

GLITCH

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS OVER.

CLOSE on a COMPUTER SCREEN. Really CLOSE. So CLOSE that everything looks fuzzy. Pixelated. A WOMAN'S VOICE cuts through the static. Clear and low.

KANE (V.O.)
Command. Option. Minus.

We ZOOM OUT, slightly. Just enough that the typing is clear. Symbols. Numbers. Letters. They appear on the screen, rapid-fire, in seemingly random order.

KANE (V.O.)
I thought there was a larger plan
for me. A bigger picture. One that
I was just too close to see. In
order to see it all more clearly, I
needed to zoom out. Command.
Option. Minus.

We ZOOM OUT, to reveal it isn't random at all. *It's code.*
Computer code. C++. An impressive work in progress.

KANE (V.O.)
Command. Option. Minus.

We ZOOM OUT to revel in the code in all its complexity. Line
after line of cyber poetry. Legible only to the those who
speak its cryptic tongue.

KANE (V.O.)
But the farther you out you go--

ZOOM OUT, wide this time, to reveal the code goes on and on
and on. Forever.

KANE (V.O.)
--The harder it is to get back.

Until suddenly, IT ALL GOES BLACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

It's raining hard as we ANGLE ON a city, tens of stories below us. The color is muted. Forboding. The wind whistles as it rattles between buildings. Down, way down, cars HONK.

Watching it all is ELIZA. Late twenties. Delicate, both physically and mentally. She peers over the roof's edge, soaking wet. With the rain, it takes us a second to realize she's crying. She takes a deep breath and wipes her eyes.

We think for a moment she's about to leave. To go back inside. But instead, she carefully climbs onto the building's ledge, preparing herself to jump.

Until, a familiar voice interrupts.

KANE (O.S.)

E--

Eliza closes her eyes, trying to will the voice away. But, while she may be quiet and deliberate, KANE SHEPPARD, late 30s, refuses to be ignored.

Kane slowly walks towards Eliza, careful not to spook her.

KANE (CONT'D)

Please, don't do this.

Eliza lip quivers, mirroring the rest of her body, which shakes with the nerves and cold.

ELIZA

Go away.

Kane inches closer, trying her best to appear calm. Soothing.

KANE

I will. I will, but I just want to talk to you first. Why don't you come down here and we can talk?

A big gust of wind blows, causing Eliza to teeter on the ledge. Kane GASPS in terror, her composed demeanor quickly evaporating. She lunges for Eliza.

KANE (CONT'D)

Eliza, no!

But Eliza recoils. Steadying herself. Steeling her resolve. Kane's advance only draws her closer to the edge.

ELIZA

STOP! STOP MOVING!

Kane stops and backs away slowly, both hands up.

KANE
Okay, okay.

Eliza points an accusatory finger, eyes wild.

ELIZA
Don't come closer!

KANE
I won't. But how about we talk
about this? I just want to talk.
Come down here and we can talk,
okay?

Eliza's rage turns to sadness, and she starts to cry again.

ELIZA
Nobody understands. Nobody believes
me.

KANE
I do. I believe you. And I can help
you. We can figure this out
together. But not like this.

Eliza starts muttering to herself, pacing slightly. Kane's stomach drops, watching her walk the ledge like a plank.

KANE (CONT'D)
Hey, you hear me? You can't do
this. You can't jump. If you jump--
Eliza, look at me.

Kane's panicking now. Pleading. The lump in her throat makes it hard to speak without crying. Eliza turns, slowly, looking through Kane with blank eyes.

KANE (CONT'D)
If you jump, it will end me.

Eliza stares at Kane for a long moment before:

ELIZA
I don't belong here.

Eliza holds out her hand to Kane, an eerie smile spreading across her face.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
And neither do you. Come with me,
Kane. Jump with me.

Kane looks at Eliza's outstretched hand. Considering. Unsure. She steps towards the ledge slowly, as Eliza nods, encouragingly. When Kane reaches the ledge, she reaches for Eliza, takes her hand--

--And PULLS, catching Eliza off balance and yanking her off the ledge. Kane catches Eliza in her arms and pulls her close. Once the shock wears off, Eliza starts to sob, collapsing into Kane's arms.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Kane nods, her eyes glistening with tears.

KANE

I am too.

The two women hug, choking back emotion, as the rain pours down on them from above. A long BEAT. A special moment.

Until a GUNSHOT rings out.

The women stare at one another, their expressions unchanged, until slowly, Eliza reaches for her stomach. When she brings her hand up to her face, she sees it's covered in blood.

Eliza falls to the ground, clutching herself. She looks at Kane, shocked. Pained. Kane holds a gun at her side, the smoke dispersing in the rain.

ELIZA

Why didn't you just let me jump?

Kane bends down and reaches into Eliza's jeans' pocket, and pulls out a FLASH DRIVE. She leans over and kisses the dying woman on the forehead, her tears falling onto Eliza's face.

KANE

You were right. I don't belong here. And this is my only way out.

Kane rises to her feet, covered in blood.

ELIZA

No, wait-- please!

Another GUNSHOT cuts her plea short as we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. PARK - DAY**

A little GIRL. She's five or so, with dark hair cascading down her back. We don't see her face, but it's an easy bet she's smiling as she twirls across the open field.

Her dress billows up, like it's floating on air. The sound of her LAUGHTER is all we can hear. All we want to hear.

The girl runs towards Kane, who's laughing as her daughter reaches for what Kane's hiding behind her back: a BRACELET, thin and delicate and dotted with tiny rubies.

Kane fastens it around the girl's wrist. A perfect fit. The child jumps into Kane's arms, and they spin around, laughing. Like they'll never let go. Suddenly, O.S.:

AN ALARM. Blaring.

CUT TO:

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON KANE, older now, forties, as she opens her eyes. *It was all a dream.* But a dream so real, it must be a memory.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Kane's in an empty bed in a large master suite, decorated to perfection. She hears O.S. VOICES, coming from downstairs, and quietly gets out of bed.

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kane tiptoes inside, locking the door behind her, trying to claim a few more minutes of morning to herself. She splashes water on her face, then reaches for the mirror, revealing a concealed medicine cabinet.

She pulls out a prescription container, and closes the cabinet, staring at her reflection. Her makeup-free face is soft, inviting, but her eyes are unreadable. *Numb.*

She opens the prescription and downs one of the little BLUE PILLS. She gives herself a hard look, steeling her resolve to face another day.

Kane opens the bathroom door and is immediately met by--

OLLIE (O.S.)
MORNING!

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kane jumps back in surprise, as OLLIE, her seven-year-old son, smiles up at her. If you Googled "*stock image cute kid*," Ollie's picture would pop up. He's adorable, but a weary Kane seems immune to his charms.

KANE
You scared me.

OLLIE
I didn't even hafta say "Boo!"

Ollie reaches out his little hand to his mother.

OLLIE (CONT'D)
C'mon! Daddy made pancakes!

But Kane resists his touch, pulling back.

KANE
Go ahead. I have to get ready.

Ollie stares at her, his doe eyes processing the rejection.

KANE (CONT'D)
Go on. I'll be down in a minute.

Kane practically pushes Ollie out the door, locking it behind him. She breathes a small sigh of relief when he's gone.

INT. SHEPPARD LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

JAY SHEPPARD, Kane's charming husband with a megawatt smile, isn't smiling now. He faces off with their teenage son, PETER, who sits at the kitchen island, scarfing down a hefty breakfast that won't put a pound on his gangly frame.

JAY
It's not acceptable. If you're struggling in class, you come to us. We can help, we can get you a tutor. But you have to use the resources you're given.

Peter barely looks up from scrolling through his smart phone.

JAY (CONT'D)
Peter.

PETER
I get it.

Jay holds up Peter's test, marked up with red ink.

JAY

The D+ seems to indicate otherwise.

Peter doesn't respond. He's disinterested. Indifferent. *Just like his mother*, who enters, dressed for work.

JAY (CONT'D)

Kane, would you help me out here?

KANE

What, what's wrong?

JAY

We're talking about Pete's test.

Kane nods, pretending to be up to speed on Peter's latest academic disappointment.

KANE

Right. Education is important.

JAY

It's not just important. It's everything. You're a smart kid, Pete, you can't settle for mediocrity.

Peter continues stuffing his face, unresponsive.

JAY (CONT'D)

And in the interest of education, you're grounded for the next two weeks.

Peter rolls his eyes, GROANING in angsty frustration like only a teenage boy can.

PETER

C'mon! Seriously?!

Jay turns to Kane, looking for an ally. And yet...

JAY

Actions have consequences. Right, Kane?

Something about the way her looks at her feels pointed. Almost accusatory.

KANE

Right. Your dad's right, Pete.

PETER

UGH! You guys are ruining my life!

Peter slumps off, taking his phone with him.

JAY

You'll thank us when you're old and
in STEM and making six figures!

Peter gives another O.S. GROAN as he stomps up the stairs.
With Peter gone, Jay comes up behind Kane, and wraps his arms
around her waist, hugging her close.

JAY (CONT'D)

Thank you for having my back.

He kisses the back of her neck, slowly, seductively. *A good
morning indeed.*

JAY (CONT'D)

(Seductively murmuring)
And now, I get yours.

Kane seems to bristle at his touch, uneasy. But Jay doesn't
notice Kane's reticence. *Jay doesn't notice a lot of things.*

KANE

Well, we've got to be a united
front, right?

Jay releases her from his loving grip and grabs a banana off
the counter, eating as he talks.

JAY

Always. Big day at the office.

KANE

Yeah?

Kane starts on her own breakfast, pouring cereal into a bowl.

JAY

Oh, yeah. We've got to wine and
dine the big dogs from Peterson
Global. If we could land their
portfolio, we'd be riding high.

KANE

Fingers crossed.

Jay flashes a smile, firing off that boyish charm, as Kane
grabs milk from the fridge, pours it in her cereal.

JAY
 Toes too. Ken would be point on
 their account but it's my get, so
 this would be huge for me--

Jay keeps talking, but his words fade out as Kane stares off,
 her eyes fixated on:

A FAMILY PHOTO.

The happy family of four. Kane, Jay, Peter, Ollie. Like it's
 just them. Like that's how it's always been.

JAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Kane!

Kane snaps out of it, realizing she's overflowed the bowl
 with milk. Jay CHUCKLES and hands her a wad of paper towels.

KANE
 Whoops.

JAY
 That mind of yours. Always some
 place else.

Jay kisses her on the forehead, and Kane forces a smile.

KANE
 Ollie! Come on, we've got to go!

OLLIE (O.S.)
 COMING!

JAY
 But, your breakfast--

KANE
 I'm not hungry. Good luck today.

Kane hurries off. Jay watches her go, his smile fading.

INT./EXT. KANE'S SUV/NEW HOPE STREET - MORNING

Kane, with Ollie in the backseat, drives through the idyllic
 town of New Hope.

A shop-lined MAIN STREET.

A serene LAKE, overrun by joggers and stroller-pushing moms.

Cookie-cutter HOUSES with lush LAWNS. A car in every
 driveway. An American flag on every porch.

But Kane keeps her eyes on the road. She's seen it all before, in all of its picture perfect glory. It doesn't look so perfect to her now.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

CHILDREN frolic on the playground, getting out their energy before classes start.

Kane pulls into a parking spot, and hops out to get Ollie.

KANE

Okay, out you go--oof!

Ollie leaps into her arms, holding her tight.

OLLIE

Bye, Mommy. I love you.

Kane looks visibly uncomfortable. Being affectionate with Ollie, it's not second nature. Not anymore. Kane puts the boy down, and shoos him off with a forced smile.

KANE

Alright, have a good day.

Ollie runs off, yelling with glee. Kane watches him go, disappointed in herself that she doesn't have more to give him. That everything she used to have is gone.

From O.S. comes a chorus of CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER. Kane turns to see three LITTLE GIRLS holding hands, twirling. One of them has long, dark hair. Kane stares for too long.

EXT. SUBURBAN SIDEWALK - DAY

Peter scuffles down the tree-lined street. Hoodie up. Headphones in. Punky-pop MUSIC blares from the speakers.

Randomly, the music starts skipping, like a scratched CD. He fiddles with his smart phone, to no avail. Suddenly, an EAR-PIERCING SCREAM comes out of the speakers. Peter drops his cell phone in surprise, and rips his headphones out.

PETER

Ow! Fuck!

On the GROUND, his phone screen has cracked, fragmented and fractured. A modern mosaic.

JAY (O.S.)

Eight, nine, ten--

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BATHROOM - SAME TIME - SERIES OF SHOTS

Jay, in only his boxers, does pushups on the bathroom tiles.

JAY

Eleven, twelve, thirteen--

Jay, in the shower. He makes the water colder and colder, until the faucet won't turn anymore. He shivers.

Wrapped in a towel, Jay combs product into his hair. He shaves the stubble from his face with an expert's hand.

He opens the medicine cabinet, takes out Kane's bottle of little blue pills. In his reflection, we watch him dump the contents into his hand, counting them.

She took one today.

Jay nods, relieved, and goes to put them back in the cabinet, when he notices his reflection in the mirror.

He's cut himself shaving. A streak of blood runs down his face like a single tear. He wipes it away.

EXT. NEW HOPE BRIDGE - SAME TIME

Kane drives over the giant arch bridge linking the suburbs to the city, looming over her, all steel and glass and cement.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. VI-REACH BUILDING - MORNING**

Kane begrudgingly approaches the towering skyscraper when:

RITA (O.S.)

Uh oh.

Kane turns to see her forty-something best friend and work wife, RITA, a big smile on her round, ever-gleeful face.

RITA (CONT'D)

I see the "Shep Schlep."

Rita mimics Kane's downtrodden stride. She stomps, hunched over, a mock pout on her face. Kane can't help but smile as Rita breaks into a contagious LAUGH.

RITA (CONT'D)

You look like you need this.

Rita hands Kane an extra cup of coffee. Kane nods thankfully, and starts to sip when:

RITA (CONT'D)

Careful! It's hot. But so. Damn. Delicious! Coffee Co. just started making this new flavor, Matcha, and Lord, is it good! Took everything in me to not drink yours *and* mine.

KANE

You're in a good mood. I'm guessing the date went well?

Rita shakes her head, as they head towards the building.

RITA

The date was awful and I'm gonna die alone. But, ooh girl, if I could just marry this coffee--

Kane laughs as they enter the building with the rest of the working masses, disappearing into the crowd.

INT. VI-REACH OFFICES - LATER

Kane and Rita walk into the giant, open office space. It's lined with desks, where tens of employees already sit, typing at high-tech, flat-screen computers.

The pair make their way to neighboring stations and take their seats. A MANILA ENVELOPE awaits each on her keyboard.

Behind them, in the BACKGROUND, a COWORKER walks by, wearing a blue checkered shirt, presumably on his way to his desk.

Rita turns to Kane with a smile, putting on her headphones.

RITA

See ya on the other side.

Rita winks at Kane, turning her attention to work. Kane watches Rita for a moment. Admiringly. Envious. Wondering what it's like to be that joyful.

Kane empties the contents of her envelope: a FLASH DRIVE. She plugs it into the computer dock, and a series of WINDOWS pop up, written entirely in computer code. Her task for the day.

Kane puts on her headphones, which emit CLASSICAL MUSIC. It's soothing, tranquil. Kane closes her eyes, letting the music cascade over her. Getting in her zone. She readies her hands at the keyboard when suddenly:

O.S. the sound of CHILD'S LAUGHTER floods into her speakers.

FLASH TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY - FLASHBACK

Kane's daughter runs through the park, her back to us.

SMASH TO:

INT. VI-REACH OFFICES - BACK TO SCENE

Kane's eyes snap open, her breath quickening. Her gaze darts around the room, but there's nary a child in sight. Just Kane's coworkers, laser-focused on their own stations.

Kane catches her breath, then turns up the VOLUME on her speakers. The music drowns out her thoughts, and she guides herself back to the task at hand.

She's masterful. As skilled at composing code as a classical pianist is playing her instrument. Her fingers move in concert with the music, until suddenly, the O.S. LAUGHTER return, snapping her back to:

FLASH TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY - FLASHBACK - SERIES OF SHOTS

The girl's tiny fingers pluck a flower from the ground.

Her dress billows as she twirls.

Just as she turns for us to almost see her face we--

SMASH TO:

INT. VI-REACH OFFICES - BACK TO SCENE

Kane, breathing heavy, tries to shake the memory. The LAUGHTER. She types louder, more forcibly. Punishing the keys. She turns up the volume on the speakers, the MUSIC pounding in her ears until-- SCREECH!

The microphone feedback cuts through the music. Kane winces, throwing off her headphones. She holds her ears, in momentary pain and shock.

In the BG, unbeknownst to Kane, the sound has made every single person in the room FREEZE, for the briefest moment. A beat. Before they all continue on as if nothing happened.

Kane catches her breath, and peeks around the room to make sure no one noticed. As far as she can tell, they didn't. She continues working, without her headphones in.

In the BG, the same COWORKER wearing the blue checkered shirt walks by, in the same direction he was headed before.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

A high school English class. The TEACHER prattles on, pacing in front of the whiteboard. Peter, sweaty and green, looks down at his hands, distracted by his gurgling stomach.

TEACHER

The idea of *doublethink* in George Orwell's 1984 explores the ability to hold two opposing ideas in one's mind, simultaneously and yet, believe them *both* to be true. It eliminates contradictions. It compromises rational thought. It erases memory from the equation.

The teacher stops pacing, turns to face the students.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
 Can anyone think of an example of
doublespeak from the book?

Nary a hand is raised. One student COUGHS.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
 Anyone?

The Teacher frowns, her request met with silence.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
 Come on, I know some of you did the
 reading.

Then, Peter raises his hand. The Teacher smiles, relieved.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
 Alright, what have you got for me,
 Peter?

But Peter clutches his stomach, wincing.

PETER
 I need to use the bathroom.

All that breakfast food is finally catching up with him. The class chortles, the Teacher frowns.

TEACHER
 Of course you do.

Annoyed, she motions him off.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Peter shuffles down the empty hallway, holding his stomach.

INT. BOYS' BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter hurries into the bathroom but stops short when he sees:

MARCO, the atypical high school degenerate, engaged in a drug deal with another STUDENT. Marco, gay, sexual, and pithy, hands over a baggy full of little RED PILLS in return for some balled up bills.

Marco and the other student stop and stare at Peter as he enters. He turns to leave, but his stomach gurgles. *There's no time.* He runs into the bathroom stall.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Peter emerges from the restroom, looking less green.

MARCO (O.S.)
Do you have IBS?

Peter turns to see Marco, arms folded, eyebrow raised.

PETER
What?

MARCO
That shit's toxic.

After a BEAT, Marco bursts out laughing.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Get it? That shit's toxic? That was
good, right?

Peter smiles a little, forced. Marco makes him uncomfortable.

MARCO (CONT'D)
So, you did your business in
there... and I did mine.

Marco holds up his wad of cash. Peter takes a step backwards.

PETER
We're good, man. I--I didn't see
anything.

A BELL RINGS, and students pour into the hallway. Marco covertly takes a red pill from his pocket, and seductively slides it into Peter's. Marco leans in close.

MARCO
Well, now you can see for yourself.

PETER
It's fine, I don't--

MARCO
Didn't anyone ever tell you it's
rude to refuse a gift?

Marco traces the outline of Peter's jeans pocket, coy.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Maybe someday, you'll have a gift
for me.

Marco bites his lip and struts away. Peter watches him go, equal parts confused and intrigued. Another BELL SOUNDS, telling students to get to class as we MATCH CUT to:

INT. VI-REACH OFFICES - EVENING

Where a BELL RINGS in Kane's headphones, signaling the end of the workday. Kane snaps out of her coding trance, and scans her progress. She ejects the flash drive, puts it back in the envelope, and marks it "*Completed.*"

She puts the envelope in a the file cabinet attached to her desk. It's filled to the brim. Kane turns and is startled to find Rita, uncomfortably close.

RITA
Drink?

Kane jumps back a little.

KANE
Jesus.

RITA
(Correcting)
Jesús. 'Cuz we're about to have some tequila up in here. Have you had the new Pomegranate Skinny Girl Margarita? Bethany Frankel has done it again, girl, I am telling you.

Rita beams, exuberant, but Kane shrugs.

KANE
I can't tonight.

Rita folds her arms and pouts, mock upset.

RITA
Why not? You got a hot date or something?

KANE
Kind of, yeah.

Rita balks, suddenly stone-cold serious and stern.

RITA
You can't do that. You're married. You took a vow and cheating is wrong.

Kane waits for Rita to break into her usual, joking smile, but she doesn't. Kane looks at her strangely, before:

KANE

I was being sarcastic.

Rita stares at Kane for a BEAT before bursting into an over-the-top fit of LAUGHTER.

RITA

HA! Oh, girl! You got jokes, lady.
Look at you! HA!

Kane smiles, unsure, as she and Rita head towards the exit. On their route, they pass a DOOR, secured with a FOB SCANNER.

A sign on the door reads *Authorized Personnel Only*. Neither gives it a second glance as they pass.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - EVENING

Peter lays in bed, on his laptop, searching Marco on social media. All of Marco's pictures are over the top. Envelope pushing. But his smile. His eyes. He's alluring...

JAY (O.S.)

PETER! DINNER!

Peter quickly closes his search window, shutting his computer, as if caught.

PETER

Coming!

Peter starts to leave, but stops at his desk. He digs into his pocket and takes out the RED PILL from Marco. He stares at it for a BEAT, before hiding it in a desk drawer.

INT. SHEPPARD KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jay puts the finishing touches on his envy-inducing spread, as Peter takes his seat next to Ollie. Jay brings dinner to the table, checking his watch.

JAY

We'll wait for you mom to start.
She should be home any minute.

PETER

It's Tuesday.

Jay nods, remembering. *Kane has a standing Tuesday date.* He's clearly a little miffed by it.

JAY
Never mind then. Dig in, boys.

INT. NURSING HOME - SAME TIME

Kane frowns at her hand of cards, as her "hot date," ELLIOT, 80s, brilliant, kind, and wheelchair-bound, looks on.

RUPERT (O.S.)
Would you hurry up already?

WIDEN to reveal Kane and Elliot play with RUPERT, younger, mentally disabled, and a few other ELDERLY RESIDENTS.

ELLIOT
Now, Rupert, is that any way to speak to a lady?

RUPERT
I don't see gender. Just losers.

Rupert motions to the pile of POKER CHIPS on the table. Elliot nods, eyebrow raised.

ELLIOT
Insultingly progressive of you.

Kane puts down her hand, shaking her head with a smile.

KANE
I fold.

Rupert grins, proudly fanning out his cards; a full house. Elliot cringes as Rupert collects his prize.

ELLIOT
I don't know how you do it.

RUPERT
It's called skill. Look it up.

Rupert shuffles off with his winnings as the poker crowd disperses. Elliot turns to Kane, eyes shining.

ELLIOT
Ah, alone at last. I apologize for the company I keep. It's slim pickings amongst the conscious crowd.

Kane smiles. She's happy here, with Elliot. Relaxed. Herself.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

So, tell me. How are you, my dear?

Kane takes a deep breath, nodding. *She's stalling.*

KANE

I'm... fine. Good. I'm good.

Elliot tsks, polishing off his cup of tea.

ELLIOT

Do you know how long I've known you, Kane?

It's a line Kane has heard a thousand times before.

KANE

Since before I was born.

ELLIOT

(Overlapping)

Since before you were born. I knew your father even longer, and you two have the exact same tell.

KANE

And what, *pray tell* would that be?

ELLIOT

Neither one of you could lie to save your life.

Kane laughs. *It's like Elliot can see into her mind.*

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

The boys-- how's young Peter? Still eating his weight in junk food?

As Kane answers, a NURSE in blue scrubs approaches, her back to us, refilling Elliot's tea cup.

KANE

He's... a teenager. Detached. Distracted.

The Nurse turns and... she's beautiful. Stunning, really. As if someone stuck the best features of every superstar on one woman, and it somehow didn't look contrived.

Kane is struck. The Nurse smiles and Kane watches her go, either lusting, or enviously eyeing her perfect frame.

ELLIOT
Distracted, huh?

Kane's phone buzzes with a text from Jay. *When is she coming home? He saved a plate for her. Smiley face emoji.* Kane puts the phone face down without a response.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
I guess I know how things are with Jay. Want to tell me about it?

KANE
You're retired, remember? You can't just shrink people anymore.

ELLIOT
You can take the man off the couch... So, tell me.

Kane gives in, and tries to put her feelings into words.

KANE
It's fine. I'm fine.

ELLIOT
Liar. Tell me how you feel, Kane.

KANE
I feel... like I'm floating. Like I'm floating through my day. Through my life. Like, life keeps happening around me, but not to me. Because I'm just floating... But it's worse than that. It's not floating, really. It's sinking. (Then) And the scary part is... I want to keep sinking.

Elliot understands. *Kane's drowning in grief.* He blows on his tea, before taking a measured sip. After a long pause:

ELLIOT
Man learns by doing. Do you know why we don't touch fire? Because we remember the one time we did, oh how it burned. You've had babies.

Kane looks down, sadly, as Elliot puts his hand on hers.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
You've seen them learn to walk. Messy business. They constantly fall down.

(MORE)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

By our earlier logic, babies should never try and walk again. Because they remember how, when they tried, they failed. But miraculously, they do. Time and time again, they try and fail until they succeed. Because it's innate. *Because it's survival.*

Elliot takes Kane's hand, squeezing it.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

You will get back up again, my dear. Because you need to survive.

Off Kane, understanding.

CUT TO:

INT. SHEPPARD HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Kane sits at her desk, sketching. Pencil to paper. Each stroke, every shade, is done with care. With love.

Kane sketches the little girl from her dream. *Her daughter.* Kane has memorized every ruffle on her dress, every curl of her hair, every gem in her delicate, ruby bracelet.

But her face isn't visible in the drawing.

Kane's eyes water as she reaches out and touches her drawing, purposefully and lovingly smudging it with her fingers. She looks at her work, satisfied. *Longing.*

OLLIE (O.S.)

MOM?!

Kane snaps out of her reverie, startled. She quickly closes the sketch pad, hiding it deep within a desk drawer.

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

MOM? Where are you?

KANE

In here.

Ollie appears at the door, adorable in his pjs.

KANE (CONT'D)

What is it?

OLLIE

Can you read me my bedtime story?

Kane sighs. *She knows she should, but--*

KANE

Why don't you ask your dad tonight?

Rejected, Ollie trudges back into the other room. Kane watches him go, wishing she were better.

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Jay reads, as Kane crawls into bed beside him.

KANE

Good night.

She turns off her bedside light, and rolls onto her side.

JAY

Hey, hey, wait a minute.

Jay puts his book down, and spoons Kane. She turns, tensing at his touch. He smiles at her, slyly.

JAY (CONT'D)

Don't I get a good night kiss?

Kane nods, slowly, and obligingly pecks Jay on the lips, but takes her face in his hands and kisses her repeatedly, each time slower, more deeply than the last.

Clearly looking to get lucky, Jay maneuvers himself on top of Kane, kissing her hungrily. He moves his hand under the covers, caressing Kane's body but she stops him.

KANE

I'm really tired.

Jay pauses, hurt and deflated, but manages a fake smile.

JAY

Sure.

He kisses her on the forehead, and rolls off Kane. He turns off his light and turns away from her.

JAY (CONT'D)

Good night, Kane.

Kane stares at Jay's back, feeling guilty. Disappointed in herself. *Why couldn't she just let him fuck her?*

After a moment, she leans in to her husband. It looks like she might touch him. Kiss him. *Initiate.* But instead--

KANE

I forgot to brush my teeth.

Kane gets up and tiptoes to the:

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kane turns on the water and stares at her reflection. She looks pale. Damaged. Broken.

Trying to collect herself, Kane closes her eyes, and begins to touch herself, fantasizing about the Nurse in the blue scrubs. *So it was lust.*

We pan down to the sink, the water running from the faucet to drown out the sound of Kane's heavy breathing.

But as she finishes, GASPING quietly, the water from the faucet appears unmistakably pixelated, just for a second, before going back to normal.

Kane splashes water on her face, and creeps to the door.

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

But when she opens it, Kane finds Ollie. Standing. Staring. Starling her. Kane jumps.

KANE

Holy shit.

He doesn't respond. In fact, he doesn't even blink. He just stands frozen, eyes wide, staring through her.

KANE (CONT'D)

Ollie?

Kane shakes him, gently at first, and then harder until his eyes regain focus. He blinks repeatedly, then starts to cry.

OLLIE

Mommy?

KANE

Sh, it's okay. You were just sleepwalking. You must have had a bad dream.

He looks at her, unsure.

OLLIE

Dream?

KANE

Let's just get you back in bed.

Kane takes his hand, and leads him out of the room.

INT. OLLIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ollie lays in bed as Kane pulls the covers up to his chin.

KANE

There you go. Safe and sound,

She wipes a tear from the little boys' cheek and goes to leave, but Ollie suddenly, forcefully grabs her wrist. Kane looks at him, startled, but he just smiles sweetly.

OLLIE

Will you stay with me until I fall
asleep?

Kane looks towards the door, before slowly nodding. She hesitantly climbs into the tiny bed, and Ollie lays all his little weight on her. She shifts uncomfortably, allowing him to snuggle in.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

I love you, Mommy.

Kane brushes his hair with her hands, and kisses him on the head. She says nothing.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. PARK - DAY - DREAM SEQUENCE**

Kane and her daughter. They lay in the grass, making snow angels, only without the snow. They hold hands, the little girl's ruby BRACELET catching the sunlight, gleaming. We don't see the girl's face, but Kane's says it all. With her daughter, Kane's herself. She's free. She's happy.

But suddenly, the little girl is pulled from Kane's grasp by an invisible force. She's torn, SCREAMING, arms outstretched.

Kane runs to her. Frantic. Panicked. She reaches for the child, who's just out of her reach. Kane gets close enough for her fingers to brush her daughter's. She almost close enough to grab when:

CUT TO:

INT. OLLIE'S ROOM - MORNING

Kane shoots up, panting, in bed. Ollie's bed. She's alone in a room full of action figures and stuffed animals. A boy's room. Her daughter is lost to the night.

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kane enters her bathroom, closing the door behind her. She opens the medicine cabinet, and stares at her reflection as she downs the little blue pill.

INT. SHEPPARD LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ollie, in his school clothes, watches TV as he eats his cereal. Classic cartoons. But as Kane passes through on her way to the kitchen--

KANE

Morning.

--The TV cuts out, devolving into pixelated snow. Ollie frowns, and futzes with the remote. After a moment, the picture returns to normal. He continues eating, satisfied.

INT. SHEPPARD KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jay is reading the paper as Kane enters. He doesn't look up.

JAY

I know what you did last night.

Kane stares at him, caught. After a tense beat, before Jay looks up, breaking into a smile.

JAY (CONT'D)

Ollie told me.

Jay gets up, and makes his way over to Kane.

JAY (CONT'D)

It was really sweet that you stayed with him last night.

Jay kisses her deeply, a reward for a child well-parented. Kane sidesteps away, pretending to be the inquisitive wife.

KANE

You never told me how your big meeting went.

Jay sighs; *it's bad news*.

JAY

They went to First National.

Kane manages a sympathetic look.

KANE

Aw, Jay, I'm sorry.

Jay shrugs it off, plastering on his signature smile.

JAY

Eh, you win some...

A long pause. The space between them is gaping. An abyss.

JAY (CONT'D)

I want to fix this.

KANE

(Overlapping)

I should get Ollie to school.

Another pause. Jay goes to say something, but smiles instead.

JAY

Yeah. I guess you should.

Jay goes in for another peck, and Kane obliges before hurrying off. Jay stares after her, his face changing.

INT. SHEPPARD LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ollie watches TV, transfixed, when Kane enters.

KANE

Okay, let's get a move on.

Suddenly, the TV turns snowy again. Ollie frowns, and plays with the remote again.

OLLIE

Mom, look!

KANE

Turns that off. We've got to go.

Ollie obediently switches off the TV, and follows after her.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Peter approaches the school building, his head down. It's him against the world, when:

MARCO (O.S.)

Hey, Sheppard!

Peter turns to see Marco, giving him the once over, smiling.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Classes are for pussies. Are you a pussy, Shep?

Peter hesitates, unsure of what to say.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Do you like pussies, Shep?

Peter's blushes, looking at the ground. *He doesn't.*

MARCO (CONT'D)

Come on. There's some place I wanna show you.

Off Peter. Does he stay, or follow Marco into the unknown?

EXT. VI-REACH BUILDING - MORNING

As Kane approaches the building, there's Rita, waiting outside, as if on cue, with a steaming cup a' joe.

RITA

How was that "hot date?" Girl,
you're so funny, you had me
snorting up my Jose Cuervo Especial
Gold just thinking about it.

Kane manages a smile. Rita hands her a coffee as they walk.

RITA (CONT'D)

I got you your favorite blend from
Coffee Co., French Vanilla. It's to
die.

Kane looks around at the other work-goers. They all look so
pleasant. All-smiles. Kane despises them. Or envies them.

INT. VI-REACH OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Kane sits at her station, next to Rita, who has already put
on her headphones and started working.

Kane unseals the ENVELOPE waiting on her desk, and dumps out
its contents. Another day, another flash drive.

In the BACKGROUND, inconspicuously, the Coworker in the blue
checkered shirt walks by.

Kane inserts the flash drive into the computer, but instead
of the usual day's task in coding speak, a message appears:
"What are you searching for?"

Huh? Kane tries some keys, but nothing happens. *"What are you
searching for?"* remains displayed.

After a beat, Kane ejects the flash drive, examining it
quizzically, before reinserting the disk. Her usual task, in
code, pops up without problem.

Off Kane's expression, *what was that all about?*

CUT TO:

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME - SERIES OF SHOTS

Jay, in only his boxers, does pushups on the bathroom tiles.

Jay, in the shower, shivering.

Jay combs product into his hair. He shaves the stubble from
his face with an expert's hand.

He opens the medicine cabinet, takes out Kane's bottle of little blue pills. He counts them.

The same routine. To a T.

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jay ties a perfect Windsor knot, the final addition to his perfectly tailored suited ensemble.

He opens a dresser drawer, purposefully rifles around the perfectly folded sweaters and undershirts, and pulls out a prepaid FLIP PHONE. A burner cell.

There are three missed messages, all from the same number. *Need to see you. Meet at our place. Noon.*

Jay smiles, and deletes the texts. He puts the phone in his suit jacket pocket, and closes the dresser drawer.

INT. VI-REACH OFFICES - DAY

Kane is in the zone. Headphones on. Fingers typing. Suddenly, her CELL PHONE RINGS. Loudly. Cutting through the silence.

KANE

Shit.

Kane reaches into her purse, fumbling for her phone. After a moment of fruitlessly feeling for it, she gives up and dumps the contents of her bag out on her desk, her phone among them. She grabs it, silencing it, and looks up to see:

Every eye is on her. Glaring. Eerie. She waves a meek apology, and the coworkers turn back to their own screens. Kane answers the phone, her voice low.

KANE (CONT'D)

(On the phone)

Yes, hello?

SCHOOL SECRETARY (V.O.)

Hi, Mrs. Sheppard? We were just wondering why Peter isn't at school today.

Kane looks confused, trying to stay quiet.

KANE

He's not?

SCHOOL SECRETARY (V.O.)
Were you unaware of his absence?

Kane weighs her options: get Peter in trouble and look like a bad parents, or cover for her little delinquent.

KANE
Uh... no. I-- he's... he's home sick today.

SCHOOL SECRETARY (V.O.)
Sorry, to hear that. Next time, just give us a call if possible!

KANE
Right, yes. Sorry. Will do.

Kane hangs up and quickly dials Jay's number. The phone goes straight to VOICEMAIL.

JAY'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
You've reached Jay Sheppard. I'm not available to take your call--

Kane hangs up and thinks nervously for a BEAT, before opening a Find My Kids app on her phone. A *parent's secret weapon*.

The map on Kane's SCREEN shows Peter's GPS location via his smart phone. Peter's on the other side of town. *But why?*

In the BACKGROUND, her Coworker in the blue checkered shirt walks by again, in the same direction.

Kane is faced with a dilemma. *Does she stay at work, or go check on Peter?* After a moment, Kane removes her flash drive, choosing family.

Kane goes to put the flash drive in the envelope, but stops. *"What are you waiting for?"* She discreetly slips the drive into her pocket instead, grabs her bags, and hurries off.

INT./EXT. KANE'S SUV/CITY STREET - LATER

Using the app as a map, Kane drives along a warehouse-lined street. As picturesque as New Hope is, there are still right and wrong sides of the track. This is clearly the wrong side.

Kane parks in front of a nondescript white building. Before getting out, she takes the flash drive from her pocket, and puts it in the GLOVE COMPARTMENT for safe keeping.

Kane spots a rusty white door, and yanks it open with some difficulty. She enters cautiously.

KANE

Peter?

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Her voice reverberates down the dark, dingy hallway. She steps forward, slowly, until the door SLAMS behind her, plunging her into darkness.

She jumps, and almost turns back, but the darkness has made visible a line of neon, glow-in-the-dark ARROWS, pointing deeper into the building.

Kane creeps forward through the blackness following the arrows, until she comes to a door with a sign, barely legible in the dark; "ENTER AT OWN RISK."

Kane takes a deep breath, and slowly pushes it open to find:

INT. ARCADE - CONTINUOUS

Kitchy. Neon. Huge. Looks like the place's designer was a big fan of the movie, *Tron*. Arcade games and comic books line the walls. A nerd's paradise.

Kane breathes a sigh of relief, as TROY, the middle-aged shlub who mans the reception, balks at her presence.

TROY

Wow. I mean, welcome to The Old Skool Arcade. Skool, s-k-o-o-l. Like old skool cool.

Troy looks Kane up and down, *whoa*, as she looks around for any sign of Peter.

TROY (CONT'D)

And you are just... (Under his breath) not our usual clientele.

Troy keeps rambling, totally fan-boying.

TROY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, has anyone told you that you are the spitting image of Sif?

KANE

What?

TROY

It's just funny, because people tell me I look just like Volstagg.

(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)
From the comic, not the movie.
Obviously.

KANE
I don't know what that is.

TROY
So, you're more of a DC lady?

Kane stares at him quizzically.

KANE
I'm looking for my son.

TROY
Right. That makes more sense.

Troy motions over to another room full of arcade games.

TROY (CONT'D)
There's a couple of kids over
there.

Kane nods and hurries off in the direction Troy indicated. He watches her go, muttering under his breath.

TROY (CONT'D)
I'll be your son. Meow.

Kane walks through the rows of games when she hears:

MARCO (V.O.)
No, you're doing it wrong.

Kane peeks around the corner to see Peter, playing a shooting game, with Marco watching.

MARCO
It's like this.

Marco comes up behind Peter, seductively showing him how to hold the gun. His hands guide Peter's.

MARCO (CONT'D)
See? You've got to show it who's
boss.

With Marco's help, Peter aims, closing one eye and biting his lip. He pulls the trigger when:

KANE
Peter!

Startled, Peter's shot is off by a mile. The descending VIDEO GAME MELODY indicates he's lost the game.

MARCO

Bummer.

Peter quickly jumps away from Marco grasp, and hurries over to Kane, sheepishly.

PETER

Mom, I--

KANE

We're leaving.

Kane glances at Marco, who avoids her gaze, stifling a laugh.

KANE (CONT'D)

Who's your friend?

Marco instantly snaps into parent-ass-kissing mode, and rushes forward, hand extended.

MARCO

Hi, Mrs. Sheppard, I'm Marco.
Pleasure to meet you.

Kane shakes his hand, frowning.

KANE

Do your parents know you're here,
Marco?

Marco gazes upward, pensively.

MARCO

You know, now that I'm thinking
about it, I may have forgotten to
tell them.

KANE

Come on, I'll take you home.

Kane turns and heads back towards the entrance, Peter following close behind. Marco, snickering, takes up the rear.

PETER

Mom, I--

KANE

I don't want to hear it.

Kane rounds the corner to the main room, and stops dead.

PETER
But Mom, I... Mom?

Kane is transfixed by something we don't immediately see,
until we REVERSE to reveal:

A NEON SIGN, written in cursive. It hangs over a door to
another part of the arcade.

What are you waiting for?

Off Kane's stunned face.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT./EXT. KANE'S SUV/CITY STREET - AFTERNOON**

Kane drives, unfocused. Peter sits in the passenger seat, Marco behind him. Marco studies Peter in the REARVIEW MIRROR, as Peter bites his nail beds, anxious.

Peter catches Marco staring. He blushes, and looks down at the ground, embarrassed. Marco just smiles.

Kane makes a right turn on a major road and Marco waits for her to complete it before:

MARCO

I live the other way.

KANE

Right. Sorry, I forgot to ask.

Kane pulls over, and waits for cars to pass before flipping a U turn.

KANE (CONT'D)

Where are you at?

MARCO

Sunnyside and Dale.

Kane raises a surprised eyebrow; *fancy*.

KANE

So, Marco. Tell me about yourself.

Marco smiles, as if she'd never ask. His speech and hand gesticulations go a mile a minute.

MARCO

Well, I'm second generation Cuban-American, which is where all my spice comes from. That and the fact that I'm a Pisces, with a moon in Leo. If I could meet one person, living or dead, it would be the love child of Freddy Mercury and Dolly Parton, and my favorite color is black, because who doesn't look good in black, you know?

Marco smiles sugar-sweetly at Kane in the REARVIEW. Kane nods, suppressing a smile.

KANE

Huh. That about covers it.

They drive in silence for a BEAT, as Marco discreetly blows on the window and makes a small heart in the fogged glass. Peter watches out of the corner of his eye, shyly.

Above them, the sky grows dark. A storm's approaching.

INT. BAR - AFTERNOON

Jay sits at the bar, a stiff drink in hand. He looks at his watch, frowning. It's five past noon. *His drinking partner is late.* He sips his drink, eyes glued to the entrance.

As if on cue, it opens, revealing a beautiful WOMAN, silhouetted in the light. She looks right at Jay, and smiles, strutting towards him, slowly, deliberately.

Jay can't take his eyes off her. She's stunning. She must be the reason for the burner phone. *Jay's having an affair.*

But instead, at the last second, the woman passes him by, greeting another MAN at the bar a few seats down. He stands to hug her, kiss her. They're clearly together. In love.

Jay watches them, enviously. Longingly. He takes another gulp of his drink when:

ARTHUR (O.S.)

The things I would do for that ass.

Jay turns to find ARTHUR, thirties, balding; the opposite of Jay in every way. Arthur squeezes in, practically drooling.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

The things I would do *to* that ass.
The things that ass could do to me.

JAY

You're late.

Arthur shrugs.

ARTHUR

I got held up. Stopped up, really.
My IBS. That shit's toxic. (Then)
Get it?

Jay nods, not amused. Arthur's very existence irritates him.

JAY

You've got something for me?

Arthur pulls a manila envelope from his jacket and slides it across the counter to Jay.

Jay looks around the bar, before opening it, and extracting a FILE. Thin. Jay peruses its contents, frowning.

JAY (CONT'D)
This is all you got?

ARTHUR
There's not much to get.

JAY
I find that hard to believe.

ARTHUR
Address? Fake. Employment history?
Nada. Digital footprint? Non-
existent. Christ, even the name was
a dead end.

Arthur shakes his head, in disbelief.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I'm telling you, it's like trying
to find a fucking ghost.

JAY
Then have a seance. I need more.

ARTHUR
Then, so do I.

Jay pulls a small envelope from his jacket, and passes it to Arthur. It's full of cash. Arthur tips his imaginary hat.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Pleasure doing business with ya.

Arthur heads out. Jay finishes his drink in one gulp, staring down at the file on the table.

The face of the file's subject seems to stare back at him from the attached photo.

It's the NURSE from Elliot's nursing home.

INT./EXT. KANE'S SUV/FANCY NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Kane drives past huge houses, mansions, as Marco directs.

MARCO
It's that one. On the left.

The biggest house on the block. Kane pulls up out front and stops the car. Marco starts to get out, sweet talking.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Thanks for driving me home, Mrs. Sheppard. So great to meet you, albeit under these circumstances. It won't happen again.

But Kane unbuckles her seat belt, getting out of the car too.

KANE

Not so fast. I'm going to have to have a word with your parents.

EXT. MARCO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marco grimaces, as if in a tough spot.

MARCO

Oh, yeah, that's not going to be possible. They're not home at the moment. They both work. A lot. I'm a regular latchkey kid.

Kane heads towards the front door, Marco lagging behind.

KANE

Well, there's no harm in trying, right.

Kane RINGS the doorbell, and after a few moments, a PETITE WOMAN in her late 30s, Hispanic, hurriedly opens the door. The cleaning lady, who speaks only in broken English.

CLEANING WOMAN

Si?

KANE

Yes, hi. I'm looking for--the owners? Are they home?

The woman looks to Marco, who simply shrugs.

CLEANING WOMAN

(In Spanish)

Sorry? No? I don't speak English.

Kane tries again, slower, more punctuated.

KANE

The owners. Are they home?

The woman shakes her head, no. Marco turns to Kane, shrugging and feigning disappointment.

MARCO
Like I said.

Kane nods, trying to be stern.

KANE
Alright, well, no more of this.
Okay? No more skipping school. Not
with Peter. Not with anyone. Okay?

Marco makes the "Scouts Honor" gesture, and waves her off.

MARCO
Thanks again, Mrs. Sheppard.

Marco heads inside, as Kane walks off. When Kane's out of earshot:

CLEANING WOMAN
(In Spanish)
What was that all about?

MARCO
(In Spanish)
Don't worry about it, Mom. Are you
finishing up? Or do you need any
help?

Marco puts his arm around his mom and follows her inside.

INT. KANE'S SUV - SAME TIME

Kane gets back in the car, and turns to Peter who stares down at his hands, not meeting her gaze. She should talk to him. That's what a responsible parent would do.

But instead, after a long beat:

KANE
Do you want to get ice cream?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

Kane and Peter sit on a park bench, eating ice cream in silence. The sky is grey, cloudy. Looks like rain.

KANE
So, Marco. He's quite the
character.

Peter keeps eating, intensely focused on his dessert.

KANE (CONT'D)
Have you guys been... friends for a
while?

Peter shakes his head, chewing nervously on his spoon.

KANE (CONT'D)
So, new friends.

Kane takes a bite of ice cream, stalling.

KANE (CONT'D)
Do you... like Marco?

Peter shrugs, still not looking up.

KANE (CONT'D)
You have to talk to me.

Peter swirls the ice cream around with his spoon. Finally:

PETER
He's fine, I don't know.

KANE
So, the bad grades, all the
fighting with your dad. Are you
trying to impress Marco?

Peter shrugs.

KANE (CONT'D)
Or you're just trying to... figure
it all out. Figure out who you are.

Peter brushes his hair from his face, not responding.

KANE (CONT'D)
Peter, you have to talk to me.

Peter's head snaps up, looking Kane dead in the eye for the first time since she picked him up.

PETER
Why? You don't talk to anyone. Not
me. Not Ollie. Not Dad.

Kane nods, emotion building. She's been so lost in her own misery, she's blinded herself to everyone else's.

KANE

I'm sorry. I'm sorry I haven't been there for you.

Kane starts to cry, feeling the weight of her grief. Peter looks down at the ground, wiping away tears of his own.

KANE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Peter. I'm sorry.

For the first time in a long time, Kane takes Peter in her arms and hugs him.

KANE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I just miss her so much.

PETER

Who?

Kane pulls back, looking Peter square in the face.

KANE

Your sister.

Peter stares at his mom, concerned and confused. In the sky, thunder CRACKS. A storm is approaching.

PETER

I--I don't have a sister.

The color drains from Kane's face.

PETER (CONT'D)

Mom, are you okay?

Kane nods, slowly, as we:

FLASH TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY - FLASHBACK - SERIES OF SHOTS

The little girl in the park. She runs, her back to us. Her LAUGHTER now more ominous. Haunting.

The child is pulled from Kane's outstretched arms. Kane SCREAMS, in agony. The child's LAUGHTER grows louder.

The little girl stops running. She turns towards us, slowly, and we finally get to see her face...

Only she doesn't have one. Her face is blank. KANE'S SCREAM snaps us back to:

EXT. PARK - BACK TO SCENE

Kane GASPS, choking. The realization hitting her:

Holy shit. She's fucking nuts.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT./EXT. KANE'S SUV/SHEPPARD HOUSE - EVENING**

Kane pulls into the driveway and stops the car, but makes no attempt to get out. Peter looks at her, unsure, unbuckling his seat belt. Outside, the sky is dark, ominous.

PETER

Mom? Are you coming?

Kane stares out at the house. The beautiful, suburban house. Two stories. Brick. Blue shutters. Perfectly manicured lawn.

KANE

I--

Kane shakes her head. She can't go inside. Not yet.

KANE (CONT'D)

I--need to run some errands. Go inside, I'll be back soon.

Peter says for a beat, conflicted, before leaving the car. When the door slams and Peter's out of view, Kane closes her eyes, head against the steering wheel, and sighs deeply.

FLASH TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY - FLASHBACK

The faceless little girl looms at Kane, at us. Kane's SCREAM reverberates in our ears.

INT./EXT. KANE'S SUV/SHEPPARD HOUSE - BACK TO SCENE

Kane lifts her head, GASPING for breath, and puts the car in reverse. She pulls out of the driveway and down the street.

INT. SHEPPARD LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

REVERSE to reveal we've been in JAY'S P.O.V., as he watches from the window. Peter enters behind him.

JAY

Where's she going?

PETER

Errands.

Jay nods, frowning. Peter starts to head off, but stops. He turns to his dad, lip trembling.

PETER (CONT'D)

Dad? I think there's something wrong with Mom.

Jay turns, all ears.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. KANE'S SUV/SUBURBAN STREET - EVENING

Kane drives, emotional, dazed. The sky opens up and finally, it starts to rain.

In the BG, pedestrians stop walking to stare up at the sky, as if confused by the weather.

Kane blinks back tears, until she can't anymore. They're coming too fast. As she cries harder, it starts to pour.

The tears and the rain obscures her vision, so she doesn't see when the car in front of her SLAMS on its brakes. She swerves, managing to miss it by mere inches, and continues to drive off, badly shaken.

In the BG, the DRIVER of the stopped car gets out of his car, and looks up at the sky.

INT. SHEPPARD HOME OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jay tears Kane's office apart. No book is unturned. No drawer unopened. As he digs through the bottom drawer of Kane's desk, pulling out files and papers, he comes across:

KANE'S SKETCHBOOK. He opens it, revealing the penciled drawing of the little girl. The one Kane drew yesterday, where her face isn't visible.

Jay flips through the rest of the book. It's all pictures of the little girl... her front to us. In each of the pictures, her face has been erased. Blank.

PETER (O.S.)

Dad?

Jay looks up to see Peter, standing anxiously in the doorway. He rings his hands, shuffling from side to side.

PETER (CONT'D)

Is Mom going to be okay?

Jay flips through the book, his expression unreadable.

JAY

Yeah, Pete. Everything is going to be fine.

INT. NURSING HOME RECEPTION - EVENING

Kane hurries inside, and heads to the NURSE'S STATION. The NURSE, a woman, has her back to us.

KANE

I need to see Elliot Carlyle.

The Nurse turns around, slowly, and we think for a second it might be the Nurse from earlier. The one Kane fantasized about...

But it's a different woman. Kane's face falls. The Nurse nods, and motions for Kane to head on back.

INT. NURSING HOME HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kane walks down the hallway, lined with ELDERLY RESIDENTS, in wheelchairs and leaning on walkers. They all stare intently at Kane as she passes.

In the BG, every time Kane passes a room, the monitors start BEEPING, O.S.

At the end of the hall, Kane turns and enters:

INT. ELLIOT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elliot sits in his favorite chair, sipping tea. When a frantic Kane enters, the monitors in his room start BEEPING.

ELLIOT

Goddamn machines. Some day, they'll control us all, you know.

Elliot slowly pulls himself out of the chair, and turns off the BEEPING monitor, chuckling to himself. He turns back to Kane, a fatherly smile on his face.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

So glad you could visit, my dear.
And it's not even Tuesday! To what do I owe the pleasure--?

But Kane cuts him off, panicked.

KANE

I think there's something wrong
with me.

Elliot sits back in his chair, sans urgency.

ELLIOT

Come. Sit.

Kane obliges, shaking.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

So, tell me. How are you, my dear?

She stifles tears, her voice breaking.

KANE

I'm seeing thing. Hearing things.
Imagining things. I don't know.

Elliot tsks, taking slow, deliberate sip of tea.

ELLIOT

Do you know how long I've known
you, Kane?

Kane stares at him, taken aback, as Elliot smiles.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Since before you was born. I knew
your father even longer, and you
two have the exact same tell.

KANE

But, that's not-- you're not
listening to me.

Elliot just chuckles, winking at Kane.

ELLIOT

There's that tell again.

Kane bursts up, overwhelmed.

KANE

You're not listening! I'm telling
you, there's something wrong, okay?
There's something wrong with me.

Elliot freezes, seemingly staring right through Kane, before
narrowing his eyes, waxing philosophic.

ELLIOT
 Man learns by doing. Do you know
 why we don't touch fire?

Kane grows concerned; *maybe something's wrong with him.*

KANE
 Elliot?

ELLIOT
 You've had babies. Babies should
 never try and walk again.

KANE
 Are you feeling okay?

ELLIOT
 Because it's survival. You need to
 survive.

KANE
 I'm going to get the nurse.

Kane turns away, when Elliot suddenly, forcibly, reaches out
 and grabs her arm. His eyes bore into her soul, foreboding.

ELLIOT
 And you won't survive here.

Kane watches, horrified, as Elliot starts convulsing, his
 eyes rolling back in his head.

KANE
 Elliot?! Elliot!

She grabs his shoulders, trying to stop him from shaking, and
 yells for anyone to hear.

KANE (CONT'D)
 SOMEBODY HELP ME!

Two NURSES run in, and try to stabilize Elliot. The female
 nurse turns to Kane, accusatory.

FEMALE NURSE
 What did you do?

KANE
 I--I didn't do anything--!

Kane is physically jostled as more NURSES, DOCTORS rush in.

MALE NURSE

Ma'am we're going to need you to leave.

The Nurses box Kane out of the room. As she stumbles out, she knocks over a bottle of Elliot's pills. YELLOW PILLS. They fall to the ground, in SLOW MOTION.

INT. SHEPPARD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jay paces, on the phone.

JAY

Right. No, thanks Rita. Yep, just give me a call if you hear from her.

Peter watches from UPSTAIRS, anxiously, then goes into his:

INT. PETER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter closes the door, then runs his hands through his hair. He's uncomfortable. Worried. Tense. He can't sit still. Can't focus on homework or social media. Can't help but feel responsible for putting an unstoppable chain of events in motion.

After a moment, Peter opens his desk drawer and pulls out the little red pill Marco gave him. He hesitates for a BEAT, before popping it in his mouth. He sits on his bed, not sure what to do next. Waiting for the effects to kick in.

After a moment, Peter's head lulls, and his whole body grows slack. *This stuff works quick.* Peter slowly lays back onto the bed and--

PETER

Whoa.

In his drug-addled state, the white ceiling swirls with colors and shapes. A veritable galaxy within the confines of his room.

Peter smiles at the sight, enjoying the ride. His fears about his identity, about his parents... they're lost to light show playing out in his own head.

EXT. SHEPPARD HOUSE - NIGHT

The rain beats down as Kane's car pulls into the driveway. She gets out of the SUV, and stands in the pouring rain for a long beat before:

JAY (O.S.)

Kane?

Jay appears, approaching Kane slowly. Cautiously.

JAY (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Kane shakes her head, no. She's not okay. She starts to cry, breaking down, as the rain pours down harder.

KANE

There's something wrong with me.

Jay opens his arms, and Kane collapses into them, sobbing. Jay kisses her head, holding her close.

JAY

Shh. It's okay. You're okay.

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

As MUSIC plays over, Jay leads a shivering Kane into the bathroom. He draws a bath, then gently takes off her clothes. He pulls her sopping shirt over her head.

He eases her into the steaming bath. He rubs soap up and down her arms, gingerly shampoos her hair.

He sits by the side of the bath, as she sits, embarrassed, knees to her chest.

KANE

Why are you doing this?

JAY

Because. I love you.

Kane looks at him, really looks at him, for the first time in a long time. And, after a beat, she leans in and kisses him. Deeply. Passionately.

Jay helps Kane out of the bath, and lifts her up, holding her dripping body in his arms. He places her on the bathroom counter top, and they make love. Hungry. Longing. Innate.

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kane and Jay lay in bed, his arms wrapped around her. Kane closes her eyes, feeling comfortable. Safe.

Jay inhales the scent of Kane's hair, kissing her head.

JAY
That made me hungry.

Kane laughs, shaking her head.

KANE
Of course it did.

JAY
Make love, eat a sandwich. It's
basic biology.

Kane rolls her eyes, smiling.

JAY (CONT'D)
Hey.

Kane turns around, facing Jay. He gently moves her hair out of her face.

JAY (CONT'D)
We're going to get through this.
Together.

Kane nods, unsure, but wanting so much to believe him. He kisses her on the head, jumps out of bed, and puts boxers on.

JAY (CONT'D)
And I am going eat the shit out of
a bag of chips right now.

Jay growls at her playfully and leaves. Kane watches him go, smiling. Alone, she sighs. Relaxed. Relieved. At peace.

Until O.S. she hears a distinct BUZZING. A cell phone on silent, vibrating.

She looks to the nightstand, where Kane and Jay's phones charge next to each other. Their screens are black.

But the BUZZING continues. Kane curiously, quietly, gets out of bed, and moves towards the sound. She's drawn to the dresser, putting her ear to the drawers.

She opens one, full of Jays sweaters and tees. She feels around, careful not to muss anything. Her eyes widen as she pulls out the BURNER PHONE.

Kane frowns at the phone, her expression hardening. The phone finally stops buzzing, as she hears Jay, O.S., bounding up the stairs. She quickly returns the phone to its hiding place, and hurries back into bed.

Jay enters, bearing chips. He bounds into bed, and motions for Kane to lay in his arms. She obliges, stiffly.

JAY (CONT'D)

I think things are looking up for us, baby.

Kane stares out, trying to bite her tongue.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY - FLASHBACK

Kane walks through the park. She's alone.

No daughter. No laughter. No joy.

Just Kane, clutching the tiny gold and ruby bracelet in her hands.

FLASH TO:

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Kane wakes up in an empty bed. She looks around, dejected, before slowly getting up to face another day.

She creeps over to the dresser, opens the drawer, and feels around for the burner phone. But it's no longer there. It's already gone.

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BATHROOM - SERIES OF SHOTS

MUSIC over as Kane slowly, joylessly, goes about her morning.

She splashes water on her face.

She takes out her pills, swallows one down.

Kane stares at her reflection in the mirror.

INT. SHEPPARD KITCHEN - MORNING

Kane enters to see her happy, picture perfect family.

Jay looks up from his newspaper to wink at her, as if acknowledging some shared secret.

Ollie looks up at her, all smiles, a thin milk mustache adorably lining his upper lip.

Peter looks up from his phone and glances sheepishly at Kane, Embarrassed to have turned her in to Jay. Worried she can see on his face what he did last night.

Kane takes a deep breath, and acknowledges them all with a giant, plastered on smile.

Behind her, we focus on the family portrait. Kane. Jay. Peter. Ollie. So many smiles, concealing so many secrets.

EXT. VI-REACH BUILDING - MORNING

Kane hurriedly approaches the office building, in no mood to deal with Rita and her coffee-wielding positivity. But alas:

RITA (O.S.)
Hey, girl, hey!

Kane stops, sighing. A quick beat. Kane plasters on a smile and faces Rita.

RITA (CONT'D)
It's your lucky day! Because taste what I have got for you. Mmm!

Rita hands Kane her drink.

RITA (CONT'D)
That there is Coffee Co.'s Caramel Cinnamon Dulce! Drinks like dream!

Kane takes a sip, trying to be enthusiastic.

KANE
Delicious.

RITA
I know, right?

Kane and Rita follow the masses into the:

INT. VI-REACH BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Kane looks off, distracted, as Rita rambles on.

RITA

Oh! I forgot to tell you! I had a date with this tall drink of water. We got dinner at P.F. Changs. Love me some lettuce wraps, you know? Anyways--

Suddenly, Kane's eye is drawn to a face. A strikingly beautiful, familiar face. It's the NURSE from Elliot's nursing home.

Kane does a double take, but it's definitely the same woman, sans the scrubs. Now, she's in a curve-hugging, professional blue dress. She's powerful. Important. Unmistakable.

The Nurse looks Kane dead in the eyes, and gives her a sly smile. As if she knows Kane has been thinking about her. Fantasizing about her.

The Nurse exits the building, and Kane's head turns to watch her go, when suddenly--

PASSERBY (O.S.)

Hey! Watch it!

Distracted, Kane slams into the PASSERBY in front of her, dropping her coffee in the process. The lid flies off as it falls to the ground.

Unbeknownst to Kane, when the liquid touches the floor, is sizzles, as if the ground is short circuiting.

Everyone in the lobby freezes in place to stare at Kane, who's too busy looking for the Nurse to notice. Rita steps in, brushing coffee off the Passerby.

RITA

I am so sorry about that! My friend was just not looking where she was going! Were you, Kane? Kane?

Kane stares off after the nurse, but snaps back to reality when Rita elbows her.

KANE

Ow. What?

Rita gestures to the Passerby; *apologize!*

KANE (CONT'D)

Yes, right. I'm sorry.

The Passerby rolls his eyes, and as if on cue, everyone in the lobby resumes their business. Rita stares strangely at Kane, eyebrow raised.

KANE (CONT'D)

What?

Rita shakes her head.

RITA

Girl, you are someplace else.

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BATHROOM - SAME TIME - SERIES OF SHOTS

Jay does pushups in the bathroom.

He takes a freezing cold shower.

He checks Kane's pills.

He shaves.

INT. SHEPPARD MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jay pulls on his immaculate suit.

He laces his scuff-free shoes.

He straightens his perfect Windsor knot, and throws on his jacket.

INT./EXT. JAY'S SUV/NEW HOPE ARCH BRIDGE - LATER

Jay drives to work, over the bridge, and into the city center. His expression is blank.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Jay enters a building, made entirely of glass.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jay walks down the hallway, and enters through a glass door. The insignia reads: New Hope Capital.

INT. NEW HOPE CAPITAL OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

The office is populated with FRAT BOY FINANCIAL TYPES, clamoring into land lines and monitoring the markets on their desk computers.

Jay strides past them all. He doesn't acknowledge anyone, and no one acknowledges him. Instead, he heads straight for a door on the other side of the room and walks through, into:

INT. COVERT OFFICE SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The office is high-tech. The mood is serious. MEN AND WOMEN in black suits navigate the space with purpose.

Jay nods to colleagues, all business, as he makes his way to his office. He enters, and closes the door behind him. Clearly, Jay doesn't work in finance. *But why the lies?*

INT. VI-REACH OFFICES - MORNING

Kane settles in at her station, as everyone around her works.

In the BG, the Coworker in the checked shirt walks by.

Kane dumps out the contents of her envelope. A new flash drive...

And a DELICATE, RUBY-LINED BRACELET. Child's size.

Kane GASPS, and fingers the bracelet with care.

It's her daughter's. She has a daughter.

Kane looks around the room. *Who could have put this here?* But everyone is laser focused on their own station.

Kane brings the bracelet to her lips, and kisses it, shaking.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

We're watching Kane on a monitor. Not just one. A wall of monitors. Multi-display immersion. Like the security headquarters of a casino.

And monitoring them all... is JAY.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE