

"REST"

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SPECTATORS populate the gallery. The microscope is on socialite ANNETTE ROHR (arguably 50). She's a dark, enigmatic beauty, a Fabrege Egg in a display case.

Her magisterial husband IRA (70) is sitting with her. He's aloof, his eyes are vacant. He's a former investment banker with progressive dementia. Annette places his favorite golf ball in his hand to keep him coherent.

The D.A. swivels to give Annette a vote of confidence. She fraudulently smiles back.

A Marshal escorts shackled defendant KARL CANTER to his seat. He's a middle-aged bulldozer blanketed in tattoos.

Karl locks eyes with Annette, flexing his cuffs to arouse her. She struggles to look away.

The marshal shoves Karl next to his public defender, LIGGINS. She pats Karl's back for show. The Marshal removes Karl's restraints and posts next to BAILIFF.

Bailiff announces JUDGE PRAILLOW as she enters from chambers.

BAILIFF

All rise for the honorable Gail  
Prailow, presiding.

MILLS, in her third trimester, sneaks in and squeezes on the last row as the entire gallery stands.

JUDGE PRAILLOW

You may be seated. It's been a long  
and very emotional trial so let's  
get right to it. Bailiff, please  
bring in the jury.

FOREMAN leads his fellow Jurors into the jury box.

JUDGE PRAILLOW (CONT'D)

Foreman, has the jury reached a  
unanimous verdict?

FOREMAN

We have, Your Honor.

Foreman passes the verdict sheets to Judge Prailow. After reviewing them she sends them back to Foreman to publish.

Annette's heart pounds through her silk blouse. She clutches Ira's hand to stop hers from shaking.

JUDGE PRAILLOW  
Will the defendant please rise?  
In the State of Georgia vs. Karl  
Canter, how do you find?

FOREMAN  
In the above-titled action, we the  
jury find the defendant, Karl  
Canter, not guilty of murder in the  
first degree.

GASPS echo throughout the gallery as Foreman continues to read the not guilty verdicts. Judge Prailow slams the gavel for order.

Annette embraces Ira as the world continues without her.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - COURTHOUSE - DAY

Liggins finalizes Karl's release paperwork with a CLERK at the counter. She takes an exasperated seat next to him.

KARL  
That's for getting me off.

LIGGINS  
Karl, you're a free man. You're not on the loose. But keep a low profile. In a few days, this'll all blow over. Get yourself a job. Stay clean. And most of all, stay out of trouble.

Karl catches the Clerk eavesdropping.

LIGGINS (CONT'D)  
I'm serious Karl. One mistake, just one, even a parking ticket, and the D.A. will see to it that you spend your last breath in prison.

KARL  
I ain't about to do nothing stupid, like steal memorabilia.

Liggins watches Karl disappear down the hall.

INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - LATER

This storage-sized office is bustling with Defendants awaiting counsel.

A PARALEGAL juggles the busy switchboard at the front desk.

Annette and Ira is in the congested waiting area. Ira squirms in the metal folding chairs. He kicks off his wingtips.

Liggins and the Paralegal observe Annette as she struggles to lace the shoes on Ira's feet.

LIGGINS

How long's she been waiting?

PARALEGAL

Twenty minutes, give or take.

LIGGINS

The case is over. What does she want?

PARALEGAL

To kill you?

LIGGINS

Wouldn't be the first time.

CRESSIDA (20s), pushes through the doors and signs the clipboard. She has icy eyes and her hair is inky to erase any trace of blonde. She's still carrying a few pounds of baby weight, even though her son's 4.

She snaps her fingers at Paralegal for attention.

CRESSIDA

Ah, hello? How long's the wait long?

PARALEGAL

What type of case, sweetie?

CRESSIDA

CPS kidnapped my son, so...

PARALEGAL

Probate. She just went to lunch so about 45 minutes.

Cressida dumps herself in a metal chair and scrolls the timeline in her phone.

LIGGINS  
(to Paralegal)  
Sit in with me.  
(to Annette & Ira)  
Mr. and Mrs. Rohr, follow me.

INT. LIGGINS' OFFICE - DAY

There's an abyss of unmanageable case files enveloping her office.

Annette and Ira follow behind Liggins. Paralegal moves piles for them to sit.

Paralegal stands in the doorway taking notes.

LIGGINS  
Excuse the mess. Have a seat.  
Although, I'm not sure meeting with  
me is such a good idea.

ANNETTE  
Sorry to come unannounced. I was  
hoping you could help me with  
closure.

LIGGINS  
I don't get your meaning.

ANNETTE  
You represented Karl Canter. I'm  
hoping maybe he told you where my  
daughter's body is.

LIGGINS  
Mrs. Rohr, as his attorney, I'm  
confined to his confidences. But,  
Karl maintains his innocence.

ANNETTE  
She didn't know that man. Her blood  
was in his truck. Her dog's collar,  
the bracelet I bought for her 21st  
birthday. How do you explain that?  
How'd he get it?

LIGGINS  
Who knows? A plant. It's all  
circumstantial. I can't explain it.  
But the jury has spoken. The jury  
has found reasonable doubt.

ANNETTE  
You're a mother?

LIGGINS  
What does that matter?

ANNETTE  
(voice cracking)  
Ms. Liggins, my daughter was everything to me. That man took everything from me. I'm coming to terms with that now. All I want to do is give her a proper burial. I just want to know where he left her body. She deserves to rest in peace. I won't rest until that day comes.

As Annette stands, urine streams down Ira's gabardine trousers.

INT. COURTHOUSE - LADIES' ROOM - LATER

Annette locks the door for privacy. She sits Ira on a toilet and removes his soiled pants.

Ira practices his golf swing, scoring a 58 in his mind.

Annette forces a pill down Ira's throat. He rejects it, spitting it onto the tiled floor in a pool of saliva.

ANNETTE  
You're almost out, Ira. You're taking this pill.

She rinses the pill off in the faucet, catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror.

She chases the pill down his throat with the bottled water. Her cellphone rings, but she ignores it.

Annette fans Ira's pants under the hand dryer, squirting perfume to mask the odor.

Ira bangs on the stall door.

Annette layers on lipstick as the bangs continue.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - LATER

Media are gathered around a podium awaiting a press conference.

Annette holds Ira's hand steady as they present themselves for the cameras. Mike Walls reviews his note cards and steps to the bank of mikes.

MIKE WALLS

We would like to thank Judge  
Prailow for a fair and judicious  
trial. And though the verdict did  
not swing our way, we thank the  
jurors for their sacrifice and for  
serving on this jury. As the family  
of Sophia Rohr continues to grieve,  
please respect their privacy. Mr.  
and Mrs. Rohr will not be taking  
questions at this time.

Annette fortuitously steps to the podium, interrupting Mike Walls. The mikes screech as it finds her voice.

ANNETTE

I'm offering a \$50,000 reward for  
information leading to the  
whereabouts of my daughter's  
remains.

As questions are shouted at her, Annette grabs Ira's hand and descends the mountain of courthouse steps to her luxury SUV.

Mike Walls approaches the mikes with the proverbial mop.

INT. PRECINCT - SVU - DAY

Not much action in the unit. A wall-mounted TV is replaying Annette's news conference.

She's suffering from desk duty burnout. She devours the last bites of baby shower cake, resting her feet on the office gift - a stroller.

MILLS

What would you do with 50 gees  
right now? This lady's asking for  
all kinds of trouble. Maybe she's  
using it as bait. What do you  
think, Lee?

She shuts off the TV and tosses a stress ball at her desk partner, DET. LEE who's asleep at his desk.

DET. LEE

We did the Gs yesterday.

MILLS

I think I have to pee again. I'm not opposed to moving a John right next to my desk.

DET. LEE

Isn't the appropriate name porta potty?

MILLS

Right. I've never peed this much in my life. I mean, I could hold it for a whole shift before I was pregnant. Like I would literally measure how long I could go just so I'd make one trip instead of two.

DET. LEE

I don't think that's healthy. Did you buy your mom's ticket yet?

Annette flags down her lieutenant, KENNESAW.

KENNESAW

You like the stroller, Mills?

She trails Kennesaw with a cold case folder.

MILLS

That's not an ottoman?

INT. KENNESAW'S OFFICE

Mills shuts the door behind her. She opens the file on his desk and he flips through it.

KENNESAW

The man's exonerated. Let it go.

MILLS

(sales pitch)

Different investigation, same M.O. This is an unsolved case from three years ago. Woman checks into a hotel, doesn't check out. Raped and asphyxiated.

He's not buying it.

KENNESAW

The department cannot afford a civil suit. Besides, aren't you supposed to be on maternity leave.

(MORE)



KENNESAW (CONT'D)

Give it to Lee. He'll run point  
while you're gone. Now go home.

MILLS

Lee? Who's out here helping me pick  
baby names? I'm not due for two  
more weeks. I can handle this.

He closes the file and hands it back to her.

His phone rings and he gladly picks it up. He points her back  
to her desk. She leaves, tail-tucked.

EXT. ANNETTE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

It's a secluded community of estates nestled with wooded  
backdrop.

Reporters cluster the security gate, hurling questions.

Annette's SUV parks in front of her 3-car garage. She helps  
Ira out the passenger side.

IRA

I have to pee.

ANNETTE

Okay Ira! I'm going fast as I can.

Her frustration is unsettling.

INT. ANNETTE'S HOME

It's beautifully appointed, exquisite taste with world renown  
art pieces and custom furniture.

Reminder notes are strategically placed around the home for  
Ira. Surveillance cameras are stationed at every entry.

Annette sits Ira on the foyer bench next to his inscribed  
golf caddy. She removes his shoes as he pulls out his 9 iron.

She closes the window shutters, darkening the ambiance.

IRA

It's tee time.

ANNETTE

It's been a long day, Ira. Not  
today, okay?

IRA

Tee time.

ANNETTE

Maybe tomorrow.

INT. MAIN LEVEL MASTER SUITE

Annette sits Ira on their bedside bench.

She drags a laundry sack to his side and peels off his clothes down to his underwear.

Ira grabs her face with both his hands.

She studies his eyes to find the man she's loved for 25 years, but he's long gone.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Ira is in the tub, splashing water like a toddler. Annette attempts to wash his hair, but he's too fidgety and agitated.

She grabs a bottle of Xan from her vanity and takes the last pill. The label reads No Refills She tosses the empty bottle in the waste basket.

INT. ANNETTE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Ira's sound asleep. Annette sobs onto her pillow and curls into the fetal position next to Ira.

INT. ANNETTE'S GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Assorted bushels of flower arrangements drip down the glass-encased walls. Annette prunes and trims and waters and tailors.

EXT. ANNETTE'S YARD - LATER

Annette's neighbor and confidant, ORSON, jaywalks from his property to hers. Orson is a bleach-blonde fountain of youth with a new lease. He's carrying a bottle of Annette's favorite *Cabernet*.

INT. ANNETTE'S GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Annette hears a gentle knock on the door as Orson enters.

ORSON  
I figured you'd be out here.

They air-kiss. Annette pulls out wine glasses from the cabinet. She urges Orson to fill hers to the brim.

ANNETTE  
Your timing couldn't be better.

ORSON  
So that's it? The bastard just goes free?

ANNETTE  
It's only a matter of time before some other family's at that podium.

ORSON  
Yeah, I saw your press conference. It's trending. Now everyone'll be calling you claiming they have information just for that money. You sure you want that headache?

They sip in silence for a beat.

ANNETTE  
I wanna kill him, Orson. I'm sorry, but I do.

Orson grabs her hand. Her eyes well with tears. He wipes them away.

ORSON  
You don't mean that, Annette. Although, we could frame the son of a bitch.

Annette pushes her glass out of her reach.

ANNETTE  
Cut me off or I may be crazy enough to do it.

Orson empties the last drops into Annette's glass.

ORSON  
Still not sleeping?

ANNETTE  
Here and there.

Annette checks the surveillance camera to their bedroom. Ira's still in their bed asleep.

ORSON

I hate to ask, especially after all this.

ANNETTE

Where to this time?

ORSON

Denver. Could be 2 weeks or 2 months. But it's a big payday. Might be a spread in *Elle Decor*.

They tap glasses.

ANNETTE

So proud of you. Ira actually loves having Pippa around.

ORSON

You sure? I mean, I can ask our nosy Gunther to do it.

ANNETTE

Gunther? Pippa would run away for good. Absolutely not. This is a big deal for you. When you get back, I want to stage Sophia's condo. Decorate it, put it on the market.

ORSON

Of course. Whatever you need. Damsel in distress doesn't suit you. With all this built up rage, you could blow at any moment.  
(eggshells)  
Therapy's not a bad word.

He leans back and waits for her response.

ANNETTE

I'll be fine. I just have so many questions.

ORSON

What if the answers to all those questions never come?

They stare at each other.

## EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Entombed under a highway overpass. The Vacancy sign shutters. The balcony railings are rusted. The pool violates any possible health code.

## INT. MOTEL - FRONT DESK

DAVE, the motel's multi-hyphenate manager watches hockey on a small convex TV while nursing purposeless coffee.

Karl drives a roaring vacuum over the sullied carpet.

DAVE

Keep it down. I can't hear over  
that thing.

Karl ignores him.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Hey buddy! Do me a favor, huh? Hey!

The desk phone rings. Karl continues to vacuum.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I can't hear myself think!  
(into phone)  
Desk. Right away.  
(to Karl)  
322 needs towels.

Karl hears him over the vacuum.

## INT. ROOM 322 - NIGHT

A double bed and dresser are about all that can fit in this shoebox.

PROSTITUTE, later known as Kim Dover, steps out of the shower and wipes her hands with a face towel.

She sniffs a bump of coke and rifles through her overnight bag for a brush to tame her mangled hair.

A BANG on the door excites her. She swipes the curtain open expecting her john, but finds Karl.

Unashamed of her nakedness, she opens the door wide and grabs a towel from the pile he's holding.

She invites him in as she wraps her body with the towel.

PROSTITUTE

While you're here, there's a clog  
in the drain. Can you check it?

Karl looks at her stringy hair, the obvious culprit.

He checks her drain and confirms there's a clog.

He discretely swipes her door card from the nightstand.

KARL

I didn't bring my tools. I can come  
back up in 10 minutes.

PROSTITUTE

I'm expecting company. Can you come  
back in an hour?

KARL

Sure thing.

She scoops coke with her fingernail as Karl leaves.

EXT. ROOM 322 - LATER

As her John stumbles to his car, Karl lurks from the  
breezeway. He puts on a pair of latex gloves and waits for  
her John to leave the premises.

A Motel Guest bumps into Karl, but is too drunk to ID him.

INT. ROOM 322 - LATER

She swipes her gums with the last of the coke and saunters  
into the shower.

Karl cracks the door open locking it behind him. He places  
her access card by the coke tray.

She sees Karl's silhouette peripherally. Just as she starts  
to scream, he grabs her neck.

He tosses her onto the brick bed and covers her lips. She  
bites into his hand, tearing through the latex. He stuffs her  
mouth with a hand towel. She kicks and flails her limbs,  
clawing stubble on his chin, digging into his neck. Her face  
turns purple as she asphyxiates.

He climbs off her unconscious corpse and shuts her eyelids.

He extracts the towel from her throat like those clown tricks. He pulls a Ziploc bag from his pocket and gently drops the souvenir in.

He empties her overnight bag onto the bed, fishing through the contents. He finds a nail clipper and clips her nails - placing them all in the Ziploc.

He takes a picture with her cellphone and puts it in his pocket. He takes her wallet.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Annette and Ira wait in line behind a Customer.

Cressida tenders the Customer, stealing a glimpses of Annette, who's wearing sunshades and a \$20k handbag.

The brown-nosing PHARMACY TECH is filling orders but also watching Cressida closely.

CRESSIDA  
Next in line.

ANNETTE  
Picking up for Rohr.

CRESSIDA  
ID, please.

Annette flashes her driver's license.

ANNETTE  
Is Lisa off today?

CRESSIDA  
She's no longer employed with this establishment.

PHARMACY TECH  
Because she was stealing.

CRESSIDA  
Because she was "caught" stealing.

Cressida winks at Annette.

ANNETTE  
(monotone)  
Any way I can get a refill on my own prescription? Should be under Rohr.

CRESSIDA  
(not so discretely)  
Xans, huh? Someone likes to party.  
Uh oh, you're outta refills. I can  
call your doctor for you.

Cressida picks up the phone to dial, but Annette waves her off.

ANNETTE  
That won't be necessary. What's my  
total?

CRESSIDA  
\$85 even.

Cressida takes note of Annette's address on file.

IRA  
Sophia.

ANNETTE  
No, Ira. That's not Sophia. Let's  
go home.

EXT. REAR OF PHARMACY - LATER

Cressida's scrolling her phone viewing search results of intel on Annette Rohr, the case and the reward money.

CRESSIDA  
Jackpot.

A vehicle drags to a stop. The passenger window rolls down. Cressida exchanges a bottle of pills for a grip of cash. By the time she pockets the money, the car is out of sight.

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

Annette removes stacks of cash from her safety deposit box. She rifles through other financial documents and happens across the deed to Sophia Rohr's condo. She reviews it before locking the drawer and exiting the vault.

EXT. ORSON'S BACKYARD

Annette lifts a potted plant for the spare key. A deer and her doe grass in the grass.



## INT. ORSON'S HOME

The decorum of an interior designer. She deactivates the alarm. Annette knows where everything is so she navigates accordingly.

## INT. ORSON'S KITCHEN

She opens the fridge and pours herself a glass of wine. She fills the watering spout.

Orson's Siamese cat, Pippa, purrs and rubs against Annette leg. She changes the litter box and refills Pippa's food bowl.

She goes from room to room watering the plants with Pippa in tow.

## INT. ORSON'S BATHROOM

Annette puts the watering can down and hunts through his medicine cabinet. She pops open a bottle of acetaminophen and swallows two pills.

## INT. ORSON'S DEN

She sips wine and monitors Ira from her cellphone. He's having his own *Masters Tourney* in their Foyer.

## INT. ANNETTE'S FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Ira is dressed for a tournament. He swings his golf club with perfect form. He digs in his pocket for a golf ball and drops it on the hardwood floor. He swings, driving the ball into the kitchen door, pitching a dent into it. He celebrates then drops another ball. He swings again, but misses, tumbling onto his back. The ball cracks the kitchen window.

## ON ANNETTE

She covers her mouth as she watches and waits. Ira stays on the ground, immobile. She watches and waits, ashamed.

Finally Ira stands. He walks to the wall and reads the notes as if he never fell.

Her cellphone rings.

ANNETTE  
(into phone)  
Hello?

CALLER (OVER THE PHONE)  
Annette Rohr?

ANNETTE  
Who's this?

CALLER (OVER THE PHONE)  
I know where your daughter is.  
Sophia Rohr, right?

She looks at her phone screen for the number; it's blocked.

ANNETTE  
How'd you get this number? You  
should call the police.

CALLER (OVER THE PHONE)  
No police! Meet me on Peachtree  
Highway.

INT. ANNETTE'S KITCHEN - LATER

Ira's part-time nurse, ALICIA, feeds him dinner.

Annette stuffs her handbag with money. She pulls out the bag with Ira's prescription and finds a note from Cressida. She scans the note before sticking it back in her handbag.

She gives the prescription bottle to Alicia and kisses Ira's forehead.

ANNETTE  
I'll only be a couple of hours.

ALICIA  
No problem, Mrs. Rohr.

INT. ANNETTE'S SUV - NIGHT

Annette uses the interior light to read Cressida's note: For refills call 555-2692. She tosses the note back in her purse. She backs out the driveway.

Cressida watches from her sedan. She ducks down as Annette's SUV zips through the security gate.

INT. CRESSIDA'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

She turns the ignition, but the car doesn't start. She continues to crank it until finally the engine turns over.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY

Cressida's sedan finds Annette's SUV and trails.

EXT. PEACHTREE HIGHWAY

There are no street lights. A makeshift memorial with a war-torn teddy bear, a wreath and deflated balloons are staked by the shoulder.

Annette's SUV pulls up beside it. Her hazard lights flicker. She climbs out and approaches the memorial.

A coupe eases to a stop behind Annette's SUV. The highbeams light her bumper like a followspot.

The coupe's door creaks open. Boots dump into cement and tread towards Annette. She tries to make out who it is, but the light's too bright.

ANNETTE

Hello?

CALLER

You bring the money?

ANNETTE

Where's the body?

A gun is pointed directly at her head.

CALLER

Where's the money, bitch?

ANNETTE

Please, do you know where my daughter's body is?

CALLER

Shut up! Where's the money?

The gun stays at her head while the Caller opens the passenger door. He grabs the purse, money dumps out onto the shoulder. He pockets what he can while still pointing the gun.

Suddenly, a stun gun zaps his neck. He convulses to the ground.

CRESSIDA

Go! Get the fuck outta here, lady!

Annette collects her purse and as much contents from the ground and she can.

She looks up to see who's helping her, but can't make out the face. She jumps into the driver's seat and speeds away.

Cressida zaps Caller again and grabs the money he stole.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The threat of rain looms over the playground. Families pack up and load their kids into their minivans.

LIZ, a case worker, sits on a bench with Cressida's 6-year old, JOSH. Liz checks her watch several times before Cressida's sedan screeches in the parking lot.

Liz gathers Josh and heads to her own car.

Josh greets Cressida with a bear hug. She swings him around like a carousel.

CRESSIDA

Joshy, I missed you so much. Do you miss mommy?

LIZ

Cressida, you're late again. I have to get him back.

(to Josh)

Say goodbye to your mom, Josh.

Liz fastens Josh in his car seat in the back of her car.

JOSH

Bye bye, mommy.

CRESSIDA

Please. I didn't get to see him last week. Just ten minutes. Please. Come on.

LIZ

I'm recommending suspension of visitation until your court hearing.

CRESSIDA

Please don't. I can't afford a lawyer right now. Not a good one. You know that.

LIZ

The state will provide representation for you, if you cannot afford an attorney.

CRESSIDA

You know those lawyers ain't shit. They work for you. I'm all he's got. Don't take that away from me. From him.

LIZ

Get yourself together, Cressida. For your child and for yourself.

Liz climbs into the driver's seat and drives off. Cressida watches the car disappear as rain drowns her sight.

Her cellphone rings.

CRESSIDA

(into cellphone)

This is Cressida.

She celebrates silently.

INT. ROOM 322 - NIGHT

Ticker tape cordons off the scene. Half a dozen COPS bag evidence, examine the corpse, dust for prints, collect DNA and snap photos.

Det. Lee catches Dave lumbering around.

DET. LEE

You the manager?

DAVE

Among other things.

INT. FRONT DESK - DAY

Dave nervously sits at his desk. Det. Lee points out the camera in the wall over Dave's head. It's a dinosaur.

DET. LEE

I'll need the tape?

DAVE

Soon as I boot up this computer.  
Usually takes about 20 minutes.

Dave smacks the spine of the *Gateway* computer like a vending machine.

DET. LEE

I didn't notice any others on the property. That the only one you got?

DAVE

Correct. And it's trained on the cash register. We like our guests to have full anonymity.

His effort to make Det. Lee to laugh falls deaf.

DET. LEE

What's the guest's name in room 322?

DAVE

Samantha, Amanda. Something like that.

DET. LEE

When'd she check in?

DAVE

She comes here all the time. Well came here all the time.

That pun falls flat, too.

DET. LEE

I'll need a manifest of all the guests that stayed here for the last ten days. And I'll need to speak with all employees.

DAVE

It's just two of us on staff full time. Me and the janitor, Bill. We have a chef that comes on the weekends. It's my mother.

DET. LEE

Were you and Bill both here last night?

DAVE

Yup. He called out sick today.  
Flu's going around. Told him we can  
survive a day without him.

DET. LEE

That's convenient. Run me through  
last night.

DAVE

He delivered towels to Room 322  
around 7 or so.

DET. LEE

Did you see Bill after that?

DAVE

Yeah, he cleaned the windows for a  
little while.

Det. Lee looks at the blurry windows.

DAVE (CONT'D)

They're old.

DET. LEE

How long has Bill worked here?

DAVE

Just started actually. You know,  
she had guests here all the time.  
Maybe you should question her  
visitors. I can't afford no  
lawsuit.

DET. LEE

Let me have his employee file?

Dave gives Det. Lee a piece of paper otherwise known as  
Bill's file.

DAVE

(affirmation)

Called his reference. It checked  
out.

(off Det. Lee's silence)

He was cheap. What can I say.

DET. LEE

This address is for a storage  
facility.

Dave shrugs unfazed. His archaic computer boots down. He  
pounds it again to restart it.

DAVE

Looks like it's gunna be another 20 minutes.

EXT. STORAGE LOT - NIGHT

Karl carries a duffle bag through the lot to his unit. He snatches an eviction notice from an adjoining unit and stuffs it in his pocket.

He unlocks and lifts the metal door to find it torn apart from the police raid. Boxes strewn and scattered about.

His beater pickup truck is trashed. He climbs in to start it, but it doesn't crank. He locates a jumpbox and starts his engine.

He backs the pickup truck out, nearing crashing into the GROUNDSMAN's golf cart.

GROUNDSMAN

Whoa! Hey!

Karl's pickup truck jerks to a stop.

Groundsman zips away on his golf cart.

Karl backs the pickup truck all the way out of the unit and kills his headlights.

He kicks boxes out of his path and makes his way to the back wall. One bang shifts the wall revealing a dummy door.

Just as he jimmie's it open, a flashlight burns down his back. Groundsman's back.

Bad timing for Karl. He shifts boxes to cover the dummy door.

GROUNDSMAN (CONT'D)

By the way, we're closing in 5 minutes. They don't pay OT so don't ask for more time.

Karl shuts the metal gate in Groundsman's face. He uses the stolen cellphone light to direct his path back to the door.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Mills swipes her access card for entry. She's nibbling on leftover baby shower and pushing the gift stroller. She awakens OFFICER GREEN.



MILLS  
My bribe.

OFFICER GREEN  
What's left of it.

MILLS  
I can finish it.

He grabs the plate.

OFFICER GREEN  
When are you due?

MILLS  
Next week, week after that. Who knows anymore. Have the files from the Canter case been returned from the DA's office?

OFFICER GREEN  
Came back this morning.

MILLS  
Can I borrow those for a couple hours? I'll bring them back before next shift.

OFFICER GREEN  
Where've I heard that one before?

Officer Green goes to collect the evidence box. Mills steals another bite of the cake.

INT. PHARMACY - STOCKROOM - DAY

Cressida packs and bottles prescriptions on assembly. She reads the labels as she goes and pockets various bottles.

She loads up on *Xans*, *Percocets*, *Valium* and *Truth Serum*. Enough to get paid, but not too much to do hard time.

Pharmacy Tech pops her head in. Cressida's caught red-handed or so she thinks.

CRESSIDA  
I was...

PHARMACY TECH  
Will you watch the front? I'm going on break.

CRESSIDA  
...finishing up here but, sure.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Annette sits on a golf cart observing Ira swing a few balls. He's in his own world having a great time. Her cellphone rings. She checks the screen and ignores the call.

The moment is stolen as her clubmates, AUBREY and DABNEY approach. Annette hadn't planned an escape route.

DABNEY  
Nice day for a few rounds, huh Ira?

He pats Ira's back. Ira jerks away and continues to swing. Dabney joins his wife and Annette.

AUBREY  
Annette, how are you holding up?  
I've been meaning to call.

ANNETTE  
Best I can.

DABNEY  
He's still got that form. Some  
things never change.

AUBREY  
You look awful, honey. Like you  
haven't slept a wink. I can  
schedule an appointment for you  
with Dr. Mercer. She's not taking  
new clients, but would do it as a  
favor for me.

ANNETTE  
How generous. That won't be  
necessary, though, but thanks.

AUBREY  
Right, well I noticed that Sophia's  
membership is still active. Have  
you decided what to do about that?  
Because I have a neighbor that's  
dying to get in here. So to speak.

ANNETTE  
I'll keep that in mind.

AUBREY

Well, I'll let you get back to it.  
We'll have you both over for dinner  
soon.

ANNETTE

I'd love that.

Aubrey and Dabney cart away.

INT. SOPHIA'S CONDO - DAY

It's generously appointed like a model home. But dust has  
collected on the appliances. It's been vacant for a year and  
it shows.

Annette looks around and dumps herself on the floor overcome  
with tears.

INT. ANNETTE'S SUV

Annette clicks on her hazards as she veers onto the shoulder.

EXT. ROADSIDE MEMORIAL

She jumps out and pops the liftgate.

She stuffs the teddy bear, wreath and deflated balloons her  
shopping bags and tosses it all in her trunk.

She sits on the edge of the bumper and screams.

An incoming call comes through her Bluetooth. She shuts the  
liftgate and climbs in the driver's seat. She wipes away her  
tears and clears her throat.

ANNETTE

Hello.

CRESSIDA (O.S.)

Mrs. Rohr?

ANNETTE

This is Annette.

CRESSIDA (O.S.)

This is Cressida, from the  
pharmacy. Can we link up now?

An awkward pause.

ANNETTE  
Tell me where.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cressida's sedan backs into a space.

Annette's SUV pulls beside Cressida's sedan. They both roll down their windows.

CRESSIDA  
Thanks for coming. Got Xans and  
Perkies. It's in the bag. I can get  
more.

Annette passes cash through the window in exchange for the bag of pills.

ANNETTE  
This is the one and only time I'm  
doing this. Please do not call me  
anymore.

Cressida watches Annette's SUV until it's out of sight.

She tosses the money on the passenger seat with the pile of scripts. She cranks her engine, but steam exudes from under the hood.

She grabs the gallon of water on the floor of the passenger side and pours it into the radiator.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Cressida sulks next to her court-appointment LAWYER, this a custody hearing.

Liz sits in the gallery behind the PROSECUTOR. The DEPUTY is seated next to the bench.

The MAGISTRATE reviews notes before ruling.

MAGISTRATE  
Okay. I've had an opportunity to  
review the information sent by  
child protective services. It is  
the judgment of this court to  
minimize visitation to one day per  
week - supervised. Status update in  
six weeks.

CRESSIDA

Six weeks? No, you can't do that.  
He deserves to be with his mother.

The Magistrate slams his gavel.

MAGISTRATE

Control your client, counselor.

LAWYER

Calm down.

CRESSIDA

This isn't fair. This is bullshit.  
I didn't harm my child.

MAGISTRATE

If you don't control your client, I  
will hold her in contempt.

CRESSIDA

I want a new lawyer. You're fired!  
You don't work for me. You work for  
them. I want a new lawyer.

MAGISTRATE

Deputy, remand the defendant to  
county.

Deputy cuffs Cressida and escorts her out the courtroom.

INT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

Bank of phones and plexiglass separate the VISITORS from the  
INMATES.

Annette waits patiently as STAN is escorted to his seat. She  
picks up the receiver as soon as he sits. It's awkward  
enough.

ANNETTE

Thanks for agreeing to see me.

STAN

My baby mama got the money.

ANNETTE

I can't stay long.

STAN

I can't say the same.

ANNETTE

I'm just looking for any  
information you can give me about  
the murder. Did he say anything  
else? Where he left her body?

STAN

Lady, thanks for the help and all,  
but, like I said in court, I asked  
if he killed the girl and he said  
he did. He didn't go into details -  
none of that. How he did it or why,  
I don't know. Sorry I can't help  
you more.

Annette drops her head and the receiver.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

Det. Lee hops out of his unmarked car and surveys the lot.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY - MAIN OFFICE

The door chimes as Det. Lee enters.

The Clerk bites into her sandwich.

DET. LEE

Am I disturbing your lunch?

The Clerk finishes chewing.

CLERK

Sorry. Get it in when I can. How  
can I help you?

He flashes his badge.

DET. LEE

Det. Lee. You have a Bill Jones  
unit owner?

She fishes names with corresponding unit numbers on her  
desktop.

CLERK

That's a generic name. Lemme see.

DET. LEE

Unit 12.

CLERK

No sir. We have two Bill Jones, but not with that unit.

DET. LEE

How many cameras do you have on the property?

CLERK

Quite a few. I can show you around.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Clerk and Det. Lee tour the property on a golf cart. Det. Lee passes Karl's units, unbeknownst.

INT. ANNETTE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Annette and Ira are having breakfast. Ira tries to cut his pancakes with his fingers. Annette wipes his hands and feeds him.

Her phone rings.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Annette pays bail to CASHIER and sits on a bench to wait for Cressida. She's been there for a while and her repulsiveness shows.

Mills strolls to her desk with a baby stroller and a box of files in it. She settles comfortably into her chair and sorts through the box of files. She removes the forensics kit with the blood, hair samples and toxicology reports.

She happens to look over to the Booking Counter and finds Annette sitting in a chair.

MILLS

(mono)

What's Mrs. Rohr doing here?

She watches her mannerisms before approaching Annette.

MILLS (CONT'D)

Mrs. Rohr?

ANNETTE

Yes.

She looks Mills over.

MILLS  
Detective Mills. I worked on your  
daughter's case. Have you been  
helped?

Annette sucks her teeth.

A JAILER delivers Cressida.

Cressida follows Annette out the precinct.

MILLS (CONT'D)  
That was strange.

Mills grabs Cressida's wrap sheet from the Deputy at the  
window.

MILLS (CONT'D)  
Can I make a copy of these?

Mills saunters back to her desk.

EXT. PRECINCT

Annette hurries to her SUV, sanitizing her hands. Cressida  
pulls her cellphone out the plastic bag.

CRESSIDA  
Shit, no charge. Mrs. Rohr, thanks  
for bailing me out. I promise to  
pay you back.

ANNETTE  
Where'd you park?

CRESSIDA  
I didn't drive here. Actually, can  
I get a ride to the courthouse,  
that's where my car's parked.

Annette gets into her vehicle, digs into her purse and gives  
Cressida \$50.

Cressida stands too close to Annette's driver door.

ANNETTE  
Find a cab.

CRESSIDA  
I can help you.

ANNETTE  
Help me? With what?



CRESSIDA  
Find your daughter. For the reward  
money.

ANNETTE  
Door please!

Cressida moves so Annette can close her door. She starts her engine.

CRESSIDA  
I can use the money. I lost my kid.  
And a good lawyer costs 10 grand. I  
don't even want the entire amount  
\$50,000. All I need is \$10,000. So  
I'm going to get him to confess.

ANNETTE  
Good luck with your son. But please  
don't call me again.

Annette drives off.

EXT. HOTEL LANIER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Karl is reclined in the driver's seat of his pickup truck. He removes his baseball cap to get a better look at the young female Guest exiting the pool. She covers her bikini with an oversized towel.

She enters her room. Karl can still see her through the blinds.

He gets out of his truck and knocks on her room door.

She looks out the window and sees him in his maintenance uniform. She opens the door.

KARL  
Good evening, ma'am. We got  
complaints of a leak.

He shoves through the door and shuts it. Muffled screams dissipate.

INT. ANNETTE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Annette punches the remnants of shattered glass outside. She catches a deer zipping through her backyard. She waits for the deer's doe to follow, but it never does.

She affixes cardboard in the window and seals it with masking tape around the border until completely secure.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up to Cressida's car and she climbs out.

She braces herself as she approaches the vehicle. Her passenger window is busted out.

CRESSIDA  
Goddammit!

She searches under the seat and her entire pill stash is gone. She checks the glove compartment to find the backup stash also missing. She pounds the console. She looks up and there's a parking ticket on the windshield.

She deflates onto the ground.

INT. ORSON'S KITCHEN

Annette fills Pippa's bowls with food and water. Pippa curls her tail around Annette's leg.

Annette dumps and refills the litter box.

Her phone buzzes. She checks it and to her chagrin Ira's on the move.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Ira is digging a shallow grave next to deer carcass. He picks up the baby doe and gently installs her remains into the grave.

Annette stands back and observes from a distance, afraid to approach.

Ira's sweater is covered in blood. He picks up the slain fox he killed the doe and drops it in the recycle dumpster.

He wheels the dumpster to the edge of the property for trash pickup.

IRA  
Sophia, Sophia, Sophia.

ANNETTE  
It's alright, Ira. Come on. Let's go in the house.

She collects Ira and ushers him into their house.

Pippa hops on top of the dumpster and leaps back to the ground.

EXT. CRESSIDA'S APARTMENT

Mills hikes four flights of stairs, taking breaks at each landing.

MILLS  
She better be home.

She peels an eviction notice off the door before knocking.

A NEIGHBOR peeks out her door, spying.

NEIGHBOR  
She ain't home. You're not the  
typical customer.

MILLS  
You know where I can find her?

NEIGHBOR  
(facetiously)  
Sure. She checks in with me  
whenever she leaves her house. I'm  
her C.O.

Mills flashes her badge. Neighbor slams her door and locks it.

Cressida's car BACKFIRES. Mills looks out the breezeway and watches Cressida park.

Neighbor's shouts out her window.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Cressy, run!

Cressida darts upstairs.

CRESSIDA  
I don't sell to pregnant women.  
Besides, I'm all out.

Mills flashes her badge just as Cressida unlocks her door.

MILLS  
Let's hope you don't serve cops,  
either. I'm Detective Mills.

Cressida attempts to close her door quickly, but Mills barges in. She hands Cressida her eviction notice.

CRESSIDA

Where's your warrant, lady?

Cressida tries to mask the pill bottles on her counters and table. Mills has already visually scanned the room.

CRESSIDA (CONT'D)

This isn't what you think. I collect bottles like people collect coins and stamps.

MILLS

That's not why I'm here. I'm not DEA. Just stop and listen for a sec.

CRESSIDA

Did my case worker send you here?

MILLS

Let me just tell you why I'm here before you get yourself in more trouble. Annette Rohr bailed you out. How do you know her?

CRESSIDA

(suspicious)

I don't.

MILLS

The truth. If you ever want to see your son again.

CRESSIDA

I met her at the pharmacy where I work. She's the only person I know with that type of money. I stole her info out the system and called it. That's it.

Mills grabs her stomach. A contraction sends her writhing to the ground.

MILLS

Hold on.

CRESSIDA

Oh God, you're not having your baby here.

Cressida dials 911 while simultaneously cleaning up the rest of the paraphernalia.

MILLS

It'll go away. Just give me a...

CRESSIDA

Oh shit! I don't have any charge.

Cressida grabs Mills' phone out of her purse and dials 911. She peaks at a file with Karl Canter's name on it.

CRESSIDA (CONT'D)

(in phone)

Yes, please send an ambulance to 6258 Polk St. I have a pregnant cop at my house going into labor. She's in a lot of pain.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

I can walk you through this. Is she lying down.

Cressida ends the call and dumps all the paraphernalia in the garbage. Ambulance sirens BLARE in the distance and grow closer.

She grabs Karl Canter's file dangling from Mills' purse. A wrap sheet on Cressida falls out.

CRESSIDA

Why do you have papers on me?

She reviews it and then studies Karl's file. She writes down his address.

MILLS

That's confidential. Put that down.

Cressida slides further away and continues reading. Mills SCREAMS as the pain grows sharper.

CRESSIDA

I hope your baby's 12 pounds.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - NIGHT

Cressida's sedan creeps down a dark, rocky road nestled in the woods.

She parks behind a brush of trees and kills her headlights and engine.

## INT. CRESSIDA'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

She looks out her busted window and confirms Karl's address on the mailbox.

She opens the blister pack of a burner phone and slips it in her pocket. She buries rope inside her shirt. She buzzes the stun gun to confirm it's working.

There aren't any lights on in the house. A crow SLAMS into her windshield scaring the shit out of her.

Karl stomps down his porch. Cressida ducks behind her steering wheel discretely.

Karl climbs in his pickup truck and barrels up the road.

Cressida peeks over the dash until he's out of sight.

## INT. KARL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cressida crawls through the window and plummets onto the splintered, cement floor.

She flips the light switch, but there's no electricity. She covers her nose from the pungent stench.

She grabs the burner phone and uses what little light from the screen to illuminate her path.

She ambles from room to room pursuing the perfect spot. She lands in...

## CLOSET

She plops down and cracks the door.

She dials 911. No reception. She dials again. Still nothing.

## CRESSIDA

(mono)

Son of a bitch!

She flips the phone closed and ties herself with the rope. She holds the stun gun in her hands behind her back.

A rat crawls over her legs. Just as she begins to scream, she HEARS a vehicle parking.

## EXT. KARL'S HOUSE - DAY

Det. Lee parks his unmarked car and hops out.

He knocks on the door. His knocks turn to bangs.

DET. LEE  
Mr. Canter, are you in there?

Det. Lee walks the perimeter of the house searching through the windows.

DET. LEE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Canter, police! Open up!

He jimmies the lock and gains entry.

INT. KARL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He draws his weapon and bites down on a flashlight directing every footstep. The stench is unbearable. He goes from room to room.

Just as he reaches for his shoulder radio to call it in, the butt of the mallet clobbers his skull.

As he's dragged, his limbs scrape the cement floor, leaving tracks of blood.

CLOSET

Cressida HEARS a deafening BANG. She holds her breath to hear better.

Through the crack she can make out lame legs dragging across the floor.

She's breathing hard, maybe too loudly.

Footsteps bound out the room to an adjacent room, perhaps the bathroom.

Think quick. Cressida loosens the rope and grips the stun gun. She stands to her feet and peeps out the closet.

Det. Lee is lying there unconscious. The closet door creaks as she opens it.

She tiptoes to Det. Lee, searches his person. The burner phone drops as loud as if it were a bomb.

No time to pick it up. She ducks away behind a column.

Karl enters, examines Det. Lee.

He looks around the room.

Cressida bolts out the front door.

Karl hears the front door swing open. He charges out the front door.

EXT. KARL'S HOUSE

Feet chop through the grass. He can see a figure running. He chases the path to the main road, but nothing's in sight. He waits for movement.

EXT. ROAD

Cressida is bent down by her driver door. She slowly opens it, but the door creaks.

She slides in and revs the engine. It's loud. As she pulls away, Karl leaps onto her hood.

She throws the gear into reverse. Karl slides down the hood like beer suds. She veers into the road and speeds off.

Karl jumps into his truck and chases the sedan through the brush.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Cressida's sedan merges into traffic. It's nearly clipped by a semi. The air horn sends tremors through her upholstery.

INT. SEDAN - OTM

Her sedan hydroplanes into the center lane. Her windows are smudged, obstructing her view. Her only working wiper skates across the windshield. She makes the best of her view.

Karl's truck finds Cressida's sedan. The truck revs in closer, jack-knifing a minivan.

Cressida dials Annette.

CRESSIDA  
(pep-talky)  
Pick up, pick up, pick up.

As she lifts her head to watch the road, she slams on brakes to avoid a whitetail. She jolts to miss it, stealing the exit.

She dials Annette again. No answer.



She tosses the burner onto the highway.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Mills is lying in bed eating ice chips, still pregnant. Her OB/GYN enters.

OBGYN

Mrs. Mills, how are you feeling?

MILLS

As bad as I look.

OBGYN

She's not breach. Those weren't contractions, that was just gas. You're still due on the 20th. However, I am recommending that you remain on bed rest until your due date.

MILLS

Don't write that, doc. Stop your pen from moving. No seriously, stop it. I'll hire a midwife. Put down your weapon, doctor.

OB/GYN continues to write in her file.

OBGYN

Is Mr. Mills picking you up?

Kennesaw is caught standing in the doorway with a handful of balloons and a teddy bear. OBGYN slips past Kennesaw.

MILLS

How long have you been standing there?

KENNESAW

Long enough to know you can't step foot in my precinct no time soon.

She slips on her uniform pants under the hospital gown.

MILLS

Come on. Let's get the hell out of here before we start smelling like hospital gook.

INT. KENNESAW'S SUV

Mills struggles to pull her seat belt over her belly. The balloons are already deflating in the back.

MILLS

Look at this. That's it for me. No more kids.

KENNESAW

Before you know it, she'll be asking for a little brother or sister.

She finally gets the seat belt fastened. She lets out an exasperated breath.

KENNESAW (CONT'D)

Mills, what were you doing on that side of town?

MILLS

Doesn't have anything to do with the Canter case. Directly.

KENNESAW

I told you already, Mills, leave it alone before we get sued. Is that clear?

Mills winces and rubs her belly.

KENNESAW (CONT'D)

Am I making myself clear?

MILLS

Of course, Lieutenant.

A call comes through the radio transmitter.

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.)

All units, we have a 10-55 Hotel Lanier. Coroner en route. Copy?

Mills celebrates. Kennesaw disapproves.

KENNESAW

The answer is no.

MILLS

I'll stay in the car.

KENNESAW

When have you ever stayed in the car?

(into the trans)

Lt. Kennesaw here. I'm about 10 minutes from the scene, over?

MILLS

You have anything to eat in here?  
I've been eating ice chips all night.

She opens the armrest then the glove box and finds a candy bar.

EXT. HOTEL LANIER

Flak jackets descend on this secluded hotel. A Forensics Team and Homicide Detectives are casing the property, examining evidence and taking photos.

A few Hotel Guests linger nearby as an Investigator cordons off the scene.

The Coroner zips Bikini Girl in a body bag.

Kennesaw's SUV parks. He jumps out and approaches a Homicide Detective.

Mills rolls down her window to hear nearby conversations. Kennesaw enters the hotel room.

She gets out the SUV and walks closer, flagging down the Investigator.

MILLS

What we got?

He looks Mills up and down and laughs.

INVESTIGATOR

Young woman, late 20s.

MILLS

She brunette?

INVESTIGATOR

Was.

Kennesaw catches Mills creeping closer.

KENNESAW  
Back in the vehicle, Mills. Now!

She hikes back to the SUV.

INT. ANNETTE'S FOYER - NIGHT

Annette gives Alicia a check and sees her out.

ANNETTE  
I'll call you soon.

ALICIA  
Please give the facility some  
thought. I've worked there for  
several years. I think Mr. Rohr  
would really benefit there.

Annette smiles blankly as Alicia leaves.

INT. ANNETTE'S BEDROOM

Ira's tucked in bed.

Annette climbs on the bed and rests her head on his chest.

ANNETTE  
I'm sorry, Ira. I don't know what's  
gotten into me.

EXT. ANNETTE'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Cressida's sedan idles at the security gate's entrance.  
Alicia's minivan exits through the gate. Cressida throws it  
in reverse and enters through the exit gate.

Cressida's sedan skids a stop sign, dodging a Gunther and his  
dog.

Pippa darts across the street. Cressida stomps the breaks to  
avoid her. The car jumps the curb, knocking over Annette's  
trash dumpster.

EXT. ANNETTE'S HOME

Cressida repeatedly pounds the doorbell and knocking,  
checking over her shoulder.

## INT. ANNETTE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Annette has dozed off on Ira's chest. She is awakened by the doorbell.

She reaches for her phone, but it's not on the nightstand. She peeks through the window and finds Cressida disheveled, breathing heavily.

CRESSIDA  
(hysterical)  
Please, let me in.

Annette lets her in and locks the doors back after her.

ANNETTE  
How'd you know where I live?

CRESSIDA  
I've been calling you.

ANNETTE  
Shhh. Calm down. My husband's asleep. What's going on?

CRESSIDA  
He's chasing me.

ANNETTE  
Who's chasing you?

Cressida checks the locks.

CRESSIDA  
Karl Canter. I wanted to frame him so that he goes to jail for killing your daughter. And so that I could get the rest of the money to pay for my lawyer. But it backfired. Now he's after me.

ANNETTE  
He followed you here?

CRESSIDA  
I'm sure I lost him.

## EXT. ANNETTE'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Karl's pulls up to the gate. He backs in reverse and leaves.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

The lot is quiet, but the station is open.

Karl parks the truck by the Air/Vac pump.

He eyeballs a Young Girl pumping gas in her convertible. He stares at her for a long beat. She looks away, uncomfortable.

He hops out the truck, fishes a pair of gloves out the truck bed.

He hikes.

INT. ANNETTE'S KITCHEN

Cressida is panicking. Annette searches for her phone.

ANNETTE

I hope he didn't follow you here.  
I'm calling the police.

CRESSIDA

The police? They're the ones that  
let him out in the first place.

ANNETTE

This isn't some cat and mouse game,  
young lady. This man is dangerous.  
He's a killer. This isn't a game.  
I'm calling the police.

Annette searches her handbag. They hear a BANG. They're frightened. They stare at each other.

CRESSIDA

I'm so sorry.

A KNOCK on the kitchen door startles them.

It's Gunther peeking through the backdoor.

GUNTHER (V.O.)

Annette, open up. I have Pippa.

ANNETTE

It's just my neighbor, Gunther.

Cressida ducks away in the butler's pantry.

Gunther's holding Pippa. Annette lets them in.

GUNTHER  
Aren't you supposed to be watching  
Pippa?

She grabs Pippa.

ANNETTE  
Thanks, Gunther.

GUNTHER  
Get your window fixed soon. You  
don't want any association charges.

ANNETTE  
I will. This week. Good night  
Gunther.

GUNTHER  
Alright, well good night.

She nudges him out the door.

EXT. ANNETTE'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Karl discretely climbs the access gate. He treks from house  
to house until he sees Cressida's car. Karl catches Gunther  
walking to his house. He ducks into...

EXT./INT. ANNETTE'S GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He looks at the surveillance cameras in the house. He finds  
Cressida and Annette frightened in the kitchen. He looks at  
the bedroom feed - the bed is empty. He checks all the other  
rooms in the house. They appear to be alone.

INT. ANNETTE'S KITCHEN

Annette is shaking. She pops a *Xan* to calm her nerves.

CRESSIDA  
Okay, let's think. Do you have a  
gun in the house?

ANNETTE  
No.

Cressida digs in her pockets.

CRESSIDA  
I have this stun gun and a *Popofol*.

ANNETTE

I gotta find my phone. I left it in  
my greenhouse or my neighbor's.  
Stay here. Don't move.

Cressida glares inside Annette's purse. It's loaded with  
money. She's salivating.

INT. ANNETTE'S FOYER

The front door is ajar. The wind pulls it open.

Ira's shoes are missing. Annette peeks out the door, no sign  
of Ira.

ANNETTE

Ira?

INT. ANNETTE'S HOUSE - ROOM TO ROOM

She checks the bedroom, the den and then jets out the front  
door.

EXT. ANNETTE'S FRONT YARD - ON THE MOVE

It's windy. Annette yells for Ira. She checks the garage, the  
Greenhouse.

Just as the wind begins shutting her front door, she leaps in  
and locks it.

INT. ANNETTE'S KITCHEN

Annette finds Karl choking Cressida at knife point. The  
window is open completely, wide enough for Karl's body.

KARL

Don't say a fucking word lady. Get  
on the floor. Now!

Annette drops to the floor.

CRESSIDA

Please. I have a son.

KARL

Shut up! Who else is in the house?

CRESSIDA

Nobody.



KARL  
Where's your husband?

Annette's collecting her thoughts. He digs the knife into Cressida's neck, slicing an inch. Blood skis down her chest.

ANNETTE  
I think he ran out the house. He has dementia.

KARL  
If you're lying, I'll kill ya.

Karl pushes Cressida to the floor like a pool cue. She slides into Annette. Annette cradles her.

KARL (CONT'D)  
Get up. Get in the bedroom. Two for one.

INT. FOYER

The door is wide open.

ANNETTE  
I told you, he sleepwalks.

KARL  
Too bad. Lock it.

Annette closes it, but the lock doesn't latch. She notices Ira's 9 iron missing.

KARL (CONT'D)  
I said lock it!

Annette locks the door.

Cressida breaks away and sprints into the kitchen.

Karl chases her down and smacks her to the ground.

Karl drags the knife up her bra as if he's about to slice it in two.

ANNETTE  
Oh my God.

KARL  
Bitch, I will kill you!

Annette braces herself.

ANNETTE

Okay, let's just go into the room.

Annette leads the way, Cressida slowly follows behind.

INT. ANNETTE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Annette and Cressida stand as far away from the bed as possible.

He stares at them from the doorway.

KARL

Go on. Strip.

ANNETTE

I have money.

KARL

Under your clothes? Take off your fucking clothes. Now!

CRESSIDA

No, please.

He looks at the camera in the corner of wall.

Annette watches blood drip from Cressida's neck onto her carpet.

KARL

This is the last time I'm going to tell you to strip.

ANNETTE

I'm not undressing.

KARL

You and your daughter can share a grave.

Just as Cressida slips a bra strap down her shoulder, the iron smashes against Karl's head.

Annette and Cressida simultaneously scream as Karl's unconscious body tumbles to the floor. Prostitute's cellphone falls out his pocket and slides to the edge of the bed. Annette's phone falls out of Ira's pants pocket, close to the other phone. Annette picks it up, never seeing the other phone.

The bloody club topples out of Ira's hand. Annette embraces him.

Cressida sorts her clothes checks Karl's vitals. She force-feeds a *Propofol* pill down his throat.

Annette settles Ira in the recliner.

ANNETTE  
What are you doing?

CRESSIDA  
This will keep him unconscious, but  
not for long. Help me move his  
body.

Annette's shock is immobilizing.

Cressida drags his body into the master bathroom.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM

ANNETTE  
Blood. You're tracking blood.

The door bell rings.

IRA  
Ding dong. Ding dong. Ding dong.

ANNETTE  
Quiet Ira. Stay in here.

INT. FOYER

Annette peeks through the curtain, but nobody's there.

ORSON (O.S.)  
Annette, hurry up. It's freezing  
out here.

She lets Orson in.

ORSON (CONT'D)  
Your garbage can has a dead fox in  
it. And who's car is that parked  
out front?

Annette peaks through the door as she shuts it.

ANNETTE  
Orson, you're home early.

ORSON

Is Pippa here? She wasn't in the house.

Annette's distracted, watching her door, praying it never opens.

ANNETTE

I'm sure she's just hiding. How long has she been missing?

ORSON

What do you mean? You're watching here. What's going on? You're sweating. You look a mess. Are you alright?

The bedroom door swings open and Ira stumbles out. There's a spec of blood on his shirt.

ANNETTE

I couldn't stand to leave him there.

ORSON

Why's he bleeding, Annette?

Orson notices a trail of blood leading from Annette's bedroom.

ANNETTE

(steering)

He picked up the deer. I looked away for one minute.

Orson's not believing a word she's saying.

Cressida stumbles out the room.

CRESSIDA

There you are, Mr. Rohr. Come on, let's get you cleaned up.

ORSON

Who's this?

ANNETTE

Let me introduce you to... Ira's new nurse.

CRESSIDA

Cressida Peters.

ANNETTE  
She just started.  
(to Cressida)  
You can take him.

CRESSIDA  
Right away, ma'am. Come on, Mr.  
Rohr.

Cressida escorts Ira back in the bedroom. He jerks away to walk without help.

Suddenly, Pippa leaps into Orson's arms. She startles them both.

ANNETTE  
Oh God!

ORSON  
Oh my God! Pippa! There you are.

ANNETTE  
She must've snuck in.

ORSON  
I feel like I should cancel my trip. I'm very concerned. Should I cancel?

ANNETTE  
Have I ever let you down? Don't worry. I'll handle things here. Just run and catch your flight.

ORSON  
I'll be back next week. We'll have a spa day and look into nurse alternatives.

ANNETTE  
Of course. This is a big opportunity for you. Go.

She shoves Orson out the door. She locks the door and darts into the bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

ANNETTE  
We gotta move him while he's still out.

CRESSIDA

When he wakes up, we'll force him to tell us where your daughter is then we'll dump his ass on the side of the road like the vermin he is.

ANNETTE

I don't know. This is getting out of hand.

CRESSIDA

So we'll get the information we need from him then turn him over to the cops. Or leave him the side of the road like the vermin he is. You have the perfect opportunity to find out what really happened.

She buries her face in her hands, debating, trembling.

ANNETTE

Okay. One day, then we're calling the cops.

CRESSIDA

First, I gotta move his truck. Where can I park it? Garage?

EXT. ANNETTE'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Cressida roams block to block searching for Karl's pickup truck.

Orson's passes in his town car. He rolls his window down.

ORSON

Is everything alright with Ira?

CRESSIDA

Who?

ORSON

Mr. Rohr?

CRESSIDA

Oh yes, he's fine.

She turns the opposite direct and walks faster. Orson' town car continues through the security gate. She looks back to make sure he's gone, then passes through the gate.

INT. PRECINCT

Mills is sitting at her desk searching through the criminal database. She's cross-referencing Cressida's known associates.

Kennesaw packs up his office, headed home. He stops by Mills' desk.

She clicks her screen to a different page.

KENNESAW  
You're on bedrest, Mills. Go home.

MILLS  
I'm heading out the door now. Just waiting to see if I have to pee before I make the trip.

Kennesaw nods his head and walks off.

MILLS (CONT'D)  
Wait, Lieutenant, Lee isn't answering any of my calls. Is he out sick?

KENNESAW  
He's working on the motel rape/murder.

MILLS  
He didn't mention it to me.

KENNESAW  
I'll suspend him since he didn't run it by you. How's that sound?

Kennesaw exits.

Mills turns on Det. Lee's computer. She dial's his cellphone.

INT. KARL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Det. Lee regains consciousness. His cellphone buzzes in his pocket. He reaches for his shoulder radio. He lifts himself and plummets back to the floor. Dry blood covers his temple and ear.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

Cressida spots Karl's truck. A tow truck is hitching it.

She watches the truck tow it away.

INT. ANNETTE'S BATHROOM

Annette is doing the best she can to clean up the blood stains from the floor.

She doesn't hear the door knocks, but Ira does.

IRA

Door! Somebody's at the door. Door!

ANNETTE

Ira, stay here.

INT. FRONT DOOR

She cracks the door open, it's Cressida.

CRESSIDA

His car was towed.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Cressida's sedan pulls inside.

The door gets jammed as Annette presses the power button. Cressida tries to manually drag the garage door down with her hands. It's down as far as it'll go, leaving a crack.

ANNETTE

We'll worry about that later. We gotta move him. He can't just stay in my bathroom.

CRESSIDA

When's your neighbor coming back?

ANNETTE

Few days.

INT. BATHROOM

Cressida drags Karl's heavy body while Annette choreographs the move.

CRESSIDA

He's heavy. Can your husband help?



ANNETTE

He has dementia. He doesn't know what we're doing.

CRESSIDA

This'll take all night. The drugs are gunna wear off soon.

ANNETTE

My floors are ruined.

Annette scurries off. She comes back with a brand new luxe comforter and towel for Cressida's neck. Cressida looks at the price tag before she pops it off.

CRESSIDA

1900 dollars?

Cressida rolls Karl in the comforter. Ira suddenly grabs his legs, Cressida grabs his head.

ANNETTE

Careful Ira.

Pippa darts over to Annette. She scoops her up.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

Go through the kitchen.

INT. ANNETTE'S KITCHEN

Annette closes the window and pushes the cardboard in place to cover the hole.

CRESSIDA

Hurry, he's heavy.

She opens the backdoor for them.

EXT. ORSON'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Annette runs ahead of them and gets the spare key from the potted plant.

Cressida takes a break, Ira continues to drag the body.

Suddenly Karl regains consciousness, squirming and flailing inside the comforter. He twists, trying to free himself.

Ira pushes him back, embraces Annette. Karl tries to pull away, but is tangled.

Cressida kicks his back so that he rolls tighter in the comforter.

Annette opens the backdoor to the house while Cressida drags Karl's constricted body through the door.

INT. ORSON'S KITCHEN

She plops him in the middle of the floor. Annette settles Ira at the table and closes the shutters.

Pippa leaps out of Annette's arms and onto his food mat for water.

CRESSIDA

(to Karl)

If you stay calm, we'll unwrap you.

Karl doesn't move. Ira kicks him. He still doesn't move. Cressida bends down and snakes an opening so that he can breathe. Karl kicks like dolphin, loosening his stronghold, letting out a muffled scream.

ANNETTE

Is he secure?

CRESSIDA

He's not going anywhere.

ANNETTE

We can't leave him here.

CRESSIDA

We need rope or something to keep him secure. Which way's the garage?

ANNETTE

In the back, next to the powder room. Hurry back.

KARL

(muffled)

Let me out. I can't breath.

ANNETTE

Too bad.

Pippa rubs against the comforter.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

No Pippa, get back!

Pippa leaps into Annette's arms. Annette sets her on Ira's lap.

KARL  
(still muffled)  
Please. I can't breath.

Cressida comes back bearing rope.

CRESSIDA  
What's he into?

ANNETTE  
Hurry, let's move him to the  
bedroom.

INT. ORSON'S BEDROOM

Cressida rolls Karl out of the comforter.

CRESSIDA  
Keep still or I'll sting you.

Cressida struggles to lift him on the bed.

ANNETTE  
Wait!

Annette runs out and returns with plastic garbage bags. She covers the poster bed with the bags.

CRESSIDA  
Okay, Dexter. Will you help me lift  
him?

Annette cranes his extremities onto the bed while Cressida lifts him by his neck.

Cressida zaps him one time with the stun gun. It sends minimal tremors through body, but not enough energy reaches his body. She zaps the stun gun in the air to confirm it's working properly.

IRA  
The plastic makes the energy  
dielectric. You'd have to press the  
taser directly on his skin.  
Otherwise, the plastic will aid as  
insulation.

His coherence shocks them both.

ANNETTE

He knows too much.

Cressida gets trigger happy with the stun gun. She zaps Karl's neck. Karl's body convulses with spasms.

CRESSIDA

Now listen to me, fucker. You're going to do exactly as I say.

She removes the rest of the comforter. They tie his limbs the poster bed.

KARL

I have to piss.

IRA

I have to pee. I have to pee.

CRESSIDA

Tell us where her daughter is fucker.

KARL

Let me piss first.

Cressida stuns him.

CRESSIDA

This'll jog your memory, pig. Listen, you don't have leverage here! I'm in charge.

ANNETTE

Please, just tell me. Then you can go.

Cressida runs into the bathroom and comes back with a *Dixie Cup*. Cressida unzips his pants and turns away as he pees in the cup.

Cressida zaps his penis. He screams and faints.

Cressida tightens the rope around his legs and arms. Cressida cuts off the light and shuts the door as they all leave the room.

INT. ORSON'S HALLWAY

They stand outside the door.

KARL (O.S.)

Let me out, you bitch! I'm going to kill all of you. Let me out!

ANNETTE

He obviously can't stay here.

CRESSIDA

Don't worry. He'll talk. I got something that'll make him talk. Now we gotta go on business as usual. I gotta go to work in the morning. Keep a low pro. I'll be back soon as I'm done.

ANNETTE

Don't leave me alone with him.

CRESSIDA

He ain't going nowhere. Just leave him here til I get back. I need a car.

ANNETTE

You have a car.

CRESSIDA

That piece of shit doesn't work.

ANNETTE

Where are you going?

CRESSIDA

Work. I have to show my face so nobody's suspicious.

EXT. ORSON'S GARAGE

Cressida backs out the driveway in a Hybrid.

ANNETTE

Come right back when you get off work.

CRESSIDA

Of course. Where do I gas this thing up.

Annette checks the charge gage.

ANNETTE

It's fully charged.

Annette watches as Cressida zooms up the street and through the gate. She closes the garage.

EXT. PRECINCT - MORNING

Mills has been working all night. COPS stagger in for Roll Call.

MILLS  
(to nobody in particular)  
Is Lee here, yet?

Kennesaw rolls by headed to roll call.

KENNESAW  
Let's go, Mills. Roll call or go home.

She writes something on notepaper and heads out the door.

EXT. KARL'S HOUSE - LATER

She wiggles out her cruiser, noticing track marks and footprints of different sizes. She bangs on the front door.

She draws her weapon when the knocks go unanswered, but she hears something inside. She checks the knob - it's locked.

She grabs a hanger out the cruiser and slip-locks the door.

INT. KARL'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She finds Det. Lee is slumped over, lips purple. She checks his vitals. He coughs up blood.

MILLS  
(mono)  
Lee, are you alone in the house?  
Lee?

Det. Lee is weak and can barely respond. He nods affirmatively.

MILLS (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
11-99 to Dispatch. This is Mills  
requesting all available units to  
1013 Wahler. Officer down, copy?  
(to Det. Lee)  
Watch the door.

Mills makes sure Det. Lee is safe and then patrols the rest of the house.

Sirens blaring in the distance grow closer and louder.

INT. KARL'S BEDROOM

Mills steps on the burner phone, inadvertently cracking the screen. She struggles but finally picks it up.

She finds the rope in the closet.

INT. KARL'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Now it's swarming with COPS. Kennesaw walks in.

KENNESAW

I'm not gonna argue with you. Is the house secure?

MILLS

We finally got him.

She passes detectives on the way out.

EXT. KARL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cressida parks the car a stone's throw away watching the scene.

Mills opens her squad car and looks around. She sees Cressida watching from afar.

Cressida speeds away.

INT. ANNETTE'S KITCHEN - DAY

It's spotless. No signs of a struggle. Annette feeds Ira breakfast.

ANNETTE

Ira, what happened last night?

IRA

I played with Pippa, the cat.

ANNETTE

Anything else exciting happen?

He thinks long and hard. He pulls her hand closer to eat the forkful of eggs and proudly shouts...

IRA  
I like Pippa, the cat.

ANNETTE  
You remember anything else?

IRA  
I didn't pee on myself.

ANNETTE  
That's good.

He forces her hand to feed him eggs.

IRA  
Yes, I hit him.

ANNETTE  
You sure that happened? You sure it wasn't a dream?

He nods negatively, spitting eggs out of his mouth.

INT. ORSON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Karl writhes and twitches to free his hands, to no avail. Pippa is on the dresser watching him.

He manages to spit the sock out of his mouth and screams to the top of his lungs, frightening Pippa.

He tries to lure Pippa closer.

KARL  
Come here cat. Come on. That's a good cat. Come here, you stupid bitch!

Pippa leaps off the dresser and onto the bed, taunting him. She climbs the poster bed and falls onto Karl's face, scratching his nose. He gnaws at her.

INT. PHARMACY - CHECKOUT - DAY

Cressida feigns sick in front of her boss, the PHARMACIST, who's busy filling prescriptions. The PHARMACY ASSISTANT rolls her eyes at Cressida.



CRESSIDA

I'm not feeling well today. I think  
I left my phone here. I'll check  
the back.

PHARMACIST

Don't touch anything. I don't wanna  
get sick.

(coworker)

Work her shift, will you?

She's not happy, but agrees.

PHARMACY TECH

Of course. I'm a team player.

INT. PHARMACY STOCKROOM

Cressida goes row to row pocketing drugs, looking for  
stronger as she goes.

EXT. PHARMACY - DAY

Mills climbs out her cruiser. She notices the electric car  
Cressida was in. She walks into the Pharmacy.

INT. PHARMACY - CHECKOUT

Mills steps to the register fearing that the Pharmacy  
Assistant doesn't look pleasant. She flashes her badge.

MILLS

I'm Detective Mills. I'm here to  
see Cressida Peters.

Pharmacy Assistant's day just got better.

PHARMACIST

Is everything okay?

MILLS

Yes, everything's okay. Just need  
to speak with her briefly.

PHARMACIST

(to Pharm Tech)

Run in the back and grab Cressida.

PHARMACY TECH

Gladly.

## EXT. PHARMACY

Cressida climbs in the vehicle and screeches out the parking lot.

Annette makes it out the Pharmacy to catch the tag number, but it's too far up the street.

## INT. ORSON'S BEDROOM

Karl hears movement in the house. He pretends to be asleep.

Annette gently opens the door to find Karl's eyes closed.

Pippa darts through the door to escape. Annette closes the door and Karl yells.

KARL (O.S.)

Let me out, lady! Alright. I'll tell you what you want to hear.

Annette pauses briefly and reopens the door.

KARL (CONT'D)

Come on. I'll tell you anything. Just... come on. I'm starving.

ANNETTE

Why?

KARL

She wasn't special. I just did it.

ANNETTE

Where'd you leave her?

KARL

Beats me.

ANNETTE

Where is her body? Where'd you leave her? Just tell me.

KARL

Will you let me go if I tell you?

She struggles to contain her tears.

ANNETTE

Just tell me.

KARL

Aww, are you gunna cry?

Annette starts walking to the door.

KARL (CONT'D)

Wait.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Cressida sits in the fancy seats observing how well-managed this law office is.

The Receptionist hands Cressida bottled water and offers a danish.

A lawyer, MINKA, comes to collect Cressida like a savior.

MINKA

Ms. Peters, I'm Minka Dews. Call me Minka. Thanks for coming in. Come with me.

Minka escorts Cressida into her lavish corner office. Cressida can't contain how impressed she is.

INT. MINKA'S OFFICE

MINKA

Please, have a seat. So, it's my understanding that your son, Josh, has been in the custody of CPS for two months?

CRESSIDA

Yes. I was in the gas station bathroom peeing and left Josh in the car. My stupid car looked like it was smoking under the hood. Some bitch called the cops.

MINKA

I've defended tougher cases and won.

CRESSIDA

Listen Minka, I gotta be straight with you. There's no way in hell I can afford all this. I mean, you gotta be what \$5,000?

MINKA

My retainer for a child custody case is \$10,000.

CRESSIDA  
Ten thousand dollars?!

MINKA  
A case of this magnitude takes  
resources.

Minka sits in the chair next to Cressida. She places  
Cressida's water on her desk and summons both her hands.

MINKA (CONT'D)  
But, I can assure you, you have a  
meritorious case. I specialize in  
these types of cases. Don't get me  
wrong. It won't be easy, by any  
stretch. But I will help you regain  
custody of Josh.

Cressida's sold.

CRESSIDA  
I have \$3,500 now. I'll get the  
rest.

INT. FOYER

Ira fidgets as Annette ties wingtips on his feet.

The doorbell rings. Annette peeks out the window. She opens  
the door.

MILLS  
Mrs. Rohr.  
(off her shock)  
You're not expecting somebody else,  
are you?

ANNETTE  
We're heading out. How may I help  
you?

MILLS  
Remember me? Detective Mills.

ANNETTE  
Of course.

MILLS  
(rubbing her belly)  
Mind if I come in?

Annette opens the door wider to let her through.

Mills takes a load off on the steps, noticing Annette wearing rain boots, but it's not raining.

ANNETTE

What can I do for you, detective?

She notices Ira sitting in the corner quietly.

MILLS

Oh, hello.

Ira politely smiles back.

MILLS (CONT'D)

Can I trouble you for a glass of water?

ANNETTE

Sure, no problem.

Annette hurries off.

Mills takes in her surroundings - security cameras and notes for Ira. She grabs a glimpse of the scratch on Ira's face.

Ira just stares at her making her a bit uncomfortable.

MILLS

Some scratch you got there, Mr. Rohr.

Annette returns with bottled water and a glass. Mills just takes the water.

ANNETTE

So, Detective, like I said, we're in a hurry.

MILLS

You haven't heard from Karl Canter? Seen him lurking around? Received any calls from him?

ANNETTE

Why would I hear from him?

MILLS

I suppose you wouldn't. I'm afraid he's sort of missing. I don't want to alarm you. He's a person of interest in a couple of murders. By all means, be safe.

ANNETTE  
We're fine. If I hear anything,  
I'll let you know.

Annette opens the door. Mills stands and walks to the door.

MILLS  
(matter of factly)  
We're also interested in speaking  
with Cressida Peters.

ANNETTE  
Why would you need to speak with  
her?

MILLS  
It's confidential. But what I can  
say is she's a person of interest  
in a case we're working. It  
wouldn't be a bad idea to get a  
protective order. You know, just in  
case.

Pippa comes purring by. Scratching up against Mills.

ANNETTE  
Pippa, come here.

Mills observes her body language.

Annette bends down and sends her in the master bedroom. She  
makes sure to close the door back quickly.

Mills steps outside the door.

MILLS  
Oh, Mrs. Rohr, if you don't mind me  
asking, what happened to your  
husband's face?

ANNETTE  
Pippa's my neighbor's cat. I'm  
watching her while my neighbor's  
traveling.

MILLS  
Sure, well I don't need to tell you  
how dangerous Karl Canter is.  
Again, be careful. I'll let you get  
going.

## EXT. ANNETTE'S HOME

Mills climbs in her cruiser and backs out the drive. She drives the opposite direction of the security gate.

Annette helps Ira in the passenger seat of her SUV and goes through the security gate.

## EXT. ANNETTE'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Mills canvasses the neighborhood in her cruiser.

## EXT. ORSON'S GARAGE

Cressida pulls Orson's vehicle into the garage. Mills suspiciously monitors her movement. Then she notices the track marks in the driveway.

Mills pulls into the driveway and knocks on the door.

## INT. ORSON'S HOUSE

Cressida discretely peeks through the drapes as Mills knocks. She listens at the door.

CRESSIDA

This stalker bitch is still  
pregnant!

Cressida hears muffled SCREAMS from Karl. She waits for Mills to leave, hoping she didn't hear him.

## EXT. ANNETTE'S HOUSE

Mills pulls into Annette's house and notices similar grind marks on the pavement. The garage door is ajar. She tries to bend down, but cannot.

She walks around back.

## EXT. GREENHOUSE

Mills looks through the glass and finds surveillance cameras. She tries the knob; the door's locked.

Gunther is walking his show Poodle.

GUNTHER

Is everything alright? I'm a  
concerned neighbor, Gunther Wilson.

MILLS

Mr. Wilson, I'm Detective Mills.  
Has anything strange been happening  
here lately?

GUNTHER

Where do I begin?

INT. ORSON'S KITCHEN

Cressida dumps applesauce in a bowl and sprinkles  
*succinylcholine*, which leaves the patient immobile.

INT. ORSON'S BEDROOM

Cressida brings the paralyzing concoction in to feed Karl.

He feigns bound. As she sits, his hand bears down on her  
face, knocking the bowl out of her hand. The bowl tumbles to  
the floor, dumping the contents.

Only one hand is free, but he's too weak to free his other.  
She sprays him with electric shock. It quakes through his  
body.

She takes what remains of the bowl and forces scoops down his  
throat.

CRESSIDA

She's better than me. I would've  
stabbed your ass in the throat to  
make you spill your guts.

EXT. LAKE - PARKING LOT

Annette leaves Ira buckled in the vehicle and wanders to the  
shore.

She notices a COUPLE having a private moment, but bothers  
them anyway.

ANNETTE

Pardon me, but do you know where  
the statue is?

They point, but she's unclear where they're pointing. She  
wings it and keeps powering ahead.



Then she sees it at the roundabout. She staggers towards it, nervous, but anxious.

She looks around, finding nothing out of the ordinary.

EXT. LAKE

She reaches the shore. She steps in the murky water, going deeper feet by feet. She wades in the water until it reaches her shoulders.

She dips her face down into the water until she can no longer breathe. She repeats this drill, finding nothing.

The Couple finds it strange and begins filming with their phones.

She shuffles out of the water, broken.

COUPLE

Lady, you alright?

EXT. LAKE - PARKING LOT

Annette shakes off her wet keys to unlock the door and Ira is missing.

She looks around, he's nowhere in sight.

She passes by the Couple.

ANNETTE

You see a man, silver hair, tall,  
wearing a blue sweater?

They shrug.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

Ira!

She spins 360 degrees searching for him.

She climbs into her vehicle and drives the length of the lake searching for Ira.

INT. PRECINCT

Mills saunters to her seat, feet aching.

DET. LEE  
(bad North Dakota accent)  
Marge Gunderson, ladies and gents.

The Unit precociously applauds.

Kennesaw paces his office while he's on the phone.

MILLS  
Welcome back, asshole.

She passes him the burner phone.

DET. LEE  
What's this?

MILLS  
She was there. You didn't see her?

He flips it upside down and right-side up.

DET. LEE  
I don't remember. It was dark. I  
didn't see anything. You didn't  
check this into evidence?

MILLS  
Working on it.

A black, female cop, PERKINS, escorts Ira to her desk.

IRA  
It's tee time.

PERKINS  
You're a golfer?

Ira swings a mock golf club.

PERKINS (CONT'D)  
What's your name, sir? Do you know  
your number?

IRA  
Fore!

Ira's loud enough to catch Mills' attention.

MILLS  
Shit, there's her husband.

PERKINS  
Can I see your watch? I'll give it  
right back.

She gently removes Ira's *Jaeger LeCoultre* from his wrist. She checks the back for an inscription.

MILLS  
What's the deal here?

PERKINS  
Found him wandering in traffic at the Lake. Alzheimer's, I'm guessing. No phone. No ID.

MILLS  
I know him.  
(caressing Ira's hand)  
Mr. Rohr.

PERKINS  
Yup, Ira Rohr.

She shows Mills the inscription.

MILLS  
Mind if I borrow him for a bit?

PERKINS  
Be my guest.

Perkins bags his watch.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Ira's oblivious to where he is. The florescent lighting is irritating his eyes.

MILLS  
Mr. Rohr, can I get you something to drink?

IRA  
Sophia?

MILLS  
Sophia, your daughter?

IRA  
Sophia is hurt.

Ira grabs his favorite golf ball out of his pocket.

MILLS  
Mr. Rohr, what happened to your face? Does this hurt.

He pushes away her hand as she tries to touch the scratches on his face.

IRA  
Sophia! Sophia, come out! Sophia.

He starts crying.

Kennesaw knocks on the double-sided glass.

INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM

Kennesaw is fuming as Mills steps out.

KENNESAW  
What the fuck are you doing?

MILLS  
He's lost. I'm trying to help him get back home.

KENNESAW  
You're working on a suspension without pay. Interrogating a dementia patient without the consent of his guardian. Have you lost your damn mind? Go home! Now!

Mills grabs her stomach and slouches to the floor. She grabs his ankle.

MILLS  
It's happening. It's really happening.

Her water breaks spilling onto Kennesaw's combat boots.

KENNESAW  
She's going into labor! We need medical attention, people!

She's panting, in between screams. Fellow officer come to aide.

MILLS  
(peptalk)  
You can do this. You can do this.

KENNESAW  
How far apart are the contractions? I don't know what that means, I just know to ask.

MILLS  
Don't let Mr. Rohr leave. I have a  
few more questions.

INT. PRECINCT - LATER

As they head out the precinct, Perkins grabs Ira from the  
Interrogation Room.

PERKINS  
Let's get you home, Mr. Rohr.

IRA  
I gotta pee.

PERKINS  
Right now? Okay.

INT. ORSON'S BEDROOM

Karl wakes up convulsing. He can move his arms, but not his  
legs. He surveys the room for a weapon. The bowl is on the  
floor. The stun gun is on the dresser.

He frees his hand and then frees the other. He unties the  
shackles on his feet, but feels nothing. His extremities are  
immobile.

He oozes off the bed like beer suds, splattering on the  
floor.

He uses his hands to crawl like a seal towards the door. He  
tries a few pulleys, using the dresser. He fails. He gives  
up, but not for long. He struggles to pull himself up with  
the dresser handle. It breaks.

Relentless, Karl lifts himself like he's rock climbing. He  
uses the dresser as his crutch.

INT. ORSON'S KITCHEN

Cressida slumps at the counter waiting for coffee to  
percolate. She pours and drinks. It's purposeless, she's  
still sleepy.

INT. ORSON'S DEN

She sits at the desk and drinks the coffee. She lays her head  
down and falls asleep.

## INT. ORSON'S BEDROOM

Karl stretches his arms to reach for the stun gun. He moves it with his fingertips. It slides further away.

A little more give and Karl reaches the stun gun. It crashes to the floor. He pauses, worried that Cressida heard it. He pockets it.

He beats his legs and gets a *Charlie Horse*.

He uses the bed to lift himself. One leg is still numb, but the other is mobile.

Karl weasels his way to the door and turns the knob. He peaks out. Cressida's not there.

## INT. FOYER

He limps to the door, discretely opening it.

## EXT. ORSON'S BACK YARD

Karl limps across the lawn and into Annette's.

## EXT. ANNETTE'S BACKYARD

Karl looks through the window for activity. He punches his hand through the glass and unlatches the door lock.

## INT. ANNETTE'S KITCHEN

Pippa climbs the step rails. Karl buzzes Pippa with the stun gun. She skids away. He makes it a few steps then falls to the floor.

He searches the pantry, finds bread and devours slices after slice. He trashes the pantry, dumping food on the floor.

Pippa comes purring by, he scares her off again with the stun gun.

He tears the house apart, room to room, looking for a safe, cash, valuables.

## INT. ANNETTE'S DEN

Karl fiddles with a picture on the wall. He peels it back, but there's no safe.

## INT. ANNETTE'S CLOSET

Karl rifles through the drawers. Finds a wad of cash and pockets it.

## INT. BEDROOM

Karl picks up the picture of Sophia and tosses it to the ground.

## INT. ORSON'S DEN

Cressida sits erect realizing she fell asleep.

CRESSIDA

Oh, shit!

## INT. ORSON'S BEDROOM

Cressida opens the door. Karl's MIA. The stun gun is also missing.

CRESSIDA

What the entire fuck!

She checks the bathroom, under the bed, going room to room all around the house.

## INT. ORSON'S FOYER

Cressida sprints through the front door and across the yard. She spots a squad car pulling into Annette's driveway. She ducks down and observes.

## EXT. ANNETTE'S HOUSE

Perkins helps Ira out the car. She rings the doorbell.

Cressida gets her performance together and walks over to Perkins and Ira.

CRESSIDA

There you are, Mr. Rohr. I've been looking all over for you. Sneaky devil. Officer, thanks for finding him. He's been wandering the neighborhood for hours.

She grabs Ira, but he snatches his arm away. Perkins is skeptical.

PERKINS  
Sorry, who are you?

CRESSIDA  
I'm his new nanny, Cress...y.  
Thanks again.

Perkins' suspicions grow.

PERKINS  
I'm going to need to see some ID.

CRESSIDA  
I obviously left it in the house  
when I went to look for him.

She pats herself down, pretending to look for the key.

PERKINS  
Ma'am, we found him at the Lake  
wandering around.

CRESSIDA  
Mr. Rohr, how'd you get that far?

Saved by the bell. Annette pulls up in her vehicle. Barely clearing the door, she runs over to hug Ira.

ANNETTE  
Oh my God, I was worried sick.

Cressida tries to figure out why Annette's wet without asking.

She releases Ira and looks at Cressida for an overview of what's going on. Cressida wings it.

CRESSIDA  
Ira wandered again.

PERKINS  
Mrs. Rohr, he was found at the  
Lake. Why was he there alone?

ANNETTE  
We were there. He likes the Lake.  
Before he got Dementia.

PERKINS  
Mind if we go inside.



ANNETTE

Some other time. Thanks for  
bringing him home, officer...

PERKINS

Perkins.

ANNETTE

Perkins. I'll take him from here.  
Good night officer.

They wait for Perkins to leave. She hesitates before getting  
in her car and pulling off.

They wave off Perkins as they go inside.

INT. FOYER

Annette throws her keys on the console.

CRESSIDA

Bad news. Karl escaped.

ANNETTE

I thought you had this under  
control. Where is he now.

Then they notice the house is a mess.

KARL

Right here.

He buzzes the stun gun.

Ira rushes Karl, tackling him to the ground. They wrestle,  
Ira getting the better of Karl.

Cressida finds Karl's mouth in the tussle and forces another  
pill down his throat. He rejects it and bites her.

As the war settles, Annette sits on the steps, ashamed. She  
takes inventory of her mistakes.

ANNETTE

I'm done. He won't tell me where my  
daughter's remains are. I don't  
even want to know anymore. I just  
want to end this.

CRESSIDA

This isn't how I planned it either.  
I'm so sorry this got outta hand.

ANNETTE

He's supposed to be in prison for killing my daughter. Now, it'll be me.

CRESSIDA

Okay, we didn't think this through. But he deserves this. I'll get it out of him. Just go clean up your neighbor's house. Let me take it from here. You don't have to have control of everything, Mrs. Rohr. Let me help you. Just give me one more day.

ANNETTE

I'm turning myself in.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Mills struggles to breastfeed her Newborn. The baby finally attaches.

Mills flips on the TV and surfs until she lands on a news station.

Her matronly MOM enters with coffee.

MOM

Is she finally eating?

A cellphone commercial comes on just as her Mom clicks off the TV.

MILLS

(re the case)

Everybody has a phone.

EXT. GUNTHER'S YARD

Gunther studies Annette's windows for activity. He notices Annette pacing and another figure he can't quite make out.

He and his dog brave the journey.

EXT. ANNETTE'S FRONT YARD

He puts his ear to the door to make out the voices he hears. He knocks.

INT. ANNETTE'S FOYER

Annette's pacing, Cressida's interrogating Karl. The knock on the door startles them. They lower their voices.

ANNETTE  
That's my nosy neighbor.

CRESSIDA  
Thought he was gone for a few days.

ANNETTE  
My other neighbor. Take him in the room. No, the garage.

CRESSIDA  
He's heavy as shit.

The knocks persist. Cressida drags Karl's anchored body through the kitchen. Just as his feet turns the corner into the kitchen, Annette opens the door.

Gunther's dog barks uncontrollably, prompting Gunther to poke his head through the door.

GUNTHER  
Annette, you're home.

Annette opens the door.

ANNETTE  
Gunther.

GUNTHER  
Sorry I didn't stop by after the trial. Wanted to give you some space.

ANNETTE  
I appreciate that. What brings you by now?

GUNTHER  
Well, the cops have been by an awful lot lately. Wanted to make sure everything's okay with you and Ira.

ANNETTE  
As expected.

They share an awkward pause.

GUNTHER

Well if you need anything, don't  
hesitate.

Gunther's Poodle gets loose, pushes the door wide open and runs into the kitchen.

Annette keeps Gunther.

ANNETTE

Grab Pippa, will you?

Gunther chases after Pippa while Annette wrangles Gunther's Poodle.

They exchange pets and Annette sends Gunther away.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Karl is doped up on *Pentothol* and propped against Annette's SUV. Cressida stands over him Gitmo-style.

CRESSIDA

Where's the fucking girl?

INT. KITCHEN

Annette picks up Cressida's jacket from the floor. Karl's keys fall out. She tosses the keys in her own purse. She looks inside Cressida's bag and finds a *Percocet* bottle.

She dumps the pills in the sink and flips on the garbage disposal. She tosses the bottle in her recycle can.

Heading out, she checks her handbag and all the money's missing.

ANNETTE

I knew it!

INT. ANNETTE'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Annette rifles through her drawers looking for the money. It's missing.

She checks jewelry stash and other priceless trinkets, but it's all accounted for.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Karl is bound with rope by his feet and wrists. There's duct tape around his mouth. Cressida inserts a *sodium pentothal* in his neck with a syringe. He becomes dormant.

Annette pushes through the door fuming.

ANNETTE

How dare you steal from me!

CRESSIDA

What the hell are you talking about?

ANNETTE

Get the hell out of my house.

CRESSIDA

Are you serious? I didn't steal from you.

ANNETTE

I don't want to hear it. Get out!  
Before I call the police.

CRESSIDA

I'm not going to let you go around thinking I stole from you. You have to listen.

ANNETTE

I want you out of my house.

Annette smacks the garage opener on the wall as Cressida climbs in her car. It doesn't start when she cranks it. She tries again and it finally cranks. She backs out the garage and skids out the complex.

The garage goes down slower than it went up.

Annette bends down and drags Karl away from the car. His head scrapes against the cement floor. Money spills out of his waistband.

She drops his legs and falls to her butt for a break. She SCREAMS.

Ira fiddles with his golf ball, stepping over the money and out of the way.

EXT. ANNETTE'S SUV - LATER

Ira's buckled in the back seat behind Karl. Annette pulls out the drive just as Orson's town car pulls up.

Orson flags down Annette, but she drives past him. He looks directly at her passenger - Karl as she goes through the security gate.

INT. MILLS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mom is feeding the baby a bottle.

Mills is on her computer which has as a mugshot of Prostitute with her real name, AMY TUCKER.

She picks up her phone and dials her contact at *T-Mobile*.

Her breasts start to leak milk. She grabs the breast pump from the coffee table and talks while she pumps.

MILLS

Hey Jim, it's Detective Mills. I need a favor. I need a number for a Amy Tucker. I'll email you what I have on her. How soon can you get it back to me?

(beat)

I'll send it right over.

INT. STORAGE UNIT

Det. Lee has been searching through Karl's boxes for hours with nothing concrete. A search warrant is among articles on the ground.

Groundsman passes by in a golf cart.

GROUNDSMAN

Need anything else?

DET. LEE

No. Actually, have you seen anything out of the ordinary?

GROUNDSMAN

Not really. Always paid on time. In fact, it's paid up for a year.

DET. LEE

Lemme guess, he paid cash?



He grips his holster, cautiously removing his .9mm.

The contents shocks Groundsman.

GROUNDSMAN

What the fuck!

Det. Lee holsters his weapon and puts on latex gloves and steps inside.

INT. STORAGE UNIT 23A

Cold case news clippings, panties, hair, explicit photos -  
souvenirs a rapist murderer would worship.

Groundsman takes pictures with his cellphone.

Det. Lee calls it in and navigates the scene.

INT. MILLS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mills is in uniform, pacing to and from the door, coddling her Newborn to sleep.

Her Mom tries to take the baby from her. Mills doesn't let her go.

MOM

Give her here. She'll be fine.

MILLS

I want to put her to sleep, mom. At least let me do that.

Mills places the baby in the bassinet.

MILLS (CONT'D)

I pumped earlier. There's milk in the fridge.

MOM

I know. I know. Go to work.

Mills grabs her duty belt from the top shelf of the closet and leaves.

EXT. NURSING HOME

The headlights of Annette SUV shine. The engine idles. The wipers intermittently brush against the dry windshield.



INT. SUV

Annette's head rests on the steering wheel. She pulls herself together and throws the car in reverse.

INT. ORSON'S HOUSE - OTM

Orson wheels his suitcase through his foyer. The view is staggering. He summarizes the damage - the blood-stained carpet, the plastic bags on his bed.

He picks up Pippa who has specks of blood on her coat.

He drops to the foot of the steps to gather his thoughts.

EXT. ANNETTE'S BACKYARD

He flips over a flowerpot for the spare key. Pippa darts across the lawn into Orson's arms.

INT. KITCHEN

It's even worse here.

INT. KITCHEN PANTRY

He pulls out disinfectant and cleaning supplies and gathers them all together.

INT. FOYER

Ira's 9 iron has blood spatter. He collects it from the caddy. He looks at the camera in the corner. He gets to work.

INT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Cressida pulls in next to Annette's SUV so their driver side doors are parallel.

ANNETTE

He had the money. I'm sorry. I'm  
not the same person I was a week  
ago. A year ago.

Cressida listens intently. Annette passes a caviar tote through the window.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

Don't say no. You deserve this.

As Annette speaks, Cressida looks through the bag. There's money and keys.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

You deserve that money. Get your son back. That's the deed to Sophia's condo and an extra key to this vehicle. I'll leave it here when I'm finished with it.

CRESSIDA

Annette, I don't need your charity.

ANNETTE

You get a second chance, Cressida, to do right for yourself and your son. Don't blow it.

Annette screeches out of the parking lot. Cressida stays there, watching her leave with tears skiing down her face.

INT. PRECINCT - SVU - DAY

Annette sits at her desk surrounded by deflated *It's a Girl* balloons. She flags down the resident TECHIE. He's carrying an *IPAD* like it bears the nuclear codes.

MILLS

Quick favor. Run the coordinates on this number. See where it is, where it's been. How soon can you get it?

TECHIE

Working on something now. Maybe a couple hours.

MILLS

Will a couple of Hamilton's make you go any faster?

TECHIE

You're kidding. Hamilton tickets?

MILLS

Tickets? Oh no, real *Hamilton Beach*. Coffeemaker, blender, onion chopper...

He punches a few keys, collecting data and writes down on her desk. He walks away, tail-tucked, nodding his head.

INT. KENNESAW'S OFFICE

Kennesaw is on his phone.

MILLS  
Lieutenant, Amy Tucker's phone  
triangulated at Annette Rohr's  
neighbor's address.

KENNESAW  
(into phone)  
Lemme call you back.

He hangs up his phone and dials the D.A., reading the paper  
Mills stuffs in face.

KENNESAW (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Walls, I need a warrant to search  
Annette Rohr's house. It's all  
legit. Meet me there in twenty.

EXT. ANNETTE'S HOUSE

It's surrounding with Cops, at the greenhouse, by the garage.

Gunther and his Poodle watch from their yard.

A Cop opens the garbage dumpster and nearly faints from the  
pungent odor of carcass.

Mills is wearing a Kevlar vest and carrying the warrant. She  
snatches the note on the door that reads: Come Right In.

Mills turns the knob and enters, drawing her weapon.

The Cops follow behind her.

Walls and a Detective walk over to Orson's house.

INT. ANNETTE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cops disperse to all corners of the house, weapons drawn,  
searching the property.

Mills opens the door to Annette's master bedroom and peeks  
in. It's spotless.

She treads forward, noticing all the notes for Ira have been  
removed. She heads towards the kitchen and doubles back  
noticing that all the cameras that were once in all the  
corners have been removed. Only wires protrude out the walls.

INT. ANNETTE'S KITCHEN

Mills holsters her weapon and puts on latex gloves. She picks up Annette's cellphone from the table and sets down the warrant.

Cops got to work on dusting for prints. Mills ignores the commotion and sits in a chair. A prerecorded video pops up on the screen. She presses play.

VIDEO SCREEN

INT. ANNETTE'S KITCHEN - EARLIER

Karl is not bound. He's sitting in the same chair Mills is sitting in. His demeanor is coherent, yet woozy. He looks at Annette off-screen.

ANNETTE (O.S.)  
What's your full name?

KARL  
Karl Wallace Canter.

ANNETTE (O.S.)  
Where are you?

KARL  
At the house of Annette Rohr.

ANNETTE  
Who am I?

KARL  
The mother of Sophia... Sophia Rohr.

ANNETTE (O.S.)  
How'd you get here?

KARL  
I drove myself here.

ANNETTE (O.S.)  
(voice cracking)  
What happened on the night my daughter went missing?

The camera shifts, shaky for a few beats. It regains focus as the operator, Annette, braces herself to hear the truth.

Karl places both hands on the table, speaking without remorse.

KARL

I was moving in on this prostitute. I'd been waiting for her for a couple hours. Over at the hotel on Satellite near the OBGYN medical offices. She had men in and out of her room. It's easy to gain access in a hotel room by just knocking. They seem to always open if you say, "housekeeping". And on the ground level, too. Whew, you're in and out. Anyway, the bitch was getting away. Just as I get to running after her here comes your daughter pointing her phone at me recording. I hopped in my truck and got the hell outta there. Then I thought, I gotta get that phone from her. So I waited up the road until I saw her car. Then I followed her. For miles. She finally pulled into a parking garage. She felt me behind her. She turned around and screamed so loud. I covered her mouth, but I could hear "Mother." I squeezed her neck like I was wringing a towel. Her neck finally snapped. I got the phone and threw her in the back of my bed. I drove her out to the Gwinnett landfill and dumped her. I tossed her purse, but kept a few souvenirs.

INT. ANNETTE'S KITCHEN - PRESENT

Mills forbids tears to fall.

An Investigator snaps Mills out of it.

INVESTIGATOR

No prints anywhere in the house. Somebody wiped this sucker clean. All the surveillance cameras have also been lifted.

MILLS

Wrap it up. We're going to the landfill.

## INT. ORSON'S KITCHEN

Orson's sitting at his table caressing Pippa. There's a bald spot on her coat where specs of blood were.

Walls and the Detective stand over him hoping he's intimidated.

WALLS

I understand that Annette Rohr spent time here while you were out of town.

ORSON

That's typical whenever I go out of town for work.

WALLS

Does the name Kim Dover ring a bell?

ORSON

It doesn't, no.

WALLS

Well, she was raped and murdered at a motel a few days ago.

ORSON

Sorry to hear.

WALLS

Me, too. Thing is, her phone was triangulated to this very address.

## EXT. STORAGE UNIT 23A - DAY

Annette's SUV parks in front of the door, parallel.

Karl kicks the back of the passenger seat, nudging Ira.

She grabs Karl's keys from the cup holder and gets out.

She tries different keys before finding the one that fits the lock.

She lifts the garage door, closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

INT. STORAGE UNIT 23A

Annette sorts through Karl's souvenirs, which he'd been collecting for years. But none have any significance to Annette.

She drops to her knees when she sees it. Sophia's sonogram.

INT. PROBATE COURT - DAY

The Magistrate's gavel slams against the wood.

MAGISTRATE  
Court adjourned.

Minka and Cressida embrace.

Josh snatches away from Liz and runs up to Cressida. She picks him up and gives him the biggest hug he's ever had.

CRESSIDA  
(to Minka)  
I promise to work my butt off to  
get you the rest of your money.

MINKA  
I know. Take your time. I want  
clean money.

INT. SOPHIA'S CONDO - DAY

It's picturesque, like a model home.

Cressida opens the door for Liz and Josh. Josh hugs his mom and then runs off to claim his bedroom.

Liz goes from room to room seeking out violations.

Cressida opens the fridge, Vanna White style. It's fully-stocked with healthy choices.

CRESSIDA  
His new favorites.

Liz continues on the tour.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM

Liz opens the medicine cabinet.

CRESSIDA  
Drug-free zone.

LIZ  
What about employment?

CRESSIDA  
I start at Lanier Golf Club Monday.  
Full benefits. Great hours.

LIZ  
Child care?

CRESSIDA  
The schools around here are better  
than private.

LIZ  
Transportation?

Cressida flashes the keys to Annette's luxury SUV.

CRESSIDA  
Not great on gas, but I'll be  
flexin' on em.

Liz can't contain her hard-nosed persona. She's finally  
satisfied with what she sees.

LIZ  
Good for you, Cressida.

Josh comes crashing into Cressida with his new game  
controller.

JOSH  
Mommy, is this mine?

CRESSIDA  
Of course. I'm gunna beat you  
later.  
(off Liz's chagrin)  
Win against you. Win against you.

They share a laugh.

EXT. ORSON'S HOUSE - MORNING

Trash collectors dumping Annette's garbage can.

Orson dumps Annette's surveillance cameras in his garbage can  
and drags it down the driveway.



He checks Gunther peeking out his window. He walks into his house.

EXT. LANDFILL - NIGHT

Annette escorts Karl through heaps of soiled garbage. They pace and trip and stumble over piles but brave through it.

Karl points as he and Annette navigate to a special spot. She lets his arm loose and walks further by herself.

She finds hair and a leg buried under piles of waste.

She moves and scrapes and claws until she gets to Sophia's decomposed remains.

Karl sprints away, but Annette doesn't care.

SIRENS grow closer and closer, but Annette doesn't care.

Karl trips into a ditch of recycling heap. A tractor rolls over the ditch scooping up waste with its claw. The sound of bones crushing is deafening.

Mills's cruiser pulls up. As she hops out and covers her mouth and nose with a surgical mask. More cruisers along with the Coroner.

Mills draws her weapon and hikes the stretch of the landfill until she reaches Annette's location.

She puts away her gun and drops to her knees and watches Annette cradle Sophia.

EXT. GRAVE SITE - DAY

Alicia strolls arm in arm with Ira until they reach a family tombstone. It's emblazoned with "**Sophia Rohr 1995 - 2019.**"

He places his favorite golf ball on the tombstone and kisses her name.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Spectators and Reporters populate the gallery. Mills in uniform enters and squeezes on the last row. Cressida and Josh are seated behind the defense table.

Annette sulks, at the defense table, waiting to be arraigned. She seems to have aged well beyond her 50s.

She neatens her orange prison jumpsuit just-so. Her LAWYER grabs her hand to stop her fidgeting.

LAWYER

Annette, this is routine. You have nothing to worry about. We'll beat this.

Annette isn't convinced, but nods anyway.

A Sketch Artist chisels his abstraction of Annette, dusting Bailiff in the foreground.

The Prosecutor writes notes in her legal pad.

Judge Prailow enters from chambers as the Gallery stands.

JUDGE PRAILLOW

You may be seated. Well Mrs. Rohr, I certainly didn't expect to see you on my docket. For first degree murder, no less.

Annette closes her eyes in shame.

As her lawyer stands, he lifts Annette with him.

LAWYER

Appearing for the defense, Your Honor.

JUDGE PRAILLOW

How does your client plead, counselor?

Annette takes inventory of the gallery. She finds Cressida and Josh cheering her on.

CRESSIDA

Second chances.

Then, Orson sneaks in and locks eyes with Annette as he steals a seat on the back row.

She turns around and faces Judge Prailow square on, awakening every fiber of confidence.

ANNETTE

Not guilty, Your honor.

Thunderous gasps echo against the mahogany wainscoting as the gavel slams against the desk for order.

FADE TO BLACK.