

GOOD PEOPLE

Written by

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ACT ONE

INT. FREDDY'S ALL NIGHT DINER - CARBONDALE, IL - DAWN

This quintessential American locale is surprisingly busy despite the early hour. The clientele is mostly a mix of truck drivers and college students. The one thing they have in common is that they all wanted their food ten minutes ago.

DELILAH "DEL" VAN OWEN, 28, no nonsense in a sky blue waitress uniform that doesn't quite fit right, busses a tray of standard diner fare to some ravenous -- and still drunk -- college students. She's trailed by MARCUS, 30s, gruff. He's holding a camera, flipping through pictures.

MARCUS

Why can't you use a camera phone  
like everyone else?

Del quickly passes out the plates, not looking at Marcus as she does.

DEL

The lighting sucks. So does the  
quality.

DRUNK COLLEGE GUY

(re: camera)  
Whoa, is that an antique?

DEL

(glaring)  
It's from 2006.

The kids laugh as Del walks away, followed by Marcus. He swings the camera around to her, pointing at a shot, artfully lit and framed.

MARCUS

What is it with this shit? You  
trying to get into the Art  
Institute or something?

Del starts to wipe down a table. She doesn't notice a septuagenarian couple trying to get her attention several tables down.

DEL

Just because your standards are low  
doesn't mean my photos have to look  
like crap.

MARCUS

You think my client is gonna give a shit about the picture quality when he finds out his wife is fucking another guy?

DEL

I never said I expected him to.

Marcus shakes his head, thoroughly annoyed. He pops the memory card out of the camera and hands the Nikon back to her, along with an envelope and a fresh memory card. Del flips through the cash in the envelope quickly.

MARCUS

After all this time, you still don't trust me.

It's not a question. There's just a smidge of hurt behind it.

DEL

Don't take it personally.

The manager, EUGENE, 70s, sour-faced, shuffles over.

EUGENE

Table seven needs their check, Delilah.

DEL

(gestures to the clock)  
My shift is over, Gene.

He stares her down. She grabs the check out of his hand and heads towards the table without another word to either him or Marcus.

INT. DEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

SEAN VAN OWEN, 14, studious and sharp, pours himself some ultra healthy cereal. He measures out a cup of milk and dumps it into the bowl.

Sean is just sitting down at the kitchen table as Del bursts in, now wearing a leather jacket and jeans. She dumps her bag by the front door and immediately heads to the cabinet to get her own bowl.

DEL

You're up early.

SEAN

It's Wednesday.

She looks at him blankly for a minute. Then realizes.

DEL  
Science club.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Science club.

Del gets herself some Frosted Flakes.

DEL  
I could have sworn today was  
Tuesday.

SEAN  
It's not. We have twenty-four  
minutes.

He sits at the table. She splashes milk straight from the carton into her bowl and slides in opposite him.

DEL  
I'll eat fast.

SEAN  
That's literally impossible for  
you.

Del mockingly lifts her spoon to her mouth agonizingly slowly.

DEL  
This isn't fast enough for you?

SEAN  
I'm serious!

Del takes the bite and grin at him. He tries to resist but a slight smile breaks through his angsty teenage demeanor.

DEL  
So what's the topic this week?  
Mitosis? Organic chemistry?  
Einstein?

Before Sean can answer, the trill of the landline interrupts them. Del frowns.

DEL (CONT'D)  
Seven in the morning is kinda early  
for telemarketers.

The ringing stops.

SEAN  
Black holes.

DEL  
Damn, that's cool. So what--

The phone starts ringing again. Del freezes for a second, then jolts out of her seat and grabs it.

DEL (CONT'D)  
Hello?

LOGAN (O.C.)  
(tearful)  
Del?

DEL  
Lo? What's wrong?

LOGAN (O.C.)  
It's Mom.

CUT TO:

INT. DEL'S CAR - DAY

Del drives, her hands clutching the steering wheel so hard that her knuckles are white. Sean, next to her, looks up from his phone now and then, clocking her unease.

SEAN  
I'm sorry about your mom.

DEL  
I know, baby. Thank you.

His eyes drift to her hands on the wheel.

SEAN  
Are you sure you're okay to drive?

Del takes a deep breath. Relaxes her grip a little.

DEL  
Yeah. Of course. I wouldn't be doing it if I wasn't.

She reaches over and rubs his shoulder reassuringly. Sean doesn't look convinced.

DEL (CONT'D)  
(re: his phone)  
Don't you have some candy to crush?

SEAN  
(rolling his eyes)  
I'm playing BioBlox.

He takes the hint and goes back to his phone. Del casts a fond look his way before her fingers tighten around the wheel again.

EXT. BAR NONE - LACON, IL - DAY

Del pulls up outside a seedy bar. Sean, who had been dozing, wakes.

SEAN  
(sleepy)  
Are we here?

DEL  
Not exactly.

Sean wakes up more, fixes her with an inquisitive look.

DEL (CONT'D)  
So you can wait for me in the car,  
or I guess, you can come with me  
and never tell anyone that you saw  
the inside of your first bar at  
fourteen.

Sean scrambles to undo his seatbelt.

INT. BAR NONE - DAY

A seedy but welcoming bar, dimly lit even in the bright daytime. It could be midnight as far as the regulars are concerned. Sean takes it all in. Curious but uneasy.

SEAN  
Could we get arrested if they card  
me?

DEL  
They don't card here. Ever. And the  
police never raid this place before  
five.

Sean is less than convinced. Del pulls him with her, heading straight towards the bar where a perky girl is wiping down the bar.

DEL (CONT'D)  
 Hey, I'm looking for Travis Reed.  
 Is he working today?

The girl smiles gamely until her eyes drift to Sean.

BARTENDER  
 I don't know anybody by that name.  
 But I don't think--

ZEKE (O.C.)  
 Del? No way!

Del and Sean turn to see a twenty-something with a hipster beard sitting further down the bar. Del visibly relaxes just a little when she recognizes him.

DEL  
 Hey, Zeke. Wow, look at you.

Zeke envelops her into a fond hug. Sean perks up.

ZEKE  
 Well, hell, let me get you a vodka tonic and we can catch up.

DEL  
 I can't. I got my kid with me.

Zeke notices Sean for the first time.

ZEKE  
 Hey there, kid.

Sean nods at Zeke. Studying him.

DEL  
 You look good. Happy.

ZEKE  
 I am. I got my MLS a few years back and I've been working at the library. Never thought I'd come back, but this place has a way of getting its claws into you and not letting go, you know?

DEL  
 Yeah. I do. Look, I'd love to catch up, but I really need to find Travis Reed. I've been texting him but he's not answering. Do you happen to know where he might be these days?

ZEKE

Travis hasn't bartended here in two years. I think he's still working security at the courthouse.

An 'oh shit' look flits across Del's face briefly.

DEL

Thanks, Zeke. It was great to see you.

She puts her arm around Sean and guides him out of the bar, not noticing the way he glances back at Zeke.

INT. DEL'S CAR - DAY

Del drives, lost in thought. Sean is similarly preoccupied in the seat next to her.

SEAN

So that guy Zeke...

DEL

What about him?

SEAN

He's around your age, right?

It clicks for Del.

DEL

Oh, no. We are not doing this.

SEAN

I've got a right to know!

DEL

I told you. Random guy at a party. Never even got his name.

SEAN

I haven't bought that load of crap that since I believed in the tooth fairy.

DEL

I should have known something was up when you didn't utter a peep of protest about being pulled out of school for a week.

Sean doesn't confirm or deny. Stalemate.

EXT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - DAY

Sean follows Del up the steps of a large, multi-story house. The eggshell blue paint fraying in places, but otherwise it's a well kept up place. Del pauses at the front door.

DEL  
This could be weird.

SEAN  
I kinda figured.

DEL  
(steeling herself)  
Okay.

She raps on the door loudly. Sean gestures to the doorbell.

DEL (CONT'D)  
Broken. At least, it always was.

He pushes it anyway. The sound chimes through the house, loud enough for Del and Sean to hear it. Sean casts a pointed look at his mother. Del rolls her eyes playfully.

The sound of the lock turning snaps Del to attention. She tenses as the door swings open revealing LOGAN, 24, bookish and a little fragile. Her eyes are red rimmed but she brightens considerably when she sees Del and Sean.

LOGAN  
Del!

She launches herself into Del's arms. Del embraces her.

DEL  
Hey, Lo.

Logan finally pulls back and takes note of Sean.

LOGAN  
Wow, the last time I saw you, you were about up to here.

She indicates a spot on her thigh before pulling Sean into a hug. She steps back, regards him.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
Your mom told me you're a science whiz. You like science fiction?

SEAN  
Like Star Trek?

LOGAN  
Like Asimov.

SEAN  
Oh, yeah. I, Robot is my favorite.

LOGAN  
Fantastic Voyage is mine.

SEAN  
I haven't read that one.

LOGAN  
I'm pretty sure my copy is still  
here somewhere.

Del watches, pleased, as the two hit it off right away.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
Why don't you two come on in?

DEL  
Where's Cass?

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sean follows Logan eagerly, Del less so. Taking in the familiar surroundings - the antique hall table, the tasteful rug, the stairs leading to the second floor. The wall next to them filled with pictures of the family.

A female voice rings out from another room, words indecipherable but tone clearly irritated.

LOGAN  
Someone called her right before you  
got here.

DEL  
I guess I should get this over  
with.  
(to Sean)  
Stay here with your aunt, okay?

Sean nods and Logan mouths "good luck." Del moves through and into:

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She takes in the cluttered counter and the table in the middle of the room, still sporting five chairs. She keeps going into:

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

A large room with a TV at its center, surrounded by several couches. At the other end of the room a woman stands, one hand on her hip, the other clutching a cordless phone. This is CASS, 26.

CASS

Yes. I understand. Please keep me posted.

She clicks off the phone and swings around - and freezes when she spots Del.

DEL

Hey, Cass.

Cass tosses the phone on one of the couches.

CASS

There are fucking *bones* buried in Mom's plot.

As Cass glares at her, Del absorbs this, and we--

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Del and Sean sit on one couch, facing Cass and Logan on another, separated by a coffee table. Awkward silence.

DEL

Do they know who the bones belong to?

CASS

They didn't come with a name tag.

Del holds back from snapping back at Cass. The hostility between the two sisters palpable.

LOGAN

I'm sure the coroner will figure it out, right?

CASS

Probably. But in the meantime, we can't bury Mom. At least not there.

DEL

(quietly)

How did it happen?

CASS

I don't know, Del. Someone must have wanted a free grave plot, or--

DEL

Not the damn bones, Cass. Mom.

CASS

Oh. They think it was a stroke. She was working in the garden and she just... fell over. She was gone by the time I ran out there.

Logan wraps her arms around herself, still shaken by the loss. Del tears up unexpectedly and Sean catches her eye.

SEAN

You okay, Mom?

Del nods quickly.

DEL

Yeah, I'm okay.

CASS  
It's not like you'd spoken to her  
in the past ten years.

DEL  
Doesn't mean I didn't love her.  
Even as difficult as she was.

An awkward silence descends once again. Logan pulls herself together.

LOGAN  
Sean, want to go see if we can find  
my copy of Fantastic Voyage?

Sean hesitates, looking to Del. She indicates he should go with Logan. He follows somewhat reluctantly.

DEL  
The house looks nice.

CASS  
We're not selling. I'll buy you out  
of your part of it.

DEL  
That's not what I was trying to  
say.

Del sighs in frustration but presses on.

DEL (CONT'D)  
So where are you working these  
days?

CASS  
I'm the secretary for the police  
department.

DEL  
That's great. I didn't even know  
police departments had secretaries.

CASS  
They do.

Cass glances over at Del. Finally relents a little bit.

CASS (CONT'D)  
I've been there a little over a  
year now. The woman before me had  
the job for almost five decades.  
She actually died sitting straight  
up at the desk.

Del gapes at her. Then stifles a giggle. Cass lets out an unexpected bark of laughter, surprising herself. And Del, who dissolves, too.

CASS (CONT'D)  
 (through tears of  
 laughter)  
 No one noticed for six hours!

The two continue to lose it, their laughter ringing out through the house.

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Upstairs, Logan and Sean exchange a smile.

LOGAN  
 Well, that's going better than I  
 thought it would.  
 (gestures to a corner)  
 You can put your mom's stuff there.

Sean drops Del's bag in the corner. His eyes drawn to the photographs on the dresser.

SEAN  
 Mom never talks about her family.  
 Except you, sometimes.

Logan follows his eyes to the photographs.

LOGAN  
 Stubborn runs through Van Owen  
 blood. Abner blood, too. We all got  
 a double dose.

She picks up an old photo of a couple. Young but unsmiling.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
 This is your grandpa Elias and  
 grandma Agnes. Dad died when I was  
 three, so I don't remember much  
 about him. He was quiet. And he  
 wanted a son so badly that when  
 they had me, he insisted on naming  
 me after his father.

Sean nods, taking the picture from her.

SEAN  
 And grandma?

LOGAN

She was...

(starts to tear up)

well, not the easiest. She and Del fought like cats and dogs. She didn't really like anyone questioning her. Her way was the law. It was a little easier for me and Cass to stomach than it was for your mom.

Sean nods, replaces the picture. Turns his attention to one of Del, Cass, and Logan as kids. All smiling.

SEAN

You guys were close once.

LOGAN

(grinning)

Del and Cass were best friends as kids. I always felt a little left out of it, but they took good care of me.

SEAN

What changed?

LOGAN

Well, your mom, when she got to high school, she started pulling away. She... well, a lot changed for her pretty quickly.

SEAN

You mean me. I changed everything.

Logan bites her lip, weighing what to say.

LOGAN

Maybe some. But it was mostly that your mom left. Cass never forgave her for that.

Sean replaces the picture.

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Del is pacing, phone to her ear. Leaving a VM.

DEL

They dug up Mom's plot, Travis.

(beat)

(MORE)

DEL (CONT'D)  
 Just call me the fuck back as soon  
 as you get this, okay?

She ends the call and drops the phone on the round wood table. Her eyes land on several deep gouges in it.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

18-year-old Del, still bright and hopeful, sits at the table, a college acceptance packet in front of her. She nervously scratches a groove into the table as she waits.

A door slams. A moment later 4-year-old Sean runs into the kitchen, grinning.

SEAN  
 Mom, mom, I saw three rabbits!

Del brightens, smiling wide enough to mask her nerves briefly.

DEL  
 That's great, hon.

He hugs her. AGNES, 40s, unsmiling, enters the kitchen. Drops her purse on the table.

AGNES  
 He chased them, too.

DEL  
 (to Sean)  
 Why don't you go get ready for bed?

SEAN  
 Can we read about Mars tonight?

DEL  
 Sure thing.

Sean grins and runs out of the room, storming up the stairs.

AGNES  
 Don't run, Sean.

The banging on the stairs abruptly stops.

DEL  
 I thought you two were going to be home for dinner. I brought food from the diner.

AGNES

*He was hungry after the park.*

*Agnes moves towards the sink, noticing the dishes in it.*

AGNES (CONT'D)

*You girls never clean up after yourselves.*

*Del shoots up, grabbing the acceptance packet in her hands.*

DEL

*Sorry, I was going to.*

*But Agnes has already started to rinse the dishes.*

AGNES

*No time like the present.*

DEL

*(excited and nervous)*  
*I got into RISD.*

AGNES

*RISD?*

DEL

*The Rhode Island School of Design.*

AGNES

*We decided you'd go in state.*

*Del runs her fingers along the packet nervously.*

DEL

*It's one of the best photography programs in the country.*

AGNES

*(dismissive)*  
*Photography. Your head's in the clouds, girl.*

DEL

*They loved my portfolio.*

*Agnes sets the dishes in the drying rack and turns to face Del.*

AGNES

*Your portfolio? You mean those pornographic pictures of that blind boy.*

DEL

*They're not pornographic! It's art.*

*Agnes shakes her head.*

AGNES

*No child of mine is going to waste  
her life by going to art school.  
And you have a son to think of.*

DEL

*I already talked to the school.  
They'll give me a waiver so I can  
get an apartment with Sean. There  
are good schools in the area.*

AGNES

*You're not going.*

*Del steels herself. Ready for the fight.*

DEL

*I've been approved for a loan.*

*Agnes purses her lips.*

DEL (CONT'D)

*You can't stop me.*

AGNES

*That may be true. We'll see. But  
you're not taking my grandson.*

*She storms out of the kitchen, leaving Del shaking with  
anger. And fear.*

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

BACK IN THE PRESENT. Del shakes her head, picking the phone  
back up. Before she can try Travis again--

CASS (O.C.)

Who are you calling?

Del whips around, caught.

CASS (CONT'D)

(guessing)

Is it Will?

Del blushes faintly, but enough for Cass to catch it.

DEL

No, I haven't talked to him. He doesn't know I'm here.

CASS

Who then?

DEL

I'm trying to track down Travis Reed.

CASS

That lowlife? Why?

Del shrugs. Deeply uncomfortable.

DEL

Just need to talk to him.

Cass can barely hide her annoyance at Del's evasiveness.

DEL (CONT'D)

I'm actually going to go out for a bit.

CASS

And you're just going to leave Sean here?

DEL

He's 14. He'll be fine here on his own for a few hours.

CASS

Whatever you say.

And she turns away. Any warmth that had developed between the two sisters dissipating. Del sighs, grabs her keys, and walks out.

INT. DEL'S CAR - EVENING

Del is driving fast, but she slows down when she passes the cemetery. She clocks the police cars and the crime scene tape. And a familiar face: RACHEL GLENNON, 28. She's speaking to one of the crime scene guys collecting evidence.

EXT. LACON CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Del parks hastily and haphazardly. She's out of the car like a bullet. Rachel clocks her and turns.

The crime scene guy uses the opportunity to hurry to his car with his bag of evidence.

DEL

What are you doing here, Rachel?

RACHEL

Well, hi to you, too, Del. My condolences. That is if you actually care.

DEL

That's cold, even for you. And it doesn't answer my question.

RACHEL

I work PR for the Mayor's office. As I'm sure you can imagine, this has attracted a bit of attention. We're trying to get ahead of it.

DEL

(swallowing)

Do the police have any theories about who... who those bones might belong to?

RACHEL

Why? Do you?

DEL

I just want to bury my mother and get back to my life.

RACHEL

Then I guess we want the same thing.

She turns on her heel, headed for her car. Before she reaches it, she stops.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Oh, and Del? Stay the hell away from my brother.

And with that, she gets in her car, leaving Del spinning in her wake.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - STAIRCASE - MORNING

Del, groggy but dressed for the day in her leather jacket and jeans, makes her way down the stairs. The animated voices coming from the dining room suggest she's the last to rise.

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cass, Logan, and Sean are digging into pancakes while Sean chatters on excitedly. Cass is dressed for work.

SEAN

So NASA thinks it was the dust storm that did in Opportunity. But they're not, like, giving up.

Cass and Logan nod, both clearly enjoying their nephew. Cass spots Del first. Then Logan.

LOGAN

(to Del)

Sean was regaling us with the wild adventures of the Mars Rovers.

Del looks at her son fondly.

CASS

There are more pancakes in the kitchen if you're hungry.

DEL

(shaking her head)

I'm still not much of a breakfast person. I've been on an overnight schedule for a while.

Cass shrugs. Del looks down at Sean.

DEL (CONT'D)

I'm going to go out for a bit. You good hanging with your Aunt Logan?

Sean shrugs his acceptance and Del looks to Logan, who clocks Cass's frown of disapproval behind Del's back before nodding.

LOGAN

We'll make a day of it.

Del smiles at her gratefully.

EXT. MARSHALL COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Del stands in front of the stately red brick building, which wouldn't look out of place on a college campus. She makes her way up the stairs and inside:

INT. MARSHALL COUNTY COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Del spots a bored guard sitting at a table by the metal detector and beelines for him. He looks up only once she's practically standing over him.

GUARD

Make sure your pockets are empty.  
Trays are over there.

DEL

I'm looking for Travis Reed.

The guard scrutinizes her. Realizes he doesn't care.

GUARD

He called in sick today.

A look of thorough annoyance crosses Del's face.

DEL

(sotto voce)  
You've got to be kidding me.  
(to the guard)  
Thanks.

She turns on her heel, ready to book it out of there--

And runs smack into WILL GLENNON, 28, drop dead gorgeous... but truly doesn't know it. He clutches a long white walking cane in his hand. Will is BLIND.

WILL

Excuse me.

Del just gapes at him. Will freezes.

WILL (CONT'D)

Del?

INT. LACON POLICE STATION - DAY

Cass is all business at her desk. She's so focused on the folder in front of her that she doesn't notice MATTHEW BELLAMY, 31, charming as they come, until he's right in front of her, cracking his knuckles.

CASS  
(without looking up)  
You know I hate it when you do  
that.

But her tone is warm, a smile dancing at her lips.

MATTHEW  
Engrossing case?

Cass looks up. Matthew offers a warm smile that reveals just how smitten he is. Cass glances around.

CASS  
(quietly)  
I was just looking to see if any  
new information came in overnight  
about those bones.

Matthew turns serious.

MATTHEW  
They assigned a detective to the  
case late last night.

Cass perks up, looks at him expectantly.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
It's Scott.

CASS  
'Great' Scott? I'm surprised he  
hasn't solved it already.

She rolls her eyes and shuts the folder.

MATTHEW  
I thought about asking for it, but  
it didn't seem right given...

CASS  
No. No, this good. Scott's a cold  
fish but he closes. I just want to  
get Mom buried.

MATTHEW  
You could take a couple of days  
off, you know.

CASS  
Why? A few days away from work  
isn't going to bring her back.

MATTHEW

No, but... it was a shock. Seems only right to take a moment to absorb it.

CASS

(moving on)

My sister's back. And staying at the house.

MATTHEW

I'm sure Logan--

CASS

I'm not talking about Logan. Del.

Matthew seems genuinely shocked.

MATTHEW

Del's back? I thought she hated your mom.

CASS

I suppose it's harder to hate someone when they die suddenly.

Matthew nods, processing this. Distracted. Cass is puzzled. She grabs the folder and stands.

CASS (CONT'D)

I should get this to Scott.

Matthew snaps out of it. Pulls her into a quick, fierce hug. Cass wraps her arms around him and holds on -- just for a moment. Then she composes herself and heads down the hall with the folder.

EXT. MARSHALL COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Del and Will sit on a bench outside the courthouse. Close together. Del can't take her eyes off his face.

WILL

I can always tell when you're staring.

Del laughs a little but doesn't look away.

DEL

How'd you know it was me?

WILL

You're wearing the same perfume you did in high school.

DEL

I guess when I find something I like, I tend to stick with it.

WILL

Is that so?

A guilty look flashes across Del's face.

DEL

I didn't regret much when I left, but I... I...

Del looks away. Will shrugs it off.

WILL

It's ancient history now.

DEL

Being back... it all feels kinda fresh.

WILL

I got your letters.

Del looks back at him. Her face full of yearning.

WILL (CONT'D)

I can't believe you kept that braille typewriter all this time. I actually have an email program that reads messages to me.

DEL

I know. I just hate those computerized voices.

WILL

I would've written back, but you never put a return address on any of those letters.

DEL

Yeah, well, I just... I couldn't risk Agnes finding out where I was. It took me years to stop looking over my shoulder, afraid she would turn up and take Sean away from me.

Will nods, taking this in.

WILL

How is he?

DEL

He's good. Great. So damn smart. Probably deserves more than a teenage mom with no college degree, but I still think he's better off than he would have been with Agnes.

Will doesn't answer. Del notices the way he grips his cane.

DEL (CONT'D)

I know she wasn't as bad as some.

Will offers her a tight smile.

WILL

It's not a contest.

DEL

No, but your dad made my mom look like Carol Brady.

WILL

I can't say I'm sorry he just up and left a decade ago. You on the other hand....

He trails off. His tone is light, clearly masking whatever he's really feeling. Impulsively, Del reaches for his hand. Takes it in her own. Will's fingers curl around hers.

WILL (CONT'D)

It's nice hearing your voice again, Del. You going to stick around for a while?

DEL

(caught up in the moment)  
I was thinking I might.

The air between them is charged. But then--

An alarm on Will's watch goes off.

WILL

(reluctant)  
I have to get to court. I'm testifying in a custody case.

He pulls his hand out of Del's. Disappointment flits across Del's face.

DEL  
Yeah. Of course.

He gets up, cane in hand.

WILL  
So this isn't goodbye?

Del stands. Eyes drinking him in.

DEL  
No. It's until later.

Will smiles before turning to go. Del watches until he's out of sight.

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Logan is sitting on the couch, looking through family albums. Wadded up Kleenex clutched in her hand as she gazes at the pictures. Not even bothering to wipe away the tears anymore.

Sean slips into the room, freezing when he sees the state Logan is in. Her head shoots up.

SEAN  
Sorry. I didn't mean to....

Logan wipes her eyes furiously.

LOGAN  
No, no, I'm sorry. I promised your mom we'd spend the day together and all I'm doing is using up every tissue in the house.

SEAN  
(sympathetic)  
I can't imagine losing my mom.

LOGAN  
It's the worst.

She offers him a small smile.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna pull myself together and then we're going to go out. Where to, nephew?

SEAN  
I have this report due about the atmosphere. Library?

LOGAN  
You're a kid after my own heart.

EXT. TRAVIS REED'S HOUSE - DAY

Del slams her car door shut and surveys the run down one story house. The faded yellow paint is peeling, the lawn is overgrown and uneven.

Del climbs the stairs of the wooden porch and knocks on the door. She gets no response. She knocks louder and harder. The door finally swings open, revealing TRAVIS REED, as unkempt as his house.

TRAVIS  
Jesus.

DEL  
It's great to see you, too.

Travis snorts and saunters back into the house. Del follows him.

INT. TRAVIS REED'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She notices an open can of beer on the coffee table next to the worn green armchair in den. Travis picks it up and takes a swig. Del gets mad.

DEL  
You lose your fucking phone,  
Travis? I've been calling you.

He shrugs. Not yet drunk but a little bleary.

TRAVIS  
Nice to see you, Del. How are you?  
I've been terrific, as you can see.

Del rolls her eyes. Faces him.

DEL  
You were supposed to move his body,  
Trav. Once things died down and  
people stopped looking for him. You  
promised me.

Travis runs his hand over his face.

TRAVIS

I was going to! I lost count of how many times I went to that damn graveyard. But...

DEL

But what?

TRAVIS

It's not that easy, okay? Moving a goddamn body. A fucking *person*.

DEL

So you just didn't do it?

TRAVIS

It didn't seem urgent. You were god knows where. Your mom was a horse. No one expected her to... you know....

Del drops to the worn loveseat, running her hands through her hair.

DEL

You *promised*.

Travis has the good sense to look guilty.

TRAVIS

I... I just thought I could do it later. And later became even later, and then it all just got away from me.

Del looks at him, trying to comprehend his words.

DEL

It all got away from you? His bones are at the fucking coroner's office, Travis!

Travis reels on her, just as furious.

TRAVIS

You weren't here, Del. I had no way of getting a hold of you. You never even called once. I was the one who had to drive past that graveyard every day. Who had to live with it.

DEL

You think I don't?

She runs her hands through her hair. Trying to process it.

DEL (CONT'D)

What about the... the crowbar? Did you...

TRAVIS

I sold it on Craigslist. Some guy two towns over bought it. It's long gone.

Del takes this in, but it's little comfort. Travis awkwardly moves towards her. Contemplates sitting next to her -- then thinks better of it.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Why'd you come back, Del? Why are you still here?

DEL

(sighing)

I can't just leave now. How's that going to look when they... when they figure out who he is?

Travis finally sits next to her. Contemplates his beer... and how well and truly fucked they are.

TRAVIS

You want one?

DEL

No. I don't want a beer, Travis.

And they sit in silence.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Logan is eagerly browsing the new fiction shelves. Sean grabs a book from the nonfiction section before heading over to the information desk... where Zeke is sitting.

Zeke looks up as Sean approaches. Recognizes him after a beat.

ZEKE

Hey, Delilah's kid. I didn't catch your name.

SEAN

It's Sean.

ZEKE

A good Irish name.

Sean studies Zeke closely, analyzing his features. Zeke starts to get uncomfortable.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Can I help you find something?

Logan notices, and wanders closer to them, keeping an eye on her nephew. Sean doesn't notice.

SEAN

(to Zeke)

Do you have hyper mobility?

ZEKE

What?

SEAN

Are you double jointed? Can you bend your fingers back really far like this?

Sean takes his pinky and bends it all the way back to his hand. Zeke recoils.

ZEKE

Fuck that's weird! No.

Logan has drawn closer, sidling up next to Sean.

LOGAN

(to Zeke)

I guess you've met my nephew.

ZEKE

Uh yeah. Is he on the spectrum?

LOGAN

No.

(to Sean)

There's no project, is there?

Sean shrugs.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Dammit. Let's go. Sorry to have bothered you, Zeke.

She pushes Sean out in front of her.

INT. LOGAN'S CAR - DAY

Sean sits, sullen, next to Logan.

LOGAN

If you'd told me the truth, I could have saved us a trip. Your mom would not have hooked up with Zeke Mason. Not in a million years.

SEAN

Are you sure? Absolutely totally and completely *sure*?

LOGAN

Yes. I mean, pretty sure.

A glimmer of hope comes back to Sean's expression. Logan fixes Sean with a sharp look. He withers a little.

SEAN

Sorry.

Logan's visage softens. She's incapable of staying mad for long.

LOGAN

No, I'm sorry. It must suck, not knowing who he is.

SEAN

Do you know?

LOGAN

None of us do. Even our mom didn't.

Sean takes this in. Logan studies him.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Being double jointed isn't all that uncommon.

SEAN

I know. But it's all I've got to go on. Mom isn't double jointed, and she said you and Cass aren't either.

LOGAN

We're not. But our grandfather could bend his knees forwards.

SEAN  
(deflating)  
Oh.

LOGAN  
He was in the circus for a while.

Sean doesn't answer. Logan realizes she's only making it worse. Logan sighs. At a loss.

EXT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - DAY

Del slams the door of her car. Lost in thought which is why she doesn't notice GRANT SCOTT, 32, leaning against his car across the street. Sexy in the same way Mr. Spock is -- brilliant, cold, and logical.

GRANT  
Delilah Van Owen?

Del spins. Takes him in.

DEL  
Who wants to know?

Grant brandishes his badge as he walks towards her.

GRANT  
Detective Scott with Lacon PD.

DEL  
Let me guess. You want to ask me a few questions.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Del gestures for Grant to sit on the couch.

DEL  
I'm probably supposed to offer you coffee or tea or something.

GRANT  
I don't drink caffeine.

DEL  
I thought an affinity for coffee and donuts was a requirement of the job.

He doesn't laugh. Del sighs and sits. Waits. When Grant doesn't say anything, she shifts uncomfortably.

DEL (CONT'D)

So do you know who those bones belong to?

GRANT

No. Not yet.

DEL

Okay.

(beat)

Aren't you supposed to be the one asking the questions?

GRANT

I've discovered I learn more about people in what they offer up on their own in the first few moments than I would through asking them questions they're anticipating.

DEL

Huh. And what questions do you think I'm expecting?

GRANT

If you know the answer to the question you asked me.

Del maintains a neutral look.

GRANT (CONT'D)

About the identity of the person those bones belonged to.

DEL

Well, if you'd done your homework, Detective, you'd know that I haven't set foot in Lacon in a decade.

GRANT

A human body buried outside a casket takes approximately eight to twelve years to decompose.

DEL

I don't know whose bones they are, Detective.

Grant nods. Unsurprised by her answer.

GRANT

Why?

DEL

Why what?

GRANT

Why haven't you been back to Lacon in a decade? That's a long time to stay away.

DEL

My family is... complicated.

She shifts uncomfortably under his scrutiny.

DEL (CONT'D)

I just want to bury my mother.

GRANT

Of course.

DEL

Do you have any idea when you might be releasing the grave plot?

GRANT

No. It's an active crime scene now.

DEL

Right.

GRANT

But it shouldn't be long now before we have an ID. And once we have that, it's only a matter of time until we discover who put them there.

Del looks at him, willing her face into impassivity. Grant stands, nods coldly at her before moving towards the door. Del blanches, knowing she's just met her worst nightmare....

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. SMITTY'S SOUPS AND SHAKES - DAY

The incongruously named diner is a bright red building in the heart of downtown Lacon. The sign out front proudly proclaims "We've got something for a cold day, or a hot one!"

Logan and Sean exit sipping shakes.

SEAN

Okay, this is pretty good.

LOGAN

Best shake in Lacon. I dream about these when I'm down at school.

SEAN

What are you studying?

LOGAN

Psychology. I'm getting my PhD.

SEAN

I'm going to get my PhD someday. In either astrophysics or exobiology.

LOGAN

(smiling)

So you're going to Mars?

SEAN

Unless we've found a way to get to other planets by the time I graduate.

Logan smiles, and then her eye is caught by a woman hurrying by in a bright blazer, nose buried in her phone. It's Rachel Glennon. Logan pulls Sean out of Rachel's way so they don't collide. Rachel looks up -- and freezes when her gaze meets Logan's.

LOGAN

(awkward)

Hey.

RACHEL

Hi.

For a beat, no one says anything else. Sean shifts uncomfortably, drawing Rachel's attention.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
You must be the kid.

SEAN  
That would be me.

RACHEL  
You look just like her.

There's no warmth in Rachel's voice as she studies him.

LOGAN  
(joking)  
I see you're still a people person.

Rachel's gaze moves back to Logan.

RACHEL  
Were you expecting me to change?

LOGAN  
I think we both know I'm the last  
person who'd ever want you to  
change, Rachel.

A charged moment between them. Rachel blinks first.

RACHEL  
I'm sorry about your mother.

LOGAN  
(genuine)  
Thank you.

RACHEL  
It was nice seeing you, Logan.

Rachel nods curtly at Sean and walks off. Leaving Logan clearly flustered.

INT. LACON POLICE STATION - FILING ROOM - DAY

Cass is returning files to their proper places when Grant Scott comes in.

CASS  
(without looking up)  
Something you need, Detective  
Scott?

GRANT

I wanted to thank you for the thoroughness of the information you put together on my latest case.

CASS

It's my job.

She finally finishes what she's doing and turns to face him.

CASS (CONT'D)

And I have a vested interest in seeing your latest case closed quickly.

GRANT

I was sorry to hear about your mother, Cassandra.

CASS

(unexpectedly emotional)

Thank you, Grant. I appreciate it.

Grant looks a little uncomfortable, as though he's not sure how he's supposed to react to the tear she's trying to wipe away furiously. He finally settles on extending a handkerchief to her. She shakes her head, using her sleeve instead.

CASS (CONT'D)

I'm fine. Did you need something?

GRANT

I spoke with your sister Delilah today. She was... evasive.

Cass moves towards him.

CASS

The only thing Del was hiding is that she's an asshole who abandoned her family a decade ago.

The vehemence in Cass's voice catches Grant off guard. Before he can recover, she pushes past him and storms out of the room.

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Del is mid conversation on cell. Pacing.

DEL

Think, Trav. Is there anything this guy could find that would connect us to this.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TRAVIS REED'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Travis, still bleary with a fresh beer in front of him, leans forward, head in his hands.

TRAVIS

No. No way. We were careful.

DEL

He said they'd have an ID soon.  
*Fuck.*

TRAVIS

Maybe you should go.

DEL

The minute I run, they know I'm guilty. If it were just me... but I can't do that to Sean. Not again. I can't make him a fugitive.

Travis is silent, at a loss. Del finally hangs up, ending the call. She stands there holding the phone for a moment.

And then her eyes land on a family photo from long ago. Back when they were complete. Neither of her parents are smiling. While her father is a cypher, Agnes is downright glowering.

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - KITCHEN/MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT  
(FLASHBACK)

*18-year-old Del is hurrying down the stairs, leather jacket in hand. A teenager about to sneak out of the house. She stops in her tracks when she hears voices coming from the kitchen where Agnes is pacing, livid.*

AGNES

*She's not taking that child out of state. What are my options, Arthur?*

*ARTHUR GLENNON, 50s, Will and Rachel's father, sits at the kitchen table like he owns the place. Calm and cruel, he exudes cold arrogance.*

ARTHUR

*You sue her for custody. I assume she hasn't been the model citizen since she got herself pregnant.*

AGNES

*She's no worse than any other teenager. She does take care of the boy.*

ARTHUR

*Well, save for when she's climbing through my son's window.*

*If Agnes is surprised by this, she doesn't show it.*

AGNES

*I wouldn't think the court would hold that against her. She's 18.*

ARTHUR

*Will doesn't turn 18 for three more months. Now, 17 is the age of consent in Illinois, but Delilah has been climbing through that window for at least two years.*

*Agnes looks at him sharply.*

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

*I'll file a complaint on Monday. She'll be charged with statutory rape.*

AGNES

*I don't want her to go to jail!*

*Arthur waves her off.*

ARTHUR

*She'll get probation. It won't even go on her permanent record. But it should be enough to get you custody of the boy, if you're in front of the right judge. Which we'll ensure you are.*

*Agnes looks at him, deliberating.*

AGNES

*Won't that ruin her chances of going to college?*

ARTHUR

*It might. That's a chance you need  
to be willing to take to get what  
you want.*

*On the stairs, Del sinks down, a look of horror on her face  
as she realizes her whole future could be about to go up in  
smoke.*

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A door slams, snapping Del out of her reverie. She walks to:

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - MAIN HALLWAY - EVENING

To see Logan and Sean returned home, holding empty shakes.

LOGAN

Sorry, we should have thought to  
bring you one.

DEL

(a million miles away)  
Huh?

SEAN

You okay, Mom?

This snaps Del out of it.

DEL

Right as rain. You two have a nice  
day?

Sean looks at Logan to see if she's going to rat him out.  
Before she can answer, the lock in the front door turns and  
Cass comes in, carrying two bags full of food. She's puzzled  
to find them all in the front hall.

CASS

I brought Famous Dave's.

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Cass is laying out the food. Logan and Sean ferry in plates  
and silverware. Del stands awkwardly, looking out of place.

DEL

Here, give me one of those bags.

CASS  
I've got it.

Del tries and fails to mask her frustration.

CASS (CONT'D)  
Grant Scott told me he spoke to you today.

DEL  
Yeah, he came by the house.

CASS  
What did you say to him? Because he seems to think you're hiding something.

DEL  
I just told him I didn't have any clue who the bones belonged to. I mean, how could I?

CASS  
(cold)  
Right.

Del sighs in frustration.

DEL  
All I said was that I wanted to bury Mom. That's not a crime, is it?

Cass slams one of the food containers down on the table.

CASS  
Why?  
(off Del's look)  
Are you in that much of a hurry to get her buried so you can take off again? So you can go back to wherever you've been hiding out for the last decade?

DEL  
That's what it's really about, right? That I left.

CASS  
I don't even know your kid, Del. My own nephew.

DEL  
It was complicated.

CASS  
Mom wouldn't have really--

DEL  
Yes, she would have. You know that.

Cass crosses her arms. Stares at Del in stony silence.

DEL (CONT'D)  
I had to give up everything, Cass.  
College, any hope of a photography  
career.... I work in an overnight  
diner. I take pictures for this  
shady skip tracer.

CASS  
Okay, say I get it. That you  
believed Mom would have taken Sean.  
Why'd you stop talking to me, Del?  
You kept in touch with Logan. Why  
not me?

The question hangs in the air between them. Del wrestles with  
it. Before she can answer--

The doorbell rings.

Cass pushes past Del to go towards the main hall. Del follows  
her--

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cass unlocks the door as Del struggles for something to say.

DEL  
Cass--

CASS  
Save it.

She pulls the door open, revealing Matthew. He grins at her  
and offers up a tray of Smitty's shakes.

MATTHEW  
Hey, darlin'.

Cass is too upset to compose herself. He steps forward -- and  
sees Del behind her. His smile falters a bit.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
Oh. Hello.

Del pales when she sees him. He's still in uniform.

CASS

Del, Matthew. Matthew, my sister  
Del.

Matthew looks between them. A little puzzled. Del recovers and offers him her hand.

DEL

Nice to meet you.

Matthew shakes it awkwardly. Del looks from Cass to Matthew and puts it together.

DEL (CONT'D)

Oh. Wow. You two are... cool.

Cass looks at her sister icily. They aren't done. But Del is.

DEL (CONT'D)

Look, I gotta run out. Why don't  
you take my place at the table,  
Matthew?

And with that she brushes past him, headed towards her car. Cass watches her go in frustration.

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Matthew is trying to comfort Cass, who isn't having it.

CASS

I'm just so sick of her shit. And  
it's only been a day.

Logan slips into the room, her face nervous.

LOGAN

Sean overheard some the fight. And  
Del leaving. He asked if he could  
eat dinner upstairs so I sent him  
up with a slab of ribs.

CASS

Ribs? In the guest bedroom?

LOGAN

He's upset. He just needed some  
time alone.

CASS

Well, that makes two of us.

And she storms off in the direction of the kitchen. Matthew watches her go, forlorn.

LOGAN

Aren't you glad you stopped by?

MATTHEW

I should go check on her.

LOGAN

Give her five minutes. Trust me.  
And pass me one of those bad boys.

Matthew smiles as Logan reaches for a shake.

INT. DEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Del drives like a bat out of hell. She plows down the quiet streets, blowing a few red lights, before pulling up in front of a large older house with a nice sized yard and a wrap around porch.

There's a man sitting on the porch swing. Will. Drinking whiskey.

EXT. GLENNON HOUSE - NIGHT

Del slips out of the car quietly. She hesitates, struck by the sight of him. She reaches for her camera and lifts it, looking at him through the viewfinder. She snaps a few pictures of him. This seems to calm her.

And then her cell phone rings. Del jumps, cursing. She sees it's Travis calling. Hits ignore and turns the phone to silent.

From the porch, Will just shakes his head.

WILL

It's been a while since I've heard  
that sound.

DEL

(sheepish)  
The phone?

WILL

Your camera.

DEL

I got a new one a few years ago.

WILL  
So you still take pictures.

DEL  
Sort of.

WILL  
Why don't you join me?

Del walks up to the porch and sits next to him on the swing.  
Will offers his glass to her.

WILL (CONT'D)  
I didn't think to bring another  
one.

DEL  
It's not like I gave you a heads up  
that I was coming by.

She takes a drink and hands it back to him.

DEL (CONT'D)  
We spent so many nights out here.  
It's one of the things I miss the  
most.

Will takes this in for a moment.

WILL  
I looked for you. After you left.

Del takes the glass back and has another swig.

DEL  
I had to make myself pretty hard to  
find.

Will doesn't answer.

DEL (CONT'D)  
I wasn't running from you.

WILL  
Are you sure? Because we had a  
pretty solid plan. I'd go to Brown,  
you'd go to RISD, we'd graduate,  
and get married. We'd come back for  
Sean and then go off and travel the  
world. You were going to take  
pictures for National Geographic. I  
was going to teach blind kids to  
read Braille. I thought... I  
thought we had it all figured out.

DEL

No one has it all figured out at  
eighteen.

Will is silent. Not buying the cop out.

DEL (CONT'D)

She wouldn't have let me take Sean  
back.

WILL

We'll never know now.

Del absorbs this. Devastated.

DEL

I have never stopped thinking about  
you, Will. You have to know that.

Impulsively, Del leans and pulls him towards her. She kisses  
him passionately. It's full of hunger and fire and  
electricity and he returns it -- for a moment. And then he  
pulls back.

WILL

It took me a long time to get over  
you.

DEL

Will--

WILL

I can't go through that again. I'm  
sorry.

And with that, he gets up and goes inside, leaving Del alone  
on the porch swing.

EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Travis Reed, holding a half-empty bottle of bourbon in one  
hand and clearly toasted, stumbles up to the front of the  
building.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Del slips into the house. It's late enough that she hopes  
everyone is asleep, but she hears the sound of the TV blaring  
from the den.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Travis smashes the glass and breaks in. He's carrying a large red container in his other hand.

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Cass is on the couch, watching the news.

DEL

Hey. I just wanted to apologize--

Cass shushes her.

CASS

They ID'ed the bones on Mom's plot.

Del's eyes widen, and she turns to the TV to see a newswoman reporting from the cemetery.

NEWSWOMAN

...where just days ago the quiet community of Lacon was rocked by the discovery of bones buried in the plot of a recently deceased. WMBD can exclusively reveal the identity of the person those bones belonged to.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Travis clumsily uncovers several bodies before he finds the bones. When he does, he uncaps the red container and starts to pour gasoline liberally over them. He lights a match--

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Del is frozen, eyes glued to the screen.

NEWSWOMAN

The coroner's office has identified the dead man as fifty-three-year old Arthur Glennon, a respected Marshall County judge thought to have left town a decade ago and was briefly investigated as a missing person.

Del's hand is clutched in a tight fist.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Travis watches with satisfaction as the bones burn. He stumbles out, not noticing as one of the sheets covering a nearby body catches on fire as well...

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Cass doesn't notice Del's stricken expression as they watch.

NEWSWOMAN

Lacon P.D. has reopened the case  
and is now treating this as an  
active homicide investigation.

Del's phone buzzes in her pocket. She takes it out, seeing a dozen missed calls from Travis, followed by a cryptic text: *I took care of it.*

Del shoves her phone and races out of the room. Cass finally turns and sees Del fleeing.

CASS

Del!

But Del is already to the front door, ripping it open and running from the house.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Del skids into a parking spot across the street. She leaps out of the car. Her eyes widen in horror as she takes in the coroner's office ENGULFED IN FLAMES.

Travis is seated not far from her car, watching the blaze. Still drinking.

DEL

I got your messages... oh my god.  
This is what you meant by 'taking  
care' of it?

Travis looks up at her blearily.

TRAVIS

I dunno, Del. I thought maybe if  
they didn't have the bones, they  
wouldn't be able to--

DEL

They already know who he is,  
Travis! It's all over the news.

Travis blinks up at her, trying to process this.

TRAVIS

It's over then. It's only a matter  
of time before they figure out what  
we did.

DEL

Not 'we,' Travis. 'We' didn't do  
it. *I* did.

TRAVIS

It's always about you, Del. Who  
helped you cover it up? Made it  
look like he ran off with his  
mistress? Convinced people that a  
federal judge just took off and  
abandoned his two teenage kids. You  
didn't do that alone.

Del throws up her hands, looks back at the burning building. The wail of sirens can be heard in the distance. Getting closer.

DEL

We need to get out of here. Where's your car?

TRAVIS

I walked.

DEL

Smart enough to avoid a DUI but not to not commit arson? You really are something else.

He smiles drunkenly up at her as she pulls him to his feet. She ignores it as she loads him into the passenger seat of her car. She turns around to take one final look at the burning building, the flames reflecting off her face.

INT. TRAVIS REED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Del half drags Travis into his house. She gets him as far as the couch before dropping him like a dead weight. This jostles him enough to rouse him.

TRAVIS

Don't go...

He reaches for her. Del easily evades his grasp.

DEL

We're not doing this.

TRAVIS

Kinda thought one day I'd have a chance with you cause... cause....

He drifts off as Del covers him with a blanket. Her phone starts to buzz in her pocket and she hurries outside.

EXT. TRAVIS REED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She sees it's Cass calling and lifts the phone to her ear.

DEL

Look, I'm sorry I ran out--

CASS (O.S.)

It's Sean. He's missing.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Del bursts into the room, panic coloring her features.

DEL

He turned his phone off. I can't find him.

CASS

I called Matthew, but it went to voicemail. Should we call 911?

LOGAN

Hold on. There's a chance... well, there's one place I can think of to look.

Both Del and Cass swivel to look at her.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZEKE MASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sean is knocking furiously on the door. Zeke pulls it open. Puzzled when he sees Sean on the porch.

ZEKE

Isn't it a little late for you to be out, kid?

Whatever boldness led Sean to sneak out in the middle of the night wavers a little. Zeke's eyes fall to the book he's clutching to his chest.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Does Delilah know you're here? I have a feeling that's a dumb question.

Sean gathers his courage and flips the book open. It's a yearbook. He finds the page he's looking for quickly.

SEAN

(reading)

'Delilah, no mere words will ever be able to express how important you are to me, or the great gift you've given me. Our lives are forever intertwined and I will always think of you with gratitude and love. Zeke'

Sean closes the book and looks up with Zeke, eyes wide and earnest. He builds himself up to ask the question:

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Are you my father?

Zeke blinks at him for a moment, stunned.

ZEKE  
What? I... no, I'm definitely not.

Sean visibly deflates.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
That thing in her yearbook... she helped me figure out how to be true to myself.

Sean looks up puzzled. Not getting it. Zeke sighs.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
I'm gay, kid. Not an easy thing to be in a small town like this. And in high school, well, I was in pretty deep denial. Your mom... I guess she could see I was struggling. She pulled me aside one night at a party when I was really bad off. She helped me get to the crux of it and admit who I was. Am. That's what that really cheesy yearbook message is about.

Sean absorbs this, miserable.

ZEKE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. And before you ask, no, I don't know who he is.

SEAN  
(totally dejected)  
And even if you did, you wouldn't tell me.

ZEKE  
Probably not. I really owe your mom. But for what it's worth, I truly don't know.

Sean can't hide his misery. Zeke struggles for something to say as a car screeches to a stop in front of the house.

Del leaps out of the driver's seat. Her shoulders sag in relief when she spots Sean.

DEL  
What the hell, Sean?

ZEKE  
He's okay. He just came to--

DEL  
Save the lie, Zeke. I know why he's  
here.

SEAN  
(to Del)  
You owe me the truth! He's not just  
some secret you kept from your  
family! He's *my* father.

Del stares at Sean for a moment. Neither backs down.

DEL  
(icy)  
Get in the car, Sean.

He looks about ready to protest but Del's demeanor tells him she's not going to budge. He casts an angry glare at her before storming over to the car.

Del nods at Zeke curtly before following Sean. She slides in the driver's seat and slams the door, peeling off into the night.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sean bursts through the door first and runs up the stairs. Cass and Logan come out of the living room as Del, completely worn out, enters.

LOGAN

Is he okay?

DEL

Aside from hating me, yeah.

CASS

He's a teenager. I think it comes with the territory.

She offers Del a sympathetic shrug.

LOGAN

I can go check on him.

DEL

He probably needs some time to himself. But if you wanted to knock and see...

Logan nods and heads up the stairs. Del moves towards the kitchen. Cass follows.

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Del scans the cabinets.

DEL

I can't believe I don't remember where mom kept the vodka.

CASS

(smirking)

I can't believe that either.

Cass goes to one of the high cabinets and pulls out a bottle. Del takes it from her and pulls two glasses out of another cabinet.

CASS (CONT'D)

Be careful. It's a lot more potent now that you're not cutting it with water.

Del chuckles lightly at that. Hands one of the glasses to Cass. She takes a generous swig.

CASS (CONT'D)  
So what are you going to do?

Del freezes.

CASS (CONT'D)  
Don't you think you've kept this  
secret long enough?

Del looks at Cass like a deer caught in headlights.

CASS (CONT'D)  
He deserves to know who his dad is.

Del deflates visibly. Tension released, for the moment.

DEL  
It's... just not that simple.

CASS  
(frustrated)  
It never is with you.

Del contemplates her drink.

DEL  
I'm trying to do the right thing.

Cass shakes her head.

CASS  
I've never seen a person make a big  
a mess of it as you do, Del.

Del laughs at that and raises her glass. Then grows serious.

DEL  
You stopped talking to me after  
Sean was born.

CASS  
(defensive)  
I'm pretty sure that's not true.

DEL  
You did. About the important stuff.  
You started looking at me like Mom  
did, like I was a fuck up. Like I'd  
ruined everything.

Cass regards her drink for a moment.

CASS

I had to do everything right after you left. Get straight A's. Clean the house. Look after Lo. I couldn't have a boyfriend because Mom watched me like a hawk. She was just waiting for me to screw up like you did, to get pregnant or run off with some guy. So I didn't. I did everything right. And all that walking the straight and narrow didn't even pay off. Cause here I am, right in the same house I've lived in all my life. Working a job some old lady literally did until she keeled over dead.

Cass finishes her drink and sets the empty glass down. She leaves the kitchen without another word to Del.

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Sean is sitting on his bed, scrolling through his phone furiously. He ignores the first knock at the door. And the second. Logan pushes it open anyway.

LOGAN

I know you don't want to talk. And that you really hate your mom right now. This won't make a difference, but she's doing what she thinks is right.

Sean doesn't answer. Logan studies him for a moment. Deliberating.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

No one but Del knows who your dad is, maybe not even the guy himself. But--

She steps forward, places something on the bed.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

This might be a place to start.

Logan slips out of the room, face conflicted, as Sean picks it up. He sees it's a picture of a teenage Will, naked but tastefully covered by a sheet.

INT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

The next morning. Del is waiting in the kitchen nervously when Sean finally makes his way downstairs, his hunger overwhelming his indignation. And yet he freezes at the door when he sees her.

DEL

Hey.

Sean pointedly doesn't answer. Makes a decision to beeline for the cabinet holding the cereal.

DEL (CONT'D)

There are reasons-- there are things I know you don't understand. Can't understand. But I--

Sean whirls on her.

SEAN

You're right; I don't understand. Because it's not about you. Or your reasons. He's half of me. *Half*.

DEL

So am I.

Sean turns on his heel, continues to the cabinet and rips it open. Makes a production of looking for the cereal.

DEL (CONT'D)

I can't tell you who he is. I'm sorry. I love you. I hope someday you'll understand.

Sean doesn't turn around, so he doesn't see the devastation on Del's face. She's said all she can. She slips out of the room. Only then does Sean turn around.

EXT. GLENNON HOUSE - MORNING

Logan is sitting on the steps of the porch, sipping a coffee. Waiting. Finally Rachel, disheveled and still a little drunk, stumbles down the street. She freezes when she sees Logan. Logan stands.

RACHEL

What are you doing here?

LOGAN

I heard about the bones being your dad's. I just thought... I guess I wanted to see if you were okay.

Rachel moves towards her.

RACHEL

That's why you're here?

Logan nods.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Do I look okay?

LOGAN

You look... you look like a mess.

RACHEL

(chuckling softly)  
Sounds about right.

LOGAN

Well, I'm a mess, too. I can't stop crying. My sisters... they're handling our mom's death much better than I am. So I was thinking, maybe we could be messes together?

She steps closer to Rachel. Then she catches sight of something on Rachel's untucked white blouse.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Is that... blood? Are you okay?

Rachel looks down at it. Then back up at Logan. Rachel moves forward, pulling Logan to her and touching her forehead to Logan's. For a brief, charged moment, they're lost in it.

Then Rachel pulls back. She walks past Logan into her house, leaving Logan reeling.

INT. GLENNON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Will, dressed for work, is cleaning up breakfast. He turns off the water when he hears Rachel enter.

WILL

You okay?

RACHEL

Why wouldn't I be?

WILL  
Because it was dad. In Agnes Van  
Owen's grave plot.

RACHEL  
Yeah, Will, I'm upset. Are you?

WILL  
(ice cold)  
I can't believe you're even asking  
me that.

He brushes past her without another word.

EXT. VAN OWEN HOUSE - DAY

Del, looking ragged, is unlocking her car when Grant Scott  
pulls up in his sedan.

DEL  
(under her breath)  
Shit.

She waits as he gets out of the car.

GRANT  
Ms. Van Owen. I was hoping to ask  
you a few questions.

DEL  
Didn't we just do this?

GRANT  
Where were you last night between  
the hours of ten and midnight?

DEL  
Out looking for my kid.  
(realizing how that  
sounds)  
He went to the house of an old  
friend of mine.

GRANT  
At midnight?

DEL  
What's this about?

GRANT  
Someone set a fire at the coroner's  
office last night.

DEL  
That's terrible.

GRANT  
An eyewitness saw a black Prius at  
the scene.

His eyes drift to the black Prius Del is standing in front  
of.

DEL  
So now you think I'm an arsonist?

Grant doesn't answer.

DEL (CONT'D)  
I bet the people in this town have  
black Priuses.

Her phone buzzes in her pocket. Del ignores it, but Grant's  
eyes drift in its direction.

DEL (CONT'D)  
Did you have any other questions?  
Because if not, I'd really like to  
go pick out a casket for my mother.

Grant nods at her to go. She slips into the car but is  
unnerved when he doesn't move away.

Del tosses her phone on the seat beside her, glancing at the  
text on it as she does. Sees it's from Travis: *I need to talk  
to you.*

Del glances up. Locks eyes with Grant as she pulls out of the  
driveway.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAVIS REED'S HOUSE - DAY

Del parks her car in the driveway. She's on her guard the  
minute she notices the front door is ajar. She clutches her  
phone in her hand, Travis's message still on the lock screen.

INT. TRAVIS REED'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY

It's eerily quiet when Del enters the front hallway. She  
looks to her right to the living room but there's nothing  
there.

DEL  
Travis! Where the fuck are you?

INT. TRAVIS REED'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is a complete mess but also totally empty.

DEL  
That detective said someone saw my  
car last night at the coroner's  
office.

INT. TRAVIS REED'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Del continues to the back of the house.

DEL  
So now in addition to the murder  
suspect I'm going to be any second  
now, he also thinks I might be an  
arsonist.

She notices the bedroom door is cracked. She pushes in.

INT. TRAVIS REED'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Del walks in.

Her phone clatters to the floor. She sees--

TRAVIS'S DEAD BODY, splayed on the bed. Blood seeping out  
from beneath him. The white comforter now a deep crimson.

Del is rigid with shock. Frozen.

From the floor, her phone buzzes with another text. As if in  
a trance, Del kneels down and picks it up, her eyes still  
glued to Travis's body.

She stands there for a moment before finally looking at the  
phone. On the screen is a text from Travis: "*I know what you  
did.*"

OFF Del's horrified look we:

SMASH TO BLACK

END OF PILOT