

RETURN TO SENDER

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DARKNESS. FOOTSTEPS. OBJECTS SHUFFLE. LIGHT SHAKES THE FRAME.

A doorbell RINGS. FOOTSTEPS depart. A line of horizontal light. We hear the MUFFLED end piano notes of one song and the beginning of another: **"Let the Light In" by Lana Del Rey.**

INT. APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

We are TIED TO THE POV OF A KNIFE HOLDER, chopping vegetables against a cutting board. A USA WOMEN'S SOCCER TEAM flag anchors the (modern, high-end) room. A large TV plays from a music playlist full of BALLADS.

The knife holder pours salt on a nearby pot of pasta boiling. Glances up at the kitchen TV, playing a GOLD CUP GAME on mute. She watches, frozen in place.

She puts down the salt and goes to the door. When she takes a cane we realize the woman is TALL, with an athletic build. We also realize her calves and knees are moving with difficulty. She is INJURED. While walking, she holds her cane up to her ankle. She HITS IT into into mobility.

She opens the door. Sees a package label addressed to LISA BARR, 312 S Longwood Ave. No return address. She stares at the box, not moving. Her breath feels more controlled to us.

She opens the package to see BLACK inside. She pulls out USED SHIN GUARDS. Stained with grass, falling apart at the seams. Lisa DROPS them: its MUD splatters across the box.

WE FINALLY LEAVE LISA'S POV and see her face: fatigued, frozen into a blank half-smile. Her nostrils flare smelling the shin guards. Her eyes twitch slightly but remain FOCUSED.

SONG (V.O.)

*OOH, LET THE LIGHT IN, AT YOUR BACK
DOOR YELLING 'CAUSE I WANNA COME IN
OOH, TURN YOUR LIGHT ON, LOOK AT US
YOU AND I BACK AT IT AGAIN*

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

Lisa eats dinner in front of the SHIN GUARDS. She stares, unsettled by their sight and smell, yet she's placed them across from her, as if to hold a conversation.

The Gold Cup game on the TV behind her. USA is winning. Lisa almost turns around to watch-- then looks to the cabinet at her right. It holds photos of Lisa as a SOCCER STAR. Training, matches, victories. Fans, loved ones. Amazed by her. Proud of her.

She drops her fork. The smell has grown too much. She stops blinking. Just stares at MUD dripping off the fibre to the floor. Soon, Lisa starts VIBRATING. *She's made a decision.*

SONG (V.O.)
 'CAUSE I WANNA, WANNA, WANNA WANT
 YOU, I NEED TO, NEED TO, NEED TO
 NEED YOU, PUT THE TV ON, THE
 FLOWERS IN A VASE, LIE YOUR HEAD

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Lisa finishes cleaning her plates and silverware. Returns to the table. CRADLES the shin guards. Grabs her cane.

TRACK with Lisa down her hallway. We now see a SEA OF DELIVERIES along the walls... a truly SURREAL AMOUNT. Soccer balls, shirts, flags, every kind of padded helmet. Dozens of random, used, junky items.

The most repeated item is a kind of RUBBER MASK. The most repeated logo is for an Amazon-like company named SMIRK.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Lisa picks boxes up from her mattress. Clears a LAPTOP open to a job application to put them on her desk.

SONG (V.O.)
 OOH, LET THE LIGHT IN, AT YOUR BACK
 DOOR YELLING 'CAUSE I WANNA COME IN
 OOH, TURN YOUR LIGHT ON, LOOK AT US
 YOU AND I BACK AT IT AGAIN

She looks down at the shin guards in her lap. She takes one, removing the polyurethane shell from the soft fiberglass. She BREATHES slowly... but *naturally*. She seems at ease.

SHE SHOVES THE FIRST SHIN GUARD DOWN HER THROAT, CHOKING on the mud and fiberglass. As she HEAVES, She wraps the second shin guard around her throat, its shell CHOKING her. She lies sideways on her mattress so the second shin guard stays put.

We are IN LISA'S POV as she suffocates. No breath. Eyesight growing hazy. The edges of the guard around her neck loosen slightly. She squirms her neck away, if about to give up...

THEN: LISA **HITS** THE EDGES OF THE GUARD BACK INTO PLACE. SHE PULLS THE SHELL TIGHT AROUND HER NECK AS WE **CUT TO BLACK**.
TITLE CARD: RETURN TO SENDER

OPENING CREDITS over TIME LAPSE FOOTAGE of a package's trek from an E-COMMERCE FULFILLMENT CENTER to its destination.

A PALLET (a square stack of miscellaneous products) moves electronically across the warehouse, passing other PALLETS. In front of a conveyer belt it deposits a LONG WHITE BOX. We are ATTACHED to this box through its cold, colorless journey.

OVERHEAD SPEAKER (V.O.)
3784, leaving in 1...

The white box FLIES down the conveyer belt. A WAREHOUSE EMPLOYEE grabs it. His hat has the SMIRK LOGO on it. He scans the box three times. Slides the object into the side of five-pound BOX. Tapes up EVERY SIDE.

A second SMIRK EMPLOYEE tosses the box into a TRUCK and SLAMS the doors. Boxes JITTER as the truck crosses onto a highway.

The truck rear opens before a smaller Smirk building: a SORTATION CENTER. Hands TOSS the package onto another conveyer belt. A DELIVERYMAN picks it up. Scans three times. Puts the box in the back of a VAN.

REPETITION of the driver opening his side doors, taking packages out. He walks OUR PACKAGE up the street, to the door of a tattered, one-story home. He KNOCKS and leaves.

The RESIDENT opens her door. She picks up the package-- placed near a ceramic flower sculpture-- and walks it inside.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - MAIN ROOM - MORNING

The package is RIPPED OPEN. It's FLORAL WALLPAPER, labeled "OASIS PARADISE." JULIA DAY (38, getting her shit together) runs her hands across the roll. Fights her eye bags to SMILE.

She props the roll against a wall that at least in the living room is cracked in about 17 places. Four more rolls sit in the package alongside a roller and exact-o-knife.

Julia looks at a fully detailed COLLAGE of her home design. Her own unique blend of sketch and found object work. The print balances tropical tones with cool, welcoming textures.

She looks at her work: a hand-painted purple bookshelf next to a hand-painted teal ceiling. Couch protectors and pillows precisely measured to elevate low-grade furniture. Restitched leather chair *so well used*, you feel comfy looking at it.

Through her orders and packages, Julia is bringing a colorful, vibrant OASIS into Riverside, CA, all by herself. This wallpaper is one of her final design pieces.

Proud, Julia goes to close her front door. Its frames don't evenly fit the doorway. She forces it shut, irritated. Her ears PRICK UP to the sound of her fluorescent overhead LIGHT. She fixates on its faint, dull, monotonous BUZZ.

Her phone CHIMES. Texts from her sister TATIANA aka "TAT":
"Found you a program tomorrow for 10am" "Sending Randall's info for the address" "I can come for dinner after!" Julia SHOVES the phone away. She picks up two more rolls; her hand TREMBLING as she places them against the wall.

She picks up the final two rolls of OASIS PARADISE. They're stuck to a loose string of packing tape. As Julia pulls, the tape pulls a THIN OBJECT out from the package flaps. The object FALLS OUT and THUDS against the floor.

Julia picks it up. It's a MASK. Rubbery. Balaclava. Covered in DIRT, TAPE and CARDBOARD, as if it'd been stuck to a Smirk employee's shoe. A barcode over the mouth resembles a FACE MUZZLE. Julia STARES at it, WEIRDED OUT...

...but then she LAUGHS at it. She props it up on the empty mantle. She likes weird.

EXT. CHURCH - PARKING LOT - DAY

Julia approaches a building, referring to the address in Tat's text messages. As she approaches the front door she hears CHATTER inside. She STOPS walking. FREEZES for a while.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DINING TABLE - MORNING

The mantle mask has become a test for her WALLPAPER DESIGN. Dried verbena flowers are stamped onto the "OASIS PARADISE" plastered onto the mask. Think Michael Myers at Woodstock.

Julia hits MUTE, then sits back in front of a Zoom feed of a recovery group. WHITNEY (60s, light Southern flair) speaks.

WHITNEY (V.O.)

*Thanks, Randall. Hi, I'm Whitney.
 I'm an addict and an alcoholic.*

RANDALL/VARIOUS (V.O.)
 Hi, Whitney.

JULIA
 (slight delay)
 Hi, Whitney.

WHITNEY (V.O.)

*I'm here today by the grace of God.
 My dad ran a distillery out of our
 Charleston mansion. I bottled
 bourbon to get an allowance.*

(MORE)

WHITNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I wanted something to connect with him about, so I drank with him. He put all these pressures on me...

As Whitney speaks Julia eyes a loose DOOR HINGE on her bedroom entrance. It slowly dawns on her: *there's supposed to be a door there*. Her attention shifts back as Whitney says:

WHITNEY (V.O.)

My dad wanted me to inherit the whole business, so I just tried to--

Julia LAUGHS impulsively, rolling her eyes.

WHITNEY (V.O.)

Where the fuck did that come from?

Julia's eyes go WIDE. She goes to her settings. Her video was muted-- but her audio was on. She mutes her feed, when--

WHITNEY (V.O.)

I see you. One of the screen boxes.

RANDALL (50s, creaky voice) interjects:

RANDALL (V.O.)

Yeah, uh... there's a couple people attending our session from home--

WHITNEY (V.O.)

She ought to introduce herself!

JULIA

(unmutes video/audio)

Hi. I'm so sorry. And I wouldn't want to interrupt your story--

WHITNEY (V.O.)

It's more than fine. Please go.

JULIA

Hi. I'm Julia... I'm an alcoholic.

VARIOUS (V.O.)

...hi, Julia.

JULIA

(off silence)

Okay, I should keep, um-- yeah! I drank for most of my adult life. I was living with my sister. Working at a travel company. Went to rehab. Then a lot of these. Then, rehab.

(she looks off; pivoting)

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

...I knew I needed to take control of my life. And it's not like this place is a, uh, *Charleston mansion*... but it's mine. So here I am! And I'm back at my old job. And I am going to these again.

Julia is done. A LULL. Her face remains pretty red.

RANDALL (V.O.)

Those are some pretty big shifts, Julia. How're you feeling on the other side of all that?

JULIA

That I should switch to cocaine.

She LAUGHS at her own joke. It's forced. Another LULL.

RANDALL (V.O.)

Okay, why don't we hand the floor back to Whitney?

WHITNEY (V.O.)

Thank you, Julia.

JULIA

Of course! Here to listen!

WHITNEY (V.O.)

...where was I... I handled myself, tried to please Dad for a while...

Julia hits mute-- then nearly collapses in SHAME. She tries to be anywhere else. She returns to her misshapen front door. Pulls her collage out. The doors don't match. On her notepad she writes "NEW DOORS - TEAL."

WHITNEY (V.O.)

Then I had this gum disease, God, I was in pain. Doc gave me Vicodin. That's where it all kicked off.

A PLANE FLIES just above Julia's home, casting a SHADOW. The engine sound DROWNS OUT Whitney, RATTLING Julia's head.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - PARKING LOT

CLOSE on the WHEEL of Julia's car turning leftward as she parks. Before exiting she looks out to the strip mall lot, eying before stepping out if there's ANYONE she recognizes.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

POV of Julia's hand feeling DOORFRAMES, the other holding measurements. The ONLY DOORFRAME that fits her dimensions comes with BUILT-IN STAINED GLASS. It's *hideous*.

JULIA
What the fuck...

EXT. HOME DEPOT - PARKING LOT

The WHEEL of Julia's car turning leftward into a spot...

INT. HOME DEPOT - AISLE - AFTERNOON

Julia's eyes darting left and right before she starts forward down an aisle, still paranoid. She snaps out when she sees blank, ungarnished white doors. *Finally something that would work*. Then, she looks at the lowest price: \$499. *Shit*.

MAN passing by stops his cart and looks back:

DUSTIN
 Julia!

DUSTIN (40s, nervous but slimy) comes in for a hug, doing all the work. He realizes Julia doesn't remember him, intrigued.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
 It's Dustin...

Off Julia's squint we GO TO:

INT. EXCURSION OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (JULIA POV)

NOTE: These are FLASHES of memory, brief enough to feel invasive, the faces and details SHIFT (jump cut) as Julia reaches to accurately remember her drunken experiences. Camera is attached to Julia's shoulder, as if it's both her perspective and a slightly out-of-body experience.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY. Everyone LAUGHING and CHATTERING unintelligibly. A company sign for EXCURSION INSURANCE & TRAVEL in the back, next to a giant tropical island wall photo that looks more like a Windows98 desktop background.

Julia BUMPS into a BOSS and her assistant DUSTIN passing by as she raises a tequila soda and SINGS ALONG to the music:

JULIA (O.S.)
SLIP A SABLE UNDER THE TREE, FOR ME

Everyone turns to watch her. To most, she's a spectacle. To some, she's embarrassing. To some men, she's just attractive-- including a YOUNG COWORKER (20s) dancing up to her.

WE SHIFT: the Young Coworker is now in the back. Instead, Dustin is approaching her to dance, with a TOO-WIDE SMILE...

INT. HOME DEPOT - AISLE

Back to Julia, now remembering him. *Oh god. They fucked.*

JULIA

...*Dustin*. Terri's desk, right?

DUSTIN

Yeah...

(looks down at his hand)

Still buying her lightbulbs! Never got that pay raise. But I nabbed a new side hustle in proteins--

JULIA

(not listening; leaving)

Well hang in there, Dusty...

DUSTIN

I know you'd sometimes come and go, but you just *disappeared* on us!

(Julia STOPS... *the fuck?*)

Wish I was cool enough to do that.

Julia calms down. *He just still has a crush on her.*

JULIA

Actually, it was a family issue I had to take care of for a while.

DUSTIN

Oh. Really? Okay...

JULIA

Yeah. Sorry I didn't say bye, but it's much better now, much better. You can let the office know.

DUSTIN

I will! We miss you. No one throws a party like Ms. Day-- uh, Julia.

He eyes her. Julia stares back, internally SCREAMING.

JULIA

Well... *time to pick a door!*

Julia waves goodbye. She strolls to the end of the aisle.

DUSTIN

Take caaaaare...

Once he's gone, she leaves her cart and SPEEDS out the store.

Julia BREATHING DEEPLY. Her head down. PULLS OUT HER PHONE.

INT - JULIA'S HOME - DINING TABLE - EVENING

Over 'SMIRK' SHOPPING PAGES, Julia searches for DOORFRAMES. Finds BLUE DOORS with her measurements and design.

Sees a great option for just \$229. She adds two. Then tools to install them herself. One-day shipping, credit card, \$486.03: PURCHASED. Her shopping finger's now trigger-happy.

She adds CURTAINS. LIGHTBULBS. SOAPS. SUCCULENTS. Looks at TVs: buys a PROJECTOR instead (it's cheaper). Compares prices on other sites: SMIRK'S are better. Scrolls read near-unanimous praise from "VERIFIED PURCHASE" reviewers.

She places more orders-- \$88.24, \$125.96-- then STOPS herself. Opens the site for her BANK to check her account. Her face DROPS. She shuts the computer.

Julia returns to the wall. She grabs the roll and knife, taking a breath, ready to continue... as a TAT text pings: "2 mins away! Can I please park in the driveway? :)"

Julia SIGHS. She goes to her curtains. Eyes the TATTERS at the bottom edges. RIPS all of the curtains clean off.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - EVENING

Julia closes the front door. As Tat opens TAKEOUT BOXES in the kitchen. Cabinet doors SHUT as silverware's taken out.

JULIA

I was gonna order food...

TAT (O.S.)

It's okay, I was driving by Byrds!

A **POP** outside. Julia turns to the windows, alarmed... then she sees a couple TEENAGERS running on the sidewalk with FIREWORKS. She eyes the empty curtain rod, annoyed.

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

I love the front door! What a great shade of teal...

JULIA

Thanks. I'm matching the teal for
the doors I'm putting in. It's--

Julia hears DOOR-OPENING sounds. She sneaks into the kitchen. Watches TAT (27, real estate smile) run through ALL her cabinets. *She's looking for alcohol.* Upset, Julia clears her throat to speak as Tat TURNS AROUND:

TAT

Where's the baking soda? I wanted
to get those spots off the windows.

Tat runs her nail along her cross necklace (her nervous tic). Julia can't tell if Tat's full of shit or not. She grabs the takeout and silverware, unmoored--

JULIA

Who's hungry?

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DINING TABLE - MINUTES LATER

Tat having a private GRACE MOMENT before eating, eyes closed. Doobie Brothers plays, quelling noise from the fluorescent.

JULIA

I have a new job. Still Excursion,
but remote. Processing travel
insurance. My boss hooked it up...

TAT

Julia, that's wonderful!

JULIA

I don't have to look at that
fucking island anymore.
(off Tat's SMILE)
And I get to set my own hours...
which will be great, if I try to
get my masters.

TAT

Oh! Where?

JULIA

UC Riverside.

TAT

But wait-- when did you drop out of
undergrad? Like, 2006?

JULIA

My old professor remembers me.
She's chairing the department. She
says all I have to do is interview.

Julia watches Tat grow anxious. Her eyes dart around, from
the painted ceiling to water stains on the windows.

JULIA (CONT'D)

...unless your agency's hiring
completely untrained designers.

TAT

Yeah, I don't think they do...

Tat is presently WEIRDED OUT by the mask on the mantle. Julia
enjoys watching the freaked reaction, pointing to the mask:

JULIA

It's not gonna kill you.

TAT

I'm sorry! I like what you've done!
It's a great start, and it's very
you... but it's a lot of work for a
rental, in a neighborhood that we
aren't even allowed to SELL in. You
shouldn't be doing work-from-home
here. Or doing your meetings from
home. We have some new--

JULIA

*How did you know I Zoomed into that
meeting?*

TAT

I... checked with Randall... and I
see now that was not awesome to do.

JULIA

Well, you have a great eye.

TAT

*Why don't I ask my boss if we could
mark down some listings for you!?*

JULIA

Tat... I've sat in on a lot of
groups now. And the stories, the
nice stories, they all end the same
way. You hit bottom, and you try
not to hurt anyone on the way back
up. *I get a chance to start over.*

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

Not every story gets that.
...Jesus, I've become fucking *Mom*.

TAT

You listen to her music now.

JULIA

I always liked her music.

TAT

When you were 17 you did not like
The Doobie Brothers.

JULIA

You were 7, you remember?

TAT

Yeah. You used to want *it that way*.
(off Julia ignoring her)
You did it all for the nookie.

Julia FLICKS TAHINI at Tat. Tat flicks some back, smiling.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - NIGHT

TAT (O.S.)

My old vacuum can get these c--

JULIA (O.S.)

It's okay, I already have one!

Julia opens the door for Tat. Tat hovers until Julia gives her a GOODBYE hug. Tat picks up the red-and-white polka dot flower at her feet. She's MOVED by it, but plays it down.

TAT

Goes with the teal.

Julia gives an "OK" gesture with her thumb/index. Tat walks to her car. Julia closes the door. Searches "VACUUM" on SMIRK. Finds the best reviewed one. Buys it.

INT./EXT. JULIA'S HOME - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Julia MARKS, CUTS and PLASTERS a piece of wallpaper, leaving space for where she's measured out her PROJECTOR SCREEN.

Julia presses a red and white VERBENA FLOWER against the stem illustration. SPRAYS the flower with adhesive. She lets go-- it stays up. Looks like the mask. She rubs her eyes-- miles to go, but pleased.

Placing the next flower, she hears a YELP OUTSIDE. In here, it sounds more HUMAN than animal. Julia DROPS the wallpaper to the ground-- it BOUNCES and winds itself back into a roll.

Julia opens the roll back up. Runs her finger across new creases. No real damage. *Still good...*

THEN: a **SHATTER** outside her door. She goes to her window: sees nothing. She opens her door. A faint SMOG over the neighborhood. Smells BAD.

She steps forward into a CRUNCH. Sees her ceramic spotted red flower now a SHATTERED WHITE STEM... with drips of BLOOD across the pieces. Julia stares, mouth open. She takes a few steps to see a TRAIL OF BLOOD down the front pathway...

...then sees a COYOTE on the sidewalk BITING THE CERAMIC FLOWER HEAD APART, looking inside for food. The blood is the coyote's: he cut his mouth on the stem. Julia rises slowly...

...then the weight on her foot SHIFTS FORWARD. Alarmed, the coyote RUNS INTO THE NIGHT. Julia watches it go...

Passing a **VAN** parked on the street, two houses down from her.

Its LIGHTS ARE ON. They're dim-- could almost be a reflection of the moon-- but ON. It's a BIG VAN. No plates. No logos.

Julia stares at the van's dim, unchanging lights. She can't tell who if anyone is inside. Can't let herself linger. She turns away, scoops her ceramic remains, and goes back inside.

She eyes her bed. The clock: 1:02am. She SHOULD sleep... but her eyes drift to her bare windows. Feels NAKED through them. She returns to her wallpaper and PRESSES another petal on.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

Julia WAKES UP. She sits up. Checks the time: it's 9:15am. Her alarm has been silently going off over an hour. She throws her head back: it HITS the bare wall.

CLOSE on a SMIRK SCREEN: she buys a HEADBOARD and LED LIGHTS.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - MORNING

A SMIRK NOTIFICATION in the corner of Julia's laptop: *"This is Charlie: I'm arriving with your order!"* Julia SHUTS her screen-- which we briefly see is mid-RECOVERY ZOOM MEETING. Her wallpaper is FINISHED. Every flower placed. It's perfect.

She opens her door as deliveryman CHARLIE (30, nerdy, likes his job) lowers boxes. Behind him, the van is GONE. Its parking spot taken. Charlie eyes his electronic SMIRK device:

CHARLIE

Have a good day, ma'am...

Charlie starts to leave. Julia eyes the large VELCRO STRAP on his uniform: a series of SMIRKS across big dot eyes (the company logo). It's so GARISH that she can't help herself:

JULIA

They make you wear that?

CHARLIE

...what's wrong with it?

JULIA

Sorry, Charlie, that wasn't nice...
but c'mon, what's it for, *morale*?

CHARLIE

I heard a customer complained her delivery person was in a mood when he dropped her stuff. And instead of asking *us* to smile...

(pats the Smirk logo)

...corporate liked this idea more.

JULIA

People are fucking assholes.

CHARLIE

A smile's a part of the job.

JULIA

It doesn't look like you need a logo. You must like it there.

Charlie studies her. *She's treating him like a real person.*

CHARLIE

I take my medication.

She CHUCKLES. He smiles. The wallpaper inside catches his eye. She watches him ADMIRE it. He nods, turning to go, when:

JULIA

How normal are coyotes around here?

CHARLIE

Oh, they've been *all over* since Canyon Springs got developed.

JULIA

Really?

CHARLIE

Once I dropped something off near here pretty late. Got reported as missing. Then, someone found out a baby coyote went off with the box.

JULIA

...what was in it?

CHARLIE

From shaking the box? *Dried mango*. Coyotes can smell any food order. Postmates? More like "*no match!*"

Julia nods, not fully quelled. She shakes her package.

JULIA

Well, this is my work today, so...

Charlie nods. Starts to walk away. Julia wants to keep going:

JULIA (CONT'D)

Enjoy that smile of yours, Charlie.

Charlie takes off his logo strap. Hands it to Julia, beaming.

CHARLIE

You can keep that one.

Charlie leaves. Julia smiles. *That was nice.*

INT./EXT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY

Julia rips open various BOXES. Pulls out bulbs, succulents, curtains, soaps, projector, projector paint. In the second-to-last box, she sees a *small plastic pouch*.

She picks it up. Slips the top open. It's a combination CORKSCREW/BOTTLE OPENER. Red. She SQUEEZES its metallic edge.

JULIA HURRIES THROUGH the open door, toward the garbage bins at the edge of her driveway, opens a bin, and THROWS the object out of her hand, as if it were cursed. She turns around, pausing, seething, catching her breath.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - KITCHEN

Julia washes her hands with her new multicolored soaps. Scans the calcium stains building on the faucet. DISSOCIATING.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DINING TABLE - MORNING

Julia scrolls through her recent orders on SMIRK. Every item she ordered and received is here... *except* the corkscrew.

She logs into her BANK ACCOUNT. Scrolls recent withdrawals. Puts the "SMIRK INC" purchases side-by-side with the Smirk website. The numbers are the same. She was NOT charged for the corkscrew. She searches the delivery box: no receipt.

Then, a PING: an EMAIL from Excursion. "*Just received your onboarding! You are approved to start!*" Julia clicks away from Smirk. Breathes in and out, SMILING. *Time for work.*

INT. JULIA'S HOME - COUCH - DAY

Julia studies a TRAVEL INSURANCE CLAIM REQUEST FORM. She scrolls to the bottom, carefully reading the whole thing. Below the form is blinking text cursor: she types "APPROVE FOR FULL AMOUNT." She hits enter. A GREEN THUMBS-UP appears.

The page RELOADS: another claim request pops up for approval. Julia slowly deflates. She realizes *this is her job now.*

JULIA

...mmmm.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

SUCCULENTS now set up along the MASK on the mantle. TROPICAL CURTAINS now block out the sunset. Julia sits on the couch in front of them, focused on her new SHINY FLUORESCENT LIGHT. Her mind is running WILD, but she's trying to stay still.

The new bulb is *mostly* quiet-- but the wiring still makes arrhythmic HUMMING and BUZZING noises. It's ALL Julia can hear... until FOOTSTEPS at the front door snap her out.

Julia jumps up. It's a DELIVERY-WOMAN. Julia signs for the boxes. She SMILES politely, disappointed she's not Charlie.

Julia rips open the boxes on the porch. They're her DOOR FRAMES. She scans every corner: *nothing else.*

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - DRIVEWAY

She SHOVES the cardboard into her recycling bins. Keeps eying the garbage... then suddenly FLIPS the garbage bin on its side. She grabs and UNTIES a garbage bag. POV of Julia reaching past the bag, to the end of the bin, seeing the corkscrew's RED HANDLE...

INT. EXCURSION OFFICE - DESK - FLASHBACK (JULIA POV)

Julia faces the inane ISLAND BACKDROP. She glances down into her purse, flipping over a pocket-sized BLUE CORKSCREW.

INT. EXCURSION OFFICE - BATHROOM - FLASHBACK (JULIA POV)

Julia opens a brown-bagged bottle with the corkscrew. A RECEPTIONIST (younger than Julia, doesn't care about her job) leans against the sink, watching her. SHIFT: the receptionist is now a RUGGED COWORKER. He and Julia GIGGLE. JUMP CUT TO:

INT. EXCURSION OFFICE - BATHROOM - ANOTHER DAY (JULIA POV)

Julia holding an open bottle, opposite GREASY COWORKER, or-- SHIFT-- a BALD COWORKER (50s).

An OLDER WOMAN opens the door: surprised, Julia DROPS the corkscrew and bottle (which SHATTERS on the floor) and hides in a corner. The woman leaves. Julia and Bald Coworker LAUGH.

EXT. JULIA'S STREET - SUNSET

Julia walks the garbage bag THREE HOUSES DOWN. Past unkempt lawns. The condemned building. She drops it in the bin. Turns as a CAR PULLS INTO THE DRIVEWAY SHE'S STANDING IN. She JUMPS BACK. We hear her NEIGHBOR'S muffled YELL inside his car:

NEIGHBOR

That's my FUCKING GARBAGE...

She keeps stumbling home, staring at her feet, disoriented, not realizing she's about to STEP INTO RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC. Julia STOPS HERSELF, panting. She watches cars speeding each way. Part of her wants to keep walking until one hits her.

...then she counts each parked car filling up the sides of her street. Slowly recollects herself. Look back to her home. She opens her phone. SEARCHES: *"How to replace doorframe"...*

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Julia FINISHES drilling the front doorframe into place. Computer plugged into her projector, she plays TV (the *How I Met Your Mother's* "Slap Bet" episode) LOUDLY. She SPEAKS ALONG to keep herself company. She knows the show well.

JULIA

"A slap occurred without permission from the Slap Bet Commissioner."

She looks at her work, moves to the second door... as she notices Charlie's SMIRK STRAP in the corner. Gets an idea.

BARNEY (TV)

"Looks like someone suffered from premature slapulation."

LAUGH TRACK hits. Julia puts on the strap, makes a blank face, and takes a SELFIE. She goes to the Smirk app, opening Charlie's "I'm arriving with your order!" message. Customers can REPLY to these. That's what Julia is doing.

JULIA

"Went to the mall with a couple of friends, had a whole week's allowance to spend..."

Julia uploads her selfie. Adds a caption: "It does the job." She hits SEND, putting the phone away, trying to forget what she just did. She goes back to her doorframe and DRILLS away.

JULIA (CONT'D)

"I'm going to give you a choice. Either ten slaps right now in a row or five slaps that can be doled at any point from here to eternity."

A MOTOR SOUND-- as LOUD as the laugh track-- emerges from the front of her home. A DEEP BASS quality. It CRESCENDOS. She goes to the curtains. Hears a car's loud hum, its DEAFENING MUFFLER, zooming from the distance toward her home.

JULIA (CONT'D)

(speaking with Ted/Robin)

"Go with the 10 now." "No, wait, why get 10 when you can get five?"

The car sound grows louder... but Julia sees NO CAR anywhere. NO CAR LIGHTS. NOTHING seems like it's passing by her house.

TED (TV)

"The constant fear of knowing that at any moment you can get slapped in the face would drive you crazy."

The LOUD HUM simmers back down. The TV sounds once again eclipse it. The fluorescent light CLANGS and HUMS. Julia looks up at it... *was that noise just from the fucking light?*

She SNAPS OFF the fluorescent. The TV becomes the only light. She LISTENS to the quiet... takes ONE STEP BACK...

BARNEY (TV) (O.S.)

I'll go with the five for eternity.

Then motor volume JUMPS ALL THE WAY BACK UP, louder than ever. Startled, she NEARLY TRIPS in her dark living room.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - NIGHT

Julia opens her front door. Turns on the porch lights. She sees THE VAN now parked RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER HOUSE. The motor sound has DISAPPEARED... if anything it appears the van has been OFF for some time. A DREAMLIKE incongruity.

Julia walks down her driveway in slippers, holding up her phone for light. Behind her, she carries her KITCHEN KNIFE.

She scans the van. Its logos are all ripped out to different degrees. Chipped RED PAINT is dusted over a gray body.

She KNOCKS on the driver's side window. No response. She brings her phone flashlight up to the window.

JULIA

This is a residential area...
please stop making noise...

THEN: as she lowers her phone she sees a SMALL FLASHING LIGHT on the passenger's side. She circles around to the window... seeing a BLACK MASK resting on the armrest, against the window. The **SAME KIND OF MASK** that Julia received.

Shocked, she backs up into a DEAD COYOTE UNDER THE WHEEL OF THE VAN. Julia SCREAMS, backing into the side of the van. The MASK FALLS from the armrest and disappears into BLACK.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

Julia WAKES UP suddenly. Checks her phone: 5:52am. She flicks on her hanging LED light. Sees her duvet SOAKED in sweat.

JULIA ON HER SMIRK SCREEN: She orders PEPPER SPRAY. SECURITY DOOR LOCK. A LIGHT, BROWN BLANKET...

INT. JULIA'S CAR - MORNING

Julia BLOWS HER NOSE as she starts the engine. COUGHING. Getting sick. She plugs her phone into the car and sees a VOICEMAIL. Unknown number. She plays it through her speakers:

PROFESSOR VOGEL (V.O.)
Julia! Lucy Vogel, UC Riverside.
(Julia's eyes WIDEN)
(MORE)

PROFESSOR VOGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Listen, I'm chairing the department
this year and I was so pleased to
see your grad application.*

Through the rear-view mirror Julia stares at the spot the red-and-grey van was parked in. The COYOTE BLOOD RESIDUE remains. *This wasn't a dream. That happened.*

PROFESSOR VOGEL (V.O.)

*...I know what you went through,
and-- I just lost my own parent,
not to compare what you-- it's
hard. So I'd love to see when I can
get you an interview spot. Let's
see... can you try me in the
morning? Maybe 11? Talk soon!*

Julia BACKS OUT of her driveway, trying to SMILE...

INT. JULIA'S CAR - MORNING

Julia driving with GROCERIES, swallowing a COLD/FLU PILL dry.

JULIA

(rehearsing to herself)
...because without focusing on the--

She STOPS, seeing something ALARMING in front of her home.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Groceries in hand, Julia approaches a TOWER OF PACKAGES. All from SMIRK. All addressed to HER.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - MORNING

She puts down the groceries and starts ripping open boxes. The largest is THREE FULL JARS OF POWDER. She looks around for a brand name. No clear detail what it even is.

She scans the rest. A small pair of BINOCULARS. A stuffed elephant in plastic wrap. UGLY LIME GREEN CURTAINS that look CHEAP. She turns to the curtains she just hung. *The fuck?*

INT. JULIA'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Julia speaks into her phone as she puts groceries away.

JULIA

1038 Cypress Street. C-Y-P-R-E-S-S.

SMIRK REP (V.O.)
Can I put you on a brief hold?

Before she asks, HOLD MUSIC SUDDENLY BLASTS in Julia's ear.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - MORNING

At her closet Julia grabs packing tape, while on hold. The inane hold music is sporadically interrupted by SMIRK ADS:

SMIRK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
*The Smirk team is expanding! Find
 new career opportunities online at--*

A KNOCK at the front door THROWS Julia. A DELIVERY-WOMAN hands her TWO MORE PACKAGES and leaves. Julia RIPS them open.

The first is a set of FOUR WIRELESS SECURITY CAMERAS. The second is a **small blender**. JUMP RAPIDLY BETWEEN:

INT. TAT'S HOME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (JULIA POV)

Julia uses her back to open the front door, arms around GREASY COWORKER, making out. His face keeps SHIFTING into other men we have and haven't seen with Julia. Tat's REALTOR DECOR is in the background, including a clock: it's 1:30am.

INT. TAT'S HOME - HALLWAY - FLASHBACK (JULIA POV)

Julia and the RUGGED COWORKER go to the kitchen. From behind an open door down the hall, Julia catches the side of TAT'S HAIR. Julia turns to see as Tat quickly SHUTS HERSELF INSIDE.

INT. TAT'S HOME - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK (JULIA POV)

The blender WHIRRS-- it *looks similar* to what she received, but it's NOT an exact match. Alcohol hugging the jar.

A KNOCKING down the hall cuts through the whirring. The Bald Coworker looks toward it-- as Julia pulls him back, his face SHIFTS-- he is now DUSTIN, making his too-smiley smile.

Her cell on the counter RINGS: it's TAT. She cranks up the blender speed, turning to LEAP ONTO DUSTIN--

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - DAY (PRESENT)

SMIRK REP (V.O.)
Hello, is Julia still there?

Julia DROPS the new blender, STARTLED by the voice.

JULIA

YES. Hi. I'm here.

SMIRK REP (V.O.)

*I just went through your account.
The last charge we have on record
is a purchase totaling \$486.03,
that includes two doorframes...*

JULIA

No, no, no, I got these packages today, they all have my name and your label, I don't know if my account has been hijacked, I just-- I want to know what's going on.

SMIRK REP (V.O.)

We apologize for any inconvenience, m'am. Mistakes like these happen at our warehouses sometimes. But I can assure you, you were not charged for these items. You're welcome to return the items to us, or, if you want to hold on to them, we don't--

JULIA

--It's fine. I'll just return them.

SMIRK REP (V.O.)

...sounds great. Is there anything else I can help you with today?

Julia rubs her temple, aggravated, embarrassed.

INT./EXT. JULIA'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Julia throws the items back in their packages. She SCANS for clues-- receipts, names, *anything*-- but no answers in sight.

She flips the packaging until ANOTHER MASK thuds onto the ground. She picks it up. Same factory stains as before.

She NABS the mask she redesigned from the mantle. Shoves BOTH of them back in the box. Closes the box, opens the door to see CHARLIE APPROACHING WITH A PACKAGE. JULIA FREAKS OUT:

JULIA

No, please, take it back...

CHARLIE

...you don't want your vacuum?

JULIA

Oh. God. Sorry, I got all these things I didn't order, and--

She notices Charlie SQUIRMING.

JULIA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

CHARLIE

Can I use your bathroom?

JULIA

...oh...

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, I usually have a bottle, I just didn't have water today...

JULIA

What? Oh, go, go, it's down there--

She takes the package from him. He removes his shoes and hops over, admiring Julia's home. Julia pours him a water glass.

Finished, Charlie opens the bathroom door. Julia eyes the sink's calcium buildup as he takes the water from her.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Sorry about the shit on the faucet.

CHARLIE

It's just calcium stains. There's this thing *Clean Dreams*. Gets it right out. You can't even smell it. I use it on bugs. Your place is like an *oasis*. Are you an artist?

Julia SWOONS internally, but stays reserved, just nodding. Charlie looks down at the package tower.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, you didn't order *any of these*?

JULIA

Yeah. Let me help you.

They reseal two boxes and walk them over. Charlie SHAKES his:

CHARLIE

Protein powder?

JULIA

...how the fuck did you know that?

CHARLIE
Jar hits. Powder sloshes. Did they
tell you how it got here?

JULIA
No. It's freaking me out.

CHARLIE
I mean... it's just protein powder.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - DAY

CLOSE on Charlie's DISTURBED FACE as he holds up the mask. Julia watches his reaction, feeling VALIDATED. He looks at the mask Julia redesigned in the box:

CHARLIE
What happened to that one?

JULIA
I got the same one twice. First
time I just thought it was funny.

CHARLIE
Anything else particularly weird?

JULIA
...just random, junky stuff...

Charlie uses his Smirk device to scan a BARCODE on the mouth of the mask. He shows Julia: *nothing came up*. He flips through the remaining boxes, eyebrows raising at the CAMERAS.

CHARLIE
These aren't that junky. 30X lens.
Low light vision. Might be nice to
know what's out there.

Julia nods, worried. She puts the masks aside, to hold onto.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I mean, he's not an
investigator,... but I have a
cousin at the Moreno Valley
warehouse. I'll ask him to--

JULIA
Oh, don't go out of your way.

CHARLIE
You did. You let me in to pee.

JULIA
 (hides smile; COUGHS)
 Sorry. I have a thing...

CHARLIE
 Do you-- do you want my number?
 Easier than using the Smirk app.

Julia realizes *he got her selfie*. She drops eye contact.

JULIA
 Thank you, but... I shouldn't have
 messaged you on that...

CHARLIE
 It's okay... thank you for the--

JULIA
 ...I'll order *Clean Dreams* and hope
 you're on your shift. More fun that
 way, right?

He turns back. Nods. Swoons.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - COUCH - DAY

Julia pulls a WOODEN EASEL out of storage. Brushes the crud off. Flips the easel to flat. In the same box she eyes an old COLLEGE NOTEBOOK.

She scans old collages: the genesis of her style. Flips until her notes STOP abruptly. Sees a printout of Dali's butterfly ship painting, next to her UNFINISHED recreation attempt. She puts the printout on her easel. *Time to finish it.*

She rummages for old tools. Pulls a squeegee out of a box, then spots an open envelope addressed to her, next to red-and-white FLOWER PINS... the SAME DESIGN as Julia's own ceramics.

She opens the letter: it's from her UNCLE: ALEX DAY. April 23, 2009. Sees a CHRISTMAS PARTY PHOTO. Alex and her PARENTS, all wearing the pins. She reads through, fixating on lines:

"It was the last time I saw your parents before their accident." "I'm sharing their verbena pins in their memory" "I hope they make you and Tatiana feel their guidance."

Julia puts the photo in her pocket, and the letter back in the box. She flips through the rest of the box, drawn to find more memories to keep, until one thing STOPS her...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (JULIA POV)

A YOUNG TAT holds a DISPOSABLE CAMERA in front of herself and Julia, making a moment out of the two sisters eating takeout. We see each corner of their tiny space: the bed they share, the mangled hairbrush, the TV playing *How I Met Your Mother*.

Julia is tired enough to barely register what Tat is holding. She looks up; Tat SNAPS the photo, suddenly mad:

YOUNG TAT
No, *smile...*

INT. JULIA'S HOME - PRESENT DAY

Julia stares at the photo. Then SHOVES it back in the box.

She puts the box back in the top shelf of her closet... as the RED AND GREY VAN drives right behind her. Hearing its motor, she looks up and BOLTS toward the door. By the time she can get to the window, it's gone.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DINING TABLE - DAY

At her laptop, she looks at the GUARDRAIL CAMERA purchase page. It's junky, with more stock photos than you'd want to see on any product page.

She SCROLLS DOWN to see the near-five-star ratings and skim the reviews, as is her custom. Only a handful on the page. Top rated is Dale Niles. A "Verified Purchase." Four stars: "TOUGH BUT SOLID": *"The whole package runs smoothly but programming was not super friendly to non-tech people."*

Tina R, five stars, "GREAT SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM": *"The best security I could install myself. Easy setup, excellent quality, sound & night vision. Clear picture during rain!"* She SCROLLS through a handful of short five-star reviews... until she comes across one written by **JULIA DAY**.

Five stars. A "verified purchase." Review title is just the product name: "GUARDRAIL VIDEO SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS - 4PC". *"Wonderful product. Keeps me alert and aware."*

She clicks on the profile for "Julia Day." No avatar, no details. Just various 5-STAR REVIEWS with handfuls of likes. Julia recognizes reviews for MANY PRODUCTS she's received. All have FIVE STARS, all are VERIFIED PURCHASES:

"HOTMUSCLE POWDER, 3Lb: *'Delicious! No added sugar!'*"
 "MAKEASHAKE BLENDER 25Oz: *'Makes me excited for the rest of my day!'*" "STAINLESS STEEL CORKSCREW (RED)" *"So easy to use."*
 Julia SLAMS her laptop screen shut.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julia RIPS the cameras out of their packaging.

JULIA (V.O.)
Hi, someone is posting reviews in my name for items I did not order.

Julia attempts to connect the cameras to her laptop. She holds the cable up to her computer port: *it does not fit.*

Julia searches for a USB converter on various NON-SMIRK sites. \$20.00, two-day shipping. \$18.99, three-day shipping. Finally, she tries SMIRK: \$12.99, one-day shipping.

JULIA
JESUS FUCK...

CLOSE on Julia's INFURIATED FACE AS SHE HITS "ADD TO CART." She throws in the *CLEAN DREAMS* and hits ORDER.

JULIA (V.O.)
I'm just trying to figure out--

SMIRK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The Smirk team is expanding! Find new career opportunities online at--

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DINING TABLE - DAY

Julia GOOGLES "*track Smirk reviews.*" COPIES the URL for the her review page into a tracking tool site. Hits NOTIFY.

JULIA (V.O.)
Yes, hi, I'm calling to cancel my credit card...

JULIA (V.O.)
Could you please transfer me to your security department?

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julia is hunched over her couch with her phone when SUDDENLY:

SMIRK REP #2 (V.O.)
Hello?

JULIA
Yes! hi, thank you, I'm here...

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julia DROPS the hanging lights and tries to clear her throat. She produces her LOUDEST COUGH, fully drying herself out:

JULIA
I AM BEING FRAUDED, DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

SMIRK REP #2 (V.O.)
*...you're not. Is there anything
else I can--*

Julia THROWS HER PHONE against the floor. With the knife in her hand STABS a bulb on one of the hanging lights.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Julia watches her NEW BLENDER WHIRR, trying to calm herself down with a drink. Her laptop is open to a YouTube video titled 7 MOCKTAILS FOR TIKTOK TWEENS (*it's real, look it up*).

She scrolls through PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR options. The LOWEST RATE for an initial evaluation/consultation is \$600. She puts her phone away.

She casually wraps a loose piece of PACKAGE TAPE around her wrist. Her face is STOIC as she *pulls the tape tighter...* then she TOSSES the tape piece away, snapping out of it.

She brushes glass off her phone. Opens to TAT'S CONTACT.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julia on the phone, panting, listening:

TAT (V.O.)
*It says that what's happening to
you is called brushing.*

JULIA
Brushing.

TAT (V.O.)
*Yeah. Brushing. It's a scam where
someone gets products sent to you
so they can write reviews in your
name and boost their algorithms.*

JULIA
...they want reviews?

TAT (V.O.)

The people who make what you're getting... if they can prove it shipped to someone, they write "verified" reviews. I guess those help them show up first on Smirk. They just send people random junk.

Julia looks up "brushing" on her laptop. "Brushing scam" comes up in the auto-completed phrases. *Shit. It's real.*

JULIA

But... they have my information. I-- I changed my card, I had to change--

TAT (V.O.)

They send all this for free. They just want reviews.

Julia doesn't have a response. LONG GAP before Tat chimes in:

TAT (V.O.)

Check if you got a sponsored prod--

JULIA

They sent me a corkscrew.

TAT (V.O.)

...what?

JULIA

They sent me a corkscrew. And a blender. I thought they... I don't know how, but they have to...

TAT (V.O.)

HEY. Were they sponsored products?

Julia clicks through to her Smirk page and goes to each of the products. Binoculars. Right below the name: *Sponsored*. The corkscrew-- *sponsored*. All *sponsored*. All under her nose.

TAT (V.O.)

Websites are programmed with cookies that track everything you search. It doesn't really have much to do with, you know, YOU... just what they think you'd buy.

JULIA

The lights aren't on here. The LED lights. They aren't sponsored...

TAT (V.O.)
Why'd you buy new LED lights?

JULIA
I didn't order new LED--

Yet under "MY ORDERS," she sees she *did* actually the buy LED lights. In the same order as her headboard. She just forgot.

JULIA (CONT'D)
 FUCK ME.

TAT (V.O.)
Take a breath.

She steps away. Breathes. Then, picks her phone back up:

JULIA
 I was worried someone could see me.

TAT (V.O.)
You can come back here. I have your key. You can paint the garage.

Julia KICKS the box at her feet.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julia recomposes the Dali ship at her wooden easel, INKING with new tools, LED light installed above her, REHEARSING:

JULIA
It taught my eye to focus on the technical. And my eye has, um...

Her focus drifts to her projector screen, open to her desktop. She walks over. Googles "brushing scam stories"...

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

2am. Julia lies AWAKE on the couch, The only light comes from her projector. She scrolls the Quora Q&A topic: "Reviews were written in my name!" Comment blocks HULK BEFORE HER. Most are variations of: "No big deal." "You get free shit, right?"

Tries "brushing scam gone wrong". One story catches her eye: "ATHLETE SUICIDE ALLEGEDLY MOTIVATED BY DELIVERY HARASSMENT". *This is LISA BARR, the athlete we met in the cold open.*

No photos of the packages: just the barest of details around her death. Julia speed-reads through with wide-eyed determination: *this has to be connected.*

She searches "*Lisa Barr delivery harassment.*" She finds a LOCAL NEWS CLIP covering the incident. Scrolls through until she sees the photo of an unfamiliar face:

ANCHOR

The Barr family has alleged the packages could be sourced from Barr's first cousin, Debbie Snider, motivated by a personal financial vendetta with the soccer player before her injury...

Julia's heart keeps sinking. The story fills her with DREAD-- but not the kind that answers any questions.

Julia SHUTS the laptop, and all light in the home GOES AWAY. She lies on the couch, trying to slow her breath...

INT. JULIA'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

9:12AM. Julia SHOOTs UP. Phone RINGS. There's SWEAT all over her couch protector. She SNOTS into a tissue and picks up:

CHAD (V.O.)

Hi, Julia, this is Chad from Excursion... listen, you committed to 30 hours a week, I don't see how logging 16 hours is honoring our--

Julia HANGS UP suddenly.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DINING TABLE - MORNING

Julia sips more of her FAUX-MARGARITA, she scrambles to approve INSURANCE CLAIMS quickly as possible, listening to:

WHITNEY (V.O.)

But it's not a secret now. So... how sick can I be?

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DINING TABLE - MORNING

Julia PACES as she waits for the phone to ring eagerly.

PROFESSOR VOGEL (V.O.)

Julia! How have you been?

JULIA

Hi, Professor Vogel...

PROFESSOR VOGEL (V.O.)
*Oh, it's Lucy. Don't think of this
 as anything formal. I know you and
 your potential and am just so sorry-*

JULIA
Why don't we just get to it!?

PROFESSOR VOGEL (V.O.)
 ...that sounds good to me! So,
 let's chat about what you've--

Julia sees the silhouette of a SMIRK TRUCK pass her window.
 She clears her throat: *Don't look at it. You have one shot.*

JULIA
 That first day in your intro class,
 you asked us to recreate that weird
 Dali piece...

JULIA (CONT'D)
 I-- it was half my life ago, but I
 remember feeling, like, *let me
 paint*, and I didn't get what you
 were giving us, that if I wanna
 show my voice I need to know the
 technical. I thought I already knew
 what I wanted to--

PROFESSOR VOGEL (V.O.)
Yeah?

JULIA
 My dad grew up in Costa Rica. He
 took us there when I was young. He
 showed us a kind of life and energy
 I didn't feel here but I remember
there... I'd always wanted to
 travel more, but I had a sister to
 take care of, so I wanted to... I--

Julia can't stay with her story. She goes to the kitchen.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - MORNING

She OPENS her door, holding a knife. Scans around. Nothing...

PROFESSOR VOGEL (V.O.)
Julia?

...then she sees a package tossed against her left fence.

JULIA

I wanted to put myself in my work.
Like you said. Lock down the form
and *execute*... take control...

She opens the box to see the WOOL THROW BLANKET she ordered next to the lock and pepper spray. She GRASPS them, agitated:

JULIA (CONT'D)

There are so many things I can't--

...then smells something AWFUL under the throw blanket. She pulls the blanket to see a **DEAD COYOTE stuffed into a SMIRK BOX**. Covered in blood. *FLIES SWARMING ITS EXPOSED TISSUE*.

She instinctively PUSHES IT down her steps, out of view. The coyote FALLS OUT of the packaging. She GAGS intensely...

JULIA (CONT'D)

Excuse me...

Julia starts to VOMIT OUT her strawberry smoothie...

PROFESSOR VOGEL (V.O.)

Julia? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?--

... and hangs up the phone. Runs back inside to her bathroom.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

JULIA'S POV of her SCOOPING the coyote up with the trash can. She runs it to the trashcan. TOSSES IT inside.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON CHARLIE'S FACE as he opens her trash can lid.

CHARLIE

...oh.

Julia (with tonic water and a near-death complexion) watches him from her front step. Charlie gestures down.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Would you mind if I--

She nods. He takes off his delivery gloves to flip the coyote package around. We see the back of his box has been MANGLED.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It crawled inside the back.

JULIA
No it fucking didn't.

CHARLIE
Seriously, look--

Charlie props the coyote up with the box. Tracks streaks of blood across fur. Sees GRILL MARKS. Julia looks for herself.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Their woods are gone. He was young.
(studies her non-reaction)
I spoke to my cousin. He thinks--

JULIA
--it's a brushing scam?

CHARLIE
He said they're pretty common...

JULIA
You think this is common, Charlie?

CHARLIE
He said they've seen masks, too.

JULIA
...what?

CHARLIE
People have been getting cheap ski masks. No one knows who sent them. Last year it was hot sauce packets. And there was one zip code that got seeds. No one ever finds an answer. They just... chuck it.

JULIA
Thanks. I'm sorry I snapped.

Charlie scans his Smirk device. SHAKES the box.

CHARLIE
One cable, one *Clean Dreams*?

She nods. He hands her the package. She spots that he put his NUMBER on the box. She looks up at him, smiling. He shuffles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You're going through enough. Don't need to buy stuff just to see me.

Julia is warmed by this kindness. She comes up to him. Almost HUGS him... but instead NODS, gratefully. He leaves, smiling.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - DAY

We are inside the package as Julia OPENS it up. She WHEEZES as she pulls out the USB converter and Clean Dreams... but something else is behind the converter, wrapped in plastic.

She slowly unfurls the wrap to reveal a box of OFF-BRAND COLD & FLU TABLETS. She puts them next to the *CLEAN DREAMS*. They rattle. She flips open Smirk. No mistakes in her order history: *she did not order this*.

She stares at the bottle. RATTLES it again...

The shake sound REPEATS over moments we've seen: Charlie SHAKING the protein powder. Charlie looking at his Smirk device, handing her the cable. Julia CLEARING HER THROAT in front of him. Julia's porch at night, van parked in front. Charlie at her door, coming inside, NO VAN behind him...

...until Julia uses her hammer to SMASH the Cold/Flu bottle.

She SHAKES the broken pieces out of the box and into the trash. She keeps shaking: the box *still has weight*. She reaches inside-- behind the plastic is ANOTHER FUCKING MASK.

Julia TOSSES IT onto her now-growing mask pile, itself atop the package pile. She SLICES OPEN the USB converter box.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - ROOF - EVENING

Julia STANDING ON HER CAR, chin resting on her gutter, SCREWING IN a camera handle. The camera keeps TILTING downward. Her balance grows unstable as she keeps adjusting.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julia's computer runs four camera feeds wirelessly: the front door, the side, her back patio, and the connecting alley.

She leans in, GLUED to any motion... then the phone RINGS, rattling Julia. She answers:

TAT (V.O.)

I can bring the air mattress.

JULIA

Oh... no, Tat, don't...

TAT (V.O.)

I have listings on the east side, it'd be easier for me anyway...

JULIA

I found who's doing this.

TAT (V.O.)

You just said no one was watching.

JULIA

There's a reason this is happening to me. If you come, you'll mess it--

Julia FREEZES when she sees a bit of LIGHT shift on the corner of a camera frame. Nothing happens. Tat BREATHES:

TAT (V.O.)

I'd feel better there, okay? You had to take care of me a LOT LONGER than I took care of you...

Julia PAUSES, looking away from the monitor. Tat is encouraged by the silence:

TAT (V.O.)

This is why I host prayer group. We can carry each other's burdens.

Julia runs her hand through her hair. Tat has lost her. THEN: she hears her phone PING. Notification on the screen: "JULIA DAY POSTED A REVIEW FOR 30x60 BINOCULARS COMPACT..."

"Thank god I have these. I was worried someone could see me."

TAT (V.O.)

Julia?

Julia quietly FREAKS OUT. NOTHING at the monitor, or window.

TAT (V.O.)

Julia, you there? Hello?

JULIA

...I think I need to calm down. Can I call you back? Before bed?

TAT (V.O.)

...okay. Call me back. I love you.

Julia's hand TREMBLES as she lowers the phone on the coffee table. On the shadow on her wall, she sees a CAR passing by.

TAT (V.O.)

Are you--

Julia HANGS UP the phone... **and the living room window SHATTERS behind her. She FLINCHES FORWARD from the shock.** She hears the FAINTEST footstep disappear into the night.

Julia looks at her camera feeds: *no one in sight*. Looks at the wreckage: *no objects thrown*. NO SIGN of who or what broke her window. Heart racing, she GRABS her phone to call 911.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - NIGHT

Julia shows TWO OFFICERS a VIDEO of the window break: a CROWBAR appears near the window, it shatters the window, a shadow disappears. The camera is tilted just low enough to MISS the face. *They knew where they wouldn't be seen.*

OFFICER
...could you replay it?

She replays the ONE SECOND of video. Officers NOD, oblivious.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Looks like you spooked him away.

They smile up at her, hopeful. Julia INHALES...

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Glass has been swept. Windows padded with cardboard. The NIGHT HAZE is creeping inside.

Julia applies on the Riverside Country Sheriff's Department website for a CONCEALED CARRY WEAPON LICENSE. An automatic response follows: "Please allow 3-5 days for processing!"

Julia finishes a form for a PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR. She attaches screen-shots, videos, all the info she can pack in. She opens her bank page, holds her breath, and wires \$600.

She searches online for a new window and repair kit. ONE OPTION delivers next-day: she confirms a SMIRK ORDER. HITS her forehead with her laptop.

Julia grabs Charlie's BOX. Dials his number, FIRED UP.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
...hello?

JULIA
Are you fucking with me, Charlie?

CHARLIE (V.O.)
...am I what?

She HANGS UP suddenly, feeling overheated. She puts her phone to her head... then decides to make another call.

TAT (V.O.)
Julia?

JULIA
...if you *really* wanna be here...

TAT (V.O.)
My suitcase is ready, I'll be there before work.

Julia hangs up.

JULIA
(to self)
FUCK!

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - MORNING

Tat PULLS HER CAR into the driveway. Julia opens the trunk and walks Tat's LADDER to the house. Tat wheels her SUITCASE to the front... then sees CARDBOARD in the window opening.

TAT
What happened to your window?

JULIA
Couldn't get the spots out.

Julia, nonchalant, steps to her roof and WRENCHES her camera upright. Tat watches Julia, baffled.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Tat scrunches her air mattress as far away from the window as possible. As it inflates she moves Julia's packages away. Tat sees the MASK PILE, SWIPING them away, alarmed. Julia approaches Tat, surprising her:

JULIA
Don't throw out anything.

TAT
...can I move them over there?

Julia raises her hands as if to say *sure*. She sits down as Tat moves the packages. Starts to look toward the window again. Starting to sigh...

JULIA

I'm taking care of it today.

Tat nods, quieting... then makes an INHALE Julia can hear all the way from by her laptop. Julia is PROPELLED BACK UP toward Tat, as if she's about to push her out... then STOPS HERSELF.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I'll fix it. Just stay, please.

Tat slowly smiles. Nods.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Just, *if you can*... hold back your primordial urge to redo everything. This is my turf. I respected yours.

Tat GRIMACES at that last remark. Holds herself back.

TAT

I'll bring home dinner.

JULIA

You can take a key, but I'm replacing the locks.

TAT

I'll use the window.

She sees Julia just staring into space.

TAT (CONT'D)

...how'd it go with your teacher?

Julia shakes her head, sadly. Tat nods. SHRUGS as she leaves:

TAT (CONT'D)

When God closes a door...

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Julia projecting her camera feeds and her RECOVERY ZOOM. She has muted herself for as she speaks with an INVESTIGATOR:

INVESTIGATOR

(to Julia)

But the orders don't trace back to the deliveryman's address. His employment history is normal. They all trace to third party vendors.

JULIA

Who are the third party vendors?

INVESTIGATOR (V.O.)

I can't get vendor info without a warrant. And I can't get a warrant without a contact name. Only Smirk employees can see vendor info.

JULIA

But this person vandalized my home--

INVESTIGATOR (V.O.)

I ask because this is an intensive process-- have you had anything stolen financially? Is this worth you pursuing at a net income loss?

JULIA

DID I PAY YOU \$600 TO TELL ME THAT?

Then: a KNOCK at her door. Julia looks at her feed: overhead angle on a 60ish woman. She hangs up. Open her door to see--

JULIA (CONT'D)

...Whitney?

WHITNEY

Julia.

JULIA

What are you-- aren't you in the meeting?

They both look over to the recovery zoom, projected from Julia's laptop. Whitney CLICKS HER TONGUE in disapproval.

WHITNEY

I'm checking on you. You've been doing this shit for two sessions.

JULIA

Randall's my sponsor. But thanks for the offer...

RANDALL

I used to be Randall's sponsor. He's the nicest man, that's why I go to his groups. But he's too nice to be a sponsor. I'm not.

JULIA

Wait-- how did you find my address?

WHITNEY

You're not the only one he's too nice to. Can I come in?

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Whitney eyes the various BOXES around the couch she sits on. Julia carries two water glasses from the kitchen,

Still confused why the fuck this lady is in her home. She sets them on coasters as she hears a VAN SOUND, nearly drops the glasses, catching and placing them before DARTING to the camera feeds. It's a SMIRK VAN parking nearby.

She realizes Whitney is following her whole back-and-forth.

JULIA

I'm not crazy.

WHITNEY

I know you're not crazy.

Julia sits down, embarrassed:

JULIA

So, how's the distillery you inherited, or whatever?

WHITNEY

I'm just trying to figure out if you're an asshole.

JULIA

I'm sorry I was, um... it's--

Deliveryman footsteps approach. The door KNOCK riles Julia.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Christ, I've been to so many of these fucking meetings! I've been falling off and on and off until rehab ate away all my money, but I got sober. I swear. It was worth it. Now I just... fixate on things.

WHITNEY

Like what?

JULIA

I know I have amends to make. But I don't even know who to make them to. Someone out there's still hurt 'cause of me, and I don't even remember what the fuck I did.

WHITNEY

Do you have anyone you can talk to?

JULIA

My sister.

Whitney cracks a smile at Julia's tone. The smile breaks the tension and makes Julia LAUGH. Whitney chuckles with her.

JULIA (CONT'D)

She doesn't even touch the stuff.
Good for her, right?

WHITNEY

You know... when I got out of rehab I stayed sober. But my dad was gone. Had no family, no friends. Nothing. But I still work myself up and come to strangers' houses because I asked myself, *what am I willing to do to seize some control over my life? What can I do right now to get a little bit better?*

Julia SMILES at Whitney. Nods. This broke through to her.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Look, why don't you take this...
(pulls a BUSINESS CARD)
If you need someone to tell you you're not crazy.

Julia takes it, beaming at Whitney.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Door CLOSES. Julia backs up, having just shown Whitney out.

She DUMPS Whitney's business card in the trash.

THEN: carefully reaches back inside to pull it out.

Julia GOOGLES Whitney's info. Sees her hometown. Old news-pieces about her family's distillery. Nothing of note.

CLOSE ON THE TRASHCAN as she RE-DUMPS the business card.

She opens her door and rips open the package. It's her new windows, but they look *off*... she realizes they're tinted.

She opens her SMIRK account. Scrolls for her original order... but it's NOT THERE. **No record of her purchase.**

PING: *"Julia Day has posted a review for 'Privacy and Sun Control'..."* She opens to the fake Julia account... and sees the SAME MESSAGE AGAIN. "I was worried someone could see me."

She SQUEEZES her phone. Not freaking out this time. Just nauseated. Like *this will never fucking end...*

THEN: she stares on the box's stupid SMIRK LOGO.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - EVENING

JULIA (O.S.)
42 hours a week is great, thanks.

The door twists OPEN Tat sees Julia on speaker phone. SMIRK CAREERS on her laptop screen.

JARED (V.O.)
Thank you! We can get in your orientation before the weekend. We're grateful to have all your years of customer experience!

JULIA
 Grateful to lend them. Talk soon.

Julia hangs up. She smiles at a BAFFLED Tat:

TAT
 When'd you apply to work at Smirk?

JULIA
 40 minutes ago.

Tat turns to see the TINTED WINDOWS installed. Combined with the new LED light, Julia's place now has a NIGHTMARISH vibe.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

AT LAST, JULIA IS ASLEEP! At the foot of her bed, her LAPTOP is open to the camera feeds. NONE of the angles show a van.

Not even a DEEP BASS RUMBLE emanating from the corners of her room-- comparable to the van's noise-- can wake her up.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Julia exits her bedroom with her laptop, downloading a SMIRK EMPLOYEES app. She plugs her laptop into her projector. Tat sips coffee, looking absolutely WIPED.

JULIA
 How's that air mattress working?

TAT

It's a pipe. The vibration's either underneath here, or between houses. Do you have the floor plan?
(off Julia's confusion)
...you didn't hear it last night?

JULIA

It was the first night I *slept*...

TAT

You got a package. I brought it in.

Tat points at it. It's HUGE. Julia jumps to open it.

JULIA

What did you hear?

TAT

It was a rattle... maybe nothing...

Julia opens a LIVING ROOM CHAIR. Tat gets up to feel its texture. Finds a FOREIGN label.

JULIA

Kinda looks like yours.

TAT

Mine's polyester. This is microfiber. Doesn't collect dust.

JULIA

Then it'll go great in the foyer.

Julia **SHOVES** the chair into the nearest closet.

TAT

Noise pollution in neighborhoods like yours only grows more harmful to your hearing *after* you get used to it...

JULIA

I think I have to go to work now!

Tat nods. When Julia's clock hits 9AM, the portal unlocks, going from OFFLINE to ONLINE. The work day begins.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

We see Anne's profile photo projected-- a nice, smiling, brunette-- as her AUDIO connects. The platform TRILLS when she's ready:

ANNE (V.O.)
*Hi, Julia. My name is Anne, I'm
going to be kicking off your
customer service orientation.*

Julia recognizes Anne's calm monotone. She's SMIRK REP #2.
The rep who Julia YELLED AT about being frauded. *Fuck.*

JULIA
Hi, Anne. Nice to meet you.

ANNE (V.O.)
(she PAUSES; then)
*Nice to meet you too. So, I'm going
to read the sample questions, and
you can click through and reply
with the appropriate suggestions...*

JULIA
Sorry. Not sure if you remember me,
but I had a delivery issue, you
were one of the people I spoke to--

ANNE (V.O.)
*I remember you, Julia. Don't sweat
it. You'll learn on this job you
can't take anything personally.*

JULIA
Cool. I just want to apologize.

ANNE (V.O.)
*...sure. So, your lunch break will
be from 1 to 1:30pm....*

Julia WRITES DOWN Anne's info. Then looks up, NODDING.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Julia sifts through her portal as Anne runs a tutorial:

ANNE (V.O.)
*"I was notified my item delivered,
but I don't see it anywhere..."*

JULIA
"I do apologize for the
miscommunication. Did you receive a
photo from your Smirk deliverer of
where they dropped it off?"

On "CUSTOMER SEARCH," she types in "JULIA DAY." Results show
38 different JULIA DAYS. TWO in Riverside, CA.

She clicks on the first: payment info is X'ed out, but she can see a vendor list and order history: It's Julia's own order history.

ANNE (V.O.)

Great! Version A: they send you a photo of the package at their door.

Julia clicks on the second account... and sees the PROTEIN POWDER deliveries."HOTMUSCLE NUTRITION STANDARD PROTEIN POWDER, 3 POUND" The REVIEW: "*Delicious! No added sugar.*"

ANNE (V.O.)

Julia. They've sent you the photo.

JULIA

"WELL... it appears there's been some kind of mistake! How about I get a replacement ordered for you?"

ANNE (V.O.)

Perfect. And you would take their information from there.

She sees the VENDOR NAME (HOTMUSCLE LLC) and a hyperlink to the ACCOUNT HOST on Smirk. She clicks. No info... except for the user's name: **DUSTIN HAMMILL**. Julia SMILES away her anger.

ANNE (V.O.)

Now... Version B.

CLOSE on the time hitting 6pm. The portal LOCKS.

EXT. EXCURSION OFFICE - PARKING LOT - EVENING

CLOSE on Julia in her car, watching the Excursion front door, listening to FOOTSTEPS and indistinct CHATTER until:

DUSTIN (O.S.)

Yeah, I'll see you guys there...

We follow Julia as she steps out of her car, parked at the lot's edge. She walks along the main road to avoid eyes.

She closes in on Dustin's car, appearing UNCERTAIN about what she's about to do... until the JINGLE of his keys and the BEEP of his car unlocking activates her. She starts to FUME.

Dustin sees Julia swoop in and BAT the keys out of his hands. Shocked, he backs against his car, setting off his ALARM. Julia takes his keys, turns off the alarm, and GRABS his arm.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

...*Julia?*

JULIA

The fuck is wrong with you?
WHY ARE YOU SENDING ME THIS SHIT?

DUSTIN

You-- you mean the protein powder?

JULIA

You sent MORE THAN THAT...

DUSTIN

No, they don't.

Julia backs up, confused.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

I told you. My side hustle is at an umbrella of health companies. I get addresses, send people boxes, no one ever cares. So when I saw you, I-- how'd you find out I sent it?

JULIA

You put your name as the vendor, you dumb asshole.

DUSTIN

But my name's *not* on the deliveries, how did you find me?

JULIA

Fuck you, you gave those companies my info and someone starts sending me an onslaught of fucked-up shit, do you think that's a coincidence?

DUSTIN

Ask the police. Give me my keys.

Julia refuses to give them. *This has to mean something more.*

JULIA

Is this some passive aggressive bullshit? You fucked me, I didn't text back, is that it?

DUSTIN

...we've never had sex.

Julia steps away, baffled. Dustin realizes she genuinely remembered otherwise. He looks over to the building:
EXCURSION EMPLOYEES ARE WATCHING THEM through the windows.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Sorry, Ms. Day, I wasn't as lucky.

Julia DROPS Dustin's keys on the ground, and walks away.

INT. FIREARMS TRAINING CENTER - THE NEXT DAY

BANG. BANG. Julia UNLOADS A PISTOL on a target. Sweat pours over her headphones. Her ANGER since Dustin has ONLY GROWN. Finished, she takes off her gear. Turns to her stony TRAINER:

JULIA
Can I have a gun now?

TRAINER
...no?

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tat lies on her air mattress, watching *How I Met Your Mother*:

ROSA (TV) (O.S.)
*"I don't get it. Tom liked my
breasts in tenth grade. Why doesn't
he like them now? Why?"*

Tat tries to ignore Julia illustrating her PACKAGE PARANOIA: lines connecting the places in and around her home she experienced something weird to each each possible sender's name, what she needs to look up in her Smirk portal, etc.

BARNEY (TV) (O.S).O.
*"Why always be attracted to the
unavailable ones? Why not accept
the fact that you're a beautiful
woman worthy of love? Are you brave
enough to hear that? You..."*

OOHING sounds from the TV. The end theme song plays. Tat looks up from the open house letter she's typing:

TAT
It's aged pretty poorly, huh?

Julia doesn't answer. She's eying her laptop portal: OFFLINE.

Forces herself to look away... then realizes she's looking right at a box with CHARLIE'S NUMBER on it. Tat notices.

TAT (CONT'D)

Who's that?

JULIA

Delivery guy. Gave me his number.

TAT

Oooh... you gonna call him?

Julia looks up, conflicted. Shakes her head. Then, deflects:

JULIA

You'd have to listen to us having sex.

(fidgets Tat's cross necklace)

And God won't let you learn what sex is until you're married.

TAT

Okay, GOODNIGHT...

Tat rolls over. Julia smiles. Turns to grab her easel.

TAT (CONT'D)

...you wanna watch another?

Julia sees Tat STARE at the ceiling, afraid to go to sleep.

JULIA

...I'm good... but, here--
(walks to the window)

You see those stains, right? I have some Clean Dreams in the kitchen, if you--

TAT

You're okay with *me* cleaning them.

JULIA

Yeah, have at it.

Julia closes the bedroom door behind her. Mind elsewhere.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - FRONT WINDOW - MORNING

Close on TAT'S FINGER against the tinted window. SPOTLESS. So are the floor corners next to it. A ton of labor for both. Tat looks to Julia at the dining table awkwardly smiling:

JULIA

Nice job. Thank you.

The sleep-deprived Tat NODS as she leaves. Julia returns to ANXIOUSLY WAITING for her portal to open: then, 9AM. ONLINE.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Julia scrolls between her *real* order history and the *fake* page with Dustin's protein powder. Her hands run through her hair-- no idea how to find the rest of her deliveries.

ANNE (V.O.)
Keep each call six minutes or less.

JULIA
Got it. Anything else?

ANNE (V.O.)
No, I think you're ready. Now, turn your settings to "available."

She clicks and an interactive script FILLS HER SCREEN. *No multitasking*. A CALL COMES IN. Julia connects, reading along:

JULIA
This is Julia with Smirk Support. Please note these calls are being monitored for training purposes. Can I have the name and address associated with your account?

DARRELL (V.O.)
Darrell Pearson. 24 Mark Ave, Gallup, New Mexico...

JULIA
How can I help you today, Darrell?

DARRELL (V.O.)
Your site won't let me check out...

CUT TO:

Julia DEEP into her call and interactive script, EXHAUSTED.

JULIA
Okay, Darrell... can we try refreshing your cart by taking the product out and adding it again?

DARRELL (V.O.)
Refresh my cart?

JULIA
Yes, it could be a vendor issue.

DARRELL (V.O.)
 LADY, I REFRESHED 20 MINUTES AGO,
 YOU TOLD ME TO.

JULIA
 ...I apologize sir, I know this is
 frustrating but if you just empty
 your cart and look up the product--

Julia mouths FUCK to herself. *That's how she finds it.*

DARRELL (V.O.)
 ...okay...

She moves the call to speaker. Get up. Goes to her wall.

DARRELL (V.O.)
 Okay, I added back the turtleneck.
 Gonna try checking out again.

She brings over the TINTED WINDOWS package. Scans the entire menu until she sees PRODUCT. Drops down to PRODUCT SEARCH. Scrolls through until she finds the fake Julia Day review: "Thank god I have these. I was worried someone could see me."

She clicks on the 'JULIA DAY' name. On the Smirk portal, she sees a BLUE HYPERLINK around "Julia's" Customer Profile. *Could this be the answer?* Julia hits CLICK--

DARRELL (V.O.)
 It didn't work again!!!

--and her SMIRK portal CRASHES and RESETS suddenly. Julia stands up from her chair, surprised. A call from ANNE:

ANNE (V.O.)
 What happened?

JULIA
 My internet went out, I think, or--

ANNE (V.O.)
 Dial his callback number now.

She dials. It rings. She PLUGS IN the tinted windows order number-- VF93-5098436-3309-- as DARRELL clicks back on. The INTERACTIVE PORTAL overwhelms her screen again.

DARRELL (V.O.)
 HELLO?

JULIA
 Hi, this is Smirk Support, I'm so
 sorry we got disconnected!

Julia hits the "TRANSFER" menu. Drops down to "TECH SUPPORT."

DARRELL (V.O.)

Do you understand how long I've--

JULIA

I do! Let me transfer you to tech--

She hits TRANSFER. Another call COMING IN-- when suddenly Julia's green AVAILABLE light turns RED. The call STOPS.

ANNE (V.O.)

You never drop a call. And you NEVER transfer them before they finish speaking. Make them ask for everything. That is a requisite to complete your training. Understood?

JULIA

...yes, Anne. My apologies.

SILENCE on the other end. The portal goes from red to GREEN. A call suddenly CHIMES IN. Julia puts on a cheerful voice:

JULIA (CONT'D)

This is Julia with Smirk Support, please note these calls are being monitored for training purposes. Can I have the name and address associated with your account?

ASMITA (V.O.)

Asmita Patel, 99 Chester Road. It says I'm too late to cancel and get a refund, but I'm a member, so I can cancel whenever I want...

JULIA

...let's see what I can do for you.

Julia puts away her package number, giving up.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - TINTED WINDOW - TIME-LAPSE

Daylight just barely SHIFTING through the tinted window, as CUSTOMER VOICES wash over:

KATHRYN (V.O.)

263 River Road, Dallas, Texas--

HUGH (V.O.)

I'd really appreciate if you could fix this for me...

SUNNY (V.O.)
*I don't have the order receipt. I
 don't hold onto order receipts...*

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DINING TABLE - DAY

5:47pm. Julia STANDING over her work table, connected to SARAH (60s, ghostly), glued to her questionnaire.

JULIA
 Thank you Sarah... now, do you see where it tells you to report your package as not delivered?

SARAH (V.O.)
 ...yes...

JULIA
 So if you click report, you'll be issued a full refund.

SARAH (V.O.)
 ...okay...

JULIA
 ...and then you can reorder your, um... "TrailPal Walking Sticks."

SARAH (V.O.)
 Sure.

JULIA
 ...is there anything I can, uh, clarify for you, or--

SARAH (V.O.)
No, I know what to do. Everything you just said is here on the page.

JULIA
 Great. So. It'll be there... in case you need help remembering.

SARAH (V.O.)
What's your name?

JULIA
 It's Julia.

Julia squirms. *She cannot hang up.* The reception creaks:

SARAH (V.O.)

I need the walking sticks for the hill down my street. My calf can't take it anymore. The walking sticks will get me out of the house.

JULIA

Is there anything else I can do to help you with your delivery today?

SARAH (V.O.)

It's empty. They're all gone.

JULIA

I'm-- I'm sorry to hear that.

SARAH (V.O.)

I can't look at it anymore.

This hits a TRIGGER for Julia. She starts to unravel.

JULIA

I hope that I've been able to solve this issue for you today, Sarah.

SARAH (V.O.)

It's very good to talk, isn't it?

JULIA

Please take care of yourself, okay?

SARAH (V.O.)

(LONG PAUSE)

Well, I better get going. Thank you, Julia. Talk to you soon.

JULIA

Goodbye.

Sarah CLICKS OFF. Julia whimpers, as if she's going to CRY...

ANNE (V.O.)

I'm sorry, we get a lot of those.

(off the sound of TEARS)

Julia! You handled it very well!

JULIA

I'm so sorry-- is there any way I can end early today? I just need...

ANNE (V.O.)

I think you've finished your orientation. Clock out and turn off your availability.

JULIA
Thank you, Anne.

Julia turns OFF her calls. Eyes the portal: still UNLOCKED.

JULIA (CONT'D)
And thank YOU, Sarah.

Julia SMILES. The crying was an ACT-- or at least COULD have been. She moves the questionnaire away to show the tracking number in the Smirk Portal PRODUCT SEARCH engine. Hits ENTER.

The windows SHOWS UP: Julia Day. 1038 Cypress. Original fulfillment center in SEATTLE, WA. Yet next to "CUSTOMER INFORMATION:" she gets an ERROR MESSAGE. Just random numbers, letters and signals. NO RECORD of who placed the order.

She clicks through the portal to find a DIRECTORY. Scrolls to the Smirk warehouse in SEATTLE, WA. Sees an option to call the contact number. Uses her OWN PHONE to dial instead.

TARA (V.O.)
Smirk Seattle, Tara speaking.

JULIA
Hi this is Julia with Smirk Support-

TARA (V.O.)
ID number please.

JULIA
(SCRAMBLES to find it)
It is... 304-864.

TARA (V.O.)
(typing in it)
...hi, Julia. How can I help you?

JULIA
We're trying to find a package with order number VF93-5098436-3309...

TARA (V.O.)
Says here it was delivered.

JULIA
It wasn't, sadly... I don't see a customer or a vendor? I just keep getting some kind of error message.

TARA (V.O.)
Let me check our servers, one sec--

Julia buzzes in her seat... WAITING... until:

TARA (V.O.)
Yeah, this was ordered internally.

JULIA
 ...internally as in, from Smirk?

TARA (V.O.)
If it's blank or there's an error message, it was shipped internally.

JULIA
 And it doesn't say who.

TARA (V.O.)
It wouldn't.

JULIA
 Did the package's carrier stop anywhere, or transfer somewhere?

TARA (V.O.)
You want to know every stop between Seattle and Riverside?

JULIA
 We're just trying to find it...

TARA (V.O.)
Aaaalright... we have it stopping at a sortation center in Medford...

Julia GRABS her map/web/floor plan. CLOSE as Julia writes:

TARA (V.O.)
Depots in Reno... Billings... Fresno... Bakersfield... San Bernardino... that's it.

JULIA
 Thank you, Tara.

Tara hangs up. Julia looks at the clock: 6pm. Her portal automatically LOCKS. She steps back from her laptop. GIGGLES, delighted by her discovery. *The path is in front of her.*

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DINING TABLE - EVENING

5:58pm. Julia ENDING a call. She backs up, eyeing the time.

JULIA
 I'm off Anne, thank you...

ANNE (V.O.)
See you tomorrow!

Julia plugs in a PACKAGE NUMBER that shipped from TORONTO.

WAREHOUSE EMPLOYEE (V.O.)
Flew from Omaha to Denver...

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DINING TABLE - EVENING

Every package in the house now has their labels RIPPED OFF. Julia attaches her FLOOR PLAN to a TABLE-SIZED sheet of work paper. She is building a MAP OF THE SOUTHWEST.

She darts a new set of locations, half of which OVERLAP with the tinted window's travel path. Singles out overlapping cities: BILLINGS... FRESNO...

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - DAY

Tat attempting to BREAK DOWN package cardboard and fit it into Julia's closet-- around the living room chair.

Tat brings in a package-- slightly damp, she holds it away from her body. Julia is projecting her SMIRK PORTAL onto the living room wall while speaking on the phone:

JULIA
 OP01-3592055-7930...

Tat carves open the package. **LIVE MAGGOTS SPILL OUT.** Little pieces of DEAD COYOTE GUTS beneath them. Tat SCREAMS.

Julia stays on the phone-- she nudges Tat out of the way, holding the CLEAN DREAMS SPRAY. She HOSES the bugs down.

Tat recoils as Julia rips off the package label, crushes the box with her foot and kicks it onto the growing PACKAGE MOUNTAIN, now starting to spill into her projector wall.

JULIA (CONT'D)
 Vacuum's in the closet.
 (then back to phone)
From a sortation center in Redding?

Tat sifts through the package mountain to go to the closet. She keeps turning back to the dead bugs. *The fuck was that?*

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING (NEXT DAY)

CLOSE on an order number's origin: BILLINGS, MONTANA.

WAREHOUSE EMPLOYEE 2 (V.O.)
Went then to a depot in Fresno.

Julia feels Tat looking over her shoulder. Julia's laptop/projector setup is directly above Tat's air mattress-- and very close to where a bunch of live vermin were killed.

TAT
 Can I take the bed for... a while?

She see Tat looking GHOSTLY. Julia holds the phone speaker.

JULIA
 All yours.

Julia's camera feeds show CHARLIE leaving his van with a package. She gets up, NERVOUS. She opens the door ajar:

JULIA (CONT'D)
Thanks.

Julia closes the door in his face. RIPS OFF the order labels. Gets back on the phone with the Warehouse Employee:

JULIA (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry, could you repeat that?

Tat carves open the box Julia ignored. It's a SAILBOAT PAINTING. Contemporary. Mass-produced. NO PLACE in this home.

TAT
I love it.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Offscreen SCRIBBLING sounds. The floor CREAKS as Tat slips the bedroom door open, rubbing her eyes. She discovers Julia redoing her map on a MUCH LARGER canvas: the back of her TROPICAL CURTAINS, sprawled across the floor.

Tat watches her with concern and earnest curiosity. Julia doesn't notice. Another CREAK in the doorway-- ABOVE the floor this time. Tat tries HARD to not give it her attention.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LAPTOP - SCREEN CAPTURE

On her SMIRK PORTAL, Julia clicks through pages about each FULFILLMENT CENTER until she finds bare-bones FLOOR PLANS.

JULIA (V.O.)
*I'd love to be able to tell the
 customer where it was stored-- do
 you happen to have a floor plan?*

INT. JULIA'S HOME - EVENING - LATER THAT WEEK

Tat returns home, carrying new wireless sleep headphones.
 Sees Julia now set up on Tat's air mattress.

Julia has finished her LARGEST map, covering each PACKAGE
 TRAJECTORY with each warehouse and depot's size and
 geography. She marks EVERY city the travel paths OVERLAP in.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DINING TABLE - EVENING (NEXT DAY)

Julia CLOCKS OUT. Anne's green 'available' light goes RED at
 the same time as Julia's. It's 5:54pm: *Just enough time.*

JULIA (V.O.)
You too, Anne, see you next week...

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - DAY

Close on Julia opening a NEW PACKAGE: a *green oriental rug*.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Julia opens the door to Tat ASLEEP. She empties the rug
 package onto the floor, as if it's something Tat would like.
 She RIPS off the package label.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DINING TABLE - LATER

Julia scribbling cities down, listening:

WAREHOUSE EMPLOYEE 3 (V.O.)
*Flew from Salt Lake City to a
 sortation center in Sacramento...
 passed Fresno depot... driven to a
 delivery center in Moreno Valley.*

Julia sees there is only ONE OVERLAPPING CITY LEFT. ONE
 warehouse every package she's received has passed through.

She circles Fresno, CA. She BUZZES. Everything she suspected
 and put together, confirmed.

JULIA
Do you have a list of Fresno
warehouse employees?

WAREHOUSE EMPLOYEE 3 (V.O.)
...aren't you tracking a package?

JULIA
Yeah, I need to see who might've
handled the mistaken delivery.

WAREHOUSE EMPLOYEE 3 (V.O.)
*But remote staff doesn't get that
info. Just give out a refund.*

TAT (O.S.)
You had this?

JULIA
(to Warehouse Employee)
Will do! Thanks!

Tat appears, holding up the FLOWER LETTER, emotional.

JULIA (CONT'D)
You're going through my closet?

TAT
I was folding boxes... *you said
this got lost...*

JULIA
I'm in the middle of something...

Tat runs her hands up her temples and through her hair.

TAT
...alright, just let me hear it.

JULIA
Hear what? Hear-- hear *this?*

TAT
It does *seem like* something is
happening. I want your theory.

Julia's shocked. She can't help but make the *smallest* GRIN.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tat cautiously scrolls through Julia's projected research.

JULIA

Every single item I've received--
every one-- has gone through
Fresno. Why would a sofa chair from
Montana go to *Fresno* before here?

TAT

Didn't you say Fresno's a huge
shipping center? It's not that far--

JULIA

But there's *three closer warehouses*
to us. If I get into a warehouse, I
get to the employee directory, I
can find out who it is.

TAT

...why are they in Fresno, exactly?

JULIA

You're not hearing what I'm saying.

TAT

There's a person in Fresno shipping
all of this to you. *And they're*
coming here to scare you. In a van.

JULIA

Fresno's not that far!

TAT

I'm just talking all this through.

JULIA

Tat, I got pills when I was sick. A
blender. A fucking bottle opener...

Tat searches Julia's own Google history for "*cold*" and
"*alcoholics*". Finds Julia's searches for "*ending a cold*" and
"*worst triggers for alcoholics*". Shows them to Julia. Julia
looks back at Tat, vexed, SNATCHING her laptop away.

TAT

Who is capable of doing all this?
And why would they do it to you?

JULIA

The athlete. Lisa Barr. Her cousin
sent her the packages, right?

TAT

...what?

JULIA

Not everyone thinks it's true, but someone wanted to push Lisa over the edge and her cousin is the most likely person, because of the money shit. And I keep thinking about that, what's her name... *Natalie*. She was with the burly guy, the one I was fucking? You know, I'M the reason they broke up--

TAT

Natalie's not in Fresno, Julia!

Julia scrolls to the: "*I was worried someone could see me*" review. It's now projected in front of both of them.

JULIA

I didn't break my window. Someone smashed it, *right after I got this*. If it's not her, it's somebody.

TAT

(stares; then)

Wanna know what I think?

(shows map on her phone)

There was a break in *there*. Attempted window break-ins *there* and *there*. Within 15 blocks of you.

She opens a news article about a break-in on 8th and Perris.

TAT (CONT'D)

It's why we don't sell here anymore. Killed the property value.
(looks up at Julia)

Maybe you pissed somebody off. I don't know. But people didn't send bugs to you when you lived with me. So I don't think it's you. I don't think it's Fresno. It's *here*. So can you give me a good reason why you don't just pay for for the rest of your month and come back home?

JULIA

'cause it's your house.

Tat goes to the bedroom door, then decides to respond:

TAT

They're just sending you stuff. You clearly know how to handle the bad shit by now.

(MORE)

TAT (CONT'D)

So why don't you hang your nice
fucking painting and stop living in
squalor.

(cools down; rubs eyes)

Go to your meeting tomorrow.

She closes the door. Julia is fixed in place.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - BEDROOM / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CROSSCUT)

Midnight. Julia is awake, open to her locked SMIRK PORTAL. She can hear Tat tossing in bed, her sheets rustling... and barely perceptible LOW BASS SOUNDS rumbling the floor. Julia's used to them. She doesn't care.

Tat, meanwhile, THROWS OFF her headphones. Leans against the wall next to the door, close to a loose electrical cord. Hears the BASS sound, its origin and rhythm changing.

Julia plugs Tat's email into a Smirk customer login page, Julia hovers over the password box. Looks at her wilting wallpaper. Tries "verbena". Nope. Tries "Verbena": she's in. She scans recent purchases. Fancy placemats. Reese Witherspoon book club picks. *Nothing*. She scrolls...

...when suddenly she hears a HAMMERING against the bedroom wall. Tat is BREAKING THROUGH THE WALL with Julia's tool to find the sound. Julia JOLTS awake. Goes to the door--

--but Tat STOPS hammering when she sees the rest of the electrical cord. The sound is faint. Julia stops walking. Tat goes to her knees, weak. Leans down to PRAY...

TAT

*Come to me, all who labor and are
heavy laden, I will give you rest.
Take my yoke and learn from me...*

Julia listens to Tat, STARING at the mask pile.

She goes through her call history. Hits CHARLIE's number. He picks up, waiting for her to speak. Silence. Until:

JULIA

Hi, Charlie.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Whatever is happening to you, I'm--

JULIA

You can tell what's in the boxes by shaking them. There were flu pills in your box. Did you know?

CHARLIE (V.O.)
*I made the shaking up. I see the
 labels. I wanted to impress you.*

Julia puts her phone to her head. Starts to LAUGH.

JULIA
 ...what's your deal, man?

CHARLIE (V.O.)
*I moved from IT to delivery four
 years ago. Got to see more people.*

JULIA
 No, Charlie... *do you like me.*

CHARLIE (V.O.)
 (SILENCE; then)
Yes.

She puts her hands in her face. Makes a calculated decision.

JULIA
 I wanna see you. Do you wanna see
 me, Charlie?

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Yes.

JULIA
 Good. Now... would you be willing
 to do what I say?

INT./EXT. CHARLIE'S VAN - MORNING

Charlie DRIVES Julia throughout the neighborhood in his SMIRK VAN. He seems EXCITED and ALARMED she is sitting next to him.

Charlie gets out of his van to drop off deliveries. Julia tosses him each package he needs to walk over.

At the end of a block, they both get out of the van. Charlie goes to open the truck. Julia watches him. Charlie keeps his hands on the trunk handle an extra moment. He looks at her...

JULIA
 Someone is hurting me, Charlie.
 You're the only one who can help.

...then opens the trunk. She gets inside as he goes back up. Sitting in the back, Julia watches him drive onto a HIGHWAY.

INT. CHARLIE'S VAN - SMIRK PLANT (MORENO VALLEY) - DAY

Charlie stops at a loading spot. He and Julia both NERVOUS.

CHARLIE

Deliverers park here and walk to the monitors directly across this entrance. They receive *all the details they need* on their next orders. *They walk straight back.* Any deliverer who spends more than two minutes here is *noticed*. Okay?

Julia slides forward to Charlie, trying to calm him down.

JULIA

Hey. Thank you for taking me.

She KISSES HIM. She can't see his conflicted reaction. He nods. Psyching himself up. Grabs some return packages.

CHARLIE

Count to 30.

He leaves the van. Julia waits in TOTAL DARKNESS.

EXT./INT. SMIRK PLANT - DAY

Julia steps out. She looks EXACTLY like a SMIRK DELIVERER, wearing Charlie's velcro under her own Smirk strap.

She walks into the open warehouse. Electronic PALLETS deliver products to factory workers. They pick them up, package them, scan them three times. Dot smile SMIRK logos everywhere.

The speakers above and around her BLARE constant directions:

SPEAKER (V.O.)

*6900, leaving in 1... 5427, leaving
in 3... 2866, leaving in 4...*

At the furthest wall she sees Charlie at a computer. He's plugging in his next series of orders and destinations.

She walks to a computer adjacent to his, all the way across. WAREHOUSE WORKERS pass by. Nobody pays attention to her.

She finishes the endless walk and pulls up to a computer. Instructions on how entering employee and order info.

She finds a SMIRK button at the bottom of the screen that opens a dropdown menu. The page FILLS UP with options. Finds "WAREHOUSE SEARCH." Types "FRESNO." Finds a directory option.

She HITS the key delighted, about to break through-- --when a POP-UP MESSAGE reading "RESTRICTED" comes up.

SMIRK EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

You have to go to manual shipping.

She turns around. It's another Smirk Employee, in line. He point in the direction of a hallway. Julia n. Watches him raise his keycard from a retractable lanyard, then clicks into the computer settings to REPROGRAM something. He

She spots Charlie tapping his WORK DEVICE against a scanner, finishing a work order. Julia approaches. Charlie WHISPERS:

CHARLIE

You need an IT card to get there.

JULIA

...you worked in IT. Does yours still work?

CHARLIE

I don't know. I'm not going to try.

Charlie starts walking away. She runs behind him. Speaks soft, sharp and near his ear:

JULIA

Charlie, come on...

CHARLIE

They track faces in there. You use it, they'll know I took you here...

JULIA

They won't see my face, trust me... Charle, I'm so close--

CHARLIE

It's been two minutes, Julia...

JULIA

Fine.

Julia lets go of Charlie and DOVETAILS toward the hallway. She rushes behind the earlier Smirk Employee and SNAPS the retractable lanyard off of him. She BLINKS as she keeps walking. The employee barely flinched.

Charlie watches this-- then BOLTS to the exit.

Julia passes glass dividers until she sees a room with computers and a card scanner. Cameras everywhere. *Empty*. More people approaching the hallway. A FERVOR in Julia's head...

THEN from under her shirt she slips out one of the MASKS she has received. *She brought it here. And she's putting it on.* She runs the pass through the scanner. Waits. PING. ENTERS...

INT. SMIRK PLANT - MANUAL SHIPPING CENTER - DAY

Julia jumps in front of a computer a row down, where people passing outside cannot see her face.

We are UNDER JULIA'S MASK as she types and searches at the monitor. Her breathing SLOWS DOWN. She starts to feel ZEN.

Her search ends at a LIST: two rows of names and office numbers for employees who work out of the Fresno plant. She scrolls down to see the full list, takes her phone, SNAPS photos of each page, clicks back to the menu and gets up. She keeps her mask on until she is OUT of the room...

INT. SMIRK PLANT - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Julia takes off the mask. Walks back, past the warehouse employees. Some employees start doing double takes of her. *Why is this deliverer still here?*

Julia keeps going toward the exit. She still feels eyes *looking at her*. Seeing through her. Before she leaves the building she DROPS the pass on the ground.

She exits the warehouse and goes toward the van. The workers who made her paranoid have turned their gaze, carrying on.

INT. CHARLIE'S VAN - SMIRK PLANT - EVENING

Julia gets in the passenger seat. Unfurls the mask from under her shirt. Charlie looks between it and her, horrified.

CHARLIE

Why would you do that?

JULIA

Well, I couldn't cut the power.
(off Charlie's bafflement)
Even if the generator kicks in, the network stays down until they fix it manually. So it cuts cameras, but it cuts portal access too--

CHARLIE

NO! They are going to find you.

JULIA

They don't have my face. No one
kicked me out. We're fine.

Charlie pulls away from the plant. Opens the windows for air.
He is starting to have a PANIC ATTACK.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Hey...

CHARLIE

...I like my job.

JULIA

It's company phone numbers.
(off silence)
Nothing about how we met or what we
were doing together was right. I
thought that's why you liked me.

Charlie turns to her, heartbroken. He grabs the mask. THROWS
IT out the window. Julia realizes *Charlie is done with her.*

JULIA (CONT'D)

...you can let me off wherever.

Charlie pulls up to a curb. Unlocks the door. Emotionless.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - NIGHT

Julia in an UBER that pulls up to her driveway. She sees THE
FRONT OF TAT'S CAR TOTALED. She JUMPS out of the car...

INT. JULIA'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julia enters to see Tat lying down, ICE PACK on her knee, in
a FUGUE STATE. Black circles under her eyes. Hair in knots.

JULIA

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

TAT

It's fine, no one got it, insurance
is taking care of everything...

JULIA

*Why the fuck are you staying here
if you can't sleep...*

TAT

Just stay here for a second?

Julia HOLDS Tat from behind. Julia is strapped to her, chin against Tat's shoulders. Tat grows more at ease.

JULIA

You *call* when this happens, okay?

TAT

Okay... where were you today?

Julia ignores her. Her hand gets caught in the KNOTS in Tat's hair. She starts brushing some of them out by hand. Julia goes to the bathroom, and reemerges with a brush.

Julia lies down next to Tat and brushes her hair. Tat closes her eyes. Julia notices the FLOWER LETTER near the mattress. The MESS Tat has uncharacteristically her room in.

JULIA

Let me take you back home...

TAT

Just be here. I want you here.

Tat's breathing slows. She drifts off. Julia strokes her hair. Sets the brush aside. Gets up. She picks up the duvet that had fallen to the ground when she sees Tat's open bag.

Inside she sees **two hard seltzer cans**, wrapped in a six-pack, next to loose empty hard seltzer.

She GRABS the three immediately. The empty can CRUMBLES.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - DRIVEWAY

We see through her SECURITY CAMERAS Julia empty out the remaining seltzer cans. Throw all three in the bin. She lingers here for a few moments, not moving, just breathing.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Julia lies on the air mattress, phone at her ear:

JULIA

I'm just trying to find the package-

VOICE (V.O.)

Thank you for calling Smirk Fresno.

Julia's hung up on. Tat emerges from the bedroom, refreshed but seemingly anxious/embarrassed. Puts on a happy voice:

TAT

I'm gonna go take my car to a shop.
You'll have your driveway back.

Tat grabs her keys. Looks at Julia, lovingly.

TAT (CONT'D)

You've got a righteous right hand.
(off Julia's BAFFLEMENT)
...doesn't matter.

Tat kisses her cheek. Julia looks back, SMILING.

JULIA

Tonight, I would like you to get
your things together, and leave.

Tat's face DROPS. She slowly backs up toward the door,
waiting for Julia's face to move an inch. It doesn't.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Through Julia's camera feed we see Tat back her car out of
the driveway, upset. Julia ON THE PHONE over this:

DUSTIN (V.O.)

Who's this?

JULIA

Inflating sales with fake
deliveries and reviews is a crime.

DUSTIN (V.O.)

...that's not true.

JULIA

And you put your name on them.
(off continued silence)
Someone a lot *perv-ier* than you is
targeting me. If I give you names
and contact information, can you
find out which of them is doing it?

Dustin loudly SIGHS on the other end. Julia doesn't notice a
SMIRK VAN approach until there's a KNOCK at the front door.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - MORNING

Julia finds A SMALL PACKAGE. Opens it to see a RED-AND-WHITE
POLKA DOT CERAMIC FLOWER. VERY SIMILAR to Julia's-- just more
manufactured. She SMASHES IT against the front porch...

...when she notices a piece that's *not* ceramic. A SMALL ANTENNAE connected to a circular white piece. She picks it up-- it's a white SHUTTER, concealing a reflective IMAGE SENSOR.

Julia looks through the shards. Finds a small, circular HOLE where one of the polka dots on the red-and-white flower is. Places the TINY CAMERA up to it. IT FITS PERFECTLY...

INT. TAT'S HOME - JULIA'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK (JULIA POV)

Julia getting FUCKED by a man whose face KEEPS CHANGING before settling on the YOUNG COWORKER. Julia READING. Julia ON THE PHONE. Julia dry heaving, building to what appears like a VOMIT-- with Tat running in to help Julia before she even made a sound.

CLOSER to the object near every moment: the CERAMIC FLOWER.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - MORNING (PRESENT)

Julia HOLDS UP the shard. She STARES at the camera inside.

EXT. TAT'S HOME - DAY

A NICE one-story home. Julia pulls up the driveway and circles around the back. Approaches a door with NO LOCK.

INT. TAT'S HOME - HALLWAY/BEDROOM/CLOSET - DAY

Julia slides Tat's heavy desk set in front of the door to the right. She then slides inside. This is her sneaking-in route. Down the hallway she hears a CHIRP: the ALARM about to go off. She types the code: it CHIRPS more happily. *Deactivated.*

She enters her bedroom: NO CERAMIC FLOWER on the cabinet. She charges past tacky flower hallway paintings to TAT'S BEDROOM. Julia ducks her head at Tat's Christian decor and photos of their dead parents, goes straight toward the closet door...

She enters and sees a closet full of Tat's stored-up photos of Julia and Tat's life together: birthdays. Graduations. Raising Tat in an apartment perpetually falling apart.

She tears through EVERY POLAROID SELFIE Tat took, spanning YEARS, her eye-bags in each photo inching BLACKER... then sees the CERAMIC FLOWER on a bottom shelf.

She searches the flower until she finds A SMALL CAMERA. CLOSE on the tiny "SEE CAMERAS" branding. She CLUTCHES THE CAMERA--

INT. TAT'S HOME - JULIA'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Julia imagining the HIDDEN CAMERA'S POV: it's Julia having sex, camera targeting the YOUNG COWORKER'S BACK. No changing faces or theatricality. It's just awkward. Unsexy. PRIVATE.

INT. TAT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julia carries the bugged ceramic flower. She resets the alarm and speed-walks through the living room... yet she stops when the living room chair catches her eye. It is indeed REALLY FUCKING SIMILAR to the one she received.

She sees the CRUISE SHIP painting mounted on the wall. It strongly resembles the SAILBOAT painting she got. The ORIENTAL RUG is the same pattern-- purple instead of green. *Tat's decor runs NEARLY PARALLEL with each item Julia got.*

The alarm suddenly CHIRPS again. Julia jumps to the front, plugs the alarm code back in and LOCKS the door behind her.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - EVENING

Julia pulls into her parking spot. Hears NOISES coming from inside her home. Can't see through the tinted windows.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - EVENING

Julia opens the door, holding an open box, to find her living room TAT-IFIED. A BIZARRO SIMULATION of the living room she just stood in.

Tat took EVERYTHING Julia received and weaved it into her home. Julia scans as a MANIC Tat pops in from the kitchen:

TAT

Hey!

Julia sees the PAINTING and RUG installed. The leather chair next to the lime green sofa. GONE is the PACKAGE WALL, or any junk. The wallpaper spots with petals falling off are CUT.

TAT (CONT'D)

I wanted to apologize, and I know you were happy I got those stains out, so... I just moved things around. The rest is in the closets, bedroom... *what do you think?*

Out of an open package, Julia slowly raises the TINY CAMERA from Tat's home. Tat's stomach DROPS.

JULIA

It's you.

Julia shows Tat the mass-produced ceramic flower mailed to her, with the same hidden camera. Tat realizes what Julia's inferring... then SHAKES her head. Julia GRASPS ONTO her sister's shoulder, veering her toward the wall. Tat SHUDDERS.

JULIA (CONT'D)

"Staying with you would just make me feel safer..."

TAT

I needed to know if you were sick,
or if you weren't waking up...

Julia opens Tat's laptop, searching for a SEE CAMERA app.

JULIA

Was it a live camera feed or did you get to save the best ones? *What position was your favorite?* No wonder you didn't leave this place, *you wanted to keep watching.*

TAT

(YANKS laptop back)
I didn't keep anything--

Julia starts PUNTING all the new objects across the room.

JULIA

You brought all this fake realtor shit, you brought tinted windows so you wouldn't see where I ended up--

TAT

That's a coincidence-- or someone *is* messing with you, I don't know--

Julia EMPTIES the rest of her box on the floor. It's the empty seltzer cans, resurfaced from the garbage outside. This one is a blow to Tat. She nods, and starts welling up.

TAT (CONT'D)

I know-- I didn't mean to-- you wanted me here, but I was--

JULIA

That's the fun part! You always had a logical explanation, so I'd come back to home... *fuck*, maybe I'd even fall back off!

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

You even had a great motive. *Who did I put through more than Tat?*

TAT

Julia...

JULIA

This was my life... my oasis... all I wanted was you out of it, so
DON'T LET THE DOOR HIT YOU...

Julia DRAGS Tat to the door. Tat STOPS both of them.

TAT

You let all of this in... I was just trying to *protecting you--*

JULIA

IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, I NEVER WOULD'VE DRANK.

Tat looks at her sister in stunned silence. Afraid.

Tat takes her wallet/phone/keys from the front table. Passes Julia in the doorway. Clicks her keys to unlock her car... then remembers the car isn't here. Julia says half-heartedly:

JULIA (CONT'D)

Tat, you-- you can wait until you get your stuff together...

Tat opens Uber on her phone and wanders down the street, half crying. Julia watches her sister until she disappears.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julia watching her meeting and monitors. Her face DISTRAUGHT.

RANDALL (V.O.)

Unforgiving to forgiving... that is a fundamental shift...

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julia in customer service mode:

JULIA

My apologies, sir, that was not our intention...

VOICE (V.O.)
*That's all you're gonna say? After
 you LOST MY VITAMINS?*

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Julia POURS smoothie. Sees a NEW EMAIL: "YOUR ORDER IS READY"

EXT./INT. STORE - DAY

Julia leaving her car, crossing a lot, STEELING herself.

From her POV we see her enter EMPIRE GUNS & AMMO, walking toward to front to approach the ATTENDANT.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Julia pulls into her driveway. Steps out with a METAL CASE.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - BEDROOM

Julia sits on the bed, opening her gun, loading it.

She holds the gun from the barrel, flipping it around, feeling how light it is. Then she turns it to herself.

She puts her right hand on the grip. Looks at it in awe.

WE STAY IN THIS MOMENT WITH HER. UNSURE WHAT SHE WILL DO...

THEN: She hears A VAN pull up to her home. She looks over.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - PORCH - DAY

A PACKAGE FOR HER. Julia opens box with her kitchen knife. ANOTHER BROWN-AND-WHITE MASK on top: she tosses it aside.

THEN: pulls out a BROWN-AND-WHITE VEST. Feels its padding. It's a BULLET-PROOF VEST.

Opens SMIRK on her phone: "*Julia Day posted a new review for 'Lone Survivor Men's Armored Vest'...*" She clicks to read: "**Wait for me.**" HER BLOODSHOT EYES STAY WIDE. DUSTIN CALLS:

DUSTIN (V.O.)
I've tried you three times...

JULIA
 WHAT?

DUSTIN (V.O.)
It might be nothing. But there's a name in your directory I'm having trouble tracing. Might be nothing--

JULIA
 WHO IS IT?

DUSTIN (V.O.)
A package sorter named Hannah Fry.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DINING TABLE - DAY

Off the directory, Julia plugs in Hannah Fry's work number on her personal cell. It rings... Julia waits... THEN:

ANNE/HANNAH (V.O.)
Smirk Fresno. Hannah speaking.

JULIA RECOGNIZES THE VOICE AS ANNE'S. She lowers the phone.

ANNE(V.O.)
 (faint)
Hello?
 (beat)
Julia.

Julia CLICKS OFF. **HOLY SHIT.** She rings Dustin back:

JULIA
Keep trying her.

DUSTIN (V.O.)
Okay. Okay...

She hangs up. She looks at Anne's profile picture. Opens it up in full for the first time. Something seems off to her...

She searches on Google Images "*brown haired woman smile stock photo.*" Scrolls past a few dozen, then finds 'Anne'. **Right in front of her, the whole time.** A PHONE RINGING TAKES US INTO:

INT. JULIA'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Julia sits on her couch, on the phone. She STARES at the vest on her table. The "*Wait for me*" review open on her laptop. Tat sends Julia to voicemail. Julia gathers her thoughts.

JULIA
Don't say sorry. Because I don't. I just wanted to say... I know how to get better now.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Julia RIPS the tag off the vest.

She STRAPS the vest around herself. She moves ALL furniture against the windows and possible entrances to her home. A FORT to protect herself in.

JULIA (V.O.)

I fell back into the same cycles .I made you take care of me, but this was all me, Tat. I drank for me. You're the reason I lived to the other side. You saved my life... now what do I do with you? I don't trust you. But I love you. And it's time for me to solve my problem.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - EVENING

She grabs DOOR BOLTS. AN AXE. METAL BARS. MATCHES. PROPANE.

JULIA (V.O.)

I'll be in control again. Hope I can show you one day.

EXT. JULIA'S HOME - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Julia goes all the way down her empty driveway. She unloads all her new gear and walks it into the house.

INT. JULIA'S HOME - DOORWAY - NIGHT

A CONTINUOUS TAKE shot with the same near-POV/OTS style as her memories, with room for her to turn back into closeups.

Julia sets down her gear and starts to install the DOOR BOLTS. Camera feeds open at the dining table. Getting part of the door bolt in, she hears a LOW RUMBLING SOUND outside. A familiar motor. She peers out when:

TAT (O.S.)

Julia?

TAT is on the other side of the bedroom door.

JULIA

TAT?

TAT (O.S.)

I'm getting my things.

Julia slowly walks toward the door. Backs up, embarrassed.

TAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

JULIA
Fuck, Tat... I went too far--

In the corner of her eye, Julia sees her camera feeds LOSE SIGNAL. She darts over. Checks her WiFi-- it's down. Checks phone signal-- it's DOWN. She calls to Tat:

JULIA (CONT'D)
Stay in there.

TAT (O.S.)
What's going on?

JULIA
UNDER THE BED, NOW...

TAT (O.S.)
Okay...

SOUND OF Tat's knees dropping down behind the bedroom door. Julia opens the front door. Looks up at the camera facing her doorway. Its red light signal BLINKS, as per usual.

She doesn't see anyone outside, but can hear a LOW MOTOR HUM. BUILDING. She shuts and locks the door behind her...

...when suddenly the motor sound EXPLODES. Julia falls back against her closed door, shocked. The SOUND and LIGHT of a CAR approaching. The floor SHAKES. BEDROOM DOOR CREEPS OPEN--

TAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Julia, what's going--

--as Julia SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT behind Tat.

JULIA
THE FUCK DID I JUST SAY?

Julia opens her closet door. Takes her AXE. Takes the GUN out of its case. We hear Tat low to the ground, PRAYING:

TAT (O.S.)
*Come to me, all who labor and are
heavy laden, I will give you rest,
take my yoke upon you and learn...*

Julia crouches eight feet away from the front door, low to the floor, hearing FOOTSTEPS approach...

then a figure's SILHOUETTE looms over the small tinted window up front. It exhales a FAINT CRY, which sounds like the voice of:

ANNE (O.S.)

JULIA.

The sound of a large object HITTING HER DOOR. It echoes all over the house. Julia FLINCHES at each hit but stays still.

MORE FOOTSTEPS approach. MORE LIGHT fills the crevices of the covered windows. MORE SOUNDS build outside. The front of her house SHAKES. Objects across the living room RATTLE and FALL.

TAT (O.S.)

*I am meek and lowly in heart and ye
shall find rest unto your souls...*

Another MUFFLED CALL nearly drowned out by NOISE:

ANNE (O.S.)

JULIA...

END OF CONTINUOUS TAKE. CLOSE on Julia aiming her pistol. As she cocks the gun, her trembling shifts all the way from FEAR to cathartic RAGE. She feels ALIVE. *Fully in control.*

The partially installed door lock BUSTS OPEN... THE DOOR IS CRACKING OPEN... ANNE HAS MADE IT THROUGH...

...AS JULIA SHOOTS THROUGH THE OPENING IN THE DOOR.

TAT (O.S.)

(from bedroom)

Julia.

A BLOODIED HAND reaches from the other side of the door. The hand is holding a KEY IDENTICAL TO JULIA'S.

TAT collapses through the front doorway. Blood DRIPS out of her stomach. Julia is too surprised to react, like time has stopped for her. A moment of TOTAL COGNITIVE DISSONANCE.

THEN Julia rushes to Tat and presses against her stomach. Tat looks up at Julia with SHOCK as they both fight for her life.

Julia takes out her phone. Her signal is still blocked. She finds the "SOS" button and gets through to 911. SOUND DROWNS OUT as Julia YELLS ON THE PHONE for an ambulance...

She LIFTS TAT onto the sofa. Wraps a blanket around Tat's stomach. Places Tat's hands across it to compress bleeding. Her sister's eyes are *still open*... she's *still breathing*... THEN, WE HEAR FROM JULIA'S BEDROOM:

TAT (V.O.)
Julia, what's going on?

Julia gets off the ground and opens the bedroom door. She looks down at a SOUND from around the corner, near her feet:

TAT (V.O.)
I'm getting my things together.

She crawls down to the edge of the bedroom door. The voice is coming out Julia's doorframe. The unusually thick panel. RIGHT NEXT to where the sounds that aggravated Tat came from.

She reaches up to the center of the panel and SCRATCHES into the wood. She can plainly see A SPEAKER HIDDEN INSIDE.

Julia realizes EVERYTHING she "heard" Tat say behind the door was A RECORDING OF WHAT TAT SAID TO HER FROM ANOTHER TIME. Another muffled voice emerges out of JULIA'S VEST:

TAT (V.O.)
*You let all of this in. Did you see
 what your place was turning into?
 I've just protected you...*

She THROWS the vest off, ripping it apart. As she finds the SMALL SPEAKER inside, another SMALL METAL OBJECT falls out. A SPEAKER COMING FROM THE LIVING ROOM CHAIR GOES OFF:

SMIRK REP (V.O.)
*I just went through your account.
 The last charge we have on record
 is a purchase totaling \$486.03...*

Julia picks up the piece that fell out of her vest-- a CURVED RECTANGLE, the size of a paperclip. There's a WEIGHT to it. Some SMALL HOLES at the top. It's a RECORDER.

A SPEAKER COMING FROM THE BLENDER IN THE KITCHEN GOES OFF:

PROFESSOR VOGEL (V.O.)
*I know you. And I remember how much
 potential you had and I am just so
 sorry...*

Lowered down, Julia sees the brown-and-white mask. Drawn to it, she RIPS the tape and cardboard apart until sees a CAMERA IN THE MIDDLE OF ITS MOUTH, concealed by packing tape.

JULIA REALIZES THAT EVERY OBJECT SHE LET THROUGH HER FRONT DOOR... THE BED-FRAME, THE BLENDER, THE TINTED WINDOW FRAMES... **EVERYTHING CONTAINED HIDDEN SPEAKERS, CAMERAS AND RECORDERS.**

EVERY SOUND Julia and Tat each heard in this house is BLARING through the speakers, overlapping with each other. Tat, Charlie, Dustin. The recovery group. Every customer and service worker. Anne's calm monotone. Every DEEP MOTOR BASS and LOW FREQUENCY sound.

Julia grabs her axe, ready to slash every speaker quiet, but returns to keeping pressure against her wound but appears to be FADING. She tries to keep Tat alert but Tat is losing too much blood. Her breathing SLOWS DOWN...

Through Julia's heightened perspective we HEAR Tat's heartbeat slow down. Her eyes CLOSE. Julia SHAKES Tat, overwhelmed, delirious.

From the POV of her security camera outside, we see Julia clutch Tat tighter. AMBULANCE SIRENS near, FLASHING LIGHTS cast onto the sisters. Julia holds Tat and CRIES OUT...

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - NIGHT

THE BEEP of an electric vital sign monitor. Julia sits next to a COMATOSE Tat, her vitals plugged in and stomach wrapped up. Julia's arms are over Tat. She KISSES her on the temple.

Tat's devices gradually BEEP faster, until two NURSES rush over. Julia steps away, morose, watching them keep her alive.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

From behind a one-way-window we see Julia speak to POLICE OFFICERS. She recounts her story, they write it down. They turn to leave and open the door. Julia stands up:

JULIA

What-- what do I do now?

OFFICER

See if she survives. Stay by her side. In fact, if I were you, I wouldn't leave Riverside at all.

Julia nods yes. She waits until they disappear.

EXT./INT. JULIA'S CAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Julia fumbles to her car, paranoid. She keeps looking toward the station windows, watching the officer pass from one window to another. He's not looking back at her.

On her GPS she plugs in the address of the SMIRK PLANT in Fresno. 4 hours 23 minutes. 8:02am arrival time.

She pulls away from the station and onto Riverside FWY.

EXT./INT. JULIA'S CAR - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Julia going nearly 100 mph on a highway full of trucks on night shifts. Passes Arcos and Walmart plants-- and passes through smog emanating from their exhumed power and waste.

She is fatigued but live-wired. READY FOR ACTION.

She gets on the interchange from the 60 FWY to the 71 FWY. GPS reads 3 hours 53 minutes, 7:55am arrival time. She slows down turns onto the 71 FWY, then speeds back up.

A BLACK BAG of all the equipment she purchased shuffles around in the back seat. An AXE slides out-- its blade covered, but its end flipping up and toward the front seat.

Julia keeps a hand on the wheel as she reaches back to hold the axe in place. She shoots her head back toward the road...

...but realizes as she turns that one car looked familiar.

She turns back over her shoulder. It's the RED-AND-GRAY VAN. HER VAN. She's flanking it from the lane to its right, further up the highway, the length of two cars. Julia drove so fast that she has CAUGHT UP WITH THE VAN.

She tries to locate the van in her rear and side mirrors. In the rear she sees the van's hood, deep in the background, obscured by other cars, but clearly going as fast as Julia.

Julia's head feels INFLAMED. *Could the driver see her? Could Julia see the driver without her noticing?*

The highway reaches a downslope. An OVERPASS coming up ahead. Julia can see no cars in the lane in front of her. She slows down a hair, keeping eyes fixated on the side-view, letting the van inch barely closer.

The front window of the van comes into her side-view. The van's HIGH BEAMS obscure the form and identity of the VAN DRIVER. The van's speed does not change.

She looks forward. Then at the GPS. She eases on the breaks. Down from 90 to 82. Then 70.

Julia needs to know.

She reaches a direct diagonal with the van. Yet through the side-view mirror can only see the *outer shape of the driver*.

Julia needs to know NOW.

Julia pulls in front of the van. A MOMENT OF TRYING TO FIND THE FACE OF THE DRIVER...

As the van suddenly *dovetails* away, into its lefthand lane.

Julia GRITS HER TEETH as she slows down further, psyching herself out, ready to chase the van...

...as the VAN DRIVER screeches to a delayed halt, nearly hitting the car in front of them. The driver in front of the van was going the speed limit (poor guy).

The VAN DRIVER then veers RIGHTWARD. Julia sees them move behind her own car, then over to Julia's righthand lane. The van picks up speed. Julia loses its sight... but then hears a TRUCK BLASTING THEIR HORN. The van wheels SCREECH AGAIN.

Julia STOPS in the middle of her lane, watching the van up in front of her, veering another lane to the right, NOT SLOWING DOWN, DODGING INCOMING CARS...

Suddenly a car behind Julia HONKS and moves past, continuing up the overpass. Julia keeps her car idle, looking ahead.

The van is now SKIDDING ACROSS THE SHOULDER OF THE FREEWAY. Moments later, its front-right side PLANTS onto the barrier.

A foot-wide piece of CONCRETE breaks apart and falls off the barrier, down a grassy ravine, 16 feet below.

The van has STOPPED. SMOKE stems up from its tailpipe.

The only sound is the WHOOSH of nighttime highway drivers passing Julia not noticing or caring about the van.

Julia carefully crosses over to the right shoulder. Steadily approaches the van from behind. Eventually, Julia stops her car about 30 yards behind the rear of the van.

She takes a breath. Then reaches back to grasp her black bag.

EXT. FREEWAY SHOULDER - NIGHT

Julia leaves the car, holding the black bag across her left shoulder, her GUN by her right pocket, and a small canister tied against her hip.

The WIND TUNNEL formed by each passing vehicle causes her to slow half-a-step. Each car *feels like* it's about to hit her.

Julia approaches the van from behind, but jets her head to the left, trying to see any movement from the VAN DRIVER'S side mirror...

Her shoes crunch dirt and pebbles. She's 10 yards from the van. She is SO CLOSE...

THEN SUDDENLY: Julia starts to hear a BANGING against the inside of the van, from its windowless back.

She pockets her gun and pulls from her bag a CROWBAR. Swings it against the hook of the trunk. Makes just a dent. She steps back to make a bigger swing and HOOKS THE CROWBAR IN.

She pulls open the trunk to see **CHARLIE STRAPPED TO THE WALLS OF THE VAN, HIS ARMS, MOUTH AND NOSE COVERED IN PACKING TAPE.**

Julia SCREAMS. She leaps toward him.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Julia grasps the edges of the tape. She sees his skin has started to turn GRAY from lack of oxygen.

There's a DIVIDER PANEL bolted between the front and rear of the van. Through the window on the top half, Julia can see both airbags went off in the hit. Julia can't tell who is sitting up there, if anyone still is.

THEN: Charlie SCREAMS. More *He needs her.*

JULIA
I need to pull it...

And she PULLS the tape halfway off his face. It's TIGHT. DRY. One more PULL and the rest goes. The skin of his bottom lip is ripped clean off.

She sees that underneath the tape Charlie's teeth are gripping onto a SMALL BOX. The box is about the size decongestant package Julia received.

Julia grips the box. Locks eyes with Charlie. Then in one pull Julia fishes it out, the wet cardboard end.

Charlie GAGS, struggling to let air in. Julia BREATHES SLOWLY with him, coaching him, grasping at the sides of his face, out of care and genuine fear.

Charlie regains some color. He tries to put words together but is too weak. He NEEDS medical attention.

Julia turns to the tape holding Charlie's hands to a door handle. She grabs the AXE... rips the cover off the blade...

THEN: Julia hears a familiar TONGUE CLICKING SOUND from the front of the van.

She looks up as **WHITNEY** SHOOTS TWO BULLETS through the window divider. Charlie lunges down. Julia barely flinches, frozen in recognition of Whitney.

Whitney tries to sit up tall, but WINCES in pain, running her hand across what looks like a likely NECK FRACTURE from the accident. She catches BLOOD dripping from her knee.

She waits for Julia to say something. Julia's shock grows to anger. Then embarrassment. **This was all fucking WHITNEY!?**

JULIA (CONT'D)

I didn't find anything on you.

WHITNEY

(no irony)

What'd you think you were gonna find? I'm, like, a normal rich lady. I don't do stuff like this.

JULIA

BUT YOU DID DO ALL OF THIS. TO ME.

Whitley looks over to her GPS, which flashes a "YOU'VE HAD AN ACCIDENT!" banner at the top. The address she was driving to was SMIRK FRESNO. She looks back to Julia, semi-embarrassed.

WHITNEY

I haven't done something like this before. So, I'll just IMPROVISE--

THEN: Whitney JOLTS THE VAN BACK from the concrete barrier. Julia falls forward. The AXE JERKS RIGHT NEXT TO CHARLIE. The van is inching BACKWARDS.

The back left wheel turns all the way right. Julia looks out through the open trunk. She feels the wind gusts of vehicles approaching. Feels the front and rear lights *turning off*.

If Whitney backs the van up 10 more feet, any incoming vehicle will slice *right through the back*.

TOTAL DARKNESS inside the van.

JULIA

You went between Riverside and Fresno in a van building cameras and speakers into countless shit you sent me because I LAUGHED AT YOU? YOU THINK THIS IS FUCKING COMMENSURATE?

Whitney turns on an LED LIGHT left on the passenger's side. Julia and Charlie are lit faintly. Whitney looks GHOSTLY.

WHITNEY

It's not. But after you laughed at me, I just kept watching you on the screen, following your little eye-line around. It was so rude. But it told a story you were *not telling* in those meetings, one with fear, anger, so much pain...

A TRUCK BLASTS BY. The WIND TUNNEL causes all three of them to FLINCH. Whitney stays strong, plowing through her pain:

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

I could never guess what you'd do after getting that corkscrew. But *your face, Julia? Fuuuuck...* that was the best I felt in a long time.

JULIA

My Smirk trainer sent me that. Anne. Or, Hannah... or--

WHITNEY

(pulls out phone)
Sorry, one moment...

Whitney opens an AI MODULATOR APP. We hear Whitney's and ANNE's voices simultaneously:

WHITNEY/ANNE

Fuck you, Julia.

Julia lets herself feel the dread of this realization-- while slowly, inconspicuously raising her gun.

WHITNEY

I was just surprised how easy the rest of it was... joining Smirk, convincing YOU to join Smirk... paying for packages... did you know it was harder to find a van than to pay off "fulfillment teammates" to bug your bed-frame?

(MORE)

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

We really don't give our essential workers what they deserve...

Julia raises her gun. Whitney SHOTS JULIA STRAIGHT IN THE ARM. She goes down, SCREAMING...

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

That one's for tossing my card.

JULIA

What about Tat?

(gestures to Charlie)

Or him? Did they deserve it?

WHITNEY

They didn't deserve what you did.
Or what I did. Though, *he did bring you to Smirk...*

(to Charlie)

I guess we can blame you for all this escalation!

(to Julia)

But whatever. It was worth it, seeing you like that.

JULIA

Like what.

Whitney backs the van up further. A passing car SCRAPES THE SIDE OF THE VAN WITHOUT STOPPING. The entire van RATTLES. Julia overwhelmed in pain and fear can't help but CRY.

WHITNEY

Like that.

JULIA

(shakes her head)

Whitney, everything you said you went through... you're not gonna do it. You can't live with this too.

WHITNEY

I didn't think so. But from what I understand, you shouldn't even be out of Riverside. Maybe this is what's supposed to happen.

A LEVELED Julia crawls up to Whitney, sounding desperate.

JULIA

I don't understand...

WHITNEY

(smirks)

I have some years on you. Maybe you're not supposed to see it yet.

Whitney leans all the way in, as if to tell Julia a secret:

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

You kept going, "*Who did I fuck over, when I was getting fucked up?*" But there's no changing people like us. We can try to get a little better, get a little control, but our wiring is broken.

Whitney goes to shift her gear back to REVERSE.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

We're just fucked up for good.

SUDDENLY: a THWAP sound. Charlie is SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER.

Whitney and Julia look over to discover Charlie had kicked Julia's axe close to him and used it to SLICE THE PACKING TAPE OFF HIS LEFT ARM. He is start to GUSH BLOOD.

Julia uses this moment raise the end of her gun to KNOCK WHITNEY'S GUN OUT OF HER HANDS. Then she KNOCKS WHITNEY ACROSS THE SIDE OF THE HEAD.

A TRUCK HITS THE BACK LEFT OF THE VAN-- too quickly for anyone to see it, but we hear its BLARING HORN pass as it takes off the swinging truck door.

The back of the van momentarily LIFTS as it gets kicked back a few feet into the shoulder. Julia and Whitney COLLAPSE against the front.

The axe JUMPS AWAY from Charlie. He pulls as far as his free arm can reach for it.

The front right of the van taps the concrete and STOPS.

Whitney is on the floor beneath the passenger's seat. She holds the side of her neck, moaning...

...not seeing Julia has put up her gun, in Whitney's direction. Whitney is defenseless.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Julia, even if Tat wakes up... you think you'd get away with *this*? Do you think you can live with *this*?

Julia looks around, thinking about what she said. Shrugs.

JULIA

I will.

Julia moves the gear to DRIVE then SHOOTS the end of the shift handle. The car is now STUCK IN DRIVE. It starts RAMMING OFF MORE CONCRETE across the divider.

Julia pulls off the CANISTER AT HER HIP. She SPILLS IT all over the floor of the car and SHOVES the canister down, pushing it against the gas pedal, then lodging it between the accelerator and the bottom of the dashboard.

Whitney watches what Julia is doing-- then realizes, surprised but somewhat impressed...

WHITNEY

...you brought gas.

Julia crawls to the back. Charlie has been chiseling away at the packing tape-- Julia RIPS the remainder of it off, opens the back left door, and PUSHES THEM OUT ONTO THE HIGHWAY.

Whitney hoists herself up to flee as the CAR MOVES FORWARD. THEN: the car JOLTS DOWN. A look in her eyes: she's too late.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Julia PULLS CHARLIE toward the concrete divider as another TRUCK BARRELS THROUGH.

Whitney's van CAREENS OFF THE OVERPASS, DOWN 16 FEET AND INTO A RAVINE. A FLAME EXPLODES UPWARD.

Julia and Charlie watch. She looks to him, relieved. He's in too much pain to give her any specific response.

Julia walks Charlie down over to her car, supporting him with her left side, cradling her wound on the right.

INT. JULIA'S CAR - MORNING

She straps Charlie into her passenger seat. Gets in on the other side. Starts her engine and ZOOMS away. They eventually hear FIRE TRUCKS whirr in the opposite direction.

EXT. HOSPITAL - RIVERSIDE - MORNING

Julia PULLS UP to a hospital entrance. She steps out to open the door for Charlie, helping him down.

She tries taking his arm to walk him inside... but he pushes away from her. Gives her a look that asks her to *stay away*.

Julia nods, turning away as he limps toward the entrance.

THEN: An unknown number RINGS. She listens. Her eyes WIDEN...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - RIVERSIDE - MORNING

Tat's eyes are OPEN. Looking at nothing in particular. Julia rushes into the room. Wraps arms under her sister. Tat's pupils move to Julia. She starts to MUTTER as Julia HUGS her.

JULIA

It's okay, we're here Tat, we're okay, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry...

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Julia in the waiting room, eying a muted local news broadcast. "SOLO CAR ACCIDENT ON RIVERSIDE FREEWAY". A PHOTO of Whitney appears above it. It's an OLDER PHOTO of Whitney. Her complexion suggests a DRUG ADDICT.

Julia watches, almost smiling. More just in disbelief.

An OFFICER approaches her, leading her back to Tat's room. He opens the door to reveal Julia's sister giving a weak SMILE.

OFFICER

She's cleared you.

We stay in a WORDLESS BACK AND FORTH between sisters.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING (DAYS LATER)

MOVERS placing Julia's LEATHER CHAIR next to her boxes. Julia watches them install her next new start. Another studio apartment. Not as big as her last house, but *fine*... and with a view of a nicer area in Riverside.

TAT moves in a WHEELCHAIR to get the door behind the movers. Julia steps ahead to do it before Tat has to move any more. They approach the windows to watch the view, LISTENING to footsteps from the floor above. A baby CRYING down the hall.

TAT

You'll be near other people. Less chance that you'll, uh... shoot your sister.

JULIA
I can just shoot the nanny cam
instead. *Sorry, it was right there--*

TAT
Nah, that one was okay...

Movers finish placing the last load. Julia signs, when:

TAT (CONT'D)
So, what now?

JULIA
What do you mean?

TAT
Try again now and you might give a
better grad school interview.

JULIA
...I don't see why not.

Tat eyes Julia, suspicious. Julia has never sounded that
apathetic about anything... *especially* her work.

Julia starts rolling Tat away.

EXT. TAT'S HOME - DAY

Tat holds right above her torso wound as she gets out of
Julia's car. Julia offers Tat the wheelchair:

TAT
I'm good, I'll walk it.

Julia walks aside Tat, who holds the wheelchair arms. They
look at each other. Tat leans in.

TAT (CONT'D)
So?

JULIA
What?

TAT
Are you ever gonna tell me what
happened?

A LONG MOMENT of Julia looking at Tat as a malaise crawls up
her body. Tat can see *Julia does not want her to know*.

TAT (CONT'D)
But it's over now. Right?

Julia nods, vigorously. Tat nods back: she's decided this is more important to her.

TAT (CONT'D)

I love you and I trust you.

JULIA

I love you and I trust you.

They both sound like they want this to be true.

Tat goes inside as Julia drives away.

INT. CHURCH - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Julia sitting in front of RECOVERY GROUP MEMBERS, in person. A rare OPTIMISM in her face as she readies to tell her story:

JULIA

My name's Julia, and I'm an alcoholic.

GROUP (O.S.)

Hi, Julia.

JULIA

I'm three months sober. Here by the grace of god...

She scans across all the group members. Every kind of background, all going through shit.

JULIA (CONT'D)

But I would like to talk about an experience I had where I started to fixate on these deliveries I was receiving that I didn't--

Her eyes reach a YOUNG MAN in the circle, attending in person, but on his PHONE-- half-hiding it, half showing it to everyone in the room, including Julia.

Julia looks to RANDALL's corner, as if to ask him to stop, but Randall's focus is just on HER.

The Young Man never looks up at her. She decides to continue:

JULIA (CONT'D)

--that I didn't order...

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

GROUP (O.S.)

*Keep coming back, it works if you
work it!*

RECOVERY GROUP MEMBERS slowly filter out, some shaking hands with Julia. She looks genuinely drained. Raw. Accomplished.

THEN: the YOUNG MAN from before EYES HER on the way out. Julia sees the look. It seems JUST SHY OF A GLARE. Not obviously negative... but one might suggest bad vibes.

Randall approaches Julia. We hear his soft-spoken compliment:

RANDALL

Really appreciate you coming out.

Julia turns her attention to him.

JULIA

Thank you.

Julia smiles and keeps walking through the parking lot. She watches the GLARING MAN get in his car and pull away.

Julia clocks the license plate: VJZ2604.

She takes out her phone. Types.

We see that she's searched VYZ2604 on a CALIFORNIA LICENSE PLATE NUMBER SEARCH site. Sees the man's name: BEN GERHIG. Then: searches BEN GEHRIG RIVERSIDE CA. Sees his address.

CLOSE ON JULIA'S HAND SHOVING HER PHONE AWAY, embarrassed.

Julia's hand PATTERS against the side of her pants. Anxious. Then, it stops pattering. Not resting. It just *stays there*.

We don't know what she's going to do.

THE END