

YELLOWJACKETS

"PILOT"

Written by

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Sound of BREATH. Hard but steady. Inhale, exhale. An athlete, pushing herself to the limit. FADE UP ON --

The kind of DARKNESS you only find thousands of miles from the warm, safe room you're sitting in right now...

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT (UNKNOWN)

Slowly, our eyes adjust and we realize we're moving through a dense FOREST. Moonlight filters through boreal woods, giving us brief glimpses of --

Our RUNNER: bare feet flying across snow-covered ground, branches lashing at filthy, blood-smearred arms and legs. Each gasp a spectral apparition in the freezing air.

We do not get a clear look at her face. We will, and soon (though fair warning, by then it'll be too late). For now, we only know that she's young, barely out of her teens.

And she is TERRIFIED...

EXT. WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS (UNKNOWN)

The Runner bolts down an incline, splashing through an icy stream, when -- suddenly she CRIES OUT, falling to her knees. CLOSE ON the broken branch piercing her foot, nearly clean through to the other side...

Gritting her teeth, she rips it out. Regains her footing, willing herself forward. Pushing through the pain. Until --

EXT. WILDERNESS - CLEARING - CONTINUOUS (UNKNOWN)

The woods abruptly give way to a large CLEARING surrounded by skeletal white birch. The Runner skids to a stop at the edge of the glade, breath catching in her throat. REVEAL --

Dozens of eyes CARVED into the surrounding trees. Around them, TALISMANS hang from the branches, fashioned from bough and BONE. The Runner lets out a single, strangled SCREAM.

A beat, before -- an answering SHRIEK sounds in the darkness somewhere beyond the glade. Then ANOTHER. And another, and another, until the air is filled with eerie, inhuman wails.

Then as suddenly as it began, the night falls totally SILENT.

Almost. Somewhere behind her, a branch CRACKS, snapping the Runner out of her terrified trance. She BOLTS.

And this time, we let her go. Her body pale in the moonlight as she flies across the glade. Until suddenly --

SHE DISAPPEARS.

The snow-covered ground opening up beneath her, appearing to swallow her whole...

EXT. WILDERNESS - CLEARING - CONTINUOUS (UNKNOWN)

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE in ANIMAL PELTS emerges from the tree line, her face shrouded by the hood of her rough coat. She approaches the edge of a deep hole, previously concealed by cover of snow. A TIGER TRAP.

As she kneels at the edge, peering down through the jagged maw of branches snapped by the Runner's fall, we --

ANGLE ON THE RUNNER, splayed at the bottom of the pit. Limbs bent at terrible, unnatural angles, body IMPALED on thick wooden SPIKES. The bloodied points protrude through her chest, her thigh, her face -- now nothing but a GORY MESS from chin to brow. A small GOLDEN CHARM around her neck glints in the moonlight.

The Mysterious Figure stands, seemingly satisfied. Then, as the furs of her coat part, revealing the tattered COED NAKED SOCCER SHIRT ("Get your kicks on the Grass!") beneath...

WOMAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)
I'll never forget the day I heard
their plane had gone missing.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON (2019)

A middle-aged WOMAN shifts on a sofa in what an over-enthused realtor would almost certainly describe as a 'Great Room'. Vaulted ceiling, vases inexplicably filled with feathers. French Country as interpreted by Carmela Soprano.

She takes a drag from her cigarette, then a sip from her glass of Pinot Gris.

WINE LADY
Obviously, I was devastated. I
still get chills just thinking
about it...
(draining her glass)
I mean, that could have been *me*.

Across from her, JESSICA CRUZ (late 20's) takes notes in a journalist's STENO PAD. AN IPHONE sits on the coffee table between them, recording.

JESSICA

Would you say you were close with any of the girls on the team?

INT. WISKAYOK HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY (2019)

ON THE VICE-PRINCIPAL -- 60's, with a cultivated youthful zeal -- as he tents his fingers thoughtfully...

VICE-PRINCIPAL

I would definitely not say that, no.

INT. VIBES SPORTS BAR & GRILL - DAY (2019)

Neon, flatscreens, STOCKBROKER BROS. ON THE BARTENDER (RANDY, according to his name tag): 40's, paunchy, probably a die-hard G'n'R fan, as he pours a round of FIREBALL SHOTS...

RANDY

Hell yeah. I knew a few of 'em pretty good, if you catch my drift.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY (2019)

Wheelchairs, oxygen tanks, blaring daytime TV. ON A RETIRED TEACHER, 80's, as she gums a spoonful of pudding...

TEACHER

Not one of those girls gave a good goddamn about Trigonometry, I can tell you that much.

BACK TO:

THE WINE LADY as she makes her way to the kitchen. She walks with a slight limp, aided by a CANE. Refilling her glass...

WINE LADY

Our whole class has stayed close, to be honest. *Great* reunion attendance. I think what we went through really brought us together.

JESSICA

Do you keep in touch with any of the survivors?

WINE LADY

I mean, we're all survivors in a way, don't you think?

(then)

They cancelled our prom.

A beat as she and Jessica stare each other down.

JESSICA

So what do you think really happened out there?

ON RANDY, seeming borderline offended --

RANDY

C'mon.

(then; duh)

Lezzy stuff.

ON WINE LADY, lighting another Newport --

WINE LADY

Honestly, I don't even want to think about it.

ON the ELDERLY TEACHER, squinting aggressively --

TEACHER

Out where?

And finally, ON THE VICE-PRINCIPAL. He frowns.

VICE-PRINCIPAL

All I know is that what happened was a tragedy, a terrible tragedy. I probably shouldn't say this, but some of these kids? Eh, no big loss, if we're honest. But those girls were special. They were...

As he considers how to express the magnitude of the loss...

FADE TO:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - NORTHEAST REGIONALS - DAY (1994)

A GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL SOCCER GAME in progress.

VICE-PRINCIPAL (O.S.)

...They were *champions*.

The action plays out in sun-dappled SLOW MOTION, giving the sequence a lyrical, dream-like quality; a rhapsody in Youth.

[Now seems like a good time to note that our world -- and team -- include a diversity of racial and ethnic backgrounds. Our intention would be to cast all roles color-blind.]

INSERT CHYRON: 1994

As we move around the play in motion, we alight briefly on various PLAYERS -- all curled lips and freckles...sweat swiped unthinkingly from cheeks and brows...muscles tensed, eyes narrowed in concentration.

Suddenly there's a breakaway by the team in BLUE AND GOLD. The ball expertly moved upfield by their STAR MID-FIELDER (TAISSA). She negotiates one defender after another before sending the ball spinning in a long, perfectly-aimed pass.

The FULLBACK and SWEEPER close in, desperate to intercept... But it's the BLUE AND GOLD STRIKER (JACKIE) who connects, tapping the ball just past the GOALIE and into the net.

Immediately, the other players swarm her in ecstatic celebration. This is it -- the moment the YELLOWJACKETS qualified for the U.S. Girls' National Championships. But for now, all we care about is *this girl...*

Team captain, coltish beauty, hero of the hour (whether she deserves to be or not). This is JACKIE HELLER, 17. And right now, as always, she is a goddess -- and worshipped accordingly. As Jackie casually jogs back into position with a loose and triumphant joy...

MUSIC UP: "LIVIN' ON THE EDGE" by Aerosmith, as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. - AERIAL SHOTS - VARIOUS

Establishing. The iconic Manhattan skyline, glittering in the distance. So close, and yet so far away... and getting further, because yep, we're in JERSEY -- soaring high above the oft-mocked but highly efficient GARDEN STATE PARKWAY into pure, unadulterated SUBURBAN SPRAWL.

This is America crammed into 8,723 square miles: new money and old money and no money at all; gaudy McMansions and crumbling estates, wooded subdivisions and Section 8 apartments; shiny chrome diners, mom-and-pop pizza shops, churches and synagogues, mini golf courses and parking lots; and of course, everywhere, the STRIP MALLS -- with their bowling alleys and liquor stores and real estate agencies, their dentists and strip clubs and pet stores declaring *Puppies Inside!!!...*

New Jersey contains multitudes. But right now we're interested in one particular house, in one particular town, as totally unique and fundamentally the same as all the others. Bringing us to --

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING (1994)

A floor strewn with girls' things. Crumpled clothes and underwear, dirty cleats. Dog-eared copies of Seventeen and Sassy, VHS tapes, doodled notebooks, Hard Candy nail polish, GAP perfume, a one-eyed teddy bear, brushed aside...

Moving to the BED, we find Jackie on top of the rumped Laura Ashley bedspread next to a half-naked JEFF SADECKI (18, lacrosse hot). His hand between her legs, working hard. Maybe too hard...

JEFF

You look so hot right now.

Jackie winces slightly. Placing her hand over his --

JACKIE

Careful...

JEFF

It's cool, babe. I want you to.

That wasn't her point. Reaching for his hand again...

JACKIE

We're going to be late...

JEFF

It's fine. Relax.

Finally, seeing no other option -- Jackie FAKES IT. If he knew any better, he'd probably be able to tell. He doesn't. Jeff grins, victorious, as she rolls over and sighs.

JEFF (CONT'D)

God you're amazing. I fucking love you, Jackie.

He nuzzles her neck. CLOSE ON HER FACE, staring past us. His breath hot in her ear --

JEFF (CONT'D)

Okay, my turn...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER (1994)

Jackie furiously brushing her teeth. She spits. Rinses.

Her expression impassive as she considers herself in the mirror -- absent-mindedly playing with the delicate GOLD PENDANT dangling just below the hollow of her throat.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. SHAUNA'S CAR - JACKIE'S HOUSE - MORNING (1994)

SHAUNA SHERIDAN (17, ponytailed, quietly discontent) idles at the curb in her beat-to-shit Ford Fiesta, writing in a JOURNAL. A MIXTAPE plays, angst-adjacent. Belly, Velocity Girl, Liz Phair.

Shauna glances out the window at Jackie's picturesque COLONIAL. Red brick, shutters, perfectly manicured lawn. The nice side of town. She spots Jeff climbing down from a second-story window. He hits the ground, glancing briefly in her direction before hopping the neighbor's fence.

Finally, Jackie emerges from the front door, looking utterly perfect. Shauna quickly stashes the JOURNAL in her backpack as Jackie climbs in --

SHAUNA

We're gonna be late.

JACKIE

It's fine. Relax.

SHAUNA

This is like the fifth time I'm missing homeroom this month...

JACKIE

Then I guess you better put the pedal to the metal. See what this shit-heap can really do.

SHAUNA

This shit-heap has a name, thank you very much. And that name is Kevin Car-nold.

Shauna puts the car in drive. Jackie grins, pats the dash affectionately.

JACKIE

Sorry, Kev.

On the stereo, Liz Phair's droll alto: "*Fuck and run, fuck and run. Even when I was seventeen. Fuck and run, fuck and run. Even when I was twelve.*"

Jackie wrinkles her nose and jabs a button. SNOW suddenly blares from the speakers about licky boom boom downs. Innocently, off Shauna's look --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Oh, were you listening to that?

SHAUNA

No, it fell into the tape deck and I accidentally pressed play.

Jackie rolls her eyes, but doesn't put the tape back on.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

I saw Jeff...

(then, a little timid)

What happened to no distractions before Nationals? "Ripping off the band-aid" and all that?

Jackie shrugs, flipping through radio stations.

JACKIE

I've decided showing up to college a virgin is a mistake. No offense. Plus at this point we've been together for so long... If we're each other's first, we'll be linked forever. It's more poetic this way.

(then, seamlessly)

Oh, that reminds me. I decided on a color palette for our room at Rutgers next year. Pink and green. It's like, classic preppy meets Palm Beach. Very Lilly P.

Shauna glances at Jackie, a little uneasy. Avoiding *that* particular subject --

SHAUNA

Jeff's a virgin?

JACKIE

(duh)

We've been together since freshman year.

SHAUNA

Yeah, but. I mean, you guys have broken up like, ten thousand times.

JACKIE
 Never long enough to count.
 (then, suddenly)
 The hell is this bullshit?

Jackie rolls down the window as they approach JOYCE'S SUBS AND PIZZA. Glaring at the ROADSIDE MARQUEE: "We're proud of our Boys Varsity Baseball. GO JACKETS!!" Jackie scoffs.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Those assholes were under .500 all season. Shauna, honk at that thing!

SHAUNA
 Why?

Reaching across Shauna to do it herself --

JACKIE
 (grinning)
 So they know they're bullshit.

Shauna laughs as Jackie lays on the HORN.

SHAUNA
 They're just going to think you're like, saluting mediocre baseball.

JACKIE
 Oh, they'll know. Here, take over.

Jackie rolls down the window. Leaning out as they drive by --

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Try undefeated, bitches!

A little hatchback pulls up alongside them and starts honking as well. The two girls inside (VAN and LOTTIE, we'll meet them soon) whoop their encouragement, making devil's horns.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 We're going to motherfucking NATIONALS!

Off the girls' laughter, the BEEP-BEEP-BEEP of their cars --

MATCH TO:

INT. MS. WHEELER'S CAR - MORNING (1994)

The deeper HORN of a PICKUP TRUCK. Startling CAT WHEELER (25, doe-eyed, disheveled) as she pops TWO BIRTH CONTROL PILLS (oops) out of their case at the now-green STOPLIGHT.

CAT

Shit.

She dives down, attempting to locate the pills amongst a mess of text books and fast food wrappers. The truck driver leans on the horn again.

Off Cat, as the truck screeches around her -- giving him the finger as she downs the pills with a swig of day-old SODA...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. WAWA CONVENIENCE STORE - BACK ALLEY - MORNING

NATALIE SANDOVAL, (17, bleached hair, too much makeup, trying hard to seem like she doesn't give a shit) as she chokes down a swig of...something from a brown paper bag.

NATALIE

What *is* that?

Two BOYS -- one PUDGY in a Kurt Cobain memorial T-shirt, the other vaguely GOTH -- laugh as she pulls out a BOTTLE of Old Crow and inspects the label.

GOTH

And here I thought jocks were supposed to be able to party...

NATALIE

(coughing)

Eat me.

She passes him the bottle. Then grins as --

GOTH

(sputtering)

Jesus, dude, this is terrible.

PUDGY

Okay, you know what? You can both go suck a dick.

GOTH

And just maybe we will.

But Pudgy's smiling too. His PAGER goes off. Ah, the pre-cell phone era. His eyes lighting up as he checks the number --

PUDGY

Oh shit, it's my cousin. I bet he got us the stuff--

When ---

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, burnout! Show us your tits!

They all turn to see a DOUCHEBAG (late 20's) leaning out the passenger window of an idling IROC-Z. Goth glances uneasily at Natalie. She looks down, blushing.

DOUCHEBAG
C'mon, don't be shy...

PUDGY
I mean, shit, if you really wanna see 'em...

Pudgy passes the bottle to Goth and lifts his shirt. The GUYS in the IROC laugh as he starts to do a 'sexy' dance. It's a funny move. They start to drive away. When --

Suddenly Natalie grabs the bottle and chucks it at the receding car with all her strength. CRASH. The IROC slams on the brakes as the bottle SMASHES against its rear window.

As it screeches into REVERSE --

PUDGY (CONT'D)
The fuck, Natalie? They're gonna kick our ass.

As in, *not yours*... Natalie shrugs.

NATALIE
They have to catch you first.

All three exchange a look before hauling ass. Off Natalie, laughing as she sprints down the alley with her friends...

PRE-LAP, THE SOUND OF THE BELL as we cut to --

INT. WISKAYOK HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY (1994)

Where we might be surprised to find CAT WHEELER -- AKA MS. WHEELER -- at the front of the class instead of behind one of the desks. The students file out in a preponderance of unisex flannel. Holding out a DISCMAN --

MS. WHEELER
Mr. DeRario, I believe this is yours...
(then)
And reminder, guys, the Unit 4 test is coming up on Tuesday.
(MORE)

MS. WHEELER (CONT'D)

Now when you all go, 'Test? You didn't announce a test,' I'm gonna say, 'You bet your little butts I did...'

If anyone's listening, they're hiding it well. COACH BILL WENDERS (47, as intimidating as a gym teacher can get) pops his head in the doorway.

COACH WENDERS

Got a minute?

MS. WHEELER

Uh, yeah. What's up, Bill?

COACH WENDERS

I'd prefer Coach Wenders, if you don't mind.

She's annoyed but tries to hide it. Keeping it light --

MS. WHEELER

You know I'm not a student anymore, right?

She starts to perch casually on the corner of her desk, then realizes her skirt's too short do it responsibly. He gives her a quick once-over, condescending as hell --

COACH WENDERS

Do you?

She blushes, smoothing her skirt. Catches herself. Attempting to maintain an air of authority --

MS. WHEELER

I'm sorry, is there something I can help you with...?

COACH WENDERS

Unfortunately, it's been made very clear to me that there is.

(then; as explanation)

As I'm sure you're aware, we did pretty well for ourselves at States last weekend...

She has no idea what he's talking about. Finally --

MS. WHEELER

The soccer thing. Right. Congratulations.

COACH WENDERS

Next stop, Nationals. The big show.
And well, I'm here to ask if you'd
like to come with us.

MS. WHEELER

(laughs; he's kidding)
Why? You and Ben afraid one of the
girls might get their period?

COACH WENDERS

We've been training all year. We
know when they get their periods.

He sighs. Not particularly bothering to hide his resentment --

COACH WENDERS (CONT'D)

I don't know if you heard about
that incident over at Matawan Prep,
but let's just say some members of
the school board would feel more
comfortable if we expanded the...
female presence on the coaching
staff for the purposes of the trip.

MS. WHEELER

I'm sorry, it's just... I don't
know anything about soccer. At all.

COACH WENDERS

Like I said, we just qualified for
Nationals. I think we're good on
the soccer front. They'll get a sub
to cover your classes for the week.
And there's additional pay, of
course.

He heads for the door; conversation over. Glancing back --

COACH WENDERS (CONT'D)

Just think about it. Being part of
a team can be a life changing
experience. You might find that you
enjoy it...

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY (1994)

ALLIE STEVENS (14, looks it, wants to seem older) stares
miserably at the MIRROR as Jackie paints a BEE on her cheek.

Around them, there's a flurry of activity as the rest of the
team changes into uniform, fixes makeup, applies hairspray
and FACE PAINT. Taking in Allie's red-rimmed eyes...

JACKIE

You okay?

Allie nods. Jackie gives her a sisterly smile.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

It's just a pep rally. All we have to do is run in and then stand there. Honestly, I think the whole point is just to give freshman something to jerk off to later.

Allie frowns. Giving Jackie a haughty look --

ALLIE

I'm not *nervous*.

COACH WENDERS (O.S.)

Jackie.

They look over to see Coach gesturing towards his office. As Jackie passes her brush off to one of her teammates --

CUT TO:

INT. COACH WENDER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (1994)

TROPHIES, equipment, cinderblock walls. ON THE DESK, a framed photo of a younger Coach, his wife and two YOUNG BOYS. Everything looks like it smells like coffee and cigarettes.

Coach Wenders gestures to the chair in front of his desk. Lighting a Marlboro --

COACH WENDERS

I'm going to talk to you like an adult. Is that okay with you?

We get the sense it's a favorite question of his. She nods.

COACH WENDERS (CONT'D)

Do you know why I made you team captain this year?

Jackie tries to project an air of mature humility.

COACH WENDERS (CONT'D)

Obviously it isn't because you're our best player. Shauna's faster, Van's got you on footwork by a mile, and Taissa, well, she could have a real future in the sport, maybe Atlanta in '96.

JACKIE
Is this... a pep talk?

BACK BY THE MIRRORS --

Allie pouts as VANESSA "VAN" EIKEN (17, terminally cheerful) finishes painting her bee.

ALLIE
I'm the only freshman who got asked, you know. And now it doesn't even matter. It's so *unfair*.

Allie pouts, scandalized by the sheer injustice. At the other end of the mirrors, TAISSA TURNER (18, quietly intense) rolls her eyes with Natalie and Shauna. *This bitch...*

ALLIE (CONT'D)
My dress was gonna be *amazing*.

VAN
(diplomatically)
At least you can wear it next year.

Allie gives her a withering look. Then, with total sincerity--

ALLIE
You wouldn't get it, Van, 'cause nobody asked you.

Van nods, trying to look sympathetic -- that's true. ON TAISSA as LOTTIE MATTHEWS (17, tightly wound) leans in.

LOTTIE
(sotto, sort of)
Maybe someone should tell Kelly Kapowski over there to worry less about missing prom and more about not fucking up at Nationals like she did at States...

IN THE OFFICE --

COACH WENDERS
Jackie, you possess something nobody else on this team has: influence. But there's a difference between being a leader, and taking people where they need to go. When it gets tough out there, these girls are going to be looking for someone to guide them. Can you handle that?

As Jackie nods, the picture of determination...

BACK ON TAISSA, watching Allie in the locker room. Assessing. Her expression unreadable...

PRE-LAP, the STOMP-STOMP-CLAP of a class gymnasium cheer...

INT. WISKAYOK HIGH - GYM - DAY (1994)

The BOYS BASEBALL TEAM stands lined up behind a less-bald VICE-PRINCIPAL at a podium on the gym floor.

VICE-PRINCIPAL BERZONSKY
 Alright, let's hear it for the
 boys! Let's give the boys a hand.

The bleachers are packed with students, exhibiting the various levels of enthusiasm you'd expect from a mandatory pep rally. Supportive shouts from the other jocks, eye rolls from the burnouts, everything in between.

VICE-PRINCIPAL BERZONSKY (CONT'D)
 Thanks, guys. We know you did your
 best.

At the edge of the court, we find Coach Wenders standing with ASSISTANT COACH BENJAMIN SCOTT (32, SHORT-SHORTS, three-time winner of the student body's vote for most fuckable teacher) and MISTY QUIGLEY (16, frizzy perm, thick glasses, mom jeans), the Yellowjackets' EQUIPMENT MANAGER.

VICE-PRINCIPAL BERZONSKY (CONT'D)
 Now, our next act needs no
 introduction. So let's all just
 make some noise for your New Jersey
 State Girls' Soccer Champions!

As C & C MUSIC FACTORY starts to blare from the speakers, the crowd goes -- well, not wild, exactly. It *is* girls' soccer. But that's okay, because MISTY IS FUCKING FIRED UP enough for everybody. Pumping her fist, WOO-ing for all she's worth.

Coach Scott glances at her, amused, or maybe concerned, as --

The TEAM jogs onto the court. Seeing them through Misty's eyes, all confidence and grace. *Gladiators*. And maybe Misty's enthusiasm is contagious... As the applause builds, feet RUMBLING against wooden bleachers --

ON SHAUNA. She exchanges a look with Jackie, and can't help but grin. Off the ROAR of her classmates as they break into the Yellowjackets' FIGHT CHEER -- BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ!

PRELAP -- a low, droning HUM as we CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BEDROOM - DAY (2019)

The pink-on-pink BEDROOM of a teenaged girl. Walls plastered with POSTERS and magazine CUT-OUTS: Ariana Grande, Shawn Mendes, the hot Jonas Brothers... Kendall Jenner and Bella Hadid pouting in aspirational couture... thumb-tacked PHOTO BOOTH STRIPS and pouting SELFIES of a girl who bears an almost uncanny resemblance to Shauna...

INSERT CHYRON: PRESENT DAY

The BUZZ/HUM grows louder as we scan a series of photos on top of the dresser: Not-Quite-Shauna in a PROM DRESS, pinning a BOUTONNIERE on a lanky, tuxedoed BOY (17); a CANDID of her lounging in the same boy's lap, as he gives the camera a cocky grin...

Finally, our POV settles on a FRAMED PHOTO of The Boy standing alone on a lakeside dock -- handsome, shirtless, showing off. A beat as our look...lingers.

Reverse to REVEAL -- SHAUNA, now in her 40's, lying on an unmade bed. She gazes at the picture -- jaw clenched, face flushed -- while masturbating with a hot pink VIBRATOR to the photo of her teenaged daughter's boyfriend.

Shauna closes her eyes, orgasms with a quick, joyless gasp. A beat as she catches her breath -- allowing us to take in the difference twenty-five years make. Gray roots. Soft belly. Crow's feet. Motherfucking time...

Finally, Shauna gets up and tosses the vibrator into a LAUNDRY BASKET at the foot of the bed. As she starts picking crumpled clothes off the floor and tossing them in as well --

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY (2019)

Shauna stuffs clothes into a WASHING MACHINE. Glancing down at the basket, something catches her attention. She sighs.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS (2019)

Shauna stands at a sink, scrubbing a SKIDMARK from a pair of men's BOXERS. Her face expressionless as she attempts to shout it out.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY (2019)

Shauna IRONS a stack of men's button down SHIRTS in the living room of a cramped, shitty tract home. Scuffed laminate floors, mismatched furniture. A GAME SHOW plays on TV.

GAME SHOW HOST (O.S.)
Parts of this epic published in
1667 were dictated to family
members by its author...

SHAUNA
What is Paradise Lost.

GAME SHOW HOST (O.S.)
Yes. Linda?

CONTESTANT (O.S.)
What is The Great Gatsby!

GAME SHOW HOST
I'm sorry, the answer we were
looking for is Paradise Lost...

SHAUNA
Oh, Linda. You dumb bitch.

ON THE TV, the show cuts to commercial. A campaign AD. We might notice the candidate looks familiar...

TAISSA (ON-SCREEN)
I'm Taissa Turner, and as State
Senator, I want to lead New Jersey
out of the wilderness and back to
the economic prosperity we all
deserve...

Shauna glances up at the screen with sudden interest. The shadow of some emotion crosses her face -- Sadness? Anger? Longing? Fear? When --

SHAUNA
Shit.

She frowns, picking up the shirt to inspect the BURN MARK she just accidentally seared into its collar. Off the TV SCREEN -- Taissa giving her best Senatorial smile --

MATCH TO:

INT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY (2019)

TAISSA (40's, polished, still intense) as she strides through a makeshift CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS. It's a low-rent affair -- rented furniture, an abundance of earnest young interns -- buzzing with the energy of local politics.

Her campaign manager BETHANNY (30's, petite, bespectacled, all-business) keeps pace beside her. Without looking up from her CELL --

BETHANNY

Heads up, I'm squeezing you into a drink after the debate...

TAISSA

I thought I already had a dinner with--

BETHANNY

--the rep from the teacher's union, I know. Hence *squeezing*.

They head into a small OFFICE. Closing the door behind her --

BETHANNY (CONT'D)

Don't give me that look. It's a donor. At least he will be after you dazzle the shit out of him over a couple of good bourbons...

Bethanny plops down on a couch. Taissa picks up a stack of DEBATE BRIEFS, pacing while she scans.

TAISSA

I don't know how much I'm gonna feel like dazzling anyone if I get my ass handed to me this afternoon.

BETHANNY

But you do know how much you'll need to if that happens, right?

TAISSA

Thanks, Coach.

BETHANNY

Oh, stop. You're gonna do great.
(off her look)
Seriously, the only way to fuck this up is by trying anything special.

(MORE)

BETHANNY (CONT'D)

Stick to the platitudes and talking points, promise to stimulate small business and pull jobs out of your ass--

TAISSA

I thought it was stimulate jobs and pull small businesses out of my ass.

BETHANNY

That'd work, too.

Taissa paces past the couch when -- suddenly Bethanny reaches out and pulls Taissa down on top of her. Playfully --

BETHANNY (CONT'D)

As long as you're stimulating something and your ass is involved, I think everybody's happy.

She goes in for a deep kiss. Pulling back --

BETHANNY (CONT'D)

The point is, you can't win this election tonight. You can lose it, sure, but my job is to make sure that doesn't happen. So just trust me. I'm the oracle of the 30th district. I know all...

Sliding her hand up Taissa's skirt --

BETHANNY (CONT'D)

So. You gonna do what I tell you, or what?

TAISSA

(breathless)

You're such a bitch.

BETHANNY

You love it.

Taissa smiles. Then sighs and stands, her nerves getting the better of her. Starting to pace again --

TAISSA

If he starts pushing about my past?

BETHANNY

We've been over this, Ty. It's a selling point.

(fine;

(MORE)

BETHANNY (CONT'D)
 you want to do this
 again?)

You went through an incredible
 ordeal, it made you the strong,
 fearless woman you are today, blah
 blah blah... but you respect your
 fellow survivors' privacy, and
 categorically refuse to engage with
 ridiculous rumors just to appease
 the fucking vultures and their
 insatiable appetite for tragedy
 porn. Don't say that last part.
 Obviously. But you get the gist.

Bethanny stands and approaches Taissa. Taking her hand--

BETHANNY (CONT'D)
 Hey. It's gonna come up. We knew
 that. But you'll be fine. It'll be
 easy, because it'll be the truth.
 Right?

An infinitesimal beat before Taissa nods. *Right...*

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPRITE - CHECK OUT - DAY (2019)

Shauna loads the conveyor belt, while a gum-snapping CHECKOUT
 GIRL scans. It's a real mom haul -- meat, potatoes, beer,
 milk. Chips, soda, cereal, yogurt...

CHECKOUT GIRL
 (re: a box of HOT POCKETS)
 Oh my god, I friggin' love these.
 It's like a pizza and a burrito had
 a baby, and I am here for it.

Maybe we notice it, on the MAGAZINE RACK behind Shauna --
 Under the lurid tabloid headline, a faded PHOTO of the
 WRECKAGE of a plane:

"LITTLE GIRLS LOST: REMEMBERING THE YELLOWJACKETS TRAGEDY."

As Shauna impulsively throws the magazine on the pile--

EXT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - DAY (2019)

FIND Shauna hauling several bags from her dented beige MINI-
 VAN towards her front stoop. Patchy lawn, warped vinyl
 siding.

She stops, setting the bags down and kneeling to inspect the shabby FLOWER BED next to the front door. Fingering a ragged, half-gnawed bloom...

JESSICA (O.S.)

Aphids?

Shauna turns to see JESSICA approaching. Shaking her head --

SHAUNA

Rabbits.

JESSICA

Poor little guys. Just trying to survive, I guess.

Shauna stands, wiping dirt from her hands.

SHAUNA

Sorry, do we know each other?

Jessica smiles brightly, offering her hand. Shauna instinctively takes it.

JESSICA

Jessica Cruz, Star Ledger. I've left you a few voicemails...

SHAUNA

(shaking)

Oh, right. Fuck off, Jessica.

Shauna picks up the bags and heads for the door.

JESSICA

Shauna, wait.

SHAUNA

I don't talk to reporters. But I'm guessing you already know that.

JESSICA

I know you've been letting other people tell your story. People who barely knew you. And I know they're making a lot of money doing it.

Shauna hesitates. Sensing an in --

JESSICA (CONT'D)

One coffee. That's all I ask. If you don't like what I have to say, I promise, I'll leave you alone.

As Shauna sighs...

SHAUNA (PRE-LAP)
I know what you want to hear...

CUT TO:

INT. DINNING ROOM - SHAUNA'S APARTMENT - DAY (2019)

Shauna unpacks groceries as Jessica casually inspects the cramped, messy kitchen. Cracked linoleum, aging appliances, formica that never comes totally clean. As Shauna slams a styrofoam package of cheap HAMBURGER MEAT on the counter --

SHAUNA
...But the truth is, the plane crashed. A bunch of my friends died. Then the rest of us scavenged and starved and *prayed* for nineteen months until they finally found us. End of story.

JESSICA
I think we both know there's more to it than that. But that's not what I was going to ask...

Looking around the kitchen --

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Are you happy, Shauna?
(then, quickly)
I can't even imagine what you went through out there. Nobody can. And *that* is worth something. A lot, actually...

She pauses before delivering the kicker --

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I can guarantee you a seven figure book advance, right here, right now. We write it together, but it's your name on the cover.

SHAUNA
Not interested. Sorry.

JESSICA
What if I told you the others were?

SHAUNA
I'd say that you're lying.

Jessica smiles.

JESSICA

So you are still in touch...

SHAUNA

(a beat; then)

I haven't talked to any of them in years. I wouldn't know how to find them even if I wanted to...

She trails off for a second, lost in her own head. Then, as she shakes her head, sadly, honestly --

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

I had to move on. And I genuinely hope they were able to do the same. Now, if you'll excuse me...

JESSICA

Shauna, the kind of money I'm talking about could change your life. You were an elite athlete, straight A's, early admission to Brown. You would have been the first person in your family to go to college, let alone go Ivy League. Is this really how you thought your life would turn out? I mean just look at--

Just look at this place is what she was about to say. But it doesn't matter that she stopped herself; based on Shauna's expression, she's already crossed the line.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean--

SHAUNA

(takes a step towards her)

I don't give a shit what you meant, you smug little bitch. You don't know a fucking thing about me, about my life--

Instinctively, Jessica takes a step back. Now it's Shauna's turn to catch herself. Regaining her composure --

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. It's just... I guess it turns out I didn't like what you had to say. So...

Shauna looks pointedly to the door. Jessica nods. Pulling a business card from her purse --

JESSICA

If you change your mind.

Shauna doesn't take it. Jessica leaves it on the counter before quietly walking out. Off Shauna, watching her go --

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNRISE RECOVERY CENTER - MALIBU - DAY (2019)

CLOSE ON NATALIE'S ADULT FACE. Eyes closed, no makeup, bathed in sunlight. A slight smile on her face. Serenity now.

Wider to reveal she's meditating in a well-kept Japanese garden. Loose tunic, no makeup, hair cropped short. A natural beauty. As a shadow falls across her face --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Time for group.

She opens her eyes, looks up to see an ORDERLY in WHITE SCRUBS standing over her, blocking the sunlight.

NATALIE

Already?

ORDERLY

Time flies when you're having fun.

She gets up and walks with him towards a Spanish-style building, all white-washed walls and red tile roof...

INT. SUNRISE RECOVERY CENTER - HALLWAY - DAY (2019)

Natalie follows the orderly down a sterile hallway, past a series of small, single rooms. INSIDE, glimpses of their occupants -- a PALE MAN, sweating and pacing; a GIRL curled up in the fetal position on her austere single bed...

ON NATALIE'S FACE as they continue past, that same content smile frozen on her lips...

INT. SUNRISE RECOVERY CENTER - GROUP ROOM (2019)

Finally, she enters a large, sunny room. It's aggressively cheerful -- hanging plants, watercolor prints, hooked rug. In the middle of the room, a dozen chairs set in a circle. A few people sit; the rest mill around a table of refreshments.

Natalie heads over and pours herself a styrofoam cup of coffee. Adding an unholy amount of sugar --

DAN

Whoa. Somebody likes it sweet.

She turns to see a nervous-looking guy in his thirties -- DAN, apparently -- stirring his own cup with a plastic swizzle. He'd be handsome if he wasn't so obviously a junkie.

DAN (CONT'D)

I'm Dan.

He holds out his hand. It trembles. He smiles self-consciously.

DAN (CONT'D)

First day jitters.

NATALIE

Natalie.

She takes his hand, and squeezes. Just her touch seems to calm him. A little smitten --

DAN

So what are you in for? I'm a crystal, coke, molested by a priest man, myself. Or at least, that's the elevator pitch.

NATALIE

Heroin, mostly. Oxy, when I could get it. Fentanyl. Benzos. K.

Damn... He gives her a sardonic smile.

DAN

Bad back?

FLASH TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - SUNRISE (UNKNOWN)

Pink strains of dawn, just starting to peak through the dark silhouette of trees. SOUND OF ROPE, pulled taught against wood -- a RASPING CREAK...

WIDE TO REVEAL -- the RUNNER'S CORPSE, hanging upside down and naked by the ROPE binding her ankles. Snowflakes drift through the early light as the MYSTERY GIRL from the clearing hoists the body from a tree branch, using a crude pulley.

After a beat, a SECOND FIGURE joins her. From this distance, we still can't make out faces, or identifying features. But we can certainly see the SPLASH OF BLOOD HITTING SNOW as the Butcher SLITS the Runner's throat with a HUNTING KNIFE.

Bleeding her out like a prize buck, ready for butchering. Which is exactly what she is...

BACK ON NATALIE IN THE PRESENT

Giving Dan that same, beatific smile.

NATALIE
Something like that.

As she calmly takes a sip from her steaming cup --

CUT TO:

INT. WISKAYOK HIGH - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY (1994)

As ASSISTANT COACH BEN SCOTT pours himself a coffee from a burnt-looking pot. REVEAL several other faculty [including a young(er) version of our ELDERLY TRIG TEACHER] checking out his ass in those SHORT SHORTS.

They look away when he turns, totally oblivious. Then, lighting up as CAT WHEELER enters --

BEN SCOTT
Hey! Did you talk to Bill?

She hesitates. He's really fucking good-looking...

CAT WHEELER
Go, Jackets!

BEN SCOTT
Buzz, buzz, buzz!
(then, grinning)
That's great, really. Welcome aboard.

Unclear if he's purposely flirting, or this is just how he is. Either way, she knows an opportunity when she sees it.

CAT WHEELER
Thanks. Actually, I was hoping maybe you could help bring me up to speed...

Trig Teacher rolls her eyes dramatically behind Ben's back.

BEN SCOTT

Yeah, sure. You're coming to practice this afternoon, right?

CAT WHEELER

I have a make-up bio lab. Tim Perkins, the whole lyme's disease situation. But maybe we could grab a drink tonight?

BEN SCOTT

Oh. Uh... Yeah, okay.

CAT WHEELER

It's a date! I mean, not a date, date. It's a plan. A friendly agreement.

BEN SCOTT

How's eight at Dublin House sound?

Off Cat, trying to look as nonchalant as possible -- PRE-LAP, the shrill tweet of a GYM WHISTLE --

EXT. WISKAYOK HIGH - SOCCER FIELD - DAY (1994)

As students in various uniforms -- soccer, baseball, track -- head out to their respective fields. Finding our GIRLS as JACKIE finishes leading the team through a series of stretches. Then breaking into smaller groups for DRILLS...

We follow SHAUNA as she approaches NATALIE, LOTTIE and TAISSA, conferring in hushed tones.

TAISSA

...This is what we've been working for all season. You really want to take that chance?

NATALIE

Yeah. 'Cause I'm not a fucking asshole.

SHAUNA

What are you guys talking about?

They all glance towards Allie, working on dribbling techniques with Jackie on the other side of the field.

LOTTIE

Allie.

SHAUNA
What about her?

TAISSA
Did you black out at States? She totally choked.

NATALIE
She's a freshman, Ty.

TAISSA
She's a liability.

Shauna glances in Jackie's direction uncertainly.

SHAUNA
What do you want to do about it?

Natalie gives Taissa a pissed-off look. *Go ahead. Tell her.*

TAISSA
She can't screw up if she doesn't get the ball.

SHAUNA
(frowns)
You want to freeze her out?

NATALIE
We'd basically be a man down. At *Nationals*.

TAISSA
At least we'd know what we're working with.

LOTTIE
I don't know, Ty. She kinda sucks, but... it doesn't feel right.

NATALIE
That's because it's bullshit.

TAISSA
(fuck you)
Oh yeah? What's your plan, then?

NATALIE
I dunno, play like a fucking team and win? It's worked so far.

TAISSA
Everything works until it doesn't.
(then; to Natalie)
(MORE)

TAISSA (CONT'D)
 And for the record, you smell like
 a wino. Get your shit together.

Natalie takes a step towards her, then changes her mind.

NATALIE
 You know what? Fuck this.

She stalks off. But Shauna lingers. Considering. Finally--

SHAUNA
 Jackie's not gonna like it.

TAISSA
 Then we probably shouldn't tell
 her.

Shauna hesitates. Then finally -- she nods. When --

COACH SCOTT (O.S.)
 Okay, circle up!

There's a short WHISTLE BLAST as Coach Scott jogs onto the
 field. As they gather...

COACH SCOTT (CONT'D)
 JV's gonna help us out with a
 little scrimmage today. Coach
 Wenders had to take care of a
 family thing, so grab a pinny from
 Misty and let's get started.

LAURA LEE
 Excuse me, Coach Scott? Shouldn't
 we say a prayer first?

A few eye rolls as LAURA LEE (17, pert, will get on your last
 nerve) looks at Coach Scott expectantly.

COACH SCOTT
 It's just a scrimmage, Laura Lee.
 (off her look; sighs)
 Sure. Knock yourself out.

As the team (reluctantly) forms a circle -- heads bowed,
 hands joined...

LAURA LEE
 Heavenly Father, let our efforts be
 fruitful, so that we may perform in
 ways glorious to you...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY (1994)

The SCRIMMAGE in progress, as we're suddenly reminded that these girls are fucking *athletes*...

LAURA LEE (O.S.)

May our hearts remain open, and our
bodies safe from harm. In your name
we pray, *amen*.

Shauna dribbles upfield, easily maneuvering around the JV defender. Allie races open on her left -- but Shauna ignores her, opting for a trickier pass to Van. When -- Natalie darts in and redirects the ball to Allie, who fumbles...then PANICS as the defense closes in, sending a wild pass OUT OF BOUNDS.

As Coach Scott's WHISTLE BLOWS, ON NATALIE -- throwing Shauna and Taissa a defiant look...

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY (1994)

A quick series of shots -- Shauna and Taissa working together to keep Allie out of the play... Natalie undermining their efforts every chance she gets... Jackie shooting Shauna a look, *the fuck is going on...?* Until finally --

Taissa gestures for a time out and jogs over to Coach Scott. We can't hear their conference, but get the gist when Taissa strips off her RED PINNY. As she hands it over to JV SWEEPER playing against Allie, switching sides...

COACH SCOTT

C'mon, Varsity. Your own defense
wants to see you step it up. And
frankly, that makes two of us.
Let's see some hustle!

He blows the WHISTLE, and JV KICKS OFF... This time with Taissa PLAYING FOR THE OTHER SIDE. She's ALL OVER ALLIE -- crowding, holding, talking shit...

Another pass to Allie, when -- TAISSA SLIDE TACKLES HER, HARD. As the ball rolls out of bounds, and the WHISTLE BLOWS FOUL --

JACKIE (O.S.)

What's your problem?

Jackie jogs up behind Taissa. Playing dumb --

TAISSA

What?

JACKIE
Just, ease up.

Shauna watches the interaction, then works her way closer to Taissa as the players get ready for the INBOUND THROW.

SHAUNA
C'mon, Ty. This isn't helping.

TAISSA
(shrugs)
If we can't take her out, she's
gonna have to learn to play under
pressure.

Before Shauna can respond -- TWEEET -- play resumes.

ANOTHER SERIES OF SHOTS, TAISSA'S STRATEGY IN ACTION. On Allie, taking a beating, frustrated, near tears. Only -- the harder Taissa goes, the more we realize... it's working...

-- ALLIE grimaces in concentration, negotiating the ball around Taissa with a slick CRUYFF TURN...

-- IN THE CORNER, ALLIE shoulders Taissa *hard* to clear space for a pass...

-- ALLIE SPRINTS TO GET OPEN, Taissa hot on her heels. Shauna fires a long lofted pass... Allie and Taissa both vying for the ball as it arcs HIGH IN THE AIR, WHEN --

ALLIE JUMPS FOR A HEADER and Taissa instinctively JUTS her foot out, catching Allie's ankle as she comes back down.

CRACK.

There's a sickening, audible SNAP as ALLIE'S LEG SEEMINGLY COLLAPSES -- BUCKLING AND BREAKING IN A COMPOUND FRACTURE THAT IS, SIMPLY PUT, A TOTAL PERVERSION OF THE HUMAN FORM.

There's a beat of SILENCE -- an eerie stillness -- as Allie collapses on the field. CLOSE ON JAGGED BONE puncturing the skin, BLOOD spreading, soaking into the grass. Then...

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE. Somebody SCREAMS (Lottie); someone else begins to CRY (Laura Lee). Van PUKES. Taissa backs away, stunned, horrified, as Coach Scott rushes to Allie's side.

COACH SCOTT
Holy fuck.

But MISTY'S already there, on her knees, trying to apply pressure with an extra pinny --

MISTY
 (muttering)
 Okay. Okay--okay-okay. Apply
 pressure, stop the bleeding...

COACH SCOTT
 Jesus, Misty, get the fuck out of
 the way.
 (then, trying to keep his
 shit together)
 Just-- we need an ambulance.
 There's a phone in Bill's office.

MISTY
 You mean Coach Wenders?

COACH SCOTT
 Christ, YES. Go. Now.

Misty nods, like a soldier in battle, before taking off at an awkward lope. Ben watches for a beat, then--

COACH SCOTT (CONT'D)
 Shit.
 (to no one in particular)
 Keep her calm. Don't move her.

He takes off after Misty, easily sprinting past her. Find Shauna as she approaches Allie, hyperventilating on the ground. Shauna looks around, trying to find JACKIE --

Who we now realize is pale, wide-eyed, FROZEN in place. Knowing she should do... something. But --

SHAUNA
 Jackie.

But Jackie doesn't move. Steeling herself, Shauna gets down on the ground, trying not to look at the leg. *All that blood.* Taking Allie's hand...

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
 Hey, look at me, Allie. You're
 going to be fine. I'm right here.

NATALIE
 (joining them)
 We're all right here. Okay?

Shauna glances at her, grateful. As Allie looks up at them and nods, shaky, clearly in shock...

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER (1994)

Near silence as the team changes. Everyone still a little shell shocked. Edgy. Something combustible in the air.

ON TAISSA, sitting by herself. Everyone else avoiding eye contact -- except Natalie, who's giving her a DEATH GLARE. Jackie looks around at her team. Taking a deep breath --

JACKIE

I know we're all worried about Allie. But I really think we need to focus on the positive right now. It might not be as bad as it looks.

NATALIE

You could see her fucking bones, Jackie. I'm pretty sure it's exactly as bad as it looks.

Jackie glares at Natalie, unused to her authority being questioned. Trying to recover --

JACKIE

Okay, but-- I mean, we're still a team. And we still have each other. And...

She looks to Shauna for backup. But Shauna looks away.

LAURA LEE

(helpfully)
...And we have Jesus.

LOTTIE

This wasn't exactly a big win for the power of prayer, Tammy Faye.

LAURA LEE

The Lord works in mysterious wa--

BANG. Turns out Natalie's not interested in a theological discussion. She SLAMS her locker -- giving Shauna a particularly nasty look as she storms out...

COUNSELOR (PRE-LAP)

Remember, anger can be good...

CUT TO:

INT. SUNRISE CENTER - GROUP THERAPY ROOM - DAY (2019)

About a dozen patients -- including Natalie -- all sit in the circle. It's hard to tell which one is the counselor, but we'll figure it out eventually.

For now, the ANGRY WOMAN with the floor -- WENDY, fifties, has probably blown a lot of bikers -- is looking to vent.

WENDY

Tell that to my parole officer.

(a few chuckles)

Look, I'm just saying, the bitch cut me in line. What am I supposed to do, just stand there? Then what? Everybody in Jamba Juice starts getting in line wherever the hell they want, it's gonna be chaos. Pure chaos. How the hell am I supposed to pay for my shit?

The COUNSELOR (there he is), 30's, long hair, still rocking a Live Strong bracelet, nods.

COUNSELOR

These are important feelings you're having, Wendy. Thank you for sharing them.

WENDY

Yeah. You're welcome. But also, I need an answer. Since apparently slapping the numb cunt was incorrect, and also "misdemeanor assault."

COUNSELOR

It's true, violence is never the answer. But that doesn't mean the anger you're feeling isn't useful. You just have to find a way to--

NATALIE

Keep the tiger in the cage.

Everyone turns to look at Natalie.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Only, Wendy's right. I mean, when you really get down to it, there are three kinds of people in the world. People who cut in line... the people who let them... and the people who do something about it.

COUNSELOR

(nodding vigorously)

I think ultimately the most important decisions we make are about how we choose to react to the world around us. How we cope with the obstacles life puts in our way.

A few people nod in agreement. Most look a little bit bored.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Does anybody else want to share?

He glances at Natalie. Clearly also a little smitten.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Seeing as how this is your last day with us, any final inspirations you'd like to pass on to the group?

She smiles, looking for all the world like the leader of a cult you really hope is legit. Finally --

NATALIE

Purpose. Find a purpose. Even just looking for one is enough to set you on the path.

She pauses, as though considering something both incredibly difficult and profoundly moving.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I used to think all the drugs - and the drinking, and the sex - I used to think that I did those things because of what I went through. I mean, I experimented in high school, sure, but nothing like... well, you guys know. I guess I always thought I was just trying to forget what happened out there. The things I saw, the things I did...

A surly TEENAGED GIRL pipes up, unable to resist --

TEENAGED GIRL

Omigod, *what* did you do? You literally never told us.

WENDY

(a harsh look)

Zip it, Ariana.

NATALIE

...But now I know the real reason is a lot simpler. After they rescued us, I lost my purpose. And thanks to my time here, I think I finally know how to get it back.

Off Natalie, the picture of enlightened resolve...

INT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - ENTRY WAY - EVENING (2019)

A TEENAGED GIRL lets herself in the front door. We might remember her from the photos we saw earlier -- this is CALLIE, 16. Shauna's daughter.

SHAUNA (O.S.)

Callie? Is that you?

CALLIE

(calling)

No. It's a marauding pack of thieves. We've come to burgle your twelve year-old desktop and all your ceramic bunnies.

SHAUNA (O.S.)

Great. I'm in the kitchen. You should all come sit and chat.

INT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING (2019)

Callie walks in, nose buried in her CELL, to find Shauna chopping vegetables.

SHAUNA

How was school?

Beating her to it --

SHAUNA & CALLIE

Fine.

Callie rolls her eyes and continues texting.

SHAUNA

Is Mrs. Mendez going to let you retake that trig test?

CALLIE

Yeah. Probably.

SHAUNA

Can you put your phone down for, I don't know, ninety seconds, and try to have something resembling a meaningful conversation?

Scowling, Callie pockets her phone. *Happy?* A beat. Then --

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

I'm making meatloaf...

CALLIE

This already does not feel like a meaningful conversation.

SHAUNA

I just figured we've been on such a chicken kick lately, I might as well mix it up.

CALLIE

Seriously, if this feels meaningful to you, I really think you need to take a good, hard look at your life. I can't stay for dinner, anyway. We're going out.

(before Shauna can ask)

Just with Anika and Ryan and those guys. We're gonna grab a bite before Josh's party.

SHAUNA

I thought you and I could hang out tonight. Maybe watch a movie...

CALLIE

For real? Mom, it's Friday night.

Then, raising an eyebrow --

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Dad working late again?

SHAUNA

There's a problem with the inventory database, apparently.

Callie watches her intently for a moment. Casually --

CALLIE

You think so?

Shauna frowns, gives her daughter a hard look.

SHAUNA
Yes, Callie. I do.

Callie shrugs. Whatever gets you through the day...

CALLIE
Fine. Why don't you work on your dumb novel or whatever? You haven't done that in forever...

KYLE (O.S.)
Yo, you ready to go?

KYLE, 17 -- The Boy from the photo, Callie's boyfriend -- walks in, all floppy hair and pheromones.

KYLE (CONT'D)
S'up, Mrs. S. You're looking fine tonight.

Shauna sighs. Looking at Callie, no point in arguing --

SHAUNA
Just, home by eleven okay?

CALLIE
What? That's bullshit. Molly never had a curfew...

SHAUNA
Yeah well, your sister didn't fail trigonometry either. Eleven. I mean it.

CALLIE
Ugh, fine. Midnight. Love you!

And with that she's gone. Off Shauna, watching them leave...

JACKIE (PRE-LAP)
It's just a party...

INT. SHAUNA'S ROOM - EVENING (1994)

A cramped attic room in a ramshackle house. Faded floral wallpaper, SOCCER TROPHIES, a Degas print. A few years ago this might have looked a lot like Jackie's room. But now the band posters, tapestries, the string of twinkle lights -- it all points to someone starting to forge their own identity...

SHAUNA (O.S.)
I don't know, it feels weird to just go like nothing happened...

FIND JACKIE trying on lipgloss at a small light-up vanity. She smacks her lips, admiring her reflection. Satisfied, her attention shifts to the photos on the desk -- her and Shauna at various ages. A talent show. The beach. Halloween.

JACKIE

I mean, it's not like skipping the party is going to un-fuck Allie's leg. Plus, it's tradition. And we're already missing prom...

Jackie sits back, fingering the pendant around her neck. Then, bored, she starts opening vanity drawers. She pulls out an old PRAYER CARD of the Virgin Mary, turns it over.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, remember when you tried to get your mom to let you become Catholic? What did you call it?

INT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - CLOSET - CONTINUOUS (1994)

Find Shauna, struggling to wriggle into a tube top. She still looks a little shaken from the afternoon. Calling back --

SHAUNA

My spiritual awakening.

JACKIE (O.S.)

You were such a weird kid. What were you, like, nine?

Then, as SHAUNA walks out into the room --

SHAUNA

Eleven. I liked the saints. They were all so tragic.

Jackie gives the tube top a once-over. Shakes her head "no." As Shauna heads back into the closet --

JACKIE

Lucky you had me to save you from yourself...

(then, casually)

You know, Randy's going to be at the party tonight.

SHAUNA (O.S.)

Um, okay.

JACKIE
He asked Jeff to ask me if you were
gonna be there...

Shauna reemerges in a crushed velvet dress.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(re: the dress)
Definitely not.

Shauna crosses her arms.

SHAUNA
Randy? *Really?*

JACKIE
What? He's basically Jeff's best
friend. I just thought you might
want to know he asked about you...

Shauna stares at herself in the mirror.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
You should totally wear that red
dress I gave you. The boob dress.

SHAUNA
(losing her patience)
Maybe I don't want to wear the red
dress. And I sure as hell don't
want to hook up with *Randy fucking
Walsh.*

The two girls just look at each other. A tense beat.

JACKIE
Jesus, what crawled up your ass?
Just chill. Wear whatever you want.

SHAUNA
Thanks. I will.

She goes to change again. Jackie watches her disappear back
in the closet. Assessing the situation. Then, casually --

JACKIE
You're probably right about Randy,
anyway. I once saw him get
outsmarted by an escalator.

A beat. Finally, Shauna emerges, in a low-cut red velvet baby
doll dress.

SHAUNA

I once heard him ask who invented
the Pope...

Jackie knows better than to gloat. Instead, she just smiles.

JACKIE

So are you ready, or what? C'mon,
we're gonna be late...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (1994)

Deep in the woods. Moving towards the glow of a fire,
somewhere amongst the trees. At first, it seems like we could
be anywhere, miles from civilization. Then --

A souped-up 4RUNNER barrels into frame, a dented KEG secured
in the back. Teenaged BOYS in frayed white baseball caps
(it's a Jersey thing, think every DMB fan you've ever met)
jump out to heave the keg to the ground as several other cars
pull up alongside...

CUE MUSIC -- P.J. HARVEY'S "DOWN BY THE WATER" -- and we
realize we're at a typical teenage hang-out spot. More
specifically, the site of Jeff Sadecki's annual KEGGER...

EXT. WOODS - PARTY - NIGHT (1994)

Moving through the gathering crowd, we find Jackie and
Shauna, red SOLO CUPS in hand, hanging with Jeff and a few of
his friends. A few envious stares from other girls as Jackie
leans into Jeff, playfully messing up his hair. Then --

A quick series of shots: Jackie holding court; Jackie
dancing, putting on a show -- turning away from Jeff to dance
'sexy' with a reluctant Shauna; Jackie hitting a bong, and
looking cool as fuck while she does it...

All the while, we stay with Shauna, chugging beer -- 20 feet
from stardom...

Then, finally HANDING OFF to PUDGY as he barrels past,
heading for Natalie and Goth, standing by the BONFIRE --

PUDGY

(out of breath)

You guys. I got it. My cousin
hooked us up.

GOTH
What are you even talking about?

Pudgy grins, holding out his hand to reveal several tiny SQUARES OF PAPER printed with the anarchy symbol.

PUDGY
I have six words, my friend. Lucy.
In. The. Sky. With. Diamonds.

GOTH
That is, like, literally the least
efficient way to say that.

As Natalie snatches one of the tabs from his palm --

GOTH (CONT'D)
Dude. Don't you leave for the
Olympics or whatever tomorrow?

NATALIE
Yeah. I do.

She gives them a look, daring either to say anything else.
Goth shrugs, not like it's his problem. She takes the hit.

Off Natalie, as she closes her eyes, letting it dissolve...

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNRISE CENTER - ENTRANCE - EVENING (2019)

Natalie, the adult version, sitting on top of a suitcase at
the edge of the curb, smoking. A TAXI pulls up; the driver
gets out, pops the trunk. As Natalie rises...

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS (2019)

Sound of a door slamming shut as Natalie settles into the
backseat. The driver climbs in up front, starts the meter.

TAXI DRIVER
Where to?

She studies him in the rearview mirror. Curious --

NATALIE
You pick up a lot of people here?

DRIVER
A few, sure.

NATALIE

How many go straight to a bar?

DRIVER

(whatever you want, lady)
You want to go to a bar?

NATALIE

(shaking her head)
LAX. I'm catching a red eye.

He nods. ON NATALIE, leaning against the window. Watching the MOON through the palms as they pull away...

MATCH TO:

INT. BAR - BOOTH - NIGHT (1994)

A candle flickering on the tabletop. Globe lights, leather banquette. Cozy.

Cat Wheeler and Ben Scott sit across from each other at a back booth. Examining a diagram of a soccer field, scribbled on a drink NAPKIN --

CAT

Okay, so, goalie, that one's easy.
And the ones all the way up front,
they're the... stripers?

BEN

Strikers.

CAT

Shit, right. I'll get it, I swear.

He nods, distractedly. Distant. A waitress approaches.

WAITRESS

Another Jack 'n Ginger, hon?

CAT

That would be great, thanks.

WAITRESS

Still workin' on that beer?

He's nods; he's barely touched it. As she walks away --

CAT

So. Were you a total jock back in
high school?

BEN

Uh, yeah, I guess. I played in college, too, but I didn't start. Then I hurt my knee, and...

He trails off. Realizing he's supposed to reciprocate --

BEN (CONT'D)

What about you?

CAT

God, no. I was - what's the opposite of athletic? I was that. I tried out for water polo once, for whatever reason, but it turns out water polo is really fucking hard, so--

(catching herself)

Sorry, I curse too much, I know. I blame the job. Left to my own devices I'd probably swear a normal amount, but now I have to watch my mouth all fucking day and, I don't know, I think I get backed up. The bell finally rings and suddenly I sound like the demon spawn of Mae West and Andrew Dice Clay...

(taking a breath)

Sorry, what were we talking about? Oh, right. Sports. Yeah, not for me, as it turns out. I keep pretending I'm going to start jogging, or swimming, or something - I mean, I should, I've been putting on weight like it's my job, but really I blame all the goddamn bake sales, it's like, how much money does the drama club need, they're just gonna do Grease for the five hundredth time but take out all the sex stuff, which, seriously, at that point, why even bother?

You can almost hear the voice in her head screaming *Stop talking, please stop talking*. Trying to help her out --

BEN

You don't look like you've put on any weight.

CAT

Thanks. Must be all the coffee. And the bulimia. Just kidding, I don't drink coffee.

(MORE)

CAT (CONT'D)
 (stop talking)
 Seriously though, I'm not bulimic.
 I mean, I was in college but I'm,
 uh. Better now.

She takes a breath.

BEN
 Are you okay?

CAT
 Yeah. Yes. I-- I'm sorry. I'm
 nervous. And you seem kind of,
 well, miserable, so...
 (grabbing her purse)
 I should probably just go.

BEN
 No, I'm sorry. I-- one of the girls
 got hurt during practice today and,
 I don't know, I don't think I
 handled it great. Please, stay.

As the waitress drops off her cocktail --

BEN (CONT'D)
 In fact--
 (to the waitress)
 I'll take a bourbon, neat. Fuck it.
 It's been a long fucking day.

As she smiles gratefully, raises her glass --

PRE-LAP, the SOUND OF CHANTING: *Chug, chug, chug*, as we --

EXT. WOODS - PARTY - NIGHT (1994)

Find Shauna, watching Jackie and Jeff make out from a distance. Her expression unreadable. A few feet away, RANDY, 18, (yes, for the eagle-eyed viewer, *Fireball Shots* Randy) hits the BEER BONG, hard.

He finishes, dripping foam. Pointing directly at Shauna --

RANDY
 I dedicate that to you, sexy lady.

Shauna rolls her eyes in disgust, then drains her cup. Heads for the KEG to get another, clearly already drunk...

EXT. WOODS - PARTY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (1994)

...Only to find Taissa already waiting for a beer. Taissa doesn't see Shauna get in line. But Shauna sure sees her.

SHAUNA

I admire your resilience, Ty.
It can't be easy knowing you
fucking crippled someone today.

TAISSA

Cool. Good talk.

She starts to walk away, when --

SHAUNA

Just admit you did it on purpose.

TAISSA

Excuse me?

SHAUNA

You heard me.

TAISSA

You're wasted.

SHAUNA

And you're a fucking sociopath.

People are watching now. A few of their teammates head over --

VAN

Hey, Shauna, take it easy...

Van puts a hand on Shauna's shoulder, ready to lead her away. Shauna shrugs it off.

SHAUNA

Good news, you guys. We don't have
to worry about the Allie problem
anymore. Taissa fixed it for us...

LAURA LEE

What's she talking about?

NATALIE

(joining them)
She's talking about Taissa's little
plan.

TAISSA

Please. Since when do you give a
shit anyway, Natalie?

(MORE)

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Don't you have a bong to hit or a
dick to suck, or something?

SHAUNA

Hey. Don't talk to her that way.

NATALIE

Oh, fuck off, Shauna. I don't need
you to defend me. Last I checked,
you were fine with the whole
'freeze her out' strategy...

LAURA LEE

Seriously, what are you guys
talking about?

NATALIE, TAISSA & SHAUNA

(in unison)

Shut *the fuck up*, Laura Lee...

As the situation escalates, JUMP CUT TO --

A full-on verbal DONNY BROOK, everyone yelling at once --

LAURA LEE

Let me finish! LET ME--

VAN

You interrupted me!

SHAUNA

Go ahead and say that again, bitch--

An even bigger crowd gathers.

SOME GUY

Cat fight!!

When -- suddenly, JACKIE storms up. Takes in the situation at
hand. Thrusting herself into the middle of the maelstrom --

JACKIE

THAT'S IT. ENOUGH!!!

Everyone STOPS. Jackie crosses her arms, glaring. Then,
turning on her heels --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Yellowjackets, WITH ME.

The rest of them watch as she stomps off into the woods
beyond the bonfire. Clearly expecting them to follow suit. A
beat, before -- one after one, they do.

ON SHAUNA, the last hold out. Then, as she reluctantly trails the rest of the team...

INT. BAR - BOOTH - NIGHT (1994)

Cat finishes her drink, gestures for another.

CAT

Do you ever just look at these kids and just think, *man*. I really, *really* do not like you.

BEN

Literally all the time.

CAT

In fairness, liking them can be even worse. Then you just end up feeling sorry for them. The hormones, the crushes, the gossip, the breakups. It's brutal...

EXT. WOODS - PARTY - NIGHT (1994)

Jackie PACES in front of her teammates like a body-glittered PATTON. Sizing them up. A few look a little drunk. All of them look fucking miserable. Natalie, in particular, looks unsteady, as the acid starts to kick in...

JACKIE

I don't know what the fuck that was, but I do know that it's over. We're about to go to Nationals, you guys. *Nationals*. And based on what I'm seeing right now, we might as well not even bother getting on that plane.

She thinks for a second. Then --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Alright, everybody line up.
(nobody moves)
I'm fucking serious. LINE UP.

Almost as a reflex to her tone, they do. Then, a small smile playing on her lips --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to talk to you like adults. Is that okay with you?

A few smiles as they recognize Coach Wender's catchphrase.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Coach is always telling us that you can't win without three things. Talent. Trust. And respect. I mean, Coach also talks a lot of bullshit, but I'm pretty sure he's right about that. So here's what we're gonna do. I want each of you to go down this line and say one nice - true - thing about every other girl on this team.

The girls exchange looks. Is she fucking serious?

TAISSA

What is this, fucking Girl Scout camp?

JACKIE

Who wants to go first?

A beat. Nobody makes eye contact. Finally --

LAURA LEE

I'll go, Jackie.

Solemnly, Laura Lee steps out and walks to the end of the line. Starting with Taissa --

LAURA LEE (CONT'D)

Taissa, you are beautiful in the eyes of our lord.

(then; moving on to Van)

Van, you are beautiful in the--

LOTTIE

Oh my god.

JACKIE

Laura Lee, fall back!

(then)

Fuck. Fine, I'll go first.

She walks over to Taissa and looks her directly in the eye.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Taissa Turner. You have more fight in you than anyone I've ever known. I'm inspired by your determination.

(moving on to Van)

Vanessa Eiken, your smile makes me feel happy, every time I see it.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(then Laura Lee)

Laura Lee, I truly admire your faith. I'm sure Jesus does, too.

(then Natalie)

Nat, I love that you don't care what anybody else thinks. You're more completely yourself than anyone else I know.

(then Lottie)

Lottie, you're like a dog on a bone. Your persistence inspires me to never give up...

VAN

She's also deadly at beer pong.

Jackie looks over at her, to see several girls smiling. Suddenly realizing -- this is working.

JACKIE

Well, go ahead. Tell her. C'mon, guys. If we do this one at a time, we'll be here all night...

As the girls shyly start to turn to each other --

VAN

Laura Lee, you... have really shiny hair.

NATALIE

Lottie, you never talk shit unless someone really deserves it. Also, I really like your pilgrim hat.

LOTTIE

(definitely not wearing a pilgrim hat)

Um. Okay.

Then, as Shauna approaches Taissa -- Taking a deep breath.

SHAUNA

I... I'm sorry for what I said before. About you--

TAISSA

I didn't, you know. Mean to hurt her.

We're not sure if we believe her. Neither is Shauna. But we can tell that, if nothing else, Taissa wants it to be true.

Shauna nods. When -- Jackie approaches.

JACKIE
Hey. Are we cool?

Shauna looks at her and shrugs.

SHAUNA
I dunno. You still haven't said anything nice about me.

JACKIE
Shauna Sheridan, you're a fucking laugh riot.
(then, sincerely)
You're also the best friend I've ever had. You know that, right?

SHAUNA
Yeah. I know.

JACKIE
(a beat; then)
You should have told me about Taissa and Allie.

Shauna nods, she knows that too. Or at least, doesn't want to fight about it. The fight's gone out of her. For now.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Now, c'mon. Let's get you home.

Off Shauna as Jackie takes her hand. Wishing it felt better than it does...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - PARTY - NIGHT (1994)

As the party winds down. Empty cups and beer cans, a few hold-out couples making out. The bonfire burned down to embers...

Find Natalie, TRIPPING BALLS. Natalie's POV of her friends and classmates -- their faces strange, distorted. Wrong. She turns away, suddenly afraid. Staring into the dying flames...

FLASH TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT (UNKNOWN)

Another bonfire, in another place, at another time. MEAT ROASTING over a makeshift spit, fat HISSING as it drips into the flames...

CLOSE ON a set of hands working a HATCHET and HUNTING KNIFE over flesh and bone. Throughout, we hear the faint HUMMING of someone lost in the task at hand. High and clear. A naggingly familiar, haunting melody...

'It seems no one can help me now, I'm in too deep, there's no way out. This time I have really lead myself astray...'

MATCH PRE-LAP: Soul Asylum's "Runaway Train" as we --

CUT TO:

INT. JEFF'S CAR - NIGHT (1994)

Jackie rides in the front with Jeff; Shauna sits in the back, leaning her forehead against the cool pane of the window. They ride in silence, as the RADIO plays.

JACKIE

Turn on Port Monmouth, it's faster.

JEFF

(annoyed)

Shauna's house is on the way.

JACKIE

C'mon. I'm past curfew.

SHAUNA

I have a curfew, too, you know.

JACKIE

Yeah, but. I mean, you know what my parents are like.

Shauna sighs, there's no point in arguing. Jackie gets what Jackie wants. As Shauna rolls down her window, letting the cool night air wash over her face...

INT. BEN SCOTT'S CAR - NIGHT (1994)

Ben pulls up to the curb in front of a run-down apartment COMPLEX and puts the car in park.

CAT

Thanks for driving me home.

(trying to make light)

I think that seventh drink really did me in...

BEN

It's no problem, really. This was great.

CAT

It was, wasn't it? It's funny, the way you can work with people for a while and think you know them... but then something happens and all of a sudden you realize you didn't know them at all. But only because now you do, so you know how much you didn't know before.

She attempts to unbuckle her seat, without much success.

BEN

You're a lot, you know that?

CAT

I've been told.

BEN

I like it. And I'm really glad you decided to join the team.

He leans over to help her with the seatbelt. And totally misinterpreting the move -- CAT KISSES HIM. He freezes, even as she leans in, hungry, wanting him. Totally unsure how to let her down easy...

She starts kissing her way down his neck, his chest. Mistaking his passivity for shyness. As she starts to unbuckle his belt --

BEN (CONT'D)

Whoa, Cat. Wait. I don't--

CAT

Shh, it's okay. I want to.

Off Ben, totally caught off guard. Deeply uncomfortable... but unsure how to stop this. He tries to resist, but he's almost as drunk she is, he can't think straight...

As Cat goes to work -- and he lets her...

INT. JEFF'S CAR - NIGHT (1994)

Jeff and Shauna -- now in front -- drive alone down a dark two-lane road in a remote, wooded part of town.

SHAUNA

Pull over.

JEFF

Are you gonna puke? Don't puke in my car, Shauna.

SHAUNA

Just pull over. Here.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS (1994)

A startled deer bolts into the darkness as Jeff turns down a small access road. As the car rolls to a stop --

INT. JEFF'S CAR - CONTINUOUS (1994)

A beat as Shauna and Jeff both sit, staring out the windshield in silence. Then, in one fluid movement, Shauna climbs onto his lap, straddling him.

Instantly, they're all over each other, kissing with the powerful lust of two teenagers doing something they're definitely not supposed to.

JEFF

Whoa, hey. I thought we weren't doing this again...

SHAUNA

(panting)

We're not. Again.

Bracing herself against the steering wheel, she reaches under her skirt, removing her underwear. Then unbuckles his belt, yanking down his pants. As she lowers herself onto him --

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

If you cum inside me, I will raise the baby out of spite and train it to be a killing machine that eventually hunts you down. Got it?

JEFF

(a distracted moan)

Uh huh.

She starts moving her hips, kissing his neck. Her hand on his chest, taking control. Whispering in his ear --

SHAUNA

Tell me you love me.

He hesitates, glancing at her face.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
I'm not going to hold you to it.
Just say it.

She speeds up, getting close. Finally --

JEFF
I love you, Shauna.

Off Shauna, eyes squeezed tightly shut, breathing hard...

EXT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - YARD - NIGHT (2019)

CLOSE ON a small RABBIT, its nose twitching for a moment before it delicately nibbles on the petal of a perfect pink impatiens blossom. THWACK.

There's a small spray of BLOOD as the bunny is summarily DECAPITATED by a metal BLADE. REVEAL Shauna holding the handle of heavy garden SHOVEL...

INT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (2019)

Shauna washes her hands at the kitchen sink. She picks JESSICA'S CARD up off the counter. We follow her as she moves out of the kitchen and down a hallway --

-- Past a series of FRAMED PHOTOS on the wall: snapshots of family vacations, a Sears family portrait. Shauna standing beside her balding HUSBAND, holding a toddler Callie... Callie's older sister Molly (here about 13) posed in front, all freckles and braces...

And finally, a WEDDING PORTRAIT. Shauna and JEFF SADECKI, in taffeta and a tux. They both look so young, smiling widely in some cheap-looking banquet hall...

INT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - CLOSET - NIGHT (2019)

SNICK. Shauna pulls the cord on a lightbulb, illuminating a cluttered closet. She rummages past winter coats and boots, wrinkled reams of wrapping paper, tangled Christmas lights. Finally getting to --

A LOCKED SAFE. Shauna turns the dial, opening it to reveal not birth certificates or passports or emergency cash, but STACKS OF OLD COMPOSITION NOTEBOOKS.

JOURNALS.

She takes one out, runs a hand thoughtfully across the cover: *Shauna Sheridan, 1994 -- Private Property!* Then reaches in further to find the cheap CELL stowed deep in the back of the safe. A BURNER PHONE.

Shauna takes a deep breath and pulls Jessica's BUSINESS CARD from her pocket. A beat as she considers it. Then, dialing --

SHAUNA
(into the phone)
We need to talk.

EXT. VARIOUS - EARLY MORNING (1994)

Sunrise. Morning mist hanging over the scattered detritus from the kegger. Joyce's, its roadside marquee now rearranged to read "We're proud our boys JACK IT!"...

BEGIN AN AROUND-THE-WORLD SEQUENCE, of the Yellowjackets getting ready for the biggest week of their lives...

INT. VARIOUS - DAY (1994)

-- CLOSE ON a SUITCASE, immaculately packed, as JACKIE carefully folds her uniform and tucks it in...

-- Natalie, smoking a JOINT out of the window of her cramped trailer park bedroom...

-- LAURA LEE, on her knees, saying one last prayer to the small VIRGIN MARY statue on her bedside table...

-- LOTTIE, being served breakfast by the MAID in an enormous chef's kitchen, all marble and stainless steel. As the maid pointedly hands her a bottle of LOXIPENE, watches carefully as Lottie shakes out a pill and swallows it with juice...

-- VAN, coming into her living room to find her mom passed out on the couch. A bottle of scotch on the coffee table. Van seems unsurprised. She tries to rouse her mother. Nothing. Calmly, Van SLAPS her Mom hard across the face. Holding up the car keys as she starts awake...

-- MISTY, looking down into the water of her family's backyard SWIMMING POOL. CLOSE ON the unlucky POSSUM swimming desperate circles; then MISTY'S FACE, impassive, as she turns and walks away.

-- COACH WENDERS, loading the trunk of his station wagon with luggage as his two SONS -- TRAVIS (15) and CODY (13) -- climb in the back to go...

-- TAISSA, waiting by herself, as a TAXI pulls into the driveway...

-- CAT WHEELER, scrambling to throw things in a duffle bag, before bolting to the toilet to PUKE...

-- BEN SCOTT, shaving in the bathroom mirror, as his BOYFRIEND HADI (40) comes up behind him, nuzzling his neck...

And finally --

-- SHAUNA, holding a piece of paper. Official BROWN UNIVERSITY letterhead. *Dear Ms. Sheridan, We're delighted to inform you...* A beat before Shauna stuffs the letter in a vanity drawer. Then, picking up her suitcase, she takes one last look around her childhood bedroom. As though sensing she's leaving something -- some part of her -- behind...

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - TARMAC - MORNING (1994)

As the team gathers on the tarmac of a private airfield, along with families, friends, members of the faculty, local press -- a real send-off. The team's excitement palpable as they excitedly snap pictures of each other with DISPOSABLE CAMERAS. Even Natalie can't muster up cynicism in the face of a ride on a private plane...

Finally, it's time. The girls climb the airstairs, grinning at the waiting PILOT and CO-PILOT as they board...

INT. CHARTERED PLANE - CONTINUOUS (1994)

Taking in the interior of the plane. It pretty much looks like any other commercial flight, but this is all theirs...

NATALIE

Wicked.

VAN

I can't believe Lottie's Dad paid for a private plane...

COACH WENDERS

Alright, hustle up, ladies, take a seat. We've got a long flight ahead of us.

ON JACKIE AND SHAUNA as they settle into two adjoining seats. Shauna looks pale, immediately buckles her seatbelt.

JACKIE

You alright? They probably have a puke bag, if you need it.

SHAUNA

No, I-- I think I might be afraid of flying.

She glances around the cabin nervously. Jackie smiles, rummages in her bag. Pulling out a balled-up TISSUE tucked deep into one of the inner pockets...

JACKIE

Remember when you came with us to Hilton Head in second grade? You cried the whole flight.

She opens the tissue, revealing two pale blue VALIUM PILLS.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I swiped these from my mom's medicine cabinet. She's got, like, a never-ending supply, so I doubt she'll even notice.

(off Shauna's grateful look)

Yeah, I'm basically the best.

As Shauna dry-swallows the pills, touched by the gesture...

INT. DINER - NIGHT (2019)

Shauna sits alone at a booth with a cup of coffee. Vinyl upholstery, formica, (broken) mini jukebox. At the table behind her, a group of teenagers GOOF OFF, shouting, giggling. Off the boisterous sound of their laughter...

FLASH TO:

INT. CHARTERED PLANE - DAY (1994)

The team -- laughing, gossiping. Swept up in their excitement over the adventure ahead. A few playful SHRIEKS as the plane lifts off. ON SHAUNA as the sounds of her teammates begin to warp and fade -- growing dim as the Valium kicks in...

BACK TO:

INT. DINER - BOOTH - NIGHT (2019)

Shauna looks up as TAISSA slides into the booth.

TAISSA
Sorry I'm late--

SHAUNA
A reporter approached me today.

She slides JESSICA'S BUSINESS CARD across the table.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
She said she was with the local paper, but I googled her, and she wasn't credited in any bylines. Anywhere.

TAISSA
These people come out of the woodwork every few years, on some anniversary or another. You know that. There's no reason to think this is any different.

SHAUNA
I can think of a few. I thought we agreed. Say no more than we have to, stay out of the public eye.

TAISSA
Shauna...

SHAUNA
I saw you on fucking television, Ty. If someone's digging... We're all fucked.

Looking pointedly at the business card --

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
Take care of it.

This is definitely not the passive housewife we've come to know. Taissa nods obediently, slipping the card into her bag. Shauna waits as the WAITRESS tops off her coffee. Then --

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
Have you talked to Nat?

TAISSA
She's in rehab. Again.

Shauna nods, good. Then, carefully --

SHAUNA
And there's still no sign of the others?

TAISSA
No. Not for months.

Shauna lets out a breath, also good. She reaches out, gently
PLACING HER HAND over Taissa's.

SHAUNA
Then we're fine. As long as nobody
does anything crazy, we have
nothing to worry about...

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY (2019)

Natalie wanders down an aisle. Fishing rods, baits and lures,
clothing in every shade of CAMO. Finally, she spots what's
she looking for...

A SALESMAN (50's) approaches, amused, as she checks out the
selection of rifles and pistols at the GUN COUNTER.

SALESMAN
Can I help you, missy?

Natalie points towards a Savage Axis XP Bolt-Action RIFLE
with a Bushnell Night Vision SCOPE on the wall behind him.

NATALIE
I'd like to look at that one, if
you don't mind.

He nods, takes it down. Placing it on the counter --

SALESMAN
She's a fine piece of weaponry,
I'll give you that. But truth be
told, I find the ladies tend to
prefer something a little on the
lighter side...

He moves towards a display of small handguns -- .22's, .38's.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
Now, this Smith and Wesson's a real
nice pistol, easy to handle...

Natalie ignores him, carefully inspecting the RIFLE.

NATALIE
This one's good.

SALESMAN

(amused)

Is it protection you're looking for? Or sport? Because that there's really more of a hunting rifle...

Natalie puts the rifle back down, satisfied. Sliding her credit card across the table --

NATALIE

A little bit of both.

FLASH TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT (UNKNOWN)

A fur-clad FIGURE carrying a steaming wooden PLANK - a makeshift PLATTER -- towards a ring of similarly CLOAKED AND HOODED FIGURES waiting silently in the moonlight. The culmination of a strange ceremony that we don't yet fully understand.

As they all descend, ravenous, coven-like, on the FEAST -- CLOSE UPS of grease-smearred faces, teeth hungrily ripping meat from bone...

INT. SUNNYVIEW SENIOR HOME - NIGHT (2019)

A NURSE in kitten-patterned SCRUBS walks down the hallway of a convalescent facility, white sneakers squeaking on the linoleum floor. Same thick glasses, hair still a mess of frizz. We haven't seen her in twenty-five years, but as the NAME TAG confirms -- this is MISTY QUIGLEY, all grown up...

INT. SUNNYVIEW SENIOR HOME - ROOM - NIGHT (2019)

Misty enters carrying a small PAPER CUP containing two white PILLS. There's an uneaten dinner on the tray over the bed.

MISTY

Happy Friday, Mrs. DeGenaro! Time for your meds.

(scanning her chart)

Have we been a good girl today?

The woman remains silent and still, except for her eyes -- watching as Misty approaches her bedside.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Still on a hunger strike, I see.
You know you're never going to get
your strength up if you don't eat.

Suddenly, Misty stops, sniffing the air. She frowns.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Gloria. Did we have another
accident?

She sets the pill cup down on the bedside table, feels the
sheets under the Patient. Definitely wet.

MISTY (CONT'D)

I told you, all you have to do is
push the button and someone will
come to help...

(shaking her head)

And I just changed those sheets.

She turns to get fresh linens when -- there's a CLATTER
behind her. She whirls to see the dinner tray on the floor,
chicken cacciotore and applesauce splattered everywhere.

The Patient glares defiantly. Misty looks back. And smiles.

MISTY (CONT'D)

You know, I think the morphine
might be upsetting your tummy.
Maybe we should skip this dose.

The Patient shakes her head weakly as Misty calmly walks over
and snatches the pills back up. Then leans down, giving her
that familiar, simpering smile --

MISTY (CONT'D)

(low, in her ear)

Don't. Fuck. With. Me.

And with that, Misty turns and walks out, pills in hand...

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - (2019)

Misty walks up to a small sedan, car keys in hand. She waves
to two other NURSES just arriving for the night shift.

MISTY

Happy Friday, ladies!

As they half-heartedly return the wave, rolling their eyes
behind her back --

FIND A CAR parked in the dark corner of the lot. REVEAL NATALIE sitting behind the wheel, hood up -- watching as Misty gets in her KIA and pulls out. Off Natalie as she turns the ignition, eyes focused with pure, unmistakable HATE...

FLASH TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS (UNKNOWN)

The FEAST, as the shamanistic LEADER of the FEAST pulls back her hood to reveal -- teenaged MISTY QUIGLEY'S FACE. Then, as we pan over to find the WRECKAGE OF A PLANE, weathered by sun and rain, grown over with dead winter vines...

CUT TO:

INT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (2019)

A dark bedroom, lit only by the glow of a small bedside lamp. Find SHAUNA on the floor next to the bed. She holds one of the JOURNALS in her lap; the rest surround her on the floor.

Her breath is shallow. She looks nervous. No -- she looks *afraid*. Finally, Shauna steels herself, opening the cover. We catch a glimpse of the looping teenaged cursive that fills the page - *'June 6th. It's almost been two weeks. Where are they? Where are we? Why haven't they found us yet?'* Before --

Shauna closes her eyes. Remembering -- truly remembering -- for the first time in years. PRELAP: the sound of a WHINING ROAR. Muted at first, then growing louder, as we SMASH TO --

INT. CHARTERED PLANE (1994)

Shauna, as she GASPS awake to find herself in a cabin now eerily dark. The engines strain, a deep, terrifying ROAR. Somewhere behind her, someone screams. Across the aisle, Laura Lee quietly mutters the Lord's Prayer.

Frantic, Shauna tries to get her bearings, to make sense of the nightmarish scene. Beside her, Jackie lies slumped, her unused oxygen mask dangling limply overhead from the initial loss of cabin pressure.

Shauna yanks up the window shade to see the silhouette of mountains, close and getting closer. The ground rushing up as they glide over a vast forest. Then, as we hear one last, deafening bang --

END PILOT.

