

MOTHER OF ALL EVIL

'EP101 - THE PILOT'

Written by

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INT. KAPA PI SORORITY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The decor reads late 1980's -- SHELLEY SHERLOCK (21), pajama bottoms and a Nirvana tour shirt, cuts several avocados in half.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Nine PM - Shelley Sherlock prepares food in the first floor kitchen of the Kapa Pi house.

She removes the pits and tosses them in the trash. Then chops a fresh jalapeño.

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - MORNING

Contemporary and well-lit -- A WOMAN (40s), whose face we cannot see, cuts peppers and mushrooms.

EXT. KAPA PI SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

A MASKED MAN slides a side window open and climbs inside.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Some time later, the first floor bathroom window - which had been left unlocked - was slid open, and an intruder crept inside.

INT. KAPA PI SORORITY HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Shelley enters the living room, guacamole and chips in hand. Waiting in front of a small tube TV, her sisters --

ALICE CHEEVERS (19), coke bottle glasses and wire fence braces.

MANDY ROBINS (20), a bright red mop of *Molly Ringwald* hair.

WENDY CHILDS (19), still disco crazed judging by her outfit.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

There were three other young women in the house that night with Shelley: Alice Cheevers a junior, and art criticism major. Mandy Robbins, a fellow journalism major Shelley had known since she was six, and Wendy Childs, a public speaking champion and aspiring politician.

The Sisters react to the arrival of the guacamole with glee.

INT. KAPA PI SORORITY HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Shelley sets the two bowls on the table and the girls dig in.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

The movie they had selected that night was Halloween Five: The Revenge of Michael Myers, which had just come out on VHS a month before.

Instead of sitting down and joining them, Shelley heads for the stairs.

The Sisters erupt in a playful chorus of objection. Shelley brushes them off with a smile and bounds up the stairs.

INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN - MORNING

The Woman finishes chopping the mushroom and slides them into a bowl.

Behind her, unseen, a MAN, whose face we also cannot see, steps silently around the corner and into the kitchen.

INT. KAPA PI SORORITY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shelley sits on the toilet.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Now, the details of what exactly happened next remain sketchy to this day. Despite the media attention and nation-wide manhunt, very little is known about the precise chain of events.

Shelley flushes the toilet.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

What we do know, is that Shelley was not in the room when the murders occurred.

She checks herself in the mirror.

SMASH CUT:

INT. KAPA PI SORORITY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The MASKED MAN stabs Wendy several times in the stomach.

He slits Mandy's throat to stop her from screaming.

Over and over, he plunges the knife into Alice's back.

Shelley appears at the foot of the stairs to witness the final attack --

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

We know from Miss Sherlock's testimony - the only first hand account of that night - that she appeared at the bottom of the stairs to find what she described as "a masked man" standing over the bodies of her friends--

Shelley screams a silent scream we cannot hear.

EXT. SORORITY STREET - NIGHT

Shelley runs down the moonlit road, terror on her face, blood on her torn Nirvana tour shirt.

She screams to someone, anyone, for help. Bedroom and porch lights flick on in the neighboring houses.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

She managed to escape the house and ran into the street - bloody and terrified - screaming for help. Several neighbors came to her aid.

INT/EXT. THE CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

-- A POLICE OFFICER shines a flashlight on the open side window.

-- Mandy, Alice and Wendy lie in pools of their own blood.

-- Shelley sits in the rear of an ambulance, attended to by MEDICAL PERSONNEL.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

After giving her statement, she waited, and waited, and waited. Despite multiple suspects, no clear link was ever proven, the case went cold, and Shelley disappeared...

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - MORNING

The Woman cracks two eggs into a sizzling pan.

She adds the mushrooms and peppers as The Man grabs her waist from behind. She jumps. We finally see their faces --

LAUREN MCDONOUGH (40s) - Shelley Sherlock twenty years older, turns to face --

CAMERON MCDONOUGH (40s) - her bathrobe clad husband.

They embrace.

TITLE CARD: MOTHER OF ALL EVIL**INT. PODCAST STUDIO - AFTERNOON**

EVAN GODWIN (27), the source of the male voice, stops the recording software and removes his headset.

EVAN

Okay, that's brilliant!

He looks past his microphone to --

JEN FOSTER (26), the source of the female voice, scribbling notes down on a pad in front of her.

EVAN (CONT'D)

This is easily our best yet.

(no response)

Hello?

JEN

One sec.

(crosses her t's)

Okay, what were you saying?

EVAN

That this is going to be our best episode yet.

JEN

I mean it's gonna be hard to top Cold Creek.

EVAN

This is gonna blow Cold Creek out of the water.

JEN

Unless they catch this guy two days after we release this episode, I wouldn't hold your breath.

EVAN

I have something better.

Jen studies the smile slowly inching across Evan's face.

JEN

You didn't.

EVAN

I did.

JEN

Where?

EVAN

Wouldn't you like to know?

JEN

Piss off, it's probably not even her.

EVAN

Are you mad I found her? Don't be a sore loser.

JEN

Evan, where?!

EVAN

Collingwood.

JEN

Collingwood?

EVAN

Changed name and everything. I'm going this weekend.

JEN

This... No, you have to wait, you know it's Nana's funeral.

EVAN

We're on a schedule, and these are the only two days I can do it. Plus, there's no telling who else has figured it out. I mean, it wasn't that hard.

(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)

If we're not the first ones on it,
we lose our exclusive.

JEN

Our *exclusive*? Jesus you sound like
Nightcrawler.

EVAN

Us being the only ones with an
interview means listeners.
Listeners mean sponsors, sponsors
mean revenue.

JEN

So waiting one more day 'ruins' our
exclusive? Come on. Just put it off
until Monday. We'll go together.

EVAN

I don't--

Jen's RINGTONE interrupts.

JEN

It's Mom, I've gotta take this.
(picks up her phone and
bag)
I'll talk to you later. Do not go
without me.

EVAN

Yeah okay.

Jen finally answers the phone.

JEN

Hey Mom... No I know... I'm on my
way now. I know... Yes his fight
arrives tonight...

She waves bye to Evan and leaves the studio while Evan gets
to work on his computer.

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Lauren expertly dishes four perfect omelettes onto four
plates--

Cameron receives his with a smile.

CAMERON

Thanks love. Looks perfect.

Lauren smiles, returns the pan to the stove and checks the clock - 7:55AM

LAUREN
Can you believe them?

CAMERON
They're teenagers.

LAUREN
(loudly)
Guys! Let's go! You miss the bus
again you're dead!

CAMERON
This is a hell of an omelette.

LAUREN
What have you got on today?

CAMERON
I dunno. Finish up that deck for
the Houston's. Then...
(thinks)
Shit, jerk off?

LAUREN
You're gross.

CAMERON
You like it. How about you?

LAUREN
Groceries. Workout. Work on the
book. Figure out what to feed my
idiots.

Footsteps on the stairs break the conversation.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Speaking of which...

ARDEN MCDONOUGH (14), stomps into the kitchen, already
scowling.

ARDEN
Did you wash my green blouse?

LAUREN
Good morning to you too.

Taking advantage of the argument, Cameron checks his phone.

ARDEN
 (forced)
 Good morning. So did you wash it?

LAUREN
 Nope.

ARDEN
 Ugh.

LAUREN
 You have a million blouses. Here,
 eat, it's getting cold.

Arden takes a reluctant seat next to her father just as --

MICHAEL (16), The Mcdonough's eldest, slouches into the kitchen.

CAMERON
 There's my guy.

LAUREN
 I made you an omelette.

MICHAEL
 I'm not hungry thanks.

ARDEN
 Have you seen my green blouse?

MICHAEL
 Why the fuck would I know where
 your blouse is?

LAUREN
 Hey!

CAMERON
 Enough of that.

Michael heads for the door and puts his shoes on.

LAUREN
 Where are you going?

MICHAEL
 Eric's driving me.

LAUREN
 Okay, fine. Sure you don't wanna
 eat anything?

MICHAEL

I'm good. Oh, also I'm gonna stay at his place tonight. Got a project to work on.

Michael grabs his bag and heads out the door.

ARDEN

So he's allowed to say and do whatever he wants?

LAUREN

No.

ARDEN

Seems like it.

(beat)

You can still grab me from practice right?

Lauren and Cameron share a look.

LAUREN

Can Becca bring you home? Your Dad and I have an appointment at the bank.

ARDEN

I'll ask her I guess.

LAUREN

Thanks.

ARDEN

So nobody's seen my blouse?

LAUREN & CAMERON

No!

Arden stomps out of the kitchen and back upstairs.

INT. EVAN'S CAR - DAY

Evan navigates the winding, tree-lined road, speaking into his phone hands-free.

EVAN

-- I'm sorry but like, I'm not hanging around doing podcasts to a thousand listeners forever. If this goes the way I think it will - book deals, a Netflix doc, the whole thing.

(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)

(listens)

Fuck yeah they'll make a book out of it! Biggest case in Canadian history and it's all a fuckin' sham. I'm gonna--

(his phone beeps)

Hold on, I've got an incoming call.

He taps the screen on his dash.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Hello!

JEN (O.C.)

Tell me you did not go out there alone.

EVAN

Okay, I won't tell you.

JEN (O.C.)

You're such a dick, Evan.

EVAN

How am I a dick? I decided to go.

JEN (O.C.)

That is not fair. You know I wanted to be there.

EVAN

Relax. This will be the first of many conversations. I just want to feel her out.

JEN (O.C.)

I really think I should be there.

EVAN

(rolls his eyes)

I know you do.

JEN (O.C.)

Evan I'm serious! What she's been through, and then some guy just shows up at her door bringing it all up again?

EVAN

You think I'm gonna blow it.

JEN (O.C.)

No. I think it might be better with a female presence, you know, all things considered.

EVAN

She has a husband. I don't think she's scared of men.

JEN (O.C.)

You can be really fucking dense sometimes. You know that? They never caught the guy!

EVAN

Jen, I'm twenty-seven. I think she's got it together enough to know it wasn't someone who hadn't been born yet.

JEN (O.C.)

You're still a dick. Just, go easy on her. If you come on too strong we could lose her forever--

EVAN

Oh, Jen, you're breaking up.

JEN (O.C.)

Fuck you, Evan!

EVAN

I.. Jen... Hello...?

He taps the screen again to end the call.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Yeah, you'd like me to blow it. Not happening.

He throws some HIP HOP on and accelerates past a ROAD SIGN --

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INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - MORNING

Lauren's routine:

-- Crunches, pushups, sit ups, yoga.

-- A shower, extra hot. She dries her hair, and brushes her teeth.

EXT. COLLINGWOOD GROCERY STORE - MORNING

Lauren pushes a cart through the frozen food aisle.

EVAN (O.C.)
Lauren McDonough?

Lauren turns to see Evan behind her.

LAUREN
Do I know you?

EVAN
No, but I was hoping you'd be
willing to talk to me.

LAUREN
I'm not interested, thanks though.

EVAN
I'm not selling anything.

Lauren looks him over. It clicks.

LAUREN
Get away from me.

EVAN
What?

LAUREN
If you come one step closer, I'll
scream.

EVAN
There are cameras.

LAUREN
Not in this aisle.

In spite of himself, Evan glances up --

Sure enough, no cameras in frozen food.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Turn around and go back to wherever
you came from.

EVAN
I just--

LAUREN
If I see you again, I'll call the
police.

Lauren pushes her cart around the corner, and leaves Evan speechless in the aisle.

INT. COLLINGWOOD HIGH - HISTORY CLASS - DAY

Michael slouches low in his desk at the back of the room, watching --

MR. MILLER (40s), tall, commanding, a good head of hair, and the Collingwood High history teacher.

MR. MILLER
 --Inflation, unemployment,
 starvation. While America was
 experiencing a post-war boom,
 Germany descended into chaos--

Michael glances over to see --

ERIN HARDING (16), wearing the sexy librarian look like it's going out of style and making eyes at him.

Erin smiles. Michael smiles back.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)
 Am I boring you, Mr. McDonough?

Michael's attention snaps to the front.

MICHAEL
 No.

MR. MILLER
 I'm thrilled to hear that. Perhaps
 you wouldn't mind repeating back
 what I just said?

Michael goes red and fires a glance toward Erin, who winks so only he can see.

MICHAEL
 You were talking about how Hitler
 was able to take advantage of how
 miserable the German people were.

Mr. Miller gives Michael a smile.

INT. COLLINGWOOD HIGH - HISTORY CLASS - LATER

The class works quietly on copying something from the projector while --

Mr. Miller browses his phone quietly behind his desk.

PHOTOGRAPHS - a sexy young girl in different panties and lingerie, face expertly angled out of each frame.

He adjusts his waistband and looks up to make sure his students aren't paying attention to him.

EXT. COLLINGWOOD ROADSIDE - DAY

Evan leans against his car holding a burger in one hand and his phone in the other.

JEN (O.C.)
Really? Just like that?

EVAN
Just like that.

JEN (O.C.)
Wow, that's... really amazing Evan.

EVAN
Try not to sound so surprised.

JEN (O.C.)
I'm not, it's just... never mind.
When are you going to talk to her?

EVAN
Tonight.

JEN (O.C.)
And she's just going to let you
into her house?

EVAN
That's what she said.
(thinking quick)
Hey, I've got a lot of work to do
here - questions to go over and
stuff.

JEN (O.C.)
Okay. Call me as soon as you
finish.

EVAN
It might be pretty late.

JEN (O.C.)
Just call me.

EVAN
Fine, fine, I will.

JEN (O.C.)
Promise?

EVAN
I promise Jen, Jesus. You're worse
than my mom.

Evan hangs up the phone and takes a thoughtful bite of his burger.

INT. COUPLES THERAPY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Lauren and Cameron sit in silence across from --

ANDY (50s), their marriage counselor, dressed like he wants you to feel more relaxed than you are.

Everyone's faces suggest a session gone too long.

ANDY
And the sex? Any improvement there?

Lauren shifts in her seat, Cameron clears his throat.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I'll take that as "no improvement."

CAMERON
It's not for lack of trying. It's
just...

LAUREN
Say it, it's just me.

ANDY
It doesn't sound like Andy's
blaming you Lauren, just hear him
out.

LAUREN
He's going to say he tries to
initiate sex. You're going to ask
what isn't working, and we spend
the next ten minutes talking about
my mental blocks.

ANDY
So you admit that you do have
mental blocks.

LAUREN

I just don't want to! Is that so difficult to understand? I don't know what it is, I'm just not...

CAMERON

Attracted to me.

LAUREN

Attracted to anyone! I just don't feel it anymore, like, ever. There doesn't have to be a why and I'm so sick of explaining that!

ANDY

You seem a little on edge.

LAUREN

I'm fine. It's just...

ANDY

Just what? We're both listening.

Lauren bites her lip.

LAUREN

I've just been feeling like I'm on auto pilot, you know? Like, nothing that I do matters, or I have no control, or... I don't know, it sounds stupid.

INT. BECCA'S CAR - DAY

Arden sits in the passenger seat next to --

BECCA (15), her best friend since kindergarten, who looks like she was born with a *Teen Vogue* in her hand.

ARDEN

Think she'll be okay?

BECCA

Girl. You could literally see that bitch's leg bone or whatever. Ugh, we are so fucked. Like, yeah, she's hurt, I get it, but cutting practice? With Nationals in a month? Like are you fucked?

ARDEN

That's so sad.

BECCA

Right! Like we should be doubling practice--

ARDEN

No, I mean Sam. Think she'll be able to cheer again?

BECCA

Probably not. I think it's karma for cheating on Devonte.

ARDEN

You think Sam Dwyer snapping her ankle in two is God's punishment for cheating on Devonte?

BECCA

I didn't say God's punishment, I'm not crazy. I said Karma. Devonte is like the sweetest. And oh my god did you see him on the track the other day? Like fuck me, the things I'd do--

ARDEN

Oh god, keep it in your pants.

BECCA

Right, I forgot you're more of a pocket protector kind of girl.

ARDEN

Put a cock in it.

BECCA

Whip it out bitch. I'll give you road head.

ARDEN

You are fucked.

(a glance out the window)

I can finally get out of this whore mobile.

Arden grabs her gym bag from the back seat and opens the door.

BECCA

You love it.

Arden smiles and goes to shut the door but Becca stops her.

BECCA (CONT'D)
You know what this means right?

ARDEN
Don't even.

BECCA
With Sam out, you're next up.

ARDEN
Bye!!

Arden closes the door. Becca gives her the finger with a smile and drives off.

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Arden steps through the front door, drops her bag, and heads straight for the stairs.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

She scrolls thoughtlessly through her phone as she heads for the closed bathroom door.

She opens it --

A Young Brunette - heels, fishnets, short skirt and... a green blouse - taking selfies in the mirror.

The Young Woman notices and turns, revealing Michael behind a mask of expertly applied makeup.

ARDEN
Is that my...

Michael's face contorts into a mixture of shame and rage.

MICHAEL
Get the fuck out!!!

He slams the door shut in Arden's shocked face. Arden stands a moment in silence.

UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Michael paces back and forth in the small bathroom.

He sits down on the toilet and runs his hands through his wig, which comes off. He slams it onto the floor.

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Lauren, Cameron and Arden sit around the table - one seat noticeably empty.

LAUREN
So did you find your blouse?

Arden nearly chokes on her food.

ARDEN
What?

LAUREN
Your green one. You couldn't find it this morning and blamed me for it being missing if I remember correctly.

ARDEN
Uh, no. Still haven't found it. I'm sure you didn't lose it. Sorry.

Lauren and Cameron share a look - that apology came too easy.

The doorbell rings.

CAMERON
That's weird.

LAUREN
Probably Witnesses. I'll tell em' we're not interested.

CAMERON
Just ignore them!

But Lauren disappears into the --

FRONT HALL

She strides confidently toward the front door and opens it.

Evan stands in the doorway.

LAUREN
I'm calling the police.

She closes the door --

Right onto Evan's outstretched foot.

EVAN

We both know you're not going to do that. Now, I just want to talk.

CAMERON (O.C.)

Who is it?

Lauren looks back to the dining room.

LAUREN

Sharon, from work.

EVAN

He doesn't know.

LAUREN

What do you want?

EVAN

An interview. For you to tell the world your story--

LAUREN

Not happening.

EVAN

You can tell your story to me, or your husband and kids.

LAUREN

Don't you fucking talk about my kids.

EVAN

One hour. On tape, no video. I don't disclose where or how I found you.

(beat)

Or, an anonymous tip to a local news affiliate has your lawn swarming with reporters in a day.

(beat)

I've heard moving in this climate is no picnic. And, not that I've ever had to do it, but getting a whole new identity--

LAUREN

Enough. When?

EVAN

Tomorrow. Whatever time suits you.

LAUREN

Where?

EVAN

There's a restaurant not far from
the motel I'm staying in.

LAUREN

No. Your motel room. Three-thirty.

EVAN

Okay, okay great--

Lauren shuts the door in his face.

EXT. COLLINGWOOD MOTEL - NIGHT

Michael, fully dressed in a large coat and his wig from the bathroom, makes his way down the line of doors one high heel at a time.

He finds the door he's looking for, takes a deep breathe, and knocks.

MALE VOICE

It's open.

Michael pushes the door and steps into --

INT. COLLINGWOOD MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lying on the bed, Mr. Miller.

Michael drops his coat, revealing his outfit - form fitting and sexy.

He steps toward the bed. Mr. Miller sits up and caresses him.

MR. MILLER

You're perfect.

He kisses Michael softly on the lips, then pulls him down hard onto the bed.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)

All mine.

He kisses Michael's neck, then his chest, then his stomach --

Michael throws his head back.

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - BEDROOM = NIGHT

Movement beneath the sheets, heavy breathing, then--

LAUREN

Stop.

More shuffling beneath the sheets as Cameron rolls off. They lie there a moment.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

CAMERON

It's fine.

More silence.

LAUREN

I've just had a lot on my mind.

CAMERON

Well, talk to me.

LAUREN

I don't know how to put it into words.

Cameron sighs, rolls out of bed and walks to the ensuite bathroom.

He flicks the light on, briefly illuminating Lauren's face, before closing himself inside and plunging the bedroom back into darkness.

Lauren rolls over, wide awake.

EXT. COLLINGWOOD POLICE STATION - MORNING

Lauren puts her car in park and looks out the window --

Across the street, OFFICER CARL ELGIN (40s) - greying with dignity and dashing in uniform - enters the station.

She stares maybe a little too long, deep in thought, then looks straight ahead, determined.

Lauren puts the car in gear and drives off.

INT. RENOVATION HOUSE - MORNING

A lake surrounded by old trees, bathed in sunlight.

Cameron - neck red from a day in the sun - hammers a nail into a grand and nearly completed dock.

LESLIE
Beautiful.

Cameron turns. Striding toward him, hands playfully hidden behind her back --

LESLIE HOUSTON (30s), a redhead dressed for an afternoon of tanning.

CAMERON
It will be.

LESLIE
Hopefully not too soon.
(smiles)
I've enjoyed having you here.
You're good company.

She produces two glistening tall cans.

CAMERON
Here. For a hard day's work.

Cameron stands, wipes the sweat from his brow and takes one of the cans.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Cheers.

They clink cans and drink deep, Leslie watches Cameron from the corner of her eye.

They stare out over the water a moment, just long enough to feel awkward.

LESLIE
Do you do decks?

CAMERON
Course I do.

She looks back past the dock and up toward a lavish, two-story cottage.

LESLIE
I'm thinking it could use some love too. Why don't ya come up and take a look at it before ya finish today? Maybe you can make some improvements.

CAMERON

Okay, sure. I'm almost done here.

Leslie smiles, turns and struts off the dock. Cam watches her disappear behind the trees, sets down his can and goes back to work.

INT. COLLINGWOOD HIGH - GYM - DAY

Arden, huge smile on her face, cartwheels into a full back flip, landing before a group of identically dressed girls --

THE CHEER TEAM.

A shrill whistle cuts through the background music, followed by an equally shrill voice --

COACH MATTHEWS (40s), Part time math teacher, full time cheerleading fanatic.

COACH MATTHEWS

Good stuff McDonough.

Arden's smile grows. Behind her, TAYLOR and EMILY - fellow cheerleaders - eye her like a rat that just ran into the gym.

COACH MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Alright, lifts! Let's go!

She blows her whistle again and the team scurries into their formations - groups of three, all in a row.

Arden's trio stands front and center. Taylor and Emily on either side of her.

COACH MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Down the line! Go!

Another sharp blow on the whistle and the trio closest to Coach Matthews springs their center in the air and catches her.

Down the line, each trio repeats the action, perfectly synchronized.

Arden's trio is next, she places her hands on Taylor and Emily's shoulders, waiting for her cue.

They vault Arden eight feet into the air, but fail to catch her on her way down.

Arden hits the mat with force, giving her head a hard knock.

She looks up. Slowly, Taylor and Emily come into focus - staring down at her, hardly able to contain their smiles.

TAYLOR

So sorry.

ARDEN

It's fine.

Arden extends her hand to be helped up, but neither take it. They turn their backs.

Becca helps Arden to her feet.

BECCA

You okay?

ARDEN

What was that?

BECCA

Just forget about it.

COACH MATTHEWS

You good, McDonough?

ARDEN

Yeah, I'm good.

BECCA

(quietly)

You hit your head pretty hard.

ARDEN

I'm fine.

COACH MATTHEWS

Atta girl. Alright, again, line em' up.

BECCA

You can switch with me.

ARDEN

I'm fine.

Becca turns back to Emily and Taylor, who have finally composed themselves.

INT. COLLINGWOOD HIGH - GIRL'S CHANGE ROOM - LATER

Arden pulls a t-shirt on surrounded by her teammates in various stages of redress.

Some chat amongst one another. Arden stares across the room at Emily, Taylor, and a few other GIRLS, whispering about something.

ARDEN
What's their deal?

Beside her, Becca looks up from tying her shoe. She follows Arden's gaze to the cackling group across the change room.

BECCA
I told you not to worry about it.

Arden stares straight through Becca, who sits up and sighs.

BECCA (CONT'D)
There's this rumor. But like, it's really nothing.

ARDEN
Just tell me.

BECCA
Well, they think - Taylor and Emily, but like nobody else - they're saying you dropped Sam on purpose so you could take her spot.

ARDEN
What the fuck?

BECCA
Forget them, they're a buncha cunts anyways.

Arden stares across the change room, seething.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Arden--

ARDEN
(loudly)
Hey!

Taylor, Emily and their group look up. As does everyone else in the room. All eyes on Arden.

ARDEN (CONT'D)
You think I dropped her on fucking purpose?

For a moment, nobody speaks.

EMILY

You did.

ARDEN

Yeah? And how do you know that?

TAYLOR

It's pretty fucking obvious isn't it? You were jealous of Sam, so you ruined her chances of going to nationals.

ARDEN

That's what she told you?

EMILY

It's what I fucking know.

ARDEN

Well next time you see Sam maybe tell her that if she drinks water instead of vodka before practice she'll be less likely to break her fucking leg. Or maybe she should just forget cheer and go straight to rehab like her fucking mom.

Arden projectile vomits all over the floor of the dressing room, then stumbles.

Becca catches her and leads Arden from the dressing room to the sound of SHOCKED GOSSIP and SNIDE COMMENTS.

INT. LAUREN'S CAR - DAY

Lauren sits in her car a long moment. Beyond the windshield are trees as far as the eye can see.

She examines the contents of her large purse. Everything accounted for, she stares straight ahead.

Lauren catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror, and avoids her own gaze.

She grabs her purse and gets out of the car.

INT. COLLINGWOOD MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Evan sets a tape recorder next to the fresh pen and pad laid out on the small table.

He moves the chairs, then returns them to their original positions.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KOCK.

Evan nearly jumps through the ceiling. He checks himself quickly in the mirror, wipes the sweat from his brow, and opens the door --

Lauren stands waiting.

EVAN
I wasn't sure you'd come.

LAUREN
Neither was I.
(glances around)
Can I...?

EVAN
Oh, yeah of course!

Evan steps to the side and ushers Lauren into the room.

EVAN (CONT'D)
You can set your stuff on the bed.
Can I get you anything to drink? I
got water, or pop, and uh, wine.

LAUREN
Is this a date?

EVAN
Oh, no, uh I just thought...

LAUREN
Relax. I'll have some wine.

Evan fumbles with the wine and glass set on the small table.

EVAN
Do you wanna have a seat? Right
there?

LAUREN
Sure.

Lauren sits in one of the chairs while Evan sets two glasses of wine down on the table and takes the seat opposite.

EVAN
So.

LAUREN
How did you find me?

Evan quickly turns the recorder on and pulls the pad of paper toward him.

EVAN
I had a set of questions.

LAUREN
How did you find me?

EVAN
The Pioneer Village trip.

LAUREN
What?

EVAN
Two thousand and four. You went
with your daughter on a field trip.

Lauren's eyes show instant recognition.

EVAN (CONT'D)
I don't even know if you realized
it, but someone took a photo of
your group, and I guess they liked
it so much they put it on their
site. It's the only photo of you
that exists online.

LAUREN
But how did you find it?

EVAN
Aging software on a childhood photo
and a reverse image search. A
Private Investigator did the rest.
Not the first one either.

LAUREN
One of the other moms backed out. I
didn't want to.

EVAN
I bet you didn't, you've kept a
real low profile.

LAUREN
To avoid people like you, and
worse.

EVAN

I just thought you'd like to finally tell your story.

LAUREN

You think if I wanted that I wouldn't have done it by now? I took a new name for a reason. I took a new life for a reason.

(beat)

You're here because you think I'll make your career, which, judging by the fact you've been reduced to threatening me, could really use the boost.

EVAN

That's not--

LAUREN

So what are you exactly? Failed Journalist? Failed author? Failed screenwriter - there's lotsa those. Or are you just a weirdo with a fake recorder hoping to get me drunk enough to fuck so you can gloat about it on your fetish blog?

Silence. Evan eyes the recorder.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Come on Evan, if you want me to 'open up' to you, the trust has to go both ways.

EVAN

All of the above, I guess. Except the last one.

LAUREN

Now we're getting somewhere.

(beat)

Let's get a few things straight. I'm here because you blackmailed me.

Evan shifts uncomfortably.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Don't be coy. You blackmailed me, and you did a pretty good job at that.

Evan eyes the recorder again.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'm sure you can edit this out. Or hell, leave it in. Makes you look cool.

(a hard look)

I'm expecting you to hold up your end of the bargain. I tell you what you want to know. You go make your millions - assuming you're not a total hack. I call that stupid fucking pioneer village, make them take down that photo, and go back to living my life.

EVAN

That's the deal.

LAUREN

Then let's get this over with.

Evan picks up the pad of paper and clears his throat.

EVAN

Okay, well, I was actually wondering if you could give me a step by step of that night.

LAUREN

You went through all this effort to track me down and you just want me to give you the wikipedia summary?

Evan stares across the table.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Fine. It's your funeral.

(beat)

I was in the kitchen--

EVAN

Can we start earlier?

Lauren takes a long pause and studies every inch of Evan's face.

LAUREN

I was out, getting groceries. We were going to have a girls night, and I liked to cook.

Lauren stares off at the wall behind Evan's head as she recounts the worst day of her life.

INT. RENOVATION HOUSE - DAY

Cameron glistens with sweat as he expertly lays down a long plank next to a dozen others.

A shadow is cast over Cameron and the deck. He squints up to see Leslie, two tall cans in hand.

LESLIE

Thought you could use another break.

CAMERON

Always.

Cameron straightens up and takes the can. They cheers and Leslie watches as he takes a long drink.

LESLIE

Hey, so I was wondering if I could show ya something. Inside.

Cameron raises an eyebrow.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Been having some trouble with a closet door, just can't get it to close for the life of me.

He looks around as if to see if anyone is watching. They're all alone.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

It'll only take a second. Unless you're too busy out here.

CAMERON

No, I think I could take a look.

LESLIE

Great. Here!

She turns and heads inside. Cameron follows.

Two steps inside the door she turns on him. He grabs her instinctively around the waist. They embrace in a passionate kiss.

She jumps and wraps her legs around him as he kicks the door closed behind them.

INT. COLLINGWOOD MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Evan and Lauren sit in the heavy silence.

EVAN
So that's it.

LAUREN
That's it. Just like the news said.
Just like every other hack true
crime author wrote, and wrote
again. I told you, you wasted your
time coming here.

Evan produces a second tape recorder from his pocket and sets it on the table. Lauren looks down at it non plussed.

Evan leans forward and presses play. The voice of MARY CHILDS (60s), Wendy Childs' mother, cuts through the silence.

MARY CHILDS
(ON THE RECORDER)
I don't think she did it I know she
did it.

EVAN
(ON THE RECORDER)
How do you know?

MARY CHILDS
(ON THE RECORDER)
I just... Wendy always knew. That
something wasn't right. With her.

EVAN
(ON THE RECORDER)
With Lauren.

MARY CHILDS
(ON THE RECORDER)
Wendy'd tell me things. Like how
she was always going out. Late at
night. Through the window like.
That same window that... They had a
cat you know. One day, one of the
girls caught her. They saw her,
hurtin' it.

EVAN
(ON THE RECORDER)
Hurting, the cat. You're saying
Wendy saw Lauren hurting a cat?

Lauren shifts.

MARY CHILDS

(ON THE RECORDER)

No, the other one, Alice I think.
Walked in on her in the bathroom.
She was holding it under water.
That freak told the girl she was
giving it a bath. But Wendy knew.
Wendy always knew.

EVAN

(ON THE RECORDER)

So why didn't she go to the police?
Why didn't she leave?

MARY CHILDS

(ON THE RECORDER)

You blaming my Wendy for--

EVAN

(ON THE RECORDER)

No. Not at all. Just, why would she
stay if she was afraid?

MARY CHILDS

(ON THE RECORDER)

You never had a hunch about
somebody? A hunch you couldn't
prove? What was she gonna do? Go to
the police and tell em' she saw
Lauren putting the cat in the bath?
Cops woulda laughed her outta
there.

EVAN

(ON THE RECORDER)

But if Wendy thought she was in
danger. If you thought--

MARY CHILDS

(ON THE RECORDER)

Nobody thought nothin' like that.
Not me, not Wendy, not none o' them
poor girls. It's just, one o' them
things that, until it's too late.

EVAN

(ON THE RECORDER)

Did you ever go to the police with
any of this?

MARY CHILDS

(ON THE RECORDER)

Sure I did. But those, those men,
they just knew a man did it.

(MORE)

MARY CHILDS (CONT'D)

Already decided. Were lookin' at ex
boyfriends, drifters, even
teachers. No way some dainty girl
coulda done it. I tried, I really
did, but eventually you just... It
weren't gonna bring her back.

(her voice breaks)

Don't matter anymore anyhow. I
think I'm done.

Evan leans forward and stops the recording. Again, a heavy
silence blankets the room.

LAUREN

You think this is some gotcha
moment? She never got closure. None
of them did. Their families. It
isn't easy to accept something like
this could happen randomly. I think
it's easier for them to construct a
story in their heads. An
explanation, something that makes
sense. Plus, we never had a cat.

Evan stares at her. Lauren almost laughs.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Oh come on, you actually thought by
playing that tape you were going to
get me to crack and confess to a
triple murder? You're worse at this
than--

EVAN

I have your shirt.

Lauren has to consciously close her mouth.

LAUREN

Excuse me?

EVAN

Nirvana, The Bleach Club Tour at
Lee's Palace. Nineteen-Ninety.

Evan produces a photograph from his bag and slides it across
the table to Lauren.

For a moment, she refuses to look. Then she does.

Her shirt stares back at her from the photo. Torn in a number
of different places and stained with dark brown splotches.

LAUREN
How did--

EVAN
Does it matter?

Silence.

EVAN (CONT'D)
You'd be surprised what a well paid
investigator can dig up in a small
town evidence locker. Especially
when the officers who work there
are not so well paid.

Lauren's eyes flash to the recorder on the table.

EVAN (CONT'D)
We're still recording.

More silence.

EVAN (CONT'D)
It's being tested right now.
(beat)
But we both already know what
they're going to find.

LAUREN
And what's that?

EVAN
That the cuts were made with
scissors. Not a knife.
(beat)
And that none of the blood is
yours.

LAUREN
Do you mind if I use the washroom
quickly?

Evan nods. Lauren gets up and steps through the bathroom door
behind him

BATHROOM

Lauren closes the door and stares at herself in the mirror.

She shuts her eyes and takes a deep breath, then reaches into
her purse.

INT. COLLINGWOOD MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Evan's leg bounces up and down beneath the table. He stares at the photo, then taps the recorder, then glances into the corner of the room.

He turns to look at the bathroom door. Then back around, playing it cool.

The bathroom door CLICKS and opens.

EVAN

I know this can't be easy, but--

The barrel of a small handgun with a towel wrapped around it is pressed to one side of his head.

Evan's eyes go wide.

BANG!

His head tilts to the side. Eyes still wide with surprise. Blood pours from the open hole in his temple.

Lauren stands upright and looks around.

LAUREN

Fuck.

She removes the towel from the gun and rubs it down thoroughly. She places it in Evan's hand, making sure to get his prints in all the right places.

Lauren lets go. The gun falls to the ground beneath Evan's outstretched arm.

She goes to the window and peers through a space in the curtain, then returns to the table.

The recorder, the photograph and the first page of his notes all go into her purse.

Next she retrieves his wallet and car keys.

The table is wiped down, as is the chair.

HIDDEN CAM P.O.V.:

Lauren looks around the room, then picks up her purse and Evan's messenger bag.

She opens the door with her shirt and exits in a flash.

EXT. WOODED TRAIL - LAKESIDE - DAY

Evan's car rumbles down the path and stops short of the water.

INT. EVAN'S CAR - DAY

She puts the car in neutral, wipes down the shifter and steering wheel, then exits the car.

EXT. WOODED TRAIL - LAKESIDE - DAY

Lauren removes the license plate and stashes it in her purse, then gives the car a hard push.

She watches as it rolls down into the lake and slowly disappears beneath the glassy surface.

Lauren turns and makes her way down the trail a bit before she reaches her own car, waiting in the woods.

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - FRONT HALL - EVENING

Lauren enters and closes the door behind her, quiet as she can.

She turns down the dark hallway and makes her way to the

KITCHEN

The light flicks on to reveal a large group of people.

EVERYONE

Surprise!! Happy birthday!!

Lauren nearly passes out. Cameron steps out of the group and gives her a big hug and a kiss on the cheek.

CAMERON

Happy birthday, love!

LAUREN

Oh, oh my god.

KAREN BOOKER (50s), her gossip loving friend from work, and her husband DAN (50s) step forward out of the group.

KAREN

Look at you, you'll be my age before you know it!

LAUREN
You're the worst!

KAREN
You have no idea how hard it was to
keep this a secret.

DAN
Hi Lauren, happy birthday.

He gives her a little hug.

LAUREN
Thanks, Dan.

MARTINA CAMPOS (30s), Lauren's neighbor and close friend,
joins them, wine bottle gift bag in hand.

MARTINA
Betcha can't guess what this is.

LAUREN
Something I desperately need?

MARTINA
What are best friends for?

Lauren smiles and takes the bag, then leans in to Cameron.

LAUREN
(quietly)
Where's Mike?

Cameron rolls his eyes.

CAMERON
Said he'd be here.

LAUREN
I'm sure he's on his way.

MARTINA
Well? Let's get some music going!

A small cheer goes up from the rest of the group.

INT. COLLINGWOOD MOTEL - NIGHT

Michael walks down the hallway, one high heel in front of the
other.

His eyes linger on a door criss-crossed with police tape and
continues on.

He stops at the door, takes a deep breath and KNOCKS.

Silence. The door does not open.

He KNOCKS again. More silence.

He looks nervously each way down the hallway, then removes his phone from the clutch he carries and fires off a text.

MICHAEL

(TEXT)

I'm here.

A POLICE OFFICER exits from a room down the hall. Michael does his best to look casual and avoid her gaze.

His phone PINGS.

MR. MILLER

(TEXT)

Do not text this number again.

Michael stares at his phone screen.

INT. MCDONOUGH FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM

Lauren holds a small plate of hors d'oeuvres in one hand and a glass of wine in the other.

Karen, Dan, Martina and a few other friends surround her.

KAREN

So, how's unemployment treating you?

LAUREN

Stop!

MARTINA

Yeah, Kay. She's not "unemployed," she's taking a sabbatical. Not the same thing... right?

The group laughs.

KAREN

Seriously though, how's the book coming?

LAUREN

Ugh. Slowly.

MARTINA

Don't beat yourself up. Angie's tried writing the next great American novel about four times now. I keep telling her she should start with a children's book and work her way up.

LAUREN

Where is Ange?! On call?

MARTINA

As always.

LAUREN

Awh, well tell her we missed her.

MARTINA

Oh I'll be showing her when she gets home tonight.

KAREN

You're such a slut.

MARTINA

I know. Keeps me young.

DAN

I'm gonna get another drink. Anyone else need a top up?

KAREN

Oh, yes please.

DAN

How many have you had?

She punches her husband on the arm and shoos him away. Dan takes his wife's empty glass and departs.

MARTINA

(quietly)
So...?

LAUREN

So what?

Martina gestures to Cameron, who converses with a group across the room.

MARTINA

Any improvement?

Lauren bites her lip.

LAUREN
I actually have to pee, like so
bad.

MARTINA
Don't be like that!

LAUREN
No, seriously. We'll talk when I
get back.

Lauren hands off her glass and turns from the group.

Karen gives Martina a look.

MARTINA
What?!

ON LAUREN as she winds her way through the party toward the
bathroom.

She passes three PARTYGOERS and catches a piece of their
conversation.

PARTYGOER ONE
Yeah, like five cop cars.

PARTYGOER TWO
I heard it was a suicide.

PARTYGOER THREE
I bet it was drugs.

Lauren forces herself to continue on.

And walks right into Officer Elgin, who only just manages to
keep from spilling his drink.

LAUREN
Oh my god, I'm so sorry.

OFFICER ELGIN
I've had closer scrapes.

They share the briefest look.

OFFICER ELGIN (CONT'D)
Hell of a party. Cam really outdid
himself.

LAUREN
Yeah, he's great.

An awkward silence.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
So how have you been?

OFFICER ELGIN
Fine, the usual I guess.

LAUREN
Did something happen today?

OFFICER ELGIN
Word travels fast.

LAUREN
Sorry, it's none of my business.
Just gossip.

OFFICER ELGIN
It was a suicide. Kid from out of
town.

LAUREN
That's awful. Why would he do it
here?

OFFICER ELGIN
No idea. We don't even know his
name. Couldn't find an I.D.

LAUREN
Not in his car?

OFFICER ELGIN
Still looking for that too.

Cameron steps in behind Lauren and puts his arm around her
waist.

CAMERON
Carl. Glad you could make it.

OFFICER ELGIN
Thanks for the invite.

CAMERON
Was afraid I'd wake up with a boot
on my car if I didn't.

Michael enters through the front door, dressed in his boy
clothes.

Cameron notices and his expression sours.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

There you are! Nice of you to show
up--

Michael storms right by him and heads straight up the stairs.

Cameron moves to follow but Lauren puts a hand on his arm.

LAUREN

Just leave it. We're having a nice
time.

CAMERON

But--

LAUREN

It'll only start a fight. Nobody
wants that.

OFFICER ELGIN

Everything alright?

LAUREN

Just teenage stuff. Probably a girl
or something.

OFFICER ELGIN

The joys of parenting.

CAMERON

You're telling me.

LAUREN

Anyways, I was on my way to the
little girls room. Nice to see you
Carl.

Lauren turns and moves to the hallway like a shark in a
school of fish.

INT. PODCAST STUDIO - NIGHT

Jen sits in the dark and types away on her laptop. The screen
illuminates dozens of papers scattered about the table as
well as a half eaten sandwich.

She looks at her phone, then her laptop, then back to her
phone before snatching it up.

The screen shows a number of texts sent to Evan with no
replies. She sighs and hits 'Call.'

The phone RINGS and RINGS.

EVAN
(VOICEMAIL MESSAGE)
It's Evan. Not here obviously.
Leave a message if it's important.

JEN
Hey, Evan, no idea what's going on
but if you could respond to even
one of the texts I've sent you, or
even better, call me back, that'd
be great, sincerely, your fucking
partner.

She hangs up, tosses her phone back onto the table and rubs
her forehead.

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

BAM! BAM! BAM! The headboard slams against the wall over and
over again.

Beneath the covers, two bodies move with a violent hunger for
one another.

LAUREN
Yes! Yes! Yes! Like that!

BAM, BAM, BAM!

ARDEN'S ROOM

Arden stares at the ceiling, wide awake and horrified.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

CAMERON (O.S.)
Uh huh? Like that?

She puts a pillow over her head and holds it tight, almost in
an attempt to suffocate herself.

MICHAEL'S ROOM

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Michael sits on the ledge of his open window. He hits a bong
and blows a fat cloud of thick smoke out into the moonlight.

LAUREN
Uh huh! Don't stop!

Michael rolls his eyes and packs another large bowl.

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Lauren cuts an array of fruits and places them into a bowl.

Cameron slides in behind her and gives her a passionate kiss on the neck.

CAMERON

Last night was--

She leans back into him and smiles.

LAUREN

I know.

The sound of footsteps separates the pair.

They turn to see Arden staring at them from the doorway with a look somewhere between shock and revulsion.

CAMERON

Hey, honey! Hungry?

Arden watches her mom's hands drop the last of the fruit into the bowl.

ARDEN

No! I mean, I'm good. Becca is getting me early today. Gonna go wait outside.

She turns heel down the hallway and out the door.

CAMERON

Think she heard us?

Michael appears next. He doesn't look at them or even stop walking.

ARDEN

I made a fruit salad--

MICHAEL

You guys are fucking gross.

And with that, he too walks straight down the hallway and out the door.

Lauren and Cameron look at each other, then burst into a fit of laughter.

Cameron grabs his bag.

LAUREN
What's on for you today?

CAMERON
Back to the Houston place.

LAUREN
Still? Are you building them a new house?

CAMERON
Little projects just keep popping up. At this rate they'll be paying for our new house.

He kisses her on the cheek.

LAUREN
We're still on for later though, right?

CAMERON
Wouldn't miss it.

With that he turns and heads out the door. Lauren soaks up the silence, pops a grape into her mouth and smiles.

INT. COLLINGWOOD HIGH - COACH MATTHEWS' OFFICE - MORNING

Arden raps twice on the door. Coach Matthews looks up from her computer.

Cheer medals, trophies and plaques line the walls behind her desk.

ARDEN
You wanted to see me.

COACH MATTHEWS
McDonough. Yeah, come in. Close the door behind you.

Arden closes the door to separate them from the bustling girl's change room.

Coach Matthews points to a wooden chair opposite her desk. Arden sits.

COACH MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll cut to the chase. Sam's
not ever gonna cheer again. Not the
way she used to anyways.

Lauren shifts in her seat.

COACH MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
She was the best we had. It's no
secret. No offense.

ARDEN
None, taken?

COACH MATTHEWS
I considered pulling us out of
nationals. But it wouldn't be fair
to the girls.
(a hard look)
Think you're ready to step up?

ARDEN
I know I am.

COACH MATTHEWS
Good, because I'm making you team
captain.

ARDEN
Thank--

COACH MATTHEWS
Don't thank me. This mean's I'm
going to be twice as hard on you.
Everyone is going to expect more.
It takes more than talent, you have
to be a real leader. Can you handle
that?

ARDEN
Yes.

Coach Matthews shows the faintest sliver of a smile.

COACH MATTHEWS
Right answer.

INT. COLLINGWOOD HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY

Everyone works silently.

Michael sits at the back of the class. He stares daggers at
Mr. Miller, who types away at his laptop.

Michael watches as Mr. Miller checks his phone and smiles, then fires off a quick text before he sets it back down.

He flashes a subtle glance up at Michael, who continues to stare. Then looks back at his laptop unfazed.

Michael grabs his bag and leaves the room. Erin watches him, concerned.

INT. COLLINGWOOD HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Arden and Becca make their way down the hall.

BECCA

See! I told you! I fucking told you didn't I?

ARDEN

Stop saying that.

BECCA

It's true though right? I totally did.

A few GIRLS eye them and WHISPER as they pass by.

There is LAUGHTER from down the hallway.

Arden and Becca round the corner to see a small group gathered about halfway down the hall.

People turn and look as she approaches. More WHISPERS.

The crowd disperses to reveal Arden's locker --

The words DIRTBAG SLUT have been scrawled in red lipstick across the whole thing. A USED TAMPON hangs from the lock.

INT. COUPLE'S THERAPY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Lauren and Cameron sit across from Andy once again, closer together than the first time.

LAUREN

I don't know. I just, guess I feel like a weight has been lifted.

ANDY

(to Cameron)
Would you agree?

Cameron looks to Lauren.

CAMERON

Yeah. I mean, it's like there's a different energy in the house now. Like we're connecting again, the way we used to.

ANDY

Any idea as to why that might be?

CAMERON

I don't know.

LAUREN

No idea.

ANDY

No changes in your lives you can point to?

Cameron and Lauren look at one another. They both open their mouths to speak, but close them again.

Andy writes something in his notepad while Cameron places his hand on Lauren's thigh.

EXT. MCDONOUGH HOME - LATER

Arden opens the door to reveal a nervous and awkward looking Jen on the front step.

JEN

Oh, hi. Uhm. Is Shel... your mom here?

ARDEN

Yeah. Just a second.

Arden turns back down the hall.

ARDEN (CONT'D)

Mom!

A moment later, Lauren appears at the top of the stairs. She makes her way down to the door warily.

LAUREN

Hi, can I help you?

Jen stares a moment before she returns to reality.

JEN

Yes, or, I don't know. I'm looking for my friend. His name is Evan.

(MORE)

JEN (CONT'D)

I think. Well, he was coming to talk to you. He said he did actually. But now I can't get a hold of him.

Arden looks to her mother, confused. Lauren looks back, equally confused.

LAUREN

I don't know anyone named Evan. Are you sure you have the right house?

JEN

I think so. I'm sorry for intruding, I'm just really worried, is all.

She pulls out her phone and swipes to a photo of her and Evan together.

JEN (CONT'D)

This is what he looks like.

Lauren takes the phone gently and examines the picture.

LAUREN

No, I'm sorry, I've never seen this person before. You said he was coming to see me? Why?

Jen's eyes flick to Arden, then back to Lauren.

JEN

I... Well... He grew up in this house. A long time ago. And I think he wanted to see if he could take a look inside. But he wasn't sure if he'd be allowed.

LAUREN

Well nobody's come by. You're sure it couldn't be another house?

JEN

This is the address he wrote down.
(looks around)
I'm sorry. I'm just...

LAUREN

Worried. I understand. Well, maybe he got sidetracked along the way. I know cell service can get pretty spotty out here.

JEN

Yeah, I've noticed that.

Lauren puts her hand on Jen's shoulder.

LAUREN

How about this. Why don't you give me your number and if he shows up I'll be the first to call you.

JEN

Okay yeah. That works. Thanks. And sorry about this.

LAUREN

Not at all.

INT. JEN'S CAR - MOMENT'S LATER

Jen closes the door of her car and stares up at the McDonough house.

She puts the key in the ignition and drives off.

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - FRONT HALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Lauren watches Jen's car drive away. Arden looks up at her mom.

ARDEN

That was weird.

LAUREN

Yeah, it was.

Lauren does not look away until the car disappears around the corner.

INT. COLLINGWOOD POLICE DEPARTMENT - MORNING

The station is old wood and a few missing ceiling tiles. It has clearly seen better days.

Jen approaches the front desk. The RECEPTIONIST (60s) greets her.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

Jen takes a deep breath.

JEN
I think I'd like to file a missing
person's report.

RECEPTIONIST
How long has the person been
missing?

JEN
Uh, a few days? Three, I think.

RECEPTIONIST
Carl! You back there?

Officer Elgin tilts his chair back to see the reception desk.

OFFICER ELGIN
(through a mouthful of
food)
Yep. Whadya need?

RECEPTIONIST
Got a girl here wants to file a
missing persons.

Officer Elgin wipes his mouth and waves Jen back toward his
desk.

Jen walks over and sits down while Officer Elgin stows his
lunch and removes a form from a manilla envelope.

OFFICER ELGIN
Sorry, caught me in the middle of
lunch.

JEN
It's okay. Thanks for seeing me.

Officer Elgin clicks his pen.

OFFICER ELGIN
Of course. So how long has your...

JEN
My friend.

OFFICER ELGIN
Your friend been missing for?

JEN
Almost three days. His name is Evan
Godwin. Here, I have a picture.

She produces her phone, swipes to the photo and turns it around for Officer Elgin to see.

He looks at the photo and sets his pen down on the desk.

JEN (CONT'D)

What?

Officer Elgin rubs his forehead. He looks at Jen, his expression apologetic.

INT. JEN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Parked across from the police station, Jen sobs uncontrollably.

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - DAY

Lauren takes a load of laundry from the dryer and sets it on top.

Next, she takes a pile of men's clothes from a basket and drops them into the washing machine.

She almost closes the door, but hesitates. She reaches back inside and pulls out a strand of long red hair.

Lauren examines it closely.

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - MICHAELS ROOM - AFTERNOON

Michael enters his room to find the green blouse folded on his bed.

His face contorts as he rushes over and picks it up.

He stashes it under his shirt and leaves his bedroom.

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - ARDENS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Arden lies on her bed listening to music.

Michael rushes into the room and removes the blouse from beneath his shirt.

He holds it out to her in anger.

MICHAEL

Did you do this? Is this your idea of a joke?

ARDEN

No, I just don't need it anymore. I thought you might want--

MICHAEL

I don't.

He throws it into the corner of Arden's room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

How about you mind your own fucking business for once.

He storms out.

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family sits around the dinner table in silence. The only sound is cutlery scraping against plates.

Cameron looks around at everyone staring into their food.

CAMERON

How was everyone's week?

Lauren is the only one to even look up, but it isn't a good look. Cameron furrows his brow.

He directs his attention to his children.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Hello! It's the invisible dad here.

Michael looks up, then back to his plate.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Arden?

ARDEN

Fine.

CAMERON

Just, fine?

ARDEN

Yeah. Just fine.

CAMERON

How was cheer?

ARDEN

Well I got promoted to captain but everyone thinks it's because I broke Sam's leg on purpose, so there's that I guess.

CAMERON

That's amazing! Honey, we're so proud of you.

(to Lauren)

Right?

LAUREN

Of course, Arden that's great news. And who cares what other people think? They're just jealous.

Arden rolls her eyes.

ARDEN

I mean, I care, but yeah thanks.

Cameron and Lauren share another look. Lauren just shrugs.

CAMERON

How about you, bud? Anything new to report?

MICHAEL

Nope.

CAMERON

Well you let us know if anything comes up.

MICHAEL

Yeah, will do.

At a loss, Cameron returns to his meal. Lauren watches him eat.

LAUREN

How about you? Anything interesting to report?

Cameron looks up.

CAMERON

Uh, well. I saw a trailer for a new action movie that looks pretty good. Was thinking we could all check it out next weekend maybe.

Lauren nods.

LAUREN
How are the Houstons?

CAMERON
(hesitates)
Fine, I think. That Mark's a nice
guy. Showed me his boat the other
day.

LAUREN
Cool.

Lauren continues to bore into Cameron with her eyes. Cameron returns his best pokerface for a moment before once again returning to his food.

The silence creeps back into the dining room. All plates and cutlery.

INT. MCDONOUGH HOME - CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT

A dim light which hangs from the ceiling flicks on to reveal Lauren. Her purse clutched tight beneath her arm.

Hunched over to avoid the low ceiling, she navigates around dust covered boxes and furniture until she reaches the back corner.

She slides a number of heavy boxes to the side, then a few picture frames.

She uses her nails to pry away a piece of drywall, then reaches inside the open space and removes a locked box.

Lauren enters the code on the lock and opens the box.

Inside, an assortment of what appear to be knick knacks.

She pushes aside a pair of glasses, a hair scrunchie and a wristwatch to get to a number of old newspaper clippings at the bottom.

She opens one up to reveal a massive headline:

SORORITY KILLER STILL AT LARGE!

She stares at it, almost longingly, before folding it back up and opening another:

THE TRAIL GOES COLD: RCMP CLOSES THE BOOK ON MOST FAMOUS CASE IN COUNTRY'S HISTORY.

Then another far newer article:

YOUNG COUPLE MISSING LAST SEEN NEAR ALGONQUIN: FAMILY PLEADS FOR HELP FROM COMMUNITY.

Finally an article printed from the internet:

SHELLEY SHERLOCK - WHERE IS SHE NOW?

Lauren smiles and places the articles back in the box. She reaches into her purse and removes Evan's recorder and pen.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

A MOTEL MAID (20s) opens the door and steps inside, then wheels in a cleaning cart in behind her.

The door closes. She stands there a moment unsure. Her eyes linger on the table and chair next to the wall. No sign of the tragedy that occurred there.

She shakes it off and makes her way around the room:

-- She takes the sheets and pillowcases off the bed.

-- She vacuums the floor.

-- She dusts the bedside tables.

As she lifts the digital clock. Something CLATTERS to the floor.

MOTEL MAID

Damnit.

She gets onto her hands and knees to look beneath the bed. Then stretches out and retrieves the object.

When she returns to her feet. She holds a pinhole camera in the palm of her hand.

END PILOT