

VERVE

GIRL IN A BOX  
(working title)

by  
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INT. DANCE CLUB BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Graffiti. Muffled pounding DANCE MUSIC. Dirty floor.

BANG --- a girl's ass up on the SINK, her HEAD hits the MIRROR, a GUY is on top of her. We might think this is an attack - but SHE KISSES HIM. LAUGHS as they start to make out.

She is DARA (27) pretty, strong, intense. He's TYLER (20s), clean cut, suit jacket - not from this neighborhood. And he can't get enough of her.

DARA  
(loving it)  
You're fucking crazy.

TYLER  
I just asked a pretty girl to  
dance.

She licks up his neck, whispers in his ear.

DARA  
I like doing other things.

He devours her in a kiss, starts pulling her coat off, but she stops him.

DARA (CONT'D)  
Whoa. Let's make this party  
something special.

She takes a baggie of pills out of her coat pocket.

He seems disappointed, steps away from her.

TYLER  
Don't show me that. Come on.

She takes a pill.

DARA  
I just want to feel good. Half  
hour of good, that's all I need.

She puts her arms around him, ready for more -- but then she freezes. She steps away. He's holding A BADGE.

DARA (CONT'D)  
No. Fucking. Way.

She breaks for the door, he chases her...

EXT. DANCE CLUB. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE. NIGHT.

Backdoor flies open into a grimy alley. She runs out.

He grabs her arm. She whirls around and punches him in the eye - hard.

TYLER

Ow! Fuck!

But he won't let her arm go.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Why'd you have pull that shit out?! I'm off duty.

DARA

So then it's easy, let me go.

TYLER

(regret)

I can't do that.

DARA

(subdued)

I should really just get used to my life working out this way.

Seems as if she is going quietly... then she kicks him in groin. He goes down on his knees.

He grabs her foot, sends her to the ground.

They roll around. She's biting clawing. It's sexy and fun. And she's winning. He gets on top of her.

TYLER

Just fucking cut it out!

BANG he slaps a handcuff on her wrist. She stares at it, dangling there -- smiles--

*DARA'S POV as the drugs kick in -- Tyler glows - his head has a gold halo. His lip is bleeding and his eye is swelling, but in this moment he is incredibly beautiful.*

DARA

Well then, let's at least make this fun.

She sits up, putting her arms around him and locking the handcuff on her other arm. Then she kisses him HARD.

We pull back - see the crap neighborhood this is - but also the Seattle SPACE NEEDLE in the distance.

INT. GUEST BATHROOM. NIGHT.

A different bathroom. Tiny. Fancy towels. Sea shell soaps. We are cocooned in here --- outside the muffled SOUNDS of A SUMMER PARTY.

Jane, (24) white blonde hair, pretty except for her blank expression. She wears clothes too young for her and that are 10 years out of fashion.

She stares at---

A wall covered by photos of a baby growing up -- in the bath, on his bike, at a fairground.

And at 14, scowling, standing between his parents on the front porch. Jane puts her finger over the boy's face. Stares at the parents...

A loud KNOCKING.

MAN'S VOICE

Someone in there?

She stands, grabs a sculpted soap, puts it in her pocket.

INT. HANSON LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

A man brushes by her into the bathroom.

She looks out into the party

JANE'S POV(flatter than our normal pov)

*Women in sundresses. The colors an assault. Someone laughs, a flash of white teeth. Gold earrings flash.*

A MAN'S large HAND wraps around Jane's upper arm.

FRANK (mid 40s), with the kind of "every man" face that could get lost in a crowd. He is ill at ease at this party, seems worried about Jane.

FRANK

Are you happy?

She goes up on tip toes to kiss his cheek.

JANE

I'm happy.

PEPPER (OS)

No public displays of affection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEPPER HANSON (40s) has walked up behind them.

The host of the party, she's as fancy as her sculpted soaps --- and a talker.

PEPPER (CONT'D)

I'm joking, of course. It's so good to have new people in the neighborhood. (To Frank) But I hear you're not so new. You grew up here, in Northgate, right? Over on Shady Glen?

Frank blinks at her onslaught. Remains polite.

FRANK

Yes. We moved into my mother's house. She is in a nursing home.

PEPPER

Well, that's sad, but we all get old, right? Shady Glen is such a pretty street. The house could use a little paint. Where is it you two moved from?

JANE

Oregon.

FRANK

Your laptop in the kitchen. It's an older model, not much memory. I could update it for you.

JANE

Frank is a computer specialist. Really good. He can make your life easier.

Frank hands Pepper a business card.

PEPPER

I don't use that computer except for downloading my book club. Oh Jane you should really come to the book club. Chick lit. Nothing heavy. I even got Pat Bishop to show up a few times.

Pepper looks over to grand dame PAT BISHOP (60s) - incredibly well dressed. People fawning around her.

PEPPER (CONT'D)

I think she's related to the Kennedys.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PEPPER (CONT'D)

Frank YOU should meet her. If you're here working my party, Pat Bishop is your golden goose.

Pepper holds up Frank's card.

JANE

(to Frank)

We can go together.

MARY

He can do it! He's been on you like glue all night. (to Frank)  
Give your wife some air.

Frank gets stared down by Pepper.

FRANK

(to Jane)

I'll talk to this woman. But then I'd like to go.

JANE

Okay.

He kisses her, moves off towards Pat Bishop.

PEPPER

You two are like honeymooners!  
How long have you been married?

But before Jane can answer.

PEPPER (CONT'D)

DIBBS! GET IN HERE AND TALK TO OUR GUESTS!

She is yelling at a boy slinking by across the room, DIBBS (14). He's the same boy we saw in the photos.

PEPPER (CONT'D)

(to Jane) My son. He has a therapist. Anti-social disorder.

JANE

Maybe he's shy. I remember I had a dog. It helped, to have someone to talk to.

PEPPER

Aren't you the sweetest! You and I are going to be great friends.

Pepper puts her arm around Jane, which Jane isn't comfortable with. Clearly Jane would like to get away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She looks towards Frank. He is turned away, handing a man his card. Jane slips out from under Pepper's arm.

JANE

I'm just going to go outside for a little while.

PEPPER

Go on, honey. The bar's by the pool.

JANE'S VIEW as she walks through the crowd. It's noisy, full, pressing in. The sliding door to the outside like a beacon of calm, of space. Jane looks back. Frank's still occupied. She slips outside.

EXT. HANSON BACK YARD. NIGHT.

*Jane POV OF THE YARD: The relief of deep vibrant green leaves, the white moon, warmth of the nearby house lights. The wide space.*

Jane's hair moves in the wind. She closes her eyes, smiles. Real, open emotion on her face.

WOMAN (OS)

JOHN!

Jane turns - sees a stunningly beautiful, well dressed woman. She's stressed, looking for someone.

A SOUND behind a hedge near Jane. A MAN stands there, on a gravel path. Hiding. He's handsome, playful.

He puts his hands to his lips. Shhhh... The beautiful woman walks closer.

WOMAN (OS) (CONT'D)

John! Mother's here! She wants to talk to you.

John steps back, deeper into the shadow of the hedge. The woman comes up on the other side of Jane.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

My fiancée has disappeared.

JANE

I'm sorry. That's hard.

WOMAN

I didn't say he was dead. He's just being an ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

I haven't seen anyone out here.

WOMAN

(to herself)

Mother is going to be so pissed off.

She walks towards the house.

The man behind the hedge smiles, motions for Jane to come with him, as he turns, walks down the gravel path.

Jane looks back towards the house, through the glass doors we can see Frank talking to Pat Bishop, handing her his card.

Jane walks down the gravel path.

There's a small sitting area set on a hill rise, the lights of the town below. John stands there.

JOHN

No escape route this way. I checked.

He holds out his hand.

JOHNH

John Bennett. I think I'm your neighbor? Over on Shady Glen. I saw you move in last week.

JANE

The house needs some paint.

JOHN

True. But it's a small place. An afternoon's work for your father?--

JANE

Husband.

This surprises him.

JANE (CONT'D)

She's pretty. The woman you are hiding from.

JOHN

Yes, Amanda is very pretty. But with her comes Mother. The dragon in the corner in there, holding court.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

My husband is asking her for work.

JOHN

A brave man. Mother gave me the money to open my clinic, over on Adams Street. Though most of my patients are poor. Definitely not a profitable investment. Mother may pull out.

Jane can see the distress behind his charming smile.

JANE

But you take care of people.

JOHN

That does not seem to be relevant. I love my work. I wanted to be a family doctor for as long as I can remember... Now I'm hiding in the bushes. Not the best plan, but all I've got.

He looks at her, realizes he has been talking too much.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You know my secret and I don't even know your name.

JANE

I'm Jane.

JOHN

Really? You don't look like a Jane.

She seems to decide something - turns towards him.

JANE

Who do I look like?

John gazes at her, studying her face. Her beautiful, delicate face.

JOHN

Loni.

That makes her smile. He likes her smile.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Josephine? Bonnie? Sally?... or Claire. Yes. I think Claire suits you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JANE

It's a pretty name. But it's not mine.

She stands up.

JANE (CONT'D)

I need to go back. I've been gone too long.

JOHN

Wait.

His fingers graze her elbow. They are both surprised by the energy that springs up between them.

She moves out from behind the hedge and onto the lawn.

We stay with her. See Frank coming out onto the deck, angry, very agitated.

FRANK

You left. I couldn't find you.

She strokes his arm, soothing him.

JANE

I just wanted to be outside. You know I like to be outside.

He relaxes a bit.

FRANK

We are leaving now. We've been here long enough.

JANE

Yes

She kisses his cheek. As they start to go in, she glances back -- sees John has come out onto the lawn. He is watching her go.

INT. POLICE STATION HOLDING ROOM. NIGHT.

Dara sits across from an older detective, RON GARRISON (50s), looking at her file.

DARA

You're far from home. You finally get sick of the suburbs?

He rubs his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RON

The arresting officer, Timmons. He looked at your file, our... history. He thought you might need my help.

DARA

Officer Timmons. SUCH a thoughtful person. Crap kisser though.

Ron opens her thick file.

We see black and white PHOTOS of a crime scene in a parking lot. There are also scattered color snapshots of a FAMILY - a laughing redheaded WOMAN, her smiling HUSBAND, a distracted BOY (7) and a cute, white blonde girl (9) holding a really ugly DOG.

Dara stares at a Christmas card of the smiling family.

*QUICK MEMORY FLASHES - DISTORTED - the blonde girl walking away from us, the redheaded woman angry, yelling at the camera with tears on her cheek, a younger Ron by a police car at night talking at us, intense. Rural parking lot lit with FLOOD LIGHTS, lines of police searching along the edge of the black top, making their way into the surrounding trees.*

RON

(looking at file)

I'd ask how you've been, but I can see you've been busy.

Dara turns her discomfort into an attack - goading Ron.

DARA

How have YOU been? Still working on our case? Any new leads, new developments?

RON

Yes.

Dara wasn't expecting that. She sits up, her eyes on fire - with hope - and fear.

DARA

What?... (hard to say) Did you find her...

RON

No. We didn't find her. It's more a clerical development.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dara leans back in her chair - exhausted.

DARA

You're such a dick... I dream about it. All the time... She's just standing there, waiting for me. That's the good dream.

RON

I have the same dream.

They pause, both awkward in this vulnerability.

RON (CONT'D)

Do you talk to Beth?

DARA

Can't say I am on the Christmas card list.

RON

What about Michael? He works in the city, just made assistant district attorney.

Dara looks at the photo of the young boy...

DARA

He was always smart. No, I don't talk to him... What are you gonna do with me?

RON

I can give you two choices.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Old woman decorations, KNICK KNACKS. A STAIRMASTER takes up space. Unpacked BOXES. Jane at a small closet. Taking off her jeans and putting them in the laundry.

She slips out the stolen soap, is about to hide them in the laundry, but Frank is there, startling her. The soap drops onto the floor.

FRANK

That was nice tonight. I liked seeing you smile.

She leans into him, rests her head on his chest. He strokes her hair.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I was so proud you're mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She kisses him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm a bit tired tonight.

JANE

Okay.

He bends down, picks something off the floor. She stretches out her arms... and he places manacles around her wrists. Chains attach them to the floor.

He walks her into the small closet. Now we see a cot. She lays down. He puts manacles around her ankles.

FRANK

Are you happy?

JANE

Yes. Thank you.

He turns off the closet light. Locks the door.

INT. DRUG REHAB ROOM. MORNING.

Dara opens her eyes. She lays on a twin bed, in a t-shirt and underwear. She stares at a cheap poster of a seagull flying over Seattle skyline that says SOAR.

Out the tiny window is real Seattle but we only see it through dirt, smudges. The room is small, government issue.

A lock turns. The door opens. Light floods in...

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM. MORNING.

Jane lays on her cot in the closet, looking at the pink seashell soap that lays on the floor. It's oddly beautiful in a slant of sunlight.

The closet door opens, light floods in...

INT. DRUG REHAB "RECOVERY RESIDENCE ENTRY". MORNING.

Dara, no make up, hair back in pony tail, white shirt -- trying to look good. On her neck, a HUMMING BIRD TATTOO.

She stands opposite NORA, an overworked nurse, who places items on a counter -- cell phone, gum, sunglasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORA (O.S.)

You have anyone driving you to your interview? Any family?

DARA

Absolutely.

NORA

You will be back by 9pm. You will also immediately use this.

A plastic urine cup on the counter.

EXT. DRUG REHAB OFFICE. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE. MORNING.

POSTED BUS SCHEDULE. Dara checking times. The city around her feels large, impersonal, dirty.

She sits. We feel how alone she is. She pulls out her cell phone - considers it. She dials 411.

DARA

The number for the district attorney's office, please.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE. MORNING.

MICHAEL (late 20s) cute- is sleeping on a couch in his office. He wears a shirt stained with red wine - no pants. The place is a mess, wine bottles, take out.

THE PHONE RINGING wakes him up. He finds it between two couch cushions - answers it.

MICHAEL

Hello? Who? Oh. Yeah, okay put her through.

CARLA (V.O.)

Michael.

She stands in the doorway to his office. He closes the phone. Carla (20s) is pretty, wears a business suit.

CARLA

Kramer's on her way.

Michael grabs his pants. She watches his naked ass.

CARLA (CONT'D)

You're a mess. Hope she was at least worth it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Best this week.

She punches him, he kisses her, deep, starts to clean up--  
Jock ADA, DARREN (28) enters with earnest JEFF (27).

DARREN

Dude, again?

JEFF

It's Kramer isn't it. You're  
screwing Kramer?

DARREN

You have been scoring the best  
cases.

CARLA

And Kramer's been smiling a lot  
lately.

Michael flashes a look at Carla - going to play along.

MICHAEL

I don't need to bang Kramer to get  
good cases.

KRAMER (O.S.)

Wouldn't hurt though.

She's there in the doorway. SARAH KRAMER, the DA - all  
business. Charm, absolute ambition, no family at home.

She puts a file on Michael's desk.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

Ramses case. Pedophile. Kidnap.  
Gonna get press. I want you in the  
first interview tomorrow. Fully  
dressed.

The other assistants are stunned, jealous. Michael's  
cell phone starts ringing. He doesn't make a move.

Kramer picks a bottle of wine off the floor.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

One more whiff of this kind of  
disrespect of the DA's office and  
you're out. Answer your phone.

She leaves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DARREN

You are so banging her.

CARLA

(pissed)

I'm lead on this case. I did all  
the siting research--

MICHAEL

I did my Ph'd on child predators.  
Kramer's just covering her ass.

The phone is still ringing. Carla leans forward and in  
one motion pulls Michael's phone out of his pants pocket.  
Opens it.

CARLA

He's occupied!

She listens. Closes the phone

CARLA (CONT'D)

Your cousin says she needs you to  
pick her up. 121 Rosencrantz Ave.  
Nice neighborhood.

He takes his phone back.

MICHEAL

She's from out of town.

EXT. REHAB CLINIC. DAY.

An old Mercedes Sedan pulls up. Dara looks at the  
driver.

DARA

I liked your hair better long.

Inside we see Michael.

MICHAEL

Yeah. I was sixteen...

DARA

And cuter. You gonna give me a  
ride?

He leans over. Opens the passenger door.

INT. MICHAEL'S MERCEDES. AFTERNOON.

Michael drives on a highway. Dara eats a Big Mac.

DARA

Ah. That is good.

Michael-- nervous around her, excited. Plays it cool.

MICHAEL

So. Why're you back?

DARA

Nice to see you too.

MICHAEL

No, I just, I mean, you always used to talk about living in New York or Paris.

DARA

Didn't make it that far. Now to pass rehab I gotta get a job in "a stable environment. Away from bad influences." My counselor thinks that's the suburbs, which just shows what a dickhead he is. What is with the apple slices? I need FRIES.

MICHAEL

Your body needs nutrition.

She notices a street they are turning down, gets anxious.

DARA

My job interview is over on Gower.

MICHAEL

I just need to do a drop off.

DARA

No. Way.

MICHAEL

You can stay in the car.

He pulls up in front of a house that used to be someone's American Dream--- now neglected, the front yard brown.

DARA

Your mother can't know I'm back.  
And if she knows you're with me--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

I don't care what she thinks--

He grabs a duffle bag from the back seat.

DARA

You so do. You're a Mama's boy.

MICHAEL

Not anymore.

DARA

That your laundry you're dropping off?

MICHAEL

My Dad does it... You'll be fine.  
My Mom's opening a new store, is  
never home. Look, her car's gone.

He gets out of the car. Bends back down to talk to her through the window.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Don't smoke in my car.

Dara watches him walk up the front walk carrying his laundry basket. TWO LAUGHING LITTLE GIRLS IN BATHING SUITS run by him, being chased by a small, ugly dog.

Michael walks past as if they aren't there - because they aren't. They are a memory of Dara's.

DARA'S POV - A MEMORY:

*It's a different season - high summer. A sprinkler over a lush, green lawn, well tended garden - a different, more alive time for this house...*

*YOUNG DARA (10) is dark haired, long limbed, and confident, the other girl, CASEY (6) has white blonde hair, is more petite and awkward. She dances, adoring, after Dara, a small dog barking at her heels.*

*The memories of that day jump:*

*The girl's heads together, telling secrets - startled by a humming bird - that they watch silently - in awe.*

*Dara chasing Casey in a game of tag.*

YOUNG CASEY

(calling)

You're it! You're it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRESENT:

We come back to Adult Dara in the car. To the brown lawn, shabby house. Dara lights a cigarette, turns away.

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN. AFTERNOON.

Middle class kitchen, an old lady medical stool. The only window is small, looks out to a side fence.

The only door has no door knob.

Jane cleaning dishes. Lines them up perfectly.

Frank sits at the table drinking coffee.

FRANK

I got a call. From the party. A dry cleaner, needs help with his website. He understands my talents. What I can do for him.

Jane has stopped washing, dutifully listens to him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Not like that couple in Illinois. They didn't understand. After all I did for them.

JANE

You're right. They didn't appreciate you.

Her words center him. He scrapes his left overs onto a waiting plate - this will be her breakfast.

FRANK

After you eat, I need your pictures for the Carson website.

JANE

I will have them done today.

Frank sets his coffee cup down.

JANE (CONT'D)

The beets in the garden should be ready. I could make them into a salad for your dinner.

FRANK

Would you like to do that for me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

Yes.

He comes up to her. Turns over the cup in his hand-  
coffee spilling on the floor.

FRANK

But the kitchen is dirty.

He puts his cup down, goes to a door with no knob, pushes  
it open. It leads to a wood panelled porch stacked with  
half built, old computers. Dark, dim....

He turns to her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

When you are done cleaning, you  
can go out to yard for 10 minutes.  
I will time you.

She gives him a wide smile.

JANE

Thank you.

He nods - giver of life. He closes the door behind him.

Jane starts to clean up the spilled coffee. She attacks  
the floor with cleaners.

EXT. LAWSON HOUSE. MORNING.

Michael walks with his laundry up the driveway along the  
side of the house, but stops -- looking in the window.

MICHAEL

Shit.

He turns quickly and walks away but... The side door  
opens and we see a woman who calls out.

BETH

Michael!

He stops. Crap.

INT. LAWSON HOUSE. MORNING.

Michael walks in as his mother, BETH gathers up boxes  
packed with florist supplies. She is the same woman from  
the PHOTOGRAPHS IN DARA'S FILE -- but the change in her  
is dramatic. She has aged and grown hard from years of  
stress and unrelenting sorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the kitchen table is her husband, DEAN (50s) jogging suit, optimistic by nature, but stress has also aged him. He goes through a stack of HOMEMADE FLIERS. RALLY! STOP ANIMAL CRUELTY. A blurry photo of an abused dog.

BETH

The car's still at the mechanics.  
I need a ride to the shop.

MICHAEL

I can't. Sorry. I've got a work thing.

BETH

Well, now you have a Mom thing.

DEAN

She's been freaking out all morning.

BETH

Michael understands. I already invited people to the grand opening. If I don't go in today I'll never be ready. It'll be "poor Beth" all over again.

MICHAEL

I can't, not today.

DEAN

She can take a taxi.

BETH

I don't want to spend the money.

DEAN

You could take my bike?

BETH

That's ridiculous.

DEAN

If you hadn't sold the Van--

BETH

We'd be two months behind in the mortgage instead of one.

MICHAEL

Guys, don't start--

Beth turns her back on Dean to talk to Michael.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BETH

Nothing has gone right for days.

DEAN

Not true. We got that coupon  
yesterday for two free pizzas.

They ignore him.

MICHAEL

(slightly panicked)  
I want to take you, but it's  
impossible. I've got a new case.  
I have to get back--

BETH

I just need one thing to go my  
way.

The pressure of her looking at him, of her need, is now  
intense.

The doorbell rings, Dean goes to answer the door.

DEAN

Don't forget my Animal Rights  
rally at 3. You said you'd come,  
bring some of your political  
contacts.

He exits. Beth studies Michael.

BETH

You need a hair cut.

MICHAEL

Don't try to sweet talk me.

She smiles, loves this kid. She picks up a box full of  
florist stuff and opens the back door.

BETH

I'll just put this in your car.

EXT. HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

Beth walks down the driveway towards Michael's car, as he  
comes up behind her.

MICHAEL

Mom, wait! For once listen--

She gets to front of house and stops -- staring. But not  
at Michael's car across the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She looks at a car parked in front of the house -- an unmarked police car with a siren in the back.

Michael comes up behind her. Also sees the car.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Why is he here?

The front door opens and Dean stands there -a man inside next to him. It's Ron - the police detective.

DEAN

Beth. You need to come in...

Beth unfreezes, moves towards the house.

Michael looks over at his own car. It's empty. He turns, sees Dara striding away down the street.

MICHAEL

Shit.

INT. LAWSON LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Ron Garrison sits with Dean as Beth and Michael come in.

BETH

What's happened?

Beth sits next to Dean. She is out of breath, her eyes shining - fear making her direct.

BETH (CONT'D)

You haven't been to this house in four years. Something's happened with Casey. Tell me.

MICHAEL

Mom. Let him talk.

RON

There's nothing new with the case. I'm sorry.

Beth's face becomes stoic, harder, now that she let herself hope...

RON (CONT'D)

I wanted to let you know, personally, that... I'm retiring. It's a cut back in the department.

DEAN

What happens to Casey?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RON

It's filed as a cold case.

DEAN

What if there's a new lead--

MICHAEL

There are cold case detectives,  
Dad--

DEAN

They won't understand what we've  
been through. Where is Casey's  
file right now?

RON

It's in my office. On my desk.

DEAN

Exactly. Because you care. Casey  
can't be put in some filing  
cabinet. As long as there's still  
hope--

BETH

Stop.

Dean is startled, looks at his wife.

BETH (CONT'D)

(to Ron)

File the case. Close it.

DEAN

How can you say that?

BETH

Casey is dead. Don't make me feel  
like a bad person for knowing that--

DEAN

We have no proof of that--

BETH

Ron knows it's true. Michael  
knows... The longer you and I  
don't say it, the longer we stay  
dead too.

Dean looks at Ron.

RON

After so many years of not being  
found... Yes. I believe Casey is  
dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

There is a moment of quiet. Dean leans forward...

DEAN

(intent, angry)

Then I want her body. Can you do that for me? No. You can't. Because you DON'T KNOW. No one knows what happened to her. No one.

MICHAEL

It's okay Dad.

DEAN

No, it isn't!

Beth can't be here to feel any of this. She stands.

BETH

I have to go to work. Michael is driving me.

Ron stands up.

RON

I'm sorry. I know it's hard, to bring it all up again.

She looks into his eyes and we see her vulnerability.

BETH

Thanks for coming in person to tell us.

She and Michael go. Ron is left with Dean, who can't look up from his hands.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR. AFTERNOON

Michael and his mother drive in silence. The enormity of this day - of Casey - sits in the car between them. He looks at her, but she stares out the window.

BETH

I'll need a ride home. Call me when you're leaving work.

Michael turns a corner, sees Dara step out from behind a bus shelter. He looks in the rear view mirror, sees Dara flipping him off.

He feels guilty, glances at Beth. She hasn't seen Dara.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE. LATER AFTERNOON.

The backyard is completely overgrown. Some extra wood has been nailed on the top of the 10 ft fence to keep things absolutely private. Seemingly impermeable.

Jane working in her vegetable garden, the only place that is tended. She is near the fence, works in her own world

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello.

She looks up, startled. No one is there.

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

Here. On the other side.

There is a knock on the fence. Two boards have warped, making a crack where we can see into the neighbor's yard.

And Jane can see him -- the man from the party - John.

He kneels by a rose bush, holds pruning sheers

JOHN

These roses have really had it.

Jane glances back towards the house. Through the window we see Frank is not in his office.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I think something has been eating the leaves...

JANE

Ivory soap will kill the bugs. I don't remember how long to leave it on.

JOHN

So you know plants. That squash is huge.

She looks at the creamy squash laying near her.

JANE

It needs another week. The carrots are ready.

JOHN

Why no flowers?

JANE

Vegetables feed us. They are necessary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Some part of her knows this is a strange answer, but only has the ideas Frank has told and allowed her.

JOHN

That's very practical. Not much fun though.

JANE

Are you still hiding?

SHIFT POV- AROUND FENCE - John's POV

JOHN

Yes, but there's a rumor of mother coming here for tea.

We see a sliver of Jane - her pale hair, her long fingers in the dirt.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Would you like to come? It'd help me out - new neighbor introductions, lots of distraction.

JANE

Yes. But I can't---

JOHN

It won't be that scary, I promise. I'll be there to protect you.

Jane is looking down, her body gone very still. She looks up at him and the intensity of her gaze stops him.

JANE

I can't come to your house. But if I was sick, I could see you at your clinic. On Adams street.

JOHN

(confused)  
Of course, but, are you ill?

JANE

No, but if I got really sick--

FRANK (O.S.)

Jane!

His voice is far away, but it makes her jump. Her energy changes, as she quickly gathers up her beets.

JANE

I have to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN

What kind of flowers do you like?

There is a pause as she considers (She is not used to thinking about herself). And then, like a secret...

JANE

Daises. I like daisies.

And she's gone.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE. AFTERNOON.

Jane comes in the back door holding the beets. Frank is not there.

FRANK (O.S.)

Jane!

She goes to a door - pushes it - and it opens into.

INT. FRANK'S GARAGE. AFTERNOON.

He stands at one wall, where we see A SECRET ROOM.

It is completely concrete. A fan keeps air circulating.  
A small cot inside. He is hooking up electricity.

He closes the door, moves a book case full of junk in front of the door.

FRANK

You are sweating.

JANE

It's hot outside. Can I get you some water?

FRANK

No. I'm not thirsty.

He goes to a door, pushes the bolt back so she can go in to the kitchen from the garage.

JANE

I am.

FRANK

What?

JANE

I am thirsty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He is surprised by this, becomes intent, focused on her.

FRANK

I don't think you are thirsty. I think you need a rest. You worked hard in the kitchen. You can draw me my pictures later.

He slides back the bolt.

JANE

Thank you.

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN. DAY.

She puts the dirty beets on the white counter. Takes a cup AND FILLS IT WITH WATER. DRINKS.

She keeps her back to him. Then she puts the beets in the sink, cleans the counter with her pink sponge. Frank watching her.

JANE

May I go to the bedroom?

FRANK

Yes. If you think you are done.

She leaves the room. Frank stares at a small streak of dirt left on the counter.

INT. CASEY'S ROOM. AFTERNOON.

An immaculate PINK BED SPREAD, on a small twin bed. Dean sits there, devastated.

The room has been decorated by a young girl - a rainbow posters, a shelf of plastic horses.

Pinned to the wall are ink drawings. Amateur but with real talent. Houses, trees and different flowers.

Dean looks at a framed photo by the bed. A YOUNG CASEY (12). She is with Dean and Beth at a backyard table. She holds the small dog. A young Michael (9) stands behind them making a face at the camera. A normal, happy day.

Dean stares at her. He hasn't been able to cry for years, but she hangs on him ... what if...

He suddenly stands up, we follow him into

INT. DEAN'S KITCHEN. SAME.

He grabs his fliers--gets his staple gun from the cupboard and is out the door.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET. AFTERNOON.

Dean stapling a flier to a telephone pole. He has a bike, pedals to the next pole. Behind him we see the string of orange fliers. RALLY! SAVE GOD'S CREATURES.

INT. MICHAEL'S WORK. EVENING.

Michael working late. Photos of a crime scene - a young girl's flowered backpack--

WHAM a half drunk liter of coke bounces off his hand. Dara is there, wearing a pastel, puffy YOGURT LAND hat.

DARA

Got that for your birthday.

MICHAEL

(massaging his hand)

My birthday was 6 months ago.

She plops down in a chair, puts her feet on his desk.

DARA

Turns out I am a natural at weighing yogurt and dispensing gummy bears to tiny sugar addicts.

MICHAEL

Hard to believe.

DARA

Or the manager wants to bang me. I still got the job. No thanks to you, Mama's boy.

MICHAEL

My mother hijacked me.

DARA

Don't worry. You can make it up to me. I just need a place to stay.

MICHAEL

I thought you were on a day pass?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARA

Yeah, I am, have two hours left.  
But with this job, my good girl  
behavior. I should be discharged  
by Friday.

MICHAEL

That's great Dar. Really.

But he isn't saying yes, yet.

DARA

Or maybe having an ex-addict on  
your couch would be bad for your  
image.

MICHAEL

No, screw that. You can stay with  
me. I want you to.

She stands up and walks around the desk, puts her arms  
around him so they are cheek to cheek.

DARA

You're the good one. Maybe the  
only one in the whole messed up  
world...

We see how much her touch affects him. He closes his  
eyes, - then puts his hand on her forearm, turns to face  
her. They are close and there are SPARKS.

She steps back.

DARA (CONT'D)

Give me a ride back?

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Jane sits drawing in ink-- a hummingbird surrounded by  
intertwining vines. Intricate, delicate, beautiful.

Frank unbuttoning his shirt, getting ready for bed.

FRANK

I liked the beet salad. It was  
good.

JANE

Thank you.

She puts down her work, stands behind him. She puts her  
arms around him, lays her head on the back of his  
shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK  
Are you feeling better.

JANE  
Yes.

He picks up her drawings.

FRANK  
You have so many talents, Jane.  
You are a wonder to me.

He turns to face her.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I just wish you'd cleaned up  
properly.

She stiffens.

JANE  
Where?

FRANK  
On the counter. There was mud  
from the garden.

JANE  
(knows it's futile)  
I used a sponge, and soap--

FRANK  
NO YOU DIDN'T. And I had to look  
at the filth, all day. You know  
that's not fair to do to me. Do  
you want me in filth? After all I  
do for you Jane--

JANE  
No.

FRANK  
You need some time to think about  
what you did. So you understand.

Her eyes widen slightly, knows what this means.

JANE  
I do. I understand.

He goes to the bed, bends down - and drags out a HUMAN  
SIZE BOX. Locks along its lid. It SCRAPES along the  
floor, the grating sound sends shivers up our spine...

TO FLASHBACK

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Just a flash of images-- A young Casey (12) inside the back of a van - being forced into the box. The image is erratic, disjointed, big hands shoving her in...

BACK TO PRESENT

JANE (CONT'D)

I'll be good. I promise. I won't be bad anymore--

He grabs her by the hair, pushes her to her knees. She is completely panicked.

JANE (CONT'D)

No! Please! I'll BE GOOD!

FRANK

You have let the bad get inside of you! But I can make you better.

He opens the box and her face goes flat, no emotion. SHE DOES NOT FIGHT HIM. Years of this abuse has produced a deadening reaction in her.

She crawls into the box. Lays down. It is just big enough to hold her. He stands over her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I don't want to do this. But you force me. You don't think. You were dirty and careless and now we both suffer.

He shuts the lid. WE STAY WITH HER INSIDE THE BOX IN THE DARKNESS.

Hear the locks coming down.

Her heavy breathing. The box is shoved, her body rocking.

We see her staring out a small air hole. See Frank's naked feet. From this limited view we see him walk over to the old stairmaster. The TV goes on - a laugh track over some sitcom. Frank on the stairmaster.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(calling)

The world needs me, Jane! I have gifts to give! If we can stay good and pure, our time will come...

His pasty feet going up and down...

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT.

Cheap chain motel. Ron sits in his car staring at room 14, deep in thought. He gets out, knocks at the door. The door opens and he goes in.

INT. MOTEL. NIGHT.

Ron comes in. Turns on the light. He takes off his coat, puts his gun holster and badge on the cheap dresser. We don't see who he is talking to..

RON

I'm glad you called. I missed you.

He turns and we see Beth laying on the motel bed in her bra and underwear.

RON (CONT'D)

But last time you said never again. So what's changed?

BETH

You looked good today. And I wanted you. It feels good to want something.

RON

Or maybe you got upset, talking about Casey-

She stands up, pushes him onto the bed, straddles him.

BETH

I used to be that person, who fell apart, needed you to make it all better. But now my shop is going to open and I am not going to be poor, pitiful Beth Lawson any more, to anyone. If you want me to cry and need you than I'll leave now.

RON

Please don't.

She kisses him, deep. Their love making is hard, urgent.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM. MORNING.

IN THE BOX. Jane hears the sound of a PIANO being played. Her fingers move with the sound, a life line...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The box is opened. She lays there, looking up at Frank. He stares at her - menacing in his blank expression.

JANE

Thank you.

He holds out his hand to her.

She stands up (shaky) and ... clings to him. Her savior.

JANE (CONT'D)

(means it)

Thank you. Thank you.

FRANK

I know you're a good girl.

He kisses her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(supportive, soft, as  
to a child)

You'll do better. You are so  
good.

He helps her sit on his bed.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm going out. A new business  
prospect. We'll have lunch  
together when I come home.

He kisses her cheek, walks out of the room.

She goes to the closet, her movements stiff, painful. She takes off her nightgown, but then notices... the piano music is still playing somewhere...

The sound drifts on the wind, peaceful, enchanting. She stands listening to it.

*Jane'S POV from inside the shadowed, drab room. The hard edged outline of Frank's bedroom window - her boundary line. Beyond it - bright overly saturated world outside - -- looking down to the first floor window of John's house. The outline of his window frame, the cream colored drapes. The soft darkness beyond, inside.*

All stand as lures and barriers -- between her and that space.... The space from where the music is coming...

INT. REHAB CLINIC.

Dara's discharge interview with her counselor-- graduate student, DAVE (24), still believes he can fix everyone.

DAVE

You know, Dara. I am actually sad to see you go.

DARA

I know. I'm leaving you here with all the rejects.

DAVE

There are no rejects, just people in pain.

DARA

(upbeat, bullshit)

You care so much about people. It's inspiring. How can't I care too? How can't I want a better life for myself?

DAVE

You say all the right things, but my worry is that you still haven't said the most important thing. How are you going to deal with the triggers that cause you to use?

DARA

Thanks to you and your wisdom, I am changing my location. The Yogurtland job is out in Jamestown, I'll meet new, better people---

DAVE

What you are going to do about the nightmares?

DARA

They're gone.

DAVE

But they come back.

DARA

I can handle it this time.

He studies her - decides to go for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Tell me what happened. The day  
you were with your cousin, Casey.  
And she disappeared.

Dara immediately goes hard, like steel. This kid  
therapist has gotten around her....

DAVE (CONT'D)

I think two girls were lost that  
day. Cause you're not here Dara.  
And I want to know why.

DARA

We done?

She stares at him. He sighs. Hands her the paper work.

DAVE

We'll talk about it Tuesday at  
follow up.

Dara takes the papers. He hands her a pen.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You forgot to fill in the address  
of your next residence. You have  
a place to go, right? You'll need  
that support.

She smiles at him, almost proud.

DARA

I do. I have a place to go. I  
have a person.

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN. AFTERNOON.

Jane sets the table for lunch, showered, showing no signs  
of her experience - except she is hyper vigilant about  
placement of forks and knives.

She finishes --stares at an extra spoon left in her hand.

She goes into the garage....

INT. GARAGE. SAME.

Jane at a washer/dryer. She takes a bottle of cleaning  
fluid. Drinks a spoonful. Slight grimace at the taste.

DOORBELL. Someone is at the front door.

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM. SAME.

Jane goes to the window, careful not to be seen.

It is Dibbs. He is holding a book in one hand. He is annoyed. He starts to walk away.

Jane impulsively taps on the window. He turns, comes over. She speaks to him through the closed window.

DIBBS

I have a book, from my Mom. For her club on Tuesday.

He holds it up. We see a classic Chick Lit cover - a woman in high heels with shopping bags.

JANE

Can you come to the side of the house?

She motions to the right - away from the driveway.

DIBBS

You're not just gonna open the door?

JANE

I can talk to you better on the side of the house.

EXT. FRANK'S OFFICE. AFTERNOON.

Small side window. Not big enough for anyone to crawl in or out of. Jane calls Dibbs over to it.

DIBBS

So what's the deal? You like some drug dealer or something?

JANE

I have a disease. Agoraphobia.

DIBBS

I heard of that. You can't go outside. But you came to my Mom's party.

JANE

Yes. We needed to let people know about Frank's computer work. But it was hard. Being outside. I feel safer in here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIBBS

Hard for me to be IN my house. My Mom won't even let me lock my door. Says I might be making bombs. Which is a great vote of confidence, right?

JANE

Your Mom was nice to me.

DIBBS

She's so nice it'll kill ya. You're lucky she's next door kissing Pat Bishop's ass. Or she'd be over here, probably drag you out shoe shopping--

JANE

She should not come over... I have shoes.

DIBBS

A fully stocked closet does not matter with my mother. So. This set up will work for the book, but what about the plant?

He holds up a potted daisy plant with a red bow.

DIBBS (CONT'D)

It was in front of your door. Just sittin' there.

Jane blinks at the plant, surprised. THE CAMERA sees the daisy's close up - the purity of the white petal, the soft yellow beauty of the center eye...

JANE

I can't have it. You should take it home.

DIBBS

I don't want it.

JANE

Your mother will like it. Say you bought it for her.

DIBBS

Right. Then she'd really think I'm on drugs.

JANE

I can't keep it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dibbs sees she is insistent, almost distressed. Shrugs.

DIBBS

Okay.

Dibbs slides the book through the opening in the window, gives her an appraising look.

DIBBS (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

She pauses.

JANE

Yes. Thank you.

DIBBS

Alright. Then you are kind of weird. But cool. What's your name again?

JANE

Jane. You are kind of weird but cool too.

He smiles at that.

DIBBS

See ya.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

We stay with Dibbs as he walks with the daisy plant across the front yard. Just after he's turned to walk on the sidewalk -- Frank's car pulls into the driveway.

INT. GARAGE. FRANK'S HOUSE. SAME.

*Jane's POV: rushed, intense. Behind bottles, a box on a hidden shelf. Inside the box a JOURNAL, some small collected treasures - including the rose petal and shell soap from Pepper's party*

*The book goes into the box, the box put back. Hidden again.*

*The bottle of cleaning fluid. Her fingers take the top off. The spoon---*

FRANK (O.S.)

Did you have a good day?

We jump at his voice. Turn, see him standing there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

Yes.

He strokes her cheek.

FRANK

My good, good girl.

She relaxes, hugs him. The piano music starts up again...

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM. SAME.

John playing the piano for AMANDA (early 30s), the beautiful woman from the opening party, and her mother PAT BISHOP, perfectly turned out in designer clothes. They are having tea with Pepper, who talks to Amanda.

PEPPER

You have to bend his arm behind his back. Make him squirm.

Pepper calls to John above the music.

PEPPER (CONT'D)

Every bride needs a date for her wedding day! It's illegal to make her wait so long! (to Amanda) or it should be, right?

John keeps playing.

AMANDA

John is just so busy at the clinic. He has to schedule a replacement. I understand.

PAT BISHOP

He's getting cold feet.

This pains Amanda but she says nothing.

JOHN

I'm enjoying the music. That's what I am doing.

DIBBS comes in the room, slouches down into a chair.

Pepper motions, sit up. He does, slightly.

PEPPER

Dibbs, tell Mrs. Bishop about art school this summer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pat is looking at Amanda, who has two fingers pressed to her temple. Pat holds up her hand at Dibbs.

PAT BISHOP

One moment. John. Stop playing, please.

John doesn't. Pepper raises her eyebrows.

PAT BISHOP (CONT'D)

John. Amanda is not feeling well.

John finishes the stanza.

JOHN

Are you okay sweetheart?

AMANDA

I'm fine.

PAT BISHOP

She's pale. Shaky. She has a migraine.

JOHN

Do you need your pills?

AMANDA

No, no. Please keep playing.

PEPPER

How about some Neil Sedaka?  
That'd be more soothing for her.

JOHN

Yes, but it'd kill me.

DIBBS

So true.

PEPPER

(to Dibbs)  
You stay out of it. Did you take  
the book over next door?

DIBBS

No, I ate it.

John smiles. Pepper does not.

PEPPER

(to Pat)  
Have you met them? Your new  
neighbors?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMANDA

Mother met the man one day, out front.

MRS BISHOP

He seems blue collar. Not friendly.

AMANDA

I haven't seen the wife at all, but she certainly hasn't done anything to tidy up the house.

DIBBS

(defensive)

She's nice. She even gave me some daises. A whole big pot of them.

This stops John.

JOHN

She gave them to you?

DIBBS

Yeah. She said she didn't want them.

AMANDA

That's a little weird. I mean to give a little boy you don't really know a present--

DIBBS

Little boy?

JOHN

(to Dibbs)  
How about we leave the neighborhood gossip to the ladies, you and I shoot some hoops?

Dibbs jumps up. John starts to lead him out.

MRS BISHOP

You're very good John, at avoiding tough subjects.

John stops turns.

PAT BISHOP

I would like a date for my daughter's wedding. By this Saturday, please.

Pepper looks at John, loving that she's here for this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMANDA

Mother--

PAT BISHOP

I've been very generous with John. Supported him with the clinic-- so he could keep the doors open. Now I would like him to support you.  
(to John) A date for your wedding doesn't seem so much to ask.

A stand off. John caves.

JOHN

No it doesn't. Amanda and I will make the final plans this weekend.

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN. AFTERNOON.

Frank and Jane sit the table. He has a full plate. Hers is empty. He eats. When he finishes he scrapes what is left onto her plate.

But she does not pick up her fork.

FRANK

Eat.

JANE

Thank you. But today my stomach hurts.

Frank stares at her.

FRANK

No, it doesn't.

Jane picks up her fork. Eats.

INT. CINNINATI COURT HOUSE HALLWAY. AFTERNOON

Michael walking with Kramer and Carla.

CARLA

(to Kramer)

The parents and neighbors never saw Mr. Ramses or his van before the day of the kidnapping. So we've got a crime of opportunity. Rebecca was an easy grab--

MICHAEL

No. He planned it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kramer stops.

KRAMER

How do you know that?

MICHAEL

Ramses has an old testament messiah complex. That's why he needed the altar in his back yard. Not for the girls. He's doing first testament lamb sacrifices to honor himself. But he needed wives, believers. Rebecca was the favored wife of King David. Our Rebecca sang in the choir at Bethel church. That's where he found her.

KRAMER

Check if anyone at the church saw him. If we can prove he stalked her we have premeditation. Carla, follow Michael's lead.

She leaves. Carla whirls on Michael.

CARLA

Nice ambush -- good form, well timed. You really will fuck anyone to get ahead.

MICHAEL

It's about nailing this scumbag. Don't make it personal--

CARLA

Making your career on my back IS personal.

She walks away -- coming up behind her is Dara carrying a stuffed canvas bag, a worn out sleeping bag.

DARA

Hey roomie.

He takes her arm, leads her to...

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE. AFTERNOON.

MICHAEL

Listen, I can't leave work. But I can give you my apartment keys.

He goes to his suit jacket, digs in the pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARA

I can wait.

MICHAEL

No, I'll be late. Sometimes I don't get home til midnight.

DARA

I'll make breakfast for you in the morning. I got one of those orange juicer things.

She puts her bag on the desk, roots around in it. Holds up a plastic juicer - proud, like a kid.

MICHAEL

We need to talk about the requirements for occupancy. One. Pick up your stuff. Two. I won't play MarioCar with you because you cheat. Three. I need to know if you're using.

Beat. Is he serious? He is.

She dumps her bag over on the desk. Balled up clothes, underwear, and all kinds of odd things-- the OJ juicer, a toy remote control car, a stamp set, etc.

Michael is embarrassed, but has his lawyer face on.

DARA

Go ahead, root around in there.

He can't do it.

She starts throwing stuff back into her bag - but he reaches out and grabs her arm. Pulls her towards him, turns her hand up. She's palmed a small bag of weed.

MICHAEL

You are unbelievable.

DARA

Don't make it a big deal. You drink beer, I do weed.

MICHAEL

You just got out of rehab for fuck sake!

DARA

It's not like I'm shooting up or popping bennies anymore--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BETH (O.S.)

And why should he believe you?

Dara turns, sees Beth standing there with a potted flower for Michael's office. Dara goes a bit white.

BETH (CONT'D)

You are a liar. We all know that.

Michael's nightmare -- these women together at his work.

MICHAEL

Mom. Let's keep this cool.

BETH

Why is she here?

MICHAEL

She needed help.

BETH

She can go find help from someone else's son.

Dara gets the rest of her stuff back into her bag.

MICHAEL

You know there's no one else.

BETH

Oh, that's right. My dead end sister kicked you out too. Even your own mother knows what trouble you are.

DARA

I'm gonna go.

She's at the door, turns back to Michael. But he can't stand up to his mother. Says nothing.

Dara leaves.

EXT. COURTHOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Dara exits, pissed off. She goes down the steps, but then stops. She's got no place to go. She starts walking -- into Seattle's downtown...

INT. FRANK'S CAR. AFTERNOON.

Jane stares out the window while Frank drives. She watches as they pass. ADAMS STREET HEALTH CLINIC.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns a corner -- and opening before us is a new view -  
- of DOWNTOWN SEATTLE --glittering in the distance. Jane  
stares at it.

EXT. NORTHGATE MARKET. EVENING.

A smaller market - not a chain store. We notice it's  
distinctive lit up sign NORTHGATE MARKET. FAMILY OWNED.  
FAMILY FIRST.

Across the street is a motel SUNRISE. Old. Run down.

We see FRANK AND JANE exit the Beige Camery. Walk into  
the market.

INT. NORTHGATE MARKET. EVENING.

The place is empty at this hour.

Frank walks holding the side of the cart, next to Jane  
who pushes it. He turns the cart - subtle but complete  
control. They don't speak.

Suddenly Jane grabs her stomach.

FRANK

Don't do that.

JANE

It hurts.

He walks her down the aisle, looking at the medicine.  
Puts a box in the cart.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE. BATHROOM. EVENING.

Jane on her knees, puking into the toilet. There is NO  
DOOR. Frank is annoyed, distressed like a boy.

FRANK

I need my dinner.

JANE

I'm sick.

FRANK

YOU ARE NOT TAKING CARE OF ME.  
YOU ONLY THINK OF YOURSELF.

His is scary, as he towers over her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks up at him and we see BLOOD ON HER CHIN.

He opens the cabinet takes out the medicine he bought.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You didn't take it!

He rips it open, hands her some pills.

JANE

I can't. I can't swallow--

He moves quickly, takes her hair and tips her head back - has those tablets in his hand.

JANE (CONT'D)

Okay! Okay.

She reaches up, grabs the tablets. Swallows them. Sits back on her heels. She is pale, shivering. Not well.

JANE (CONT'D)

I am good now. Thank you.

Frank turns around and leaves. She shakily stands up. Washes her hands and mouth. THERE IS NO MIRROR.

She holds out her hand, sees how it shakes.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT. EVENING.

RON at his desk, finishing up packing his office. A CLERK has a load of files in his hands.

CLERK

So is that all for storage?

Ron has one folder left in his hand. We see the label: CASEY MORGAN - MISSING/ABDUCTION.

He opens it up - we glimpse photos of young Casey (12), who appears more like a 10 year old, dressed young for her age, shy. A photo of DARA, (16) with makeup and teen clothes. Pictures of a parking lot....

Ron looks up at the clerk. Hands him the file.

RON

Yeah, that's all.

RON'S FLASHBACK - DISJOINTED CUTS, SNATCHES OF MEMORY

EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP. EARLY EVENING.

TEEN DARA (16). Police cars around her, cops in the distance talking to people.

Ron interviews her. She is upset, scared out of her mind, but dealing with it by being shut down. Won't let herself cry.

DARA

A pink shirt and these jean shorts she always had on. Some Disney necklace. Minnie or Mickey or some shit.

RON

What time was this, exactly.

DARA

I don't know, lunch time. I don't know.

RON

That was three hours ago. Why did you wait so long to call?

DARA

I don't know. I thought she was being stupid, hiding. You know, trying to ruin everyone's time.

RON

Did you see anyone near her, talking to her?

DARA

No.

RON

And these kids you were here with, did she have a fight with any of them?

DARA

No. She doesn't know them. She wasn't supposed to come. But then I had to babysit her, and I just thought she could hang in the car during the concert, you know?

RON

Where are your friends, the ones driving the van?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARA

They left. The concert was starting. I couldn't find Casey.

Dara cracks here, tears coming up in her eyes, starting to babble in her panick.

DARA (CONT'D)

It's not a big deal, right? You guys can find her, right? Because I was supposed to watch her. Aunt Beth thinks we're home... I need to take Casey home.

Ron tries his best to comfort her.

RON

We're looking, okay?

A police man comes up, shows Ron something in a baggie. It's a Minnie mouse necklace, broken into pieces.

DARA

(stricken whisper)

That's it. That's Casey's necklace.

COP

The parents are here.

Ron looks... sees Beth and Dean walking towards him. Beth is a different person than the hard woman we've met. She is softer, vulnerable -- stricken with fear.

She walks up to Ron but speaks to Dara.

BETH

Where is my daughter?

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE. MORNING.

Jane sick in the bathroom. She is in terrible pain. Frank is again in the doorway. His face impassive.

JANE

A doctor. Please.

FRANK

No.

JANE

If I die I won't be here any more. You won't have me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sees this upsets him. Pushes...

JANE (CONT'D)  
There is a clinic. On Adams  
Street.

Her body wracks, she vomits up blood.

He picks her up in his arms. She lays her head against  
his shoulder.

INT. ADAM'S STREET CLINIC. AFTERNOON.

A receptionist (20s) at a desk talking to exiting  
patients. The door opens and Frank comes in with Jane,  
his arm around her. He is tense, uneasy.

FRANK  
We need a doctor.

RECEPTIONIST  
Do you have an appointment?

FRANK  
(demanding, but  
controlled)  
We need a doctor.

The nurse picks up a phone. Frank sits Jane down. She  
lays her head against his shoulder.

John appears behind the desk to talk to the nurse. She  
talks to him and he looks out into the reception -- sees  
it is Jane, comes quickly around the desk.

JOHN  
Has something happened--?

Jane looks at John, takes the hand he holds out to her.

JANE  
I don't feel well.

Frank sees their hands together, stands.

FRANK  
We would like a female doctor.  
It's part of our religious rights--

John is thrown by this.

JOHN  
There is not a female doctor at  
this practice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D)

Even an emergency room may not be  
able to guarantee you a female  
doctor--

Jane bends over in pain...

JOHN (CONT'D)

(to Jane)

I respect your religious beliefs  
but I am also a professional  
doctor.

He gently reaches out to take Jane's arm - but Frank  
walks forward -- walks her into the door to the back  
rooms. He won't be left out here in the waiting room.

EXT. CITY PARK. DAY.

Beth driving around, with Dean in the passenger seat.  
They are looking for someone.

They drive up a small hill, to a water tower. There's a  
small slope where people picnic, throw a frisbee.

DEAN

Casey loved coming here, do you  
remember? Her get-away place.

Beth ignores him. She pulls the car over.

They see Dara in a bikini. Laying on the grass. Her  
eyes closed. We look at her pale, bare stomach...

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Another pale stomach....

John presses his fingers into Jane's stomach, examining  
her. Frank stands next to her.

JOHN

So there was blood?

JANE

Yes. Just once.

JOHN

I don't like that.

FRANK

We just need medicine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

We need tests. I need to send her over to St. Joe's hospital.

FRANK

No hospitals. We are private people.

JOHN

Mr. Clark, your wife may be seriously ill.

FRANK

I can take care of her.

He starts to help Jane off the examination table.

John steps in between them, but not aggressively. Guides Jane to lay down.

JOHN

Fine. Just let me check her out.

He looks down into her face.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Would you prefer we do this exam in private?

FRANK

She's fine.

JOHN

Jane?

JANE

He needs to be here.

John nods, not liking it.

*Jane POV: His fingers on her stomach, gently pressing down. So gentle. His kind face. Suddenly her flat pov snaps 3-D - just for an instant. She jumps. He thinks it is because he hurt her.*

JOHN

Sorry. You're going to be okay. Alright?

JANE

Yes. Thank you.

INT. BETH'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Orange juice poured into a glass. Beth hands it to Dara who sits at the kitchen table with Dean, smiling at her. Dara is stiff, uncertain, but still with a spark of hope.

DARA

Thank you.

Beth sits across from her.

DARA (CONT'D)

It looks nice. The house. You painted the kitchen.

DEAN

Took me three weeks. Beth almost kicked me out.

Dara is eyeing Beth, whose face betrays nothing.

DEAN (CONT'D)

How have you been? We heard about... your troubles.

DARA

I'm better. Got a job at Yogurtland--

BETH

Why come back here, of all the places?

DARA

My rehab set up the job. I thought, I don't know, maybe I could try it--

BETH

Why did you contact Michael?

DARA

It's part of my program. I need to make amends. I have a list of people I need to talk to, to say sorry to..

She stops because they all know Beth and Dean are also on that list and Dara can never say she is sorry enough.

BETH

I will give you \$1000 dollars - if you stay away from Michael.

Dara is shocked - as is Dean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN

I don't think that's appropriate--

Beth ignores him, keeps at Dara.

BETH

Michael is going to have a good life. A successful life.

DARA

I know that. I think he'll be mayor some day. I really do.

BETH

Not with you near him he won't. You'll fuck it up for him... Because everything you touch turns to crap.

DEAN

Beth. Dara is our family.

DARA

It's okay. I'd do the same thing if I were her.

Beth stares at Dara. Dara stands up.

DARA (CONT'D)

I'll ask rehab to find me another job, not in Jamestown. And when my court times done, I'll leave Seattle.

Dean looks pained by this.

BETH

What about Michael?

DARA

I'll take that thousand dollars. I need to get a fresh start.

Beth smiles. She knew it.

INT. CLINIC. AFTERNOON

Frank paying the bill in cash to the young receptionist. John stands looking at Jane, still concerned.

Frank holds out his hand to John.

FRANK

Thank you for your services.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John shakes his hand.

JOHN

(to Frank)

She needs that medicine right away. And I'd still like some other tests--

FRANK

I'll take care of her.

Frank turns, takes Jane's arm and guides her out. John stands watching them go.

RECEPTIONIST

That was so weird. Is she going to be okay?

JOHN

I know them. I'll keep my eye on her.

INT. BETH AND DEAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Beth and Dean, laying in bed awake. Not touching.

DEAN

I hope she can do it. I hope Dara can have her new start. We all need a new start.

He rolls over and hugs her.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I'll clean out Casey's room. All of it.

Beth closes her eyes, her face remaining passive -- the feeling too big - to want it to happen and to dread it.

She sits up, says with sincerity...

BETH

Thank you.

She goes into the bathroom. He lays there, staring at the ceiling.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Jane and Frank finish having sex. He's on top, dominating, but not aggressive - almost gentle. She participates but some part of her is not here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank rolls off. Strokes her face.

FRANK

You are so beautiful... I should put you in the box. The way you let that man touch you. But I won't. I want you to be happy. That's all I want. (Vulnerable, weak) I need you so much. You can't be sick. Just don't push me.

JANE

Yes. Okay.

She strokes his face. There is real gentleness in her touch. He has been her captor AND savior for so many years. She IS attached.

FRANK

You are my life. I am yours. Ever since that day you came to me.

JANE

Tell me the story.

FRANK

You were lost. No one was looking for you. Your parents didn't want you. They said you were too bad a girl. But I saw more. I took you in. Cleaned you. Found the good in you. And now we have each other. Only each other. Other people, they will hurt you.... and then I would have to hurt them. Like that couple in Illinois. They didn't understand, they would have taken you from me.

Jane nods. The stories she has grown up with - of who she is and what life is. The real stakes he is threatening...

FRANK (CONT'D)

No matter what I will protect you. That doctor shouldn't have touched you. I don't want to have to hurt him. We can't see him again... You are my perfect girl. The only one. The only one.

He is weeping like a child, wraps himself around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She holds him, strokes his forehead to comfort him.

JANE

Shhh now. I am here. Shhhhh.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

He finishes making love to Amanda. She lays beneath him, pretending. She is upbeat as he rolls off.

AMANDA

That was nice. Wasn't that nice?

JOHN

(a lie)

Sure.

She snuggles in close to him.

AMANDA

I'm so happy. May 22nd. It's going to be a beautiful wedding.

John hugs her close, but he isn't so sure...

EXT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE PARKING LOT. EVENING.

A tired Michael at his car, files in his hand, a long night of work ahead of him. Dara comes up behind him.

MICHAEL

Jesus, you scared me.

DARA

Sorry. I wanted to let you know, I got a new job and a place, over in Northgate. Probably won't be around here much.

MICHAEL

Northgate's like a 20 minute drive. We can still hang out.

DARA

Listen, I'll be busy okay? I gotta get my life going. You need to do your life.

MICHAEL

Is this because of my mother---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARA

No. It's because of me. I don't want--, you've done enough for me. I gotta do this next part on my own.

MICHAEL

You're full of shit. You need someone. Coming out of rehab is tough enough--

DARA

I'm good. I promise.

She leans in to kiss him good bye on the cheek - but he kisses her on the lips.

We can feel the isolation and longing in these two people breaking with this touch.

His hand goes up under her shirt, she leans back against the car, groans with longing - because this is real, this is intensity in an intimate way that neither of them is used to.

But she pulls back, smiles a sad smile - then leaves him standing there.

EXT. JOHN'S YARD. AFTERNOON.

He works in the yard, dirty, sweaty. Amanda stands behind him. As always, perfectly made up. She has a drink in her hand.

AMANDA

You need to prune the Vandella.

JOHN

I did it yesterday.

AMANDA

Not very well. It's still all raggedy.

John sits back on his heels, controls his tempers.

JOHN

Okay. I'll re-do it in a minute.

She kisses him, goes inside.

John digs, annoyed, taking his frustration into the dirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly something white flutters down onto the ground. Then another. It's paper.

He looks around. NO one. He picks up the paper and sees it is music -for the piano.

We hear Jane, but only see her through the crack in the fence...

JANE

Thank you. For the daisies.

JOHN

You liked them? I'm glad. How are you feeling?

JANE

I can't talk to you, again. But I will listen, for your music.

And she is gone.

INT. LAWSON GARAGE. MORNING.

Dean loads boxes and garbage bags into Michael's trunk. Michael is quiet, watching. One of the boxes on the ground is open and we see award ribbons, trophies.

MICHAEL

You can't get rid of these.

He holds up an ink drawings - a rose and an intricate drawing of a beetle.

DEAN

No. I'm keeping that box. I'll put it up in the rafters out here. Where your Mom can't see it.

Marcus takes out a small plastic horse.

MICHAEL

She called this one Dreamy. Or some goofy girl name. I told her I buried it. I thought she'd get mad, but she didn't. She should have gotten mad.

DEAN

She dug up half the yard looking for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

I don't remember that. I don't remember much.

This pains him - to have lost her even in his memories...

DEAN

You can take that, if you want.

Michael considers.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Do you think she is dead? I can't, even now. I just can't.

MARCUS

If she isn't dead, why didn't she come back?

Dean doesn't have an answer. Keeps packing.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE. MORNING.

Jane doing her morning breakfast routine. Lined up glasses and plates, forks just so. She looks better, "normal."

Frank walks up behind her and hugs her. It's a tender gesture. She leans her head back onto his shoulder.

FRANK

Thank you. For saving me.

He kisses her cheek, then sits down for his breakfast.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I need clean shirts.

She sets eggs and bacon in front of him.

JANE

Yes. I'll do the laundry.

She goes into...

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM. SAME.

She starts loading clothes from a hamper into the washer.

She stops and looks at the cleaning fluid on the shelf. The spoon sitting on the counter next to it.

She closes the washer door. Turns to go...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But stops. The door to the cement room is open. There is an old TV inside now, a pile of board games. And a new pink teddy bear. Jane stares at it....

INT. FLORIST SHOP. EVENING

Beth tidying before closing up. The front door opens - she looks up as Ron comes in. (Dean is not here).

RON  
There's a special lady I need  
flowers for.

BETH  
What's she like?

RON  
Gorgeous.

BETH  
Sexy?

RON  
Very.

Beat. Ron is not sure what will happen. Is this affair going to continue.

BETH  
It's been so long since I wanted  
anything other than just to die.

She walks up close to him, puts her arms around him.

BETH (CONT'D)  
I'll do what makes me happy,  
that's all. Don't expect more.

RON  
That's all you should do.

They kiss.

INT. CASEY'S ROOM. EVENING.

The walls bare. Dean stands in utter emptiness.

Beth stands in the doorway. Dean sees her, gives her a sort of smile.

DEAN  
All done in here. Michael took it  
all to the Good Will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She nods, her face impassive. He goes by her.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
I'll get dinner started. Pour  
some wine.

She nods. He leaves.

She walks into the room, sits slowly on the bed - like she might fall. She looks around the empty room - but there is no satisfaction on her face.

Then she sees something. A bit of something pink caught between the dresser and the wall. She bends down - picks it up. It is a cheap plastic hair clip - in the shape of a butterfly.

And this is Beth's undoing. She bends over as if in pain, wracked with silent sobs. She covers her mouth to keep quiet, to not scream, to stop it from overwhelming her. But it is up now and devouring her.

She clutches the hair clip against her chest. Then, with incredible willpower, she pushes her emotions down. She wipes the tears off her cheeks. She walks out of the room, that hair clip still clenched in her fist.

EXT. SUNRISE MOTEL. NIGHT.

Dara comes out and locks up a room. She puts up her hoodie, hunches her shoulders as she runs across the road to the market across the street. NORTHGATE MARKET. With a distinctive lit up sign FAMILY OWNED. FAMILY FIRST.

We've been here before...

EXT. NORTHGATE GROCERY STORE. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

Dara in the back of the parking lot. A guy CALVIN (30s), puts groceries in his minivan. He seems harmless-- Chico pants, button down shirt.

DARA  
How's the wife?

CALVIN  
Fat.

He hands her a box of Popsicles. She hands him cash.

CALVIN (CONT'D)  
Don't eat those all at once. Get  
a tummy ache.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARA

Thanks, Dad.

The box has already been opened. She looks inside and we see a BAGGIE OF WEED.

He pockets the cash.

CALVIN

Nice neighborhood upgrade for you.  
Makes my life easier. We going  
back on a monthly subscription?

DARA

No. I'm good. Just needed a  
little right now to get through.

CALVIN

(heard it before)

Sure.

A car comes in to the parking lot behind Dara. An old, beige Camry.

Dara doesn't look up as it passes her.

But WE SEE FRANK is driving....

INT. GROCERY STORE. NIGHT.

Dara in line with a liter of soda, cupcakes and chips.  
She flips through a celebrity rag mag.

What Dara doesn't see is JANE AND FRANK come up at the register behind her.

Frank is paying. Jane bags the groceries.

Dara dumps the magazine in the candy rack, puts her munchies on the register belt. She has her back to Casey and Frank.

CASHIER

You gotta pay for that too.

The Cashier (18) means the Popsicle box under Dara's arm.

DARA

This is mine. From home.

Jane picks up her two bags to carry them out.

CASHIER

I should call my manager.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARA

Don't do that, shit. Here I'll  
put it in a bag okay. You never  
saw it.

Dara turns and grabs for the pile of plastic bags just as  
Frank and Jane pass.

Dara sees Jane. It stops her cold. Jane and Frank are  
across the store now. Jane turns to talk to Frank,  
showing her profile.

Dara steps out of the register lane, tracking Jane.

Jane and Frank leave the store...

CASHIER

Don't you want your stuff?

Dara BOLTS for the door.

EXT. NORTHGATE GROCERY STORE. NIGHT.

Dara comes to the entrance, sees Jane and Frank across  
the parking lot -- at their beige Camery.

Dara walks towards them, intent, trying to get another  
view of Jane. Jane gets in the car.

Dara starts jogging after the Camery.

She sees a flash of Jane's face in the window, though  
Jane does not see Dara.

Jane's hand comes up, puts a lock of her blonde white  
hair behind her ear... and Dara is CERTAIN.

DARA

Casey?!

But the Camery is leaving the parking lot.

DARA (CONT'D)

Casey!

But she is gone.

END OF SHOW