

Guilt

By

Kimberly Britt

WGA Registration #: 1368559 kimbritt02@yahoo.com

GUILT

BLACK SCREEN

SUPERIMPOSE:

Guilt upon the conscience, like rust upon iron, both defiles and consumes it, gnawing and creeping into it, as that does which at last eats out the very heart and substance of the metal.

-- Bishop Robert South

FADE IN:

INT. BREE'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

An angelic, curly-haired blond, CHELSEA (4), plays in a whirlpool tub with her baby doll.

BREE (30s), an attractive brunette with trendy blond highlights, stands on the other end of the enormous bathroom. She wears a pair of designer jeans and a tight-fitting top.

A home pregnancy test sits on top of the granite sink, results window down. Bree stares at it, transfixed. Reluctantly she turns it over in her hand. Only one line (the control) looks back at her.

She holds it for a moment, then tosses it in the trash and exits the room.

INT. BREE'S HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bree puts a hand to her mouth, stifling her sobs.

FLASH TO:

A child floating face-down in water, blond hair swimming on either side of her head.

BACK TO SCENE

Alarmed, Bree races back into --

INT. BREE'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

At the tub, Bree find Chelsea face-down in the water, identical to the "vision" in the hallway.

BREE

Chelsea!

She reaches into the water and pulls Chelsea out.

Chelsea stares up at her with wide eyes filled with confusion.

CHELSEA

Why'd you do that? I was almost to ten.

Bree is still shaken up and it shows in her panicked tone.

BREE

What?

CHELSEA

I'm practicing holding my breath. For my swimming class with Daddy.

Bree lets out a laborious sigh of relief. Picks up a towel and wraps it around Chelsea.

CHELSEA

Were you crying?

Chelsea lovingly wipes the moisture from under Bree's eyes.

BREE

You scared me. I would go nuts if something happened to you.

Chelsea now takes Bree's face between her hands, like a parent would to a child.

CHELSEA

I love you, Bree.

BREE

I love you, too.

Chelsea leans in closer, whispering into Bree's ear.

CHELSEA

Why couldn't you be my Mommy?

Bree ponders this a second, then picks up Chelsea and exits the room.

The doll remains in the tub, helplessly floating face down.

INT. ROSS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bree stands in the heart of her fully stocked chef's kitchen, slicing veggies and adding them to a large salad bowl.

Chelsea is perched on a stool at the breakfast bar coloring a picture. She holds her baby doll (from the tub) under her left arm.

LISA (30s), a homely looking blond dressed in pink scrubs, stands nearby. She is five months pregnant.

LISA

So I told her that she has to stop blaming herself. I mean, what good is it gonna do? There's a reason they call it an accident.

Lisa pauses for a reaction, then continues.

LISA

But who knows how I would feel if it were me. God willing I'll never have to find out.

Bree doesn't even seem to be listening.

CHELSEA

Mommy, look what I made you.

Chelsea holds up a drawing.

Lisa briefly acknowledges her with a nod before turning back to Bree.

Chelsea frowns, going back to her drawing.

LISA

Have you heard anything I've just said?

Bree remains focused on her salad.

BREE

Sorry, I'm just --

LISA
Oh my God, what is today? Weren't
you going to --

BREE
Shh!

Bree glances over her shoulder into the --

LIVING ROOM

where two men GABE and VINCE (30s) sit in their business attire, minus the jacket and tie, watching sports on the flat screen.

KITCHEN

LISA
I guess I don't have to ask how it
went.

Bree gives her a look that confirms her suspicion.

LISA
Oh, sweetie, I'm so sorry. I take
it you didn't tell Vince yet.

BREE
It's no big deal. What's one more
negative test?

Bree grabs the salad bowl and moves it to the center of the already set dining room table.

Lisa follows her, leans in close to avoid Chelsea overhearing.

LISA
Listen, maybe when this little one
pops out...

Lisa gives her rounded belly a little rub.

BREE
Thank you... but no. We can do it
on our own.

LISA
Are you sure? You've done so much
to help me...

Vince walks in, sees the somber look on both of their faces.

VINCE
What's going on?

LISA
I'm going to call Gabe for dinner.

Lisa heads out of the room.

Vince turns to Bree for an explanation but receives silence in return.

INT. GABE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Gabe and Lisa drive home in silence.

She glances over her shoulder at Chelsea who is asleep in her booster seat. Then back at Gabe.

LISA
I'm worried about Bree.

GABE
Don't be. She's tough.

LISA
You don't understand... what it does to you... trying month after month... being late... so convinced you're pregnant you start imagining symptoms... and then one stupid plastic stick can take it all away from you, just like that.

He takes his eyes off the road to glance at her.

GABE
We didn't have to try for more than a couple of months.

LISA
Doesn't mean I don't know what it's like.

INT. BREE'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bree holds one of Chelsea's drawings.

INSERT - DRAWING

Two stick figures, a short one and a tall one, holding hands. The short one says: "Chelsea" above it. The tall one says: "Mommy" but it is crossed out and "Bree" is written above it.

BACK TO SCENE

She stares at it a second longer, then folds it in half and buries it under some clothes in her top drawer. Gets into bed and pulls the covers over herself.

The light is on in the adjoining bathroom and the sound of GARGLING can be heard in the b.g.

The bathroom light goes off and Vince exits wearing a pair of boxer shorts, chest bare.

He climbs in bed beside Bree, under the covers, spooning her. He rubs her arm and kisses her neck, all without her acknowledging him.

VINCE

Isn't it almost that time?

BREE

It was... two weeks ago.

Vincent suddenly stops with his romantic advances.

VINCE

So that means you're on your ...?

She nods.

He makes a repulsed face and moves to his side of the bed.

VINCE

Well, shit.

He lays there a second longer, then flips off his lamp, plunging the room into darkness.

INT. GABE'S HOME - CHELSEA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gabe sits on the bed, beside a sound asleep Chelsea. He removes a curly lock from the child's face, then just stares at her perfection.

Lisa peers into the room.

LISA
She's asleep.

He nods, but makes no movement to leave.

LISA
Lets go to bed.

When Gabe doesn't make a move, Lisa steps into the room and takes his hand. Pulls him to his feet and leads him out of the room.

INT. OBGYN OFFICE - DAY

Bree sits nervously in a waiting room full of women in various stages of pregnancy, cell phone pressed to her ear.

INT. VINCE'S OFFICE - DAY

A cell phone vibrates on top of a modern glass desk. The office around it is organized and immaculate.

Vince and a pretty REDHEAD (20s) have sex on the sofa.

INT. OBGYN OFFICE - DAY

Bree still sits with the phone to her ear.

A O.B. NURSE comes out from a back room with a clipboard. Reads a name off --

O.B. NURSE
Bree Ross?

Bree ends her call and slips her phone into her purse. Rises to her feet and follows the nurse into the back.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Gabe comes out of his office with a stack of papers. He proceeds to the desk of his SECRETARY, an older woman with thick glasses and a short haircut. Hands her the papers and gives her a message we don't hear.

He is on his way back into his office when he sees --

Vince exiting his office with the redhead. There is something intimate about the way he strokes her arm and smiles as she walks away.

Vince catches Gabe looking his way. Quickly retreats back into his office.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

A large brick building with numerous brightly colored doors is surrounded by parents, some dressed in business attire, others more homely in appearance with small kids in tow.

Bree stands among them, not fitting into either category.

Inside one of the classrooms, Chelsea sits on the floor with her classmates singing a song.

Bree beams proudly.

A YOUNG WOMAN stands beside her carrying a newborn.

YOUNG WOMAN
Which one's yours?

BREE
The little blond with the pink
dress.

A bell RINGS and children run out of classrooms.

Chelsea races up to Bree and leaps into her arms. Bree hugs her as if it had been a year since she saw her last.

Young Woman watches their interaction with a smile.

YOUNG WOMAN
She has your eyes.

Bree returns Chelsea to her feet, takes her by the hand.

BREE
She's not mine. I'm just the
nanny.

YOUNG WOMAN
Really? Wow, I would never have
guessed.

Bree smiles politely before leading Chelsea away.

INT. BREE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Bree sits behind the wheel, focused and solemn. Glances in the rear view mirror to see Chelsea in her booster seat.

Chelsea holds a piece of paper which she stares at fondly.

BREE

Whatcha got there?

Chelsea turns the paper so she can see.

It's a computer print-out of a giant three-tiered birthday cake decorated to look like a princess castle.

CHELSEA

It's for my birthday party. You're coming, aren't you?

BREE

I wouldn't miss it for the world.

EXT. ROSS HOME - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Gabe walks up the stairs and stops at the front door. Raises a hand to knock, but stops short. He sits on the top step and lights up a cigarette.

INT. ROSS HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Chelsea sits on a stool at the breakfast bar, eating a banana. Cartoons play on an under-the-counter mounted TV.

Bree stands not far from her, phone to her ear, tears in her eyes.

BREE

But I don't understand. I know there's nothing wrong with my eggs... and now you're telling me my tubes are fine... no, of course. I'm sorry. Thank you for calling.

She returns the phone to its cradle, then passes Chelsea on her way into the --

LIVING ROOM

As she picks up some toys, she walks by a picture window and sees Gabe on the porch.

EXT. ROSS HOME - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Bree joins Gabe on the first step. Takes the cigarette from him for a quick drag, then hands it back. Exhales noisily.

GABE
Lisa would kill me.

BREE
Yeah. Vince, too.

GABE
Where's Chelsea?

He takes another drag, then hands it to Bree.

BREE
Having a snack and watching
cartoons.

Bree has another puff, then hands the cigarette back and rests her head into her hands. Looks up to find an equally distressed look on Gabe's face.

BREE
Wanna talk about it?

GABE
No. You?

He puts out the cigarette.

BREE
I had another test today. All
clear.

GABE
That's good... right?

BREE
We're just one test closer to
confirming undiagnosed infertility.

Her eyes tear, but she holds it together.

GABE
You can't look at it that way.

BREE
It feels like a punishment.

GABE

For what?

She looks into his eyes, wanting to tell him something. Then --

BREE

Nothing. Nevermind.

GABE

So what happens now?

BREE

What if he doesn't want me anymore? If I can't give him a family...

A few tears break through her defenses, trickle down her cheeks.

Gabe puts his arm around her, pulls her against his shoulder.

An ENGINE REVS in the b.g., attracting Gabe's and Bree's attention.

They look up to see Vince's SUV in the driveway.

Bree pulls away from Gabe, drying her tears.

Vince walks up as Gabe and Bree are getting to their feet. He investigates their expressions. Worried.

VINCE

What happened?

BREE

Good news. No blockages.

Vince looks immediately relieved. Pulls Bree into his arms.

BREE

I thought you were gonna try to make it to the appointment. I called but you must've been in a meeting.

Vince glances at Gabe before responding.

VINCE

I was. I'm sorry.

INT. ROSS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vince enters to find Bree hard at work at the sink, rinsing dirty dishes, then loading them into the dishwasher. He keeps a good distance between them.

VINCE

Can I help with anything?

She glances over her shoulder, then continues cleaning.

BREE

I'm almost done.

He steps in a little closer. Stops at the end of the counter.

VINCE

What were you and Gabe talking about when I pulled up?

BREE

Just my test results.

VINCE

Why were you crying? Or more to the point, why was he consoling you?

She puts the last dish in and SLAMS the dishwasher closed.

BREE

Here we go.

VINCE

What am I supposed to think when I come home and find my wife in another man's arms?

BREE

It should have been you, but of course, you were too busy.

He closes in the distance between them, right behind her now as she stands facing the sink, avoiding eye contact.

VINCE

Someone has to work to pay for all those damn tests.

She slowly turns around, looks into his eyes ablaze with anger as hers fill with tears.

BREE

If you want to stop trying, just say the word.

VINCE

That's not what I said.

BREE

We don't always say what we mean, do we?

She slips past him and storms out of the kitchen.

INT. ROSS HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bree lies in bed, back turned to Vince. He rolls over to her and rubs her arm.

VINCE

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have come down on you like that. I know you're stressed, but I am, too.

Bree doesn't respond or so much as acknowledge him.

VINCE

What's the next step?

BREE

She wants you to have a semen analysis.

VINCE

I did. It was fine, remember?

BREE

That was three years ago.

VINCE

I have a full work load this week. I don't think I'll be able to.

He scoots in closer to her. Wraps his arm around her, caresses her breasts. Kisses her neck.

VINCE

Remember when sex used to be spontaneous... and fun? Remember that? Remember how good it felt?

His hand travels down her stomach, headed between her legs. She pushes his hand away.

BREE

I'm still spotting from my test.

Vince sighs loudly, then rolls back over on his side.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

An elevator DINGS open and Gabe steps out, looking professional in his power suit and briefcase. He strolls past the maze of cubicles, uttering pleasantries to co-workers as he goes.

He stops at his secretary's desk.

GABE

Morning, Jen. Did my New York fax come in yet?

SECRETARY

Not yet, Mr. Freedman. I'll bring it in when it does.

Gabe is about to walk into his office when he sees the Redhead arguing with SECRETARY #2. He walks over.

SECRETARY #2

And I've already told you that Mr. Ross is out of the office this morning.

REDHEAD

Look, Rita --

SECRETARY #2

It's Reena.

GABE

I'll take care of this, Reena. Why don't you take a smoke break.

Secretary #2, looking relieved, quickly gets to her feet.

SECRETARY #2

Thank you, Mr. Freedman.

She walks away.

GABE

Do you have an appointment with Vince?

REDHEAD
You could say that.

GABE
Well, as you can see, he's not
here. So you'll have to
reschedule. Or better yet...
(pointing)
... get in that elevator, walk out
the front door and don't look back.

Redhead smiles seductively, runs her hand down Gabe's tie.

REDHEAD
What's your name?

He grabs her wrist and pushes her hand away.

GABE
Vince's wife, Bree, is a close
friend of mine.

REDHEAD
How close?

GABE
Remove yourself from this building
before I get you a security escort.

She smiles at him once more, then saunters away.

INT. GABE'S CAR - NIGHT

Gabe puts his car into reverse and eases back. Glances over his shoulder to see an SUV blocking him in. He hits the breaks, jerking the car to a stop.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - SAME

Gabe steps out of his car and approaches the SUV as Vince climbs out.

GABE
Is there a problem?

VINCE
Where do you get off dismissing a
client of mine?

Gabe shakes his head in disgust, scoffs loudly.

GABE
 Client? Is that what you call
 it? I wonder what Bree would say
 --

VINCE
 Stay out of my business. And stay
 away from my wife.

GABE
 Or what?

Vince punches him, sending Gabe stumbling back. Gabe grabs
 Vince by his shirt and slams him against his car.

GABE
 I'm not gonna keep your secret.

VINCE
 You wouldn't hurt her like that.

GABE
 It's a shitty time to pretend that
 you care about her feelings.

Gabe releases him and heads for his car.

GABE
 Move your car.

He gets in and REVS the engine.

INT. BREE'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bree eats dinner, barely picking at her food. Looks across
 the table to the empty seat where Vince should be.

INT. GABE'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Gabe, Lisa and Chelsea eat dinner in silence until --

LISA
 Can you pass the corn, please?

Gabe looks up from his plate. His jaw sports a rather
 extensive bruise. He picks up a bowl of corn and passes it
 to Lisa.

She dishes some corn onto her plate, then sets the bowl
 down. Looks up to find Gabe's attention back on his dinner.

LISA
Are you going to tell me what
happened?

They look over at Chelsea who is almost done with her
dinner.

LISA
Chelsea, go get ready for bed.

CHELSEA
But I'm still eating.

GABE
Go ahead, Chelce. I'll be right
up.

CHELSEA
Okay, Daddy.

Chelsea slides off her seat and walks out of the dining
room.

LISA
Why does she do that? She never
listens to me.

GABE
Vince is cheating on Bree.

LISA
What? No.

GABE
I should call her. See if she's
okay.

He gets up abruptly, walks into the --

KITCHEN

and picks up the phone, dialing.

Lisa takes it out of his hand and turns it off.

LISA
How do you know? How does she
know?

GABE
Maybe she doesn't. But she should.

He picks up the phone again but Lisa takes it away.

LISA
We're not getting involved.

GABE
If the person you trust most in the world was keeping a huge secret from you, wouldn't you want someone to tell you?

She turns to face him, confused and vulnerable.

LISA
I'm not sure that I would... not if there was nothing I could do about it.

GABE
She could leave him.

LISA
She doesn't have a career. She doesn't even have a college education. How is she supposed to support herself?

GABE
She has us. We'd help her.

Lisa's face drops, terrified at the thought.

LISA
That would never happen.

Gabe stares at her incredulously.

GABE
She's supposed to be your best friend. You would honestly refuse to help her.

LISA
And you think living under this roof, having everything she's ever dreamed of flaunted in her face would be helping her?

He shakes his head and turns away.

LISA
You know I'm right.
(beat)
Anyway, we're probably jumping the gun even discussing this. Bree and
(MORE)

LISA (cont'd)
Vince will work it out. They
always do.

She brushes a hand against his bruised chin. He moves her hand away and walks off.

INT. ROSS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bree sits on the floor in front of the fireplace holding a small box. She lifts the lid to find a gold cross and chain nestled inside.

She meticulously wraps the box in pink floral paper. Ties on an elaborate bow.

The front door opens and Vince enters, shirt untucked, tie missing, jacket draped over his arm. He eases into the room.

VINCE
What's that?

BREE
Chelsea's gift. Her party is
tomorrow.

He walks over and sits on the floor beside her. Tries to give her a kiss, but she brushes him off.

BREE
You missed dinner.

VINCE
I stopped by the clinic after work.
Gave my... donation.

She cleans up her wrapping supplies, then gets to her feet, walking away.

BREE
And that's supposed to make up for
everything?

He turns in her direction, but makes no attempt to follow.

VINCE
Everything like what?

BREE
Nevermind. Lets just sweep it
under the rug along with all the
other things we don't talk about?

She waits for a response, then proceeds up the stairs when she doesn't get one.

Vince is on his feet, in hot pursuit.

VINCE

No, Bree, lets talk about it. Lets talk about it all... starting with why my supposed best friend has his fucking hands all over you every time I turn around.

UPSTAIRS

Bree trudges into the master bedroom, attempting to slam the door on Vince.

He grabs hold and forces it open.

BREE

You sound like a broken record.

She walks further into the room, distancing herself.

VINCE

Shouldn't you go to Lisa when you're upset about something? Isn't that how it works?

BREE

Gabe is my friend, too. He was my friend long before I knew you or Lisa.

Vince enters the --

MASTER BEDROOM

and follows Bree to the bed.

VINCE

Friend with benefits, right?

She turns and slaps him across the face. He backhands her right back, sending her stumbling onto the bed. She holds her cheek in shock.

When it wears off, she gets up and starts packing a bag.

VINCE

Now what? You're leaving? Don't feel like talking anymore?

BREE

I'm going to my mom's.

She places the wrapped present into the bag and zips it up. Heads for the door. Pauses.

BREE

Don't bother showing up tomorrow.

INT. VANESSA'S HOME - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Bree sits at a vanity dressed in a slip, applying compact powder to a bruise on her cheek.

A KNOCK on the door.

She continues applying her make-up.

A hand comes down on her shoulder. She glances over to see her mom, VANESSA, an attractive woman in her early 60s.

VANESSA

You can barely see it.

Bree gets up and moves to the bed where a party dress is laid out. She slips into it while Vanessa takes a seat on the bed.

VANESSA

You need to fight for your marriage. If I walked away after every spat, I wouldn't have you.

Vanessa zips up Bree's dress.

VANESSA

He loves you, Bree. No marriage is perfect.

EXT. GABE'S HOME - BACK YARD - DAY

The simple grassy backyard has been transformed into a birthday party fit for a princess.

Pink and purple balloons dance in the mid-morning breeze.

Two tables are bedecked with pink and purple streamers. One holds presents and the other a stack of paper plates and plastic cutlery.

Further in the distance is a kidney shaped swimming pool with a tall fence around it.

Gabe sets up folding chairs in the lawn.

Bree approaches, gift in hand. She places it on the gift table, then heads over to Gabe and starts unfolding chairs.

GABE
Where's Vince?

BREE
He couldn't make it.

They continue setting up chairs in silence. When the last one is in place, they are forced to make eye contact.

Bree notices his bruised jaw just as he sees her bruised cheek.

GABE
That son-of-a-bitch.

He puts a hand to her cheek, stroking her bruise.

BREE
Looks like he practiced on you
first.
(beat)
I'm sorry.

GABE
Don't apologize for him.

Bree looks around. Everything seems to be in order.

BREE
Where's the birthday girl?

GABE
Was this the first time?

BREE
Don't... today is about Chelsea.

Gabe sighs loudly. Not going for it.

BREE
Please. For me.

GABE
Chelsea is inside, helping Lisa
with the cake.

Bree mouths the words "thank you".

GABE

That thing is so big, we're gonna
be eating it until she turns six.

BREE

I should probably go...

CHELSEA (O.S.)

Bree. Bree!

Chelsea races out the front door and attaches herself to Bree's hip, squeezing her tight. She wears a long, flowing, white dress that adds to her angelic charm.

CHELSEA

Wanna come see my cake? It's
hugemongous. Mommy made it all by
herself.

BREE

Sure.

She allows Chelsea to drag her off into the house as she glances at Gabe over her shoulder.

INT. GABE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Bree sits on the counter, watching Lisa complete her princess castle cake masterpiece.

LISA

Pass me those gumdrops behind you.

Bree reaches for a bag of gumdrops and passes it to Lisa.

Lisa arranges them on the cake.

BREE

I didn't know you baked.

LISA

I don't.

Lisa looks around to make sure they're alone.

LISA

I had it delivered before Chelsea
woke up this morning.

Lisa smiles proudly while Bree eats a gumdrop.

LISA
So you came alone?

BREE
Vince had to work.

LISA
On a Saturday?

Bree nods.

LISA
That's it. If I add another thing,
it'll all come crumbling down.

Bree looks over the completed cake.

BREE
It's beautiful.

LISA
Would you do the honors? I haven't
exactly been the most
dexterous person as of late. I'd
probably end up falling down the
stairs.

Lisa rubs her pregnant stomach while Bree watches somberly.

BREE
Sure.

Bree picks up the monstrous cake and Lisa goes ahead to hold
the door open.

EXT. GABE'S HOME - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Bree exits through the back door, cake carefully in both
hands. She takes only a few steps with it before Gabe
intercepts.

GABE
Is it as heavy as it looks?

BREE
Heavier.

Gabe takes the cake from her and walks it over to the
present table.

Bree shadows him, ready to catch the cake if
necessary. Over her shoulder, she sees Gabe across the
lawn. She watches as Lisa walks over and sits beside him.

BREE

Shit.

GABE

I can't believe he would show up here.

BREE

Please promise me --

GABE

I already promised... for today. He may be needing a plastic surgeon tomorrow, though.

Bree scans the backyard as a distraction.

Chelsea and a group of KIDS her age play kick ball next to the pool. Adults eat, drink and mingle.

An intense look of sadness comes over Bree. Gabe studies her for a second.

GABE

If you're afraid... just say the word and I'll --

BREE

I'm not afraid... of Vince. I... this isn't how it was supposed to be, ya know.

Bree's eyes fill with tears as she struggles to compose herself.

BREE

Damn it. I didn't wanna do this.

GABE

C'mon.

He puts his hand on her shoulder and leads her around to the front of the house.

ACROSS THE LAWN

Lisa looks up just in time to see them disappear together. Glances at Vince to see if he has noticed. He hasn't.

Suddenly she gives a little start, a hand shooting up to her stomach.

VINCE

You okay?

LISA

He's just kicking... really hard.

VINCE

Sounds painful.

LISA

Not really. Just strange. It's hard to explain. Do you want to...

She takes Vince's hand and places it on her stomach.

A huge smile spreads across Vince's face.

VINCE

That's... wow.

POOLSIDE

One of the boys in the group kicks the ball to Chelsea. It goes over her head and lands in the pool.

EXT. GABE'S HOME - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Bree sits on the steps, sullen, staring off into space. Gabe sits beside her.

GABE

How was it supposed to be?

BREE

Like you and Lisa. I hope she realizes how lucky she is. Kids... one of each. A career she can be proud of... you...

He looks up at her with raised eyebrows. Bree blushes.

BREE

I mean someone like you. You're an amazing father.

GABE

It's not too late.

She stares at him, trying to decipher the meaning of his words.

GABE

Who says you have to spend the rest of your life with Vince if you're unhappy?

BREE

There's that whole "til death do us part" thing.

GABE

I know an excellent divorce lawyer.

BREE

There was a time when I thought my world wouldn't revolve without him in it. And now...

He pulls her to him, wrapping his arm around her.

GABE

You're gonna be a mother one day... even if I have to impregnate you myself.

She laughs, pushing him away playfully.

EXT. GABE'S HOME - BACK YARD - DAY

Chelsea carefully lifts the latch to the swimming pool fence and enters. She gets on her hands and knees, reaching in vain for the ball as it floats to the center of the pool.

ACROSS THE LAWN

Lisa and Vince carry on a conversation, oblivious.

VINCE

Is there a name yet?

Lisa smirks, giving her stomach a loving rub.

LISA

There is, actually. But we're not sharing it until he's born.

VINCE

What? That's crazy. Okay, I'm gonna guess. Are you ready? George?

LISA
 (laughing)
 No.

VINCE
 Peter?

LISA
 No.

VINCE
 William.

LISA
 Nope.

VINCE
 Borris.

LISA
 No!

Vince stops to think for a second.

VINCE
 Just give me the first letter.

LISA
 No clues.

VINCE
 I've got it. I should've guessed
 this first. It's Gabriel Jr.

LISA
 You're unbelievably bad at this.

EXT. GABE'S HOME - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Gabe and Bree laugh together until --

A haunted look comes over Bree's face.

FLASH TO:

A child floating face-down in water, blond hair swimming on
 either side of her head.

BACK TO SCENE

Bree bolts up and runs toward the --

BACKYARD

where the party continues.

Vince and Lisa continue their conversation, pleasantly oblivious.

Bree's eyes lock on the open pool gate.

BREE

Chelsea?

Everyone stops what they're doing to stare at Bree. They follow her gaze and all converge on the pool.

As they get closer, they can see Chelsea floating in the pool, face down.

LISA

(screaming)

Chelsea?!

Bree is the first into the pool followed a second later by Vince.

Bree takes hold of Chelsea and attempts to swim to the edge. Vince takes Chelsea from her and swims to the edge, delivering her to Gabe's waiting arms.

Gabe lays her on the ground, listens to her chest for a second, then starts CPR.

Bree climbs out of the pool, stands helplessly a few feet away.

Everything seems to move in slow motion for Bree. Voices sound as they would on a radio when its battery is dying.

GABE

(distorted)

Breathe!

LISA

(distorted)

Chelsea!

Lisa's screams continue as she watches Gabe work on her lifeless daughter.

Dripping wet, Vince positions himself on the other side of Chelsea. He takes over chest compressions so Gabe can concentrate on breathing air into her lungs.

The other GUESTS stand around idly, staring on in disbelief.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Gabe sits in a chair, staring at the floor, a far away, haunted look in his eyes.

Bree sits next to him, tears and mascara staining her cheeks. She rubs Gabe's arm compassionately.

Silence stretches on until --

GABE

How did you know?

Bree looks alarmed by the question. About to form a response when --

Vince enters, hands in his pockets, head down.

VINCE

They're going to admit Lisa for observation.

He pauses, but Gabe doesn't respond or even acknowledge him.

VINCE

They're going to sedate her. You should go see her first.

Still no response.

BREE

Gabe...

GABE

I have to go... clean up. I can't let her go home to that... she couldn't handle it.

VINCE

Go be with your wife. Bree and I will do it.

Gabe gets to his feet, meets Vince face to face before he pushes past him.

GABE

I need something to do.

Bree jumps to her feet, moving toward the door.

Vince intercepts and tries to pull her into his arms.

BREE
I'm going with him.

VINCE
Bree, I'm so sorry. I don't know
what happened. You know I would
never hurt you.

It takes her a second to realize he is referring to their
fight and not Chelsea's death.

BREE
Not now.

She tries to slip past him but he pulls her back.

VINCE
Then when? When will there finally
be time for us?

BREE
You're a self-centered bastard.

Again she makes a move to leave the room but Vince prevents
that from happening.

VINCE
I love you, Bree. I love you more
than I think you've ever
realized. I couldn't live without
you.

BREE
I have to go. Stay with Lisa.

She brushes his hands off roughly and rushes out.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Bree walks up to the elevators, sees one of them closing.

BREE
Hold the elevator.

The door continues to close, despite her request.

Bree hits the down arrow. While she waits, she looks around
the empty halls.

A figure appears behind her -- a little girl we only see
from behind. She has long blond hair that hangs limply,
dripping wet.

Bree catches a reflection in the mirrored elevator doors. Whirls around to find --

The hallway behind her is empty.

DING. The doors open.

She steps into the --

ELEVATOR

and hits the lobby button.

The doors start to close. Just as they come together, a DING sounds and they part to reveal --

Chelsea stands there, pale and lifeless, hair and dress dripping onto the floor, forming a puddle at her feet. She stares down, not meeting Bree's eyes.

BREE

Chelsea?

Bree can do little more than stare at her until the doors close.

INT. BREE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Bree drives while Gabe sits in the passenger seat, still and quiet. She glances at him several times in between concentrating on the road.

EXT. GABE'S HOME - NIGHT

Bree's car pulls up in the driveway.

INT. BREE'S CAR (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Gabe hesitates to get out.

BREE

I could go. You don't have to.

He opens the door and gets out.

EXT. GABE'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Bree and Gabe come around from the front to find all of the decorations gone. No trace of the party remains.

An OLDER WOMAN sits on the back stoop. She approaches them, sadness in her eyes and voice.

OLDER WOMAN

A few of us stayed behind to clean up. I hope you don't mind.

Gabe continues on to the swimming pool fence, which is still open. He goes to the edge, stares down into the still, tranquil water.

The woman looks after him, but keeps her distance.

OLDER WOMAN

I'm so sorry, Gabe. I loved that little girl like she was my own.

Gabe continues staring into the water, unresponsive.

Bree flashes the woman an apologetic smile.

OLDER WOMAN

Will you let him know that I'm right next door if he ever needs anything?

BREE

Okay.

OLDER WOMAN

How is Lisa holding up?

BREE

She's at the hospital resting.

OLDER WOMAN

I'll be praying for her. You know, God never gives us more than we can handle.

The woman squeezes Bree's hand, then walks off toward the house next door.

INT. GABE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gabe sits beside a tall stack of presents, reading one of the cards.

Bree enters, stands behind him.

GABE
Do I send these back?

BREE
I don't think anyone expects them back.

GABE
Can you get a trash bag? It's in the kitchen under the --

BREE
I know where they are.

Bree walks toward the kitchen.

GABE
Just bring the whole box.

She comes back a second later with the bags. Opens one while Gabe loads in all of the presents and cards.

LATER

Gabe and Bree bag various toys laying around the living room, including a pink miniature piano and a bean bag chair shaped like a princess crown.

With Gabe's back to her, Bree clutches Chelsea's baby doll to her chest and sobs.

A phone RINGS.

Bree composes herself, then reaches into her purse and pulls out her cell phone. Checks the caller I.D. Answers.

BREE
Vince?

INTERCUT - GABE'S LIVING ROOM / HOSPITAL

Vince stands in the hallway, pacing.

A woman's CRIES can be heard in the b.g.

VINCE
Get Gabe back to the hospital.
(beat)
Lisa's losing it.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Bree and Gabe rush down a corridor. They see Vince up ahead and increase their speed.

Without addressing Vince, Gabe bolts into the room.

Bree looks in through the observation window to find Gabe consoling a hysterical Lisa.

She goes over to one of the chairs lining the hallway and sits.

Vince joins her a second later. Tries to take her hand but she pulls away.

She looks away, focused down the long, empty hall.

VINCE
I don't want you to be afraid of
me. It'll never happen again.

His words fade out as --

BREE'S POV

A little BLOND GIRL wanders by at the end of the hall wearing a white dress.

Bree scrambles to her feet and hurries toward her.

VINCE
Bree?

She hurries down the hall, sees the little girl turn a corner and disappear from view. Bree follows at a near jog now.

BREE
Chelsea?

She turns the same corner, runs right into the blond girl, which we can now see is not Chelsea. The child wears a white hospital gown.

Bree takes the girl by her shoulders and looks into her frightened blue eyes.

BREE
Are you okay?

Blond Girl shakes her head, no.

BREE
Are you lost?

She shakes her head again, no.

BREE
What are you doing here all alone?

BLOND GIRL
Looking for you.

BREE
For me?

BLOND GIRL
I have a message... from Chelsea...

Appalled, Bree takes a step back.

BLOND GIRL
She knows.

BREE
Knows what?

Blond Girl produces a drawing.

INSERT - DRAWING

It looks just like the one Bree buried in her drawer, except "Bree" is crossed out and "Mommy" written next to it.\

BACK TO SCENE

Bree stares at it, trying to make sense of what she's seeing.

A hand reaches out to her. She turns to find Vince standing there looking confused.

VINCE
What're you doing?

BREE
I was just...

She turns to find that the blond girl is no longer there. Her face pales with shock.

Vince takes the drawing from her. Looks it over. Concern spreads across his face.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Bree sits staring at the floor looking completely lost.

Further down the corridor, Vince carries on a private conversation with a female, DR. HINES. They speak in hushed whispers, each occasionally glancing over at Bree.

Dr. Hines examines the drawing handed to Bree by the girl.

VINCE

She's always been really close with Chelsea... but I'm afraid --

DR. HINES

Has she ever referred to herself as Chelsea's mother, before this?

VINCE

No. Not to me, at least.

Dr. Hines consults her wrist watch, then digs a business card out of her pocket. Hands it to Vince.

DR. HINES

I have an appointment I'm running late for. If she continues like this, give me a call.

He nods as she hurries off, her high heels echoing as she disappears down the hallway. He takes another look at the card.

INSERT - BUSINESS CARD

Dr. Hines - Head of Psychiatry

BACK TO SCENE

He shoves it in his pocket. Eyes meet up with Bree's.

INT. GABE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lisa, Gabe, Bree and Vince enter the room, all looking sleep deprived and distraught.

Lisa leans heavily on Gabe for support, clutching her stomach.

Gabe leads her to the sofa.

As Bree tries to follow, Vince pulls her back.

VINCE

We should get out of here. Let them
grieve in peace.

She brushes him off, continues toward Lisa and Gabe.

GABE

You guys don't have to stay. We're
fine.

VINCE

C'mon.

Vince attempts to lead her away but she resists.

Lisa looks around the room, confused and bordering on panic.

LISA

Where's Chelsea's piano?

She moves slowly to a bare spot to the left of the
fireplace.

LISA

The one Bree got her for her third
birthday. The one you taught her
how to play Twinkle Twinkle Little
Star on. It used to be right here.

Gabe and Bree exchange a look. He hangs his head.

Lisa moves to another bare spot.

LISA

And her toy box that was right
here? And her bean bag chair?

GABE

I thought...

She looks from Gabe's guilt ridden face to Bree's but they
both turn away.

She heads --

UPSTAIRS

and bolts through Chelsea's door, flips on the light, finds
the room completely empty.

She sucks in a shocked gasp as tears sting her eyes. She creeps into --

CHELSEA'S BEDROOM

and looks around. Turns to find Gabe and Bree behind her.

LISA

What were you trying to do, erase her?

She stares at Gabe, waiting for a response.

BREE

We thought it would be too painful.

Lisa unleashes a venomous glare on Bree.

LISA

I have to buy a dress to bury my five year old daughter in and you thought looking at her things would be painful?

BREE

I'm sorry.

LISA

You're sorry. That just makes everything better. Y'know, if you weren't such a basket case, none of this would have happened.

Bree is taken aback by Lisa's sudden harsh tone.

GABE

Lisa, don't --

She turns to Gabe, equally vicious.

LISA

And you. If you weren't so busy patting her little head, my Chelsea would still be alive.

GABE

Wait one goddamned minute, Lisa. You were sitting 15 feet from her. How could you not know she opened the pool gate.

LISA
So this is my fault then?

Bree backs out of the room but neither Gabe or Lisa notice.

GABE
It was an accident. You're the one
pointing fingers. I won't let you
blame this on me... or Bree.

INT. GABE'S HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bree jogs down the stairs, heads past Vince.

VINCE
What happened?

She exits through the front door without answering.

INT. CHELSEA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lisa and Gabe continue their argument. The look of anger in her eyes has intensified to hatred.

LISA
I want you out.

GABE
I'll wait for you in the bedroom.

LISA
Out of this house. Tonight. Now.

He reaches for her but she pulls away violently.

GABE
We need each other right now.

LISA
I don't need to be around someone
that wants me to forget my
daughter.

GABE
She was my daughter too.

LISA
She was never your daughter.

She turns her back to him, staring out the window. The swimming pool lies down below.

LISA
Why wasn't it locked? It should've
been locked.

He sighs loudly, rolling his head back to stare at the ceiling.

LISA
(soft, solemn)
Why did we wait so long to schedule
her swimming lessons?

He walks up behind her, puts his hands on her shoulders.

LISA
(vicious)
Don't touch me. Get out of my
house.

GABE
I'm not leaving you alone.

LISA
I called Scott.

Gabe reels with shock and repulsion.

GABE
Scott?

LISA
Just go.

GABE
Lisa...

LISA
Get out!

He hesitates a moment longer, then walks out.

Lisa sinks to the floor, holds her stomach, dissolves to tears.

INT. BREE'S HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Bree sorts through the laundry, separating clothing into the washer and onto the floor. She picks up a pair of Vince's pants and checks the pockets, pulls out a business card.

INT. BREE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Bree stands at the kitchen counter, spreading butter on a piece of toast, staring off, lost in her mind.

CHELSEA (V.O.)
I love you, Bree.

CHELSEA (V.O.)
I wish you were my Mommy.

CHELSEA (V.O.)
It's for my birthday party. You're coming, aren't you?

CHELSEA (V.O.)
Wanna come see my cake? It's hugemongous. Mommy made it all by herself.

BLOND GIRL (V.O.)
She knows.

VINCE (O.S.)
You okay?

She looks up, sees Vince standing at the table, slipping into his jacket, then straightening his tie.

BREE
Fine.

VINCE
You've been buttering that toast for the last five minutes.

She looks down and sees her hand mechanically moving a knife back and forth through the butter on her toast. She stops.

Vince walks over to her, kisses her on the cheek.

VINCE
I'll try not to be late tonight.

She keeps her back turned to him. He whispers in her ear --

VINCE
It's gonna be okay.

He walks out of the kitchen. The front door shuts o.s.

Bree contemplates her over-buttered piece of toast before tossing it into the trash.

The sound of a PIANO playing TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE STAR starts up, each note played eerily slow.

Bree follows the sound into the --

LIVING ROOM

where she finds Chelsea sitting at a small pink piano, her tiny fingers moving purposefully across the keys.

Bree stands in the doorway, watching her play, bewildered.

A KNOCK on the door startles her back to reality. The music ends abruptly and Chelsea is gone.

She walks over to the door and opens it just enough to peek out. Gabe stands on the other side.

BREE

Hey.

GABE

Is Vince home?

BREE

You came to see Vince?

GABE

You, actually. Just want to make sure I'm not gonna get my face bashed in.

She opens the door wide and allows Gabe to enter.

BREE

He just left for work.

Bree looks him over.

With his dark under-eye circles, stubble and unkempt hair, he looks like he hasn't slept in days.

INT. BREE'S HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Bree and Gabe sit at the table. Gabe silently sips his coffee while Bree stares into her cup.

GABE

You okay? You seem...

She continues to stare as if she hadn't heard him.

GABE

Bree?

She finally looks up.

BREE

Hmmm?

GABE

You okay?

BREE

Shouldn't I be asking you that?

GABE

Did you and Vince --

BREE

Vince has been great.

Her expression says otherwise. She gets up and goes to the sink, dumping out her coffee.

BREE

Except for the part where he thinks I'm losing my mind.

Gabe joins her at the sink.

GABE

What?

She takes the business card out of her pocket and hands it to him.

He looks it over, then hands it back.

GABE

He's the one that should be seeing a shrink.

BREE

Do you need any help... with the arrangements?

GABE

Lisa and Scott are taking care of everything.

He says the word "Scott" like it's a swear word.

BREE

Scott?

GABE

She called him... right before she kicked me out.

BREE

Where did you go?

GABE

I slept in my car, actually.

BREE

You look like you slept in your car. Why didn't you come here?

GABE

Vince would have loved that.

BREE

To hell with Vince. If you needed help...

GABE

I kept expecting a call from her when she cooled off. Have you heard anything?

Bree shakes her head, no.

BREE

She was so angry. Not that I blame her. I should've...

GABE

You did nothing wrong.

BREE

It was my job to watch her. It's all I did. It's all I've ever done.

Gabe tries to look her in the eye but she refuses, washing and re-washing her coffee cup.

GABE

Lisa and I... we were her parents. It was our responsibility to keep her safe. Not yours.

BREE
What if I could have stopped
it? What if I was supposed to have
stopped it?

He turns her toward him and holds her head in place while he
looks into her eyes.

GABE
It's not your fault.

BREE
You asked how I knew. I saw it...
in my head.

His hands slowly slide off her face. He stares at her,
speechless.

BREE
Do sane people have visions of
children dying?

After a long beat, he pulls her into his arms.

GABE
What else have you seen?

Over his shoulder, Bree can see Chelsea standing in the
doorway.

The phone starts RINGING.

INT. GABE'S HOME - DAY

Bree and Gabe charge --

UPSTAIRS

Outside of the master bedroom, they find --

SCOTT (30s), tall and skinny with long hair and a goatee,
pacing in front of the door.

Without addressing him, Gabe attempts to enter the room.

Scott puts a hand flat against his chest to stop him.

GABE
Get off me.

SCOTT
Before you go in there...

Bree's eyes are drawn away from the dispute, to the end of the hallway where --

Chelsea stands with a baby doll in her arms. The doll is covered in blood. It resembles a tiny, lifeless stillborn.

Bree recoils in horror, a hand shooting up to cover her mouth.

Gabe shoves Scott aside and attempts to enter the bedroom.

BREE
Gabe, don't go in there.

He looks at her, follows her stare to the end of the hallway, sees nothing out of the ordinary. Gives it another second worth of thought, then storms into the room.

Scott and Bree remain in the hallway. Bree still focused on Chelsea's ghost.

BREE
What'd you do to her?

Scott looks over at her even though it doesn't appear that she's addressing him.

SCOTT
I didn't do anything.

GABE (O.S.)
Oh, Jesus... Christ! What did you do?

LISA (O.S.)
You were with her, weren't you? You were with Bree while I was miscarrying our son.

Bree leans against the wall and slides down to the floor, resting her head in her hands.

GABE (O.S.)
Bree, call an ambulance!

LISA (O.S.)
She told you, didn't she? She told you about Chelsea and the baby.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Bree sits in a chair along the hallway, eyes fixed on the door in front of her.

LISA (V.O.)

You hate me now, don't you? Tell me the truth. Do you hate me?

(crying)

They're both dead. My babies!

VINCE (O.S.)

Bree.

The voice breaks her focus. She looks up to find Vince heading her way. He pulls her to her feet and wraps his arms around her. Her arms remain at her sides, not returning the hug.

VINCE

I heard what happened. Is Lisa okay?

She sinks back down into her chair.

BREE

Gabe is in with her. I haven't heard.

He kneels in front of her. Tries to get her to look at him but she refuses.

VINCE

What were you doing at the house? The way you ran out of there the other day --

The sound of a door opening attracts their attention. They both get to their feet to see Gabe exit the room, head hung, dejected.

VINCE

How is she?

GABE

Asleep.

VINCE

Do they know what happened? Why did she lose the baby?

Gabe gives Bree a look.

BREE
 (to Vince)
 I haven't eaten all day. Do you
 think you could get me something
 from the cafeteria?

VINCE
 Of course. Yeah.
 (to Gabe)
 Want anything?

Gabe shakes his head, waits patiently for Vince to
 leave. Flashes Bree a serious look.

BREE
 You look... angry.

GABE
 I am angry. I'm fucking pissed
 off.

Bree is taken aback by the anger in his tone. But more than
 that, she looks afraid.

BREE
 Did Lisa... say something?

GABE
 Nothing coherent.

BREE
 Did Scott... ?

GABE
 She had a prescription for
 Ambien. Couldn't sleep for most of
 her first trimester. Scott says
 she took a handful of them before
 he could stop her.

Gabe lowers himself into a chair, hangs his head.

BREE
 No. That's not right. Lisa would
 never... No.

GABE
 What'd she mean? What was she
 afraid that you had told me?

BREE
 I don't know.

The look on her face says otherwise.

GABE

What would make her think that I
hated her? Why would she say
something like that?

Bree opens her mouth to speak, but Vince interrupts.

VINCE

The cafeteria is closed. I'll pick
up something on the way home.

He puts a hand out, but Bree hesitates. Turns to Gabe.

BREE

Do you need me to stay?

He studies the look on her face for a second, then looks up
at Vince.

GABE

Take care of her.

VINCE

I always do.

INT. BREE'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vince tosses and turns in bed. Rolls over and reaches for
Bree to find her spot empty.

INT. BREE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vince walks down the stairs, rubbing his tired eyes.

A piano playing TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE STAR plays in the
b.g.

When he gets to the bottom of the stairs, he sees --

Bree sitting on the living room stairs, playing on a little
pink piano. She is surrounded by Chelsea's belongings.

He walks over silently and clears a spot beside Bree before
sitting down.

Bree continues to play as if oblivious to his presence.

VINCE

Why do you have Chelsea's things?

She continues playing.

VINCE

I know you loved her, but you can't
keep going like this.

The tempo of the song slows as Bree squints to focus.

VINCE

You have to stop this. You're
going to drive yourself nuts.

She picks up the tempo again, her fingers moving
effortlessly.

VINCE

I think you should see someone.

Bree pounds a fist into the keys, causing a loud noise that
startles Vince.

BREE

I'm not seeing a fucking
shrink. Let me know if my mourning
is too much for you and I'll go
stay with my mother.

She gets up and storms up the stairs. Vince follows.

UPSTAIRS

Bree storms into the bathroom and SLAMS the door. Vince
tries to get in, but it's locked. He knocks furiously.

VINCE

Bree, open the door.

INT. BREE'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bree backs away from the door as Vince's knocks increase in
intensity.

VINCE (O.S.)

Open the door!

CHELSEA(O.S.)

(distorted)

You shouldn't keep secrets.

Bree whirls around to find Chelsea behind her, still wearing
her wet party dress. Her voice sounds distorted, as if she
were under water.

BREE
What secret?

CHELSEA
You know... Mommy.

Bree shakes her head vehemently, backing away from her.

BREE
No. Lisa is your mommy, Chelsea.

An ear-splitting SCRATCHING sound fills the room.

Bree's hands shoot up to her ears.

The word: "MOMMY" is slowly carved into the mirror in big sloppy letters.

She keeps her hands to her ears even after the noise has stopped.

VINCE (O.S.)
Bree!

INT. BREE'S HOME - HALLWAY - SAME

Vince continues to pound on the door, looking extremely frazzled.

The sound of SHATTERING GLASS puts him into panic mode. He rams his shoulder into the door over and over until it flies open. He rushes into the --

BATHROOM

to find Bree standing in a state of shock, her hands still protectively cupped to her ears.

The mirror is shattered into hundreds of pieces at her feet.

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. HINES'S OFFICE - DAY

Bree sits in a chair, holding a mug of coffee in her hand. Instead of drinking it, she traces the rim of the mug with her finger, absently.

DR. HINES (O.S.)
Do you know why you broke the mirror, Bree?

Dr. Hines, sitting at her neatly organized desk, waits for a response which she doesn't receive.

DR. HINES

You and Chelsea had a very unique relationship. Would you say you were as close as a mother and daughter?

Bree continues circling the mug as if she isn't being spoken to.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Vince stands outside the room, talking on his cell. His tone is very hushed and secretive.

VINCE

You can't just call whenever you feel like it... I have a lot going on right now... no, I can't... not ever. I'm done.

He glances up to see Gabe rounding a corner, heading for Dr. Hines office.

VINCE

I have to go. Don't call me again.

He shoves the phone into his pocket and races off after Gabe. Stops him before he can enter the office.

VINCE

What're you doing here?

GABE

Where's Bree?

He tries to get into the room but Vince stops him.

VINCE

None of your business.

GABE

Why are you doing this to her? Hasn't she been through enough?

VINCE

What has she "been through", Gabe? The loss of your daughter? It shouldn't be effecting her like this. She's like a freaking zombie.

GABE
What happened?

VINCE
I found her in the living room,
surrounded by Chelsea's things.
When I questioned her, she locked
herself in the bathroom. She broke
a mirror... there was glass
everywhere. If I hadn't broken
down the door... I don't know what
she would've done.

GABE
I need to see her.

VINCE
No, what you need to do is leave
her the hell alone. Don't you have
your own crazy wife to attend --

Before Vince can finish his thought, Gabe has him by the
throat, pinned against the wall.

GABE
Don't you ever talk about her like
that. Either one of them.

With Vince still in shock, Gabe releases him and knocks on
the office door.

DR. HINES (O.S.)
Come in.

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. HINES'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Hines and Bree are in the same positions. The doctor
turns her head as Gabe enters the room. Looks him over.

DR. HINES
And you are?

GABE
I need to talk to her.

DR. HINES
We're in the middle of a session.

Gabe takes a look at Bree, then turns back to Dr. Hines.

GABE
How's that going for you?

Dr. Hines sighs loudly, then closes her notebook and sets her pen on top. Gets up and walks toward the door.

DR. HINES
Five minutes.

She closes the door behind her.

Gabe kneels in front of Bree. Tries to get her attention but she is still focused on the coffee mug, staring hypnotically.

He removes it from her hand and sets it on the desk.

GABE
Did he hurt you?

No response.

GABE
Bree? Did something happen? Did you and Vince have a fight? Talk to me.

She still doesn't respond. Doesn't even look at him.

GABE
My whole world is crumbling around me. I need you to stay here... with me. I need to be able to count on you. I can't lose you, too.

His words finally bring her around. She looks up, making eye contact. Her eyes are beyond sad or even depressed. There is a darkness reflected in them that is indescribable.

GABE
We're gonna get through this.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

As Bree crosses a grassy area on her way to the entrance, she sees a group of kids laughing and playing nearby.

FLASH TO:

Chelsea and her friends playing in the backyard the day of her birthday party

BACK TO SCENE

A little girl with curly blond hair, much like Chelsea's, screams as a little boy chases her.

The scream shakes Bree from her stupor. She enters --

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Bree looks around at the room, empty except for --

FATHER CLARKE stands on the altar, practicing his sermon. He looks up upon hearing her enter.

FATHER CLARKE

Come unto me, ye who are weary and
overburdened, and I will give you
rest.

She dips the tips of her fingers into a stoup of holy water, performs the sign of the cross.

FATHER CLARKE

Matthew 11, verse 28.

BREE

I remember.

Bree walks in as far as the last pew, then stops.

Father Clarke descends from the altar and meets her at the last pew.

FATHER CLARKE

What troubles you, Bree?

BREE

My goddaughter, Chelsea... passed
away.

FATHER CLARKE

Would you like to sit?

Bree sits in the pew and Father Clarke follows suit.

FATHER CLARKE

A very sad thing, in deed. I was
contacted by her mother. I'll be
performing the services tomorrow.

BREE

Do children always go to Heaven
when they die?

FATHER CLARKE

People believe a great many
things. But if you're asking for
my personal belief, I'd like to
think that they do.

BREE

Do you believe in spirits... that
aren't at rest? Do you think a
child could be trapped here, unable
to move on?

FATHER CLARKE

Any child... or Chelsea?

Bree fidgets with the straps of her purse as a distraction.

BREE

I think she's here. She's angry
with me.

FATHER CLARKE

The dead don't hold grudges,
Bree. But a guilty conscience...
it can play tricks on your mind.

Bree is silent while she ponders this.

FATHER CLARKE

Shall I hear your confession?

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Gabe walks down a hallway, cell phone pressed to his
ear. RINGING can be heard followed by a recorded voice.

BREE (V.O.)

Hi, sorry you missed me. Leave a
message and I'll get back to you.

BEEP!

GABE

Bree, it's Gabe. Just checking to
see if you got home alright. I'm
still at the hospital. I don't
know if Lisa will be released in
time for Chelsea's memorial.

(beat)
 Wondering if you'll be there. I'll
 understand if you can't. Just...
 let me know.

He ends the call as he comes to a door. Opens it and steps
 inside to find --

LISA'S ROOM

An empty bed.

He looks around, trying to make sense of it. Then walks
 back out into the --

HALLWAY

and stops the first NURSE that passes.

GABE
 Excuse me, do you know what
 happened to the woman that was in
 this room?

Nurse glances briefly at the room number on the door.

NURSE
 Lisa Freedman? She signed herself
 out, A.M.A.

Gabe stands in shock, unable to respond.

INT. BREE'S CAR (STOPPED) - DAY

Bree pulls her car up to the curb in front of her
 house. She looks into the driveway and raises an eyebrow.

EXT. BREE'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Bree walks to the front porch, eyeing Vince's SUV parked in
 the driveway.

INT. ROSS HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Bree enters to find Vince hurriedly packing a suitcase. She
 stops just inside the doorway to gawk at him, arms folded
 across her chest.

Vince looks up upon hearing her enter.

BREE
Going somewhere?

VINCE
I have to go on a trip.

BREE
Thanks for telling me.

VINCE
I've been calling ever since I
found out, but I guess it's hard to
answer your cell when its here and
you're God know where.

BREE
I was having lunch with my mother.

VINCE
You sure about that?

She isn't.

VINCE
Because she called here looking for
you.

BREE
You're a coward.

He stops packing to glare at her.

VINCE
What?

BREE
A trip... the day before Chelsea's
memorial service?

He continues packing.

VINCE
It was Gabe's trip.

BREE
And no one else can take it?

He doesn't respond, but the answer is quite obvious. He
disappears into the adjoining bathroom.

VINCE
Gabe called... said Lisa left the
hospital... ran off with her ex.

He comes out with some toiletries. Tosses it into the suitcase and zips it up. Glances at Bree's reaction.

VINCE

You don't look surprised.

Bree looks away under the pressure of his gaze.

VINCE

Or disappointed.

He picks up the suitcase and leaves the room.

Bree follows right behind.

VINCE

At least I know where to find you
when you don't answer my phone
calls.

BREE

I won't let you make me feel guilty
for spending time with Gabe. With
Lisa gone...

Vince jogs down the stairs with Bree on his heels.

VINCE

So you're taking over for
Lisa? You gonna be fucking him,
too?

Bree stops to stare incredulously at him.

He continues on, stops at the base of the stairs, looks up at her.

VINCE

Not that I'm complaining. Someone
should be getting laid around
here. God knows I'm not.

She stomps down the rest of the stairs, tearing off her clothes.

BREE

Is that what's bothering
you? Well, c'mon, then.

She pulls on his clothes, bursts the buttons of his shirt. Forces her lips against his, clings to him desperately. Pulls him down on top of her.

Vince kisses her back forcefully. Pulls her pants off, starts on his pants, then stops. He stays there a second, long enough to look apologetically into Bree's eyes.

He pushes her away and storms toward the door with this suitcase.

EXT. BREE'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Vince tosses his suitcase into the trunk of his car. SLAMS it down.

Bree stops behind him, half dressed.

BREE

When are you coming back?

VINCE

Christ, Bree. Get in the house.

BREE

I asked you a question.

VINCE

And I told you to get in the house before someone sees you.

BREE

Not until you answer me.

Vince approaches her, tries to lead her toward the house but she pushes him away.

VINCE

Get in the house.

BREE

No.

VINCE

Get in the fucking house!

She stands there defiantly.

He grabs her and attempts to carry her into the house. She fights him off, kicking and slapping. Despite her best efforts, he takes her into the house and dumps her in the foyer.

VINCE

Get a fucking hold of yourself before I get back or I swear to God...

BREE

Maybe I won't be here when you get back.

VINCE

You don't have the guts.

He walks out, leaving Bree stunned on the floor. She listens to the sound of Vince's tires SQUEALING as he peels out of the driveway.

INT. GABE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gabe sits on the living room floor, right in front of the television. He watches the screen, eyes focused intensely, captivated.

ON SCREEN

TODDLER CHELSEA sings along to the "Birthday Song", then blows out the two candles on her cake. The room of guests erupt with applause.

INT. BREE'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Bree sits in bed, still half dressed, knees drawn to her chest.

CHELSEA (V.O.)

Why couldn't you be my mommy?

Bree looks around around for the source of the voice but she is alone.

CHELSEA (V.O.)

Why couldn't you be my mommy?

The line echoes, in varying volume levels and distortions.

Bree covers her ears.

BREE

Stop it!

She buries her face against her drawn knees until Chelsea's voice fades out. When she finally sits up --

Chelsea sits in front of her on the bed, her face inches away.

CHELSEA

Why couldn't you be my mommy?

Bree gets off the bed and races from the room.

INT. GABE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gabe walks over to an end table, picks up the phone. Stops before he can dial. Throws the phone across the room. It hits a wall, SMASHING on contact.

He picks up a lamp and throws it against the fireplace, shattering it to pieces. Picks up the end table and launches it across the room.

He continues trashing the living room until nothing is left standing but the TV.

EXT. BREE'S HOME - NIGHT

Bree stands out in the middle of the front lawn, looking around suspiciously, smoking a cigarette.

THUNDER CLAPS and LIGHTNING FLASHES all around her.

INT. GABE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gabe sits in the middle of the living room, surrounded by the mess he made. Beer in hand, he watches another video of Chelsea.

ON SCREEN

Gabe, Bree and Toddler Chelsea play together in the swimming pool. Lisa sits in a patio chair, basking in the sun.

BACK TO SCENE

CHELSEA (V.O.)

C'mon, Mommy.

LISA (V.O.)

Maybe later.

Sound of SPLASHING followed closely by SCREAMING.

Gabe empties out his beer and pops open another.

EXT. GABE' HOME - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Bree stands on the front porch, dripping wet, BANGING on the door.

No response from inside.

She moves to the window and peers inside, but it's dark. She goes back to the door, fishes a key out of her purse and lets herself in.

INT. FREEDMAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bree flips on a light, illuminating the mess that Gabe made earlier in the living room.

Everything is overturned and broken.

She walks further into the room, gasps as she notices Gabe passed out on the floor, empty beer bottles everywhere.

She rushes up to him, shakes him.

BREE

Gabe?

When he doesn't respond, she puts her ear to his chest, listens a second, relieved. She shakes him again, rougher.

BREE

Gabe!

She looks around at all the empty beer bottles. Sinks to the floor beside Gabe, pulls his head onto her lap. Focuses on the TV. A sad smile crosses her face.

LATER

Bree is still watching the video of Chelsea.

ON SCREEN

3-YEAR-OLD CHELSEA tip-toes to see into the elephant exhibit.

GABE (V.O)

Hold on, baby. Lisa, take this.

The camera goes shaky and out of focus for a second and then refocuses on Gabe with Chelsea on his shoulders.

BACK TO SCENE

Bree is engrossed in the video, staring hypnotically.

GABE
(mumbling)
How am I gonna do this alone?

She looks down at Gabe, his head still in her lap.

Eyes barely open, he squints to try and focus.

BREE
You won't have to.

He sits up, grabbing his head. Focuses on the TV screen.

For a few seconds all that can be heard are the muffled voices on TV, then --

GABE
Do you think we were wrong... for
getting rid of her things?

INT. GABE'S HOME - GUEST ROOM (NIGHTMARE) - NIGHT

Bree tosses and turns in bed, sweat beads her forehead.

CHELSEA (V.O.)
Bree. Bree! Help!

She bolts upright to look around the room. No sign of Chelsea.

Sound of RUNNING WATER.

She looks toward the door and finds WATER POURING IN under it. Moving at an accelerated pace, the room quickly begins to fill.

Bree stares for a moment, transfixed.

CHELSEA (V.O.)
Bree, help me!

She leaps out of bed and races for the door.

BREE
I'm coming!

She tries the knob, but it won't turn. She BANGS desperately with both fists, to no avail.

BREE

Chelsea!

The water is waist high now and steadily rising.

Bree wades to the window and looks down. Sees that she's on the second floor. Too high to jump, yet she tries to open it. It's stuck.

Water nears her chest.

She picks up a lamp and tries to break the glass. Glass refuses to shatter.

She goes back to the bed and climbs on top, but the water still reaches her chest... then her neck...

She tries to scream, but her mouth fills with water.

WE REWIND PAST:

Bree finding Gabe passed out in his living room.

Bree banging on Gabe's front door.

Bree standing in the middle of her front lawn smoking.

Bree sitting in bed, half dressed, knees drawn to her chest.

Bree and Vince arguing in the house and in the front yard.

Bree and Vince going at it on the stairs.

Vince packing his suitcase.

Bree and Vanessa at the cafe having lunch.

Bree in her living room surrounded by Chelsea's things.

Bree and Gabe talking outside Lisa's hospital room.

Bree watching in horror as Lisa stripped off her blanket to reveal the bloody mess beneath.

Bree and Gabe having coffee in her kitchen.

Lisa raving after discovering Chelsea's missing belongings.

Female Doctor talking to Bree in the hospital.

Bree talking with the lost blond girl in the hospital.

Bree holding Chelsea's doll and sobbing.

Bree and Gabe putting Chelsea's presents into a trash bag.

Bree and the Older Woman conversing in Gabe's back yard.

Bree and Gabe sitting in the emergency room waiting area.

Gabe and Vince perform CPR on Chelsea's limp body.

Bree dives into the pool and grabs Chelsea.

Bree sits on the front porch with Gabe, laughing.

EXT. GABE'S HOME - FRONT PORCH (NIGHTMARE) - DAY

Gabe sits beside Bree, laughing.

Bree suddenly gasps, as if just surfacing after being underwater. She looks around to get her bearings, then takes off into the backyard.

EXT. GABE'S HOME - BACK YARD (NIGHTMARE) - DAY

Bree races past party-goers, making a bee-line for the swimming pool. As she nears, she can see --

Chelsea floating face down in the pool.

She dives in headfirst and swims as fast as she can to Chelsea. Turns her over. Stares numbly at her blue-ish tinted skin and lifeless eyes.

BREE

Chelsea!

INT. GABE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bree jumps up from her nightmare, still screaming.

BREE

Chelsea!

Gabe's arms are suddenly around her, holding her tight.

BREE

I couldn't save her. I couldn't
save her. I couldn't save her.

INT. GABE'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bree stands in the shower, forehead against the wall, letting the steaming water envelop her.

BREE (V.O.)
I couldn't save her. I couldn't
save her.

Her voice gradually fades out.

LATER

Bree steps out of the shower and wraps a towel around herself. Picks up her wet clothes and opens the door.

Finds Chelsea standing there, dripping wet, standing in a puddle of water.

BREE
What do you want from me?

CHELSEA
The truth.

BREE
You already know.

Chelsea turns to look at the door at the end of the hall. Then slowly turns back.

Bree understands and looks terrified at the thought.

BREE
He wouldn't understand. He would
hate me.

Chelsea turns and creeps down the hallway, leaving wet footprints in her wake. She disappears into the room at the end of the hall.

INT. GABE'S HOME - NURSERY - LATER

Bree enters cautiously to find the room nearly empty. A crib and rocking chair is the only furniture. The walls are partially painted a shade of yellow that looks pale and lifeless in the darkened room.

She walks to the rocking chair, finds a little blue blanket on top. Picks it up to find a name embroidered on it.

BREE
Christopher.

INT. GABE'S HOME - HALLWAY

Gabe walks down the hallway, sees the nursery door open, stops to look inside. He stands there for a few moments, watching --

NURSERY

Bree rocks in the rocking chair, staring down at the embroidered blanket, humming a lullaby.

INT. GABE'S HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Bree lies in the center of the bed, almost asleep as Gabe pulls the covers over her.

GABE
Vince know you're here?

BREE
Vince is gone.

He sits beside her on the bed. Concerned.

GABE
Gone, as in... ?

BREE
Business trip.

Realization slowly creeps across Gabe's face.

GABE
Shit. I'm sorry.

BREE
He wasn't. Couldn't wait to get
away from me.

He holds her gaze for a second, then strokes the side of her face with his fingertips. Her eyes slowly close, then flutter open.

BREE
I'm supposed to be taking care of
you.

GABE

We can take care of each other.

BREE

Stay?

He considers for a second, then gets in bed beside her. Pulls her to him until her head rests on his chest. He kisses the top of her head as her eyes close.

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

Vince sits at the bar with a drink in one hand and cell in the other. Looking haggard, his hair is disheveled, tie undone and jacket slung over the stool beside him.

He SLAMS the phone down, then tosses back his entire drink.

A SEXY BLOND perches herself on the stool beside him, waits to be noticed, then speaks up when she isn't.

SEXY BLOND

Care to buy me a drink?

He looks up at her quickly, then back down.

VINCE

Sure. Why not? What're you having?

She giggles, causing Vince to look up at her again.

SEXY BLOND

You know what I like.

He looks at her long and hard.

VINCE

Do I know you?

SEXY BLOND

Spring break? '96? Daytona Beach?

VINCE

Right. It's coming back to me. What're you doing here?

SEXY BLOND

Business.

He looks over her sexy attire -- short skirt and halter top.

VINCE
What business is that?

She smiles coyly.

SEXY BLOND
Buy me an apple martini and I'll
tell you all about it.

Vince smiles back. Signals over the waiter.

INT. GABE'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Gabe struggling with his tie. He wears a dark gray button down shirt and black slacks. His hair is neatly combed and his face is shaved smooth.

Bree stands against the doorway, watching him for a few moments before she enters and offers her assistance. She puts on his tie with ease.

GABE
I usually wear clip-ons to work...
but I thought my daughter deserved
the real thing.

She steps back while he checks his reflection in the full-length mirror. He smooths out his shirt, tucks it into his pants, then pulls it back out.

GABE
Out or in?

BREE
Stop fussing. You look good.

He turns away from the mirror, looks her over.

GABE
Your outfit could use a little
help.

She chuckles to herself, looking down at her wrinkled capri pants and peasant blouse.

BREE
I need to stop at home. I'll meet
you at the church.

GABE
I'll drive you.

EXT. BREE'S HOME - DAY

Gabe's car pulls up to the curb.

INT. BREE'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Bree walks into the room and heads straight for the answering machine. Hits play, then gets undressed.

VINCE (V.O.)
 (on machine)
 Guess you're asleep. I'll call
 back in the morning.

BEEP!

VINCE (V.O.)
 (on machine)
 Bree, it's me again. I tried your
 cell but it went straight to voice
 mail...

Half dressed, Bree picks up her cell from on the dresser and plugs it into the adapter.

VINCE (V.O.)
 (on machine)
 I don't like the way I left
 things. I'm going to see if I can
 come back early. I don't know what
 the fuck I was thinking. I should
 be there... with you.
 (beat)
 Call me when you get this.

Bree continues getting ready, slipping into a modest black dress and heels.

She goes to her vanity and checks her face. Dabs on a little concealer under her eyes to cover the dark circles and then a smudge of lipstick.

The phone RINGS, then the machine picks up.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 This call is for Mr. Ross. This is
 Tina from the Lab. I have the
 results from your semen analysis
 and I'm afraid the news isn't very
 good. I'd like to go over the
 details with you. If you could
 please call me at five --

Bree hits a button on the phone, ending the message.

INT. GABE'S CAR (STOPPED) - LATER

Bree enters the car to find Gabe writing on a piece of paper. He quickly folds it up and stuffs it in his jacket.

BREE
What's that?

GABE
For the funeral. Ready?

She nods and he starts up the car.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The little church is packed to capacity with black-clad MOURNERS. The services have not yet begun and people move around freely, chatting amongst themselves.

Gabe stands at the back of the church, talking with an older couple, DAVID and KATE.

The woman kisses him on the cheek then gives him a hug.

A heavysset woman, NANCY, sits near the front of the church, dabbing at her eyes with a tissue.

Her husband, FLOYD, sits beside her, his arm around her shoulder.

At the front of the church lies an open casket. Bree stands beside it, holding Chelsea's hand. She takes a gold chain with a cross pendant out of her pocket and places it in Chelsea's palm. Closes her fingers around it.

BREE
I'm so sorry.

The priest steps out onto the altar, looks around at the room full of people.

PRIEST
Shall we begin?

Everyone quickly settles into their seats -- all but Bree.

Gabe watches her for a moment, as does everyone else, before taking her hand and leading her to the first pew.

She looks into Gabe's eyes, then around at the staring faces in the church, particularly Nancy and Floyd.

She releases her grip on Gabe's hand, but he refuses to let go of her.

When every last person has taken their seat, the priest begins.

PRIEST

Family and friends... we are gathered here today to remember the life of Chelsea Lynn Freedman and to entrust her into God's eternal loving care...

Bree looks over at Gabe.

He stares ahead, stoic, no sign of emotion in the rock hard features of his face.

PRIEST

We are all children of God and, in the faith that He has given us, we turn to God now, in our time of sadness, and ask that He may bestow upon us comfort and peace.

Nancy is a weeping mess. She turns to Floyd and buries her head against his arm, her body trembling with sobs.

The priest's words slowly fade out.

LATER

Gabe stands at the podium, replacing the priest. He pulls a folded piece of paper out of his pocket and starts reading. He mostly looks down at the paper, but when he dares to look up, his eyes meet and lock onto Bree's.

GABE

Chelsea wasn't my biological daughter. She asked once what that meant and I struggled to find the right words to adequately explain how special she was and how blessed I felt to have her call me "daddy".

(beat)

Finally I told her that biological children are ones you choose to have. But adopted children are ones that God chooses for you. God chose to make Chelsea my child from the moment that Lisa and I met.

Bree suddenly cannot bear to look at Gabe, turns away.

Gabe turns the paper over. Refocuses himself.

GABE

(faltering)

This is a poem I found. I think
it's fitting...

(clears his throat)

Tiny angels rest your wings, sit
with me for awhile. How I long to
hold your hand, and see your tender
smile...

(beat, struggling)

Tiny angel, look at me, I want this
image clear. That I will forget
your precious face...

He tightens his grip on the podium. Jawline tightens, then
quivers as he teeters on the precipice of breaking down.

He bends over, rests his head on top of the
podium. Silently weeping.

Bree joins him, takes the paper, picks up where he left off.

BREE

That I will forget your precious
face is my biggest fear. Tiny
angel can you tell me, why you have
gone away? You weren't here for
very long, why is it you couldn't
stay? Tiny angel shook her head,
"These things I do not know..."

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Gabe walks around, conversing and shaking hands with various
mourners. He seems to be doing better since his near break
down at the memorial.

Bree hangs back, watching him from afar.

BREE (V.O.)

...but I do know that you love me,
and that I love you so".

Nancy approaches Bree, catching her off guard.

NANCY

I thought you should know that I
heard from Lisa.

Bree looks up at the sound of her voice.

NANCY

She's been quite overcome with grief, as I'm sure you can imagine, and beside herself with guilt over missing the memorial.

Bree looks back down.

NANCY

But she assured me she would be here for the burial. So Gabe will no longer be needing your... help.

BREE

If Gabe wants me to leave, he'll let me know.

Floyd interrupts the conversation, placing himself between Bree and Nancy.

FLOYD

(to Bree)

You should be ashamed of yourself.

Floyd leads Nancy away, leaving Bree alone again.

BREE

(to herself)

I am.

Lisa steps out of the crowd, intercepting Gabe. He looks confused and shocked to see her.

GABE

Lisa?

LISA

She's gone, isn't she? Our baby girl is really gone.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Gabe stands in front of a fresh grave. Flower arrangements, large and small, are laid across the damp heap of dirt.

He stares a moment, solemn, then tosses down a white rose. Rubs Lisa's arm supportively as she follows suit.

He looks over his shoulder, eyes scanning the crowd for Bree. She's not there.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vince and his sexy blond acquaintance from earlier lounge on a king sized hotel bed, laughing like old friends.

VINCE

I would never have gone into that bar if I wasn't looking for you...

SEXY BLOND

But I was on my way back home.

VINCE

That was the night I met Bree. God, she was so beautiful... smart, funny, confident, sexy as hell. Every man in that bar wanted her, but it was me she went home with. I have no idea why, but I'll always be thankful.

SEXY BLOND

What ever happened to her?

VINCE

I married her.

She rolls over to look at him.

SEXY BLOND

You're married?

He nods.

She picks up his left hand to investigate his fingers.

SEXY BLOND

No ring.

VINCE

I must've left it at home.

SEXY BLOND

So, you married the party girl. How's that working out for you?

Vince flashes her a smirk instead of a response.

SEXY BLOND

Does she know you have an old flame in your bed?

She smiles flirtatiously, then gets on top of Vince, straddling him.

He shakes his head, no.

SEXY BLOND

Well, I won't tell her if you don't.

She places her lips on top of his. It takes him a moment, but he eventually kisses her back.

Things get hot and heavy very quickly.

Sexy blond quickly strips out of her shirt, then moves in for another kiss.

Vince pushes her away, getting out from under her.

SEXY BLOND

What're you doing?

He disappears into the adjoining bathroom, leaving Sexy Blond disappointed but still in good spirits.

SEXY BLOND

She must be one special girl.

The sound of the SHOWER in the b.g causes the woman to relax back on the bed.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Bree sits in the last pew, alone in the empty church. She stares down at her cell phone screen.

LCD SCREEN

14 missed calls

BACK TO SCENE

She dials a number and hits send.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sexy blond channel surfs. Sound of SHOWER in the b.g.

A phone RINGS.

SEXY BLOND
Vince... your cell...

She waits, but he doesn't respond.

She crawls to the edge of the bed and reaches for the phone on the table. Answers.

SEXY BLOND
Hello?

INTERCUT - HOTEL ROOM / CHURCH

Bree looks confused at the sound of her voice.

BREE
I'm sorry. I must've dialed the
wrong number...

SEXY BLOND
If you're looking for Vince, he's
in the shower.

Bree looks at the phone in her hand for a second before ending the call.

BACK TO SCENE

Sexy blond looks at her cell as well, then tosses it down and shrugs. Gets back into her previous position on the bed and continues to channel surf.

Gabe comes out of the bathroom wearing a terry cloth robe and drying his hair. The first thing he notices is his phone on the bed.

VINCE
Did you use my phone?

SEXY BLOND
It rang. I answered it.

Gabe stops drying his hair to stare at her incredulously.

VINCE
Who was it?

SEXY BLOND
Some woman.

VINCE
Some woman... or my wife?

Vince slips into a pair of pants from his suitcase.

SEXY BLOND

She didn't say. Hung up on me,
actually.

VINCE

Oh my God.

SEXY BLOND

What're you doing?

VINCE

I have to get home.

He rips off the robe, then slides on a shirt and zips up his
suitcase.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

Bree walks along the road looking distraught.

INT. GABE'S CAR (MOVING) - SAME

Gabe drives the car, holding onto the wheel with a white-
knuckled grip. He holds his cell phone in the other hand.

GABE

Bree, it's me again. What happened
to you at the burial? Call me when
you get this.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - SAME

Bree looks ahead, sees a DARK FIGURE up ahead in the middle
of the road. Stops dead in her tracks.

BREE

Hello?

The figure is small, too small to be an adult.

Bree moves closer to it, walking out into the
road. Carefully approaching.

BREE

Chelsea?

The figure slowly turns. Her guess was right. It is
Chelsea.

INT. GABE'S CAR (MOVING) - SAME

Gabe tosses his cell onto the passenger seat, taking his eyes off the road. When he looks back a second later, he sees a person standing in the middle of the road. Too close to brake.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

Chelsea and Bree make eye contact for a brief moment before Chelsea lifts a finger to point behind Bree.

Bree turns just in time to see HEADLIGHTS right behind her.

INT. GABE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Panicked, Gabe turns the wheel and slams on the brakes.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The car manages to avoid Bree, skidding to a stop a few yards away.

Bree stands frozen in place, too stunned to move.

The driver's side door opens and Gabe comes barreling out, heading straight for her.

GABE

Jesus fucking Christ, Bree! I
could've killed you.

He grabs her by her shoulders but she looks past him, to the spot Chelsea had been standing.

GABE

What the hell were you doing?

She doesn't respond, continues staring. He gives her a good shake.

GABE

Talk to me!

BREE

My husband is fucking another
woman.

Gabe takes a deep breath, exhales noisily. Pulls her into his arms.

GABE

How did you find out?

She pushes him away from her violently.

BREE

That's not what you're supposed to say. How do you know that, Bree? Are you sure? There has to be some kind of misunderstanding. Vince loves you. He would never do something like that. The last fucking thing I want to hear from someone that's supposed to be my friend is "How did you find out".

GABE

You've been lied to enough.

BREE

Who else knew? Did Lisa know? Were you all sitting around laughing at how naive I was?

GABE

Get in the car. We can talk about this once I get you home.

BREE

How long?

GABE

We're standing in the middle of the street.

BREE

How long?!

GABE

A week. But I had suspicions long before. And if you're honest with yourself, you did, too.

She scoffs loudly, takes off down the road with Gabe rushing to catch up.

GABE

Would you get in the car?

She wanders on, ignoring his request.

GABE

You don't want to get in the car with me? You want to walk the 12 miles back to your house? Fine. But would you at least get off the road.

He tries to pull her off the road, but she resists, pushing him away.

BREE

Don't touch me!

She turns to see HEADLIGHTS heading their way. As the car gets closer, not slowing down, she runs out further into the street.

GABE

Bree! Goddamnit!

The car HONKS as it swerves to avoid them.

Gabe pulls her off the road just in time.

They scuffle and she pushes him off of her with all her might. Breathing heavy. Nearly spent.

GABE

Is this really about Vince? You think he's worth your life?

EXT. BREE'S HOME - NIGHT

Gabe's car is parked in the driveway.

INT. GABE'S CAR (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Bree and Gabe sit in silence. He stares at her while she looks out the window into the dark night.

BREE'S POV

Chelsea stands outside the window. She puts a hand flat against the window.

Bree responds by putting her hand against her side of the window.

GABE (O.S.)

Are you gonna be okay alone?

She doesn't respond. The catatonic way she stares out the window puts a worried frown on Gabe's face.

EXT. BREE'S HOME - NIGHT

Chelsea lifts her index finger and begins spelling out a message on the foggy window. From this POV, it doesn't make sense.

INT. GABE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Bree stares at the message on the window. It reads: "TELL HIM".

She looks out the window, past the message, but Chelsea is gone.

BREE

I have to tell you something.

GABE

Whatever it is, it can wait 'til the morning. We've both had enough for one day.

He unbuckles and makes a move to exit the car, but Bree stays put.

BREE

I shouldn't have agreed... I shouldn't have kept such a huge secret... I knew it was wrong. I knew it would come out eventually and everyone would be hurt...

GABE

Bree, not tonight. Please.

BREE

She was so scared. She was afraid you would leave her if she couldn't conceive. So she came to me for help... because we had done it before...

She pauses to allow the information to sink in. It doesn't take Gabe long to piece it together.

GABE

With Chelsea?

She turns her back to him, unable to bear his penetrating eyes. Tries to open the door but Gabe stops her.

GABE
Bree, she told me.

She meets his gaze. Confused and vulnerable.

BREE
When?

GABE
Tonight... right before she handed
me divorce papers... at our
daughter's funeral.

BREE
I'm so sorry.

GABE
It's okay. I know why you did it.

BREE
You have no idea.

Bree looks at the window. The message from Chelsea is gone. She looks out the window. No sign of Chelsea.

GABE
Lisa was your friend.

BREE
I hated her.

Gabe stares at her, shocked by the revelation.

BREE
Scott was gonna leave her. She was
convinced if she got pregnant he
would stay... out of
obligation. So I helped her...
trap him. But he left her
anyway. She was alone. She was a
basketcase... and I was afraid she
was gonna kill the baby... my
baby. So I introduced her to you.

GABE
Why didn't you tell me?

BREE
I was afraid you would've been
disgusted by what I did...

GABE

Bree, I would never --

BREE

And then you wanted a child of your own and she panicked. She asked for my help but I turned her down. She said if I didn't help her, she would tell you the truth. She said you would never forgive me. And I couldn't risk that.

She finally turns to him, looks into his eyes.

BREE

(crying)

I gave her two children... two pieces of me... and she destroyed them.

She removes her wedding rings. Looks down at them in her open palm.

BREE

I gave Vince my heart, my trust... and he destroyed it.

She tosses her rings on the dashboard.

BREE

I've got nothing left.

She sobs into her hands. Gabe pulls her to him, wrapping her in the comfort and safety of his arms.

GABE

You have me. You've always had me.

Bree and Gabe come together, foreheads touching, lips less than an inch apart. He presses his lips against her forehead, then trails them down to hers. Hovers there before finally connecting.

Several more cautious kisses are following by increasingly passionate ones.

The driver's side door suddenly opens and a pair of HANDS pull Gabe out of the car.

EXT. BREE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The hands belong to Vince. He delivers a blow to Gabe that sends him stumbling back against the car. Gabe quickly regains his footing and hits Vince back.

Bree joins them a second later, trying to get between them.

BREE
Vince, stop it! Stop!

Vince pins Gabe, punching him repeatedly in the face.

Bree grabs a hold of Vince, trying to pry him off.

VINCE
Back the fuck off.

He turns long enough to punch Bree, giving Gabe the fuel to take control.

VINCE
You think you can just come into my home and fuck my wife. You think I'm gonna let you get away with that. She's my wife.

GABE
You don't deserve her.

VINCE
And you think you do?

GABE
You're never gonna touch her again.

VINCE
Neither are you.

Now Vince has the upper hand, kicking Gabe repeatedly in the side.

GABE
You're gonna have to kill me.

Vince wraps his hands around Gabe's neck, choking him.

Bree picks up a large stone from the garden and brings it down on Vince's head.

He falls off of Gabe, a river of blood pouring from a gash on his head.

Traumatized by what she's done, Bree falls to her knees.

Gabe crawls to her, takes her in his arms while she sobs uncontrollably.

GABE

It's over.

EXT. MOTEL POOL - NIGHT

An unoccupied pool, it's dark still waters bathed in subtle moonlight.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lisa stands by a small window, staring out at the pool.

Her face is pale, hair greasy and disheveled, dark circles under her eyes. Looks like she hasn't eaten or tended to her personal hygiene in days.

Scott stands on the other end of the room, on the phone, his back to Lisa.

SCOTT

Look, I don't care what you have to do, just get it to me. She's fuckin' freakin' out on me.

He glances over his shoulder at Lisa who is still standing by the window. Turns back around to continue his conversation.

Lisa glances over to the bed, sees the tip of a gun sticking out from under a dark colored jacket. She picks it up.

SCOTT (O.S.)

I don't care what it is, as long as it mellows her the fuck out.

With Scott still arguing over the phone in the b.g., Lisa slips out the door, unnoticed.

EXT. BREE'S HOME - NIGHT

Bathed in blue and red lights, Bree sits in stunned silence on the ground in the driveway, beside a covered body. She has a blanket wrapped around her as she sobs noisily.

The house is surrounded by POLICE CRUISERS and an AMBULANCE.

Gabe sits in the back of the ambulance, his wounds being tended to by an EMT. A COP questions him.

COP

So he turned on her, punched her
and then you hit him with the rock?

GABE

I thought he was gonna kill
her. He went fucking crazy. Said
he was gonna kill us both.

COP

What started the altercation?

Gabe glances over at Bree. A FEMALE COP tries to get her to
her feet, but she resists.

GABE

He was cheating on her. She found
out, they fought.

COP

And where do you come in?

GABE

I was just trying to protect her.

The EMT finishes bandaging a wound above Gabe's eye. Starts
packing up his supplies.

EMT

You're gonna need some stitches
when we get to the hospital.

GABE

I'm not going to the hospital.

EMT exchanges a look with the Cop.

EMT

At the very least you need an MRI.

GABE

I'm fine.

EMT

Up to you.

Gabe gets out of the ambulance and walks away. Cop follows
closely.

COP

I'll give you two a ride down to
the station.

Gabe looks back over at Bree, sees the female cop pulling her away from Vince's body.

GABE

I'll go but she's staying here.

Cop shakes his head.

COP

I need statements from both of you.

GABE

And you'll get hers...
tomorrow. She just buried her
daughter and now her husband is
dead.

The cop mulls it over. He doesn't look happy.

EXT. BREE'S HOME - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Gabe joins Bree on the steps. Sits beside her. She continues staring at Vince's body in the driveway, doesn't acknowledge him.

BREE

What'd I do?

GABE

You didn't do anything. I killed
him.

Now she looks at him, eyes wide with alarm.

GABE

I have to go to the police station
and give my statement.

BREE

I'm coming, too. I have to tell
them the truth.

GABE

I called Vanessa. She's gonna stay
with you until I get back.

She shakes her head vehemently.

BREE

No.

GABE

It was self defense. It doesn't matter who hit him.

BREE

(sobbing)

He was gonna kill you. I couldn't let him. I had to stop him.

GABE

Bree, look at me.

He takes her face between his hands, forces her to look at him.

GABE

I killed him. I killed Vince... in self defense. I killed him. You did nothing wrong.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Gabe sits beside a desk overflowing with papers and files.

The Cop sits behind the desk. Hands him a piece of paper and a pen.

COP

Read your statement, make sure it's 100 percent accurate, sign and you're free to go.

Gabe takes the paper, scans through the numerous type written paragraphs. His pen hovers over the signature line.

INT. BREE'S HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Bree sits in the bathtub, knees drawn up to her chest.

Vanessa kneels beside the tub, pouring water over her back, like a mother would to a small child.

The phone RINGS in the b.g.

INT. GABE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gabe hurriedly packs up a suitcase.

INT. BREE'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa continues to pour water over Bree's back and shoulders.

The phone continues to RING in the b.g.

Vanessa gets to her feet.

VANESSA

I can't take that ringing anymore.

She rushes out of the room, wiping her hands on her pants.

VANESSA (O.S.)

Hello... no, she's not able to come to the phone right now... this is her mother, can I take a message...

INT. GABE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gabe jogs down the stairs, suitcase in hand. Rushes to the front door and pulls it open. Finds --

Lisa standing on the other side, arm extended holding a gun, aimed at him.

GABE

Lisa.

INT. BREE'S HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Vanessa can be seen in the next room through the open door, phone pressed to her ear.

VANESSA

Oh my God. Are you sure?

Vanessa's voice fades out as --

Bree leans back in the tub, closes her eyes, sinks under the water.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Bree opens her eyes to find that she's floating in the deep end of a pool. She floats there for a second, then looks around. She uses her arms to turn herself 360 degrees.

When she does, she sees a little girl floating behind her. The face is obscured by a mess of curly blond hair.

The floating figure extends a hand to Bree. Bree reaches out as well, almost touching then --

BANG!

INT. ROSS HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Vanessa reaches into the tub and pulls Bree up.

Bree coughs and spews water, gasping for air.

INT. GABE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gabe stumbles back, falls to the floor, looks down at a gaping, bloody hole in his stomach. Looks back up at Lisa.

LISA

I love you.

She positions the gun under her chin and pulls the trigger.

INT. CHURCH - FUNERAL - DAY

A funeral is in progress.

The priest stands up on the altar giving a sermon. Beside him lies a closed casket draped in white flowers. A framed picture of Lisa rests on top.

Nancy and Floyd sit in the first pew on one side of the church, consoling each other.

The church is filled to capacity with black-clad MOURNERS.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A casket sits above the ground, surrounded by MOURNERS.

Bree stands among them, up in front, with Vanessa's arms around her. She holds a long-stemmed white rose in her hand.

The priest stands beside the casket, giving his sermon.

PRIEST

O death, where is thy sting? O
grave, where is thy victory? The
sting of death is sin; and the
strength of sin is the law. But
thanks be to God, which giveth us

(MORE)

PRIEST (cont'd)
the victory through our Lord Jesus
Christ. Therefore, my beloved
brethren, be ye steadfast,
unmovable, always abounding in the
work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye
know that your labor is not in vain
in the Lord.

LATER

As the service ends, the people slowly scatter.

Vanessa rubs Bree's shoulders, then follows them away.

Alone now, Bree makes her way to the casket. Stares at it.

A hand comes down on her shoulder.

PRIEST (O.S.)
He would have wanted you to be
happy.

She turns to find the priest beside her, a comforting smile
on his aging face.

BREE
(almost inaudible)
Some people don't deserve
happiness.

The priest starts to walk off. Regards her over his
shoulder --

PRIEST
No punishment is as severe as the
ones we inflict upon ourselves.

Bree sets the white rose on the casket, then turns to walk
away. Ahead in the distance she sees --

Gabe, holding Chelsea's hand.

Chelsea slowly lifts her hand, reaching out to Bree.

FADE OUT