

UPSTREAM COLOR

Revision 1

By

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1 INT. HATCHBACK - DUSK

In the backseat lies TWO FULL TRASHBAGS open enough to see the contents: PAPER RINGS LINKED IN A LONG CHAIN. On each sheet of folded paper we can make out HANDWRITING.

The wind jostles them as the car speeds down the road.

2 EXT. ALLEY/ RECYCLING BIN - NEXT - DUSK

EVAN (30) carries the bags from his car to the bin.

One goes in easy. The other TEARS so he has to scoop up the tangled paper chain by hand. It clumps like intestines.

LUCAS and PETER, both 12, bike down the alley. Lucas heads toward Evan who's getting back in the car. Peter hesitates:

PETER

What are you doing? Lucas.

Peter listens from a distance. Lucas is at the car window:

LUCAS

When can we come over? You know.
Come ove-

EVAN

Yeah, I get it. Couple weeks. We'll see.

Peter doesn't get it. The hatchback takes off.

3 INT. PLANT NURSERY - DAY

Evan scans through the aisles, hunting for a certain flower.

He rubs his fingers on the GREEN LEAF of one. Not it.

Another shows more promise, an ORCHID. He scrapes a leaf with a PEN KNIFE, producing a TURQUOISE POWDER, fine like pollen.

He grabs a handful of the plant's soil and sifts through it. Then another handful until he finds a TINY WHITE INCHWORM.

CUT TO:

He buys four of the potted orchids at the checkout.

4 EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE/ BACK YARD - DUSK

He pulls the last of the plants from its pot, shakes the dirt off the roots, and throws it in a fire.

He dumps the pot soil onto a SIFTER and starts shaking it, leaving behind rocks, twigs, and SEVERAL WHITE INCHWORMS.

5 INT. EVAN'S HOUSE/ BACK ROOM - NEXT - DUSK

TWO EMPTY GLASS JARS sit on the desk. One has a HAPPY FACE sticker, the other a FROWN with X's for eyes.

Evan scans over the sifter, picking up worm after worm.

One SQUIRMS in his palm. He throws it in the happy jar.

Another lies STILL. Dead. It goes in the frown jar.

Behind him, an OLD MAN, GILL plays ONLINE POKER.

6 EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE/ BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Peter cautiously bikes in to see Lucas amusing a group of TEENAGERS. He's positioning an older boy, MONTY, in the middle of the porch then gets him to down a shot of BLACK LIQUID.

Lucas pours himself a shot from his TRAVEL MUG, downs it, shakes out his arms, and puts his hands over Monty's eyes:

LUCAS

Close 'em. Close ya eyes. Just trust.

Monty does. Lucas stands at his side and prepares.

Lucas slowly raises his right hand, swirls his index finger. Monty's right hand MIMICS the motion in perfect unison.

Lucas gets more creative, making hand gestures, using both arms. Monty, eyes closed, instantly matches move for move. He's a PUPPET. Lucas gestures to the others:

LUCAS (cont'd)

Go ahead. Throw it up. Throw it.

Someone throws a BALL at Monty who smacks it down, controlled by Lucas. Then a STICK, EMPTY CAN, etc.

(CONTINUED)

Lucas stands facing Monty so that their every move is a mirror opposite (not mirrored, get it?). They poke each other's shoulders, play-smack each other's face, like an extremely complex game of patty cake.

Lucas stops when he sees Peter.

LUCAS (cont'd)

Wait, wait. Peter. Peter! Come here! Peter's left-handed. He's a lefty.

7

INT. EVAN'S HOUSE/ BACK ROOM - NEXT - NIGHT

Evan sits back, allowing Lucas to run the process at the desk and show off for Peter. He grabs a live inchworm from the DOZEN in the happy jar and references the 100 dead ones in the frown jar:

LUCAS

See how many you gotta go through to get a good one?

He puts it on a COCKTAIL STRAINER and pours PEPSI over the worm, letting it collect in a shot glass for Peter. Lucas moves the worm and strainer to his own mug while...

LUCAS (cont'd)

Pete's a bit of a germaphobe so let me get mine going and I'll show there's nothing-

Peter's not going to be pushed so he just downs it fast.

Lucas looks up, surprised. He doesn't see the worm fall THROUGH the strainer into his mug. Behind them, Gill does:

GILL

Hey, boy! Watch that.

LUCAS

Yeah, I got it. I know. See, I know. Nobody wants that. Come here little guy.

EVAN

No, no. Just throw-

LUCAS

No, I know. Throw this batch out. That's that. I know. See. Start over.

He pours out the mug, wipes it with a napkin.

8 EXT. EVAN'S HOUSE/ BACK PORCH - NEXT - NIGHT

Lucas faces Peter. The others watch. Peter's nervous.

LUCAS

Ready?

PETER

No.

He looks around, embarrassed to be the center of attention. Lucas throws up a jab. Peter instantly mirrors him with a jab of his own. Their fists meet. He's shocked. It's involuntary.

Lucas throws random jabs, slaps, and hooks, all met by Peter, moving in perfect unison. Now he's enjoying it, laughing. It doesn't stop even as they talk and the others CHEER.

PETER (cont'd)

How are you doing it?

LUCAS

I'm not. You are.

PETER

I'm not. You are.

LUCAS AND PETER

I'm not you are. You're doing it.
You are.

9 EXT. NEAR TRAIN BRIDGE - DAWN

Lucas applauds NOELA (11) as she does cartwheels in the grass.

CUT TO:

They hold each other, leaning against a boulder. She shares his mug. He whispers something in her ear and...

Without hesitation she walks out on a NARROW WALL of concrete jutting from the hillside. The fall would be 30 feet. She doesn't seem to care. Nearby, Peter watches, getting worried.

He panics, moving to help as she prepares for a cartwheel...

(CONTINUED)

But when she places the first hand down she suddenly wakes up to the danger, wobbles, steadies herself. She steps back...

...and comes right after Lucas, violently SLAPPING at him.

NOELA

The hell's...wrong...with you!

9A EXT. CITY MARATHON - DAY

1000 RACERS move through the suburbs. One racer, JEFF, passes by a man with a DOG on the roadside, BRENT.

JEFF

Watch your dog.

BRENT

What?

JEFF

Get your dog out of the road.

Jeff stops, comes back, dithers, before finally approaching:

JEFF (cont'd)

Where you from? You from here?

BRENT

That's my house.

Jeff takes off, blowing off the odd feeling he seems to have. Brent calls after him:

BRENT (cont'd)

Where are you from?

Jeff waves it off, runs away:

JEFF

Nothing. Nowhere.

*

CUT TO:

KRIS (30, LONG DARK HAIR) runs in a stream of racers.

She slows to a stop, answers her ear bud phone, turns the opposite way so the race flows around her. Something's wrong:

(CONTINUED)

KRIS

Say that again, what? You can see
what? Whose? No, not til Monday.
Whose is it?

10 EXT. CONSTRUCTION YARD - DAY

AN OTHER-WORLDDY CREATURE gallops across like a horse. After
a few feet the movement REPEATS: it's a VIDEO CLIP
playing...

11 INT. VISUAL PRODUCTION BUILDING - DAY

...on a monitor in front of Kris, now in OFFICE DRESS. She's *
in one cubicle of many, on the phone:

KRIS (ON PHONE)

You can see his foot. A grip,
gaffer, I don't know, somebody's
foot, a shadow. Right but if I can
see it they're going to see it too.
Ok I'm going to ask five people
around me if they notice and if
one-

CUT TO:

ROTH (40) leans against her cubicle wall.

ROTH

Cut them loose. Hire another team.
You can't keep having the same
conversation with them. What do you
think?

She ponders.

KRIS

I think they were the best of the
lot and the rest aren't great...and
I can't keep having the same
conversation with them.

12 INT. DOWNTOWN/ RESTAURANT - NEXT - DAY

She finishes a salad at the bar, scanning 12 INDEX CARDS
fanned out in front of her. Each card lists a different
visual effects house, number of employees, etc. and is
paper-clipped to ARTWORK depicting the creature we saw on
her monitor.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

KRIS (ON PHONE)

It has been a while- I'm sorry about that, but you're work is just amazing. When we saw your take on it everyone knew instantly we found the right place. I do have a couple questions-

*
*
*
*
*
*

13 INT. EVAN'S HOUSE/ BACK ROOM - DUSK

Evan sets aside TWO CAPSULES from a TYLENOL bottle...

...carefully opens one, empties the medicine...

...places an inchworm inside, recloses the halves...

...marks a TINY DOT on the capsule with a pen.

He holds the tampered and untampered capsules up to the light, comparing them before they both go in a SMALL BAGGY.

WOMAN (OFF SCREEN)

What is it?

14 INT. DOWNTOWN/ NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Sitting in a back booth, he's showing her the baggy under the table discreetly. He's coy, flirting. She is too.

WOMAN

You have more?

EVAN

One for me. One for you.

WOMAN

My friends though.

This disappoints him, but he doesn't let her see.
Recovering:

EVAN

When are they coming?

She lazily points across the room. They're already there.

EVAN (cont'd)

Let me check if I can get more.

He scoots out of the booth. She didn't hear him.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

What? Where are you going?

He's done with her so why not...

EVAN

You got wine breath. Go brush your teeth.

15 EXT. DOWNTOWN/ SIDEWALK - NEXT - NIGHT

He walks through the crowd, scanning faces, hunting.

16 EXT. DOWNTOWN/ MINI-MART - NEXT - NIGHT

Leaning against the wall, he hangs the baggy just outside his jean pocket, trying to get the attention of a man in a SUIT.

Suit ignores him. Evan shakes it off, dismayed. He leaves.

17 EXT. DOWNTOWN/ STREET - NEXT - NIGHT

He grabs a BROWN GROCERY SACK from his car, tests out a TASER, and walks off.

*
*

18 INT. DOWNTOWN/ RESTAURANT - NEXT - NIGHT

We follow Kris to a back hallway where the restrooms are. She tries the women's, but it's locked. She waits, checks her phone, flicks through messages. Beyond her...

...Evan waits outside the men's.

He approaches with his phone out to show her:

EVAN

Are you getting a signal in here?
Got a new phone and I can't tell if
it's me or-

She looks over, but it doesn't matter because now he's close enough to jam a TASER under her ribs. She seizes up and collapses against the wall.

In one practiced move he puts the taser away and cradles her in one arm. She looks like any other drunk girl.

19 EXT. DOWNTOWN/ ALLEYWAY BEHIND RESTAURANT - NEXT - NIGHT

The exit door BANGS OPEN.

He lays her on the pavement. She's gasping for breath, not able to make a sound.

He retrieves the GROCERY SACK from behind a dumpster and sits on her chest as he unpacks a RESUSCITATOR.

He places it over her mouth and twists the valve. WATER starts to drip. He squeezes the resuscitator bag that we now see is full of liquid. It flows into her, forcing her to swallow. For an instant we see an INCHWORM in the tube before it disappears into her mouth.

She swallows one last time. He takes the device away, allowing her to breathe. He stands up like he's just roped a calf.

She gasps, crawling to her knees. She stumbles to her feet, trying to escape down the alley.

He grabs her PURSE from the ground and slowly follows, keeping his distance, observing. A subtle transformation takes place:

Her panic ebbs until she is walking casually, unsure of her own motivation. She suddenly veers off, but Evan corrects her:

EVAN

No no. Come on. This way.

She obeys. By the time they reach the heavy foot traffic on the main street, she is more like a companion than victim.

EVAN

Turn left here.

She does. They enter the thick congestion of people.

EVAN (cont'd)

Hold onto my belt. Take your purse.

She does. He leads. They are just another couple on a date.

19A INT. KRIS' CAR - NEXT - NIGHT

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Evan rides in the back seat, scanning Kris' house as they pull into the long driveway.

20 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ OFFICE - NEXT - NIGHT

At the desk Evan thumbs through bills, financial statements, etc. He sets aside blank "BALANCE TRANSFER CHECKS".

He opens her checkbook to see the balance: "\$5189.23".

He checks his watch, thinks. He pulls a PAPERBACK copy of "WALDEN" from his back pocket, rests it on the desk.

He taps the cover while scanning the room.

21 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ HALLWAY CLOSET - NEXT - NIGHT

He pulls out various BOARD GAMES, looking for something.

He finds a case of POKER CHIPS, tucks it under his arm.

22 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ FOYER - NEXT - NIGHT

KRIS' BARE FEET are within ONE WHITE TILE of the tiled floor.

She stands, relaxed, almost nodding off against the wall.

Evan SNAPS his fingers:

EVAN

No no. Stay awake. You feel refreshed.

KRIS

Is there food?

EVAN

All the food is poisoned. You're throat is parched. Go to the kitchen. Make a pitcher of ice water. Bring a small glass.

She looks to the kitchen and then to her feet, confused.

EVAN

You can leave the tile. The rest of the floor will support your weight now.

23 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - NEXT - NIGHT

The PITCHER and GLASS rest on the table. Kris sits.

EVAN

I have to apologize. I was born with a disfigurement where my head is made of the same material as the sun. It makes it impossible for you to look directly at me. It has always been this way.

Kris is hit with a FLOOD OF LIGHT. She squints, turns away.

Evan's head is a BRIGHT LIGHT, illuminating the room.

He pours a tiny amount of water into the glass.

EVAN (cont'd)

The water before you is somehow special. When you drink it you feel revived and full of energy. It is better than anything you have ever tasted. Take a drink now.

She does, surprised at how good it is. He pours again.

EVAN

There are two approaching armies: hunger and fatigue. But a great wall keeps them at bay. The wall extends to the sky and will stay up until I say otherwise. Each drink is better than the last, leaving you with a desire to have one more. Take a drink now.

She does, immediately eyeing the pitcher, wanting more.

EVAN (cont'd)

The next drink must be earned and I'm going to tell you how. Focus closely on my instructions. I will ask you to repeat them from memory.

24 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ BEDROOM - DAWN

Evan sleeps alone in Kris' bed. His phone alarm BEEPS.

He wakes.

CUT TO:

He plays a few hands of POKER on his phone.

25 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ KITCHEN - NEXT - DAY

He scans over a tray of MULTI-COLORED ESPRESSO CAPSULES, trying to pick one.

He tries to figure out how to get a capsule into the machine.

ESPRESSO pours into a cup. We hear Kris in the next room...

26 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

She is organizing the poker chips in stacks of 10:

KRIS

Ten chip. Ten chip. Eight, nine,
ten chip. Three, four, and six, ten
chip...

She does a quick count of the stacks with her finger.

Satisfied, she grabs a nearby SHEET OF PAPER full of her HANDWRITING. She folds it over and adds it as another "link" in the CHAIN OF PAPER RINGS she has been constructing all night. She uses a glue stick and then counts while she holds it tight:

KRIS (cont'd)

One one thousand, two one thousand,
three one thousand, four and five
and stick...

She lets go of the paper, watching to make sure it sticks.

It does so she gets her treat, filling the glass precisely to a MARKER LINE drawn by hand. It's barely a sip.

She downs the drink and takes a moment to enjoy it before realizing she wants another. She gets back to work.

CUT TO:

Evan enters with his coffee and a disconnected TELEPHONE.

Kris finishes transcribing a page from "WALDEN" to a sheet of blank paper and immediately starts stacking chips. First a line of single chips, then two:

(CONTINUED)

KRIS (cont'd)

One chip, one chip, one chip, one,
one, one, one chip, one, one, one
chip, two chip, two chip, two, one
and two chip...

EVAN

The water has lost its appeal. It
doesn't seem as enticing as before.
You have no craving for it.

She continues her work, but slowly the passion for it goes
missing as if she is questioning it for the first time.

He places the telephone RECEIVER to his ear as a prop:

EVAN

Kris, I've just got a call. It's
your mother. She says she's been
taken by several men.

KRIS

Oh no.

EVAN

She says they won't let her go
unless you pay them.

KRIS

No. Oh no. Do you have money?

EVAN

No, I don't. I'm sorry. Can you
think of anything? She sounds
brave, but I think they're hurting
her.

KRIS

Mom. I have the house.

EVAN

You own the house?

KRIS

Not all of it. But I have...I
could-

EVAN

What's the equity?

KRIS

Thirty-six thousand. Would that be
enough? And coins.

(CONTINUED)

EVAN

Coins?

27 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ WALK-IN CLOSET - NEXT - DAY

She sits in front of a WALL PANEL, very upset, crying:

KRIS

I just. Don't. Feel. Like I should.

EVAN

Do you want me to look away? Would that make you feel better?

She hesitates. He's still directly behind her but...

EVAN

I've stepped outside. You are comfortable and secure. You have taken control. Confident and empowered.

She opens the panel revealing a HANDGUN, PAPERS, and 3 VELVET CASES.

Evan sees the gun and eyes Kris, but she's oblivious to it, only removing the cases before returning the panel.

28 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ BATHROOM - NEXT - DAY

She's on the toilet after a night of drinking water.

At the counter Evan counts the GOLD COINS in the first case and then opens the next two cases, also FULL.

29 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ OFFICE - NEXT - DAY

PAPERS slide out of the PRINTER entitled: "APPLICATION FOR HOME EQUITY LINE OF CREDIT".

30 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NEXT - DAY

Evan picks out a WHITE DRESS from Kris' closet...

31 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ DINING ROOM - NEXT - DAY

Kris wears the dress, makeup done, beautiful. She finishes filling out the application at the table.

Evan checks it and slides a BALANCE TRANSFER CHECK to her.

EVAN
Five thousand.

She fills it out, writes "\$5000.00", signs it.

EVAN
Forty-five hundred.

He slides another check to her. She fills it out.

EVAN (cont'd)
Three thousand.

He slides another.

32 INT. KRIS' CAR - NEXT - DAY

She drives. He sits immediately behind her.

EVAN
Weather is beautiful. You feel like walking a bit so you park a block away.

33 EXT. BANK - NEXT - DAY

From the car he watches her go in from a block away.

34 INT. KRIS' CAR - NEXT - DAY

She drives while relaying a mental transcript:

KRIS
-I give you back your ID? There we are. Current balance is at the bottom. Please allow three to four business days for availability of funds. Is there anything else I can help you with? No, that's it. Then thank you very much for stopping in Miss Fischer and have a great-

35 EXT. CREDIT UNION - NEXT - DAY

Kris exits and walks toward the car.

36 INT. KRIS' CAR - NEXT - DAY

Again, while she drives:

KRIS

Yes ma'am, may I help you? Who can I speak to about a home equity line of credit? I can help you with that. My name is Marie. Please have a seat. I love your broche-

37 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kris is alone. She's lost weight. Her eyes are sunken in. Her busywork has become more elaborate. She CROCHETS with YARN that alternates between WHITE and RED after some length:

KRIS

Over and under and through and back and over and under and through and around and over and under and through and back and now you are red.

She positions herself in front of the RED PIECES in a game of CHECKERS. After some thought, she plays, jumping a piece.

KRIS (cont'd)

Crown me.

She adds another handwritten page from "Walden" to the chain and pours a sip of water. The chain is now 20 FEET LONG and winds throughout the room.

38 EXT. KRIS' HOUSE/ BACK PORCH - DAY

Evan listens to voicemail on Kris' phone while playing more poker on his.

MAN ON PHONE

Kris, Roth again. I assumed you've been sick and maybe called HR instead. Um, I don't know why you would do that, we need to hear-

He hits "delete". Behind him Kris continues her work.

39 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ KITCHEN - DAY

Evan is making a SANDWICH, slathering CREAM CHEESE.

He suddenly notices Kris is standing behind him holding the empty pitcher. Still shielding her eyes from him, she's staring at the sandwich, salivating.

EVAN

The wall is a mile thick and made of rock. Nothing can or ever has gotten through.

She moves on to refill her pitcher, but her eyes linger.

He thinks on this.

CUT TO:

He fills a LARGE POT with ICE.

40 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ DINING ROOM - NEXT - DAY

She's enjoying a BOWL of ice, blowing over a spoonful, convinced it is hot. The large pot and ladle are on the table.

On the wall SHADOWS of tree leaves dance. She laughs at them likes she's watching a sitcom. Which she is.

41 INT. KRIS' CAR - DAY

Evan waits in the backseat as Kris approaches from the bank.

She gets behind the wheel, drops an ENVELOPE on the next seat.

As they drive off he grabs the envelope, checks the CASH inside, and files it with other envelopes in a SHOEBOX.

42 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kris does her busywork. Evan packs the coins in the shoebox...

...puts WALDEN back in his pocket...

...grabs the telephone and pitcher...

...dumps the ice water in the sink...

(CONTINUED)

...watches Kris work for one last moment before...

EVAN

Kris, the wall has crumbled, fallen
down.

Her works slows. She sits back.

While Evan begins packing the LONG CHAIN OF PAPER RINGS into
TRASH BAGS she stands, heading to the kitchen.

43 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ KITCHEN - NEXT - DAY

She sits on the floor eating from the refrigerator with the
doors wide open. She's too busy to notice Evan exit through
the front door with the trash bags and shoebox.

CUT TO:

She's gone. The refrigerator contents have been ransacked
and the doors left open.

44 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NEXT - DAY

She's in deep sleep, JAM and BITS OF FOOD caked on her
mouth.

45 INT. BLOODSTREAM

On a macro scale we see representations of chemistry,
biology, branching, growth. SLENDER TUBULES glide past each
other.

46 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

Still asleep, Kris' arm UNFURLS and twists seemingly under
its own control until it extends out to the edge of the bed.

One at a time her legs reach out to full extension.

On her left calf something that looks like a LARGE VEIN
rises against the inside of the skin and ELONGATES toward
her foot.

The same happens on her left forearm.

Her eyes open slowly. Unaware, she turns to her right arm...

...to see the LONG WORM rise against the skin.

47 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ KITCHEN - NEXT - NIGHT

Sitting on the floor against the counter Kris frantically tries to push the worm along her ankle with her hand. With the other hand she reaches up to a drawer and withdraws a KNIFE.

She summons bravery and then CUTS into her leg. She's able to pull out the end of the worm, but the more she pulls the more agonizing the pain.

With 6 inches of worm in her grip she slices off its end. Immediately, we hear a HIGH-PITCHED TONE. She passes out.

DAY

She's still lying in the same spot. Unconscious.

NIGHT

She slowly comes to.

CUT TO:

She sits at the refrigerator, EATING fast, DRINKING water.

She thinks to examine her ankle and sees...

The wound is SCABBED OVER.

47A EXT. TRUCK BED - DUSK

10 SPEAKERS lay in the bed as the truck heads toward the CITY on a rural road.

48 EXT. EMPTY FIELD/ OUTSKIRTS - DUSK

Against the far off CITYSCAPE we isolate a TRUCK. Extending up from the cab on a POLE is a GANG OF LIGHTS that suddenly flips on, lighting the surroundings like a bioluminescent lure.

CUT TO:

Alone, WESLEY (50) unloads 10 LARGE SPEAKERS from his truck.

He lays them face down on the ground in a group.

He hits "play" on a TAPE PLAYER next to preamps in the truck bed. GRUMBLING BASS like womb noise plays into the ground.

He walks away from the setup, a FOLDING CHAIR under his arm.

(CONTINUED)

NIGHT

EARTHWORMS writhe in the mud.

Far away Wesley sits in his chair taking notes under a book light. A VIDEO on his phone shows a CELLIST auditioning in an empty rehearsal hall. After a few bars...

He skips to another clip, an OBOIST:

OBOIST (IN VIDEO)

My name is Kevin Anderson. I'll be playing Ilaiyaraja's score from Dalapathi in G.

3 seconds in, Wesley skips to a FRENCH HORN, TRUMPET, etc.

HEADLIGHTS approach on the road. He leans to his telescope:

The car stops. Kris steps out in a nightgown, moving into the field toward the speakers.

Wesley packs up.

Kris walks almost trancelike, stopping once before continuing. Nearby, more worms writhe on the ground. Dark everywhere.

She gets to the speakers. The bass switches off suddenly. The SILENCE wakes her.

Wesley hits the truck headlights and moves to her.

She raises her arms, showing him CUTS on all her extremities.

KRIS

It won't come out.

WESLEY

No. Not like that.

49 INT. LIVESTOCK BUILDING/ EXAM ROOM - NEXT - NIGHT

Kris stands next to a STEEL PLATFORM, a scale for weighing livestock. Fluorescents hum while she looks around nervously.

Wesley calibrates the scale then...

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

Ok, go ahead and step on.

She does. He marks her weight on a CLIPBOARD.

50 INT. LIVESTOCK BUILDING/ WHITE ROOM - NEXT - NIGHT

She sits on a COT downing a tall glass of a MILKY MIXTURE. She eyes Wesley who is marking up the clipboard.

WESLEY

What did you weigh...before the growth?

KRIS

One fifteen. Maybe. Why?

All business, he puts another full glass of the mixture in front of her. She grabs it and prepares to drink.

KRIS

Will you say why?

WESLEY

It's fine. This guy's 11 pounds.

KRIS

Is that good?

Wesley silently continues writing.

KRIS

How long does it take?

He pours another glass to a precise level for her.

KRIS (cont'd)

This'll kill it?

He makes the mistake of looking at her and melts a bit:

WESLEY

I can answer all your questions after. Right now there's no point in telling you. You won't remember.

KRIS

Where did it come from?

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

KRIS

This will kill it?

WESLEY

No. No that won't. That's going to make you very sick. We're making your body a place he doesn't want to be. Eleven pounds makes him thirty feet long so it'll take around three and a half days.

He closes his clipboard, set to leave. She's scared.

WESLEY

It doesn't come from anywhere. You people just show up. I'm sure you think you're awake. You're not awake.

51 INT. LIVESTOCK BUILDING/ EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

Wesley puts in EARPLUGS to muffle Kris' SCREAMS of agony coming from down the hall. He ties TWO RAW BEEF STEAKS together with GAUZE.

52 INT. LIVESTOCK BUILDING/ WHITE ROOM - NEXT - NIGHT

Wesley searches Kris' extremities: left arm, left leg, right arm, right leg. That's where he finds the NUB of the worm's head peeking out. He wraps the layers of beef over it.

He pulls the cot to the other side of the room for better access, nearly deaf to her screams.

53 INT. LIVESTOCK BUILDING/ EXAM ROOM - MORNING

Wesley has prepped an area on the belly of an unconscious PIG for surgery. He washes it with iodine.

He begins to cut out a SQUARE SEGMENT with a scalpel.

54 INT. LIVESTOCK BUILDING/ WHITE ROOM - NEXT - MORNING

He checks between the steaks to see the worm has traveled through the first and entered the second.

He inserts a WOODEN DOWEL under the worm and manages to loop it a few times. He turns the dowel, pulling more of the worm from Kris. She screams.

(CONTINUED)

He wheels the pig into the room on a gurney, positioned next to Kris' leg.

He affixes the second steak, worm still embedded, to the square wound on the pig.

NIGHT

Kris moans, passed out from exhaustion. Wesley pours more mixture, wakes her.

She pushes it away, screaming:

KRIS

NO! NO!

She looks toward the pig and goes quiet. After some thought she downs the poison. She has seen:

The setup is orderly and running well. The worm goes from her leg, around the dowel (now supported on a stand) a few times, and then disappears into the pig.

DAY

Wesley turns the dowel for the last time, removing the last part of worm from Kris.

He wheels the pig out of the room. 12 inches of worm still protrudes from its wound.

55 INT. LIVESTOCK BUILDING/ EXAM ROOM - DAY

Reading from his notes he adds a line to a page of names and serial numbers: "KRIS FISCHER 20110802-Kris"

On a SMALL TAG he copies the serial number: "20110802-Kris"

He PIERCES the pig's ear with the tag. By now the worm has crawled further in with only a few inches now left outside.

56 EXT. PIGPEN - DAY

The pig is released into the pen passing others with similar ear tags and first names: "Robert" "Luis" "Paula" etc.

The pen holds 50 PIGS. Beyond it is Wesley's FARMHOUSE.

57 EXT. KRIS' HOUSE - DAY

Kris calmly walks to the front entrance and opens the door.

58 INT. KRIS' HOUSE - NEXT - DAY

We follow as she passes through the living room, the kitchen, her bedroom. She doesn't seem to notice the TENS OF PEOPLE standing idle in every room.

She begins to remove her nightgown when she stops, puzzled.

She calmly steps back to the kitchen to see everyone, but before she can make sense of it...

59 EXT. RURAL ROAD NEAR REFINERY - DAY

Kris wakes in her car. She has been placed behind the wheel.

The car is parked just off the road. 4 STRIPED TOWERS of an oil refinery lie in the distance.

For a moment she is frozen in terror, eyes wide. She suddenly takes a huge breath, waking to her surroundings.

She nervously checks the backseat, the glove box, the floorboard, looking for any clue to how she got here.

A moment of thought leads her to a greater fear: she lifts her nightgown and puts a hand in her underwear. She inspects her fingers but nothing is confirmed either way.

60 EXT. POLICE STATION - NEXT - DAY

She drives into the parking lot...

...turns off the ignition, about to open the car door but...

Her hand rests on the HANDLE. She scans people: COPS, VICTIMS, MEN IN HANDCUFFS. She's hesitating.

She starts up the ignition and backs out.

61 EXT. KRIS' HOUSE - NEXT - DAY

She pulls into the driveway, looking for anything suspicious.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

She opens the front door and pushes it WIDE OPEN.

After checking around corners she quickly takes a few steps in, grabs her CELLPHONE, and retreats back outside.

She dials 911 then lets her thumb hover over the CALL button.

She wields this as a weapon and enters the house.

62 INT. KRIS' HOUSE - NEXT - DAY

She stands in each room, studying it. The OFFICE...

...LIVING ROOM...

...HALLWAY...

...BEDROOM...

...KITCHEN. She crouches near the DRIED BLOOD on the floor. The KNIFE lies next to it. She rubs her wrist.

CUT TO:

She MOPS and cleans the kitchen.

63 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ BATHROOM - NEXT - DAY

Kris showers.

64 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - NEXT - DAY

DRESSED for work, PURSE ready, COAT on. She sits on the couch gathering thoughts, contemplating.

65 EXT. VISUAL PRODUCTION BUILDING - NEXT - DAY

She walks with determination through the parking lot toward the front entrance.

66 INT. VISUAL PRODUCTION BUILDING/ OFFICE - NEXT - DAY

Kris sits before a female MANAGER.

MANAGER

And did you try anybody else?
Because I spoke to Amy and she
didn't remember talking to-

(CONTINUED)

KRIS

I already said it was voicemail. I left a voice- where is Roth? Today. Why isn't he telling me himself?

MANAGER

Well he couldn't be here but that's not...

Kris notices a SECURITY GUARD enter and stand nearby.

KRIS

I. Had. The flu. I had a hundred and six temperature!

67 EXT. VISUAL PRODUCTION BUILDING - NEXT - DAY

She walks to her car, crying and carrying PICTURE FRAMES, a MUG, etc. The guard stays behind her.

68 INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Kris is checking out, running her CARD through the SCANNER. It's not working. The CASHIER tries to help but it's no use. Frustration mounts. We're too far away to hear dialogue.

69 INT. BANK/ INVESTIGATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Kris waits alone. Her older sister MAGGIE stands just outside.

MAGGIE (ON CELLPHONE)

Richie, it's me. If you're already on the road I'm sorry, but we've got a problem. It's Kris. Everybody's safe but you need to call as soon as you can.

CUT TO:

Maggie has joined Kris, both seated, waiting.

MAGGIE

What time do you have to get back?

Kris stares forward, tense.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE
Kris, what time?

KRIS
I don't. I quit.

MAGGIE
You quit your job? When?

KRIS
Few days ago- last week.

MAGGIE
Krissy, why?

KRIS
Because. They're assholes.

The bank INVESTIGATOR joins them at his desk with PAPERS.

CUT TO:

He's placed down a WITHDRAWAL SLIP COPY for them to inspect.

KRIS (cont'd)
...that's not even my- that's
forged. That's not my signature.
It's not.

Maggie scrutinizes the handwriting as another paper is slid next to it with an IDENTICAL SIGNATURE: "Kris Fischer".

INVESTIGATOR
And this is a deposit slip from
September.

KRIS
Yeah, that's my writing. This isn't
though, see? It's forgery.

Maggie compares them: the same. She looks at Kris,
perplexed.

CUT TO:

The Investigator tries to put together a thoughtful
response.

INVESTIGATOR
Coerced. See the problem I'm having
is first you say theft then you say
your signature is forged. Now we're
at coerced. I have no interest in
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

INVESTIGATOR (cont'd)
proving, disproving. Certainly
you've experienced something. I
just know that my ability to help
is coming to an end. From the
standpoint of the bank there has
been no wrongdoing.

The three are quiet, unsure how to move on.

70 INT. BANK/ BACK CORRIDOR - NEXT - DAY

The Investigator is about to open a door to let Maggie into
a room but first prefaces:

INVESTIGATOR
I want you to understand this is
not something I'm doing because I
have to. The notary public
remembers her, the tellers
remember. But you've been very
polite and seem genuinely
bewildered by this so...

He opens the door to a room full of SECURITY CAMERA
MONITORS.

71 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kris stares at PRINTOUTS from the security footage: her at
the teller window on separate days, alone.

Maggie and their brother Rich (40) sit far away, discussing:

MAGGIE
And one more thing. Dad's coins are
gone.

Rich, already in shock, takes this hard. He can only laugh.

CUT TO:

RICH
I have a good idea where it went,
Maggie! What are we intervening? Is
this where we do the whole -
because whatever she's on (to Kris)
whatever you're on I'll write a
check right now for the precise
amount it would take you to OD.
Give me a number!

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Okay, that's enough.

CUT TO:

MAGGIE

I know of someone she can talk to.

72 INT. KRIS' HOUSE/ BATHROOM - NEXT - NIGHT

Maggie stares at the wall. Beyond her Kris removes her nightgown and waits to be inspected in her underwear.

Maggie turns to Kris, sees the WOUNDS, and instantly has to look away. She melts down in a horrified crying grimace.

MAGGIE

Baby Krissy.

73 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY

JEFF (35) finds a seat in the front car, heading for work.

He sits up. Something is off. He looks around. Did he forget something? He checks his bag, his wallet. Nothing.

His head is drawn toward the rear of the train. He suddenly gets up and walks back with his belongings.

He moves into the next car back, checking the passengers. Nothing. He has a seat there.

Still not right. He gets up again and moves back a car, his hand tracing along the seats. He doesn't know what he's after.

He enters the fourth car, sees Kris, thinks, sits across the aisle from her. Her head rests on the window, headphones on, eyes closed. Dressed CASUAL, her hair is SHORT BLONDE now.

He studies her, then her bag, her hands, the floor, thinking.

She opens her eyes, aware of something but not sure what. She sits up, removes headphones, searches the room, lands on Jeff.

74 EXT. BREAKFAST STAND - NEXT - DAY

They finish coffee, exchanging business cards. She writes her number on the back. Awkward but full of promise.

KRIS

...address is there. You ever need signage of any kind, just call or come down-

JEFF

Never in a million years would I ever need that. Never. But I- this is you?

KRIS

That's me.

JEFF

I'll call. Kris. I don't have any need for signage. I won't be calling for signage.

KRIS

Okay. Jeff.

JEFF

Okay. It was really good meeting you.

They depart.

75 EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Different day. Jeff waits for the train.

It comes. As it slows to a stop he scans each passenger car, looking for someone.

He gets on, looks around, exits. The train departs.

He waits again.

76 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - NEXT - DAY

Kris rides to work, her head in a catalog.

SOMETHING quietly draws her attention forward. She lifts her eyes, then head, scanning outside.

77 EXT. TRAIN STATION - NEXT - DAY

Jeff gives up on another train as it departs. Now it's his turn to be drawn. He looks down the empty railway.

CUT TO:

A new train is coming to stop. He walks alongside, not even looking in the windows. He senses which car to enter.

He boards and finds a seat across the aisle from Kris who turns back to him even before he arrives.

Silence. Jeff catches his breath. Kris is stoic.

JEFF

I called you.

She nods, not giving anything away.

JEFF (cont'd)

This makes me late for work- I can't do this everyday. You're four trains after me. So you're going to have to answer. If I call- I'm gonna call. Again.

78 INT. BAR - NEXT - DAY

They sit near the window. She's digging through her purse, half-listening to...

JEFF

...I picked up an MBA in finance. That's what the firm does. There's a commercial side, other half's personal wealth.

KRIS

Where is it? [his job]

JEFF

You can actually see- see that high-rise? Palomar building? C & L Crowne. That's us.

KRIS

Why do you take the train?

The purse-digging has become distracting. He goes quiet.

(CONTINUED)

KRIS

Everyone on there's homeless or had their license revoked or...you know.

JEFF

You want to see my driver's license?

She finally retrieves a PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLE and puts it on the table between them. After a moment, she explains:

KRIS

That's a gift for us.

He doesn't know what to do with that.

KRIS

There's this path forward where I wait to tell you. Then maybe you use it as an excuse, maybe you don't- I don't know. Last year I was diagnosed bipolar. I take those...and these. And it's fine.

He stands a menu up to hide the bottle. He thinks.

KRIS (cont'd)

So that's here now. Saved us at least three to four weeks.

JEFF

I'll just get the check and we can get-

She's not amused at his deadpan. He smiles.

JEFF (cont'd)

I'm sorry. That was stupid. I don't know what to say to that.

79

EXT. SIDEWALK - NEXT - DAY

They walk leisurely. It's still a date of some kind.

JEFF

I'll tell you...before we pass that trashcan. I'll have something.

They walk in silence, nearing the TRASHCAN. They pass it. It's not as amusing as he thinks it is. Finally...

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (cont'd)
I'm divorced. Is that bad? It is,
right?

KRIS
It's not great.

80 EXT. TRAIN STATION - NEXT - DAY

She's about to step onto an ESCALATOR. They are winding
down.

JEFF
How's that work...in movies? We
meet- we say we'll meet tomorrow at
a place at noon. Say the taco place
at mockingbird. We say we'll meet
and then...

KRIS
If we both show up we know we're
good.

JEFF
Yeah, but how does it work? I show
up, you're not there, that means
you don't want...to try- but how
does that help me?

KRIS
And I wouldn't know if you showed
or-

JEFF
Yeah, no that's what it is. That's
what it is. I get to feel okay
because I know you don't know...you
don't know I showed up so I don't
feel foolish. I like that.

KRIS
I think...Jeff...I'm going to save
you some time. Thank you for lunch
but...

She moves away, gets on the escalator. He smirks, trying to
be amused at the insult. Instead he gets awkward and a bit
angry:

JEFF
Yeah, I'll save you some time.

He starts down the stairs, walking alongside her.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (cont'd)

I'll save you some time. I know
what train you take. Red line.
About 8:15, yeah? Save me a seat.

He heads back, trying to exit on his own terms.

80A INT. SIGN STORE - DAY

Kris operates a LARGE INDUSTRIAL PRINTER. She waits for it to finish, getting lost in the drone of the machine, her thoughts.

80B EXT. DOWNTOWN/ MAP RELIEF SCULPTURE - NEXT - DAY

She eats a sandwich on break, watching people. Her hand rests behind her, lingering over the outline of TINY MODEL BUILDINGS, which are part of the sculpture. She stays on a particular one:

*

MATCH CUT:

80C EXT. C & L FINANCIAL - DAY

PUSH IN to the 30th floor of the HIGH RISE.

81 INT. C & L CROWNE FINANCIAL/ BREAK ROOM - DAY

Jeff has his PAPERWORK laid out on a table. People use the VENDING MACHINES behind him. He wakes from a daze and looks across the office floor, his eyes landing on a far away NAME PLATE that reads "E. ALDERMAN". This means something to him.

Coincidentally, ALDERMAN steps out and speaks to his secretary before heading away. Jeff watches him go.

An INTERN passes Jeff, which reminds him:

JEFF

Hey, these FLPs for the realty group, they'll be done by Thursday, yeah? Cause when we put this in front of them the first thing they'll ask for is-

INTERN 1

Yeah, I'll try.

Jeff doesn't like that answer but is staying friendly:

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Can you maybe firm that up?

INTERN 1

I'll really try.

And that's the best he's going to get so he resigns:

JEFF

All right.

82 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

He plays SCRATCH OFF LOTTERY TICKETS on a trash bin.

No luck. He tosses them. He's about to leave when...

...instead he heads back inside...

JEFF

Give me two more. Three pick daily.

83 INT. CHAIN HOTEL / CHECK-IN - NEXT - NIGHT

Jeff walks past GUESTS checking in. He removes a FOLDER from his bag, enters a back office, seemingly belonging there.

84 INT. CHAIN HOTEL/ BACK OFFICE - NEXT - NIGHT

He and the hotel owner, RAJ (50s), are poring over FINANCIALS. He digs into a bowl of M&Ms, separating out the BLUE ONES.

JEFF

Raj, we have clients with ten times this revenue that don't have near tax liability you do. So we can have another talk about how screwed up the code is or you can take the charge against and solve it.

CLOSER on the M&Ms, his hand stabbing into them.

RAJ

But the downtown hotel is profitable.

JEFF

They all are. This is fiscal, just the quarter. You want to be right? Or rich?

(CONTINUED)

CLOSER STILL on the M&Ms. He stabs again.

MATCH CUT:

84A INT. INDOOR POOL - NIGHT

A HAND picks up STRAY CONCRETE BITS off the bottom of the pool. Kris is swimming, hovering, scanning, searching the pieces. Alone, quiet, small in the frame.

85 INT. CHAIN HOTEL / CHECK-IN - NEXT - NIGHT

A CLERK is checking Jeff in. It's informal. Clerk is more interested in a COWORKER'S story...

JEFF

Can I. Jim. Jimmy. Is there a window room?

CLERK

They all have windows.

JEFF

I mean not facing the alley.

Raj passes by, gives Jeff a goodbye pat on the shoulder.

86 INT. CHAIN HOTEL/ SNACK STAND - NEXT - NIGHT

The place is dark and closed for the night. Jeff sneaks behind the counter and snatches a BOX OF STRAWS.

87 INT. CHAIN HOTEL/ JEFF'S ROOM - NEXT - NIGHT

He opens the door, enters, unpacks.

CUT TO:

He dumps the straws in a pile on the desk and begins work.

Our view is from behind him so we can't see what he's doing.

MATCH CUT:

88 INT. WESLEY'S FARMHOUSE/ MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Wesley listens to a symphonic score on HEADPHONES. The room contains mics, synths, etc. He shakes his head, aggravated:

WESLEY
Incredible. What are you doing?
What are you doing? Goddamn it,
what are you doing?

89 INT. WESLEY'S FARMHOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

He studies SHEET MUSIC. Now a stereo BLARES the score.

WESLEY
I mean what is this? I don't ever
want-

He shuts the music off.

WESLEY
These eight, nine notes are poison.
The refrain. I can't hear it again.
Anathema.

We realize he's speaking with someone on SPEAKERPHONE:

SPEAKERPHONE
Don't know what to say. To my ears
there-

WESLEY
Okay, look. I'm going to clean this
up, send a new version in the
morning. For now, please, for my
own sanity, take a giant black
marker and redact
bars...9-13...22-26...no
28...35-37.

He rifles through sheet music, circling the appropriate bars.

SPEAKERPHONE
Done. I'll toss the lot. What it's
worth I think it's fine, but do
what you need to.

Wesley is already moving away, ready to hang up.

90 EXT. PIGPEN - NEXT - DAY

He purposefully steps to the gate, waits.

He scans the varying clusters of pigs intently.

CUT TO:

He slowly walks through the pen, looking from pig to pig.

He passes one and lowers his hand like he's feeling a breeze.

91 EXT. OFFICE CUBICLE - INTERCUT - DAY

A DESKWORKER sits at his desk alone, typing, reading, etc.

WESLEY'S HAND passes by as if he's walking along the cubicles.

92 EXT. PIGPEN - INTERCUT - DAY

Wesley moves on to the next pig, stands next to it.

93 EXT. SEDAN - INTERCUT - DAY

A COMMUTER drives in thick traffic, alone in his car.

94 EXT. PIGPEN - INTERCUT - DAY

Wesley crouches next to the pig, studying its face and eyes.

95 EXT. SEDAN - INTERCUT - DAY

Now Wesley is in the passenger seat, watching the Commuter.

96 EXT. RESTAURANT - INTERCUT - DAY

A WOMAN eats lunch at a table alone, watching people.

NEW ANGLE: Wesley sits across from her. She doesn't notice.

He gets up to leave, unsatisfied. She continues, unaware.

97 EXT. PIGPEN - INTERCUT - DAY

Wesley stands from a seated position and crouches near another pig, pulling its collar to inspect its face.

98 EXT. STOREFRONT - INTERCUT - DAY

He stands on the sidewalk. A SHOPPER turns to face a window near him, moving her head just like the pig did when pulled.

He "releases" her and she moves down the sidewalk. He turns.

99 EXT. PIGPEN - INTERCUT - DAY

He turns. Something is drawing him in. He steps away.

RED LIGHTS flash against his face as he approaches a pig.

100 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - INTERCUT - DAY

A HUSBAND worriedly watches EMTs push his WIFE on a gurney into an AMBULANCE, lights FLASHING. He's in shock. A PLASTIC SHOPPING BAG hangs from his fingers.

Among the ONLOOKERS behind him, Wesley arrives.

An EMT interviews a NEIGHBOR woman:

NEIGHBOR

I had seen her earlier from my kitchen- she was weeding her garden and when I looked back she's lying on the ground and I knew something was wrong. I ran to the fence and kept yelling "Jill! Jill!" but she just wouldn't...you know...

EMT talks to Husband:

EMT

-taking any kind of medication? She have a health condition of any kind?

HUSBAND

No. I mean, asthma. But just asthma.

Neighbor gently takes the plastic bag from Husband:

(CONTINUED)

NEIGHBOR

Let me take that. You'll go with them.

101 INT. AMBULANCE - INTERCUT - DAY

The ambulance speeds down the road. Husband watches the EMTs work on Wife. Wesley sits far in back, watching it all.

102 EXT. PIGPEN - INTERCUT - DAY

Wesley has brought out his lawn chair, his notebook, and a small SYNTH PAD. He sits next to the pig, composing.

103 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - INTERCUT - DAY

Husband sits, wide-eyed, worried, staring, thinking. Wesley sits behind him on the opposite side of the row of chairs, back to back, keeping close. He begins to hear FAINT VOICES.

He leans near Husband's head and the VOLUME increases:

WIFE (OFF SCREEN)

I wanted to say that I hope today is better and that I love you.

Closer still and he can see Husband's thoughts:

104 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - DAY

Husband is trying to leave, his hand on the doorknob. Wife pleads with him. Their clothes tell us it's earlier today.

WIFE

And I made a list of the things I want to try harder at. I love you.

HUSBAND

Goddamn it, Jillian. That doesn't fix anything. Just words. I gotta go.

He opens the door and walks out.

CUT TO:

In the den, Husband unscrews a light fixture, checks the BULB.

(CONTINUED)

HUSBAND (cont'd)

Shit.

He walks to the front door. Wife is in the kitchen.

HUSBAND (cont'd)

Yeah, they're halogen. I got to run up and get a pack.

WIFE

Wait a second.

He pauses as she approaches, something on her mind:

HUSBAND

Oh, now you want to talk...I'm headed out the door?

WIFE

I just want to say that I hope today is better and that I do love you.

We're back where we started. Except slightly different:

HUSBAND

Damn it, Jill. This is worthless. Doesn't fix anything. I'll be back.

He opens the door. Steps out.

CUT TO: 10 seconds ago:

He's at the door. She walks to him.

HUSBAND (cont'd)

Leave me alone, Jillian. Not now.

WIFE

I want this to be a good day. I love you.

He opens the door. It repeats again:

WIFE (cont'd)

I think you were right about a lot of things and I hope today is peaceful-

HUSBAND

It's just words. Doesn't fix anything.

He relives variations of this dialogue over and over.

- 105 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - INTERCUT - DAY
Husband is still piecing it together. Then one more...
- 106 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - DAY
He walks out again. This time it plays out longer:
He gets half way to the car, scanning the front lawn. He turns back to see her waiting in the doorway.
- HUSBAND
I'll get some washers for that
sprinkler head. All right?
- She nods. He walks away.
- 107 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - INTERCUT - DAY
A NURSE holds the door open, letting Husband into the room. There is no urgency. Wife is still. An INTEBATION TUBE has been removed. Husband stays at the foot of the bed.
Against the wall Wesley is near tears, connected emotionally.
- 108 EXT. PIGPEN - INTERCUT - DAY
He's picking out notes on the synth. Chord structures loop and grow, heightening to a crescendo.
Then he stops it all except for one SMALL REPEATING NOTE.
- 109 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - INTERCUT - DAY
Husband has arrived back at his home. He sits upright on the couch alone, staring, in shock.
The note stops.
- 110 EXT. PIGPEN - INTERCUT - DAY
Wesley leans over in his chair, drained. Finished.

111 INT. SIGN STORE - DAY

Jeff walks in, scans the counter. Kris isn't there.

BACK ROOM

She's on a break talking to a coworker. We can see Jeff way up front. Her head suddenly lifts a bit. Without looking she knows he's near. It's a pleasant thought. She dwells on it...

KRIS

I need to go up front.

112 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - NIGHT

Kris and Jeff sit at the rear of car, watching a WOMAN KNIT:

JEFF

She's a...former Senator. Nobel winner. But her category was mittens. And she just never found a way to monetize it so she takes the train. Continues her research.

They play a game, guessing what's wrong with people. A MAN:

KRIS

He's divorced. Cause she cheated.

She checks Jeff's response. It's a subtle: No.

KRIS

Or he did. He cheated.

No.

KRIS (cont'd)

He has these anger issues, couldn't cope.

Hmmm. Interesting but no.

KRIS (cont'd)

Alcoholic.

Wow, close.

KRIS (cont'd)

No, but a substance of some kind. An illegal kind.

He admits it with silence.

113 EXT. TRAIN STATION - NEXT - NIGHT

They walk away from the station into the night.

KRIS

I would think there are some marriages that could survive that. Maybe.

JEFF

Maybe. But...

KRIS

Not yours.

JEFF

Not ours. From her perspective everything flipped just like that. The guy she thought she married turned out to be somebody else, a junkie basically. The savings she thought we were building, the plans, reset to zero. Lights turn on. I'm on a bender holed up in a hotel in Reno.

BEAT

KRIS

You do a program or something?

JEFF

At ACS. See? Problem, solution. Done and done. And you thought you weren't into me.

114 EXT. KRIS' RUNDOWN APARTMENT - NEXT - NIGHT

She's trying to say goodnight. He's not. They hover close.

KRIS

I have to open the store.

JEFF

Not that early. I bet...

KRIS

No, I'm lucky to have that job.

JEFF

The sign store job. You're lucky?

(CONTINUED)

KRIS

It's not my fault when it goes
wrong.

*
*

JEFF

Yes it is.

*

115 INT. KRIS' RUNDOWN APARTMENT/ KITCHEN - NEXT - NIGHT

They kiss, getting aggressive.

BEDROOM

They're asleep in her bed.

On Jeff's left and Kris' right ankle we see MATCHING SCARS:
a circle with an odd "+" in the middle.

We crane above Kris and Jeff until we see they are now not
on the bed at all but instead on a bed sheet laid on the...

116 EXT. PIGPEN - MORNING

...GROUND. They stay asleep, surrounded by pigs.

PAN OVER to see Wesley pushing a WHEELBARROW to the pen.

He pours several bags of feed into the TROUGH. As the pigs
jockey for position, he tosses in some BROWN BANANAS, etc.

The pigs FEAST greedily.

117 INT. KRIS' RUNDOWN APARTMENT/ KITCHEN - MORNING

SCRAMBLED EGGS SIZZLE in a pan. They make breakfast.

Jeff butters toast, gets jam from the fridge. Kris' eyes
follow him back and forth. When he gets close she lunges at
him for a brief kiss, almost desperate. Then nervous.

118 INT. CHAIN HOTEL/ JEFF'S ROOM - NIGHT

They enter the room. Jeff shows her around.

KRIS (OFF SCREEN)

Why do you live in hotels?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (OFF SCREEN)

I do the books for a group that owns a few of them so...it's sort of a perk.

She's sitting on the bed, her jacket still on, not comfortable. He reads a room service menu.

KRIS

Right but why do you choose to?

JEFF

Are you hungry? You got to be.

119 INT. CHAIN HOTEL/ RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NEXT - NIGHT

He leads her by the hand to the back entrance to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

The place is empty. They eat burgers they made themselves.

KRIS

They always remind me of family vacations. I think it's the smell, the chlorine or bleach on the sheets. Glasses in plastic.

JEFF

There was this place in Vermont we would go when we were kids. It was some sort of colonial historical site- museums and you know...but what stands out is the hotel we would stay at had an indoor pool and this was just the biggest deal in the world for us, for my brothers. I mean indoor...and you can swim. We would lose it.

She looks at him, almost troubled, scrutinizing.

JEFF (cont'd)

What? What are you thinking?

She waves it off. Nothing.

120 EXT. WESLEY'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

Wesley is bringing in GROCERIES from the car. He sees something in the pen that causes him to halt for a second. He watches before moving on.

121 EXT. PIGPEN - NEXT - DAY

He approaches with a BAG OF PEANUTS, eating a few. He stops at the fence, watching...

In a corner of the pen TWO PIGS, K and J have isolated themselves from the others. K lies down and J looks like he's standing guard.

Wesley moves to them while staying outside the fence. He throws a couple peanuts on the ground. J gobbles them up.

Wesley throws some more, this time closer to the rest of the pigs. J moves in that direction but won't go past a certain point. Other pigs finally come for the peanuts. J gives them a LOW GRUNT, warding them off. Wesley's not happy with this.

WESLEY

No! No!

He throws the whole bag, trying to coax J away from K.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Go. Go! Get!

122 INT. CHAIN HOTEL/ JEFF'S ROOM - MORNING

Jeff's cell phone BUZZES on the desk, a message.

From the bed Kris notices and looks to the bathroom where Jeff is showering.

CUT TO:

Out and dressed now, he's putting on a tie.

KRIS

You have a message.

JEFF

Oh, thank you.

He checks it. She waits. He goes back to getting ready.

(CONTINUED)

KRIS
Are you going?

For a second he pretends to not understand, but:

KRIS
To the banquet.

JEFF
Oh, you know. It'll be like work.
It's people from work. For three
hours. Feels like...work.

He sees she was hoping for a different answer...

JEFF (cont'd)
I thought we could go though. If
you want.

She tries to hide how happy this makes her.

JEFF (cont'd)
Do you want to?

Yes, more than anything but she can only nod and smile.

123 INT. TAXI - DUSK

Kris, DRESSED for the party, enjoys the ride DOWNTOWN.

124 INT. CERULEAN PLAZA HOTEL/ LOBBY - NEXT - DUSK

Jeff waits for her, keeping an eye on the front.

A COWORKER approaches, introduces his DATE, heads inside.

Jeff stays, waiting, thinking, worried.

125 EXT. CERULEAN PLAZA HOTEL - NEXT - DUSK

The taxi arrives. Jeff opens the door for Kris and pays. She
takes in the hotel, ready to walk in...

...but he needs to talk, points away from the hotel and...

...leads her by the hand across the street, dodging
traffic...

126 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NEXT - DUSK

They're at a small table. Kris waits for him to speak as he nervously removes the PAPER WRAPPERS from straws.

JEFF

I...I like you so much.

KRIS

Shit. You kidding me? I bought a dress-

He holds up a hand to keep her calm. She's got the wrong idea.

JEFF

I have been very careful not to...lie. But through omission you may have gotten the wrong- I gave you a different impression than is...real. And if we walk into that hotel you're gonna know.

Kris looks to the door like she might bolt. She doesn't.

KRIS

Okay...

JEFF

I'm not an advisor. I don't broker. I do...interdepartmental reports.

KRIS

That still sounds impressive-

JEFF

It's not. I work with interns. Alongside interns. Craig pays me in cash to keep me off their books cause if there was an audit I'm a liability.

Kris almost smiles, relieved, but still wonders...

KRIS

I don't...what does that last part mean-

JEFF

I stole money, Kris. From a client. Shifted it from account to account until I could grab it.

(CONTINUED)

KRIS

Because of...Reno?

JEFF

Lost my broker's license. And they covered for me but if I was anybody else, didn't have a relationship with Craig or his brother I'd be in prison. I'm lucky to have that job.

KRIS

License.

She stares at his hands. He has made a CHAIN with the straw wrappers like she made with Evan. But she doesn't remember.

KRIS

That was smart...waiting to tell me. Cause what am I gonna do now?

JEFF

I'm sorry.

KRIS

I think you might be using that wrong.

127 INT. CHAIN HOTEL/ JEFF'S ROOM - DAWN

Jeff sleeps. Kris pours a cup of room service coffee.

CUT TO:

She sits near his feet, drinking, looking at his ankle, the WORM SCAR. She's not alarmed. She's seen it before. She runs a finger over her own, grazes his. He stirs.

JEFF

Morning.

She stays on his ankle, in a daze....

KRIS

I might be pregnant.

128 INT. WESLEY'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Wesley holds headphones to one ear and a cellphone to the other, discussing the symphony with someone:

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

They're not following the composition, they're following what they played last season or a year before...right they ARE professional so they should be able to read the page without bringing their own- yes, I know. Tomorrow then. Good night.

He hangs up, continues playback, but then stops it, listening:

LOUD PIG GRUNTS erupt from outside. WOOD BREAKING.

He steps to the window, flips on the lights over the pen.

He scans with binoculars.

129 EXT. PIGPEN - DAY

He carries a few 8-foot lengths of wood to the fence.

He inspects the damage: CRACKED FENCE POST and BOARDS.

He looks into the pen: K and J still isolated from the rest.

He starts repairs, pulling off the damaged wood.

CUT TO:

Wesley walks with a VET into the pen toward K and J.

WESLEY

...won't let anyone near them. They crowd back in the corner. Violent...

VET

If I had to guess...here get him, hold him back...if I had to guess...

CUT TO:

Vet is feeling K's belly. Wesley holds J back with rope.

VET (cont'd)

Yeah, she has a litter on the way. They can get very protective. Might explain. But you've had litters here? Surely.

(CONTINUED)

WESLEY

Yeah, just never had them break my damn fence. Never seen the parents behave so...

Vet is scanning the pen, seems to have a question.

WESLEY (cont'd)

No, I don't keep them around.

Wesley wants this conversation over, starts heading back.

VET

Well, I was going to say if you ever-

WESLEY

There's a fellow down the way buys them off me.

VET

I see. If you do need another buyer I know a petting farm always needs piglets...

WESLEY

Oh, sure, sure. Thank you so much.

130 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE/ EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Kris sits in a gown across from a female OBGYN.

OBGYN

First off. You...are not pregnant.

KRIS

No, I took a test. I am.

OBGYN

Well, you can't always trust those. And the HCG in your blood tells us that you are not. So that's more definitive.

Kris isn't buying this. Pompous doctors...

KRIS

Uh-huh. Okay.

OBGYN

Now I want to make sure we have correct records. You didn't list it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OBGYN (cont'd)
in your questionnaire, but have you
had any surgical procedures on your
pelvic area?

KRIS
No. I would have put that down.

OBGYN
Maybe a cyst was removed? Biopsy?
Kris shakes her head no. Why is she asking?

OBGYN
Okay.

Obgyn exits politely, leaving Kris with questions. She can
hear Obgyn in the hall telling a nurse:

OBGYN (OFF SCREEN)
Let's get her a pelvic CT and white
cell count. Put...sonogram
inconclusive.

131 INT. CAT SCAN MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT

Obgyn consults with a COLLEAGUE in front of MONITORS showing
CT SCANS. They point to a DARK VOID on the screen:

COLLEAGUE
I'd say post cancer. This is where
they removed the tumor, this
cavity.

OBGYN
Mm-hmm. She says no.

COLLEAGUE
No what? Someone was in there.
Trauma here...and here.

OBGYN
Mm-hmm. How are you supposed to
help someone like that?

132 INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Kris is on the table, unconscious, wearing an anesthesia mask.

Obgyn makes an INCISION on her abdomen.

133 INT. WAITING AREA - INTERCUT - DAY

Jeff paces. He stops, alert to something beyond a far wall.

134 INT. OPERATING ROOM - INTERCUT - DAY

A LAPARASCOPE is fed into the cut.

A nearby MONITOR shows live video of the probe's progress.

135 INT. WAITING AREA - INTERCUT - DAY

Seated now, he's having a bad reaction, breathing heavily.

136 EXT. STREET - NEXT - DAY

He hurries across the street to a...

137 INT. BAR - NEXT - DAY

TWO EMPTY SHOT GLASSES sit before him. He downs a third and orders a fourth. It's settling him.

OBGYN (OFF SCREEN)

By all appearances, and this is Doctor Pear's opinion as well, you are a survivor of stage three endometrial cancer.

138 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK

Kris recovers in bed. Obgyn sits across from her:

OBGYN

The good news is there's no sign of any remaining carcinoma. Labs show you're in no immediate danger. But the trauma it left behind is significant.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

Alone, Kris changes out of the gown into clothes.

OBGYN (OFF SCREEN)
Well, I'm saying two things. It is highly unlikely given the state of the organs that you could ever become pregnant and...

139 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NEXT - DUSK

Kris wanders to the exit, trancelike, despondent.

OBGYN (OFF SCREEN)
...if by some miracle you were to conceive, the faculties are too damaged to carry a baby to term.

140 INT. TAXI - NEXT - DUSK

Jeff rides, scanning. He sees Kris walking, tells cabbie:

JEFF
Here, here, pull over.

141 EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS - DUSK

She turns a corner to start up the stairs to the platform. Jeff comes after her, desperate:

JEFF
Krissy! Krissy!

He runs up. She falls into him, breaks down.

JEFF (cont'd)
Why'd you go? I looked for you.

KRIS
I'm broken. Something happened to me...

JEFF
I know. I don't care. I don't care.

KRIS
No, you don't know. I pretended to show you how bad it is that it couldn't be worse but it's so much
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KRIS (cont'd)

worse. I can't see my niece and nephew. I started off with promise and could do things and accomplish but it was all a trick-

JEFF

Why can't you see them? Why?

KRIS

I'm not allowed, Jeff! I. flipped. over. My whole beginning was a fake out. This is who I've always been. How are you not seeing that?

JEFF

I don't see it! I don't see it. I need to marry you. I'm marrying you. I want a house and- I'm married to you. Right now. There's only us.

KRIS

I'm broken.

JEFF

I don't care. I don't care. You're the only one who knows me. I'm going to be so much better for you. I'm going to get a ring, we're going to get all the things we're supposed to. And we're going to-

KRIS

Can we get a car?

He smiles. Right now he'd do anything.

KRIS

Today?

142 EXT. RURAL ROAD NEAR REFINERY - NIGHT

Jeff and Kris sit in a BEAT-UP TERCEL with "FOR SALE" painted on the window. It's stopped at a FORK in the road near the 4 striped towers where Wesley left Kris.

143 INT. TERCEL - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Jeff looks around, trying to form an answer to:

KRIS
Do you know this place?

JEFF
I want to say yes for you. I want to.

KRIS
It's okay. Let me...if you had to pick a direction, one of these roads here...is there one you feel more...drawn to?

JEFF
Do you?

She wants his answer first. He looks again, really trying. He checks her face for clues and subtly gestures to the left.

This makes her happy. He must have guessed correctly.

The car takes off down the left road.

CUT TO:

They pull into the next fork in the road:

KRIS
Which way do you think? I say right.

JEFF
I say...right.

She looks at him. He looks back: what?

KRIS
Don't just say what I say and don't let my vote affect yours.

JEFF
Okay. What about you? You can't let-

KRIS
-and I won't let yours affect mine.

He smirks, not seeing how that's going to work.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

They pull into the next fork.

They write down their choices on INDEX CARDS and compare: "left" and "left". They go left.

CUT TO:

Next fork. Index cards: "right" and "right". It's working.

CUT TO:

Kris's expectations are dashed. The cards: "right" and "left".

She gets out, looking for clues on the horizon. From the car:

JEFF

Maybe you feel stronger than me. So we should just...

144 INT. C & L CROWNE FINANCIAL/ LIBRARY - DAY

Jeff sits at a computer, browsing Craigslist for houses. On screen is an AD with pictures of a SUBURBAN HOUSE.

He flicks the mouse and 12 ADS FAN OUT. The ICON travels over them until another is selected. On the next page we see the text: "2221 Point Merit" and "Call Danny".

Jeff searches "2221 point merit danny", clicks on a link. A page of home owner records comes up. Next to "2221 Point Merit" we see the name "Daniel Goudelin".

He searches "danny goudelin", finds an article on a local restaurant with a picture of a MAN standing proudly in front of "Goudelin's Eatery". The caption below reads: "Owner/ Proprietor Danny Goudelin".

Jeff thinks, begins muttering to himself. We barely hear:

JEFF

I had a failed business. I had a business collapse. Well, thanks. It was a restaurant. Um, there was a zoning issue.

145 INT. 2221 POINT MERIT - DAY

Jeff talks quietly with DANNY who is showing the EMPTY HOUSE.

JEFF

...thing is my personal credit is mixed up with my business which failed last year. It was leveraged pretty heavily and now there's no way to separate my social from the restaurant's tax id. So I thought if you're open to it we could-

DANNY

I actually run a restaurant myself.

JEFF

You're kidding. Then you know what I'm talking about.

DANNY

Oh, sure. Let's do this though. We can run your wife's credit, do it in her name.

Kris inspects the kitchen, faucet, lights, the TILED FLOOR.

JEFF (OFF SCREEN)

Same situation. But if you're willing I can pay cash for three months in advance plus last month of the lease...

146 EXT. PIGPEN - DAY

NEWBORN PIGLETS nurse from K. J stands nearby. The weather is clear here, but far off on the horizon is a DARK CLOUD FRONT.

Wesley watches from afar.

147 EXT. SIGN STORE/ ALLEYWAY - DAY

Kris takes out the trash. It's RAINING. A Coworker passes her:

COWORKER

Take your lunch yet?

(CONTINUED)

KRIS
Go ahead. I'll go when you're back.

COWORKER
You're a true friend, Krissy.

KRIS
Almost the only friend of human
progress.

NOTE TO READER: Yeah, that's weird. We'll get to it later.

148 INT. C & L CROWNE FINANCIAL/ CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jeff lays out REPORTS at each seat around an empty conference table. Intern 1 and 2 should be helping but talk instead.

149 INT. LIVESTOCK BUILDING - INTERCUT - DAY

Wesley pulls a POLE COLLAR off the wall.

150 EXT. PIGPEN - NEXT - DAY

The collar goes around J's head and CINCHES tight.

J GRUNTS and SQUEALS as Wesley pulls him to a remote pen.

151 INT. C & L CROWNE FINANCIAL - INTERCUT - DAY

Jeff carries a BOX of reports down an aisle. The Interns follow. Jeff is agitated, suspicious of them. He turns:

JEFF
What are you doing?

INTERN 1
We're not...what do you mean?

He stares at them, sure they're up to something. Angry.

JEFF
You guys are unbelievable.

INTERN 1
Jeff, we're really not...

Jeff turns, resumes walking. They drop back. He stops.

Suddenly he throws the box to the ground and charges back.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

They're stunned, speechless.

JEFF (cont'd)
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?!

He grabs Intern 1, trips him, throws him on his back, gets in his face, menacing.

Intern 2 moves to fend him off so Jeff swipes at him, missing.

Jeff tries to stand on Intern 1's throat, hoping to grab a piece of Intern 2. He gets his shirtsleeve and some hair.

JEFF (cont'd)
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?! HUH?!

Things come to an awkward pause. No one knows what to do.

Jeff releases them both and staggers away, getting scared now.

He heads for the elevator, loosening his collar and tie.

152 EXT. PIGPEN - INTERCUT - DAY

Wesley closes the gate on J who RAMS the post angrily.

153 INT. C & L CROWNE FINANCIAL - INTERCUT - DAY

Jeff is in the elevator. The DOORS are closing when he blocks them with his arm, holding them open, not ready to let go. He's getting worked up, thinking. Angrier.

He exits, storming down the row of offices to...

ALDERMAN'S OFFICE

At his desk Alderman hangs up the phone. Jeff stands just inside the doorway. The office is abuzz behind him.

JEFF
This won't work anymore. You're out.

ALDERMAN
What's going on here, Jeff?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

I just talked to Craig. Things are going back the way they were and I'm in here now. You need to pack and leave. Come on.

Alderman stands, wanting to reason with him.

ALDERMAN

Jeff...

Jeff VIOLENTLY STRIKES his palms together, posturing:

JEFF

COME ON!

Alderman calmly moves to the door, passing him.

ALDERMAN

Jeff, whatever you think is going on, people here aren't against you. We always-

In a flash, Jeff grabs him and SLAMS him into a cabinet.

JEFF

I didn't say talk to me! Leave!

154 EXT. SIGN STORE/ ALLEYWAY - INTERCUT - DAY

The door BANGS open and out comes Kris, frantically dialing her phone. She hurries down the alley. The call won't work.

She crouches next to a dumpster to concentrate on the phone, shielding it from the rain. It fails again.

KRIS

GODDAMN IT! Piece of shit!

She PUNCHES a discarded PLATE GLASS, shattering it.

155 EXT. PIGPEN - INTERCUT - DAY

Wesley loops the collar around K and fastens the pole to the nearest fence post. She fights it.

She KICKS and SQUEALS furiously as Wesley pulls each piglet from her teats and places them in a SACK.

156 INT. C & L CROWNE FINANCIAL - INTERCUT - DAY

Jeff surveys his reclaimed office, not sure what he's won. In his confusion something nags at him...

He pulls his phone from his pocket, holds it out like he's waiting for it to do something. Nothing.

He places it down on the desk and focuses on it:

JEFF

Ring. Ring.

He snaps out of it as a POLICE RADIO SQUAWKS far off.

He bolts towards the stairs.

157 INT. C & L CROWNE FINANCIAL/ PARKING GARAGE - NEXT - DAY

Jeff exits the stairway and hurries to his car.

158 INT. TERCEL - NEXT - DAY

He drives through downtown. His phone RINGS. He's ready:

JEFF

Where are you?

159 INT. CONCRETE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

KRIS

I don't know. I need you to help me.

Panicking, she looks down both ends of a blank corridor with intersecting halls. Her hand is now WRAPPED in BLOODY CLOTH.

INTERCUT

He pulls over. Thinks. Then, like he's reading a map:

JEFF

Go down.

KRIS

Which way?

JEFF

Straight. Past the chairs. Then left.

(CONTINUED)

He resumes driving, making a U-turn.

She moves down the hall, passes a row of CHAIRS, turns left.

JEFF (cont'd)
101B on the right. Brown door.

She opens it, but...

KRIS
No, it's just a room.

JEFF
You're cutting through it. Go on.

She moves to a door on the other side of the room, which leads to another hall and finally an exit outdoors. She opens it:

The Tercel comes screeching to halt in front of her.

JEFF (cont'd)
Let's go!

They drive away from what we now see is his office building.

JEFF (cont'd)
Why are you at my office?!

She looks back at the building:

KRIS
I didn't know it was.

JEFF
Where are we going? Home? Home!?

KRIS
Home.

160 EXT. KRIS & JEFF'S HOUSE - NEXT - DAY

The Tercel POPS the curb, careening into the driveway.

They rush through the front door, slamming it behind them.

We hear them frantically rummaging for things they need.

161 INT. KRIS & JEFF'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

They rush from the kitchen to the garage to a hall closet. We're always too late to see exactly what they're doing:

JEFF

No, no, I've got it, I've got it.
Get that! Come on!

They end up in the BATHROOM. The DOOR slams. Then SILENCE.

BATHROOM

Jugs of water are stashed on the floor next to a loaf of bread and some fruit. Kris' HANDGUN lies on a towel at the ready as well as an AXE. Furniture barricades the door.

Kris and Jeff nest in the tub, now lined with BLANKETS. They watch the door fearfully, holding each other, waiting.

162 EXT. CREEK BRIDGE - INTERCUT - DAY

Wesley's truck pulls to the middle of the bridge, 30 feet above the water.

He grabs the sack from the truck bed and TOSSES it over...

...where it PLUNGES UNDERWATER. The piglets SQUIRM VIOLENTLY in the sack as it rises to the surface, floating downstream.

163 EXT. CREEK - NEXT - DAY

Further downstream the sack floats over tiny falls then calm water until it gets snagged on a TREE BRANCH.

It rests there on the water. Lifeless.

164 INT. KRIS & JEFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

All is quiet and dark. The bathroom door opens. They exit.

CUT TO:

Kris WEEPS inconsolably on the couch. Jeff sits, seething.

He gets up, grabs the AXE.

165 EXT. KRIS & JEFF'S HOUSE/ BACK YARD - DAWN

Jeff chops down a medium-sized TREE. After a few final WHACKS, he pushes it over, wearily watching it fall.

Beyond him we see the previous 4 TREES he has CUT DOWN.

166 EXT. CREEK - DAWN

The branch is tearing a HOLE in the sack as it jostles.

Eventually, the piglet CARCASSES float out and downstream.

167 EXT. CREEK/ ROCKY BANK - DAY

CARCASS #1 gets caught up in a small bank of rocks.

168 EXT. CREEK/ DRAINAGE DITCH - DAY

CARCASS #2 gets stuck in eddies, rests against a LARGE DRAIN.

169 INT. KRIS & JEFF'S HOUSE/ BATHROOM - DUSK

WATER SWIRLS down the bathtub drain. Kris places a STOPPER over it. She's drawing a bath.

CUT TO:

Immersed in the now-full tub, she stares off, miserable.

170 EXT. CREEK/ ROCKY BANK - INTERCUT - DUSK

Carcass #1, waterlogged, sinks below the surface until it comes to rest on the creek bed surrounded by rocks.

171 INT. KRIS & JEFF'S HOUSE/ BATHROOM - INTERCUT - DUSK

Kris sinks underwater, almost unaware that she's doing it. Her EYES stay transfixed at some point miles away.

172 EXT. CREEK/ DRAINAGE DITCH - INTERCUT - DUSK

Carcass #2 also sinks, also rests at the bottom.

173 INT. KRIS & JEFF'S HOUSE/ BATHROOM - INTERCUT - DUSK

Kris lies completely still, staring underwater. Seconds go by.

Suddenly, she emerges, remembering to breathe, GASPING.

174 INT. KRIS & JEFF'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kris is curled up on the floor, not watching the TV that lights her. Despondent. Jeff watches her from the next room:

JEFF

We should go on a trip. Get somewhere.

CUT TO:

He's lying next to her on the floor now. They whisper:

KRIS

Where would we go?

JEFF

Somewhere...bright.

KRIS

Maybe to Vermont. To that place you know.

JEFF

Yeah, maybe.

KRIS

How do you get there?

He's confused and suspects she's toying with him.

KRIS

How do you get to the place your family used to go? In Vermont. The vacation.

Now he's sure of it:

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
You drive, Kris.

KRIS
What road?

JEFF
I'd have to get a map.

KRIS
You don't remember?

JEFF
Some...country road. I was six.

She pauses, giving him every chance before she unloads:

KRIS
I was six. You go through three covered bridges made of red-painted wood and after the second one we stop for samples at the old taffy factory and that's how you know you're halfway there.

JEFF
I don't...I don't know. I was a kid.

KRIS
I was a kid. It was me. You took it.

JEFF
I don't know what- doesn't prove anything.

KRIS
It proves you may be in my head, but you're still too stupid to understand me. Or anything.

CUT TO:

They're standing now. He's walking away. Louder.

JEFF
And what about the trampoline...and Mick?

KRIS
That's you. That's yours.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Oh, thank you. And Renny? Renny. Almost drowned me? Then lied to his mom about it?

KRIS

Me. That's mine. That happened to me.

JEFF

Kris...Mick and Renny were best friends! Explain that! How would I know one and-

KRIS

They weren't friends. They never met. You pushed them together.

He gets quiet, shakes his head: This is idiotic.

KRIS

Where would you get...cocaine?

JEFF

I'm sorry, where would I what?!

KRIS

If you wanted it. I know you don't because you're recovering. But if you did...where would you?

JEFF

You're a prize, Kris. A real treasure.

KRIS

Shouldn't be that hard. You're an addict. Had a huge addiction. Blew your savings, your marriage. Ruined your life. Some story about running off to Reno to hit bottom. You must crave it all the time. Where would you get it? Or is it possible that you don't know the first thing about-

JEFF

There's guys at ACS. They come to group. But they're not done. They don't engage. Everybody knows. They still sell. So...

(CONTINUED)

KRIS

So you'd get it from them?

JEFF

Yeah.

KRIS

So the best place you can think of to get a fix for you're horrible addiction is the same place you started going to get over the supposed addiction?

JEFF

I don't think I like that word 'supposed'.

He walks away again, searching DRAWERS as he goes.

KRIS

Yeah, you got bigger problems than vocabulary. How do you use? You snort it? How much? Inject it? With what exactly? Use one of those spoons? You have a kit? Where do you get it? And don't say the goddamn meetings!

He's found a FOLDER he was looking for. He lays it out for her, showing RECEIPTS one by one:

JEFF

Seven Wonders Hotel and Casino, Reno, Nevada. Eight nights. Boat rental, Lake Tahoe. Guess I felt nautical, don't remember. Buffet for one, Cairo Lounge. Rental car. Splurged for the SUV. Here, you want some stationary. A pen?

She looks them over, her premise dissolving.

JEFF (cont'd)

I used to buy from a guy called Henry Lincoln, Craig's brother-in-law. He always had it, was around enough. Pretty easy. This is the most fun I've had in a while.

175 EXT. CREEK/ ROCKY BANK - DAY

Carcass #1 has decayed. Only a SMALL HOOF is recognizable in the mass of rotting flesh. EMBEDDED in what was once the abdomen is a golf ball-sized SPORE.

176 EXT. CREEK/ DRAINAGE DITCH - DAY

Another spore lies near Carcass #2.

Suddenly, it SHOOTs out a TURQUOISE POWDER in all directions.

The powder clouds the water as it RISES to the surface.

It clumps on the water, accumulating against the grassy bank.

Growing on the bank is a patch of 30 WHITE ORCHIDS. *

177 EXT. WOODS - DAWN

Elise (70) and her granddaughter Phoebe (15) search among the trees for something, wearing BACKPACKS and SMALL GARDEN TOOLS.

PHOEBE

Gram. Gram, what about this?

She's found a patch of WILD YELLOW FLOWERS. Elise crouches next to her, inspecting:

ELISE

Oh, yes. These are lovely.

PHOEBE

Should I take some?

Elise is looking elsewhere, not able to hide her disinterest.

ELISE

Certainly. Put them in with yours.
I'll go ahead to the bankside.

Phoebe smiles, appreciating the false politeness. They depart.

178 EXT. CREEK/ DRAINAGE DITCH - NEXT - DAWN

They look down the embankment to a PATCH OF WHITE ORCHIDS.
Elise smiles, having found it:

ELISE

Do you see? In the middle?

She walks down, followed by Phoebe.

CUT TO:

They kneel, digging up several TURQUOISE ORCHIDS that grow
amidst the white ones and packing them in soil and burlap.

179 EXT. CABIN/ FRONT PORCH - DUSK

Phoebe plays a GAME on her phone, stopping when Elise sits
down next to her to enjoy the air.

ELISE

Don't stop for me. Do you worry
you'll miss a call?

PHOEBE

You mean...because I'm playing a
game?

Phoebe finds her ignorance sweet but doesn't let on:

PHOEBE

No, I'm not worried.

ELISE

Did you write today?

PHOEBE

I opened it. But...nothing really
happened today.

ELISE

Of course it did. We scouted. Had a
great breakfast. Saw mayflies- a
storm of them.

Phoebe smiles, not really inspired, but...

180 INT. CABIN/ DINING ROOM - NEXT - DUSK

Phoebe sits at the table in front of an open JOURNAL. The page is blank. She flips a pencil over and over.

Beyond her Elise prepares dinner in the kitchen.

181 INT. CABIN - DAY

Phoebe is working on an ELABORATE FLORAL ARRANGEMENT. RIBBONS, SOIL, many different kinds of PLANTS and FLOWERS lay on the table in front of her. She references a HAND-DRAWN PLAN, a SKETCH, and a PHOTOGRAPH of an arrangement taken years ago.

She unwraps two turquoise orchids from burlap, cuts the stems.

CUT TO:

She takes a picture of the FINISHED ARRANGEMENT with a phone.

CUT TO:

She disassembles the arrangement. Each flower is packed in WET NEWSPAPER, rolled in CLEAR FILM, and placed in a separate BOX. Then the boxes go in a RED COOLER. Phoebe stops, seeing:

An INCHWORM is on an orchid, chewing into the blue pigment.

She checks the soil still in the burlap: SEVERAL WORMS.

182 INT. GREENHOUSE - NEXT - DAY

She holds one out for Elise to see. She's not surprised:

ELISE

I see. And they're all like that?

PHOEBE

I've only opened two and they're infested.

ELISE

Spray them down. Salvage the best...three.

She finds a BOTTLE of homemade bug spray for Phoebe.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE
 Throw the rest out?

 ELISE
 No.

183 EXT. PLANT NURSERY - DAY

The leftover turquoise orchids, now in plastic pots, are mixed among other wildflowers on one of 4 PALETTES in the back of Elise's station wagon. Each pot has an "E + P EXOTICS" STICKER. Phoebe and a nursery employee unload them, stacking the palettes at the rear of the building.

*
*

Elise waits in the passenger seat, the red cooler behind her.

CUT TO:

Finished, Phoebe gets into the driver's seat.

 ELISE
 Receipt?

 PHOEBE
 They didn't give me one.

 ELISE
 You'll always have to ask.

184 EXT. HIGHWAY - NEXT - DAY

Phoebe drives. Elise has nodded off against the window.

CUT TO:

 ELISE
 Why not...if the other girls like
 him?

 PHOEBE
 So I should go along with whatever
 random girls say?

 ELISE
 No, I'm asking why. The boy doesn't
 matter. You will have to pare down
 a wide selection to get one that
 does. I'm asking for the reason.

Phoebe shakes her head, unsure.

(CONTINUED)

ELISE

Is he ugly? Is he an ugly boy,
dear?

This cracks Phoebe up. Crazy grandma.

PHOEBE

He's not pretty.

ELISE

Then write that down.

PHOEBE

I can't. I left it. I'm sorry.

185 EXT. GAS STATION - NEXT - DAY

Phoebe pours more BAGS OF ICE into the cooler, letting WATER drain from its spout. Gas is pumping.

Elise returns to the car from the store with a SHOPPING BAG. She drops it on the front seat: A NEW JOURNAL and PENS.

186 EXT. CERULEAN PLAZA HOTEL - DUSK

They wait as a PORTER transfers their LUGGAGE and the red cooler to a roller. He follows them inside.

187 INT. KRIS & JEFF'S HOUSE - DAY

The refrigerator is DRIPPING WATER onto the tiled floor.

Kris crouches down, inspecting. The water pools, slowly spreading throughout the channels of grout in the tile.

She moves to the outer edge of the spread where a single STREAM is creeping towards a 4-way split. She's captivated by it, which says more about her mood than anything. She sets down a HALF-FINISHED GLASS OF WINE on the floor, waiting.

The water finally meets the junction and does what we expect, following each of the 3 new channels. She studies them.

188 INT. CERULEAN PLAZA HOTEL/ GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Phoebe refills TWO GLASSES from a WINE BOX. She turns to Elise who has tried on a new dress, waiting for a critique.

PHOEBE

Love it. Very you. Perfect. I have a pair of hose for you instead of those socks.

ELISE

No. I like socks.

BALCONY

They enjoy the air, the wine, city sounds. Phoebe has the new journal open on her lap, pen in hand.

PHOEBE

Gram, I don't think you could explain any of these things either. Like, you quit smoking and my mom can't. Why? I mean why, uh, why'd you pick that car when all you do is complain about the color? Why'd you marry grandpa? Why anything.

That last one resonates with Elise.

PHOEBE

It's impossible to know for most things.

ELISE

No, not impossible. But it will be, looking back. That's why you keep a record.

189 INT. KRIS & JEFF'S HOUSE - DAY

Kris is tipsy now. She's balancing herself like a tightrope walker, arms out at her side, wine glass in one hand.

ELISE (OFF SCREEN)

If not you'll say oh I must have been thinking this or that or maybe I'm just that kind of person. It'll be a blank white page and you'll mark it up with best guesses. And after that...

She moves from one floor tile to the next in the row, one foot per tile, keeping straight. Then another and another.

(CONTINUED)

ELISE (OFF SCREEN) (cont'd)
...after that happens I don't know
if you can ever change it. The
words become you.

On the next step her foot hovers over the tile, not ready to land. Slowly it MOVES OVER to an adjacent tile on the right. Again it hovers there like she's not sure if it will support her. She TOUCHES DOWN and slowly rests more weight on it, then moves the other foot over. A tiny change has occurred.

190 INT. H & R BLOCK - DAY

Wearing an EMPLOYEE SHIRT, Jeff helps a couple with taxes.

191 INT. KRIS & JEFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeff arrives home, drops his bag, walks to the kitchen, sees:

Kris waits for him, her hair changed back to DARK BROWN. She wears her former OFFICE CLOTHES. He's surprised, suspicious.

JEFF
Goodness.

KRIS
You like it? The color?

JEFF
Yeah, it's...beautiful. Goodness.
What are you wearing?

KRIS
This is how I dress.

JEFF
No, it isn't.

She sits him down with something to say:

KRIS
I'm not sick. My mind is healthy.
There is no imbalance chemically.

JEFF
Dr. Weitz said that?

KRIS
No. I haven't seen him in five
months.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Who then? You seeing a new- who told you that?

She stares at him until he gets it.

JEFF (cont'd)

You stopped taking your meds?

She doesn't say no. She's staying calm, knowing he won't.

JEFF (cont'd)

How long?

KRIS

Eight months. Eight months and I've been fine. No highs and lows. Just...normal.

JEFF

Yeah. Was it normal when you locked us in the bathroom with a handgun?

KRIS

We did that. We locked ourselves in. We-

JEFF

Now I'm realizing. Now it makes some kind of sense. You show up at my work. You're manic. I feed off it. It's delusional. No wonder-

KRIS

It was us.

JEFF

It was you!

KRIS

You're rewriting it.

JEFF

Oh. Oh.

He suddenly stands up violently, kicking the chair over.

CUT TO:

He rummages through her medicine cabinet, drawers, her purse, until he finds the PILL BOTTLE.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

She's still in her seat as he steps back into the dining room. He calmly returns the chair to its place, sits, puts the bottle in front of her. He maintains his composure:

JEFF (cont'd)

You. Will. Take- I am not doing this shit. You will take these...as prescribed. Or. You will never...see me...again.

CUT TO:

He storms out the front door.

She flushes the pills down the toilet.

192 INT. CERULEAN PLAZA HOTEL/ BANQUET HALL - DAY

A GARDEN SHOW AND FLOWER COMPETITION is being held. Tables are lined with horticulture products, publications, and flowers.

Along a wall are the FLORAL ARRANGEMENTS in competition. 3 JUDGES are inspecting them, taking notes, discussing.

They arrive at Phoebe's creation. They seem to like it, paying close attention to the orchids at the center.

From a ways back, Phoebe and Elise watch, squeezing hands.

CUT TO:

It's won a BLUE RIBBON. Phoebe chats with a Judge.

JUDGE

What is this beautiful orchid? The turquoise? What is it called? Tremendous.

PHOEBE

I don't think it has a name. We have them up on a bit of land my family has.

Elise watches from a distance. She shares a smile with Phoebe.

JUDGE

It's so easy, just a little paperwork. In fact I'll put you in touch with a flora taxonomist I've used that can walk you through it,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE (cont'd)

but hey if it is a new species they let you name it after whoever found it. You could have your very own flower.

PHOEBE

It'd be my Granddad Walter's then. We'd name it after him. He used to give them to my grandma when they were courting.

Elise looks worried at this.

193 INT. CERULEAN PLAZA HOTEL/ LOBBY - NEXT - DAY

Phoebe enters with the ribbon, looks for Elise, and finds her sitting at a table with a drink, solemn.

We focus on Elise's ANKLES which are crossed tight. We stay on them, the SOCKS.

CUT TO:

Phoebe takes a seat across from her trying to understand a newfound tension between them. A WAITER stands nearby:

ELISE

She'll have an iced tea.

PHOEBE

Diet coke.

Phoebe doesn't get Elise's stoic demeanor. She thinks it's the ribbon and slides it over.

PHOEBE (cont'd)

Take it. I don't even...take it if that's what's wron-

ELISE

We're not going to name anything after him.

Phoebe looks past her, trying to solve this.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Name it for yourself. Your mother. Don't name it. Doesn't matter, not him.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

Why, Gram?

Elise just stares back. There's not going to be an answer.

PHOEBE (cont'd)

Gram.

Seconds pass.

PHOEBE (cont'd)

Gram.

And again. Brutal, quiet, haunting.

PHOEBE (cont'd)

Why?

194 INT. SIGN STORE/ BACK OFFICE - DAY

Kris speaks to her BOSS.

KRIS

I just don't want to be, um,
sneaking around or saying I'm at
lunch when-

BOSS

No, I think it's great. It's good
for you.

KRIS

Yeah?

BOSS

Of course. Who are you interviewing
with?

KRIS

I'm so glad. One does print design
and the other, which I think is a
better fit, is in post production.

FRONT AREA

Kris helps a CUSTOMER, retrieves an order from the counter:

KRIS (cont'd)

No, no I have them. Let me, here
they are. You put down 50 folders
but only 5 cover sheets and I
couldn't reach you so...

(CONTINUED)

CUSTOMER

Oh, thank you. You saved my life. I don't know what I- you're a true friend.

KRIS

Friend of human progress. You're welcome.

Customer doesn't know what that means but gets out politely. Kris is left embarrassed. What did I just say?

CUT TO:

She searches the phrase "friend of human progress" on her phone. Up pops a listing for "WALDEN by Henry David Thoreau".

She reads the full quote aloud:

KRIS (cont'd)

A true friend of man; almost the only friend of human progress.

195 INT. BOOKSTORE - NEXT - DAY

She searches the shelves, pulls out a copy of Walden.

CUT TO:

Seated, she holds the copy open, looking off, having read something that scares her a bit. She's unsure what to do.

196 INT. CERULEAN PLAZA HOTEL/ ELEVATOR AREA - DAY

ELEVATOR DOORS open, revealing Wesley inside. He studies a NOTEBOOK, unaware of the open doors until they almost close.

He puts up an arm to keep them open and exits.

197 INT. CERULEAN PLAZA HOTEL/ LOBBY - NEXT - DAY

He sits in a chair, still in his notebook. A young man, VOLUNTEER, approaches:

VOLUNTEER

Mr. Van Kraus?

Wesley looks up.

198 INT. SUV - NEXT - DAY

Volunteer drives. Wesley eyes the downtown high-rises.

VOLUNTEER
How do you like it?

Wesley isn't sure what that means.

VOLUNTEER
I know you work, or you write I
mean, out of town. How do you find
the city?

WESLEY
It has its place.

199 INT. MUSIC HALL - NEXT - DAY

They enter on an upper level, looking out over the hall.

Wesley scans from the floor seats to the balconies.

WESLEY
They've refinished the second tier
there...at the exit.

VOLUNTEER
Yes sir. That was done end of last
year.

WESLEY
They use the same materials? Same
timber?

VOLUNTEER
Uh, great question. I'll look into
that.

CUT TO:

Wesley sets up a GREY BOX on stage and steps away.

He hits a button on a REMOTE. A LOUD TONE emits from the
grey box, echoing against the back of the hall, dying down
after a few seconds. He turns his head and tests again.

CUT TO:

Again he tests the acoustics, this time from a floor seat.

CUT TO:

One more test from the very back seat in the highest balcony.

200 INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

Wesley directs a small group of Violinists rehearsing PRECISE STACCATO BLASTS. He listens.

CUT TO:

He's in a conversation with the most vocal one, LEAH (30):

WESLEY

This is- that's exactly right...

LEAH

...but it leaves no room for expression-

WESLEY

That's exactly right. Your complaint is exactly the right thing to be complaining about. Perfect. Strings have to be that. Every. Loop. Perfect. No not perfect, identical. However you start has to be repeated forever, good or bad. Because over here with choral and timber we're organic and we need a gauge, something to contrast or it's all just a moving mess.

LEAH

Then use a metronome. Get a synthesizer.

The other players are quiet. Leah might have crossed a line. The room is tense. Wesley stays calm, even amused.

201 EXT. MUSIC HALL STEPS - NIGHT

The two sit alone, intimate. She takes a sip of his COFFEE:

WESLEY

We could do it artificially, throw it to percussion et cetera. That would be easy. The challenge is to reproduce it in the analog. Remove passion from where it shows up naturally.

(CONTINUED)

LEAH

You can't say it's worth doing just because it's difficult. That's confusing two separate ideas. Were you born into money? Rich people always use the word challenge when they want everyone else to do something hard.

WESLEY

No, we weren't rich.

LEAH

Poor?

WESLEY

Uh...it rose and fell with the price of pork. My dad was a pig farmer.

LEAH

No shit. Now it's coming together.

202 INT. MUSIC HALL - DAY

Wesley conducts a FULL ORCHESTRA rehearsal on stage.

Among the violinists Leah plays with intense concentration.

A few seconds of CONTINUOUSLY HEIGHTENING NOTES before Wesley stops the whole thing. He stares at the floor, the room quiet.

He looks to Leah, but she already knows:

WESLEY

You're done.

She packs up, walks off.

203 INT. CHAIN HOTEL/ CHECK-IN - NIGHT

Jeff passes through, gets almost to the elevators when...

CLERK

Jeff. Jeff.

Busy on the phone, he points to a WRAPPED PACKAGE on the desk.

ELEVATOR

(CONTINUED)

Jeff tears the wrapping, pausing for just a moment before deciding to remove it entirely: a copy of WALDEN.

HOTEL ROOM

He sits on the edge of the bed, book open.

JEFF (OFF SCREEN)
There was something I didn't
know...

204 INT. KRIS & JEFF'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

Now on their bed, he struggles for words. Kris listens.

JEFF
...and I filled it with something I
made up and now I can't tell the
difference. But if none of it's
true, if it's all a fiction I
built...something has to go in its
place...or how are we meant to...

KRIS
All you have to say is you don't
know.

His eyes water. He looks like he may say it.

205 INT. KRIS & JEFF'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - MORNING

Kris wakes, sits up in bed, about to stand, takes a moment.

The ALARM CLOCK flips to "5:28" and the radio turns on. An
ad for a symphony plays accompanied by STRIKING CHORDS:

ANNOUNCER (RADIO)
This fall...the KL Symphony
Orchestra marks the beginning of
its 75th season. A gala event
featuring the highly anticipated
return of-

She shuts it off instinctively. Then after a moment...

...she turns it back on, now listening intently:

ANNOUNCER (RADIO) (cont'd)
From the mind of
internationally-renowned composer
Wesley Van Kraus...the premiere of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER (RADIO) (cont'd)
an original work...REPETICO: a
journey beyond grace and light.
Tickets available now.

Jeff steps from the bathroom with a toothbrush in his mouth,
stunned and listening.

206 INT. MUSIC HALL - NIGHT

The orchestra is WARMING UP.

Jeff and Kris sit on the third row. She reads the PROGRAM:
we see the title "REPETICO", "Composer Wesley Van Kraus",
and on a dedication page "For Becky, my life."

Jeff, staring ahead, suddenly turns to the audience behind
them. Kris senses it too: something is out there.

APPLAUSE wakes them and they turn to the stage where Wesley
steps out, bowing slightly. He scans the audience, the
balcony, his eyes lingering too long. He senses something
too.

Wesley raises the BATON. A moment of silence.

He thrusts it. The music begins softly but we only see...

MICROSCOPIC CHEMICAL AND BIOLOGICAL REACTIONS. The TURQUOISE
POWDER effervesces against the surface of an ORGANELLE
before disappearing inside. BLOOD FLOWS, carrying the
powder.

After fading to an echo, the music returns with a CRESCENDO:

Kris feels the effects, looking like an invisible hand is
slowly pushing her over. She almost loses consciousness.

Jeff is breathing hard, trying to withstand the spell they
seem to be under. He braces against the armrests.

Kris tries to stand. Jeff helps her. They move to the aisle.

As they walk to the back exit, they notice a MAN in the
audience on the right get up, moving to the aisle.

A WOMAN stands on their left.

Then an OLDER COUPLE, all joining them in exiting.

207 INT. MUSIC HALL/ FOYER - NEXT - NIGHT

Kris, Jeff, and 9 OTHER ABDUCTEES are assembled in a group. They look to each other, searching faces while the music plays on, muffled through DOUBLE DOORS.

Kris notices that one of the men, GRAHAM, lingers near the door. He presses his head to it, listening. A young woman, DOROTHY, follows too, leaning against the other door. One by one they move into the doorway huddled together in a trance.

Kris joins them, letting go of Jeff's hand. He resists, covering his ears. He backs away, headed outside.

APPLAUSE ERUPTS. The symphony is over. Doors open. The audience files out.

208 EXT. MUSIC HALL - NEXT - NIGHT

Jeff walks around the back of the building. He pulls on an unmarked door. Locked. He moves on.

He tests another door. Locked.

He heads toward a fleet of BLACK TOWN CARS parked on the street. After scanning them he gets back to testing doors.

He runs his hand along the wall. An ELECTRIC CABLE is affixed to it. On a hunch, he reaches out to it, sensing something...

He turns just before a door 20 feet back BANGS OPEN. Wesley exits with Volunteer, crossing to one of the Town Cars.

Jeff rushes to him. For a brief moment Wesley recognizes him before ducking into the car. Jeff rubs his throat: the collar.

JEFF

You know me.

Wesley turns to him as the car door closes. He drives off.

JEFF (cont'd)

You know me!

209 INT. MUSIC HALL/ FOYER - NEXT - NIGHT

Kris is still with the abductees. She steps to Jeff as he approaches. He's stunned, almost smiling:

JEFF

He saw me. He looked at me. He knows me.

This excites her. She's thinking of a next step.

210 EXT. RURAL ROAD NEAR REFINERY - NEXT - NIGHT

THREE CARS idle at the fork, parallel to each other.

Inside all 11 abductees silently write on index cards.

The cards are passed from car to car to car. Kris tallies:

KRIS

Seven lefts. Four rights.

The cars drive off down the leftmost road.

CUT TO:

Next fork. Another vote. They take off right.

CUT TO:

KRIS (cont'd)

Five left. Six right.

MILTON

Again? Why's it so close?

CUT TO:

Another vote.

KRIS

Six to the left.

DOROTHY

It shouldn't count if it's that close. If there were twelve of us it'd be a tie.

CUT TO:

Another fork. They continue.

211 EXT. GAS STATION - NEXT - NIGHT

Cars gas up. People are tired. They split off into small chats. Dorothy shakes her head, despondent. Keith checks his watch, yawning. The mood is dour.

Brent and Jeff confer over a road map:

BRENT

I wouldn't call it a circle, but if we are going somewhere this would be the longest possible route to it.

Carol flips through the votes, comparing, finds something odd.

CUT TO:

She walks to Kris with the cards.

CAROL

Kris? You're Kris? Will you look at this?

CUT TO:

Kris marches angrily to an OLD COUPLE, NORA and CLYDE:

KRIS

What are you people doing!?

They stare back, dumbfounded. Kris holds up index cards:

KRIS

What's wrong with you?! Why are you wrecking it? Why are you always the same? Every single vote you guys agree. Even when you're wrong you agree!

They have no answer. Kris turns to Clyde:

KRIS

Show me your ankle. Right now.

CLYDE

What for?

CUT TO:

He sits. She crouches, pulls down his sock, and sees the scar.

(CONTINUED)

Satisfied, she turns to Nora:

KRIS
You. Come on. Show me.

Nora doesn't move, obstinate. She looks to Clyde for help.

KRIS
You're not one of us. Are you?

Nora refuses to answer.

CLYDE
Nora?

NORA
It happened to Clyde so it happened
to me.

Kris, furious, SLAPS Nora. Jeff pulls her off.

JEFF
Kris. Kris. It's just a story. She
just made a story.

212 EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The cars idle. Index cards are passed in. Brent tallies.
Keith leans in the window to see how things are going:

BRENT
Eight to two, seven to three...nine
to one. Last one was unanimous, an
even ten.

Keith gets back in his car, announces:

KEITH
Good votes. Think we're getting
close.

The cars drive off.

Kris, in the front passenger seat, senses something, turns
around, scans each face, lands on Graham. What is it?

He's lost in his own world, staring at the door. Ominous.

Kris sees that Carol also feels something from Graham.

213 EXT. WESLEY'S FARMHOUSE - NEXT - DAWN

The 3 cars wind down the country road towards the house.

214 INT. WESLEY'S FARMHOUSE/ KITCHEN - NEXT - DAWN

Wesley eats toast over his morning paper at the counter.

Hearing VOICES, he turns to see the abductees out front.

They are huddled together, trying to decide something.

Recognizing them, he's a bit surprised but not unhappy. He cleans up his breakfast, tucks in his shirt, and moves toward the front of the house, looking to welcome them.

215 EXT. WESLEY'S FARMHOUSE - NEXT - DAWN

On the edge of the group Carol stares at the pigpen. Kris follows her gaze and ends up staring too.

There is a faint discussion about what to do next but it dies down, as one by one they all turn, drawn in.

Kris steps first and before long the group is walking toward the pen, everyone but Graham who is nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly Kris stops, turns back to the house.

We hear a GUNSHOT. The group turns to the house.

ANOTHER GUNSHOT, the MUZZLE FLASHES inside the house.

Wesley CRASHES through the front door and falls to the ground, escaping from Graham who follows him, GUN outstretched.

Stunned silence. They all watch Wesley crawl, slowly die.

Jeff moves to disarm Graham but Kris stops him. She knows:

KRIS

Wait.

Graham puts the gun to the roof of his mouth.

216 EXT. PIGPEN - CONTINUOUS - DAWN

A pig BUCKLES to the ground just as Graham, in the far background, pulls the trigger and COLLAPSES himself.

217 INT. WESLEY'S FARMHOUSE - NEXT - DAY

The abductees move through the house, silently looking.

218 INT. LIVESTOCK BUILDING/ WHITE ROOM - NEXT - DAY

The cot is still there. Clean linen. Well lit.

They file in like they're touring an historic landmark.

When the others leave, Carol can't tear herself away.

219 INT. LIVESTOCK BUILDING/ EXAM ROOM - NEXT - DAY

They crowd around the desk studying Wesley's notes, sketches, the CLIPBOARD of abductees' names.

Kris scrolls to the top of the list to the only one without a last name...

KRIS

Becky.

220 EXT. PIGPEN - DAY

The abductees spread out into the pen.

Kris walks alone, slowly but directly, to K. She crouches.

JEFF approaches holding the clipboard. He compares K's tag:

JEFF

It's you.

Kris wells up, it finally hitting her that she's not crazy.

KRIS

I know.

Beyond them, the others are finding their matching pigs.

221 EXT. YELLOW PIGPEN - DAWN

The pigs empty out of a LIVESTOCK TRAILER into a large pen surrounded by an AGED YELLOW-PAINTED FENCE.

Nora and Clyde wrangle them while other abductees continue repairs on the fence, replacing decay with new lumber.

A TRUCK arrives on the road. On the side is painted "'No man should be allowed to be President who does not understand hogs.'" - President Harry Truman". A NEW VET emerges.

Carol greets her, leads her alongside an OLD YELLOW FARMHOUSE.

222 INT. YELLOW FARMHOUSE - DAY

The place is DUSTY, seemingly abandoned for decades. Brent has to practically knock the door down to get in. He carries BOXES of Wesley's sketches and notes, which he stacks in the corner.

He looks around at their new workplace.

223 EXT. YELLOW FARMHOUSE - DAY

Over a picnic-table lunch, they all question New Vet:

CLYDE

How much space is ideal for them?
Do they roam? Would they rather
have smaller pens but more of them
if that makes sense-

CUT TO:

NORA

-so I thought we'd mix in a lot of
fresh produce, vitamin supplements,
a lot of whole grains. Is that
right?

CUT TO:

DOROTHY

-no, I'd prefer to keep them
groomed, get them bathed every
other day but if the natural
instinct- I mean if they like being
shaggy I don't want to just force-

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

SELMA

Do the women, the sows I mean, ever separate off? Do they like being mixed in all the time? I would think-

MILTON

That reminds me...when it does get colder...at what temperature do we need to start thinking about maybe an indoor pen? Space heaters and you know...

CUT TO:

KEITH

All of them, yeah. We just-whatever vaccines are available. All of them. All the shots.

NEW VET

This is a list of recommended vaccines and I'll certainly inspect each animal. The truth is you can defend against all manner of disease, make them healthy as can be. But at some point the cost outweighs what you hope to recoup at slaughter.

The abductees share a look.

CAROL

Let me stop you. Don't worry about cost. These pigs are going to be better cared for than most people's kids. It's going to be embarrassing. Now. If they could choose anything...what is it that they really love to eat?

New Vet looks around the table: is this a joke? Finally she just goes with it and laughs...

NEW VET

Okay.

224 EXT. YELLOW PIGPEN - DAY

New Vet feels K's belly, confirming pregnancy:

NEW VET

Oh goodness, yes. And far along
too.

Kris is overjoyed, roaring with laughter.

225 INT. YELLOW FARMHOUSE - DAY

Brent reads names from the clipboard then Carol searches them online. They confer on phone numbers. Brent calls:

BRENT (ON PHONE)

Yes, is this Marsha Potter? My name
is Brent West. I have...some
information that...I hope might
help you.

226 EXT. YELLOW FARMHOUSE - DAY

A CAR drives up. HUSBAND (the one whose wife died) gets out, checks the address against his handwritten note.

He walks toward the house as Jeff opens the door for him.

227 EXT. CREEK/ DRAINAGE DITCH - DAY

Elise and Phoebe scout for orchids. Elise is frail now and walks with a cane, slowing their progress. Again we spend too much time trying to see her ankles, still socked.

Phoebe has to leave her to step down the incline to the white orchids we have seen before. She scans for the turquoise.

She calls back up to Elise:

PHOEBE

Gram, there's none here either.
Maybe further up? Should I grab
white?

She turns upstream, still hopeful.

228 EXT. PLANT NURSERY - DAY

Evan is shopping for the orchids, checking leaves like before. He looks all around, not finding them.

Peter, trying to help, brings him a candidate. Evan scrapes the leaf with a knife but doesn't like the residue.

He grabs a bit of soil to be sure, checking for worms. No luck so he tosses it and looks elsewhere. Peter follows, learning.

229 EXT. YELLOW PIGPEN - DUSK

Kris sits against the fence, content.

She holds a newborn PIGLET, lifting it to her face like she's playing with a baby.

All around her K's other PIGLETS clumsily explore.