

# Yellowjackets

Episode 101  
"PILOT"

Written by  
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Directed by  
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**GREEN REVISIONS 12/14/19**  
YELLOW REVISIONS 12/01/19  
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## Script Revision History

<u>DATE</u>	<u>COLOR</u>	<u>PAGES</u>
10/18/19	WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT	1-64
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## CAST LIST

(GREEN 12/14/21)

(IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE)

RUNNER

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE (THE HUNTER)

WINE LADY.....TONYA CORNELISSE

JESSICA CRUZ.....BRIANA VENSKUS

VICE-PRINCIPAL BERZONSKY.....TONY WINTERS

RANDY WALSH.....JEFF HOLMAN

RETIRED TEACHER.....JILL BASEY

TEEN TAISSA TURNER.....JASMIN SAVOY BROWN

TEEN JACKIE TAYLOR.....ELLA PURNELL

TEEN JEFF SADECKI.....JACK DEPEW

TEEN SHAUNA SHIPMAN.....SOPHIE NÉLISSE

TEEN NATALIE SCATORCCIO.....SOPHIE THATCHER

SMARTASS.....JACOB HOUSTON

GOTH (KEVYN).....CHARLIE WRIGHT

DOUCHEBAG.....JULIEN ARI

CAT WHEELER.....AMY OKUDA

COACH BILL MARTINEZ.....CARLOS SANZ

TEEN ALLIE STEVENS.....PEARL AMANDA DICKSON

TEEN LOTTIE MATTHEWS.....COURTNEY EATON

TEEN VANESSA "VAN" PALMER.....LIV HEWSON

BENJAMIN SCOTT.....STEVEN KRUEGER

TEEN MISTY QUIGLEY.....SAMMI HANRATTY

SHAUNA SHIPMAN.....MELANIE LYNKEY

TAISSA TURNER.....TAWNY CYPRESS

BETHANNY.....BESS ROUS

NATALIE SCATORCCIO.....JULIETTE LEWIS

ORDERLY.....JAHRED KING

DAN.....ANDREW TIPPPIE

THE BUTCHER

THE OVERSEER

TEEN LAURA LEE.....JANE WIDDOP

WENDY.....TRACY SILVER

COUNSELOR CARL.....STEVE LENZ

TEENAGED GIRL (ARIANA) .....LAURA MIRANDA

CALLIE.....AVA ALLAN

KYLE.....MATTHEW BILODEAU

TAXI DRIVER.....WES MARTINEZ

TEEN RANDY WALSH.....RILEY BARON

MAID

VAN'S MOM.....DEBORAH VANCELETTE

TRAVIS MARTINEZ

CODY MARTINEZ

FACILITY MANAGER.....VAN EPPERSON

ACOLYTES

THE SHAMAN

MISTY QUIGLEY.....CHRISTINA RICCI

MRS.DEGENARO.....EVE SIGALL

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**SET LIST**  
(GREEN 12/14/19)

**INTERIORS**

WINE LADY'S HOUSE  
Living Room

WISKAYOK HIGH  
Vice-Principal's Office  
Hallway  
Locker Room - Bathroom  
Coach Martinez' Office  
Gym  
Locker Room

LILITH'S LAIR GENTLEMEN'S CLUB  
Back Office

RETIREMENT HOME

TEEN JACKIE'S HOUSE  
Jackie's Bedroom  
Bathroom

TEEN SHAUNA'S CAR

SHAUNA'S HOUSE  
Callie's Bedroom  
Laundry Room  
Den  
Kitchen  
Master Bedroom Closet  
Shauna's Bedroom

CAMPAIGN HQ  
Bullpen  
Small Office

HOLISTIC HILLS RECOVERY CENTER  
Group Room

**EXTERIORS**

WILDERNESS  
Tiger Pit

NEW JERSEY STATE CHAMPIONSHIP  
SOCCER FIELD

TEEN JACKIE'S HOUSE

MURIEL'S SUBS

CONVENIENCE STORE  
Back Alley

SHAUNA'S HOUSE  
Front Yard

HOLISTIC HILLS RECOVERY CENTER  
Japanese Garden  
Rose Garden  
Entrance

WISKAYOK HIGH  
Courtyard

WISKAYOK HIGH SOCCER FIELD

WOODS  
Party

DIRT ROAD

TEEN MISTY'S HOUSE  
Backyard Pool

COACH MARTINEZ' HOUSE

TEEN SHAUNA'S HOUSE  
Shauna's Bedroom  
Shauna's Closet

TEEN TAISSA'S APARTMENT  
BUILDING

STORAGE FACILITY

TAXI

SUNNYVIEW SENIOR HOME  
Parking Lot

TEEN JEFF'S CAR

TEEN NATALIE'S TRAILER  
Natalie's Bedroom

TEEN LAURA LEE'S BEDROOM

TEEN LOTTIE'S HOUSE  
Dining Room

TEEN VAN'S HOUSE  
Living Room

CHARTERED PLANE

DINER  
Booth

STORAGE FACILITY

SUNNYVIEW SENIOR HOME  
Hallway  
Room

NATALIE'S CAR

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 - LATE DAY (UNKNOWN)**

Slowly, our eyes adjust and we realize we're moving through a dense FOREST. Light 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 - LATE DAY - CONTINUOUS (UNKNOWN)**

The Runner bolts down an incline, 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 - LATE DAY - 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 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 woods fall totally SILENT.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And this time, we let her go. Her body pale in the fading light 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 - TIGER PIT - LATE DAY - CONTINUOUS (UNKNOWN)**

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE in ANIMAL PELTS (THE HUNTER) 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 glints around her neck.

The Hunter 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. WINE LADY'S HOUSE - 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*.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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 - VICE-PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY (2019)**

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

VICE-PRINCIPAL BERZONSKY

I would definitely not say that, no.

**INT. LILITH'S LAIR GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - BACK OFFICE - DAY (2019)**

Posters of girls, cases of booze, a money counter on the desk. ON THE MANAGER (RANDY, according to his name tag): 40's, paunchy, probably a die-hard G'n'R fan, as he ponders the question.

RANDY

Hell yeah. I knew a few of 'em pretty good back in the day, 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:

**INT. WINE LADY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON (2019)**

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINE LADY (CONT'D)

*Great* reunion attendance. I think  
what we went through really brought  
us together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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?

**INT. LILITH'S LAIR GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - BACK OFFICE - DAY (2019)**

ON RANDY, seeming borderline offended --

RANDY

C'mon.

(then; duh)

Lezzy stuff.

**INT. WINE LADY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON (2019)**

ON WINE LADY, lighting another Newport --

WINE LADY

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

**INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY (2019)**

ON the ELDERLY TEACHER, squinting aggressively --

TEACHER

Out where?

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

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

VICE-PRINCIPAL BERZONSKY

All I know is that what happened was a tragedy, a terrible tragedy. I probably shouldn't say this, but some of these kids?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICE-PRINCIPAL BERZONSKY (CONT'D)  
 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. NEW JERSEY STATE CHAMPIONSHIP SOCCER FIELD - DAY (1994)**

A GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL SOCCER GAME in progress.

VICE-PRINCIPAL BERZONSKY (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.

**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 erupt in high fives, butt slaps -- expressions of the easy camaraderie that exists between girls that have been playing together for years. Jackie runs downfield and the other girls give chase, grinning, before swarming 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 TAYLOR, 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. TEEN JACKIE'S HOUSE - JACKIE'S 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 rumpled Laura Ashley bedspread next to a half-naked JEFF SADECKI (18, lacrosse hot). His hand between her legs, working hard. Maybe too hard...

TEEN JEFF

You look so hot right now.

Jackie winces slightly. Placing her hand over his --

TEEN JACKIE

Careful...

TEEN JEFF

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

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

TEEN JACKIE

We're going to be late...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEEN 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.

TEEN JEFF (CONT'D)  
God you're amazing. I think I love  
you, Jackie.

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

TEEN JEFF (CONT'D)  
Okay, my turn...

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. TEEN JACKIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING (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. TEEN SHAUNA'S CAR/TEEN JACKIE'S HOUSE - MORNING (1994)**

SHAUNA SHIPMAN (17, ponytailed, quietly discontent) idles at the curb in her beat-to-shit Ford Festiva, 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 --

TEEN SHAUNA  
We're gonna be late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEEN JACKIE  
It's fine. Relax.

As Shauna sighs and puts the car in gear...

CUT TO:

**INT. TEEN SHAUNA'S CAR - MORNING (DRIVING) (1994)**

Shauna drives. Glancing at Jackie --

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

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

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

Jackie grins, pats the dash affectionately.

TEEN JACKIE  
Sorry, Kev.

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

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

TEEN JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Oh, were you listening to that?

TEEN 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.

TEEN 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jackie shrugs, flipping through radio stations.

TEEN 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 --

TEEN SHAUNA

Jeff's a virgin?

TEEN JACKIE

We've been together since freshman year.

TEEN SHAUNA

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

TEEN JACKIE

Never long enough to count.

**INT./EXT. TEEN SHAUNA'S CAR/MURIEL'S SUBS - CONTINUOUS  
(DRIVING) (1994)**

TEEN JACKIE

(then, suddenly)

The hell is this bullshit?

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

TEEN JACKIE (CONT'D)

Those assholes were under .500 all season. Shauna, honk at that thing!

TEEN SHAUNA

Why?

Reaching across Shauna to do it herself --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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

Shauna laughs as Jackie lays on the HORN.

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

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

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

TEEN JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Try undefeated, bitches! We're  
going to motherfucking NATIONALS!

Off the girls' laughter, the BEEP-BEEP-BEEP of the car --

CUT TO:

**OMITTED**

**EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - BACK ALLEY - MORNING (1994)**

NATALIE SCATORCCIO, (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.

TEEN NATALIE

What *is* that?

Two BOYS -- one a SMARTASS in a Kurt Cobain memorial T-shirt (RICH), the other vaguely GOTH (KEVYN) -- laugh as she pulls out a BOTTLE of Old Wren Scotch and inspects the label.

GOTH

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

TEEN NATALIE

(coughing)

Eat me.

She passes him the bottle. Then grins as --

GOTH

(sputtering)

Jesus, dude, this is terrible.

SMARTASS

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

GOTH

And just maybe we will.

But Smartass is smiling too. His PAGER goes off. Ah, the pre-cell phone era. His eyes light up as he checks the number --

SMARTASS

Oh shit, it's my cousin...

NATALIE

Did he get 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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMARTASS

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

Smartass 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 --

SMARTASS (CONT'D)

The fuck, Natalie? They're gonna  
kick our ass, not yours.

TEEN NATALIE

(shrugs)  
Only if they catch us.

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 --

**OMITTED****INT. WISKAYOK HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY (1994)**

As STUDENTS make their way to first period in a preponderance  
of unisex flannel, we find CAT WHEELER (25, doe-eyed,  
disheveled) -- AKA MS. WHEELER -- on hall-duty.

She's doing her best to look authoritative. Her results are  
middling.

CAT

Slow it down, Mr. DeRario. There  
are rules against running in the  
hall. I assume. I haven't seen any  
official documentation, but the  
other teachers seem pretty against  
it, so...

Cat turns to find ASSISTANT COACH BEN SCOTT. His good looks  
have an obvious impact on her.

BEN SCOTT

Hey, Cat! Did you talk to Coach?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAT

Who?

(then)

Oh, Bill. Yeah.

BEN SCOTT

So... are you in?

CAT

Well, it's like I said, I don't really know anything about soccer. Like at all.

BEN SCOTT

C'mon, think of it as a paid vacation... We'll have fun. Besides, we already qualified for Nationals. I think we're good on the soccer front...

CAT

(suddenly realizing)

Oh. You're going, too?

BEN SCOTT

I'm the assistant coach. Wait, why do you think I dress like this?

This is new information to Cat. And he's really good looking. Finally--

CAT

Well, I guess if it would make the school board happy to have a girl there... I am a girl! I mean, a woman. I mean... 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

Thanks. Maybe you could help bring me up to speed on some basics? I probably should know something...

BEN SCOTT

Yeah, sure. Can you come to practice this afternoon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAT

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

BEN SCOTT

Oh. Uh... Yeah, okay.

CAT

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...

CUT TO:

**INT. WISKAYOK HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - BATHROOM - 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...

TEEN JACKIE

Allie. You okay?

Allie nods. Jackie gives her a sisterly smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEEN 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 --

TEEN ALLIE

I'm not nervous.

LOTTIE (O.S.)

Jackie...

They look over to see Lottie leaning in the doorway.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)

Coach wants to see you in his office.

As Jackie passes off the brush to one of her teammates (VAN)--

CUT TO:

**INT. WISKAYOK HIGH - COACH MARTINEZ' OFFICE - DAY (1994)**

TROPHIES, equipment, cinderblock walls. ON THE DESK, a framed photo of Coach, his WIFE, and two SONS (TRAVIS, 16, and CODY, 13). Everything looks like it smells like coffee and cigarettes.

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

COACH MARTINEZ

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 MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

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

Jackie tries to project an air of mature humility.

COACH MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

Obviously it isn't because you're our best player.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COACH MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

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.

TEEN JACKIE

Is this... a pep talk?



**INT. WISKAYOK HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUED  
(1994)**

BACK BY THE MIRRORS --

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

TEEN 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...*

TEEN ALLIE (CONT'D)

My dress was gonna be *amazing*.

TEEN VAN

(diplomatically)

At least you can wear it next year.

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

TEEN ALLIE

You don'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.

TEEN LOTTIE

(sotto, sort of)

Jesus Christ. Maybe someone should tell Kelly Kapowski over there to worry less about prom and more about not fucking up at Nationals. If she plays like she did at States...

As Taissa assesses Allie...

TAISSA

That's not gonna happen. I'll handle it.

**INT. WISKAYOK HIGH - COACH MARTINEZ' OFFICE - CONTINUED  
(1994)**

COACH MARTINEZ

Jackie, you possess something  
nobody else on this team has:  
influence. When it gets tough out  
there, these girls are going to be  
looking for someone to guide them.  
Can you handle that?

A beat as Jackie considers. Then nods, the picture of  
determination.

JACKIE

Don't worry, Coach. I've got this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Jackie nods, the picture of determination --  
PRE-LAP, the STOMP-STOMP-CLAP of a class gymnasium cheer...

**OMITTED**

**INT. WISKAYOK HIGH - GYM - DAY (1994)**

The BOYS BASEBALL TEAM stands lined up behind a less-bald VICE-PRINCIPAL BERZONSKY 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. You did your best.

At the edge of the court, we find Coach Martinez 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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - CALLIE'S 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 rumpled clothes off the floor and tossing them in as well --

**INT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY (2019)**

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

**INT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY (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. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - DEN - 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 (O.S.)  
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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 HQ - BULLPEN - 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, bespectacled, all-business) keeps pace. 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 --

**INT. CAMPAIGN HQ - SMALL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (2019)**

Closing the door behind her --

BETHANNY

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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 playfully pulls Taissa down on top of her.

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 --

TAISSA

I really want this.

BETHANNY

Then 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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; 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...

TAISSA

(picking up the well-worn position)

...but I respect my fellow survivors' privacy, and categorically refuse to engage with ridiculous rumors just to appease the fucking vultures and their insatiable appetite for tragedy porn.

BETHANNY

Don't say that last part, obviously. But yes. Exactly.

Bethanny stands and approaches Taissa. Taking her hand--

BETHANNY (CONT'D)

It's gonna come up. We know that. But you'll be fine. It'll be easy, because it'll be the truth.

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

CUT TO:

**EXT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - 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?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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

SHAUNA

Rabbits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - 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...

Jessica looks around the kitchen. Raising a brow as she spots the MAGAZINE peeking out from one of Shauna's grocery bags. Under the lurid tabloid headline, a faded photo of the WRECKAGE of a plane:

"LITTLE GIRLS LOST: REMEMBERING THE YELLOWJACKETS TRAGEDY."

Shauna scowls and quickly throws the magazine in the trash. An impulse buy. Jessica gives her a small, knowing smile...

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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 what I want, about my life--

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. HOLISTIC HILLS RECOVERY CENTER - JAPANESE GARDEN -  
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...

**EXT. HOLISTIC HILLS RECOVERY CENTER - ROSE GARDEN - DAY  
(2019)**

Natalie follows the orderly through a neatly tended garden of  
rose bushes. Passing another patient -- a PALE TATTOOED MAN,  
sweating and chain smoking on a bench...

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

**INT. HOLISTIC HILLS RECOVERY CENTER - GROUP ROOM - DAY (2019)**

Finally, she enters a large, sunny 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 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

And I thought I had issues...

FLASH TO:

**EXT. WILDERNESS - DUSK (UNKNOWN)**

Pink strains of dawn, just starting to peek 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 HUNTER and a SECOND FIGURE (THE BUTCHER) work to hoist the body from a tree branch.

After a beat, a THIRD MYSTERIOUS FIGURE -- THE OVERSEER -- joins them. A moment, before -- she nods her approval. 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...

**INT. HOLISTIC HILLS RECOVERY CENTER - GROUP ROOM - DAY (2019)**

BACK ON NATALIE IN THE PRESENT --

Giving Dan that same, beatific smile. She shrugs.

NATALIE

Bad back.

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

CUT TO:

**OMITTED**

**EXT. WISKAYOK HIGH - COURTYARD - DAY (1994)**

SHAUNA as she exits the school and approaches NATALIE, LOTTIE and TAISSA, conferring in hushed tones on their way to practice.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TEEN TAISSA

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

TEEN NATALIE

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

TEEN SHAUNA

What are you guys talking about?

They all glance towards Allie, flirting playfully with some older boys on the other side of the courtyard.

TEEN LOTTIE

Allie.

TEEN SHAUNA

What about her?

TEEN TAISSA

Did you black out at States? She totally choked.

TEEN NATALIE

She's a freshman, Ty.

TEEN TAISSA

She's a liability.

Shauna glances in Jackie's direction uncertainly.

TEEN SHAUNA

What do you want to do about it?

Natalie gives Taissa a look. *Go ahead. Tell her.*

TEEN TAISSA

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

TEEN SHAUNA

(frowns)

You want to freeze her out?

TEEN NATALIE

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

TEEN TAISSA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEEN LOTTIE

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

TEEN NATALIE

That's because it's bullshit.

TEEN TAISSA

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

TEEN NATALIE

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

TEEN TAISSA

Everything works until it doesn't.  
(then; to Natalie)  
And for the record, you smell like  
a wino. Get your shit together.

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

TEEN NATALIE

You know what? Fuck this.

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

TEEN SHAUNA

Jackie's not gonna like it.

TEEN TAISSA

Then we probably shouldn't tell  
her.

Shauna hesitates. Then finally -- off her nod --

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

Establishing of students in various athletic wear -- soccer,  
track -- as they head out to their respective fields.

Find Taissa, Shauna and Lottie arriving just behind Natalie  
as JACKIE finishes leading the rest of the team through a  
series of stretches... Misty dealing with equipment in the  
background...

BEN SCOTT (O.S.)

Okay, circle up!

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN SCOTT (CONT'D)

JV's gonna help us out with a little scrimmage today. Coach Martinez had to take care of a family thing, so grab a pinny from Misty and let's get started.

TEEN LAURA LEE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

BEN 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...

TEEN LAURA LEE

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

TEEN 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. WISKAYOK HIGH 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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN 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 --

TEEN JACKIE (O.S.)

What's your problem?

Jackie jogs up behind Taissa. Playing dumb --

TEEN TAISSA

What?

TEEN JACKIE

Just, ease up.

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

TEEN SHAUNA

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

TEEN TAISSA

(shrugs)

If we can't freeze 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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

BEN SCOTT

Holy *fuck*.

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

TEEN MISTY

(muttering)

Okay. Okay-okay-okay. Apply pressure, stop the bleeding...

BEN 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.

TEEN MISTY

You mean Coach Martinez?

BEN 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--

BEN 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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

TEEN 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...

TEEN SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Hey, look at me, Allie. You're going to be fine. I'm right here.

TEEN 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. WISKAYOK HIGH - LOCKER ROOM - DAY (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 --

TEEN 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.

TEEN NATALIE

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

VAN

Oh god. I think I'm gonna puke again...

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

TEEN JACKIE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

TEEN LAURA LEE  
(helpfully)  
...And we have Jesus.

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

TEEN 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. HOLISTIC HILLS RECOVERY CENTER - GROUP 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY (CONT'D)

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)

Natalie. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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...

**OMITTED**

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

Find Shauna making MEATLOAF in the kitchen. Hearing the sound of the front door --

SHAUNA  
(calling)  
Callie? Is that you?

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

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

A TEENAGED GIRL enters, nose buried in her CELL PHONE. We might remember her from the photos we saw earlier -- this is CALLIE, 16. Shauna's daughter.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)  
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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 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. Mandy never had a curfew...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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...

TEEN JACKIE (PRE-LAP)

It's just a party...

**INT. TEEN SHAUNA'S HOUSE - SHAUNA'S BEDROOM - 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...

TEEN 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.

TEEN 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.

TEEN 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. TEEN SHAUNA'S HOUSE - SHAUNA'S CLOSET/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (1994)**

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEEN SHAUNA  
My spiritual awakening.

TEEN JACKIE (O.S.)  
You were such a weird kid. What  
were you, like, nine?

Then, as SHAUNA walks out into the room --

TEEN 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 --

TEEN JACKIE  
Lucky you had me to save you from  
yourself...  
(then, casually)  
You know, Randy's going to be at  
the party tonight.

TEEN SHAUNA (O.S.)  
Um, okay.

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

Shauna reemerges in a crushed velvet dress.

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

Shauna crosses her arms.

TEEN SHAUNA  
Randy? *Really?*

TEEN 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.

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

TEEN 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.

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

TEEN SHAUNA  
 Thanks. I will.

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

TEEN 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 baby doll  
 dress.

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

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

TEEN 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 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 crowd, we find Jackie and Shauna, red SOLO CUPS in hand, hanging with Jeff and a few of his friends. Jackie hitting a bong, looking cool as fuck while she does it... leaning into Jeff, playfully messing up his hair... a few envious stares from other girls as Jackie holds court, putting on a show. Jackie turns away from Jeff to try to get Shauna to 'sexy' dance with her. Off Shauna, resistant, instead chugging beer--

We HAND OFF to SMARTASS as he barrels past, heading for Natalie and Goth, currently standing by the BONFIRE.

SMARTASS  
(out of breath)  
You guys. My cousin hooked us up.

Natalie's eyes light up.

NATALIE  
You got it?

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

SMARTASS  
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?

TEEN 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. HOLISTIC HILLS RECOVERY CENTER - ENTRANCE - NIGHT (2019)**

Natalie sitting on top of a suitcase at the edge of the curb, smoking. A TAXI pulls up; as Natalie rises...

**INT./EXT. TAXI/HOLISTIC HILLS RECOVERY CENTER - NIGHT (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?

TAXI DRIVER

A few, sure.

NATALIE

How many go straight to a bar?

TAXI 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...

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

CUT TO:

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

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.

PARTY-GOERS

(chanting)  
Randy, Randy, Randy....

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEEN RANDY  
I dedicate that to you, sexy lady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

TEEN SHAUNA

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

TEEN TAISSA

Cool. Good talk.

She starts to walk away, when --

TEEN SHAUNA

Just admit you did it on purpose.

TEEN TAISSA

Excuse me?

TEEN SHAUNA

You heard me.

TEEN TAISSA

You're wasted.

TEEN SHAUNA

And you're a fucking sociopath.

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

TEEN VAN

Hey, Shauna, take it easy...

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

TEEN SHAUNA

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

TEEN LAURA LEE

What's she talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEEN NATALIE

(joining them)

She's talking about Taissa's little plan.

TEEN TAISSA

Please. Since when do you give a shit anyway? Don't you have a bong to hit or a dick to suck, or something?

TEEN SHAUNA

Hey. Don't talk to her that way.

TEEN 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...

TEEN LAURA LEE

Seriously, what are you guys talking about?

TEEN NATALIE, TEEN TAISSA & TEEN  
SHAUNA

(in unison)

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

As the situation escalates --

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

Find JACKIE, catching wind of the brewing fight. She frowns, heading off in the direction of the keg. Only to confront --

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

TEEN LAURA LEE

Let me finish! LET ME--

TEEN VAN

You interrupted me!

TEEN SHAUNA

Go ahead and say that again, bitch--

An even bigger crowd gathers.

RANDY

Cat fight!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

TEEN JACKIE  
THAT'S IT. ENOUGH!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

TEEN 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. As she reluctantly follows the rest of the team...

SMASH TO:

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

Jackie PACING 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...

TEEN 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 looking at right now, we might as well not even bother getting on that plane.

She thinks for a second. Then --

TEEN 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 --

TEEN JACKIE (CONT'D)  
I'm going to talk to you like adults. Is that okay with you?

A few smiles as they recognize Coach Martinez' catchphrase.

TEEN JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Coach is always telling us that you can't win without three things. Talent. Trust. And respect.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TEEN JACKIE (CONT'D)

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 others exchange looks. Is she fucking serious?

TEEN TAISSA

What is this, fucking Girl Scout camp?

TEEN JACKIE

Who wants to go first?

A beat. Nobody makes eye contact. Finally --

TEEN LAURA LEE

I'll go, Jackie.

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

TEEN 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--

TEEN LOTTIE

*Oh my god.*

TEEN JACKIE

Laura Lee, fall back!

(then)

Fuck. Fine, I'll go first.

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

TEEN 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 Palmer, your smile makes me feel happy, every time I see it.

(then Laura Lee)

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

(then Natalie)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEEN JACKIE (CONT'D)

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, your ambition inspires me. I have no doubt you're gonna take over the world some day.

TEEN VAN

She's also deadly at beer pong.

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

TEEN 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 --

TEEN VAN

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

TEEN NATALIE

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

TEEN LOTTIE

(definitely not wearing a pilgrim hat)

Um. Okay.

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

TEEN SHAUNA

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

TEEN 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.

TEEN JACKIE

Hey. Are we cool?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Shauna looks at her and shrugs.

TEEN SHAUNA

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

TEEN JACKIE

(sarcastic)

Shauna Shipman, you're a fucking laugh riot.

(then)

Okay, fine. You're a terrible dancer, you've got seriously questionable taste in music, and you can't hold your liquor for shit... You're also the smartest person I know and the only one who's always been there for me. You're the best friend I've ever had.

(sincerely)

You know that, right?

TEEN SHAUNA

(quietly; seriously)

Yeah. I know.

TEEN 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.

TEEN 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, afraid. Suddenly spotting --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISTY standing alone amongst the trees, at the edge of darkness. Watching.

NATALIE  
(quietly; confused)  
Misty?

Misty's face also begins to shift and warp. This is a bad fucking trip... Natalie squeezes her eyes shut. When she reopens them, Misty is gone. Off Natalie, staring into the dying flames of the fire...

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. TEEN JEFF'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING) (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.

TEEN JACKIE

Turn on Port Monmouth, it's faster.

TEEN JEFF

(annoyed)

Shauna's house is on the way.

TEEN JACKIE

C'mon. I'm past curfew.

TEEN SHAUNA

I have a curfew too, you know.

TEEN 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...

CUT TO:

**INT./EXT. TEEN JEFF'S CAR/TEEN JACKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (1994)**

Jeff's car, as he cuts the headlights and pulls quietly up to the curb. We watch as Jackie and Shauna climb out and exchange a quick hug before Shauna gets in the front -- an end of night ritual they've repeated countless times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFF JACKIE as they pull away, giving a quick wave and flashing that patented, easy *the-world-is-ours* grin -- for a moment still and beautiful and perfect in the moonlight...

CUT TO:

**INT. TEEN JEFF'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING) (1994)**

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

TEEN SHAUNA

Pull over.

TEEN JEFF

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

TEEN SHAUNA

Just pull over. Here.

**INT./EXT. TEEN JEFF'S CAR/DIRT ROAD - NIGHT (1994)**

Jeff turns down an access road. As the car rolls to a stop --

**INT. TEEN 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.

TEEN JEFF

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

TEEN 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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEEN 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?

TEEN 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 --

TEEN SHAUNA

Tell me you love me.

He hesitates, glancing at her face.

TEEN SHAUNA (CONT'D)

I'm not going to hold you to it.  
Just say it.

She speeds up, getting close. Finally --

TEEN JEFF

I love you, Shauna.

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

**EXT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - FRONT 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, familiar-looking HUSBAND, holding a toddler Callie... Callie's older sister MANDY (here about 13) posed in front, all freckles and braces...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 - MASTER BEDROOM 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 Shipman, 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. WOODS - PARTY - SUNRISE (1994)**

Morning mist hanging over the scattered detritus from the kegger...

**EXT. MURIEL'S SUBS - EARLY MORNING (1994)**

Muriel'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. TEEN JACKIE'S HOUSE - JACKIE'S BEDROOM - DAY (1994)**

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



**INT. TEEN NATALIE'S TRAILER - NATALIE'S BEDROOM - DAY (1994)**

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

**INT. TEEN LAURA LEE'S BEDROOM - DAY (1994)**

-- LAURA LEE, on her knees, saying one last prayer to the small JESUS PAINTING on her bedroom wall...

**INT. TEEN LOTTIE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY (1994)**

-- 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...

**INT. TEEN VAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (1994)**

-- 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...

**EXT. TEEN MISTY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD POOL - DAY (1994)**

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

**EXT. COACH MARTINEZ' HOUSE - DAY (1994)**

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

**EXT. TEEN TAISSA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (1994)**

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

**OMITTED**

OMITTED

**INT. TEEN SHAUNA'S HOUSE - SHAUNA'S BEDROOM - DAY (1994)**

-- SHAUNA, holding a piece of paper. Official BROWN UNIVERSITY letterhead. *Dear Ms. Shipman, 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:

OMITTED

**INT. CHARTERED PLANE - MORNING (1994)**

The team, together now, as they make their way onboard. Excitement palpable, taking in the interior of the plane. It pretty much looks like any other commercial flight, but this is all theirs...

TEEN NATALIE

Wicked.

TEEN VAN

(to Lottie)

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

LOTTIE

(shrugs)

It's pretty much his only form of parenting, but I guess I'll take it.

GIRLS

(together; sing-song)

Thank you, Mr. Matthews!

COACH MARTINEZ

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

ON BEN SCOTT, helping a few of the girls load their carry-ons into the overhead compartment. Assiduously pretending he doesn't see Cat Wheeler approaching down the aisle, looking hungover in DARK GLASSES...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hesitates, unable to get around him anyway.

CAT  
Hey. Um. About last night...

He glances around, clearly uncomfortable. Then, quickly --

BEN  
We don't have to talk about it.

CAT  
Oh. Okay. I just-- I think I had a little too much... you know...

She mimes drinking -- then, in case that wasn't clear (it was), mouths "whiskey." He gets paler.

CAT (CONT'D)  
But I just wanted to say, I'm glad it happened.  
(then, sotto; blushing)  
Like, really glad.

She gives him a sheepish smile before squeezing past and heading down the aisle. He realizes a few of the girls are watching them and blushes as well. As we wonder what, exactly, *that* was all about...

FIND JACKIE AND SHAUNA a few rows back, as they settle into adjoining seats. Shauna looks pale.

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

TEEN 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...

TEEN 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.

TEEN JACKIE (CONT'D)  
I swiped these from my mom's medicine cabinet.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEEN JACKIE (CONT'D)

She's got, like, a never-ending supply, so I doubt she'll even notice.

(off Shauna)

Yeah, I'm basically the best. And here...

Jackie takes off her PENDANT NECKLACE. Fastening it around Shauna's neck --

TEEN JACKIE (CONT'D)

It's a good luck charm. Now nothing can touch you.

She smiles. As Shauna dry-swallows the pills, genuinely touched by Jackie's gesture...

**INT. DINER - BOOTH - 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, singing. Swept up in their excitement over the adventure ahead. A few playful SHRIEKS as the plane lifts off. ON TEEN 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(re: the business card)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAUNA

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

CUT TO:

**OMITTED**

**EXT./INT. STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT (2019)**

Natalie, as she lifts the metal door of a STORAGE UNIT. Dust filters through the waning light as she takes in its contents, clearly untouched for years.

She wanders over to a stack of boxes, opens one -- clothes, books, CDs, trophies. An old (familiar) black motorcycle JACKET, the leather cracked with age.

Finally, she steps away, all business now as she pulls the TARP from a vintage SPORTS CAR, its dark paint still gleaming beneath the protective skin. She finds the KEYS hidden in the wheel well then opens the TRUNK, revealing -- an ancient-looking WINCHESTER HUNTING RIFLE, wrapped in a dirty cloth.

Natalie takes out the gun, inspecting it with reverence -- opening the action to peer down the bore. Satisfied, carefully places it back in the trunk, when --

MAN (O.S.)

Nice ride.

Natalie turns to see an older man -- the facility MANAGER -- peering inside the space. She nods. It is.

MANAGER

I'm Dave. The manager.

He waits for her to reciprocate the introduction.

NATALIE

(deadpan)

Hi, Dave.

She doesn't elaborate. Still, lingering --

MANAGER

Sorry, it's just... haven't seen anyone in this unit since I've been here. Vultures have been circling it for years. But I keep telling 'em, as long as the bill's paid...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She nods again, uninterested in having a conversation. Not taking the hint --

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
You local?

NATALIE  
Was. It's been a while since I've been home.

MANAGER  
Well then, welcome back.

She gives him a small smile.

NATALIE  
Thanks. I wasn't sure how it would feel, but...  
(considering)  
I think it'll be good to reconnect with some old friends.

As she slams the trunk shut --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLASH TO:

**EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT (UNKNOWN)**

The fur-clad BUTCHER carries a steaming wooden PLANK -- a makeshift PLATTER -- towards THE OVERSEER and a ring of ACOLYTES waiting silently in the moonlight.

The OVERSEER turns towards a strange, masked and horned figure (THE SHAMAN). Some unspoken agreement passing between them. The culmination of a strange ceremony that we don't yet fully understand. Then, as she gestures to the congregation --

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

**INT. SUNNYVIEW SENIOR HOME - HALLWAY - 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?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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 cacciatore 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...

**INT./EXT. NATALIE'S CAR/SUNNYVIEW SENIOR HOME - 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 - SUNRISE - CONTINUED (UNKNOWN)**

The FEAST, as the OVERSEER 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 - SHAUNA'S 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)**

Teen 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.**