

CARRIAGE HILL

Written by

Emi Mochizuki

&

Carrie Wilson

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - 2018

It's a party. Motown music plays. WOMEN and MEN dance, mingle and sip champagne.

A beautiful young woman sidles up to a muscular young tan man. With one hand on his crotch, she slips him a Molly with her tongue.

CUT TO:

A figure, barefoot and wearing a hospital gown, sneaks down a dark hallway reaching a door.

In the glow of the key pad, we see a CURLY HAIREd WOMAN (early 20s). She punches in a code with shaking fingers. Drenched in sweat, her brown eyes dart around terrified as...

CLICK. The door opens. She enters...

INT. NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

A fairy tale themed nursery. Sound-proof walls mute the party downstairs. In the soft hue of a blue elephant night light, she approaches a SWADDLED NEWBORN BABY sleeping in a crib.

Tears in her eyes, she picks up the baby. It stirs with a whimper. Shhhh... She inserts a pacifier. All is quiet.

Clutching the baby, she slips out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Steeling her way, she passes an open door, sees another woman straddling a man on a bed. His hands grasp her toned ass, as they both climax, while...

Our Curly Haired Woman flies past the doorway unnoticed.

At the end of a hall, she opens a dumbwaiter. Silent as the dead, she puts the baby in a basket inside. Closes the door.

WHIRRRRR as the dumbwaiter descends down the bowels of the house.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

She opens the dumbwaiter. The baby whimpers, face scrunched up about to scream.

Frantic, her fingers search the basket. Thank Christ! She pops the pacifier back in, kisses the baby's forehead.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

It's POURING RAIN. She runs down a dark residential street towards a car in a driveway. Places the baby in a box on the passenger seat floor.

No headlights as she drives away. Constantly checks her rear view mirror.

AT THE CLOSED GATE. She waves a card key in front of the sensor. Nothing. Shit. Leans out the window... waves it again, desperate. Finally the gate opens.

She punches the accelerator. Speeds down a dark wooded road, constantly glancing between the rearview mirror and the baby. Her face a mixture of terror and heart breaking guilt.

EXT./INT. FIRE STATION - LATER

Rain beats the pavement as the car pulls up. In tears, she picks up the beautiful baby. Hungry, the baby grasps her finger, nuzzles his tiny face into her chest, hungry, or just wanting to be soothed.

She cries, smells the top of his pretty head one last time.

Her milk comes in, soaking the front of her hospital gown.

She psyches herself up... one, two, three... she gets out of the car, places her baby in the BABY SAFE HAVEN BOX.

Her face full of anguish as she slowly closes the box door on her child. Before it shuts...

BAM! From behind, she's clocked over the head with a crow bar, she goes down.

In the glow of the windows of the fire house, two DARK HOODED FIGURES scramble. One grabs the baby out of the box. The other drags her limp body to a black truck.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Flying above the bridge, the bay, past the painted ladies, we descend towards an eclectic neighborhood where new builds compete with old wooden Victorians.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - SAN FRANCISCO - CONTINUOUS

Effortlessly elegant and a natural beauty, RENEE KIM (34), shows several samples of patterned encaustic cement tile to her trendy looking clients, MIA and JALIL (30s).

RENEE

I love this for the bathroom floors and to save money you can do white subway tile in the shower. It's timeless.

Mia makes a face. Renee's face remains pleasant, a look she's mastered.

JALIL

Would you pick a tile Mia? Or would you rather we live with your mom and dad forever?

MIA

I want farmhouse chic. That's not chic.

Mia shows Renee a busy gold and pink arabesque tile on her phone.

Something other than her reaction to the tile washes over Renee's face.

RENEE

Excuse me.

INT. UNFINISHED BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Renee flushes the toilet. Wipes her mouth. Looks at herself in the mirror. Feels her boobs, worried.

EXT. SEVENTIES APARTMENT BUILDING - THAT NIGHT

An expensive eyesore of an apartment building built in the seventies. This is as good as it gets for young professionals making decent money in the city.

INT. RENEE AND MARK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Now this is farmhouse chic. With its soft neutrals, linen throws, Renee's created a place that says "relax" in this tiny apartment.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Renee twirls her hair into a bun, shoves in a chopstick -- a nervous habit.

Points a reproachful finger at herself in the mirror. Here goes nothing.

A BEAT LATER: Sitting on the toilet she gathers her nerve to look down at a PREGNANCY TEST on the ground between her feet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

MARK KIM (36) walks in with his bike, looking fit and handsome, with his work backpack, bike helmet and clipped rolled up pants. He carries take-out.

MARK

Got the pho fo ya, my queen.

Legs splayed on the coffee table, Renee slurps a Cup o' Noodles. His face drops, worried.

MARK (CONT'D)

Whoa, Cup o' Noodles... Something happen at work?

Renee shakes her head.

MARK (CONT'D)

My mother coming to visit?

RENEE

God no.

MARK

It's not our anniversary? Birthday? Did I do something?

Renee nods.

MARK (CONT'D)

Shit, and it's only Monday.

She points to the pregnancy test sticking out of a shell arrangement on the coffee table. He picks it up. Positive.

He freaks out in the best possible way. Does a little dance.

MARK (CONT'D)

We're having a little Marky Mark?

He sits next to her, hugs her. She pushes him away.

RENEE

I told you that condom was janky.

MARK

It was from that mega pack you got me at Costco.

RENEE

Like eight years ago? I got you a new box!

MARK

I was economizing!

Mark sees the fear in her eyes, backs up. She throws up her hands. Mark takes her into his arms.

MARK (CONT'D)

Look, I know you're scared, but this time is going to be different.

RENEE

You don't know that. I can't go through that again. WE can't handle that again.

MARK

Honey, we're gonna be fine. I know it's hard, but we need to stay positive.

Renee nods, manages a smile through teary eyes.

EXT. CARRIAGE HILL - GATED COMMUNITY - SIX MONTHS LATER

Two BART stops and a twenty minute drive deep into suburbia.

BTS plays in the Kim's new MINIVAN as they approach the imposing black wrought iron gate featuring a creepy rider at the reins of an old fashioned horse and carriage.

RENEE

First the minivan, now this?

MARK

Hey, it's safe, right?

RENEE

If you like internment camps.

MARK

You know how it takes a village?
Well with both our parents in
Korea, we could use a community
like this.

Renee nods, understanding. She looks up at the sun sneaking through the shadows of the iron gate into Carriage Hill.

They drive past...

- Sprawling green lawns. An attractive COUPLE (30s) has a picnic.

- A GARDENER trims roses around a fountain featuring APHRODITE. He waves.

- A tennis court. MORE ATTRACTIVE COUPLES in matching outfits play hard games of doubles.

MARK (CONT'D)

This is some country club shit.

Renee takes in the glistening pool as they drive by.

RENEE

Sure we can afford this?

MARK

Yes, it's a great deal. That guy I
met in Vegas, Trevor... hooked us
up, big time.

The minivan turns onto SHADY LANE, a street lined with large California ranch homes and maple trees. Every house looks the same, except a different color.

MARK (CONT'D)

There she is.

Real estate agent NANCY TALBOT smiles like a game show host. Dressed in a vintage Diane Von Furstenburg wrap dress, she's in her forties, but could pass for thirty.

EXT. 145 SHADY LANE - SAME TIME

The Kims exchange warm greetings with Nancy.

NANCY

Renee, you are a vision. I swear
you Orientals have the most
luminous skin.

Renee tries not to cringe.

RENEE

We prefer Asian.

Blink. Blink. Nancy smiles.

NANCY

Trevor told me you're a city girl,
but I promise you're going to fall
in love with our little community.
When's the little pumpkin due?

RENEE

November 13.

Nancy holds Renee's belly with both hands.

NANCY

You cozy in there little peanut? We
can't wait to meet you.

Renee steps back, not a fan of the hands.

RENEE

What's up with the Fort Knox
security gate?

NANCY

Carriage Hill is so desirable, we
need a fence to keep people out!
(laughs at her own joke)
You're lucky we have an opening.
Once people get in here they never
leave.

Two beautiful WOMEN (20s) jog by ogling Mark.

JOGGERS

Hi Nancy!

Nancy waves to them. Smiles at Mark.

NANCY

You look like you work out. Kung
fu?

She winks at Renee. Renee's about to open her mouth at
another race slight when Mark interrupts...

MARK

Treadmill. Just enough so I'm not embarrassed to take my shirt off in front of my wife.

NANCY

You two are a hoot. Now let's find you love birds a new nest.

INT. 145 SHADY LANE - CONTINUOUS

Renee and Mark take off their shoes. Leave them by the door, Asian style. Nancy watches them, smiling.

MARK

Damn, we could play football in here.

They are dwarfed by the size of the room. Cathedral ceilings. Great light. Hardwood floors.

RENEE

I don't know what I'd do with all this space?

NANCY

If I were you, I'd fill it with beautiful babies?

Striking a nerve, Renee's defensive.

RENEE

Oh I plan on going back to work.

NANCY

Out here you won't have to! You'll have five spacious bedrooms, each with a walk-in closet and three full bathrooms. You just can't afford anything like this in the city.

MARK

Right? The mortgage on this is less than our rent right now.

Excited, Mark looks into Renee's eyes. Squeezes her hand.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hey, it's okay for us to have nice things.

Renee runs her hand on the white quartz countertop. Takes in the new cabinets, the hardwood floors.

RENEE

I don't know what to say... it's amazing.

Mark looks at Nancy, hopeful. She winks at him.

NANCY

You should see the upstairs.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A bright, spacious bedroom staged as a gender neutral farmhouse chic nursery.

MARK

This is perfect, right?

Renee marvels at all the perfect little details in the room.

RENEE

Did you two plan this?

MARK

You think the owners would be willing to sell us the furniture?

NANCY

I don't see why not, the owners don't have children... this is all staged, I'm sure I can get you a great deal.

Renee is drawn to the massive walk-in closet.

MARK

This is bigger than our bedroom in the city.

EXT. 145 SHADY LANE - LATER

As they step out onto the front porch, Renee scans the manicured neighborhood. Something's off.

RENEE

It's so quiet.

NANCY

Kind of perfect, isn't it?

As Renee contemplates this, TREVOR and ZOE EVERETT (30s) emerge from the house next door, smiling and waving.

ZOE

Hey ya'll!

Strawberry blond hair in braids, Zoe waddles over with her giant bump held in by overalls. Trevor is a Greek God in a tennis outfit. Tall, toned, and tanned. He bro hugs Mark.

TREVOR

Dude, welcome to the neighborhood!
I'm assuming it's a done deal?

MARK

Talk to the boss.

TREVOR

After I heard about your situation
I thought of you guys right away
when this place opened up.

Zoe reads Renee's unsure face.

ZOE

I can hear your wheels turning. I
wasn't too sure about moving way
out here either... but I don't miss
the noise and traffic. And it's not
like we're on the moon... we have a
cute lil' town.

NANCY

You can take Renee to that little
Jap restaurant in town.

Renee shoots Mark a "What is up with this lady?" look.

ZOE

If you want these nice people to
buy this house, you should probably
refrain from using derogatory
language.

TREVOR

Yeah Nanc, not cool to say Jap
anymore.

NANCY

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend
anybody. I thought Jap was
shorthand...

RENEE

Yeah... xenophobic shorthand for
get the fuck outta my country.

NANCY

Oh my. We don't want that. We want
you lovelies right here with us in
Carriage Hill.

ZOE

(to Renee)

Yes! And me and you are gonna have
a girls night out before our whole
lives change in...

Zoe takes in Renee's baby bump.

ZOE (CONT'D)

... Two months?

RENEE

How'd you know?

ZOE

Honey, I was you not that long ago.

From the house across the street, a beautiful woman walks to
her mailbox. This is PHOEBE GREENE (30s). With a shock of RED
HAIR and a perfect body, she stops traffic wherever she goes.

Renee catches Mark check out her tight ass.

NANCY

Hi Phoebe!

(to Renee and Mark)

She's a doll. You couldn't ask for
better neighbors.

Trevor winks at Renee. A twinkle in his eye.

TREVOR

C'mon boss, all this beautiful
space, perfect house... what's not
to like?

Renee smiles, looks around. Could this be home?

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - TOWN - DAY

Mark follows a pink-haired RECEPTIONIST (20s) past rows of
PROGRAMMERS (20s). Two PROGRAMMERS scale a CLIMBING WALL.

RECEPTIONIST

It's free solo Friday.

Mark stares at the climbers' tight shirts and biceps as they arrive at the office of GAME STAR CEO, GEOFF (25). He sports a man bun, a "Rub my belly" Buddha shirt and skinny jeans.

GEOFF

Mark Kim... dude, your work on Wii Sports and Gamecube totally inspired me when I was eleven. We have a new concept and I'd love to have you as lead designer.

MARK

Well that's what I want to talk to you about. I understand what it takes to push a project past the finish line and I'm ready for more responsibility. I'd like to be the project manager.

GEOFF

Done.

MARK

What? Really?

GEOFF

Absolutely. So hit me... what do you need?

MARK

Honestly, the package is perfect. Just one thing... how long's your paternity leave?

GEOFF

What's that?

Mark looks anxious. Geoff cracks up.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Kidding man. Never given paternity leave before. Got one other married dude workin' here... but that was arranged. So alright. Give me a number.

MARK

Two months would really make my wife happy. She's a new mom. A little nervous.

GEOFF
10 days.

MARK
25?

GEOFF
14.

They shake hands.

EXT. EVERETT'S BACKYARD - CARRIAGE HILL - EVENING

CLINK of four crystal champagne glasses. Under the autumn twilight sky, Zoe and Trevor host Mark and Renee for a celebration barbecue.

TREVOR
(toasts)
To Mark's new job... gettin' it
done and killin' it!

ZOE
And to new friends! Such a blessing
our lil' buns in the oven will have
each other to play with. Looking
forward to holidays, block parties
and barbecues.

Impatient, Trevor downs his champagne.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Welcome to Carriage Hill.

Everyone drinks. Plates are filled with delicious BBQ.

TREVOR
Do you know what you guys are
having?

Mark takes his cue from Renee.

MARK
Um... well...

RENEE
We want it to be a surprise.

ZOE
I don't know how you have the
willpower. I had to know purely for
decorating and shopping purposes
for our lil' Hannah.

TREVOR

(to Mark)

Dude, the nesting thing is frigging real... costing me a goddamn fortune.

RENEE

It's a good thing your wife has good taste.

ZOE

Wish I could take credit, but everything in the house... the decor, the furniture was all Allison.

Renee and Mark look confused. Allison who?

ZOE (CONT'D)

Trevor's second wife.

Renee and Mark exchange glances.

RENEE

Wow... so you've lived here awhile?

TREVOR

Allison died three years ago... so yeah, it's been about fifteen years.

RENEE

I'm so sorry.

TREVOR

No I love it here. It's home.

RENEE

I meant about your wife.

Trevor helps himself to more meat.

TREVOR

Yeah one day she was making pancakes... BOOM had an aneurysm, hit the floor in front of me.

Everyone stops chewing. Trevor peppers his steak.

MARK

Oh man, I can't even imagine.

ZOE

Anybody want more corn?

Renee passes the corn to Mark. Eyes on Trevor.

RENEE

What about your first wife?

Mark shakes his head at Renee. Shhh.

MARK

Hon, c'mon let's not interrogate our new neighbors.

RENEE

Just wondering if your first wife lived here too?

TREVOR

Actually Beth found this house.

Zoe rubs Trevor's arm.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Beth didn't want kids. For me, it was a deal breaker.

ZOE

He's so excited to be a dad. One of many reasons why I love this stud.

Renee watches Trevor place a loving hand on Zoe's stomach.

INT./EXT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renee's startled awake by the sound of a BABY CRYING. Sweating. Deep breaths. She grabs her belly. Exhales.

She hears the faint cries again.

She gets out of bed, checks the unpacked nursery, nothing. Walks around the house, listening... nothing.

Renee opens THE FRONT DOOR. Tiptoes down the porch stairs.

THE BABY CRIES AGAIN, SOUNDING MORE FRANTIC. She follows the faint sound down the side of her house, to her back gate.

Searching flower beds, bushes... A WAIL sounds beneath her.

She drops to her knees. Puts her head to the ground. Nothing. Then a BURST OF LOUD WAILS...

Renee digs with her hands with wild abandon. The further she digs, the louder the cries. Frantic and muddy, she claws the earth.

The cries stop.

Behind her, a FIGURE wraps his arms around her. Renee struggles, punching and kicking to free herself.

MARK

Renee it's me.

She stops. Looks at him with big eyes.

MARK (CONT'D)

What are you doing out here?

RENEE

I heard a baby crying. Right here.

Mark lets her go. His face awash with worry.

She puts a muddy finger to his lips. Shhhhhhhhh....

For a LONG BEAT, they listen. No baby crying. Just the sound of crickets. Defeated, Renee crumples to the ground.

RENEE (CONT'D)

You think it's happening again
don't you.

MARK

Makes sense... with the move, your
job... we lost her around this
time.

The pent up grief escapes her. She hugs Mark and sobs.

RENEE

She was so tiny and perfect. She
had your long middle toe... I just
don't understand, why.

Mark hugs her tight.

MARK

Hey, we're seeing the new doctor
this week. After she takes a look
in there, you're gonna feel so much
better. Baby's moving around,
right?

Renee nods. He kisses her forehead, pulls her up.

MARK (CONT'D)

We're at the one yard line, and WE
have to believe everything's gonna
be okay.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Then we can stress about kindergarten applications and too much screen time.

Renee manages a smile, as Mark leads Renee back into the house.

CLOSE IN on the hole she dug. AN OLD FASHIONED PORCELAIN BABY DOLL'S FACE peers out of the dirt. The rest of its body submerged in the ground. A crack across its mouth gives the doll a creepy, maniacal smile.

EXT. CARRIAGE HILL - DAY

Renee and Zoe walk along the banks of a flowing stream, surrounded by lush redwoods within Carriage Hill.

ZOE

Hey, have you decided what you're gonna do? Do the epidural or go au naturale... which sounds awful. I heard if they do a C-section, you can ask for a tummy tuck. Get it all taken care of in one hit.

RENEE

I don't think you can just ask for a C-section... something has to go wrong.

ZOE

God, can you imagine coming all this way, then losing the baby? That is my worst nightmare.

Renee stops walking. She can't hold it in anymore.

RENEE

I can... we lost our baby at thirty two weeks.

ZOE

Oh Renee... I didn't know. You poor thing, I'm so sorry.

Afraid of unleashing a tidal wave of grief, Renee remains stoic... as if she's talking about someone else.

RENEE

She didn't move for a couple days... I should've gone to the ER. There was no heartbeat.

(MORE)

RENEE (CONT'D)

In the delivery room, even though I knew she was gone, I waited for her to cry... but it was so quiet.

ZOE

That's devastating.

Zoe is about to cry. She takes Renee into her arms. Hugs her tight.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I can't imagine how you feel, that loss.

RENEE

I'm afraid all the time that something's going to go wrong.

ZOE

Which is why you don't want to know the sex. I get it.

Renee nods.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Don't tell him I told you, Trevor doesn't like to talk about it, but he and Allison had a stillborn right before Allison died.

RENEE

Ohmygod.

ZOE

It almost killed him.

A tear rolls down Renee's face as she looks at Zoe.

ZOE (CONT'D)

You know I'm here for you. It's about taking one day at a time. Whenever you need someone to talk to, I'm right here.

Renee nods, smiles.

RENEE

I'm so glad you're my neighbor.

They hug.

EXT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - DAY

Dressed up, Renee takes the trash out in back of her house.

She hears the sound of someone jumping on a trampoline. Peers through a fence...

A LATINA WOMAN (30s) with whimsical long dark hair bounces on her trampoline in her back yard. She spots Renee, waves.

Renee waves back, embarrassed she's been caught spying. Her smile fades when her yellow sundress blows up. NO UNDERWEAR.

RENEE
(under her breath)
Weirdo.

Renee hurries back home.

EXT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

Carrying her portfolio, Renee self-consciously pulls her cashmere sweater over her protruding stomach as she unlocks her minivan.

From the woods, she sees Phoebe, the gorgeous redhead neighbor, riding in a golf cart driven by DR. ANNIE (40s), a stern but beautiful Czech woman.

Both women wave as they pull up in front of Renee.

Renee glances at the piles of dirty dishes and half eaten food on silver trays in the back of the cart.

PHOEBE
Hey neighbor. Wow, don't you look fancy.

RENEE
Thanks, I'm a little nervous.
Hoping to impress some potential clients.

PHOEBE
Most pregnant women are winding down, not up. How does your husband feel about you working after you have the baby?

RENEE
He knows how important my job is to me.

PHOEBE

Guess you nabbed a good one. They get a bad rap, but I find Asian men to be so attractive. How long have you two been together?

RENEE

Married six, but we've been together since college.

PHOEBE

You don't see that very often.

DR. ANNIE

(eyes Renee)

If only more people were like you. One partner. No STDs that can hurt the baby.

Okay... Renee ponders as Dr. Annie smiles, her eyes shift to Renee's bulge.

DR. ANNIE (CONT'D)

I'm Dr. Annie.

Wearing pearls, a vintage day dress and a serious bob, Dr. Annie looks more like a 1960s housewife than a doctor.

PHOEBE

If you need an obstetrician, Dr. Annie's the best. She delivers all Carriage Hill's babies.

DR. ANNIE

If you're interested, I am accepting new patients.

RENEE

Thanks, but I have my first appointment with my doctor this week. Do you know Dr. Asha Kurian?

Dr. Annie grins, unable to hide her lack of enthusiasm.

DR. ANNIE

Of course. She's not known for her bedside manner. I'm sure you'll be fine with her.

Renee absorbs the perceived slight.

RENEE

(to Phoebe)

Do you have kids?

PHOEBE
 (smirks)
 And ruin this body? No thank you.

An awkward beat, as Renee changes the subject. Glancing at the dirty dishes in the back of the cart, then at the WOODS behind their street.

RENEE
 You two have a picnic in the woods?

PHOEBE
 We took a short cut to deliver food to a sick neighbor.

RENEE
 How kind of you.

DR. ANNIE
 We look out for each other here.

RENEE
 I hope your neighbor will be okay?

DR. ANNIE
 He will. He's just old.

PHOEBE
 Old age is a bitch. Lucky you're Asian.

Dr. Annie and Phoebe don't elaborate, as they smile, wave and drive off.

INT. COLONIAL HOME - TOWN - DAY

Renee's eyes light up as she's led through a stunning but dated home by the owners, MR. and MRS. PRESSER (60s).

RENEE
 This wall's not load bearing. If we remove it your kitchen will get even more light.

Uneasy, Mrs. Presser nudges her husband.

MR. PRESSER
 Thank you for stopping by Mrs. Kim but we've decided to go in a different direction.

RENEE

A different design plan or just the kitchen?

MR. PRESSER

Another designer.

RENEE

I thought you were both happy with what I sent over?

MRS. PRESSER

This is a significant and very expensive remodel that we want done right. Not rushed.

RENEE

I assure you that I will make your home beautiful. I have design back ups and back ups for the back ups... I don't understand.

Mr. Presser stares at Renee's maternal condition.

MR. PRESSER

You weren't completely honest with us Mrs. Kim. You should have told us about your "situation".

RENEE

Excuse me, but my pregnancy doesn't affect how or if I can do my job.

A silent and uncomfortable beat as Renee gathers her things. Deep breaths. Hand on the door, she faces them.

RENEE (CONT'D)

You know what? Good luck, cause you're not gonna get a better designer in this shithole town. What's ironic is this belly that has you all bent out of shape, makes me even more badass. But you're too ignorant to know that a pregnant women's neurological circuitry are reprogrammed, making us sharper, more creative and efficient problem solvers... and you just threw all that awesomeness away!

Head high. Renee storms out.

INT. GAMESTAR - LATER

Renee arrives at Mark's office. His chair is empty. Game artwork and project deadlines are plastered on the walls.

The pink-haired receptionist walks up.

RECEPTIONIST

Mark left early.

RENEE

Do you know what time he left?

RECEPTIONIST

He didn't come back after lunch.
Said he had a doctor's appointment.

Renee checks her watch... it's 5:45 pm.

INT./EXT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - EVENING

Renee tosses her portfolio bag on the couch.

RENEE

Mark?!

She searches the house. Steps out onto the porch, confused and worried, she scans the neighborhood.

ACROSS THE STREET

The WHIRRRR of Phoebe's garage door opening. It's packed with old furniture. Next to a 1970s station wagon, Renee zeroes in on a boy's blue bike... Strange for someone who doesn't have kids.

A door from the inside opens. Mark laughs and talks with Phoebe as he puts away a ladder. Wiping the sweat from his brow, Phoebe hands him a glass of water. Her hand brushes his. He smiles, nervous.

As Mark gulps his water, Phoebe notices Renee watching. A grin on her face.

INT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mark enters, doesn't notice Renee sitting on the couch.

RENEE

You feeling ok? Heard you went to the doctor.

MARK

Shit, you scared me! No, it was an excuse to come home early.

RENEE

To hang out with Phoebe?

MARK

Noooo silly, I came home so we could celebrate your new job...

Mark goes to the kitchen, proudly pulls the lid off a simmering crock pot.

MARK (CONT'D)

... With your favorite chashu ramen. Then Phoebe came over, asked me to help her hang a chandelier.

RENEE

Course she did. She's clearly looking to party.

MARK

I don't even know what that means.

Flustered, Renee tries to quell her insecurity and anger.

RENEE

Never mind.

MARK

C'mon I want to know how your meeting went.

RENEE

They took one look at this...
(points to her stomach)
... Forgot about all the great designs I showed them. Sent me packing.

MARK

Shit, I'm so sorry babe. That's fucked up.

RENEE

We coulda really used that money right now. And it's gonna be even harder to get a job once the baby's born. How are we gonna afford a nanny if I can't work?

MARK

That's why I got my new job... so you don't have to worry.

RENEE

Glad it was so easy for you and your penis to walk in and get handed a job.

Renee sees the hurt on Mark's face, immediately regrets lashing out.

MARK

Hey, I earned it.

RENEE

I know. I didn't mean it. I'm just frustrated... I feel like I'm being punished for carrying the load here.

MARK

I know it's not fair, but maybe taking some time off for you and the baby isn't a bad thing? Gives you two some time to bond. I mean who knows... maybe you'll love being a stay at home mom?

RENEE

I didn't work my ass off to cook and do laundry. Is that what you want? Is that why we moved out here, so I can be your housewife?

MARK

Jesus Renee. Feathers down. I'm trying to make things as easy for you as possible. Remember what happened last time? You were working all the time, on your feet all day, exhausted? I don't want that to happen again.

Renee looks like she's been punched in the gut.

RENEE

I knew you blamed me.

Mark looks away. He can't go there.

MARK

I just don't want us to make the same mistakes. I'm sorry you didn't get the job.

Mark walks away.

INT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A BABY CRIES. Renee's startled awake. Sweating. Terrified, she grabs her tummy... exhales, relieved it was a bad dream. She's still pregnant.

The glow of a faint light emanates from the hallway. She gets up...

INT. HALLWAY/NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

She follows the light to the nursery. Opens the door... Unpacked boxes line the walls. Crib unassembled. Paint swatches on the wall... Yellow, blue, green.

Light filters from the open closet door. She enters...

Sees a box of baby clothes on the floor marked "Soo-Jin". She pulls out a tiny purple onesie... for her daughter who never wore it. Smells it. Tears well in her eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Renee crawls into bed. She turns, face to face with Mark who is fast asleep. She reaches out to wake him. To talk to him. To connect with him.

Instead, she rolls over. A tear rolls down her cheek.

EXT. CARRIAGE HILL - POOL - DAY

Self-conscious, Renee hesitates at the pool gate. She wears an old fluffy robe, giant hat and sunglasses. As she steps onto the pool deck, she lowers her sunglasses...

Looks more like a magazine shoot than a community pool party. FRANK SINATRA blasts from outdoor speakers.

Renee tries to avoid Phoebe, who wears a smoking hot white bikini. She executes a perfect dive into a pool filled with beautiful Carriage Hill WOMEN lounging on UNICORN FLOATIES.

Zoe waves from a chaise.

ZOE

Renee?! I'm so glad you made it!
Get your cute butt over here!

Self-conscious, Renee walks past gorgeous women with toned, tan bodies in designer suits.

She plops next to Zoe. Glances at Zoe's red bikini and cute baby bump.

RENEE

I've never seen so many fit people
outside a gym. Where're the old fat
people?

ZOE

It's all just competition around
here. Honey, take off that robe
before you melt and grab yourself a
unicorn.

Renee slips the robe off to reveal a bright orange maternity suit. She lies back on the chaise when she hears a whistle.

NANCY

Hey hot mama!

Realtor Nancy waves from her unicorn in a leopard swimsuit. Phoebe hangs on Nancy's floatie, whispering, as she eyes Renee and Zoe.

Zoe's eyes narrow. She nods in Phoebe's direction.

ZOE

I don't know what Trevor sees in
her. They're always talking, with
their inside jokes. Never felt more
like a third wheel.

RENEE

Glad I'm not the only one.

ZOE

Trevor made me invite her over for
Christmas dinner and Easter brunch.
Said he felt sorry for her because
she lives alone. I don't like her.

RENEE

She's all over Mark, thought she
just had yellow fever.

ZOE

Oh no, she likes all the flavors on the menu.

Zoe and Renee watch Phoebe cannonball into the pool.

Renee scans the ladies giggling on the unicorn floaties, splashing each other... acting like kids. And then it hits her...

RENEE

Hey Zoe... Where are the kids?

ZOE

Kids? There's no kids. That's why we have got to get bu-sy.

Renee sits up.

RENEE

What do you mean? Phoebe told me Dr. Annie delivers all of Carriage Hill's babies?

A VOICE speaks from under a nearby sun hat. We recognize her as the Latina trampoline jumper, LIZ HERNANDEZ (30s).

Lying on her stomach, she sits up, topless. She wears her long dark hair in a sexy braid under a floppy hat.

Her deep dark brown eyes on them as she chugs a beer.

LIZ

They've all grown up and flown the coop.

RENEE

But there's lots of young couples? I can't believe there's not one kid here?

LIZ

I know it's hard for you two to imagine, but not everyone wants or can have kids.

Off Renee's guilty look...

LIZ (CONT'D)

My husband left me because I couldn't give him babies. Said I failed him as a wife.

RENEE

Sounds like you dodged an asshole bullet.

ZOE

How unfair, putting it all on you.

Liz sits up now. Sun bronzed tits out for the world to see. Zoe averts her eyes, while Renee can't help but stare at how perfect they are.

LIZ

What's not fair, is that our eggs go bad when we're at our sexual prime. But a man with saggy balls can hit a bullseye from his walker.

Zoe moves next to Liz on her chaise. Pulls her into an embrace, but really she's trying to cover her boobs with her towel.

ZOE

Honey, it's not too late for you. You're still young.

Liz looks down at her tight, toned body. Her eyes glisten with tears.

LIZ

I know, I look fucking amazing, right?

Liz grabs her boobs. Rough. Desperate. Sad.

LIZ (CONT'D)

This is it? This is all I get?

Renee looks worried. Zoe continues to try to cover Liz.

ZOE

Hey, you just need to find the right guy.

Liz downs more beer. Her tone hostile and resentful.

LIZ

Like Trevor? What makes you think he's the right guy?

Renee and Liz watch Zoe, waiting for an answer.

ZOE

I just knew the moment I met him. We had this instant connection.

LIZ

Right. When you met him online?
Slept with him on the first date?
Married him in six months? What
wife number are you again?

RENEE

Whoa. Easy. Think you've had enough
to drink.

Liz finishes her beer. The pool goes silent. All eyes on Liz.

LIZ

Who cares what you think, Breeder.
You think you're better than us.
Well fuck you.

Liz tosses her empty bottle towards a garbage can. Misses.
Glass explodes on the ground.

Liz gets up, tries to walk away... stumbles... veers towards
the pool, trips on a pool noodle... Her head bounces off the
concrete. Face down. Out cold.

Renee runs to Liz. Checks her head, when she sees...

Crepey patches of deep fatty pockets indented on the back of
Liz's thighs. The skin is paper-thin, with a strange
brown/yellowish translucency.

But the rest of her legs are beautiful.

Above her, dripping wet, Phoebe arrives.

PHOEBE

Don't touch her!

Phoebe kneels down, throws a towel over Liz's strange
cellulite patches while Renee grabs her phone, punches in
numbers.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Put the phone down.

RENEE

I'm calling 911!

PHOEBE

They'll take too long. Someone get
Dr. Annie.

When Phoebe stands, Renee glimpses a C-section scar above
Phoebe's bikini bottom.

Phoebe catches Renee's gaze. Pulls up her bottoms. Her face stern. Cold.

Dr. Annie arrives on her golf cart, rushes through the pool gate with a medical bag.

Phoebe and Dr. Annie exchange worried looks. Renee overhears them...

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
 (whispers to Dr. Annie)
 I told you we can't wait much longer.

Dr. Annie listens to Liz's heart...

DR. ANNIE
 (to Liz)
 Everything's going to be okay... just a few more days.

On Renee as she wonders, what the hell?

INT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - THAT NIGHT

Renee flushes the toilet, washes her hands. A light catches her eye. She looks out her window...

AT ZOE'S BEDROOM. It's dark. A hall light barely illuminates Trevor kneeling on the bed behind Zoe, who is on all fours. Her big belly hangs down.

He pushes her face down into the bed, secures a METAL COLLAR around her neck.

Trevor pulls her up by the collar. Zoe arches her back, eyes closed, mouth open.

Embarrassed, Renee ducks out of sight. A BEAT as she surreptitiously reaches to turn off the light switch.

The sound of a BANG ON THE WINDOW.

Unable to resist, she peers up over the window sill.

NEXT DOOR: Zoe, naked, struggles to lift the window. Moonlight glimmers off the collar clasped to her neck. Fear in her eyes.

Renee tries to open her window... it's stuck. She taps the glass, frantic.

RENEE

Zoe?!

Zoe freezes. They lock eyes.

The blinds close.

Renee hurries to the bedroom. Shakes a sleeping Mark.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Mark. Wake up.

Mark rolls over, wipes a hand across his face.

MARK

You okay?

RENEE

I just saw Zoe. Through the window,
at first I thought I saw them
having sex...

Not one to miss an opportunity, Mark pulls down his jammies.

RENEE (CONT'D)

...but Trevor put something around
her neck... like a collar. I think
she was trying to get away. I
really feel like Zoe's in trouble.

On Mark's disappointed face as he pulls up his pants.

MARK

Maybe she was embarrassed because
you saw them having sex?

RENEE

Maybe. I don't know. But that
collar he put around her neck?

MARK

Honey, what do you want me to do?
Call the cops? Our neighbors are
kinky?

Renee looks at him. Maybe he's right. Mark kisses her.

MARK (CONT'D)

Go back to sleep.

Mark rolls over and back to sleep. But Renee can't sleep. She goes downstairs, gets a drink of water.

THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW she spots...

DR. ANNIE'S GOLFCART parked in front of Zoe and Trevor's!
She rushes outside, barefoot, in her jammies.

EXT./INT. ZOE AND TREVOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Renee passes Dr. Annie's golf cart, climbs Zoe's front steps.
She hesitates, peers through the window.

The front door opens. Trevor wears sweatpants, no shirt. He
looks exhausted, drained.

TREVOR

Renee?

RENEE

Hi, sorry... I know it's late.

TREVOR

You hearing babies again?

Mark's betrayal registers on her face.

She looks inside... catches Phoebe, furrowed brow, inspecting
the deep lines on her forehead in a mirror, disgusted.

RENEE

I saw Dr. Annie's golf cart. Is
everything alright?

Behind him, Dr. Annie comes down the stairs, carrying a
medical bag. She's impeccably dressed as always. Wearing
pearls, not one hair out of place.

DR. ANNIE

She had some pre-labor
contractions.

RENEE

How's the baby?

DR. ANNIE

They're both fine.

TREVOR

Thank god.

She pats Trevor on the back, as he breathes a big sigh of
relief.

Dr. Annie takes in Renee's disheveled state... Jammies and
bare feet.

DR. ANNIE
Are you alright Renee?

Nope. Every bone in Renee's body screams that none of this is alright.

RENEE
I'd feel a lot better if I could see Zoe.

Phoebe retrieves a tray of cups and a teapot from a dumbwaiter.

PHOEBE
This doesn't concern you. Why are you here again?

RENEE
I'm her friend. Why are you here?

The tea tray rattles with clinking porcelain. Phoebe's hands tremble, suddenly struggling with the weight of the tray. It's about to crash, when...

Trevor swoops in, takes the tray from Phoebe.

TREVOR
Think you've had enough caffeine for one night.

Renee notices Phoebe wring her hands... There's something wrong... They're misshapen, bony and twisted.

RENEE
What happened to your hands?

Phoebe hides them, embarrassed.

PHOEBE
Nothing.

DR. ANNIE
(interrupts)
Zoe's finally asleep. Why don't you come back tomorrow?

Trevor places a gentle hand on Renee's shoulder, concerned.

TREVOR
We don't want you up all night worrying. Dr. Annie, take Renee up to see Zoe. Just...
(finger to his lips)
Shhh.

Renee follows Dr. Annie up the creaky stairs. Below them, she sees Trevor whisper in Phoebe's ear.

DR. ANNIE

Poor girl was terribly frightened
and frankly that type of anxiety
can do more harm than pre-labor
contractions.

DOWN A DIM HALLWAY: Renee passes a wall of travel photos... A brag wall of Trevor posing all over the world.

We CLOSE IN on a PHOTO of a PREGNANT WOMAN with curly hair in A FAIRY TALE THEMED NURSERY. WE RECOGNIZE her as the Curly Haired Woman from the opening.

Another PHOTO catches her eye... Trevor on an NYC hotel balcony... Same haircut, same ridiculous fit body. It could have been taken yesterday... Except the World Trade Center looms in the background.

As they pass the nursery, Renee peers in:

A light from the open closet illuminates the fairy tale room. A pink banner, "HANNAH" hangs on the wall.

They enter ZOE'S BEDROOM. The room is dark. A hint of moonlight filters through the blinds. Renee goes to the bed.

Zoe sleeps on her side, her body rises and falls with steady deep breaths.

Renee stoops down, checks her neck. There is no collar. Zoe's head rests on her hands clasped together in prayer.

She touches Zoe's cheek... Still wet with tears.

DR. ANNIE (CONT'D)

(snaps, loud whisper)

Don't touch her.

(regains composure)

She needs rest.

Renee nods, heads out the door.

IN THE DARK HALLWAY

Dr. Annie corners her.

DR. ANNIE (CONT'D)

Renee, if anything happens or
something doesn't feel right, feel
free to call me.

(MORE)

DR. ANNIE (CONT'D)

I have a home office and everything
I need if god forbid something goes
wrong.

Renee nods. Her eyes adjust to the darkness of the hallway.
She sees a DEAD BOLT on the outside of the bedroom door.

DR. ANNIE (CONT'D)

Sleep well, Renee.

Renee hurries downstairs as Phoebe hands Trevor milk and
cookies at the kitchen table.

She moves behind him, gently gives Trevor a neck massage.

Renee gets the hell outta there.

INT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Running late, Mark looks everywhere for his keys. Dark
circles under her eyes, Renee sits at the kitchen table,
watching Zoe's house from the window. All is quiet.

RENEE

You don't understand... it was
thick and metal with one of those
sensors attached... like an
electronic dog collar.

MARK

Sure it wasn't a necklace?
(distracted, looking)
Have you seen my keys? I've gotta
go over character designs with
Geoff and I'm late!

RENEE

This was not jewelry, Mark. And
there was a deadbolt on the outside
of their bedroom door. I'm telling
you, she looked really scared.

Impatient, Mark flips throw pillows, searching.

MARK

Of course she's scared. They all
were. You of all people know that
shit can go sideways real fast and
it's completely out of our control.

He stops looking for his keys when he sees the hurt in
Renee's eyes. He stoops down, caresses her cheek.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, you know this anxiety isn't good for you or the baby. And the baby is our number one priority right now. Not what might or could be going on next door.

RENEE

Have you been talking to Dr. Annie?

MARK

Who?

Renee is done talking about her "anxiety".

RENEE

Look in the fridge.

Mark opens the fridge, his keys are next to the OJ.

MARK

Jesus Christ... baby brain. Thanks babe.

He grabs his work backpack... about to leave.

RENEE

Why did you tell Trevor about me hearing babies crying?

Mark stops. Busted.

MARK

I'm sorry. It's just... sometimes I need someone to talk to.

Renee nods, processing.

RENEE

I don't trust him... or Phoebe. I don't know why she was over there, except to take advantage of a vulnerable situation.

MARK

Honey, maybe she's a concerned neighbor who was just being nice... Just like you.

He kisses her head.

MARK (CONT'D)
Which reminds me, don't forget
Nancy's tonight. Love you.

He leaves. Renee sips her tea, texts Zoe, "Are you okay?!!"

She waits. Zoe appears to be typing something "...". It suddenly disappears.

Renee eyes a box of scones on the counter.

EXT. ZOE AND TREVOR'S HOUSE - LATER THAT MORNING

Renee carries a plate of scones. Autumn leaves swirl in the breeze as she looks around, knocks on the door. No answer.

She peeks through the window. It's quiet. No lights. Knocks again.

RENEE
Zoe? It's me.

She puts her ear to the door. Listens...

No answer. Renee places the scones at the front door.

Lingers a beat, hoping Zoe will answer the door, when STEVIE WONDER BLASTS from someone's yard.

It's coming from Liz's yard. Curious, Renee peers through the fence.

EXT. LIZ HERNANDEZ'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Liz sits in a wheelchair, sad and topless. She drinks a beer, listening to Stevie... staring at her trampoline.

Liz turns off the music. Struggles to get out of the wheelchair. Arms shaking as she stands, wobbling.

Renee's PHONE RINGS. Shit! She silences it.

Too late. Liz stares in Renee's direction... Liz's thighs are wrapped in gauze. Her perky boobs are now saggy. Her long hair is thin and straggly, and is that a bald patch? Does she have cancer?

Liz laughs as Renee backs away from the fence

INT./EXT. WILLOW BABY STORE - TOWN - DAY

In a cozy boutique children's store, Renee waits at the register. She googles symptoms for "cancer and shingles" on her phone... "Hair loss, bruising..."

The OWNER (65) emerges from the back room. Her blue eyes twinkle, her beautiful long gray hair shimmers.

OWNER

Here it is. This is one of my favorites.

She lays down a custom newborn onesie embroidered with "HANNAH" and flowers.

RENEE

It's beautiful. My friend's gonna love it.

OWNER

Are you on our mailing list?

RENEE

No, but I'd love to be.

The owner slides an address card to her. Renee fills it out as the woman rings her up.

RENEE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna grab one of those aromatherapy candles.

At the front window, Renee grabs a "CALM" candle when she sees...

ACROSS THE STREET

Trevor and a beautiful BLACK WOMAN (early 20s) run across the street together. His hand gently on her back, she giggles as they enter a coffee shop.

The owner looks at Renee's address card, fraught with concern.

OWNER

How long have you lived in Carriage Hill?

Renee is distracted, as she pays. Eyes glued to the coffee shop.

RENEE

A few weeks.

OWNER

I've always wondered what it looks like since the commune burnt down. You can't see anything with that crazy fence.

RENEE

Commune?

OWNER

Oh man, it was the sixties but I remember they were a weird bunch of yoga loving hippies against the war and society in general. They grew their own food, never left the compound.

RENEE

What happened to them?

OWNER

The whole place went up in flames. A lotta people died that day. Some say the land is cursed and they never should have built on it.

Renee looks slightly sick. The owner feeling bad, switches to upbeat.

OWNER (CONT'D)

But I heard you have a lovely pool and tennis courts... it's supposed to be beautiful behind those gates, right?

RENEE

Yeah, right. Thank you.

Renee leaves the store as Trevor and the woman exit across the street with their coffees. He opens his truck door for her.

Renee ducks back into the doorway, as Trevor's truck rumbles past her.

INT./EXT. CAR - NEAR CARRIAGE HILL - LATER

Along the wooded backside of Carriage Hill, A CONSTRUCTION WORKER holds up a STOP SIGN. BEEP BEEP a BULLDOZER backs up moving earth and boulders.

Impatient, Renee calls Zoe from the road. No answer.

She hangs up as the Worker flips the sign to GO. Steps on the gas.

Ahead of her on the side of the road, she sees...

A MAKESHIFT SHRINE: With a ratty old teddy bear, pinwheels, candles and wilted flowers.

Eyes back on the road, she swerves, just misses hitting a GIRL (9) IN FRONT OF HER FLYING A DRONE.

Renee slams her brakes. Sending up a cloud of tire smoke and dust.

A LOUD BANG on her window. It's the little girl's BIG SISTER (13) with big terrified, angry eyes.

BIG SISTER

What the fuck lady?! Are you drunk?
You almost ran over my sister!

Renee gets out of the car. Rushes to the young girl.

RENEE

Are you hurt? Ohmygod! I'm so
sorry!

Shaken, Renee checks the girl for injuries. The girl holds Renee's hand, reassures her in a tiny voice.

LITTLE SISTER

I'm okay.

Renee cries, hugs her tight. The girls look at each confused.

BIG SISTER

You okay lady?

RENEE

I'm so, so sorry.

Renee stands. Wipes tears from her face. Still rattled, the older girl scolds her little sister.

BIG SISTER

Told you we shouldn't be out here.
This place has bad juju.

RENEE

What were you doing with the drone?

BIG SISTER

Don't look at me, it wasn't my
idea.

LITTLE SISTER
Trying to see the monsters.

BIG SISTER
Don't listen to her. It's a stupid
urban legend.

Renee stoops down.

RENEE
What monsters?

The little sister points through the Carriage Hill fence.

LITTLE SISTER
They live in there. At night they
come out and go hunting. They eat
children.

RENEE
Have you seen them? The monsters?

LITTLE SISTER
Just William. But he's not really
one of them. He's on our side.

RENEE
What does William look like?

LITTLE SISTER
Like he's a hundred years old.

BIG SISTER
C'mon we better go home.

The sisters grab their bikes and ride away.

Renee approaches the makeshift shrine. Stoops down in front
of the dead flowers, burnt down candles. The teddy bear is
missing an eye. God knows how long it's been there.

One candle burns next to a card. Renee picks it up, reads:
"To our darling Natalie. Love you forever. Mom and Dad."

EXT./INT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - DARK

Renee pulls up to her house in the minivan. Thumping MUSIC
can be heard down the street. She walks into her house.

RENEE
(calls out)
Mark?

She picks up a note on the dining table. Reads: "Meet me at Nancy's!" She rolls her eyes. Whoopee.

INT. NANCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Renee lets herself into Nancy's home... it's as if she's entered a 1970's time capsule: Gold shag carpeting, velvet couches, mirrored walls.

The party's rocking. Neighbors dance, drink and mingle to disco.

Nancy boogies up with a margarita.

NANCY

(winks at Renee)

We've been waiting for you! Got you a tasty virgin.

Renee sips her drink, unable to take her eyes off Nancy's cleavage spilling out the top of her dress.

RENEE

Wow, Nancy... you went all out. What's the special occasion?

NANCY

Well you of course. A little welcome to the neighborhood soiree.

RENEE

That's really nice. Zoe here?

NANCY

Everyone's here!

Nancy boogies off into the throng. Renee sips her drink... looks around for Mark or Zoe, when... From all corners, she feels EYES watching her.

Are they watching her? Is she imagining it?

Mark dances up behind her, grinding her, nuzzling her neck.

MARK

Hey sexy.

Mark pulls her close.

RENEE

Why didn't you wait for me? I had the weirdest day.

MARK

Sorry. Trevor dragged me over here early. Did I tell you how hot you are?

He runs his hands down the sides of her body. Nuzzles her neck. She pushes him away.

RENEE

We need to talk.

MARK

Is it serious? Cause I can't do serious tonight. I just want to get drunk and do dirty things to you. Dance with me.

But "Mr. Roboto" starts up. Trevor robots towards them. Mark replies with some pops and locks. They high five.

TREVOR

My man!
(then)
Renee...

He holds it up for her. Renee leaves Trevor hanging.

RENEE

Saw you in town earlier.

TREVOR

Oh yeah? Why didn't you saw hi?

RENEE

You looked like you had your hands full.

Trevor's face is unreadable.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Where's Zoe?

TREVOR

Around, somewhere.

RENEE

(to Mark)
I'm gonna find her.

Renee takes off through the crowd. Trevor points Mark to Phoebe dirty dancing nearby.

TREVOR
 (re Phoebe)
 Little neighborhood secret...
 Eleven o'clock, look out your
 window. Top window on the left. You
 can thank me later.

As if on cue, Phoebe dances over looking like a 1970's goddess... Gold Halston dress, her long untamed red hair setting off her sun kissed face.

PHOEBE
 Hey naughty boys. What's up?

Mark looks around for Renee, uneasy, but enthralled.

Phoebe runs a hand through Mark's hair.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
 You have amazing hair. You know,
 I'm a hair dresser. I'd love to do
 you.

Mark almost does a spit take.

MARK
 Ah, sure.

A Marvin Gaye song starts. Hands go in the air, booties shaking. It's like Studio 54 in here.

Trevor and Phoebe dance. They pull Mark into a threesome. Mark looks guilty, but can't help but be intoxicated by Phoebe's allure.

ON RENEE weaving through the party, looking for Zoe.

- She passes a crowded kitchen. A WOMAN sits on the counter, kissing another WOMAN, whose hand is up her skirt.

- A MAN snorts a line of coke off a WOMAN'S tits.

- Down a hallway, she passes an entire wall of ANTIQUE CLOCKS. Feeling woozy, she wipes sweat from her forehead. The TICK TOCK of the clocks grows louder. Her head pounds.

From the end of the dark hall, a SHADOWY FEMALE FIGURE approaches.

RENEE
 Do you know where the bathroom is?

FEMALE SHADOW FIGURE
 Down the hall.

The closer she gets, Renee sees that she's NAKED with a young, tan, gorgeous face and thick wavy hair.

When the woman passes, from the neck down she is saggy and wrinkled.

Renee grasps the wall, dizzy. Makes her way down the hall, nauseous.

Passing a BEDROOM, she sees a large ornate wood bed, its headboard carved with GREEK GODS. All four walls and ceiling are mirrored. She enters...

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A kaleidoscope of reflections of herself come at her from every direction from the mirrored walls in Nancy's bedroom.

SOUNDS OF APPROACHING FOOT STEPS. A MAN WITH BLACK HAIR and a REDHEAD stumble down the hall, trying to undress each other, as they search for a bedroom.

It's Mark and Phoebe. She does a double take. But then, it's NOT Mark and Phoebe.

Spinning, she sees several ZOES appear out of nowhere, wearing collars and hospital gowns.

RENEE

Zoe! Where have you been?

Renee grabs Zoe's hospital gown, confused.

RENEE (CONT'D)

What is this?

Her eyes move to the collar. She covers her mouth...

RENEE (CONT'D)

(re the collar)

What the fuck is going on? Did Trevor do this to you?

Zoe grabs Renee by the shoulders. Spinning, Renee struggles to focus on Zoe.

ZOE

Renee. We have to get out of here.
NOW.

RENEE

(incoherent)

Oh my god, my head...

ZOE
What's wrong with you?

RENEE
I feel weird. So tired... Need to
lie down.

Gravity pulls Renee down onto her back on Nancy's bed, woozy.
She sees her reflection in the mirrors over the bed.

ZOE
No we have to go. We don't have
much time.

She pulls Renee up. Tries to get her to stand, but Renee
collapses to the ground. Fights to stay awake.

RENEE
Why? Where are we going?

Frantic, Zoe struggles to pull Renee by the hands towards
Nancy's closet.

ZOE
Renee. Listen to me. They're coming
NOW.

Zoe drags Renee INTO THE CLOSET. Closes the doors behind
them.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Shhhhh.

Renee watches Zoe disappear into a blurry fog at the back of
the closet.

WHOOSH... the closet doors swing open. Renee recoils as
Trevor leans in close. She's unable to move. His breath reeks
of alcohol.

TREVOR
(shakes his head at Zoe)
What are you doing you bad girl?

Renee tries to hold onto Zoe, but she is losing
consciousness.

ZOE
Nooooo!

The last thing Renee hears is Zoe's scream.

RENEE
Zoe? Zoe?

ON ZOE'S SCREAMS...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT/DAY

Groggy, soaked in sweat, Renee struggles to open her eyes. In the hazy darkness, Renee is unsure if this is real or a dream.

She feels something between her legs. She tries to lift her head but can't, as if an anvil rests on her chest.

Below her, at the edge of the bed, is a DARK FIGURE. Renee feels something slip out between her legs. Then SNAP OF A LATEX GLOVE.

She fights to wake up from this nightmare. Unable to scream or move, she slips back into DARKNESS.

7:45 PM: A BABY'S CRIES. Renee bolts up. Heart racing, sweaty. She feels between her legs... relieved to find her underwear on. WTF happened last night?

Mark walks in with a glass of orange juice and a bagel, looking disappointed and worried.

RENEE

I heard a baby crying... was Hannah born?

Exasperated, Mark shakes his head. Hands her an orange juice.

MARK

Nope. You had another bad dream. How are you feeling?

A FLASH: Of her lying on Nancy's bed. Staring up at the mirrors.

RENEE

Shitty. What time is it?

MARK

Almost eight. You slept the whole day. Drink that. And you need to eat.

Renee holds her head.

RENEE

Ugh... I need Advil.

MARK

I think the baby's had enough substance abuse for one night. You know when I saw you lying on the ground...

He puts a gentle hand on her belly. Choked up. She takes his hand.

RENEE

What do you mean? I had one drink with no alcohol? I don't know what happened.

MARK

Well something happened between that drink and when I found you passed out in Nancy's backyard.

Renee sits up. Worried, as she tries to remember last night.

RENEE

Backyard? No, no I was in Nancy's bedroom.

(beat)

I think I was roofied.

Mark shakes his head.

MARK

Renee... me and you don't work if we can't be honest with each other.

RENEE

I am honest with you, but you don't want to listen. I'm not paranoid or crazy.

MARK

You're hearing babies and you just said you were roofied! How do you think that sounds?

RENEE

I don't give a fuck how it sounds... something really awful happened last night, but I can't remember it.

Mark rubs his furrowed eyebrows, frustrated.

MARK

I'd rather you just came clean...
You got sloppy and you're sorry you
put our unborn child at risk. I
could respect that.

RENEE

How can you think I'd ever do that?

His silence brings tears to her eyes.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Did you sleep downstairs?

MARK

Yes, you were drunk.

RENEE

Someone was in here last night.

Mark shakes his head. He can't believe this is their life
right now.

MARK

They're bad dreams, Renee. Just
like the baby crying, or Trevor
keeping his wife prisoner!

RENEE

What if it's not a bad dream?

Mark throws his arms up in frustration.

MARK

Then I guess this place is haunted.
But right now, you're the only one
seeing ghosts.

INT. BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

Renee strips the sweaty sheets from her bed. A single drop of
blood stains the middle of her white sheet.

Terrified, she runs to the bathroom, sits on the toilet,
checks for blood. Nothing. Relieved, she flushes the toilet.
Looks disappointed at her reflection in the mirror... smudged
mascara and lipstick... bags under her eyes.

With a washcloth, she removes the grime.

INT. NURSERY CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Fresh from the shower, Renee rifles through the shelves looking for new sheets.

CREEEAK... As the door closes behind her. Hands searching in the darkness, she yanks the light cord... POP the bulb burns out.

She spins, disoriented. Faces the closet door where she REMEMBERS.

FLASHBACK - LAST NIGHT:

IN THE BACK OF NANCY'S CLOSET, Renee watches Zoe fumble in the dark, desperately searching for something.

As Zoe comes into focus, Renee remembers...

ZOE
(to herself)
Goddammit where is it?

WHOOSH... the closet doors swing open. Renee recoils as Trevor leans in close. His breath reeks of alcohol.

TREVOR
(shakes his head at Zoe)
What are you doing you bad girl?

Trevor reaches in, grabs Zoe by the hair, drags her across the floor.

Zoe grabs Renee's hand... their eyes lock. Zoe screams as she's ripped away. The door slams shut.

RESUME RENEE: Zoe's screams still echo in her ears from last night.

She runs.

Down the stairs.

Bursts through the front door... where she finds Mark hugging a very upset Trevor on the porch.

RENEE
What's going on?

MARK
Trevor can't find Zoe.

TREVOR

I came home last night, she wasn't home. She left her purse and her phone. She's still not back.

Trevor starts to break down. Mark pats him on the back.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

It's not like Zoe to just disappear without telling me where she's going.

Trevor looks at Renee... His face a facade of anguish.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You haven't spoken to her have you?

Trevor's eyes bore into Renee's. She shakes her head.

RENEE

No. I'm sorry.

MARK

Renee's been a little out of it.

TREVOR

Anything would be helpful. She say anything to you? Was she upset?

RENEE

I haven't seen Zoe since the other night when I came to your house.

Tense beat as Trevor scrutinizes her. He softens.

TREVOR

Please let me know if you hear from her.

Renee nods.

MARK

Whatever you need... we're here for you, man.

TREVOR

I know, thanks.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Renee reels, as the events of the past couple days flash through her head. Desperate, she reaches for an old bottle of KLONOPIN in the medicine cabinet. Hesitates...

Slams the cabinet door, frustrated. She calls Zoe. Gets her voicemail.

RENEE

Where are you? I'm worried. Please call me as soon as you get this.

She hangs up.

MARK (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Renee startles as Mark walks in.

RENEE

Put in a call for take out. Baby's craving pho.

MARK

You want me to go get it?

RENEE

No I got it. It'll be good for me to go out, clear my head.

MARK

Don't worry, I'm sure Zoe's fine.

RENEE

I hope so.

INT./EXT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - LATER

Renee starts up the minivan.

A KNOCK on her window. She jumps! Trevor's face looms. She rolls down the window.

Trevor holds up her phone.

TREVOR

You dropped this.

She reaches for her phone, but he holds it back.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You don't want to be without your phone in case something happens... or if Zoe calls.

He hands her the phone. She forces a smile.

RENEE

Thanks.

Trevor watches her back out of the driveway.

She looks in her rear view mirror. Phoebe joins Trevor as they watch her pass through the Carriage Hill gates.

INT. POLICE STATION - TOWN - DAY

Renee speaks to a very impatient POLICE OFFICER.

POLICE OFFICER

So he pulled Mrs. Everett out of a closet, and then you passed out?

RENEE

I was roofied.

He looks at her pregnant condition. Takes notes.

POLICE OFFICER

And you think Mr. Everett roofied you?

RENEE

(loud)

I don't know.

A fit and lean black man, his face careworn from exposure to the worst of humanity, listens as he refills his coffee. This is DETECTIVE JACKSON (56).

POLICE OFFICER

Did he give you a drink?

RENEE

No, Nancy did. Nancy Talbot. But Zoe was scared of her husband and I think he did something to her.

POLICE OFFICER

Look, if Mrs. Everett is still missing after 48 hours, then come back and file a missing persons report.

RENEE

Why are you trying so hard to discredit me so you can not investigate a missing pregnant woman?!

Detective Jackson intervenes.

DETECTIVE JACKSON
I got this Lieutenant.

CUT TO:

DETECTIVE JACKSON'S DESK

Renee sits across from Detective Jackson. She stares at a photo of him, fifteen years ago, his arm around his nine year old son, holding a spelling bee trophy.

RENEE
I'm sorry, I lost it.

DETECTIVE JACKSON
Nothing wrong with being upset when someone you care about is missing.

She nods, thankful. His calm demeanor is comforting.

RENEE
(re the photo)
He looks like you.

His face a mix of pride and deep sadness.

DETECTIVE JACKSON
That's my son, Darius.
(switches gears)
How do you like living in Carriage Hill?

RENEE
I don't. Are you going to talk to Zoe Everett's husband?

DETECTIVE JACKSON
Folks around here want to report every relative and friend that comes home late, or misses a soccer game, because they're afraid that it will happen again.

RENEE
That what will happen again?

Detective Jackson points to a wall of MISSING CHILDREN.

She scans the wall: "Missing: March 12, 2001, October 30, 1985..."

She hones in on a cute nine year old "Natalie Lopez", with a shy smile, wearing a rainbow headband who's been missing since June 9, 1979. She puts a face to the note from the shrine.

RENEE (CONT'D)
They're all from around here?

Jackson nods. She stares in shock at the lost children.

DETECTIVE JACKSON
Kids started going missing in '79, around the county. And then spring of 2018, it just stopped.

Renee scans their faces. From three to fifteen years old... boys and girls. All smiling. All gone.

RENEE
They ever catch anyone?

He shakes his head. Deep sadness in his eyes.

DETECTIVE JACKSON
It's as if they just disappeared into thin air. No remains, no leads. Every single one's a cold case.

Renee zeroes in on a little boy... DARIUS JACKSON. Nine years old, missing since 2006. The same boy in the photo on Detective Jackson's desk.

RENEE
I'm so sorry.

He looks down, pained.

DETECTIVE JACKSON
If your friend doesn't come home tomorrow morning, call me.

RENEE
Thank you.

Renee takes his card. Walks out of the station.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Renee holds tight to the bannister, catches her breath.

Through the crowd, across the street, a FACE watches her through the WINDOW of a RESTAURANT. IT'S PHOEBE.

RENEE
Fucking bitch.

Renee rushes across the street, but Phoebe is gone. Instead, a little boy (5) sits in the same window. Waves to her as he eats his ice cream cone.

INT./EXT. MINIVAN - LATER

Dusk sets in. Surrounded by thick fog, Renee drives lost in thought, when her tire blows.

The minivan swerves, fighting the slick road as Renee struggles to gain control, finally comes to a stop.

Shaking, she gets out, sees a GIANT PUNCTURE HOLE.

Suspicious, she looks around. Where is she? The swirling fog reveals she's come to a stop very near the giant iron gate of Carriage Hill.

She grabs her purse and sets off into the fog.

The rev of an engine behind her. Looks back... sees only fog. She quickens her pace, edges to the side of the road... Someone's stalking her.

Defiant, she spins around... blasted by a pickup truck's huge light bar. Tires screech as a black truck speeds past her, hauling ass down the highway.

EXT. CARRIAGE HILL - LATER

It's pitch black now. Shaken, Renee hurries towards her house through the fog. It's eerily quiet, no one's out...

She hears SOUNDS OF ECSTASY coming from Nancy's house. She looks up...

Through NANCY'S UPSTAIRS BEDROOM WINDOW:

NANCY rides someone, reverse cowboy on her bed. She watches herself in the mirror. Self conscious, she pulls up on the skin above her boobs, making them less saggy.

Her partner sits up. He is an OLD MAN, withered and wrinkly, with a gray scraggly pony tail. He grabs Nancy's breasts as they climax together and scream.

Renee looks away, embarrassed. Heads home as fast as she can.

She slows when she sees Trevor's black pickup truck in his driveway. As she passes...

Trevor watches her, silent and menacing through the window.

She hurries inside. Locks the door.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Renee rummages through unpacked boxes... Finds what she's looking for... A box of RING CAMERAS.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

On a step stool, Renee finishes installing the last Ring camera. Aims it at Trevor's house.

INT. HOME OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Renee twirls her hair into a bun with a chopstick, as she searches missing children in the area on her laptop. INTERCUT between IMAGES ON HER COMPUTER and Renee marking locations on a COUNTY MAP on the desk.

RENEE

(to herself)

June Parish, 13, last seen, bus stop... Darius Jackson, 9, last seen Laurel Creek... Owen Cartwright, 8, last seen biking River Road.

Renee looks at Owen's location on her map -- River Road runs behind Carriage Hill. She reads an article on Owen and finds a link to the Commune fire.

RENEE (CONT'D)

(reads)

Mass casualties as fire consumed the Happy Valley Commune. Yogi leaders, Iris and William Clark perish with thirty five commune members. Investigators blame gas leak.

She clicks on an article from 1976.

RENEE (CONT'D)

(reads)

Ground broke today for a new gated community at the site of the tragic Happy Valley Commune.

Engrossed by a photo of scorched earth where Carriage Hill now sits when...

A hand touches her shoulder. Renee screams!

MARK

Sorry! Didn't mean to scare you babe. Why's the van parked outside the gate?

RENEE

(catching her breath)

I got a flat.

MARK

You shoulda called me.

RENEE

I'm a big girl, Mark.

Mark grins, kisses her cheek.

MARK

What are you doing up?

RENEE

Just shopping for baby stuff. And I finally put up the cameras.

She closes her laptop, flips over Detective Jackson's card. She stands between Mark and the desk with the map of missing kids.

MARK

I wish you would've waited for me... I don't like you up on a ladder.

RENEE

I was careful.

(changes the subject)

You're late, everything okay?

MARK

Sorry, Geoff wanted the team to hit a karaoke bar after work....

Mark beat boxes with an impromptu rap.

RENEE

Don't do that... even when we're alone.

MARK

Oh come on, that's how I got you to go out with me.

He continues. She puts her fingers over his mouth, both laughing. Shhh.

MARK (CONT'D)

Any news about Zoe?

Renee shakes her head. Mark sighs. More worried than this morning.

RENEE

C'mon, let's go to bed.

She takes him by the hand, away from her research.

INT./EXT. BIG RIG TRUCK - 3:17 AM

Sheets of rain pound a BIG RIG parked on the side of the highway. A TRUCKER (40s) startles awake. Groggy he steps outside in the pelting rain to take a piss.

Through the downpour, he sees the dark figure of a HITCHIKER ambling towards him.

TRUCKER

Hello?

No answer. As the hitchhiker gets closer, we see it's ZOE. Her hospital gown filthy.

Her neck is bruised and bloody. She looks terrified.

Alarmed, he turns to zip up his pants. He turns back...

She's gone.

EXT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - MORNING

Renee waves to Mark as he drives off to work in the pouring rain. She about to go inside, when she sees Nancy sporting black silk pajamas and rain boots, limping into the woods with a cane.

EXT. ELEMENTRY SCHOOL - TOWN - MORNING

Detective Jackson holds his GRANDDAUGHTER'S (5) hand as they walk to school. He stoops, kisses the top of her head.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

Be good...

GRANDDAUGHTER

... Be kind and be courteous.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

That's my girl. I'll see you and your mom this weekend. Love you.

GRANDDAUGHTER

Love you too Grandpa!

He watches his granddaughter greet her friends as they all take off laughing and giggling towards the playground.

His phone RINGS.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

I'll be right there.

EXT. CARRIAGE HILL - SAME TIME

It's wet and slick as Renee picks her way through the woods trying to follow Nancy who moves fast with her cane.

She comes across the creek she and Zoe walked along before, which is now RUSHING.

She follows the creek to the back boundary of Carriage Hill. Over the fence, she sees the tops of BULLDOZERS and CATERPILLERS.

With a toehold in the fence, she peers at the construction site and a sign for...

RENEE

River Road.

The missing kids shrine is down the road.

As she steps down, she slips on wet rocks, slides on her ass into the...

RUSHING CREEK where she is swept downstream towards a CULVERT PIPE. Scrambling for something to hold onto.

At the mouth of the gauntlet of gushing muddy water, she frantically grabs onto a tree root. With all her strength, she hoists herself out of the water. Panting, covered in mud, she stands.

Notices A YELLOW WIRE, POKING OUT OF THE MUD.

Renee pulls out two feet, then four feet of wire.

Written in tiny letters on the wire are the words "PET STAR".
It's an electronic dog fence.

She hears two people arguing through the pelting rain. Soaking wet and shivering, she makes her way through a thicket to a...

Cool woodsy YURT -- straight out of the 70s, inside the Carriage Hill border.

Nancy's in the doorway, in a heated argument with a MAN we can't see.

She shakes ZOE'S METAL COLLAR in his face. It's cut in two, with congealed blood and strands of Zoe's strawberry blonde hair caught on the serrated edge.

NANCY (O.S.)

How could you? Do you even understand how much trouble you're in... THAT WE'RE IN?!

MAN (O.S.)

I had to do it.

NANCY

I can't protect you from this.

ON RENEE Listening.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

Detective Jackson slams the door on his beat up Nissan Sentra. The sun breaks through the clouds.

The cop Renee spoke to at the police station approaches.

POLICE OFFICER

The guy'd just come off a fourteen hour shift and it was raining pretty hard last night. He's not completely sure what he saw... But he thought it was a pregnant woman.

(MORE)

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 When we searched the area we found something.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Detective Jackson picks up his pace impatient as he follows the officer up a bank into the woods.

When they arrive, FORENSICS take photos of a DISCARDED IV and a BLOOD SOAKED RIPPED TEE SHIRT, ROLLED LIKE A TOURNIQUET.

DETECTIVE JACKSON
 There's something on the shirt...
 What does it say?

A FORENSICS WOMAN (32) unfurls the ripped shirt, a chunk of letters are missing. Jackson reads aloud: "HAPPY V..."

DETECTIVE JACKSON (CONT'D)
 Check all hospitals and outpatient surgical centers... including Sacramento and San Francisco.

Pensive, he stares at the dense woods.

DETECTIVE JACKSON (CONT'D)
 How far away are we? A quarter mile from Carriage hill?

FORENSICS WOMAN
 Sounds right. Why?

Jackson looks up at the dark clouds.

DETECTIVE JACKSON
 Bring in the K-9 unit. Let's find her.

EXT. YURT - CARRIAGE HILL - SAME TIME

From behind a tree, Renee watches Nancy storm away with Zoe's collar.

Heart pounding, Renee backs away... Behind her, a MAN'S VOICE.

MAN (O.S.)
 It's quite extraordinary what a mother is willing to do to protect her child.

She spins around. An OLD WRINKLED MAN (90s) with a gray pony tail smiles at her.

OLD MAN
Tell me, do you feel that maternal
instinct, Renee?

There is no mistaking him. He is the man Renee saw Nancy having sex with.

RENEE
What did you do to Zoe?

OLD MAN
I set her free. She was an
exquisite specimen... but nothing
like you. You are perfection.

Hands shaking. Renee checks her pocket for her phone. No phone. Shit.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Is your husband Oriental as well?

RENEE
If you're asking if he's Korean,
then yes.

He smiles, his eyes twinkle at her swollen belly.

OLD MAN
A magnificent pure breed.

RENEE
What did you just say?

OLD MAN
Good genes are a gift. Your baby
will undoubtedly be as stunning as
its parents.

Renee eyes the inside of the yurt, surprised to see an elegant burgundy Persian rug and a mahogany book shelf filled with books.

RENEE
Who are you?

OLD MAN
A leader who lost his flock.

RENEE

Are you talking about the commune
that was here? I thought everyone
died?

OLD MAN

In Carriage Hill nothing is what it
seems.

Even though they're alone in the woods, he looks around,
nervous, whispers...

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Come inside, I can help you.

He beckons her inside the yurt. Instead, Renee backs away,
terrified.

RENEE

My husband's probably out looking
for me... I need to go.

OLD MAN

Don't go back. Let me help you.
You're running out of time.

Renee runs.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

K-9 DOGS pick up a scent... Their HANDLERS run after them, as
the dogs traverse the dense woods.

On the banks of the RUSHING CREEK, noses in the ground,
sniffing around rocks... The dogs stop. Barking to their
handlers.

Jackson can't hide the mix of hope and anguish on his face,
as the team unearths a disintegrating child's baseball glove.

A gasp escapes Jackson's throat.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

Is there a name written on the
bottom left? Branded into the
leather?

The forensics woman inspects the glove. Jackson holds his
breath. Feels like an eternity.

FORENSIC WOMAN

No, but wait!

Out of the finger of the glove, she pulls out a SUPERMAN PEZ DISPENSER.

Jackson turns, walks behind a tree. Hands shaking, he pops a pill. Holds onto the tree, steadies himself.

A FORENSICS GUY yells out.

FORENSICS GUY

Holy shit.

Jackson rushes over. A decayed cloth doll sticks out of the mud and rocks. Most of the yarn hair is gone, but from the black eyes, plaid dress... we know it's an old Knickerbocker Raggedy Anne doll, circa 1970s.

In perfect cursive "NATALIE" is embroidered on the dirty dress. Everyone exchanges heavy looks.

FORENSICS WOMAN

You think it's Natalie Lopez?

Detective Jackson bites his lip, surveys the land, hones in on the culvert.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

Where's the source of this creek?

FORENSICS GUY

Buckeye Lake. Runs through Carriage Hill all the way down to New Devil.

The forensics team watches Jackson follow the rushing water through the woods. Eyes on the ground searching.

EXT. CARRIAGE HILL - MOMENTS LATER

Renee runs from the woods, soaking wet and frazzled.

Nancy backs her car out of her driveway, blocks Renee's path.

Renee goes around her, Nancy rolls down the window... she looks pale... blood shot eyes, running mascara. She wears a forced smile.

NANCY

What were you doing in the woods?

RENEE

Getting some exercise.

Renee keeps walking, Nancy keeps up with her in the car.

NANCY

You saw him didn't you? William?

Renee stops. Nancy looks sad, her voice almost a whisper.

NANCY (CONT'D)

He used to be the caretaker here,
but he got Alzheimers.

RENEE

So you like to fuck the caretaker?

NANCY

What did he tell you?

Nancy's eyes narrow. Threatening.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You know you can't believe anything
he says.

RENEE

We'll see about that.

Renee charges forward. Nancy calls after her, desperate.

NANCY

He never meant to hurt anyone. He's
a good man.

RENEE

Fuck you. Why are you protecting
him? I know he did something to
Zoe.

NANCY

Renee, you're upset. You need to
think about the baby.

RENEE

I'm going to the police Nancy. It's
over.

Renee hurries on, almost at a jog now.

Nancy speaks into her phone.

NANCY

We're going to need some medical
assistance.

She steps on the gas, straight for Renee.

On Renee's horrified look as the car comes at her...

CUT TO:

INT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Renee's eyes flutter open. She gasps at the cold ultrasound wand on her belly. Dr. Annie sits next to her, looking concerned at THE IMAGE on a portable ultrasound machine.

She takes in the IV in her arm and a baby heart monitor strapped around her naked, vulnerable mound of baby.

RENEE

The baby?

Dr. Annie casts a disapproving glance at Renee.

DR. ANNIE

When you ran in front of Nancy's car... the impact caused a partial abruption to the placenta. Right now you're both stable.

Dr. Annie taps a huge BOOT on Renee's left foot.

RENEE

What the fuck? That bitch hit me!

DR. ANNIE

(tsk tsk)

Renee... it's nothing to be ashamed of, lots of people suffer from anxiety disorders. With proper care we can overcome these things. Nancy *saved you both*. Thank goodness she got me in time. You musn't blame her.

RENEE

Where's Mark?!

DR. ANNIE

You conked your head pretty good.

RENEE

Why aren't I in a hospital? You're not authorized to treat me.

Dr. Annie's eyes narrow. Her face stern.

DR. ANNIE

I don't think you understand the severity of your situation. Dr. Kurian and I both agreed that you need to stay put and rest.

RENEE

You spoke to Dr. Kurian?

DR. ANNIE

Yes, and she was relieved I was able to stop the bleeding.

RENEE

I want to speak to her. Where's my phone?

Dr. Annie taps a vial. Injects a yellow substance into Renee's IV.

RENEE (CONT'D)

No! What are you doing? I don't want that.

Renee fumbles, tries to remove the IV. Dr. Annie grabs Renee's hand. Hard. Moves it away.

DR. ANNIE

If you don't do what I say, there's no saving your baby.

Renee fights the onset of the drugs, her eyes trying to focus on Dr. Annie's stern, pursed lips.

Mark rushes in, panicked.

MARK

Ohmygod. Please tell me they're okay?!

DR. ANNIE

Mama and baby are A-ok. Vitals are good right now, and look...

Dr. Annie shows them their baby on the ultrasound monitor. Heart beating, sucking its thumb. Content.

DR. ANNIE (CONT'D)

Baby's sucking its thumb, cute as a button.

RENEE'S POV: Mark's face distorts. His voice sounds a million miles away.

RENEE
Zoe... she's in the woods.

MARK
What?

He only hears mumbling.

RENEE
Old man.

MARK
Honey, I don't understand.
(to Dr. Annie)
What is she talking about?

DR. ANNIE
We had to give her a little
sedative. She was really worked up.
I'm sorry you've been dealing with
this.

Helpless, Renee tries to signal Mark with terrified eyes.

RENEE
Help.

DR. ANNIE
Don't worry Renee, we'll take good
care of you.

MARK
Thank you Dr. Annie, for
everything.

Dr. Annie wipes the ultrasound gel off Renee's belly. Packs
up her things.

DR. ANNIE
I'll be back to check on you three
later.

Dr. Annie leaves. Mark crawls into bed beside Renee. Tears
fall down his cheeks. He kisses her belly.

He looks up at her, Renee's out cold.

INT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Renee opens her eyes to blinding sun filtering through
billowy white curtains. As her eyes adjust, she sees colorful
bouquets of flowers.

Mark enters with a tray of Belgian waffles topped with strawberries and whipped cream. Kisses her.

MARK

How are you feeling?

RENEE

Listen very carefully. We need to call the police. There's a crazy man in the woods. I'm afraid he killed Zoe. And Nancy's trying to protect him, and...

Mark interrupts, pulls out his phone.

MARK

Shhhh. Honey, it's from Zoe.

Uncomprehending, she takes the phone. We hear ZOE'S VOICE as Renee reads Zoe's text.

ZOE (V.O.)

Renee, I'm sorry I left without saying goodbye. I wanted to but I was too ashamed to tell you in person that I'm in love with another man... and I have been for a while. He is the father of my beautiful Hannah. He is a good man, Renee... and I know if you could meet him, you would love him too. I know that what I have done to Trevor is unforgivable, but I knew if I told him the truth he would've tried to convince me to stay... and then I would be living a lie. I hope you can forgive me. And that our two little ones can meet. Thank you for being such a good friend. Love you.

Renee sits stunned, as Mark takes the phone away. She looks out the window at Zoe's bedroom, in disbelief.

RENEE

I don't believe it. This makes no sense. She would have told me. This is a lie.

He sits next to her, takes her hand.

MARK

It's okay, it's over now. You had an episode...

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)
another anxiety attack. You ran out
of the woods in front of Nancy's
car.

RENEE
No! Nancy ran ME over.

MARK
Jesus Christ Renee. That's not what
happened!

Renee bursts into tears, upset and confused.

MARK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I wasn't here for you. I
know things haven't been easy
lately. But you're okay, the baby's
okay and Zoe is okay. It's over.

She visibly unwinds, breathes through tears. He curls up next
to her, hand on her belly.

MARK (CONT'D)
The baby's gonna be here soon. We
have everything to look forward to.

She places his hand over his. They close their eyes.

INT. NURSERY - DAY

Renee sits on a bean bag. Her booted ankle elevated on a
stuffed giraffe. She watches Mark tighten the last screw on
the crib. He steps back to admire his work.

MARK
I want he or she to know that
Papa's got skills. Can you film?

Renee nods, not listening as she fires off a covert text to
Zoe, "Please call me."

MARK (CONT'D)
We need to tik tok this.

Renee smiles, films Mark showing off the crib.

EXT. STREET - CARRIAGE HILL - A FEW DAYS LATER

Mark wheels Renee, dressed up, wearing a boot on her ankle.
They pass their minivan.

RENEE

Wait, where we going? I thought we were going out?

Mark pushes her across the street.

MARK

Gotta little surprise for you.

He pushes her up Phoebe's driveway.

RENEE

No, no, take me home.

The door swings open to a happy chorus...

CARRIAGE HILL RESIDENTS

Surprise!!

Confetti poppers rain down on Renee and Mark.

Like being pushed into a Fun House, they enter Phoebe's home.

INT. PHOEBE'S HOME - CARRIAGE HILL - CONTINUOUS

Renee takes in the tufted velvet couches, red drapes, naked oil paintings and lush sheepskin rugs. Phoebe's house looks like an eighteenth century boudoir.

There's a buzz in the air. Everyone looks RADIANT. Dressed up, laughing, talking, drinking like it's Christmas morning.

RENEE

What's going on?

Phoebe shimmies up in a bright red figure hugging Cheongsam dress. Her skin is luminous like never before. She holds a tray of cupcakes decorated with storks and glittery frosting.

PHOEBE

It's your baby shower, silly!

Renee studies Phoebe... perfectly tan. Not one wrinkle on her face. Everything about Phoebe is glowing... her mood, her skin, her hair.

She looks around, EVERYONE at the party looks impossibly YOUNG. Not a wrinkle, a frown line, or gray hair in the house. And not one old person.

Mark can't help himself.

MARK
 (at Phoebe)
 You look nice.

She does a little spin. Renee's heart sinks, as Mark watches Phoebe, mesmerized.

PHOEBE
 Oh this old thing? Got this when I
 visited Hong Kong when I was
 twenty.

Mark looks at her ass impressed, as Phoebe bends over eyeing Renee's tummy.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
 Can I feel?

Before Renee can protest, she caresses her tummy, closes her eyes in awe.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
 We've waited a long time for our
 joyous miracle.

Renee recoils, disturbed.

She backs away, when she zeroes in on Trevor laughing with some GUYS. His arm around the same YOUNG BLACK WOMAN she saw him with in town.

RENEE
 I need to go the bathroom.

MARK
 You need help?

RENEE
 No thanks.

Renee wheels away.

INT. PHOEBE'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Renee washes her hands. Runs a hand over the textured zebra print wallpaper... which feels too much like real fur.

She twirls her hair into a chopstick bun in front of the medicine cabinet mirror. Curious, she opens it.

PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES for high blood pressure, heart medication, anticoagulant meds, hormone therapy, vitamins... all prescribed by Dr. Annie.

THE DOORKNOB TURNS.

RENEE

Coming!

She opens the door to Trevor. Eyes averted, she wheels around him. He shoves his foot against her wheel.

TREVOR

You two always whispering. Did you know Zoe was leaving me?

His face is menacing.

RENEE

No. But it looks like you already moved on. You interviewing wife number four?

TREVOR

Hey, I'm not the one who cheated. She pretended that baby was mine.

Trevor steps around her to enter the bathroom... Renee can't resist.

RENEE

You sent that text from Zoe. I know you did something to her... You and William.

TREVOR

Look, I know you had a rough time after losing your kid... and I'm saying this because I care about you... you gotta reign in the crazy shit, or you're gonna lose your husband.

Nancy interrupts, looking refreshed and glamorous in a Pucci dress and heels. No sign of a limp.

Nancy and Trevor exchange tense glances.

NANCY

There you are. It's time!

Nancy takes Renee's wheelchair and pushes.

RENEE

Don't push me.

Nancy ignores her, continues pushing Renee through the empty house towards the back door. Extra high energy and cheerful.

NANCY

You gave me such a fright when you ran in front of my car. I haven't been able to sleep since.

RENEE

Cut the shit, Nancy.

Nancy rams her into the wall. Renee grabs her booted foot in pain.

Nancy continues on, grinning like Nurse Ratched.

NANCY

I'm just so glad you and the little pumpkin are okay. I was so looking forward to Zoe's little bundle of joy... running around Carriage Hill. We're all thankful Zoe's alright, even if she is a two-timing whore.

She pushes Renee out the back door.

EXT. PHOEBE'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Renee sits in front of an assembly of frozen smiles. A pile of baby themed wrapped presents in front of her, Renee looks like she's about to climb Everest.

She opens a present. She pulls out a LIGHT BLUE ONESIE. "Handsome" stitched on the front. HOOTS AND HOLLERS ERUPT.

Her face registers shock and betrayal as she looks to Mark... who can't believe he's having a boy.

He clinks glasses as people toast him with "Congratulations", and variations of "It's a boy!".

The cacophony of congratulatory joy and laughter suddenly turns dark... Are they all laughing at her?

The only one not laughing is Dr. Annie, who locks eyes with Renee.

SILENT. Seething with anger and betrayal, Renee turns her back on the rest of her presents and leaves the party.

EXT. STREET - CARRIAGE HILL - MOMENTS LATER

Renee wheels down Nancy's driveway. Mark runs after her.

MARK

Where are you going?

RENEE

Home. Back to San Francisco.

Renee wheels towards her house... Closing in on the minivan.

MARK

I'm sorry Dr. Annie let it slip,
but you can't leave your own
shower.

RENEE

She did it on purpose. They all
did.

MARK

That's crazy.

She rolls up to the minivan. Gets out of the chair, wobbling.
She teeters on her boot.

RENEE

No, that doesn't work anymore. You
know who's crazy? You are. You're
so desperate to have friends and
fulfill your weird suburban dad
fantasy, that you don't see that
they're totally fucking with us.

MARK

They threw you a party! I'm sure
they didn't mean to ruin the
surprise... they were just being
nice.

RENEE

That's the thing, Mark... you
always take their side. And there's
nothing nice about them or this
place.

She tugs at the minivan's door. It's locked.

MARK

How would you know? You never gave
them or this place a chance.

RENEE

Give me the keys, Mark.

MARK

You're not going anywhere like this.

Fists clenched, she fights back tears welling in her eyes.

RENEE

I'm leaving. I never wanted to move here. Now give me the goddamn keys!

Renee struggles to get the keys out of Mark's pocket.

MARK

Stop it Renee! What the hell?!

Renee breaks down, seething, she hits Mark.

He steps away, disgusted.

MARK (CONT'D)

You need to stop right now before you hurt the baby again.

She gasps, like she was punched in the gut. She gets out of the wheel chair.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'll take you inside.

RENEE

Don't come near me.

She hobbles up the porch stairs. Enters, slams the door.

INT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the door, Renee can hear Mark approach the door. She locks the bolt.

She waits for him to try and enter... Or say I'm sorry, it never comes. She leans her forehead on the door, cries.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Asleep on the couch, Mark wakes up. **It's 10:58 pm.**

In the dark, he moves to the window. Checks his watch again. Nervous... **11:00 pm.**

Behind the curtain he peers through the window at...

PHOEBE'S HOUSE across the street.

Like clockwork, just as Trevor said... Phoebe's bedroom light comes on.

Captivated, he watches Phoebe unbutton her cheongsam dress. It slides to the floor. She slips off her panties...

His phone LIGHTS UP, DINGS with an email. Mark dives for it, mutes it. Frozen he watches the stairs... Listens for Renee.

All clear, he looks back out the window. Phoebe's window is dark.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Renee hugs her giant pregnancy pillow in a fitful sleep.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mark is sound asleep on his back on the couch, under a throw blanket.

He stirs as SOMETHING SLIDES UP HIS LEGS.

In the darkness, a WOMAN'S SILHOUETTE glides up Mark's body. Plants soft kisses on his chest. He touches her hair, her breasts... As her hand reaches down his pajama bottoms.

INT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - MORNING

Renee watches Mark take off for a run.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Renee lights her aromatherapy candle. Lies back in the bathtub, stares at her huge pregnant mound that looks like an island in the water.

She submerges her head underwater, her hair splayed out like a mermaid... finding a moment of peace.

Her UNDERWATER zen is interrupted by a distant DING. She checks her phone. There's a REMINDER to take her vitamins, but she is distracted by numerous RING CAMERA NOTIFICATIONS.

NURSERY CAM: 2:31 am. A FIGURE glides through the room. It's completely dark. She can't make out a face.

She clicks on the second video.

LIVING ROOM CAM: 2:32 am. It's dark. The figure has long hair and wears a white slip nightgown and approaches Mark. Bends down behind the couch. Disappears out of frame.

Stunned, Renee can't breathe. Tears roll down her face.

Overcome with anger and betrayal, she wipes the tears away.

Clicks on the next video.

NURSERY CAM: 2:54 am. Same woman goes back into the nursery. Camera catches a face. Renee zooms in...

IT'S PHOEBE. PHOEBE IN HER HOUSE. WITH HER HUSBAND.

Phoebe enters the nursery closet... And disappears.

RENEE

Bitch! Where the fuck did you go?!

A BEAT: Stunned. Enraged.

She scrolls through the rest of the notifications.

No notifications of any other camera activity inside or outside the house before last night.

SO HOW THE HELL DID PHOEBE GET IN THE HOUSE?

She looks upstairs towards the nursery.

INT. NURSERY - MOMENTS LATER

Dressed, Renee enters, limping on her boot. Why is the light on in the closet?

IN THE WALK-IN CLOSET: She moves diaper boxes. Examines the walls and the floor for any inconsistencies... But there's nothing.

She pushes and pulls on a wall of shelves. Probes around.

Concealed underneath the bottom shelf, is a BUTTON. With a push...

A SECTION OF THE SHELVES OPENS.

Holy shit. She stares into a secret passageway.

INT. SECRET ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ahead of her is a SPIRAL METAL STAIRCASE.

The secret door closes behind her, activating a TINY RED LIGHT above her. Her eyes adjust to the darkness as she feels her way down the stairs into the bowels of Carriage Hill.

INT. MAIN TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The bottom is pitch black. Hands outstretched, she takes a step... A WHITE HALO CEILING LIGHT activates.

Every step activates a new white light above her, illuminating her way down a cavernous MAIN TUNNEL.

A labyrinth of SMALLER passages branch off in different directions. Intersections are marked by street signs -- the same as those in Carriage Hill.

Every house in Carriage Hill is connected to these tunnels.

Renee continues forward, recognizing addresses stenciled on the floor.

EXT. WOODS - CARRIAGE HILL - SAME TIME

Korean heavy metal plays through AirPods, as Mark blows off steam running on a trail. Redwoods flank him like sentries.

He leaps over logs and rocks. Every once in a while he yells "Fuck!"

His cell phone RINGS. Doubled over, he catches his breath, answers...

MARK

Dr. Kurian?

INT. HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

A NURSE holds the phone to DR. ASHA KURIAN'S (57) ear as she scrubs for surgery.

DR. KURIAN

Hey stranger? Is everything okay?

MARK

Yeah, why?

DR. KURIAN

I haven't heard from either of you and Renee missed her appointment.

MARK

What? I thought you and Dr. Annie spoke?

DR. KURIAN

Dr. Annie? I never spoke to anyone about Renee.

MARK

The OB here in Carriage Hill?

DR. KURIAN

Only Dr. Annie I know was Annie Dovak, who was mixed up with that Happy Valley cult in the sixties. It was a big story.

Mark's face drains of color.

DR. KURIAN (CONT'D)

She was conducting secret drug trials on babies... it was horrific.

MARK

It can't be the same doctor, she'd be in her nineties now. She looks forty, maybe it's her daughter?

DR. KURIAN

No, I remember reading she didn't have a family. She drowned herself in Emerald lake around the same time they built Carriage Hill. Wish she would've rotted in jail.

A BEAT: As the world spins around him. He catches his breath.

DR. KURIAN (CONT'D)

Mark, you okay?

MARK

I gotta go.

Mark hangs up. Googles Dr. Annie.

He scrolls through Happy Valley Commune articles and photos, "Dr. Annie's" arrest in 1966... it's impossible, but unfuckingdeniable...

Same bob. Same pearls. Same stern expression. And the eyes... it's all in her eyes... It's the same Dr. Annie.

Mark dials Renee. Gets her voicemail.

MARK (CONT'D)

Renee. I'll be right there. Do not go outside. I'll explain when I get there, but we're getting the fuck out of here.

Mark takes off, running as fast he can back to Carriage Hill.

INT. TUNNELS - SAME TIME

Renee passes more house signs, turns down an unmarked passageway. Purple light emanates from rows of GLASS ROOMS.

She enters the first door.

INT. PURPLE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Squinting, her eyes adjust to the dark purple light... As she tries to comprehend what's in front of her.

In the middle of the room, with her back to Renee, Liz hangs inside a giant high tech metal wheel... Legs and arms splayed like DaVinci's Vitruvian Man.

A clear tube delivers a milky white serum into a shunt in Liz's spine.

The deep yellow fatty pockets on the back of Liz's legs are gone. Her gorgeous legs are smooth and toned.

Renee walks around the wheel. Liz's hair has regrown, shiny and thick, cascading like a waterfall from her head.

Renee moves closer, peers up at her face...

This doesn't look like the Liz she last saw. Her perfect skin is luminescent, her breasts perky and voluptuous again, there's not a wrinkle to be seen.... This must be a doll.

Liz's eyes POP OPEN. Her dark brown eyes are gone, replaced with vibrant, striking BLUE eyes.

Renee stumbles backwards, scrambles the hell outta there...

BACK INTO THE TUNNELS

Where she runs past six identical glass rooms... With MEN and WOMEN all suspended in the same wheel contraption as Liz.

In different stages, they are Frankenstein bodies of old and rejuvenated skin... Wrinkled, fat torsos with muscular thighs. Saggy boobs and toned arms... MONSTERS.

Breathless, Renee makes her way past the purple rooms until she hears...

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK... The SOUND OF SHOES ON CONCRETE approaching. Slow and steady. Confident and unafraid.

Renee slips through an unmarked door.

INT. LAB - TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

Renee's warm breath mists in the refrigerated air. She waits by the door.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK... The FOOTSTEPS come closer. Renee closes her eyes, holds her breath...

As the footsteps pass.

A BEAT: She looks around this HIGH TECH LAB.

On a metal table, medical instruments line a tray.

WHOOSH... WHOOSH... WHOOSH from behind a closed hospital curtain across the room.

Hand on the curtain, heart racing, she pulls the curtain back.

ZOE lies on a glass table illuminated with a blue light, covered in a sheet up to her neck.

A respirator moves her chest up and down with a WHOOSH. Various tubes deliver medicine through an IV in her arm.

Zoe looks peaceful and asleep.

RENEE

Zoe?

Tears roll down her face. She runs a finger along Zoe's cheek... Her skin is warm.

She looks at Zoe's no longer pregnant flat belly.

Her hands tremble as she pulls back the sheet scared to death at what she might see.

She silent screams into her hand. Backs away from the remains of Zoe's dissected body.

A C-SECTION INCISION SLICES ACROSS ZOE'S PELVIS.

Deep incisions mark Zoe's chest and abdomen... Like someone forgot to close her up.

She steadies herself. Tries not to panic.

On a nearby shelf glass containers hold HUMAN ORGANS... A KIDNEY and LIVER float in an iridescent liquid.

Each container is labeled: ZOE EVERETT. Female. DOD: NOV. 6.

A searing pain slices her uterus. Renee doubles over.

Between her legs, water gushes onto the concrete floor. Another contraction. Fuck! She has to get out of here now!

She slips on her amniotic fluid, stumbles backwards into Zoe, almost knocks her off the table.

Zoe's eyelids pop open. Empty dark eye sockets stare up at Renee.

She FLASHES ON: Liz hanging in the wheel, wearing Zoe's beautiful blue eyes.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Doubled over in excruciating pain, she holds her belly, tries to navigate her way back.

CLICK. The white lights switch off. She scrambles her way in...

TOTAL DARKNESS.

RED SECURITY LIGHTS FLASH.

Disoriented, Renee WHIMPERS, HER PANICKED BREATHS QUICKEN, as she feels her way through the strobing tunnel.

Her body seizes with another contraction. Renee covers her mouth in agony.

EXT./INT. RENEE AND MARK'S HOUSE - DAY

Out of breath, Mark bursts through the front door, frantic.

MARK

Renee?!

He searches the rooms, enters the bathroom... The bathtub is full. Renee's phone is next to the burning candle.

The Ring video of Phoebe blowing him is on the screen.

MARK (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He goes outside.

MARK (CONT'D)

Renee?!

Trevor waves to him from his porch.

TREVOR

She's here, bro... but she can't hear you.

MARK

I want to see her now.

TREVOR

I hear ya, buddy. I know you're a little pissed, but you gotta look at the big picture. Cause I think you're gonna like it.

Mark hesitates as Trevor holds the front door open.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You're not gonna want to miss this... Heard you had a really good time last night.

Phoebe emerges from Trevor's. Smiles at Mark, coy.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

No judgement by the way.

Trevor smiles. Gotcha.

MARK

She and the baby better be okay, or I swear I'll fucking kill you.

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Trevor and Phoebe sit on the couch, while Mark paces in front of them.

MARK

I just want to know where the fuck my wife is. Just give me Renee.

TREVOR

We'll get to that. I know you love her man. She's my rock, my everything, my blah, blah, blah... but Renee's just a blip on your timeline, bro. She's going to get wrinkles, white pubes. Probably get cancer or Alzheimer's... and then she'll croak.

Phoebe sidles up to him. Her hot breath in his ear.

PHOEBE

Honey, what if I told you, you'll never age. You won't get sick. Stick with us... you'll be young forever.

TREVOR

Of course you'll have to agree to certain conditions of confidentiality, cause the world's not quite ready for our truth.

MARK

She was right about you all along you sack of shit. Where is she?!

TREVOR

You're not hearing me. I know you're really upset right now, it's totally understandable, but what I'm offering you is a chance at immortality.

Phoebe runs her fingers through his hair. He pushes her away.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I mean look at her... mom's hot, but you already know that.

Mark looks horrified between the two of them, trying to comprehend.

MARK

What...?!

TREVOR

By the way, I'm okay with you banging my mom. Doesn't need to be weird, bro.

Mark looks like he might puke.

MARK

No, no, no.

Through the window, a Nissan Sentra pulls up in front of Trevor's. It's Detective Jackson.

Mark bolts for the front door, Trevor punches him. Knocks him out cold.

Everything goes BLACK.

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Trevor opens the door, Jackson shows him his badge.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

I'm Detective Jackson. I'm following up on a report from a concerned community member who hasn't seen Mrs. Everett in a few days. Is Mrs. Everett home? Can I come in?

TREVOR

Sure, but Zoe left me.

Trevor opens the door for Jackson.

Jackson scans Trevor's home as he enters.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

Sorry to hear that.

TREVOR

Me and the missus were having problems, nothing that I thought we couldn't fix. But she up and left and I haven't heard from her since.

(emotional)

I miss her. I hope she comes home.

Jackson jots notes.

JACKSON

Me too.

(a beat)

One more thing, are you aware children went missing in this area?

Jackson hands Trevor a missing flyer for Natalie Lopez.

TREVOR
1979 was a long time ago.

DETECTIVE JACKSON
Not for their families. Curious if you've seen any kids playing in the stream that runs through the back of Carriage Hill?

TREVOR
Ah no. Never.

DETECTIVE JACKSON
Maybe they snuck in? Wanted to see what secrets lie behind the big black gate?

IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM

Mark lies on the ground on his side, unconscious. Gagged, hands tied behind him.

He hears Trevor and Detective Jackson in the other room. Opens his eyes, head throbbing in pain.

Phoebe puts a warning finger to her lips... SHHHH. She wields a large "I am not fucking around" steel meat mallet tenderizer.

RESUME DETECTIVE JACKSON AND TREVOR:

DETECTIVE JACKSON (CONT'D)
What about this boy?

Jackson shows Trevor some PHOTOS. First is a PHOTO of OWEN CARTWRIGHT, smiling at the camera from his bike... Then a BOY'S BASEBALL GLOVE and an OLD SUPERMAN PEZ DISPENSER.

Jackson never takes his eyes off Trevor's face.

DETECTIVE JACKSON (CONT'D)
Owen Cartwright's dad bought him that baseball glove for his eighth birthday. Owen loved Superman and Pez more than anything. Always had a dispenser in his pocket. October 30, 1985, he left home on his blue bike to his grandma's... No one ever saw Owen Cartwright again... until yesterday. Looks like the rain and the construction on River Road, unearthed these downstream from here.

Trevor looks up from the PHOTOS. Shakes his head, no.

TREVOR

Wow. I've heard about the missing kids... it's a tragedy, but like I said, I've never seen any kids playing around here.

Poker faced, Jackson puts his photos away.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

Lived here long Mr. Everett?

TREVOR

Fifteen years.

Jackson looks at some notes on his phone.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

So you bought the house in 2005?

TREVOR

Yep. My first and last house.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

Records say the house was purchased by Elizabeth Hernandez. One of the first Carriage Hill houses sold.

TREVOR

Yeah, it's a long story... she's... was a friend of my mom's. We just never got around to transferring it to my name. And then she died.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

And you were also married to a Beth Hernandez? Any relation?

TREVOR

No relation at all. Beth and I called it quits a long time ago.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

Elizabeth... and Beth... same last name... Weird coincidence?

TREVOR

If you say so.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

And your second wife, Allison? She passed in 2018 right?

TREVOR

Yes, is there a point to this?

DETECTIVE JACKSON

Just dottin' my "i"s and crossing
my "t"s.

Jackson scans the room... Looks up the stairs.

DETECTIVE JACKSON (CONT'D)

One more question, was Zoe getting
any medical care when she was here?

TREVOR

No, that's a strange question.

IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM

Mark bumps the wall with his head. Phoebe covers his mouth.
With the other, she WHACKS the back of his hand with the meat
tenderizer. Mark silent screams in agony.

RESUME TREVOR AND JACKSON

Both men look towards the laundry room.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Doing a heavy load. Must be off
balance.

Jackson picks up a framed photo from a bookshelf.

A grainy, sepia-toned photo. MEN and WOMEN in seventies
clothing. Lots of facial hair and hippy braids.

They toast the camera with bottles of RC COLA and ORANGE
CRUSH in front of a red, white and blue sheet cake that
reads: "Happy 4TH OF JULY - HAPPY VALLEY - 1972".

DETECTIVE JACKSON

Relatives of yours?

Trevor laughs.

TREVOR

Found that gem at a garage sale.
I'm fascinated by the history of
this place.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

Really? I'll never understand how
people can surrender themselves to
a megalomaniac like William Clark.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE JACKSON (CONT'D)

Never believed for one second that gas leak was an accident. Think he went Jonestown on his commune, took all them poor souls with him.

TREVOR

Heard a rumor, Clark's wife Nancy was the one really in charge and that she escaped the fire.

Jackson studies one MAN IN THE FRONT ROW OF THE PHOTO. He wears a "Happy Valley" tee shirt. Minus the horseshoe mustache and long wavy hair, this man could be Trevor's twin.

WE CLOSE IN ON THE HAPPY VALLEY PHOTO... all the faces are familiar... Trevor, Phoebe, Nancy, Dr. Annie, Liz...

Jackson does one last scan of the room. His phone rings...

DETECTIVE JACKSON

(to Trevor)

Gotta take this. I'll let you get back to your day.

Jackson lets himself out.

IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM

Trevor enters, seething.

Mark groans, when he hears DETECTIVE JACKSON'S CAR START UP AND PULL AWAY.

TREVOR

Thought we were friends?

Trevor kicks Mark in the balls.

INT. TUNNELS/LAB - SAME TIME

Renee's labored breaths echo in the tunnel, searching for a way out, disoriented by the flashing red lights.

Another contraction hits. She backs up hard into a frosted glass wall. The frost evaporates illuminating a sterile lab. Inside she sees a rotary phone on the wall.

Doubled over in labor, she goes...

INSIDE THE LAB

Stops. Mouth agape in horror.

Shaking, Renee approaches TWO INCUBATORS against the wall.

IN THE FIRST INCUBATOR: A BABY GIRL lies on her side. Eyes closed, asleep.

A tiny metal shunt in her spine drains cerebrospinal fluid. Monitors display oxygen levels, heart rate, brain activity.

Renee follows the fluid moving up through a tube, into a glass doored machine.

From the machine, tiny drops of milky liquid drip into a test tube... The final product.

An attached clipboard reads: "Hannah. DOB: NOV. 6.
EXPIRATION: 3 YEARS."

IT'S ZOE'S BABY.

RENEE

Expiration? What the fuck?

A blue blanket lies on the bottom of the SECOND INCUBATOR. She grabs the clipboard labeled: "Kim Baby Boy".

RENEE (CONT'D)

(reads)

Scheduled C-section... today?

DR. ANNIE (O.S.)

I see you found your way down here.

Renee whips around to find Dr. Annie.

DR. ANNIE (CONT'D)

It's no surprise. You're everything we hoped for Renee... tenacious, smart, feisty, brave... a little reckless, but I like that about you.

Renee winces as another contraction grips her body. She breathes deeply. Backs away. Eyes darting for a way out.

RENEE

What did you do to Hannah? What the fuck is going on down here?

DR. ANNIE

Hannah, and your baby are my angels. Their light will live within us. Because of them, the fountain of youth is real.

RENEE

You're crazy.

DR. ANNIE

Perhaps, but I'm a 119 and I look 30. Thanks to me, Carriage Hill lives forever.

RENEE

Impossible.

DR. ANNIE

Dear, nothing's impossible if you're willing to make the sacrifices.

Reeling, horrified, Renee realizes...

RENEE

All those kids... you took them?

DR. ANNIE

At first we used stem cells from children. I found we could halt the aging process... but the results didn't last long. And the subjects expired quickly.

RENEE

You mean children. That you murdered. You fucking monster.

Dr. Annie looks like she wants to smack Renee like a petulant child.

DR. ANNIE

(firm)

They expired!

Renee holds onto the wall, struggling to stand.

DR. ANNIE (CONT'D)

Then we realized, the purest and most potent results could be extracted from babies... with profoundly longer lasting effects.

Dr. Annie glances at Hannah.

DR. ANNIE (CONT'D)

We could harvest them in-house. Trevor was the best choice for stud...

(MORE)

DR. ANNIE (CONT'D)
 but we miscalculated Allison's
 maternal instincts. And his dead
 wives are too risky.

Renee listens, horrified, slowly backs away from Dr. Annie.

DR. ANNIE (CONT'D)
 I almost forgot to thank you for
 taking our complimentary DNA tests
 last year. You and Mark possess the
 secret ingredient... a beautiful
 gene mutation...

Renee doubles over with another contraction, breathing
 heavily as Dr. Annie approaches her.

DR. ANNIE (CONT'D)
 The Methuselah gene slows the aging
 process. It's why Asians don't
 raisin.

RENEE
 Stay the fuck away from me!

Unable to stand any longer, Renee sinks to the floor. Dr.
 Annie prepares an injection.

Dr. Annie smiles. Taps the needle with glee. Renee
 frantically scans the room.

DR. ANNIE
 Okay mama, time to let him go.

Renee lunges for the scalpels on the surgical tray.

For 119, Dr. Annie is spry. She executes a perfect round
 house kick to Renee's head.

THUMP. Renee goes down. Dr. Annie tries to inject her with a
 sedative, Renee grabs her hair, slams her head on the ground.

Renee tries to get up, Dr. Annie grabs her ankle.

DR. ANNIE (CONT'D)
 (in Czech)
 Motherfucker!

The women fight... Kicking, pulling hair, punching, slamming
 each other.

Dr. Annie holds Renee down by her neck... Renee sees the
 syringe on the floor.

She grabs it, stabs Dr. Annie in the back.

Dr. Annie reels, overcome with grogginess.

Renee rips off Dr. Annie's pearl necklace. Pries open her mouth... Stuffs the pearls in. Holds her jaw shut.

Dr. Annie's eyes bulge, she claws at her neck, choking on the pearls... Her body convulsing for what seems like an eternity... Finally goes limp.

RENEE

Fuck you.

She spits on her, hunched over in labor pain, she scrambles out of there.

A CAMERA in the corner follows her.

BACK IN THE TUNNELS

Renee checks the addresses on the ground, realizes she's going the wrong way. Turns around, red lights flash overhead.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Help me. Please?!

Renee stops. The voice is familiar.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Renee?

Renee follows the man's voice down a dark corridor.

A hand grabs her arm.

IT'S WILLIAM. He's imprisoned in a CAGE. Renee smacks his hand away. Furious.

WILLIAM

Please. I'm not one of them. I helped Zoe escape.

RENEE

Bullshit! I just saw Zoe sliced open. Dead and dissected! And I saw you with her collar.

Sweating, Renee doubles over, trying to control her breathing. The urge to push unbearable.

WILLIAM

I cut it off her. I tried to help her. She almost made it... but they caught her.

Renee slides to the floor... Groans in agony... Out of options.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Please. I was a doctor once. Let me help you. You can trust me.

Renee deliberates. She slams a green button next to the cage. The metal door swings open.

William emerges. Takes off his jacket, folds it into a pillow, and places it under her head.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

It's okay, shhh. I've got you now. You can push.

ON RENEE'S GUTTURAL SCREAM.

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Phoebe unties Mark's gag. She tries to bandage his bloody hand she tenderized... He pulls away, disgusted.

PHOEBE

I can heal you. I'm sorry. It'll take some time, but I'm willing to wait for you. I love you.

Trevor stoops down, grabs the top of Mark's head, points his face towards her.

TREVOR

Don't leave mom hanging now.

PHOEBE

It's okay. He'll join us soon.

Her phone BUZZES WITH AN ALERT. Concerned, she shows Trevor. He nods "Do it" to his mom.

Phoebe pulls a RIFLE out of a closet. Disappears upstairs.

MARK

Don't you fucking hurt her!

TREVOR

It's a no brainer man... you either join us and live forever... or you fucking die.

A BEAT, Mark looks down dejected. Emotionally drained.

MARK
 (under his breath)
 Alright.

Trevor leans in.

TREVOR
 What'd you say?

Mark slams his head into Trevor's face. Blood explodes from Trevor's nose.

Hands still tied behind his back, Mark wraps his legs around Trevor's neck... Squeezing his thighs, he cuts off his oxygen. Trevor's eyes bulge, hands flailing, his face turning blue.

Unable to hold his tight grip, Mark's legs loosen, Trevor bites his thigh.

They both eye the meat mallet on the ground. It's a race as they fight and crawl over each other.

Mark grabs the mallet... Clocks Trevor in the head.

Stunned, Trevor stands in shock. Touches the blood pouring down his perfect, gorgeous face.

Mark tries to run, Trevor launches after him. He's fast and strong. From the kitchen to the living room, they battle... One of them is going to die today.

INT. LAB - TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

A BABY CRIES OUT in the flickering red darkness. Sweaty, red-faced and exhausted, Renee reaches out as William swaddles her baby with his jacket.

RENEE
 Is he alright? Is he breathing?

WILLIAM
 All ten fingers and toes are
 accounted for... he's healthy.

Even in this dire shit hole, her eyes glisten with love and pride.

RENEE
 Jin. His name is Jin Kim.

Renee holds out her arms to take her son.

But William backs away, cradling Jin.

WILLIAM

You are absolute perfection, little Jin.

Renee's face transforms into pure terror.

RENEE

Give him to me.

William turns around, momentarily addled.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Give him back to me William!

He looks at Renee, smiles through tears.

WILLIAM

(coos at Jin)

We lost our Henry to cancer when he was six. My wife was inconsolable. She desperately wanted another child, but she was forty six... and her ship had sailed. Dr. Annie gave her hope, if she could turn back the clock... maybe she could have a child... but the treatment couldn't reverse her reproductive age.

William looks down the hallway. Nancy emerges from the darkness.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(to Nancy)

And I'm afraid in her bitterness and grief... she became obsessed with youth and immortality. It corrupted her.

NANCY

We could have had a beautiful life together, but you were weak. You abandoned me.

WILLIAM

I stayed as close as I could, for as long as I could for you. Because I love you, but I fear for your soul.

She looks at baby Jin, like an addict looking for a fix.

NANCY

You on your high horse. Looking down on me all these years, judging me like I'm some kind of monster. But look at you, who's the ugly monster now? Now that you're facing your own mortality, you want to take it away from me... From all of us!

She snatches the baby from his feeble arms.

Renee pulls herself up. She's lost a lot of blood.

RENEE

Nancy, please give him to me.

Nancy shakes her head. Furious. She backs away with Jin in her arms.

NANCY

(to William)

You ruined everything!

WILLIAM

Just give her the baby.

NANCY

No! I can't save you anymore William. It's over.

WILLIAM

We all should have died a long time ago. Vanity has blinded you, sweetheart.

Renee's terrified watching Nancy hold Jin dangerously close to her chest.

Nancy's eyes brim with tears as she looks into William's sweet, kind eyes.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Am I that vile to you? Growing old... it's not so bad.

NANCY

I... I want to be beautiful and desired.

WILLIAM

I've always loved you... and always will no matter what you look like.

Nancy shakes her head, defiant. William lunges at his wife...
Pries Jin out of her hands, passes him to Renee.

A RIFLE GOES OFF.

Nancy screams. A clean shot through William's head, he falls
backwards.

Renee scoots away, covering Jin with her arms.

Hysterical, Nancy scrambles to William's side. Cradles his
head in her lap. Kisses his white wispy hair.

She looks up at Phoebe, wounded and betrayed.

NANCY
How could you?!

PHOEBE
You should thank me. I put him out
of his misery.

Nancy crumbles hysterically over William's body.

NANCY
He was the love of my life.

Sad, determined and resolved, tears streaming down her face
she looks up at Phoebe.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Do it.

Phoebe obliges, shoots Nancy through the heart.

Renee and Phoebe watch horrified as...

Nancy's skin loosens, collapses over protruding bones. Her
hair turns white and thin. Time has caught up to her, as she
transforms into a frail old lady, next to her husband.

Phoebe shudders, steps around the vile old people.

PHOEBE
You are not the subservient Asian
wife we were hoping for. Shoulda
put a collar on you a long time
ago.

RENEE
Phoebe... Please let us go.

PHOEBE

Guess you shoulda paid more attention to your husband's needs. He was more than eager to let me suck his cock. I don't think it'll take that long for him to forget about you.

Phoebe kneels down next to Renee, her rifle under her arm.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

But maybe I'll take your eyes just in case.

Phoebe reaches for Jin.

With lightening speed, Renee grabs the chopstick out of her hair... Drives it through Phoebe's eye, into her brain.

Eyes wide in shock, Phoebe buckles to her knees, bleeding. Gurgling inaudible words.

RENEE

Shut.
 (kicks her pretty face)
 The fuck.
 (another kick)
 Up.

Phoebe falls backwards. Dark red blood pools under her head. She's dead.

RENEE (CONT'D)

BITCH!

Renee grabs Phoebe's rifle, cradles Jin close and runs.

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Both of them bloody, tumbling on the living room floor. Trevor sits on Mark... Punches him over and over in the face.

Renee walks down the stairs. Jin in one hand, the rifle precariously pointed at Trevor in the other.

RENEE

Get off my husband NOW!

Hands in the air, teeth missing, Trevor smiles a bloody grin.

RENEE (CONT'D)

I am not fucking around!

His face drops when he sees his mom's rifle. He rolls off Mark.

TREVOR
What did you do to my mom?!

RENEE
Mom? You are all seriously fucked up.

A tense beat as Renee fumbles, tries to load a bullet in the chamber. Jin is crying.

TREVOR
Jesus Christ Renee, gimme that before you hurt yourself.

Trevor lunges for the rifle. Just as KA-CHINK! She's locked and loaded. Steady. She aims at Trevor's face.

RENEE
You're not in control anymore.

TREVOR
That's right. You are.

He surrenders, arms in the air. Slowly inches towards her.

She stares at him down the barrel... Her shaky finger tightens on the trigger.

RENEE
You can join mommy in hell.

Detective Jackson bursts through the door. Gun raised.

It's a stand off.

DETECTIVE JACKSON
Renee, don't do this.

Tears well in her eyes. She blinks them away.

DETECTIVE JACKSON (CONT'D)
You kill him, we may never find those kids. Those families deserve to know...

His voice cracks with emotion.

DETECTIVE JACKSON (CONT'D)
... I need to know where my son is.

Renee lowers the rifle.

Relieved, Jackson speaks into his walkie talkie...

DETECTIVE JACKSON (CONT'D)

Clear.

COPS and medics rush in. Trevor is cuffed and hauled away.

EXT. CARRIAGE HILL - DAY

As the golden rays of sunrise spread through Carriage Hill, we hear the steadfast CRUNCH of leaves as Detective Jackson solemnly treads his way through the woods in back of Carriage Hill.

The bark of a CADAVER DOG slices the still air.

He runs.

At the top of a small ridge, he looks down. Momentarily loses his breath at the scene below.

The ground is excavated. A dozen WHITE TENTS mark evidence of human remains.

The FORENSICS TEAM, having worked all night, hopped up on adrenaline, methodically work the large swaths of ground.

Jackson stares in horror at an excavated pit of rusty, dirty children's toys... A skateboard, jump rope, a partially disintegrated Cabbage Patch doll... And a scooter.

QUICK FLASH:

Wearing a yellow jacket, DARIUS JACKSON (9) races towards the curb on his brand new scooter, jumps it... Smiles proud at his dad cheering him on.

RESUME SCENE

The same forensics woman we saw earlier, emerges from a tent with a bagged yellow jacket and baseball glove.

Jackson stops cold in his tracks. His knees about to buckle.

FORENSICS WOMAN

I'm so sorry.

He hesitates in front of the closed flap of the white tent that houses the remains of his son.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

How many so far?

FORENSICS WOMAN

The recent rains musta washed some of it downstream, so there's still a lotta ground to cover... but so far we've found seven children and one adult female.

She holds up a clear evidence bag, holding a ring. Inscribed on the inside: "Allison & Trevor Forever"

FORENSICS WOMAN (CONT'D)

We think it's Allison Everett, Trevor's second wife.

He clears his throat.

DETECTIVE JACKSON

Let me know as soon as you have positive IDs so I can notify the families.

(a beat)

Good work.

She nods, helpless. Worried for her friend.

We hold on Jackson as he walks away into the cover of the woods. Breathless, he leans against a tree. The visage of strength he's carried all these years of not knowing, cracks.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

The air is brisk, lots of FAMILIES enjoying Thanksgiving break.

CLOSE ON a chopsticked bun of beautiful graying hair belonging to an elderly Korean woman (60s).

From a bench in the PLAYGROUND, she watches her grandchildren, LULU AND SEONG (5 & 8) happily playing.

Against all ageist and sexist standards, she wears lines on her face with pride. Renee is beautiful.

Her phone rings. It's "JIN".

INT. APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Mark (now 60s), with laugh lines around his eyes and a sprinkle of gray hair, cooks Thanksgiving with his grown son JIN (30s) and JIN'S WIFE (30s).

JIN
 Mom, you okay? How're the kids?

RENEE
 We're having a wonderful time.

Zoe's daughter, HANNAH (31), all grown up, enters with her HUSBAND (35) with pies and Thanksgiving sides. Her eyes light up when she hears Renee's voice on Jin's speaker phone.

INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING phone conversation:

HANNAH
 Hi Mom! Are the kids okay?

JIN
 I already asked her that.

RENEE
 They're going to be really hungry.
 How's the turkey? You sure I
 shouldn't come home?

HANNAH
 For the last time, we got this mom.

Hannah winks at Jin, who is working up a sweat, basting the turkey.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 You comin' home soon?

Before she can answer, Renee sees a WOMAN enter the park with a stroller and a FOUR YEAR OLD GIRL.

There's something strangely familiar about her.

Renee moves across the playground, through the throngs of children, to get a closer look.

The four year old girl runs to the swings...

LITTLE GIRL
 Lizzie, can you push me?

HANNAH (O.S.)
 Mom you there?

Renee hangs up. Her heart pounds, in disbelief.

Across the playground, a FAMILAR WOMAN (LIZZIE) sits on a bench. She takes a NEWBORN in a pink blanket from the stroller and rocks her.

They lock eyes. Renee is stunned. There's no mistaking Zoe's brilliant, unforgettable blue eyes.

The woman's hair is shorter. Her clothes are still boho chic... the face, skin tone, her smile...

It's LIZ from Carriage Hill. She smiles at Renee. Coos to the baby.

Renee scans the playground for her grandchildren. They're gone. Panic constricts her throat...

RENEE

Seong? Lulu?

She looks back at Liz's bench. The stroller is there, but Liz has disappeared.

Terror takes over as Renee searches everywhere.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Lulu!

Lulu and Seong peer around an arch. Renee runs towards them.

GRANDKIDS

("Grandma" in Korean)

Halmeoni!

They sit against the tunnel walls, sucking lolly pops. Renee kneels down, happy and relieved.

RENEE

Don't scare me like that!

(re lollies)

Where did you get those?

LULU

(points)

From her.

The four year old girl who came with Liz steps into the light from the darkness of the tunnel.

RENEE

Where's your mommy?

LITTLE GIRL

Lizzie's not my mommy, she's my nanny.

Renee stands, searching for Liz...

Her eyes land back on the stroller unattended at the bench.

Renee slowly walks towards it.

THE STROLLER IS EMPTY.

FADE OUT.

THE END.