *She really needed this one.* She PUNCHES the dashboard violently.

LEA

God fucking damnit!

EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERNOON

Lea pulls into the parking lot of a 7-11. Dries her eyes and composes herself before exiting the car.

INT. 7-11 - SOON AFTER

Lea stands at the refrigerated section, weighing her limited lunch options. Pasta salad. A chicken ceasar wrap. An egg salad sandwich. Lea checks the price tag of each. Egg salad sandwich it is.

Lea steps up to the register and hands it to the CLERK (a man in his 50s). He scans the barcode and slides it towards her.

CLERK
Cash or card?

Lea hands him her credit card. He swipes it. It doesn't go through. He swipes again. This time she gets two ERROR BEEPS.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Maybe try another one?

Lea knows that won't solve the issue. She slides the sandwich back to the clerk, defeated.

INT. LEA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

HONEY NUT CHEERIOS clink into a bowl, followed by a pour of milk. Lunch is served.

Lea sits at the kitchen table of her cramped studio apartment. While she spoons a bite into her mouth, her phone DINGS. She perks up.

Maybe this is finally some good news...

But when she unlocks her phone, she finds a notification from the Lend.Edu app (a black grad cap as the logo). Lea takes a deep breath and clicks into it.

-- IMMEDIATE ACTION REQUIRED: Your July student loan payment is 60 days overdue. Failure to pay will result in additional late fees, and you may be subjugated to collection costs.

Lea buries her head in her palms. *This life is fucking exhausting.*

EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP - AFTERNOON

Lea stands outside her Civic. A CAR SALESMAN (40s) lifts the hood, inspects the inside, jots down a few notes.

CAR SALESMAN

I can probably get you three grand for it.

LEA

Three grand? The estimate online said it was worth at least seven.

CAR SALESMAN

That's excluding maintenance. Your struts and shocks need to be replaced, you got brake and transmission fluid leaking everywhere. I'm surprised this thing hasn't broken down on you.

LEA

It's a fine car...

CAR SALESMAN

Maybe when you bought it. Three grand is the best I can do. Honestly, that's a good deal. Most places will only give you one for this.

Lea rolls her eyes, sighs.

LEA

Can you do cash?

INT. LEA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lea sits up in bed under the covers. A trash reality TV show plays on the TV in front of her.

Her eyes start to get heavy as she gradually... drifts... away-

RIIINNNGGG! Lea's cell phone blares, snapping her awake. She checks the caller ID, seeing an unknown number.

LEA

(answers)

Hello?

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

Am I speaking with Lea Solis?

LEA
Who is this?

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Detective Doug Campbell with
Colorado Springs PD. We spoke a few
months ago after Rose Hashbury's
death. I was the detective on
scene-

LEA
Yes, yes. I remember.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Any chance you can stop by the
station tomorrow morning? Have a
couple questions for you.

LEA
Uh-huh... I thought you guys got
everything you needed last time...
I just-- don't know what else I can
say-

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Won't take long, I promise.

EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - MORNING

A PUBLIC BUS drops Lea off across the street from the
station. As she walks towards through the parking lot, she
catches sight of DETECTIVE CAMPBELL (50s, stocky, wrinkled
dress shirt, grey suit jacket a size too large) waiting for
her outside the entrance.

He waves then walks toward her, hand extended.

CAMPBELL
Lea, thanks for coming in.
(they shake)
I'm on my way to grab some coffee.
Walk with me?

INT. STARBUCKS - MORNING

Campbell and Lea grab a table. Campbell takes a sip of his
latte.

CAMPBELL
Go ahead and get yourself
something. It's on me.

LEA

Thanks, but I'd rather just be done with this. What else do you need to know about Rose?

CAMPBELL

This isn't about Rose.

LEA

I thought you had some questions.

CAMPBELL

I do.

Beat. Lea's confused.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

I take it you're not currently employed?

LEA

What does that have to do with--
I'm sorry-- what is this?

CAMPBELL

This is a job offer.

LEA

Doing what...

CAMPBELL

What you do best. Taking care of a patient.

Campbell opens his briefcase and removes a MANILLA FOLDER. From it, he pulls out a photo of a YOUNG BRUNETTE WOMAN in her late 20s.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

This is Sarah Richter. Are you familiar with her case?

Lea shakes her head.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

She was a dementia specialist like yourself. Went missing six months ago.

Campbell removes another photo, a mugshot of a MAN IN HIS 70s-- FRANK MORRIS. From the neck up, he's fairly unassuming. Could be your best friend's grandpa.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Her patient was likely the last person to see her alive. Name is Frank Morris. Diagnosed with moderate Alzheimer's eight weeks before he hired Sarah to care for him at his home.

(slides a piece of paper forward)

A few months after that, she sent this to a friend at four in the morning.

On the paper is a RECORD OF TEXT MESSAGES. The last one from Sarah reads:

-- call police 1747N

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

That's the start of Frank's address. But by the time the friend saw the message, Sarah was gone. Naturally, Frank wasn't too helpful when we brought him in for questioning. But he might be receptive to someone like you.

LEA

So... you want me to help you-- what-- get information from a witness?

CAMPBELL

He's not just a witness. He's a suspect.

LEA

Right... Well, I don't know how familiar you are with Alzheimer's, but it's tricky. I mean even if I could get him to remember certain details, it's hard to say whether or not they're really accurate.

CAMPBELL

But you would be able to tell if his condition was legitimate or not, yes?

A beat while Lea puts the pieces together.

LEA

You're saying... you think he's faking?

Beat.

LEA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry-- what is the job exactly?

CAMPBELL

I've made calls to every home-care firm within a 40-mile radius. Sure enough, Frank just hired a new nurse from CS Medical. I told them to accept but hold off on sending someone out. Because instead, we'll send you. You'll wear a wire. Set up cameras. Help me catch him slipping up.

Lea sinks back into her chair.

LEA

Uh-huh. Well...I don't know what to say. Why me? Why not-- you know-- an actual detective?

CAMPBELL

Liability issues. If we send someone in as a nurse and they need to perform medical care and fail to do so? That's a lawsuit I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy.

LEA

But putting an *actual* nurse's life in danger-- you're fine with that lawsuit?

CAMPBELL

You won't be in danger. You'll be protected at all times.

Lea's not quite convinced.

LEA

I-- I don't know. I just don't think it's a good fit for me right now.

CAMPBELL

But you're not employed, right? Don't you want to get back in the game?

LEA

This isn't what I had in mind. I'm sorry, I should go.

She stands to leave.

CAMPBELL

I never told you about compensation. Thirty. How's that sound?

Lea heads for the door, grabs the handle. Campbell follows after her.

LEA

Most gigs pay at least 40 an hour. I'm good. Thank you though-

CAMPBELL

Thirty thousand. For three days of work. Ten grand a day.

She loosens her grip. *Holy fuck...*

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

And that malpractice suit that Rose's family filed? I'm sure that pops up every time a potential employer checks in with the FSMB. You do this for me, I can make that go away for good.

CLOSE ON Lea's face while she deliberates...

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPBELL'S CAR - MORNING

It's the next day. Lea, now back in her BLUE NURSE SCRUBS, sits in the passenger seat as Campbell's Impala chugs down Highway 24.

There are two STARBUCKS COFFEES in the cup holder. Campbell hands her one.

CAMPBELL

Should be some sugar packets in the glove box.

Lea takes the cup. It's scalding. She gives it a moment to breathe. As she waits, she notices a PHOTO of a 14-YEAR-OLD BLONDE GIRL dangling from the rearview mirror.

LEA
Is that your daughter?

CAMPBELL
(shakes his head)
That's Chloe Burke. She went
missing back in '91. First case I
was assigned to. First case I
solved.

LEA
So you found her?

Campbell winces slightly, a hint of regret in his eyes.

CAMPBELL
Not quite. But I keep her with me
to remind myself what's on the
line. Helps get me up in the
morning.

She leaves it be. Clearly a sensitive subject. She takes a
sip of coffee, grimaces at the taste.

LEA
What's in this?

Campbell's face turns red. He switches the drinks.

CAMPBELL
Oops. Got them mixed up. Sorry
about that.

INT./EXT. CAMPBELL'S CAR - LATER

The Impala exits the highway, turning onto a two-lane strip
of road. They weave through the foothills, walls of pine
trees surround them as they drive further away from
civilization.

They take another exit. Paved asphalt becomes DIRT ROAD,
leading into dense forest. Conventional suburban
neighborhoods don't exist here. Just small, shabby houses
scattered amongst the trees.

As they go deeper, Lea stares out the window. Every house
they pass causes her heart rate to jump— her palms to sweat a
bit more.

INT. CAMPBELL'S CAR - LATER

Lea catches sight of a QUAIN T WOOD CABIN up ahead. Campbell slows down, pulls into the driveway and parks. She looks to him.

LEA
So...this is it?

CAMPBELL
This is where I'm staying. Renting
for the next three days.

Campbell opens his door. Lea follows suit.

EXT. CAMPBELL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Lea scans the forest around them. The dirt road they came in on winds up a HILL in the distance. At the top of the hill, about a quarter mile away, sits a SECLUDED RANCH-STYLE HOME. Campbell points to it.

CAMPBELL
That one right there-- that's
Frank's.

Campbell opens his trunk, unloads his bags.

INT. CAMPBELL'S RENTAL HOME - MORNING

Lea's seated at the kitchen table. Campbell digs into his suitcase and pulls out a pair of wired headphones, a laptop, and a stack of stapled papers. He tosses the stack on the table in front of her. Removes a pen from his pocket and slides it over.

CAMPBELL
This is the department's civilian
consent form for audio and visual
recordings.

While Lea signs, Campbell puts on his pair of wired headphones. Plugs the jack into a laptop.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Let's test your mic. Say something.

LEA
(into her chest)
Something.

CAMPBELL

(thumbs up)

We have audio.

(then)

Alright, let's walk through it again. You ring his doorbell, he answers, and then...

LEA

I tell him I'm his new nurse from CS Medical.

CAMPBELL

And if he asks why your name is different from the gal he hired?

LEA

I say that she had a family emergency so I'm filling in. And if he doesn't buy that, I show him the email you sent me with your number listed as my manager. Tell him he's welcome to call if he has any questions.

CAMPBELL

Good. And then-

LEA

Then I set up the hidden cameras. Every room. Ideally facing the entryways to capture movement between rooms.

CAMPBELL

And what if he catches you setting them up? Or spots one of them lying around?

LEA

Then he'll know he's being watched and... well... we'd be screwed.

CAMPBELL

And my hands would be tied. Nothing more I could do about erasing that lawsuit from your file. So-

LEA

So that can't happen. I mean, it won't happen.

Campbell grins.

CAMPBELL
That's what I like to hear.

INT. CAMPBELL'S CAR - MORNING

The Impala is now parked a few hundred feet down from Frank Morris' home. Campbell looks over to Lea in the passenger seat, sees her leg bouncing nervously.

CAMPBELL
Once those cameras are set, I'll
have eyes on you at all times. And
if shit goes south, I'm two minutes
away. But just in case things do
get hairy...

Campbell reaches into the glove compartment, pulls out a CAN OF PEPPER SPRAY and gives it to her. He places a hand on her shoulder.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
You got this.

Lea closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, and exits the car.

Here goes nothing...

EXT. MORRIS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Campbell drives off. Lea steps onto the porch and RINGS the doorbell. As she waits, she fidgets with her shirt, drying sweat from her palms.

But no one answers. She rings again. Waits. Still nothing. Suddenly, she hears the WHIRRING of an ELECTRIC DRILL coming from the backyard.

Lea steps off the porch and hesitantly walks around to the side of the house. The back gate is ajar. She slowly pushes open the gate and enters the--

BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

But Frank isn't back there. Instead, she finds MAEVE VERNON-- a woman in her late 40s. She has jet black hair, thick circle-framed glasses, wearing mom-jeans and a wool sweater.

Maeve is using the ELECTRIC DRILL to fasten a bird feeder to a wooden post. She catches Lea in the corner of her eye and jumps, startled.

MAEVE
(stops drilling)
Christ...you scared the bejesus out
of me.

LEA
Oh-- I'm sorry. I-- I think I must
have the wrong house.

MAEVE
You're here for Frank, I assume?

LEA
Uh-- yes I am.

MAEVE
Then you're in the right spot.

Maeve walks over and extends her hand. They shake.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
Maeve Vernon. I live next door.
I've been helping him out while
he's between nurses.

LEA
Lea. Nice to meet you.

Maeve smiles. There's a warmth to her that gives Lea some
much-needed ease.

MAEVE
Come on in, I'll give you the tour.

INT. MORRIS HOME - LIVING ROOM - SOON AFTER

The inside is fairly unassuming. Popcorn ceiling, floral-
patterned couches. Grandparent-core. But one thing really
stands out-- the place is SPOTLESS.

MAEVE
I'd put your shoes on the mat right
there. He's a bit of a neat freak.

Lea obliges.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
I must've heard Frank wrong.
Thought he said the new girl's name
was Amber.

LEA

Oh-- yes. Unfortunately, she had a family emergency.

(takes out phone)

I can show you the email my manager sent me with all the details-

MAEVE

No need, hon. I'm just glad they were able to get it sorted out.

(then)

Well-- hows about we start with the kitchen?

KITCHEN - SOON AFTER

Maeve opens the fridge, highlights the inventory.

MAEVE

Anything with meat and cheese is an instant hit. We're a little low on frozen dinners but I was planning to do a grocery run tomorrow. I'll bring some more by.

LEA

Perfect, thank you.

Lea studies the cabinets and drawers, noticing none of them are 'DEMENTIA-PROOFED'.

LEA (CONT'D)

Do you have locks for these?

MAEVE

Shoot-- should I?

LEA

Just to keep him away from chemicals, knives-- those sorts of things.

MAEVE

Well, thank God you're here.

(laughs)

Clearly I've been out of my depth.

LEA

No, no. You've done more than enough by looking after him. I brought some extra ones with me.

Maeve smiles, relieved.

MAEVE

Come on, I'll show you the rest.

She ushers Lea out of the kitchen and into the

HALLWAY

Maeve gestures to each room they pass.

MAEVE

Bathroom, guest room-- that's where
you'll sleep, Frank's room, and
here in his office...

Maeve pushes open the door at the end of the hall.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

...is the man of the hour.

OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

FRANK (70s, balding) is seated, playing SOLITAIRE on the office computer. Even though he's not standing, Lea can tell that he's a TANK of a man. Bulging gut. MEATY forearms twined with white hair. Mangy scruff on his face and neck. He's not brittle like her other patients.

Still years of strength in him.

MAEVE

Hey Frank-

But he's unfazed, engrossed in his game.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Frank...

Maeve taps his shoulder. He finally turns around. It seems to take him a moment to register Maeve's face.

FRANK

Oh. Hello there...

MAEVE

You've got company!

Lea walks over and offers a handshake.

LEA

Hi, I'm Lea Solis. It's great to
meet you.

Frank looks back to Maeve, cocks his head, not connecting the dots.

MAEVE

This is your new nurse. She's going to be staying with you.

FRANK

Whose nurse did you say?

MAEVE

Yours. She'll be taking care of you now, okay?

FRANK

Oh... I see...

Maeve pats his shoulders twice, looks to Lea.

MAEVE

Well, I'll leave you to it. My number's on the fridge, just in case. And I'm right down the street if you ever need anything.

LEA

Thanks. Great to meet you.

Maeve waves goodbye then exits the room. As she walks off down the hall--

MAEVE (O.S.)

Play nice, Frank!

INT. MORRIS HOME - LATER

QUICK CUTS: Lea fastens SMALL CABLED COMBINATION LOCKS to drawers, cabinets, and outside-facing doors. CLICKS them shut.

MORE QUICK CUTS: She then sets up the WIRELESS HIDDEN CAMERAS-- each shaped like a TINY BLACK DIE CUBE-- in every room as instructed. She places one on a windowsill in the living room, then pulls the curtains over slightly to hide it. Another-- between two potted plants on the kitchen countertop.

GUEST ROOM - SOON AFTER

She nudges the next camera in place between the cable box and the base of the TV, adjusts some of the chords around to disguise it. She pulls out her phone, texts Campbell.

-- *Lea: Can you see me?*

He buzzes back.

-- *Campbell: Clear as day. Just need eyes in his office now.*

Lea pulls out the last hidden camera from her pocket. She cracks open the door to her room and looks out into the hall.

Light peeks out from underneath the closed bathroom door. Go time. Lea heads into the-

OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

There's a BOOKSHELF in the corner of the room that faces the door. Probably her best bet.

Lea shimmies the CAMERA between two books on the shelf.

Barely visible.

She turns to leave the room when-

FRANK (O.S.)

What are you doing in there?

Lea jumps. Frank is standing behind her in the doorway. Who knows how long he's been there...

LEA

Oh-- I was just uh-- going to ask
you what time you usually eat
dinner.

Frank eyes her skeptically, but eventually brushes it off.

FRANK

Whenever it's ready.

Lea forces a smile. Frank takes a seat back down in his chair for another game of solitaire. Lea exits the room, stifling a sigh of relief on her way out.

KITCHEN - EVENING

Lea stands at the stove, stirring up a pot of Hamburger Helper. She scoops the mixture into two bowls, walks over to Frank who's sitting at the kitchen table. She hands him one, then takes a seat beside him.

Frank studies his food. He notices some grease on the lip of the bowl.

He wipes it with his napkin, making sure to get every last bit. He then straightens his placemat so that it is perfectly parallel to the edge of the table.

With everything in its rightful spot, he takes a bite.

LEA

So there's an exercise I do with every new patient. It helps me get to know them better. Do you mind if we try it?

FRANK

(mouth full)

I already did my stretches for the day.

LEA

Not that kind of exercise. I'm just going to ask you a couple questions. You can eat while we do it. Is that okay?

FRANK

... I suppose.

LEA

Great. Some of these might seem silly, but just try to answer as best as you can.

(then)

Do you remember who I am?

FRANK

Well you must be the--

(thinking)

the daughter. Of the woman who was here.

LEA

You mean Maeve?

FRANK

That's right. Maeve's daughter.

LEA

Actually, I'm your nurse.

FRANK

Oh? And... your name is Maeve?

LEA

I'm Lea. But that was a good guess.

(then)

(MORE)

LEA (CONT'D)

Do you know where you are right now?

FRANK

In my home. Well, technically my parent's home. My father built it from the ground up.

LEA

And what about the name of the town we're in-- do you know that one?

Frank considers. He squints hard at the ceiling as if trying to retrieve the distant memory.

FRANK

Well let's see... It's a lovely town... I've lived here my whole life. William J. Palmer High, class of '66. And before that, West Middle-- home of the... oh... What was it? Home of the-

LEA

It's called Manitou Springs. Does that sound familiar?

FRANK

Oh, sure. That's what I was getting to.

LEA

And what's your name?

FRANK

My name? Well... my name is... Frank Morris. Always has been.

LEA

Very good. And what about your middle name?

FRANK

I suppose I know that too. It's...
(struggles)
Frank?

LEA

That's your first name. What's your middle name?

FRANK

Ah... right...

Frank closes his eyes. Wheels turning and turning. But he appears to come up short.

LEA

It's okay. We can just-

FRANK

I have it. I'm just... trying to phrase it best...

Lea gives Frank another moment. But after a few more seconds of nothing-

LEA

It's totally fine if you don't know. We can move on to the next-

FRANK

I said I have it, damnit!

Frank SLAMS his fist on the table, making Lea jump. She backs off.

LEA

Hey hey-- you're right. I'm sure you know it. That was wrong of me to assume otherwise.

Frank breathes heavily, face flushed. But after a moment, his eyes soften, regretting his outburst.

FRANK

Forgive me, I-- I didn't mean to raise my voice. Just got excited, that's all.

LEA

Don't worry about it.

Beat. Frank returns to his food. Stirs it around but doesn't eat. Still hung up on the answer to Lea's question.

LEA (CONT'D)

It's Edward. Frank Edward Morris.

The word seems to CLICK-- finally putting his mind at ease. He tries to play it off.

FRANK

That's exactly what I was trying to tell you! You just didn't let me finish.

Lea cracks a faint smile. *He really seems like just another patient.*

BATHROOM - EVENING

The sound of a FLUSH. Lea pulls her pants up, turns on the faucet, scrubs her hands. Then-

VMMMM... VMMMM... VMMMM...

A text from Campbell.

-- *Campbell: So... What do you think of him?*

Lea considers, then types back:

-- *Lea: Pretty convincing so far.*

-- *Campbell: He's doing the same charade he did with us. Don't let him fool you.*

FRANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank's in bed. Lea places a glass of water on the table beside him.

LEA

If you need anything, just knock on my door, okay?

FRANK

I'll be fine. Turn the light off on your way out, would you?

With that, he rolls over, snuggles up into the covers. After studying him for a moment, she flicks the light off and exits.

GUEST ROOM - SOON AFTER

She shuts the door to her room. Locks it. Something she would never do normally, but she's not taking any chances tonight. She leans against the wall. Her whole body deflates, exhaling the anxiety and stress of this bizarre day.

GUEST ROOM - LATER

Lea tosses and turns beneath the covers, struggling to get comfortable. She flips her pillow over, buries her head into the cooler underside. It proves to be effective.

She sinks into the covers, her heart rate slowing, eyes starting to get heavy. And then-

VMMMM... VMMMM... VMMMM...

She snatches her phone to see a text-- not from Campbell-- but from an unknown short-code number: **A payment of \$10,000 USD has been deposited to your account.**

Lea opens the Lend.edu mobile app. Navigates to the **Payment Portal**. A message pops up on screen: *"This feature is unavailable for mobile users. To make a payment, please access the portal via desktop."*

Lea carefully opens the door, looks across the hallway into Frank's room. The lights are still off. She catches faint sounds of snoring. *The coast is clear.* She tip-toes into the

OFFICE

Sits down at the computer, boots it up. She opens a browser, starts typing:

L - E - N - D - .

A LINE OF PURPLE TEXT appears below the search briefly, then vanishes. It's as if someone has already searched this...

She deletes the characters one by one.

L - E - N - D

Nothing.

L - E - N

Still nothing.

L - E

THE OLD SEARCH APPEARS AGAIN: **Lea Solis, Colorado Springs**
Frank was researching her...

She whispers into her chest:

LEA
I found something...

A text comes through immediately.

-- Campbell: Meet me in 5.

Lea shuts off the computer, peeks out into the

HALLWAY

She looks to Frank's room. It's still dark. He's still snoring. *Time to get the fuck out of here.*

EXT. FRONT PORCH - SOON AFTER

The front door opens-- Lea scurries down the porch steps OUT OF VIEW. We hear her heavy breathing as she races to Campbell's cabin.

But as we PAN UP to Frank's BEDROOM WINDOW, he's wide awake. Standing half-naked behind the glass. His eyes track Lea as she runs off into the distance.

INT. CAMPBELL'S RENTAL HOME - NIGHT

Campbell has his LAPTOP open on the kitchen table. Lea takes a seat beside him as he pulls up the CAMERA FOOTAGE from a few hours earlier. He pulls a BOTTLE OF PILLS out of his pocket. He swallows two dry, and then presses play.

The footage is from the OFFICE CAMERA-- Frank sitting at the computer, presumably playing solitaire. Lea steps in to check on him, then exits.

Once she's out, Frank seems to morph into a completely different person. He sits up straight for the first time, opens up a web browser, starts typing something. His fingers move quick and deliberate.

LEA

Right there. That has to be when he Googled me.

CAMPBELL

And you're positive you only told him your name once?

LEA

My full name? One hundred percent.

CAMPBELL

And it would be impossible for someone in his "condition" to remember that information?

LEA

I mean, highly unlikely, yeah.

CAMPBELL
But not impossible...

LEA
You heard him. He doesn't know where he lives, doesn't even remember his own full name. But he remembers mine perfectly, hours after I say it once? This is everything we need, right?

Campbell chuckles at Lea's naivety.

CAMPBELL
Not quite. But it's a step in the right direction.

Lea throws up her hands. *A step in the right direction??*

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
When you say 'highly unlikely', you know what I hear? You know what a jury hears? *Reasonable doubt.*

LEA
So... what-- we can't even use this?

CAMPBELL
Oh, we can-- and we will-- but we just need more. A lot more.

Lea rubs her temples. *Going back in there sounds like a fucking death sentence...*

LEA
I-- I don't think I can go back in there...

CAMPBELL
Sure you can. You're doing just fine.

LEA
But you know he's faking. You know he's dangerous...

CAMPBELL
So help me prove that.

LEA
I'm not going to put my life on the line-

CAMPBELL
You won't have to. Like I said,
I'll protect you.

LEA
I can't. I'm sorry. I should've
never agreed to-

CAMPBELL
Look, I get it. You're scared. But
don't-

LEA
(stern)
I'm not going back in that fucking
house with him, alright?
(then)
I-- I want to go home.

Beat. Campbell stops pressing. He's disappointed, but not
surprised.

LEA (CONT'D)
Can you just take me home? Please?

CAMPBELL
I can take you home. But I want to
make sure you understand what that
means. If we leave now-- that's it.
The malpractice suit stays on your
file. You can keep the ten grand,
but it'll probably only last you a
couple months. And then you'll be
right back in the same situation.
Or...

Campbell makes his way over to the kitchen bar, grabs a glass
from the cabinet. Pours a finger of whiskey.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
You stay two more days, and you get
your entire life back.

He walks back over, offers the glass to Lea.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
So... what do you say?

Lea considers. She takes the glass, then a deep breath. *Down
the hatch.*

EXT. MORRIS HOUSE PORCH - NIGHT

Lea walks up the porch steps, stops at the front door. She closes her eyes, trying to summon the courage to enter.

It's just two more days. Two more days to un-fuck my life.

She twists the knob, takes the plunge.

CUT TO:

INT. MORRIS HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - MORNING

Lea lies asleep in bed. Sunlight slithers in through the window onto her face, jolting her awake.

She gets up, puts on a hoodie and sweats, and opens the bedroom door slowly. Enters the

HALLWAY

She peers into Frank's bedroom. His door is open, the bed is made, but he's not inside. Suddenly, she hears the sound of the REFRIGERATOR opening and then closing seconds later. *He's in the kitchen.*

KITCHEN - SOON AFTER

She steps in to find Frank standing at the counter. He's pulled out a loaf of bread, a jar of jelly, and a stick of butter.

FRANK

Good morning.

LEA

Hey... Good morning.

He opens a cabinet, removes a plate, then tries to pull open a DRAWER. It doesn't budge. Locked. He studies the DEMENTIA-PROOF CABELED LOCK holding it shut.

FRANK

What's this all about?

LEA

Oh um-- just a safety precaution.

FRANK

A safety precaution against making breakfast? Seems a little silly...

LEA
What are you looking for?

FRANK
A knife.

Lea tenses up.

LEA
...why?

FRANK
The butter isn't going to spread
itself now, is it?

Lea considers, then opens an unlocked drawer. Pulls out a metal spoon instead.

LEA
This will have to do.

Frank rolls his eyes but grabs it from her.

Lea takes a seat at the table. She watches Frank closely as he prepares his food. He takes a slice of bread, pops it into the TOASTER, presses the lever down.

He sits down across from Lea. Lea feels her pocket VIBRATE as a text from Campbell comes through:

-- *Campbell: Let's push harder today.*

But as Lea looks up--

Frank is eyeing her LIKE A HAWK.

Lea quickly pockets her phone.

LEA (CONT'D)
Everything... alright?

FRANK
I'm just trying to figure out what
you're really doing here.

Beat. Lea stiffens.

LEA
I'm... your nurse. I'm here to help
you out.

FRANK
Are you sure about that?

Another beat. Frank's eyes don't waiver. Scanning her soul for what feels like an eternity.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(chuckles)
I'm just pulling your leg. It took me a sec when you first walked in, but I remember you now.

Lea forces a smile to hide the fact that her heart was about to beat out of her chest.

FRANK (CONT'D)
So. How long have you been doing this?

LEA
Nursing? Since I graduated school. So four years.

FRANK
How many patients have you had?

LEA
Well... in terms of live-in patients, you're only my second.

FRANK
Is that right? Just one other old fart before me?

Lea nods, trying to gauge Frank's angle.

FRANK (CONT'D)
How's she doing? Still kicking?

LEA
Let's talk about something else.

FRANK
Why?

DING! The toast pops up. Saved by the bell.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Just trying to make small talk...

With that, Frank stands and heads to the counter to plate his food. Now that his attention is elsewhere, Lea checks her phone again:

-- Campbell: Find a way to bring up Sarah Richter. I want to see how he reacts.

Frank tries lifting the bread out with his bare fingers, but can't quite get it. Too hot. He shakes his hand out, sucks his fingers to cool them off. Lea doesn't see this-- busy responding to Campbell.

Frank's eyes move to the METAL SPOON resting on the counter. He gets an idea.

Frank takes the spoon and SHOVES IT DIRECTLY INTO THE MOUTH OF THE TOASTER, trying to wedge the bread out.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Come on...

Lea finishes texting Campbell, looks up right as-

FRANK (CONT'D)

Get out of there-

LEA

WAIT FRANK! DON'T-

ZZZZAAAP!! Sparks fly upwards. The outlet chord protruding from the wall starts to smoke. Frank HOWLS in pain, stumbles backward, clenching his hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

GOD DAMNIT! WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

Lea rushes to his aid, assesses the damage. His index finger and thumb both BADLY BURNED. The raw, red flesh beneath the skin now visible.

LEA

Shit...

Nurse mode takes over. She turns on the sink faucet, adjusts the water to room temperature. She takes Frank's wrist, places his fingers under the stream.

Frank winces at first, but slowly the pain starts to dissipate.

LEA (CONT'D)

You need to keep your hand under here for at least 15 minutes.

Frank nods, still shaken up.

LIVING ROOM - 30 MINUTES LATER

Frank sits on the couch. Lea kneels down in front, tending to him. She applies a healthy coat of Vaseline to Frank's charred fingers. She blows on the wounds to dry them out, then bandages him up.

LEA

Try to keep this dry today, okay?

Frank nods. Lea looks out the window. Maeve is walking up the porch steps carrying two bags of groceries. She smiles and waves. Lea undoes the CABLED LOCK on the front door and lets her inside.

MAEVE

Sorry-- I should've called first,
but I wanted to get the frozen
stuff to you before it melts.

LEA

Oh-- thank you.

MAEVE

Frank, I got more of those ice
cream bars you like-

She notices Frank's bandaged hand.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Oh no... what happened there,
mister?

Maeve sets the groceries down and examines the injury.

LEA

He um-- had a little accident. I
should've been watching more
closely.

Beat. Maeve considers for a moment. Decides to cut Lea some slack.

MAEVE

Well, you can't catch everything.
Are you doing better now, Frank?

Frank nods silently.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

That's all that matters.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

An episode of NCIS plays on the TV. Lea sits on the loveseat across from Frank, studying him as he starts to doze off. His eyes open and close a few times before shutting for good.

Maeve emerges from the kitchen, holding two glasses of bronze liquid in her hands.

MAEVE
(seeing Frank asleep,
whispers)
Oh good, he's out.

She hands a drink to Lea.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
Iced tea. Let's sit outside so we
don't wake him.

EXT. MORRIS HOUSE PORCH - AFTERNOON

The women sit on the porch steps, drinks in hand.

MAEVE
Frank's gonna be alright. Don't
beat yourself up too much.

Lea nods, but still feels some self-reproach.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
It's an honorable profession you
have. When my daughter, Lilly, was
sick, she had a nurse about your
age. One of the most caring human
beings I've ever met.

LEA
Is your daughter doing better now?

Maeve pauses, takes a sip of her drink before continuing.

MAEVE
She passed when she was 10. Non-
Hodgkin's Lymphoma.

LEA
Oh my god... I'm so sorry. I didn't
mean to-

MAEVE
It's quite alright. I had the best
decade of my life with her. But-
(beat)
my husband and I struggled after
that. We tried to keep it together,
even tried for another baby. But I
guess my body was only built for
one. And after a while, we were
nothing more to each other than
reminders of what we lost.
(MORE)

MAEVE (CONT'D)

So, I packed up and moved out. I know that might seem excessive but-

LEA

No, no. I totally get that.

(then)

Being reminded of something like that every day would be...

A MOMENTARY FLASHBACK PENETRATES LEA'S MIND: Rose's body SMACKING against the concrete.

LEA (CONT'D)

...hard.

MAEVE

(nods)

Right now I'm just focused on moving forward. I'm finally weaning off of my antidepressants. I was always wary of using drugs to cope, but compared to what they did back in the day, I shouldn't complain. We've come a long way from electroshock therapy and scrambling brains with ice picks.

LEA

Oh-- yeah. State institutions used to have some barbaric practices.

MAEVE

Sometimes that doesn't sound so bad. At least the pain of remembering is gone.

Beat.

MAEVE

Sorry, that was kind of morbid... Enough about me. How's it going with Frank? Electrocution aside...

LEA

Oh, good.

Maeve nods. Good. Then-

LEA (CONT'D)

Did you know his last nurse?

Maeve is about to sip her drink but stops. The question seems to catch her off-guard.

MAEVE

I chatted with her a few times.
Seemed like a nice girl.

LEA

My uh-- manager told me about
Frank's trial.

MAEVE

What did they tell you?

LEA

That his nurse went missing, and
they never found her. And-- I guess
the police thought Frank was
responsible.

Maeve chuckles at the absurdity.

MAEVE

And what do you think?

LEA

Well-- I don't know. I'm not very
familiar with what happened.

MAEVE

But you've spent a day with him.
Does he seem capable of doing
something like that?

Lea doesn't have a definitive answer at this point.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Let me ask you something. If Frank
was guilty, then why was he the
first one to report her missing?

LEA

Frank called the police?

MAEVE

That's right. Does that sound like
something a guilty man would do?

LEA

I-- I didn't know about that...

MAEVE

Not surprising.

(then)

Apparently, she left in the middle
of the night.

(MORE)

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Who knows where she was going, or why she thought leaving an old man with dementia alone was a bright idea. But she never came back. Now Frank doesn't know much, but he knew that something was wrong when she wasn't there in the morning. So, he did what any scared child would do. He dialed 9-1-1. I'm not sure what he said to them. Or what they forced him to say. But the next day, they showed up with the whole cavalry. They broke down his door and literally dragged him out of his house. And the look on his face was... heartbreaking. He was confused and scared-- crying for his mommy like a 10-year-old boy. And even through all that, those bastards had the heart to cuff him and shove him in the back of a police car. Like some wild animal...

Lea takes that in, starting to question her programming...

EXT. MORRIS HOUSE PORCH - LATER

Lea stands on the porch alone, watching as Maeve walks off toward her own house.

She feels her phone VIBRATE once again as a call from Campbell comes through.

LEA

(answers hesitantly)

Hey...

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

Don't listen to that bullshit.
She's way off.

LEA

On which part?

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

The whole fucking thing.

LEA

So Frank didn't call the police first?

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Guilty people make the first call
all the time. It's called diverting
suspicion.

LEA
But you found evidence, right? Like
real evidence? You didn't just drag
an old man, crying for his mother,
out of his home for no reason, did
you?

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
(scoffs)
Yes. We found real evidence.

LEA
...like what?

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Traces of Sarah Richter's blood in
his home. Real enough for you?

Lea's silent, struggling to make sense of it all.

CAMPBELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now we only have two days left. And
I'm not paying you thirty grand to
get sidetracked every time a
neighbor wants to give their two
cents. I need you focused.

LEA
Alright. Jesus. I'm doing the best
I can.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
Well I need better. Check your
phone.

A message comes through. It's a SELFIE of Sarah, taken in
front of a mirror. She's posing in a skin-tight GREY COCKTAIL
DRESS.

CAMPBELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sarah texted this photo to a friend
the night she disappeared. You see
where she is?

Lea zooms in on the photo, recognizing the towels and tiled
countertop from-

LEA
The hallway bathroom.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)
 When you go back in there, show
 this photo to him. Ask about her.
 Let's rile him up.

LEA
 Okay...but how am I just supposed
 to bring up-

THREE BEEPS are heard as Campbell disconnects the call. Lea huffs. *Thanks for nothing.*

INT. MORRIS HOME - LIVING ROOM - SOON AFTER

Lea steps back inside-

FRANK (O.S.)
 Who were you talking to out there?

She jumps, startled to see Frank now wide awake and standing next to the couch.

LEA
 Oh-- um, just chatting with Maeve
 while you were napping.

Frank eyes her suspiciously but eventually seems to brush it off. He takes a seat back on the couch, resumes his show.

Lea crouches down to untie her shoes, all the while trying to figure out how the fuck to bring up Sarah Richter in an organic way.

As she stands up, she catches something in her eye-line-- a FRAMED BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO resting on the end-side table. In it-- Frank as a young boy (11, blonde combover, stoic-faced) is standing next to a WOMAN (late 30s, dressed up, smiling) in front of a Christmas tree.

She gets an idea. She grabs the photo, scours around for another. She checks the

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sure enough, there's another hanging on the wall. This one of Frank (40s) smiling and embracing three other gentlemen of similar age. They're all wearing dirt-stained jeans and WHITE HARDHATS.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Photos in hand, Lea heads over to Frank's RECORD PLAYER beside the TV.

LEA

Do you mind if I play some music?

Frank shrugs. Reluctantly pauses his show.

FRANK

Go for it.

There's a vinyl already on the turntable-- the 1952 album Unforgettable by Nate King Cole. She lifts it up.

LEA

Have you played this recently?

Frank squints at it.

FRANK

Oh, sure. One of my favorites.

Lea places the vinyl back onto the table. The record starts spinning. Nat King Cole's voice fills the room--
"Unforgettable... that's what you are... Unforgettable... though near or far..."

Lea takes a seat back on the couch next to Frank.

LEA

You know what? I think this would be the perfect time for an exercise.

FRANK

I thought we finished that already.

LEA

This will be a little different. I was thinking we could look at some pictures from your past and you could tell me what you remember.

Frank eyes the stack of pictures in her hand skeptically.

FRANK

I don't think we need to waste our time. I know those photos quite well.

LEA

I'm sure you do. Long-term memories tend to be easier to recall. It's the more recent ones that can be tricky, but in theory, that's where the music can help. Familiar songs can make those memories more vivid. So-- we'll start with some older, familiar ones, and once you've got those down, we'll try something current. Sound good?

Frank reluctantly gives in. Hits pause on the remote.

FRANK

Fine.

Lea starts with the photo of Frank in his 40s.

LEA

What can you tell me about this one?

Frank studies it for a moment.

FRANK

That's me. And that looks like my crew.

(pointing left to right)
Javi. Dan. And uh-- Chuck.

LEA

You were a contractor?

FRANK

Yep. I even renovated this place a while back.

LEA

Well if I ever need some work done, I'll have to give you a call.

(then)
And how about this one?

Lea shows the next photo-- Frank as a boy standing next to a WOMAN at Christmas. It seems to click instantly.

FRANK

That's me again. And that's my mother. Donna.

LEA

And what about your father?

FRANK

Well he-

A piece of the memory seems to hit Frank. Still a bit fuzzy.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He passed when I was a boy.

LEA

I am so sorry to hear that.

Frank nods, stoic.

LEA (CONT'D)

How about we just move on to the
last one, okay?

Lea takes out her cell phone. She turns it away from Frank to not reveal her messages with Campbell, then navigates to the SELFIE OF SARAH.

LEA (CONT'D)

(shows her phone)

Do you know who this is?

As soon as Frank sees the image, all emotion seems to leave his face. His pupils DILATE.

And for a split second-- we see a SHIFT in his demeanor. The SAME SORT OF SHIFT we saw in the office camera footage the night before...

But just like that, it vanishes.

FRANK

Doesn't ring a bell. No.

LEA

Her name was Sarah. She was your
last nurse.

FRANK

Is that right?

LEA

Yes. She was probably wearing this
dress when you saw her last.

Frank looks again. He brushes his fingers against the photo as if caressing Sarah through the phone screen. CLOSE ON THE NECKLINE of the grey dress-- littered with TINY BUTTERFLY PATCHES.

FRANK
Well, she's... beautiful. Very
beautiful. But...

Frank looks back up.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Still drawing a blank.

KITCHEN - AN HOUR LATER

Lea stands at the counter preparing two ham sandwiches for lunch. Suddenly, she hears CLATTERING down the hall from Frank's bedroom.

FRANK'S BEDROOM - SOON AFTER

Lea steps in to find Frank crouched in front of his nightstand. He's removed all of the drawers and laid them out on his bed.

LEA
...everything alright?

FRANK
(without looking back)
It's uneven.

LEA
What is?

FRANK
The back right leg.

Frank nudges the corner of the nightstand with his thumb. It wobbles ever so slightly. Only something he would notice.

LEA
It looks pretty sturdy to me.

FRANK
Of course it's sturdy. I built it.
But the leg needs to be filed down.

LEA
Why don't we just do a quick fix
and put something under the other
legs?

FRANK
"Quick fix" just means it's still
broken.

Frank picks up the NIGHTSTAND and sidesteps Lea. He heads-

DOWN THE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Over to the GARAGE DOOR left of the kitchen as Lea follows after him. He tries to turn the knob. Locked.

FRANK
I need my tools.

LEA
I don't think that's a good idea.

FRANK
Why the hell not?

LEA
I don't want you to hurt yourself.

FRANK
I've been using them for 50 years.
I'll be fine.

LEA
I'm sorry, Frank. Not today.

FRANK
Christ-- I used to build houses
with my bare hands! And now all you
let me do is sit on my ass and
watch TV. Do you know how
humiliating that is?
(beat)
I'm tired of hearing what I can't
do. My hands work just fine, and
damn it, I'd like to use them while
I still can.

Lea considers the potential consequences. But at the same time, his frustration seems genuine. She can only imagine what that's like.

She makes up her mind. Hesitantly unlocks the DEMENTIA-PROOF KNOB LOCK (a spherical casing with a 4-digit input) and pushes open the door.

GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

It's pitch black. Lea flips the light switch on.

And now we see that DOZENS OF SHARP TOOLS-- SAWS, HAMMERS, DRILLS, and HATCHETS-- are hanging on the walls.

At the very center of the room lies a WOOD WORKBENCH with an ELECTRIC BUZZSAW connected to the end.

LEA

How about you stay here and I'll
grab whatever you need-

But Frank barges in. He places the nightstand on top of the WORKBENCH. Then heads over to a SHELF in the corner of the room and retrieves a TOOLBOX.

LEA (CONT'D)

Let me do that for you-

He ignores her. Opens it up and rifles through. Lea heads over to stop him.

LEA (CONT'D)

Frank-

As she puts a hand on his shoulder, he WHIPS AROUND with a LARGE CHISEL in his hand. The rusted blade comes within a few inches of LEA'S NECK.

She stumbles back.

LEA (CONT'D)

Jesus...

FRANK

Sorry. Didn't expect you to sneak
up on me like that.

Lea collects herself.

LEA

It's fine... Let's just be a little
more careful.

Frank takes a seat at the workbench.

FRANK

How about you hold the front steady
while I file it down.

Lea takes a breath. Sure. She watches closely as Frank begins to grind the blade against the edge of the nightstand leg.

But after few seconds, he doesn't seem to be making much progress. He presses harder. Still no luck. The chisel is too dull for the task at hand. Frank takes a break when his hand starts to cramp.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hmmm... I think we might need to
try the-

Frank looks to the ELECTRIC BUZZSAW at the end of the workbench. Suddenly, his eyes widen--like he's just seen a ghost. Staring at his reflection in the steel blade.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Oh...

LEA
What is it? Do you remember
something? Is it Sarah?

Frank shakes his head. He springs up from the bench as if possessed by something, eyes still fixed on the saw blade.

FRANK
My father used to work in here
every night. I could hear the saw
humming from my bedroom as I fell
asleep. And then one night... one
night, he got into an argument with
my mother. He...
(struggles)
he found out she was planning to
leave him for another man... so
after dinner, he came in here to
work as usual...

Without warning-- FRANK HITS THE BUZZSAW POWER SWITCH. The blade WHIRS to life, ripping through the air.

Lea shoots up.

LEA
HEY-

FRANK
From my bedroom, I could hear the
saw running again...

LEA
Turn it off-

Lea tries to pull his hand off of the power switch but he won't budge.

FRANK
I went in to see if he needed
help... he always appreciated my
help... but this time... all I saw
was... red...

LEA
 (pulling harder)
 Frank! Stop!

But it's no use. He starts to tremble, breathing heavy as the harrowing details flood back into his psyche.

FRANK
 My mother said it was an accident.
 That he slipped and fell. But I
 know what really happened... he
 couldn't live with the pain...

LEA
 FRANK!

Finally, he moves his hand off of the switch. Lea immediately shuts it off.

Frank collapses into Lea's arms, tears streaming down his face. Once Lea catches her breath, she embraces back.

FRANK
 (through tears)
 I'm sorry... They're just so
 fragile...

LEA
 What are?

FRANK
 Families...

HALLWAY - AN HOUR LATER

Lea walks down the hall, peeks into Frank's room. He's fast asleep for his midday nap. She carefully shuts his door.

As she turns around, her phone BUZZES:

-- Campbell: Get over here. Now.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - AFTERNOON

Lea has a windbreaker on as she trots down the hill toward Campbell's place. On the way, she passes MAEVE'S HOUSE on the left.

Maeve is outside working on her front porch. She's using the same electrical drill as before, this time fixing a broken floorboard. She notices Lea walking by.

MAEVE
(stops drilling)
Hey neighbor! Everything alright?

LEA
(flustered)
Oh-- yep! Just uh-- going for a
walk.

Maeve is puzzled by Lea's flimsy response. But she shrugs it off. Goes back to her handy work.

EXT. CAMPBELL'S RENTAL - AFTERNOON

Lea knocks on Campbell's door. He whips it open, face FLUSH red and sweating like a hog.

CAMPBELL
Get inside.

INT. CAMPBELL'S RENTAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

As Lea steps in, she spots the same bottle of whiskey from last night-- COMPLETELY DRY on the counter. Next to it, another bottle. Already half-empty.

Campbell removes the same PILL BOTTLE from his pocket. Pops two in his mouth.

LEA
Was there a party I missed...

CAMPBELL
I'm pausing the rest of your
payments.

LEA
Wait what?

CAMPBELL
I'm not giving you a cent more
until I get some real results.

LEA
But I'm doing everything you asked
me to-

CAMPBELL
I asked you to help me prove he's
guilty. And how's that coming?
(MORE)

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Thirty hours in and all you have to show for it is one lousy Google search. And now you're talking to idiot neighbors. Hell-- you've spent more time making breakfast than asking him real questions.

LEA

Jesus, I'm supposed to be his nurse! What do you want me to do, fucking waterboard him?

CAMPBELL

That sure would speed things up...

LEA

(scoffs)

What's your problem? I'm up there doing all the detective work while you--

CAMPBELL

Detective work?

Campbell chuckles at the absurd idea.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Alright then, Detective Solis. How did he do it? What weapon did he use? Where did he bury the body?

Beat. Lea silent, knowing she doesn't have the answers.

LEA

I don't know.

CAMPBELL

You don't know, or you're not convinced?

Lea goes quiet again.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

That's what I thought... You still think he might be innocent...

LEA

I'm not saying that-- I'm just-- I mean-- I don't know. We don't know yet.

Campbell scoffs. We??

LEA (CONT'D)

Sarah was all dressed up, right? So maybe she was meeting someone-

CAMPBELL

We already checked the highway surveillance. Even subpoenaed the neighbors' Ring cameras. She never left the neighborhood.

Lea racks her mind, trying to think of another explanation, but fails to do so.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

This isn't a fucking brain teaser. He did this. When are you going to get that through your head?

Campbell can see that she's still unconvinced.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Alright, fuck it...

Campbell opens his suitcase, fishes through, pulls out an EVIDENCE BAG.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

That dress she was wearing in that photo-

He zips the bag open, removes a skin-tight GREY COCKTAIL DRESS. It's COATED IN BLOOD. Not just sporadic splotches. Completely drenched.

Campbell holds the dress up to Lea's face, forcing her to really take it in.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Sarah's blood type was AB negative. You know what's on here?

An obvious answer.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

And if you're wondering, Frank is O-positive. You know what else is on this dress? Frank's DNA. On every inch.

LEA

Wh-- why do you have that?

CAMPBELL

I found it in the ceiling vent of his bedroom during the investigation. But what I had to do to get my hands on it-- I doubt it would be permissible in court. That doesn't matter now, because this is our advantage.

Lea's confused. *Advantage?*

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Frank doesn't know that I found this. So you're gonna act like you found it.

LEA

And how am I supposed to do that?

Campbell stuffs the dress back into the evidence bag. Hands it to her.

CAMPBELL

Hide it in your jacket, put it back in the vent when he's not looking, then 'stumble' upon it. And when you show it to him... we'll get a real reaction.

Lea reluctantly takes the bag.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Easy enough?

Lea nods hesitantly. She's got no other choice. As she starts to head out, Campbell notices the immense turmoil and fear in her eyes.

Lea reaches for the door handle--

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Wait. Just wait a second.

Lea stops. Campbell switches to a more supportive tone.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

I want you to remember something. You're not doing this for me. Alright? You're doing this for Rose. That's what got you here. And every time he does his little performance, he's spitting in the faces of people like her.

(MORE)

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
People with real, horrible, mind-altering pain. Something he'll never understand. And look, we can't turn back the clock. I can't save Sarah. You can't save Rose. But if we put this asshole away for the rest of his life, together, maybe we can make it up to both of them. So let's give him hell. It's the only thing he deserves.

Lea takes that in.

INT. MORRIS HOME - HALLWAY - EVENING

Lea peeks into Frank's bedroom. He's still napping. She walks over to the HALLWAY THERMOSTAT, turns the temperature down to 60 degrees.

INT. MORRIS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's been a few hours. Lea and Frank sit at the kitchen table playing a game of Mancala.

Aside from the sound of CLANKING marbles, the room is dead quiet. An ominous, dreadful tension fills the air.

Frank takes his turn in the game, then sits back in his chair. Lea catches the hint of a shiver from him. He glares up at the ceiling vent, which is exerting cold air.

LEA
It's chilly in here, huh?

FRANK
Did you turn the heat down?

LEA
I actually turned it up. I wonder why it's not coming through.

Frank stands, starts to head into the hallway-

LEA (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

FRANK
To fix the damn thing.

LEA
Don't worry about it. I'll check it out.

Frank returns to the table as Lea steps out of the kitchen.

GUEST BEDROOM - SOON AFTER

She digs into her suitcase, pulls out her WINDBREAKER-- removes the BLOOD-STAINED GREY DRESS from the interior pocket.

FRANK'S BEDROOM - SOON AFTER

She locates the CEILING VENT. She gets on top of the dresser to reach it, then uses a penny to undo the screws.

From the kitchen--

FRANK (O.S.)
Doesn't seem to be getting any
warmer...

LEA
I think I found the problem. Just
one sec-

She removes the vent cover, then places the DRESS on the bed directly below the ceiling hole-- making it look like it just fell out.

The stage is set.

Heart racing, she looks to the hanging shelf in the corner of the room, where the WIRELESS HIDDEN CAMERA lies. Her only window to Campbell.

She nods to it-- *Here we go...*

She takes a deep breath, then calls out-

LEA (CONT'D)
Hey...Frank? Can you come in here?

She can hear floorboards creak from the kitchen as he stands. A chair scoots.

A moment later, Frank trudges into the bedroom.

FRANK
What are you doing in my-

Seeing the BLOODY DRESS on his bed, Frank turns to stone... He glares at Lea.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What have you done...

LEA

Nothing I-- I opened the vent because the heat wasn't getting through and... this fell out.

FRANK

This? Fell out of my vent?

LEA

Yeah, it just-

FRANK

That's... that's not possible...

LEA

It looks a lot like Sarah's dress, doesn't it? The one from the picture?

Beat. Frank stands frozen. Processing.

LEA (CONT'D)

It's covered in blood, Frank...

(beat)

Did... did something happen?

He doesn't answer. Just continues to stare DEEP into her soul. She tries again.

LEA (CONT'D)

You can tell me-

FRANK

I don't know what you think you're doing, but I've had enough of this. It's time for you to leave...

LEA

Let's just talk-

FRANK

NOW!

Frank scoops the dress off the bed and chucks it at Lea. She catches it. She puts a hand up, trying to reason with him, but she's already poked the bear too far. Frank lumbers forward, making her retreat back towards the doorway.

LEA

Listen-- if you did something to Sarah, I'm sure it was an accident-

FRANK
I said I want you OUT!

Frank steps closer. Lea steps back.

LEA
Accidents happen, but I need you to
tell me the truth-

Frank continues to press forward, his eyes BOILING. Lea takes another step back.

FRANK
GET THE HELL OUT OF MY HOUSE!

Lea moves back again-- now out of the room completely.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Frank SLAMS the door shut in her face. She jiggles the doorknob. Locked.

Fuck... now what??

Lea pulls out her phone. Goes to message Campbell. As she scrolls through their texts, she accidentally clicks on the SELFIE OF SARAH that Campbell had sent her earlier. She exits out, starts to text Campbell but something makes her stop-

Wait a second...

She examines the selfie once again, zooming in on the SMALL BUTTERFLY PATCHES on Sarah's neckline.

She looks to the BLOODY DRESS in her hand. Examines the neckline.

No butterfly patches...

Whatever Campbell gave her, it's not actually Sarah's.

LEA
(under her breath)
...what the fuck...

But before she has a chance to wrap her mind around it all-

GLASS SHATTERS from the other side of the door.

LEA (CONT'D)
Frank? What was that?

Lea pounds on the wood. Tries jiggling the knob harder this time.

LEA (CONT'D)
Open this door right now!

Frank still isn't responding. Lea begins to SLAM her body against the wood.

THUNK.

LEA (CONT'D)
Frank?

THUNK.

LEA (CONT'D)
I need you to answer me!

THUNKCH. The wood starts to split. She takes a step back and PLOWS through the door full force--

THUNNKKCHHH! The door rips from the hinges.

FRANK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lea breaks through to find the window COMPLETELY SHATTERED...

Frank holds his fist as BLOOD GUSHES out from it, running down his arm and dripping onto the floor.

By the looks of it, Frank tried to punch through the window, leaving his hand badly LACERATED. Even worse, there are numerous THICK SHARDS OF GLASS lodged deep in the skin between his knuckles.

He looks to Lea, eyes ridden with fear.

LEA
Shit...

Lea springs into action. Darts into the--

GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rifles through her suitcase and removes her FIRST AID KIT. Heads back to--

FRANK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She assesses the damage. Lea pulls out a CLOTH BANDAGE, RUBBING ALCOHOL, and TWEEZERS from the kit. She dabs the bandage very gently against the surrounding skin trying to wipe some of the blood away. She then takes the tweezers and sterilizes them with the alcohol.

LEA

I need you to try your best to stay completely still, okay?

Frank nods. Lea clamps the tweezers around the LARGEST SHARD OF GLASS stuck between his thumb and index finger.

She takes a deep breath. *Here we go.*

LEA (CONT'D)

One... two... three-

CUT TO:

FRANK'S BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Frank's arm is completely dressed in BANDAGES and MEDICAL TAPE. Lea helps him into bed and pulls the covers up over him.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - SOON AFTER

As Lea steps into her room, she pulls out her phone and texts Campbell:

-- *Lea: He should go to the hospital. He needs stitches.*

Campbell texts back:

-- *Campbell: No hospital. You're a nurse. That's your job.*

She locates the HIDDEN CAMERA on the TV stand. Flips it off. She shoots back another text:

-- *Lea: Nice try with "Sarah's" dress, asshole. What the fuck was that?*

Campbell seems to be texting for a few seconds but then stops. He doesn't want to respond to that...

Lea scoffs, navigates to her phone's web browser, and searches: **"Detective Doug Campbell, CSPD."**

But the search doesn't yield much.

A LinkedIn profile of a public school teacher with the same name. A Wikipedia page for Dan Campbell-- head coach of the Detroit Lions. Nothing of use.

Lea takes a different approach. She deletes the search-- this time trying "**Chloe Burke.**"

The top hit is an article from 1991 titled "Lead Detective Removed from Missing Persons Case." She clicks into it.

A photo of Chloe Burke-- the SAME PHOTO Campbell had hanging on his rearview mirror-- is on the front page. Lea skims through the text below, a few lines standing out:

-- ... *tampering with evidence...*

-- ...*Detective Roland Douglas Campbell will be indefinitely suspended...*

Lea clears her search. This time tries "Roland Campbell, Colorado Springs Police."

The first link is a recent article-- posted within the month: "Disability Rights Activists Seek Justice for Misconduct during Sarah Richter Investigation."

She clicks in, immediately locking onto the lines:

-- *Chief Vasquez has **terminated Roland Campbell's employment effective 9/5/25.** The Bureau is conducting an investigation into further misconduct allegations.*

LEA
Motherucker...

This entire operation has been a sham from the beginning...

She puts on socks and shoes and storms out of the bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As she heads out to demand answers from Campbell, she hears faint whimpers from Frank's room. She turns back to check on him.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He's curled up into a ball beneath the covers, burying his head in his pillow.

LEA
Frank...I'm so sorry.

His breath shakes as disoriented panic takes hold of him.

FRANK

I don't... understand...

LEA

What is it?

FRANK

I don't understand... why you want
to hurt me... Did I... do something
wrong?

LEA

No no, of course not-

Lea tries to place a comforting hand on Frank's shoulder but
he flinches away.

Beat. Lea's heart sinks. She can hear the same fear,
confusion, and hopelessness in his voice that she once heard
in Rose's. She takes a seat on the edge of Frank's bed.

LEA (CONT'D)

I had a friend. She was a little
older than you. She was someone I
could talk to about anything. The
good things. The bad things. And
even if she didn't understand,
she'd give me a great big smile and
tell me everything was going to be
okay. But um--

Beat. Lea holds her breath. Fighting off impending tears.

LEA (CONT'D)

Sometimes she would get confused.
And scared. And she-- she really
needed someone to be her light. To
protect her. I was supposed to be
that for her. But I-

Beat. She can't fight off the tears any longer.

LEA (CONT'D)

I wasn't. I let her get hurt. And
I-

Lea tries placing a hand on his back again. This time, he
lets her.

LEA (CONT'D)

I won't let that happen ever again.
Not to you. Not to anyone else.

EXT. CAMPBELL'S RENTAL HOME - DAWN

It's the next morning. The sky is a fiery red as the sun slowly creeps up from behind the mountains. But even more fiery is Lea. She's holding the balled-up DRESS that Campbell gave her as she POUNDS on his door.

LEA

Open up!

She can hear movement inside. Campbell trips over something, then mumbles an obscenity.

The door finally opens-- Campbell stands in the entryway looking like more of a shit-show than ever. Gnarly bed-head. Swollen eyes struggling to adjust to the daylight. Still wearing the same sweat-stained clothes he came in.

INT. CAMPBELL'S RENTAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Lea barges inside.

LEA

We're done.

CAMPBELL

The hell are you talking about-

Lea tosses the BLOOD-STAINED dress in his face. Chucks her chest mic onto the ground.

LEA

I looked you up, asshole! I know they fired you!

CAMPBELL

Those idiots care more about politics than real justice. I was the only one who cared about giving Sarah's family the closure they deserve. And I'll never apologize for that.

LEA

So everything we're doing-- all this bullshit I helped you with-- has all been illegal? You clearly never had a warrant-

CAMPBELL

Civilians don't need fucking warrants!

LEA

We just filmed an elderly man
inside his own home for two days.
You're telling me that's legal?

CAMPBELL

You're goddamn right it is! This is
a one-party consent state, and you
gave your consent when you signed
that form.

LEA

Well I'm not consenting to anything
else. So take me home, and leave
Frank alone, or I'll call the cops
myself.

CAMPBELL

Then you'll get NOTHING-

Campbell SLAMS his fist down on the countertop, knocking over
his OPEN BOTTLE OF PILLS onto the ground.

Campbell huffs, muttering under his breath as he picks them
up. The empty bottle rolls to Lea's feet. As she places it
back on the counter-- she can't help but notice the label.

Erdafitinib.

Campbell and Lea lock eyes. She knows what those pills mean.
And he knows she knows.

Beat.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

(somber)

Sorry. I didn't mean to yell.

Lea nods, forgiving.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

It's pancreatic. I don't have much
time left. But before I go, I need
to know.

(then)

You asked about Chloe Burke before.
When she went missing all those
years ago, you know who happened to
be passing through town?

Frank. Lea lets that sink in...

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
We couldn't find anything concrete
so we had to let him walk. But now
another girl vanishes and once
again, he's smack-dab in the middle
of it all. It's not a coincidence.
It just can't be.

Another beat. Campbell stands. Grabs Lea's chest mic off the ground.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
So I need you to do one last thing
for me.

LEA
I'm listening.

CAMPBELL
I told you Sarah never left the
neighborhood, right? Well as far as
we can tell, neither did Frank. If
he did this, her body is probably
still somewhere on his property.
So--

Campbell places the mic in Lea's hand.

CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
When he's asleep tonight, you're
going to look through every inch of
his house until we find it.

LEA
And when I can't find it because he
didn't do this?

CAMPBELL
Then I'll take you home. You'll get
everything I said you would. But
I'm not wrong about him.

INT. MORRIS HOME - FRANK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

After returning home, Lea steps into Frank's room. He's curled up in the fetal position under the covers. She takes a seat on the edge of the bed, strokes his back.

LEA
Hey there.

He wakes, turns to look at her, still shaken up from the last night.

FRANK
Oh... hello.

LEA
It's my last day. My-- schedule shifted, so a new nurse will be here tomorrow.

FRANK
Ah. I see...

LEA
But I was thinking we could make the most of it. I'll cook whatever you want for breakfast. And then after breakfast, you can pick what we do for the rest of the day. Does that sound like a deal?

FRANK
Deal.

INT. MORRIS HOME - THROUGHOUT THE DAY

MONTAGE:

-- Lea makes two breakfast burritos.

-- Lea tucks Frank in for his midday nap.

-- At night, Lea makes burgers for dinner. She undoes the CABLED LOCK on the KNIFE DRAWER, opens it, removes A LARGE CHEF'S KNIFE inside. She finely chops an onion, molds 4 patties, sears them in a pan.

-- Sitting at the table, Frank takes a healthy bite of his burger. He smiles at Lea while he chews. Seems to be loosening up.

-- Lea loads the dishwasher with the dirty plates, glasses, and LARGE CHEF'S KNIFE. She shuts the door and starts the wash cycle.

INT. MORRIS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An hour or so after dinner, Lea and Frank are back in the den watching another episode of NCIS. Frank sits on the couch. Lea on the loveseat. The DISHWASHER RUMBLES in the background.

As the show drones on, Lea looks over at Frank. He's starting to doze off. His head bobs up and down as he tries to keep his eyes open.

LEA
Getting sleepy?

Frank turns to Lea. Yawns.

FRANK
I guess it just hit me all of a sudden.

LEA
Well, we did a lot today. Did you have fun?

Frank nods. Yawns again.

LEA (CONT'D)
Same here. I'm going to miss our time together.

Lea smiles at Frank. Frank half-smiles back, then returns his attention to the TV. Lea stands up from the loveseat.

LEA (CONT'D)
Well-- we should probably head to bed soon so that you're up early-

FRANK
I'd like to finish my show first. If you don't mind.

Lea considers. Only 15 minutes or so left. No biggie.

LEA
Go for it.

INT. BATHROOM - SOON AFTER

Lea shuts the bathroom door. Runs the faucet. She takes out her phone and texts Campbell:

-- *Lea: He's about to go to sleep.*

She waits for Campbell's reply, expecting to see those three dots typing any second.

But they don't appear. She tries again.

-- *Lea: Where do you want me to look first?*

Again, she waits. And waits. But still nothing from Campbell.

-- Lea: ????

Radio silence. Lea huffs, pockets her phone. She turns the faucet off, exits the bathroom, makes her way into the-

KITCHEN

But as she steps inside-- she freezes...

THE DISHWASHER DOOR IS NOW HANGING WIDE OPEN.

No...

She inspects the top and bottom racks. The glasses, plates, and cups are all right where she left them--

But the LARGE CHEF'S KNIFE IS MISSING...

She rushes into the

LIVING ROOM

LEA

Frank-

But he isn't on the couch anymore. *He's gone...*

She looks around, frantic.

LEA (CONT'D)

...Frank?

No sign of him and no response. A dead, unnerving, silence. All we hear is the *DRIP DRIP DRIP* of the un-drained dishwasher.

Lea stares down the DARK HALLWAY in front of her.

LEA (CONT'D)

...hello?

Nothing. She tiptoes forward.

HALLWAY

She moves past the bathroom towards the GUEST ROOM. The lights are on inside. She peeks in.

GUEST ROOM

He's not there.

She spies the CAN OF PEPPER SPRAY in her open suitcase, poking out underneath some clothes. She scurries over and grabs it. Steps back out into the-

HALLWAY

She looks toward the open OFFICE DOOR at the end of the corridor. Looks lifeless as well.

She turns her attention left to FRANK'S ROOM. Creeps forward.

But as she moves closer to the doorway, it looks like SOMEONE IS SITTING in the office chair...

LEA

Frank... come on... I'm serious...

No response. Lea removes the PEPPER SPRAY cap. Aims it forward. She reaches in the room and flips the light switch on--

FLICK. But no one's in the chair. Just a large pile of unfolded laundry.

FRANK'S BEDROOM

Lea steps in. Scans the room. Checks behind the door. Not there.

She looks to the window Frank broke the previous night. A black trash bag RUSTLES in the wind where the glass pane used to be. Lea double-checks the tape seal. Still intact.

As Lea examines the window, we SLOWLY PAN LEFT.

And now-- we see something that *she doesn't*.

Behind her, FRANK IS STANDING IN THE OPEN CLOSET.

And in his hand...

...the LARGE CHEF'S KNIFE.

The blade shimmers in the light. He slowly creeps out towards Lea.

She still doesn't notice. He moves closer. This time, a floorboard CREAKS.

That catches Lea's attention. She jumps. Whips around.

Frank lumbers forward. In a split second, he appears to raise the knife slightly as if he might be GOING FOR THE KILL--

PPSSSSHHHH!!! Lea doesn't hesitate and BLASTS him in the face with the spray.

FRANK
AAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Frank HOWLS as his eyes burn. He collapses to the ground, holding his eyes, writhing in pain.

Lea COUGHS as she makes a beeline for the

LIVING ROOM

She heads for the front door, but a DEMENTIA-PROOF LOCK holds it shut.

LEA
Shit!

She tosses the spray aside, inputs the combination as fast as humanly possible.

BACK IN HIS BEDROOM-- she can hear Frank slowly getting to his feet...

Come on... COME ON...

She enters the last digit and RIPS the lock off. Behind her-- Frank stumbles into the living room. He grunts, spits, and wheezes as he blindly trudges forward.

Lea FLINGS the door open. Frank barrels towards her-- arms stretched out like a ZOMBIE. He lunges for her, but as he does, his foot CLIPS the edge of the couch, causing him to trip.

Lea darts outside-- shutting the door behind her as FRANK TUMBLES FORWARD and WHACKS his head hard against the doorknob.

He's down and out. *For now...*

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Lea flees to Campbell's cabin, panting hard into the night.

LEA
FUCK! FUCK!

EXT. CAMPBELL'S RENTAL - A MOMENT LATER

She gets to Campbell's front door and rings the doorbell repeatedly.

LEA
CAMPBELL! IT'S ME!

But no movement from inside the house. She rings again.

LEA (CONT'D)
OPEN THE DOOR!

Still nothing. She starts to POUND on the wood.

LEA (CONT'D)
OPEN THE FUCKING DOO-

The door *creaks* open by itself. She cautiously steps inside to find-

INT. CAMPBELL'S RENTAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Campbell, sitting at the kitchen table, facing away from her. Headphones on his head. Laptop open in front of him.

LEA
Campbell...

But he just sits there, frozen. Lea walks over and taps his shoulder.

LEA (CONT'D)
Campbe-

But as she looks down, she sees that his eyes are WIDE OPEN. And there's a **BLOODY GASH ALONG HIS JUGULAR.**

CAMPBELL IS DEAD...

Lea SHRIEKS at the sight. Dashes outside.

EXT. MAEVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

With nowhere else to go, she rings Maeve's doorbell.

LEA
PLEASE! PLEASE OPEN THE DOOR!

She looks back. No sign of Frank yet. A light flips on in Maeve's house.

LEA (CONT'D)
THANK GOD!

Maeve opens the door, wearing a robe, groggy and confused. She puts on her CIRCULAR-FRAMED GLASSES to see clearly--

MAEVE
...Lea? What time is it?

LEA
PLEASE HELP ME!

MAEVE
What's wrong? Come in, come in.

INT. MAEVE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Lea steps in, hyperventilating. Maeve shuts the door behind her.

LEA
Lock it! Lock it!

MAEVE
Hey, hey-- what's wrong? Are you hurt?

LEA
He tried to kill me!

MAEVE
Whoa, whoa-- breathe... You're safe. I promise.

LEA
Frank killed him! We need to call the police-

MAEVE
Alright, alright...let's take some deep breaths first, okay?

LEA
But we need to call-

MAEVE
We will, don't worry. I just need you to take a second to calm down so I can understand what's going on. Okay?

Maeve ushers Lea into the kitchen and pulls out a chair for her to sit. There's a kettle of BOILING-HOT WATER on the stove. She pours a cup of tea for Lea, places the STEAMING MUG in front of her on the table.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Here. It's chamomile. Now, what happened exactly?

LEA

I'm not actually Frank's nurse.

Beat. Maeve looks completely blindsided.

LEA (CONT'D)

I was hired by a detective to see if Frank was faking. And...I was so sure he was harmless. But tonight-- tonight, he tried to kill me. And then-- then I found Campbell...

MAEVE

You're saying Frank tried to hurt you? Frank?

LEA

Yes.

MAEVE

And you're sure that was his intention?

LEA

YES!

MAEVE

Okay, okay... I'm not trying to question your judgment. I'm sure you saw what you saw. But forgive me... this is just a lot to process.

LEA

I swear. He-- he killed Campbell...

MAEVE

And that is...?

LEA

The detective I came with. He's in the house at the bottom of the hill.

MAEVE

I see...

(then)

How about this-- I'll grab my phone
and then we can call the police
together. Okay?

Maeve rubs Lea's back. Her calm tone reassures her slightly.
Lea nods.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

As Maeve heads OFFSCREEN down the hall, Lea stands, too
anxious to sit still. She paces around the kitchen, trying to
calm herself.

And now, she notices something that she hadn't before.

It's *fucking filthy*. The floor is littered with stacks of old
newspapers, empty pizza boxes, and bags full of trash. The
counter and sink are completely hidden beneath a mound of
dirty dishes.

Lea looks down to see TWO COCKROACHES scurry by past her
feet. Lea jumps as the insects disappear beneath one of the
TRASH BAGS.

Something catches Lea's eye. Something poking out just
slightly from the mouth of the trash bag.

It's GREY. SILK MATERIAL. Like a YOUNG WOMAN'S DRESS...

Lea steps forward to get a better look. She loosens the bag
ties, pulls back the plastic, praying this isn't what she
thinks it is...

But sure enough... *there they are*.

BUTTERFLY PATCHES. Across the NECKLINE.

***They've been investigating the wrong person this whole
time...***

She whips out her phone— dials 9 - 1 -

Click-Click. A PISTOL cocks back behind her...

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

Everything's going to be okay. But
right now, I need you to put the
phone down.

Lea turns to see Maeve pointing the gun at her. She slowly lowers her phone face down onto the kitchen table.

Maeve motions to a chair with the pistol.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Take a seat.

Lea doesn't budge at first, still trying to understand *what the fuck* is going on...

MAEVE (CONT'D)

(stern)

Don't make me ask twice.

Lea slowly pulls out the chair and sits down at the kitchen table. Maeve takes the seat across, still aiming the gun at her.

LEA

What do you want ...

MAEVE

I just want you to be open-minded, that's all. To understand that families come in all shapes and sizes, and new families-- well-- they can be a beautiful thing. There's nothing to be afraid of, sweetheart. You're home now.

A beat as Lea begins to fully understand Maeve's intentions...

LEA

Look, I am so sorry-- about what happened to your daughter. I can't imagine what it's like to lose a child. But-- I can't replace her--

Maeve's eyes flare. *Don't go there.* She moves the gun closer to Lea's temple, making her flinch.

MAEVE

In this household, we don't dwell on the past.

LEA

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I-- I didn't mean to.

Maeve slowly lowers the gun.

MAEVE

It's okay. But you're right. There is no replacing her. Only moving forward. And that's exactly what we'll do. Together.

Lea averts eye contact, secretly trying to scan the room around her. *How the fuck am I going to get out of this...*

Still pointing the gun at Lea, Maeve makes her way over to a DRAWER near the stove.

LEA

W- what are you doing?

Maeve ignores her question. Starts to thumb through the drawer.

MAEVE

I consider myself a realist. I understand that it might be hard for you to accept your new family. Your new life here. Because to really do that, you'd have to forget your old one completely. So...

Maeve removes a TOOLBOX. She walks back over to Lea, returns to her chair, places the toolbox on the table.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

There's a *teeny tiny* procedure that needs to be done. Think of it as... a blank slate.

Maeve CLICKS opens the toolbox, revealing an ELECTRIC DRILL inside.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

It won't hurt. You'll be numbed up real good beforehand. Just one little hole behind the ear. Piece of cake.

Lea eyes the drill, terrified. She takes a beat to gather a response, knowing she needs to tread lightly...

LEA

Look, I am-- really flattered to even be...considered a part of your family. But...can I be honest?

MAEVE

Of course, hon.

LEA

This-- this procedure... won't work.

MAEVE

I have it down to science. You don't have to worry.

LEA

But it didn't work with Sarah, did it? I mean...she-- she died, right?

MAEVE

What did I just say about dwelling on the past...

LEA

I know, I know. But I know about the brain. And what you're trying to do, there's just no way--

(then)

I'm-- I'm worried that this won't be any different.

MAEVE

There were some complications with Sarah. She resisted which led to some...unfortunate consequences. But that won't be a problem this time, will it?

Maeve raises the pistol again, putting the barrel DIRECTLY AGAINST Lea's temple. Lea shudders, lowers her head. But as she looks down...

...she spies the STEAMING CUP OF HOT TEA on the table in front of her. She contemplates for a moment.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

So. Are we ready to cooperate?

Lea nods.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Good girl. Soon you'll see that this is all for the be-

Maeve stops. She hears something. Something faint.

And now-- we hear it too.

A MUFFLED VOICE. Coming from the table. Where Lea's phone lays face down...

Maeve snatches the phone and flips it over to see-- A LIVE 9-1-1 CALL IN PROCESS. Lea's call WENT THROUGH, meaning the dispatcher surely heard the entire conversation. Through the speaker-

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Ma'am, are you still there? What's your location?

LEA
(shouts)
1745 N WOODROW DRIVE-

Maeve SMASHES the phone onto the ground.

MAEVE
YOU UNGRATEFUL LITTLE SHIT-

Maeve lunges for Lea's neck, but Lea takes the MUG OF SCALDING TEA and TOSSES IT ON TO MAEVE'S FACE. Maeve SHRIEKS as her flesh burns. She stumbles back, falling to the ground. Maeve raises her pistol-

BANG! She fires blindly-- missing Lea's head by inches... Lea's ears RING as she ducks and rolls.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
MOTHERFUCKER!

Lea gets to her feet.

BANG! The next bullet RIPS THROUGH LEA'S TRICEP.

Lea cries out, collapsing to the ground briefly, but adrenaline pushes her back up. She darts down the hallway OFFSCREEN.

WE'RE FOLLOWING MAEVE NOW. She struggles to her feet, face seared and swollen. Skin already beginning to blister.

She catches a glimpse of herself in a mirror on the wall.

She grits her teeth. Heads down the--

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She pushes open the first door on her left. Flips the light on. It's her bedroom. She kicks some of the clutter on the floor aside. Crouches down to check under the bed. No sign of Lea.

She tries the next door down. A cramped laundry room. A closet's worth of dirty clothes on the floor. Dozens of empty detergent bottles too.

On top of the washing machine and dryer, we see THREE CAGES full of guinea pigs-- malnourished, feral versions of the rodent we know. SQUEALING, SCRATCHING, BITING at the cages, as if trying to gnaw their way to freedom.

But still, no Lea.

As Maeve turns around, something catches her eye. On the ground-- RED SPLOTCHES. A TRAIL OF BLOOD from Lea's flesh wound...

Maeve follows the red drops down the opposite end of the hallway, leading right to the CLOSED BASEMENT DOOR.

I got you now...

BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Maeve flings the door open. Creeps down the steps into the DARK CAVERN that is her cellar.

Once at the bottom, we see just how bad Maeve's hoarding problem really is...

FLOOR TO CEILING WALLS OF FILTH. MOUNTAINS OF TRASH as far as the eye can see.

Maeve continues to follow the blood trail, maneuvering through the maze of shit at her feet.

And then... the trail stops. Right in front of a mound of LITTLE GIRL'S CLOTHES. Maeve raises her gun.

MAEVE

You might as well come out now.
Make it easier for the both of us.

Nothing. *Suit yourself.*

BANG! BANG!

She opens fire on the pile of clothes, expecting to hear Lea cry out in pain.

But she doesn't. Dead silence.

We now PAN LEFT-- moving about ten feet away, over the clutter and then underneath a NEST OF FILTH-- to Lea's actual hiding spot. Her face and body are camouflaged by damp, moldy towels, dusty blankets, and plastic trash bags.

Lea's shirt is tied around her arm to stop the bleeding. She cups her mouth, trying to stay silent.

Maeve checks the cylinder of her pistol. *Empty*. She considers for a moment. Gets an idea.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Fine. We'll do it your way...

Through a peephole in the clutter-- Lea watches as Maeve walks past her and over to a shelf by the stairs.

From it, she removes a DUAL RESPIRATOR GAS MASK and a WIDE HOSE with a TRIGGER and TANK ATTACHED AT THE REAR. She puts the mask on over her face, holding the hose out in front of her.

What the fuck is that-

But before Lea can even finish her thought, TWO GIGANTIC COCKROACHES BEGIN CRAWLING ACROSS HER FACE. She can't move. Can't scream. All she can do is close her eyes while the insects make their way up her cheek.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, I have a bit of a pest problem...

Maeve raises the HOSE UP--

MAEVE (CONT'D)

We'll see if you can hold your breath longer than them...

Maeve pulls the trigger, releasing a THICK CLOUD OF WHITE GAS into the air.

She does a 360, spraying more in every direction.

The gas wafts through the basement until all we see is WHITE.

BENEATH THE FILTH WHERE LEA HIDES-- Lea sucks in as much clean air as she can. She closes her eyes and HOLDS ON FOR DEAR LIFE.

The gas starts to seep through the clutter. The roaches CURL UP as the gas consumes them.

And now-- MORE INSECTS BEGIN TO FALL AROUND LEA. Spiders. Moths. All dead.

The world goes silent. All we hear is the *THUMP THUMP* of Lea's heart rate slowly increasing as her lungs beg for oxygen.

Maeve takes another step forward. She's now standing directly over Lea's hiding spot...

... but she doesn't see Lea. Maeve turns right, going deeper into the basement.

THUMP THUMP. THUMP THUMP. THUMP THUMP. THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP.

Lea can't take it anymore. It feels like she's about to explode...

She inhales just slightly-- but the GAS FILLS HER LUNGS causing her to COUGH hysterically.

HER COVER IS BLOWN.

Lea bursts out from beneath the clutter. Maeve turns--

MAEVE (CONT'D)
There you are you little sh-

Lea PLOWS through Maeve, knocking her to the ground. She bolts up the basement stairs.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lea beelines for the front door. Behind her, Maeve ascends up the stairs fast.

Lea unlocks the deadbolt.

Maeve gets to the top and rips off her GAS MASK. Hair drenched in sweat. Psychotic eyes with Lea in their sights.

Lea WHIPS the door open and darts out onto the porch steps--

PORCH - CONTINUOUS

But Maeve is right on her tail. She tackles Lea to the ground. As Lea tries to shimmy her way out of Maeve's arms, Maeve grabs Lea by the neck and

WHAM!!! She SLAMS Lea's head against the ground.

WHAM!!! Another one for good measure, leaving Lea nearly unconscious.

MAEVE
THIS IS WHAT YOU GET!

But then-- the FAINT SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS fills the air. It's distant, still miles away. But coming towards them.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
Now look what you've done!

CUT TO:

INT. MORRIS HOME - SAME

Frank finally comes to. He gets to his feet, seeing his front door open. He steps outside to see--

EXT. MORRIS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maeve dragging a limp Lea up her porch steps in the distance. He hears the growing wail of police sirens. He studies the bizarre scene, trying to piece together what's happening.

INT. MAEVE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Maeve pulls Lea into her home and SLAMS the door shut.

MAEVE
You are NOT going to destroy this family!

Lea lies on the ground, fading in and out of consciousness.

Maeve grabs the ELECTRIC DRILL from the table. She returns to Lea and straddles her. She REVS the drill, lowers it toward Lea's temple.

The last bit of adrenaline Lea has spikes up. She grabs Maeve's wrist, trying to push the drill away.

But it's not enough. The drill inches closer.

It's centimeters away from Lea's head now. She knows it. She's a goner. And then--

The front door creaks open...

Maeve stops drilling, looks back just as-

SHUNK.

FRANK'S WRINKLED HAND jabs the CHEF KNIFE into Maeve's neck.

She drops the drill to her side. Frank retracts the blade from her flesh.

Blood GUSHES from her throat as she collapses to the ground, gasping for air.

Frank releases the knife. It CLANKS against the floor. He falls to his knees. Breathing heavy. His eyes meet Lea's briefly-- ravaged by confusion and fear for what he just had to do.

The POLICE SIRENS are right outside now. RED AND BLUE LIGHTS flood into the home as Lea starts to blackout.

CUT TO BLACK.

Darkness. Silence. After a few moments, we hear the HUMMING of fluorescent lights. The BEEPING of a heart rate monitor. We slowly--

FADE IN:

LEA'S POV:

Vision blurry. Starting to focus. We realize we are laying down in a HOSPITAL BED. A DOCTOR (50's, male) looks down at us.

DOCTOR
There she is. Welcome back.

HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

BACK TO OUR NORMAL POV-- Lea is in a patient gown. She's covered in BATTLE SCARS. Face swollen. Forehead bandaged. Her right arm is in a sling.

DOCTOR
You're one tough cookie. And a lucky one. The bullet exited your arm clean. No bone breaks, but we'll keep a sling on you for a month to let the muscle heal properly. We should have you out of here in a day or two.

Lea turns to see another person in the room-- DETECTIVE MARONI (female, 40's, pantsuit and badge). Off Lea's confused look, the detective steps forward.

MARONI

Ms. Solis. I'm Detective Maroni,
Colorado Springs PD.

Maroni gives the doctor a nod. He exits the room. Maroni takes a seat beside Lea's bed.

MARONI (CONT'D)

As I'm sure you've gathered by now,
Campbell was a fucking nightmare.
Before his departure, we discovered
he had embezzled funds and was
using them for his little side
investigations. The kind he got you
tangled up in. But whatever deal he
made you, we plan to honor it. It's
the least we can do.

Lea closes her eyes, exhales heavily, overwhelmed with relief.

MARONI (CONT'D)

In the meantime, is there anything
you can tell us about the woman who
tried to abduct you?

EXT. MAEVE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Maroni parks her grey Dodge Charger in front of MAEVE'S HOUSE-- now a crime scene swarming with POLICE CARS, NEWS VANS, and YELLOW TAPE.

As she gets out, she's greeted by her partner, DETECTIVE PEARSON (male, 30s). They walk up the dirt driveway together.

MARONI

Did that report come back yet?

PEARSON

Yep. Empty. Couldn't find a single
record of a Maeve Vernon in the
state. Even checked with Federal.

MARONI

She must've left some paper trail.
Any recent purchases? Bank
withdrawals?

PEARSON
Nothing. Technically, she doesn't
exist.

They step onto the front porch, Maroni opens the door.

MARONI
Alright then, mystery woman...
Let's see what you have for us
today.

EXT. MAEVE'S BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Maroni and Pearson stand on the back patio, watching as a CATERPILLAR DIGGER excavates the ground. Dirt craters are scattered throughout the yard. Men in WHITE FORENSIC SUITS snap pictures of the scene.

FOUR DECOMPOSING CORPSES are unearthed...

The head FORENSIC SPECIALIST (40s) approaches the detectives.

FORENSIC SPECIALIST
We got a DNA match for Sarah
Richter. We'll run the other three
tonight. You guys check out the
garage yet?

MARONI
Not yet.

FORENSIC SPECIALIST
There's a station wagon parked
inside. VIN matches that of a car
registered to Sarah Richter.

INT. MAEVE'S GARAGE - SOON AFTER

Maroni and Pearson step inside the garage. By the looks of it, Maeve was trying to dispose of Sarah's car piece by piece. The two front doors are missing-- as are the license plates, the hood, and all four tires.

PEARSON
Looks like the piece of shit I used
to drive back in the day.

MARONI
Should've kept it. Still better
than your Prius.

While Pearson inspects the car's interior, Maroni makes her way over to a steel shelving rack on the side of the garage. On the bottom shelf lies a little girl's bicycle, a pink helmet, and a SMALL PLASTIC STORAGE TUB. She opens the tub and examines the contents.

Inside-- an American Girl doll, a stuffed teddy bear, and a FRAMED PHOTO OF A YOUNG BLONDE GIRL. The glass frame is cracked, but it's clear that it's the SAME 14-YEAR-OLD BLONDE GIRL that Campbell had hanging on his rearview mirror...

Chloe Burke.

MARONI (CONT'D)

Now why does she look familiar...

INT. FRANK'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

Lea steps inside Frank's room. He's sitting up in bed, wearing the same patient gown as her. He stares blankly out the window overlooking the parking lot.

LEA

Hey Frank.

He doesn't react. She can only imagine the confusion he's feeling at this moment. She walks over, places her hand on his.

LEA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Frank finally acknowledges Lea.

FRANK

What for?

LEA

For saving me.

Frank nods, somber.

FRANK

I'm sorry. I-- I'm not sure what came over me--

(beat)

I guess I got confused. I thought you were... going to hurt me. I-- I just got scared-

Lea wraps an arm around him.

LEA

Hey, hey... I understand. I know the last three days were really confusing for you. They were confusing for me too. But you came back for me, and I'll always remember that.

They share a hug. A moment later, A NURSE (female, 30s) steps in holding a stack of papers.

NURSE

Alright, Frank. I have your release forms here.

LEA

Is he going back home?

NURSE

In a few weeks. The nurse he hired got pulled onto something last minute. Happens too often, unfortunately. New Beginnings is going to take him in until she's free.

Lea winces, leans in so only the nurse can hear.

LEA

(whispers)

New Beginnings? There's gotta be someplace better than that you can send him, right?

NURSE

(whispers)

It's the most affordable option and that's what he requested.

Lea considers. Torn.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Come on, Frank. I'll help you fill these out at the front desk.

The nurse helps Frank stand, walks him to the door. Before they exit--

LEA

You know what--

They both turn back. Frank's eyes lighten up.

LEA (CONT'D)
 I can cover until his nurse is
 free. I mean, if you're okay with
 that, Frank.

FRANK
 And I'd get to go home?

NURSE
 Well... I suppose so.
 (to Lea)
 Are you sure you're willing to do
 that for him?

Lea considers for a moment. She looks at Frank. Sees him
 smiling at her. His smile is contagious.

LEA
 Yeah. I've been looking for a new
 job, anyway.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - AFTERNOON/EVENING

QUICK CUTS of Lea moving into FRANK'S HOUSE.

-- Lea, still in a sling, drags a large suitcase up the porch
 steps. Frank follows behind, helping carry in a moving box.

-- Lea settles into the guest room, unpacks her clothes into
 the dresser. She looks out the window towards MAEVE'S HOUSE.
 A police officer tears down the last of the yellow tape.

INT. COLORADO SPRINGS POLICE DEPT. - CORONER'S ROOM - EVENING

MAEVE'S NAKED CORPSE lies face-up on the examining table.
 Maroni and Pearson study the body while the COUNTY CORONER
 (50s) jots down a few notes.

MARONI
 Any tattoos? Something to help us
 with the ID?

CORONER
 Nah. She's a ghost.
 (then)
 But I did find one thing out of the
 ordinary.

The coroner pushes back Maeve's JET BLACK hair to reveal A
 SMALL HOLE IN HER RIGHT TEMPLE.

Almost as if it was made by an electric drill...

INT. MARONI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Maroni sits at her computer. Pearson knocks on her door and steps inside.

PEARSON
That photo you found in Sarah's
garage- I got an ID.

MARONI
Who is it?

PEARSON
Chloe Burke.

Pearson drops a CASE FILE onto Maroni's desk. She thumbs through.

PEARSON (CONT'D)
Went missing in the 90s. Never
turned up. Get this-- she was
Campbell's first case.

MARONI
No shit? So-- what are we thinking?
Maeve had something to do with that
too?

PEARSON
Not sure. The timelines don't quite
add up. But maybe she was inspired
by it? Knowing that one girl was
never found, maybe she thought she
could get away with it too?

Maroni contemplates, rubs her brows.

MARONI
This is a mind-fuck...

PEARSON
I'll keep digging.

INT. MORRIS HOME - BATHROOM - EVENING

Lea sprays the toilet with disinfectant and wipes it down with a wad of paper towel. She calls out-

LEA
 Hey, Frank? Can you get me another
 trash bag?

From down the hall a moment later-

FRANK (O.S.)
 Sure thing.

Lea grabs a fresh set of paper towels, sprays the sink, goes to work on some soap scum.

But the gunk on the LEFT FAUCET KNOB is proving stubborn. She scrubs harder, really trying to dig the stains out when--

RUNK.

THE FAUCENT KNOB WRENCHES FORWARD LIKE A STICK SHIFT.

A FLOOR-TO-CEILING CRACK EMERGES INTO THE BACKWALL...

But it's not really a wall at all. It's a **SECRET DOOR**.

What. The. Fuck...

Lea gives it a push. It *CREAKS* open.

She hesitantly steps through the door to find--

A TINY HIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A 5' x 8' enclosed hull. TURQUOISE FLORAL WALLPAPER. A TWIN BED with PINK sheets and bright YELLOW pillows.

It looks like a little girl's room...

As Lea steps forward to get a closer look, her shoe CLIPS SOMETHING poking out from under the bed. Something meant to be hidden away...

Lea looks down at her feet. It's a PHOTO ALBUM. She picks it up and flips it open.

In the first photo-- we see a YOUNGER FRANK (40s) smiling at the camera, holding a 14-YEAR-OLD BLONDE GIRL in his arms.

CHLOE BURKE.

Her stare is blank. Zombie-like. There's a BLOODY BANDAGE on her RIGHT TEMPLE from an incision. The bottom of the photo is labeled: 1991.

Lea flips to the other photos-- more of FRANK holding CHLOE. With each photo, Chloe looks a little older and a little more coherent.

But in the last photo, Chloe starts to look very different. She's 20 now. Pregnant. She's wearing THICK CIRCLE-FRAMED GLASSES and her blonde hair has been dyed **JET BLACK**. And now we realize...

MAEVE WAS ACTUALLY CHLOE BURKE.

Kidnapped decades ago. Memory wiped by the procedure.
Manufactured into the perfect partner.

But before Lea can put the pieces together-

A BLACK TRASH BAG held by TWO MEATY HANDS SUFFOCATES HER. She claws desperately at the plastic, but FRANK HOLDS IT TIGHT.

Her arms start to flail. She reaches back, trying to dig her nails into Frank's face. We now see Frank's TRUE STRENGTH as he grabs her neck and SMASHES HER SKULL AGAINST THE WALL REPEATEDLY. Lea's body falls HARD to the ground. Out cold.

INT. FRANK'S GARAGE - EVENING

LEA'S POV-- Heavy eyelids blink open.

Struggling to focus. Slowly beginning to adjust.

The room starts to take shape. She's lying face-up on her back. An exposed incandescent lightbulb flickers from the ceiling above.

A LOW VOICE fades in from behind her. It's muffled. Nearly inaudible. She can only make out fragments of what is said--

LOW VOICE
Don't worry. Almost over.
Safe now sweetheart.

Lea looks down at her body, realizing she's lying on the same WOOD WORKBENCH we saw before. Her hands are bound by ZIP TIES.

A WRINKLY HAND moves into view and lightly caresses her cheek. Lea shifts her eyes back up, seeing FRANK staring down at her. A DERANGED GRIN plastered on his face.

ADRENALINE FLOODS THROUGH HER SYSTEM. She tries to move her hands... but her muscles don't react. She tries to scream... but her mouth won't open.

SHE'S PARALYZED. Only able to move her eyes. Up. Down. Left. Right. As the adrenaline pumps, she starts to gain her grip on reality. Frank's muffled words become audible.

FRANK

I know, I know. It feels strange.
Not being able to move. It's the
Succinylcholine I gave you. It'll
make sure you're totally numb for
the procedure.

Hearing that, Lea starts to hyperventilate.

BACK TO OUR NORMAL POV-- Frank reaches into his pocket, pulls out a pair of LATEX GLOVES. As he puts them on-

FRANK (CONT'D)

I do apologize for how everything
went down with Maeve. She wasn't
always like that, you know. But
when our Lilly passed, she couldn't
handle it.

Frank snaps the last glove on. He crouches down and retrieves a LEATHER MEDICAL BAG from underneath the table. He sets it on the wood beside Lea's wrists, zips it open, and removes an ETHANOL-FILLED VIAL and a COTTON SWAB.

He lightly dabs the swab against the vial, then rubs the moist cotton onto Lea's TEMPLE as she breathes heavily.

FRANK (CONT'D)

No matter how many new girls I
brought to her, she was never
satisfied. And as she became more
eager, she started making mistakes.
Mistakes that could've gotten us
caught. I knew it was only a matter
of time before I needed to move on.
To find a new partner.

Frank finishes prepping her skin. He turns, makes his way over to a BENCH in the corner of the room where his TOOLBOX lies.

As he opens it, Lea looks to the MEDICAL BAG beside her. FRANK LEFT IT UNZIPPED. And inside, she spots a SYRINGE with a three-inch needle.

BACK TO FRANK-- He removes the ELECTRIC DRILL from the toolbox, pops off the rusted drill bit and inserts a fresh one.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Sarah seemed like a decent fit.
Once again, Maeve jumped the gun,
forcing me to clean up her mess.
Always one mess after another with
her. But I don't regret it for a
second because it brought you and
me together. And I must say, you
are exactly what I've been looking
for.

BACK TO LEA-- She concentrates hard on her BOUND HANDS,
trying to will the feeling back into her fingers.

Move... Please... Fucking... MOVE...

Finally, her index finger and thumb bounce slightly.

BACK TO FRANK-- With his back still turned, he disinfects the
fresh drill bit with the cotton swab.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(re: the drill)

Now this might look scary, but I
promise, there's nothing to be
afraid of. It's going to help you
become the best version of
yourself...

BACK TO LEA-- face red, sweat-drenched, STRAINING WITH ALL
HER MIGHT-- she inches her hands towards the SYRINGE in the
bag. Her arms quiver, fighting through the drugs in her
system.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Just as it made Maeve the best
version of herself...

She pushes harder. Gnarly veins BULGE from her forehead as
she stretches beyond her limits.

She's so close now. Just a little furthe-

CLICK. Frank inserts the drill's battery pack, then revs it
to test-- **RRRZZZZZZ!**

He turns around to see Lea in the same position as he left
her. As he walks back over--

FRANK (CONT'D)

I just want the best for you.
That's all.

As we PAN DOWN to Lea's hands... a THREE-INCH SYRINGE NEEDLE pokes out slightly from between her knuckles.

She got it.

Frank tucks Lea's hair behind her ears, unaware of what she's holding.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It's going to be okay now. Just close your eyes, and when it's over, I promise you, everything will be right again.

Frank TURNS THE DRILL ON. **RRRRZZZZZZZZZZ!**

This is it. Do or die.

As Frank lowers the drill towards Lea's temple--
Lea tries to THRUST the syringe upwards into Frank's torso.

But the drugs still have a grip on her. Her hands can only tremble up slowly.

Frank doesn't seem to notice. He continues to lower the drill. Closer. And closer...

Lea keeps pushing. The syringe needle nearing Frank's stomach.

The drill bit WHIRRRSS next to Lea's ear. She's a second away from meeting her fate.

Lea closes her eyes, summons the remaining adrenaline in her body for ONE. FINAL. PUSH. as we-

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL STAFFING OFFICE - AFTERNOON

We're back in the EXACT SAME OFFICE that Lea interviewed at previously. The same HIRING MANAGER holds Lea's resume in her hand. She stares at Lea, dumbfounded.

HIRING MANAGER
Wow... that was an incredibly harrowing story. I can't imagine what you had to go through...

LEA
I'm just hoping for a chance to get back out there again.

That seems to resonate with the hiring manager.

HIRING MANAGER

In that case, I just have one last question for you...

(cracks a smile)

When can you start?

Lea beams. Exhales. *Finally.*

LEA

Whenever you need me.

HIRING MANAGER

Next Monday?

LEA

Perfect.

HIRING MANAGER

We'll get you set up with payroll after this. But in the meantime, I'll give you our little spiel. Here at Blue Star Health, we treat our staff with the same compassion as our patients-

RRRZZZZ!

Lea freezes.

LEA

Did you hear that?

The hiring manager is completely unphased. Like a robot on auto-pilot.

HIRING MANAGER

...because we all deserve world-class care...

RRRZZZZSSSHNK! *The sound of a DRILL GRINDING THROUGH SKULL.*

The CLOCK ON THE WALL SHATTERS into smithereens.

LEA

What's happening?

HIRING MANAGER

This line of work isn't easy. It's a team effort...

RRRZZZZZZSSSHNK!

The PRINTER and FILLING CABINETS SMASH APART.

LEA

This... this isn't real. This can't
be-

Suddenly-- the hiring manager's CHAIR begins to rattle and SPIN. The hiring manager has TRANSFORMED INTO ROSE-- wearing the exact same RED DRESS we saw on her final night.

She takes Lea's hands in an iron grip-- picking up where the hiring manager left off.

ROSE

And knowing what I do about you,
you'll fit in perfectly around
here...

Lea tries to pull out from Rose's grasp, but she can't escape. As she looks around the room-- the WINDOWS all COMBUST simultaneously.

The WALLS DISINTEGRATE, leaving a **BLACK HOLE OF OBLIVION** behind.

ROSE (CONT'D)

So, my dear...

The CEILING AND FLOOR SHATTER. It's just Lea, Rose, and the desk between them-- floating around in an EMPTY VOID.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Let me be the first to say...

The DESK NOW SHATTERS. Lea shuts her eyes as tears tumble down her face.

But as she opens her eyes...

The hands she's holding aren't Rose's...

They're MEATY. TWINED WITH WHITE HAIR.

FRANK

...welcome to the family.

RRRRRRRRRRRRZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZSSSHNKK!

SH^AATTER TO **BLAC^K**