

Mis[s]taken

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET. EARLY MORNING.

A MAN nips at his steaming Styrofoam cup of coffee, lightly blowing across it as he slowly drives his delivery van down the street.

We see a YOUNG MAN kneeling in the back of the van, tossing copies of the Reno Record out of the open door.

We hear a Television New's Broadcast.

MARK (V.O)

Investigators are looking further into the circumstances surrounding the disappearance of eighteen-year-old Abbigale Grace Gretzky, a Reno High School Senior, who went missing two nights ago near the Caughlin Ranch area. Ms. Gretzky was reported as having been last seen leaving in her personal vehicle, alone, after a party near Moss Lake. Kathy Surwell is on scene for us tonight, following the story live as search parties are aiding investigators. Kathy?

The newspaper lands on the driveway as an OLD MAN steps out onto his dimly lit porch.

The Old Man watches a peculiar, vacant car parked along the curb near his lawn as he walks down to fetch his morning paper. Scooping his paper under his armpit, he notices the driver's side door of the car is ajar.

We hear a loud, buzzing sound coming from inside the car.

KATHY (V.O)

Thank you, Mark. Late Saturday evening, Abbi Gretzky was reported last seen leaving a party near where locals refer to as Moss Lake. Witnesses stated in reports to the Reno Police Department that even though drugs and alcohol were present that night, Abbi had remained sober throughout the evening.

The Old Man approaches the car, and looks into the front seat. We see Abbi's cellphone vibrating on the center console.

The Old Man picks up the cellphone, turning it over to see a call coming from 'MOM'.

KATHY (V.O) (CONT'D)
Abbi's vehicle was found here--

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET. MID-LATE EVENING.

KATHY, (25), points to the curb where ABBI'S car had been abandoned.

KATHY (CONT'D)
-- right where I am standing on Lynnfield Way; a few blocks from the trail where friends close to her say they parted ways. Police say that there is no clear evidence of any struggle, but have yet to make any further comments on any possible leads in the investigation.

We follow a diverse crowd as they're searching around the neighborhood with flashlights, whistles, dogs, and bright flag markers - calling out for Abbi.

Near CAUGHLIN RANCH ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, plastic purple ties spell out 'ABBI COME HOME' on the playground's chain-link fence.

KATHY (O.S) (CONT'D)
Tonight, residents are forming a search party to find any clues that will assist officials and provide any answers for Abbi's family.

RENO POLICE hand out flag markers to VOLUNTEERS. Volunteers are trudging through sagebrush and dead, tall grass.

We see a WOMAN placing a flag near a neat pile of female clothing; blowing her whistle to get the attention of the nearby police.

KATHY (O.S) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Authorities are present here
 tonight and are urging for all
 volunteers to keep a watchful eye
 for anything unusual; flagging
 anything for officials to further
 investigate.

LORI GRETZKY (42), Abbi's mother, sprints towards the sound
 of the whistle hastily, leaping over bushes and dead-fall
 with wide, crazy eyes. LORI stops in her tracks, her eyes
 wavering as she recognizes the pile of clothes as Abbi's.

KATHY (O.S) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 We spoke yesterday with Abbi's
 Mother, Lorraine Gretzky, who is
 requesting that anyone who has any
 information to come forward--

SNAP TO BLACK

ROLL MAIN TITLE

MAIN TITLE: Title is handwritten. Brackets are a typeface.
 REF: A handwritten statement that contains a spelling error
 quoted in an article.

MISSTAKEN.

We hear--

KATHY (V.O) (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 --and help them bring her daughter
 home.

FIRST BEAT.

MIS[STAKEN.

SECOND BEAT.

MIS[S]TAKEN.

THIRD BEAT.

CUT TO:

EXT. LORI'S HOME. DAY.

Two-story home with bungalow porch.

TITLE - (WHITE TEXT)

MONTHS LATER.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Kitchen opens to dining room.

The breakfast table is set.

We see Lori, noticeably thinner, cooking eggs.

Lori dishes a fried egg and toast for Grace and an omelette for Abbi, carrying them over to the table.

LORI (O.S)

Mom!

Lori grabs the orange juice, pouring a glass for Abbi.

LORI (CONT'D)

(louder)

Mother!

Silence. Lori enters--

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. DAY.

GRACE, (79), is standing in the middle of the hallway with her walker.

LORI

(beat)

What's wrong?

GRACE

(frustrated)

This damn thing is pissing me off.

Lori approaches Grace, looking for the cause of her issue.

We see a wad of toilet paper jamming the front-wheel.

Lori removes the toilet paper - freeing the wheel to spin.

LORI

Why is there toilet paper in your wheel?

GRACE
(stammering)
I don't know. My nose has been
drippy.

LORI
Why aren't you using your Kleenex?

GRACE
I've been out.

LORI
Why haven't you said anything to
me?

GRACE
Because we have toilet paper.

LORI
(sighs/beat)
Please just let me know when
you're out again, okay? I'll
always go out and get you more.

GRACE
Fine, fine.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Lori guides Grace to her seat.

Lori exits to wash her hands.

Grace bows her head, eyes closed; a silent grace. She nods
her head and opens her eyes, looking across the table.

We see Lori has no table setting.

GRACE
You should eat something.

LORI (O.S)
I'm not hungry.

GRACE
Something small...

Lori reenters.

LORI
(interrupts)
Eat before it gets cold.

Grace looks at Abbi's plate, smiling lovingly back at Lori.

Lori exits to--

CUT TO:

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Grace's small trashcan is lying on the ground next to her bed - used tissues littered about.

As Lori cleans up the mess, she looks up at a picture of Abbi on Grace's nightstand. Grace's favorite picture of Abbi, and a picture of her late-husband, NATHAN, (34), with a small picture of JESUS tucked into the corner.

Lori uprights the trashcan, smiles at Abbi's picture as she stands, and continues tidying Grace's bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Lori is changing into her running outfit.

We can clearly see Lori's ribs, pressing against her skin - her chest sunken from her solely protein shake diet.

Lori pulls down her running top.

Lori exits to--

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. DAY.

Abbi's bedroom door is seen from Lori's bedroom.

Lori walks past ABBI'S BEDROOM, noticing the door is closed. It has to be open.

Lori opens Abbi's door, and stares into the bedroom - purple dominates the room.

Lori wades into the room, her hand lightly runs along Abbi's comforter. She sits on the bed, softly, picking up LOUI, a purple pillow-pet, and holds it in her lap.

Lori squeezes Loui.

ABBI (V.O)
 Hi! My name is Loui! And I looove
 Abbi, and her Mom!
 (beat)
 And sometimes her Dad.

NATHAN (V.O)
 Hey, Loui! I brought you into this
 home and I can sure as hell take
 you--

LORI (V.O)
 (laughing)
 Nate!

ABBI (V.O)
 (giggling)
 Abbi is all mine--
 (sarcastic)
 --Nate!

NATHAN (V.O)
 That's what you think--
 (mimic)
 --Loui.

The sounds of playful wrestling and screaming are heard briefly before the recording stops.

Lori sits in silence, holding Loui.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Lori reenters the kitchen, Grace is battling with her breakfast as she reads the Reno Record.

LORI
 Mom--
 (beat)
 --leave your dishes on the table
 this time, please.

Grace waves dismissively in the background as Lori snatches her phone off of the counter, sliding it into her armband.

CUT TO:

EXT. LORI'S NEIGHBORHOOD. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

Lori slips her earbuds in as she starts her playlist.

MUSIC plays as Lori quickly warms-up before jumping into her neighborhood jog.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL FITNESS PARK. DAY.

Lori stops at a small Fitness Park, an in-between strength-conditioning workout she designed between her jog.

Lori does sit-ups, push-ups, and pull-ups. Testing herself.

As Lori is in the middle of her pull-ups, her music cuts out.

A phone call from her brother, BROOK (49), comes through.

Lori pauses to look. She silences her brother's phone call, and leaps back onto the bar.

We see Brook texts 'CALL ME', but Lori ignores it. She is in the zone.

Lori leaves the Fitness Park, and jogs home.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Lori enters her kitchen, exhausted from her run - instantly noticing Grace has cleared the table.

She checks the dishwasher and the fridge to make sure Grace has done everything properly.

We see Abbi's omelette and orange juice are in the fridge, saran-wrapped.

Satisfied, Lori mixes her protein shake, nursing it as she checks her phone.

She sees the text from Brook and immediately returns his call.

Brook answers.

BROOK (V.O)
Where are you?

LORI
Home--

BROOK (V.O)
 Okay, hold on.
 (pause)
 Put me on speaker.

LORI
 (confused)
 Okay.

Lori's phone dings. Lori clicks on the link.

BROOK (V.O)
 You get it?

Abbi's social media profile loads on her screen.

We see what appears to be a copy of Abbi's as the Newsfeed is only filled with re-uploaded photos.

LORI
 --Why are you sending me this?

BROOK (V.O)
 I know, listen. It sent me a friend request, and it just seemed--weird.
 (beat)
 And I--I don't know how to explain it, but I looked through the pictures--

LORI
 (deflated)
 Brook.
 (beat)
 Those bots, they copy people's pictures and names. You just report it...

BROOK (V.O)
 I know, Lor.
 (beat)
 Look at the pictures.

Lori clicks on Abbi's profile picture, enlarging it.

The photo is one of Abbi's senior photos, her smiling in a beautiful dress as she peers out from behind a weathered tree's trunk. But the girl in the picture is not Abbi. The picture is a near replication - everything eerily matching, down to the minor details, Abbi's original photo. The girl in the photo could be mistaken for Abbi's twin.

Lori is shocked.

Lori swipes through the photos before stopping on one.

We see it's an obvious copy of Grace's favorite one.

Lori hangs up the phone as she scrolls through the profile's Feed.

CUT TO:

EXT. YELLOW BLOOM - OUTDOOR SHOPPING MALL. DAY.

Etheridge's phone shakes violently in his messenger bag.

We see ETHERIDGE, (36), a staunch, robust, young-looking man -- lightly jogging towards his car, opening the door just after his phone silences.

Etheridge looks over his scribbled notes before tossing his notebook on top of his bag.

Etheridge's car hums to life as he rolls down his window. Smoke lit, he drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. RENO POLICE DEPARTMENT. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

Etheridge enters the lobby, his footsteps echoing down the hallway as he heads towards his department.

Etheridge pops a mint.

CUT TO:

INT. MISSING PERSONS UNIT. DAY.

Etheridge enters, greeted by the beautiful, Junior Detective AVERY, (31).

AVERY
(smiles)
Morning.

ETHERIDGE
Morning.

Avery scrunches her face.

AVERY
You smoke?

ETHERIDGE
 (off-guard)
 No.

AVERY
 (beat)
 Were you interviewing someone who
 was smoking?

ETHERIDGE
 (redirects)
 Yeah, hey--really important, I'm
 waiting on a CD, someone from
 Yellow Bloom.

AVERY
 Really important. Got it.
 (beat)
 Also, important, Lori Gretzky
 called. She said she tried
 reaching you--

ETHERIDGE
 Shit--

Etheridge pulls out his phone from his bag. We see numerous
 missed calls from Lori.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
 (continues)
 --What did she say?

AVERY
 It's urgent.

ETHERIDGE
 Okay. Thanks--

Etheridge exits, phone to his ear.

AVERY
 No problem...
 (beat)
 And I'm not kidding about the
 smoke!

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Etheridge shuts his office door behind him, juggling his
 phone as he takes off his jacket.

ETHERIDGE'S OFFICE is chaotic, but he maintains his own interpretation of unconventional order.

A cork-board and whiteboard are mounted on his wall, serving as a constant reminder of his workload.

Etheridge sniffs his jacket before hanging it on the back of his chair.

Lori answers.

LORI (V.O)
Ryan--

ETHERIDGE
Hey, I was thinking of you
earlier. I'm waiting on--

LORI (V.O)
Listen, Ryan. It's about Abbi.

CUT TO:

EXT. LORI'S BACKYARD. DAY.

We see Lori standing on her lawn, her face is puffy albeit pretty - far from an ugly crier.

ETHERIDGE (V.O)
Yeah--

LORI
Brook sent me a link, I--
(stammering)
--I ju--just can't make any sense
of it.

ETHERIDGE (V.O)
Link?

LORI
I emailed it.

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Etheridge sticks his Common Access Card into his keyboard, types in his password, and unlocks his computer.

Etheridge opens his email and clicks on the link from Lori.

He scrolls down the Feed.

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Spam?

CUT TO:

EXT. LORI'S BACKYARD. DAY.

Lori is trembling.

LORI
That's not Abbi.
(beat)
That girl in the pictures...
That's someone else.

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Etheridge double-windows, typing Abbi's name in the site's search bar. The result displays both Abbis.

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Did you flag it?

Etheridge opens the real Abbi's profile.

LORI (V.O)
No. I--I didn't.

ETHERIDGE
Okay. Don't.

Etheridge compares both photos.

Side-by-side, obvious differences are more apparent. Etheridge screenshots the profile, saving it in case it is removed.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
(beat)
These could be doctored so they
don't get flagged or--

Etheridge pauses, refusing to finish his sentence.

CUT TO:

EXT. LORI'S BACKYARD. DAY.

Lori finishes Etheridge's sentence.

LORI
--she's pretending to be Abbi.

ETHERIDGE (V.O)
(beat)
We don't know that.

LORI
(beat)
Yes, we do.

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Etheridge nods.

ETHERIDGE
(continues)
It's a lead. Maybe she knows something.

Etheridge scrolls to the bottom of the Feed and looks above the account creation post - welcoming Abbi to the site. We see an auto-post above has 'HOME' changed from SANTA CLARITA, CALIFORNIA to RENO, NEVADA.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
I--
(beat)
--I'm gonna follow-up on this.
Okay?

CUT TO:

EXT. LORI'S BACKYARD. DAY.

Lori nods, her eyes are watering.

LORI
--Okay.

Lori hangs up the phone, and looks up to the sky.

A hot, August night - and it looks like rain.

CUT TO:

EXT. LORI'S HOME. EVENING. CONTINUOUS.

Etheridge pulls up in his car, parking across the street from Lori's home.

Etheridge grabs his messenger bag, and we follow him to Lori's front door.

Lori answers the door, her face screams exhausted.

ETHERIDGE

Hi.

LORI

Hi.

(beat)

Sorry about my brother. He'd already reported it.

ETHERIDGE

It's okay. I got what I needed.

(beat)

Can I come in?

LORI

Yeah--

(beat)

Sorry.

Etheridge steps inside, and follows Lori--

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

We follow Lori as she guides Etheridge to the kitchen.

LORI

(beat)

Have you eaten?

ETHERIDGE

No, I was going to grab something. I just wanted to stop by and talk to you.

We see Grace sitting in the living room.

GRACE

Hi, Ryan.

ETHERIDGE

Grace. How are you?

GRACE
 I'm okay.
 (beat)
 Have you eaten?

ETHERIDGE
 No. I was just telling your
 daughter I was stopping by--

GRACE
 (interrupts)
 Oh, hush! I might not be able to
 get her to eat--

Grace looks towards Lori.

We see Lori, preoccupied with perfectly dressing the table.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 --but, you. You are going to eat
 with us.

Lori calls from the dining room as she sets down Grace's
 and Abbi's plate.

LORI (O.S)
 Mom, come eat while Ryan and I--

ETHERIDGE
 (interrupts)
 Actually, you know what, I can
 eat.

LORI
 Oh--
 (beat)
 --okay. I'll make you a plate.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S DINING ROOM. EVENING.

Etheridge walks with Grace to her seat - helping her sit
 before taking the seat next to her across from Abbi's.

Etheridge takes off his coat, slinging his bag across the
 back of his chair, over his coat.

Etheridge, once comfortable, notices Abbi's plate.

Grace pats his hand, smiling.

GRACE
 Do you know grace?

ETHERIDGE

I like to think I know you well enough.

GRACE

Bless You.

(beat)

Do you know how to say grace?

ETHERIDGE

Yeah, I think--

(beat)

--I remember one from when I was a kid. Is there a proper way to say grace?

GRACE

No, you can give thanks to Him any way you like.

Lori offers Etheridge his plate, finding none of her own as she finds her seat across from Grace.

LORI

Mom, I don't think he feels comfortable saying--

ETHERIDGE

(interrupts)

I don't mind.

Grace smiles.

Grace, Etheridge, and Lori hold hands before bowing their heads.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)

(beat)

God is great. God is good. And we thank Him for our food. Amen. God bless all here.

GRACE & LORI

Amen.

Grace praises Etheridge with a loving pat on his hand.

Etheridge eventually turns his attention to an eager Lori.

ETHERIDGE

That girl.

(beat)

I wanted to talk to you before I stopped by her place--

LORI
Her place?

ETHERIDGE
Yeah. She--uh--lives over on
Fourth--

LORI
(interrupts)
On Fourth?
(beat)
I'm going with you.

ETHERIDGE
No. If we come at her like that,
it could set her off. And I don't
know how she'll react.
(beat)
This is the biggest lead we've had
in months and--I need to see what
she'll give me while we wait for a
warrant.

LORI
(exasperated)
She sent me a friend request.
(beat/stammering)
That--bitch--sent me a friend
request before she got deleted.

Etheridge softly nods.

ETHERIDGE
I didn't know that.

LORI
Well, she did.
(beat)
What's her name?

ETHERIDGE
(pause)
Abbigale Grace Gretzky--

LORI
(interrupts)
Her real name.

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
It's--Abbigale Grace Gretzky.

Lori struggles to respond. She stands up, and walks towards the living room.

Grace attempts to take her hand, but Lori wanders behind her.

Etheridge rifles through his bag.

Etheridge hands Lori a copy of the entry with a valid California Driver's License.

The girl in the picture is KIMBERLY DAVIS, (19), but the license reads 'ABBIGALE GRACE GRETZKY'.

Lori rediscovers her voice as she looks up from Kimberly's picture.

LORI
(beat/to: ETHERIDGE)
California?

ETHERIDGE
She was living there before she
moved--
(beat)
--Kimberly filed for a name change
a week after Abbi went missing.

LORI
--Why?

ETHERIDGE
I don't know.
(beat)
But I'm going to ask her.

Lori finds her seat.

LORI
How was she able to get that
approved?
(beat)
How was there no--conflict?

ETHERIDGE
It's California.
(beat)
Kimberly filed, appeared for her
Hearing, and posted it in the
paper. Legally, she did everything
she was required to do--

LORI
(interrupts)
Can we appeal it?

ETHERIDGE
You'd have to talk to your lawyer.
(beat)
I don't know how that works.

Lori leans back in her seat, over-whelmed.

Grace nudges for Etheridge to eat.

Etheridge eats.

Lori silently processes the information, staring blankly out into the living room.

LORI
(eventually)
What does she do?

ETHERIDGE
(between-bites)
Do?

Lori leans back into the conversation.

LORI
For money.
(beat)
Where does she work?

Etheridge looks towards Grace before turning back to Lori.

ETHERIDGE
(hesitant)
She does marketing.

LORI
Marketing?
(beat)
Marketing for--?

ETHERIDGE
Online marketing.

LORI
Which website?

Etheridge halts, wanting to bail just as the safety bars lock him in.

Lori watches, waiting.

LORI (CONT'D)
(eventually/repeat)
--Which website?

ETHERIDGE

(beat)

Cam-With-Me.

LORI

Cam-With-Me?

(beat)

Wha--What is that?

Etheridge stares at Lori, not wanting to say it for her.
Lori takes the hint.

LORI (CONT'D)

She's a camgirl?!

Etheridge lowers his head.

LORI (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Oh--Oh my God...

GRACE

(to: ETHERIDGE)

What's a camgirl?

LORI

A whore!

GRACE

(offended)

Lori!

LORI

Mom!

(beat)

God, she even lives on Fourth
Street for Christ's sake...

(to: ETHERIDGE)

Please tell me she uses her other
name because I just-- I don't
think I can handle that.

Etheridge remains silent.

Lori's eyes waver. Her mouth fights back, refusing to hear
even herself confirm it.

Lori stands up from her chair, pushes it in, and exits.

We see Grace turn to Etheridge after Lori leaves.

GRACE

(beat)

I've met Kimberly.

ETHERIDGE
You have? When?

GRACE
When she was a little girl.
(beat)
I used to watch Abbi after school.
She came over once, and never saw
her again after that.

ETHERIDGE
Were they friends?

GRACE
I wouldn't say that.
(beat)
The kids and teachers used to tell
them they could be sisters. And I
know Abbi always wanted one.

ETHERIDGE
What happened between them?

GRACE
--There was some sort of issue. I
think Abbi said she was--
(beat)
--unusual.

ETHERIDGE
Unusual.

GRACE
I just remember getting upset with
her...

Grace looks at Etheridge with sad eyes.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(beat/continues)
If she did something to Abbi, I--

Etheridge places his hand on Grace's.

ETHERIDGE
(interrupts)
We don't know anything, yet.
Kimberly--she's going to give me
answers.
(beat)
I promise.

Grace silently nods, wiping her eyes.

GRACE

I know.

(beat)

I just don't understand why she's doing this. It's been hard, and--Lori... My heart hurts for her every day.

ETHERIDGE

(nods)

You think she knows?

GRACE

What?

ETHERIDGE

You think she knows about Abbi and Kimberly?

GRACE

I'm sure Abbi told her.

(beat)

You need to go talk to that girl.

CUT TO:

EXT. KIMBERLY'S BUILDING. NIGHT.

FOURTH STREET is a well-known strip to locals to avoid after-hours. Regulated Prostitution is legal in Nevada, but only in recognized establishments (I.E. Mustang Ranch). Parts of Downtown Reno have been plagued by addicts and are notorious hotspots for illegal-prostitution.

A PROSTITUTE with an umbrella walks her corner, neighboring KIMBERLY'S BUILDING.

A flickering light briefly illuminates one of the HOMELESS' TENTS; smoking meth out-of-site. Another PROSTITUTE knocks on one of the tents, negotiating prices with an unseen MAN inside.

Etheridge sits in his car across the street from KIMBERLY'S BUILDING, watching.

Kimberly enters-- in a revealing outfit, quickly scurrying from the adjacent parking lot and into her building -- escaping the rain.

Etheridge steps out of his car.

We hear loud knocking as we follow Etheridge into KIMBERLY'S BUILDING--

CUT TO:

EXT. KIMBERLY'S APARTMENT (308). NIGHT. RAINING.

Etheridge is patiently standing outside KIMBERLY'S APARTMENT, waiting for her response.

We hear Kimberly behind the door, peering through the sight.

We see a wide-angled Etheridge holding his badge to the eye-hole.

ETHERIDGE
Kimberly Davis, Detective
Etheridge. Can I speak with you
for a moment?

Etheridge waits as Kimberly unlocks her chain, deadlock, and doorknob.

Kimberly eventually manages to overcome the door, holding it wide-open.

She is soaked, drying her hair with a small towel as she offers up a smile to Etheridge.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
Ms. Davis--

KIMBERLY
(correcting)
Abbi.

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Can I come in?

KIMBERLY
(smiles/gestures)
Please.

Kimberly shuts the door behind Etheridge.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMBERLY'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. RAINING.

We see KIMBERLY'S APARTMENT is absurdly pristine. Everything is placed as if it serves a projected purpose. Purple dominates the scene. The decoration feels familiar, almost like an echo.

Kimberly gestures to her bedroom.

KIMBERLY
(continues)
Do you mind?

ETHERIDGE
No, no. Go ahead.

Kimberly smiles before slipping into her room. Etheridge occupies himself by looking around the apartment.

KIMBERLY (O.S)
I get a lot of junkies scratching
at my door. Never can be too
careful.

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Would've been surprised if you'd
just opened the door for me.

A CLOCK on Kimberly's wall draws Etheridge's attention. It's almost identical to the one in ABBI'S BEDROOM.

Etheridge pulls out his phone and takes a picture of it.

KIMBERLY (O.S)
(pause)
Are you normally out this late?

ETHERIDGE
When I'm working.

KIMBERLY (O.S)
Always this late, though?

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Mostly.

Etheridge slips his phone back into his pocket.

Kimberly reenters-- wearing a revealing set of sleepwear.

Etheridge smiles politely, resisting the urge to gander.

KIMBERLY
Can you drink?

ETHERIDGE
I've made it this long, so--yeah.
I can drink.

KIMBERLY
 (giggles)
 I mean--if you're working?
 (beat)
 Can you have a drink?

Kimberly bends over, reaching to the lowest compartment of the fridge – her visible frame is alluring.

ETHERIDGE
 (redirecting gaze)
 I'm fine.
 (beat)
 Thank you, though.

KIMBERLY
 (beat)
 If you're always working late,
 when do you find time to drink?

Kimberly shuts the fridge, holding two beers.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 Please don't make me drink alone.

Kimberly pouts. Her top is too revealing.

Etheridge gives in, under his own merit, holding up one finger meaning only one drink.

Kimberly smiles, opening both beers using the edge of the counter-top.

She hands Etheridge his beer, gesturing to her couch as they both drink.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMBERLY'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. RAINING.

Etheridge sits - Kimberly places herself delicately next to him. The way she intentionally sits compliments her legs.

ETHERIDGE
 Look--
 (beat)
 --I stopped by tonight to ask you
 about Abbi.

Kimberly nods.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
 You knew her.

KIMBERLY
Of course. Best friends.

ETHERIDGE
Really?

KIMBERLY
Yup!

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
When was the last time you saw
Abbi?

Kimberly pauses as she thinks.

KIMBERLY
(eventually)
--Uh, years ago. Seven--or eight,
maybe.

ETHERIDGE
And did you ever reach out to her
during that time? Letters, email?

KIMBERLY
No.

ETHERIDGE
(continues)
The other kids and teachers used
to say you and Abbi looked alike..
(beat)
That you two could be sisters?

KIMBERLY
(nods/smiles)
They did say that. It meant a lot
back then.

Kimberly runs her fingers along the cushion, flirtatiously.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
I didn't think I was pretty. And
Abbi--
(beat)
--she was so pretty.

ETHERIDGE
Can I ask why you changed your
name?

KIMBERLY
(giggling)
You just did.

ETHERIDGE

Right.

(beat)

So, what was your reason?

Kimberly looks up, playfully pensive.

KIMBERLY

(eventually)

A promise.

ETHERIDGE

To Abbi?

Kimberly nods.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)

When?

KIMBERLY

(beat)

When we were younger.

ETHERIDGE

(confused)

You made a promise to Abbi that
you'd change your name?

Kimberly shakes her head.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)

I--I don't understand.

(beat)

What did you promise?

Kimberly leans in close to Etheridge.

KIMBERLY

(whispers)

It's a secret.

Etheridge scratches his face as Kimberly slowly pulls away.

ETHERIDGE

(pause)

You emancipated yourself at
fifteen, yeah?

KIMBERLY

(proud)

Yes.

ETHERIDGE
 Wow. All on your own.
 (beat)
 That's pretty young.

KIMBERLY
 (smiles)
 Got my GED, and everything.
 (beat/suggestively)
 I've always been mature for my
 age.

ETHERIDGE
 Usually requires special
 circumstances. The age is--what--
 seventeen?

KIMBERLY
 (corrects)
 Sixteen.

ETHERIDGE
 (continues)
 Need a good reason, being
 underage--huh?

KIMBERLY
 (shrugs)
 Yeah.

ETHERIDGE
 Like--
 (beat)
 --if they shared a secret with
 their Father?

We see Kimberly's eyes flicker - her charade wavers.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
 (continues)
 But shit, that doesn't make
 sense--you know--like you said.
 It's a secret.

Kimberly silently stares at Etheridge. Etheridge stares
 back.

KIMBERLY
 (eventually)
 Have you ever shot somebody?

ETHERIDGE
 What?

KIMBERLY

Have you?

Etheridge is silent.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Did you kill them?

Etheridge remains silent. Kimberly leans in closer.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(continues)

How do you live with yourself?

(beat)

Because I know the answer.

Etheridge is silent.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(ref: to ETHERIDGE)

He would've killed you, right? I
am right.

Etheridge is still silent. Kimberly leans back, slightly smug.

ETHERIDGE

(beat)

So, you looked me up while you
were changing.

KIMBERLY

I call it research.

(beat)

What's wrong with mine?

Kimberly's truly off-demeanor slowly fades away as she slips back into "ABBI", smugly sipping her beer.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

--besides, I didn't have a choice.

(beat)

And you did.

ETHERIDGE

You testified.

KIMBERLY

After they were caught.

(beat)

Emancipation, or back in the
system. I made a decision. And he
got himself killed.

ETHERIDGE
You're avoiding my question.

KIMBERLY
I had nothing to do with Abbi.

We see Kimberly's bedroom ominously towering between the two. Etheridge's attention fixates on it. Kimberly's eyes follow his.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
You're very forward...

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Just looking.

Kimberly stands, holding out her hand to Etheridge.

KIMBERLY
Come on.

Etheridge follows Kimberly to--

CUT TO:

INT. KIMBERLY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. RAINING.

KIMBERLY'S BEDROOM is a near-reflection of ABBI'S BEDROOM. More drab, as not everything matches. In the corner of the room is a computer, a decent webcam, and a camera on a tripod - pointed towards the bed. Unlike ABBI'S BEDROOM, sex toys adorn the walls.

Etheridge wanders purposefully around the room.

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Looks familiar.

KIMBERLY
(proud)
Thanks.

ETHERIDGE
(taps camera)
This is new, though.

KIMBERLY
It's for work.
(beat)
Have you seen any of my videos?

ETHERIDGE

No--

(beat)

--but I'm--uh--aware that you love
to be on camera.

Kimberly hops onto the bed, kneeling as she gets in frame
even though the camera is off.

KIMBERLY

(waves)

Dazzle me, my darling!

Etheridge stares, confused.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Hocus Pocus?

ETHERIDGE

(beat)

I don't get it.

He did. Kimberly pouts.

KIMBERLY

Booh--

ETHERIDGE

(beat/continues)

You always been into videos?

KIMBERLY

(sarcastic/dramatic)

Yes. It's a conduit for
self-expression.

(French accent)

Inutile de discuter!

Translation: Useless to ignore!

ETHERIDGE

But you don't confine your videos
to just the bedroom, do you?

Kimberly perks up.

KIMBERLY

Never would I ever!

(beat/smiles)

Want to see one?

ETHERIDGE

(beat)

I already have.

KIMBERLY
 (curious)
 But--I thought you haven't seen my
 work...

ETHERIDGE
 This one I have.

KIMBERLY
 (smiles)
 So, you have done all your
 research.

ETHERIDGE
 I'm very thorough.

KIMBERLY
 (mumbles)
 Mhmm!

We see Kimberly crawling seductively towards us through
 Etheridge's eyes.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 And which video was it?

ETHERIDGE (O.S)
 A recent one--

KIMBERLY
 Uh, huh.

ETHERIDGE (O.S)
 --You were with a man--

KIMBERLY
 (smiling)
 Sounds like me.

ETHERIDGE (O.S)
 --and he was in uniform--

KIMBERLY
 I love my men in uniforms.

Kimberly's now at eye-level, slowly taking in Etheridge as
 she stops near the edge of the bed.

ETHERIDGE (O.S)
 --he tried stopping you.

KIMBERLY
 Yeah. But he can't help himself,
 can he?

ETHERIDGE (O.S)
You know which video I'm referring
to?

KIMBERLY
(smiles)
Uh, huh.

ETHERIDGE (O.S)
Yellow Bloom--

Kimberly sits up.

KIMBERLY
(beat)
Oh.

ETHERIDGE
(repeats)
Oh. That was you there this
morning?

KIMBERLY
(sighs)
Yes.
(beat)
You know, you'd make a really
great Detective with all that
leading mumbo-jumbo.

Etheridge continues looking around the room. Nothing
suspicious directly draws his attention. He notices the
closet.

Etheridge points to the closet.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
(shrugs)
Be my guest...

Etheridge opens the closet and steps inside--

CUT TO:

INT. KIMBERLY'S WALK-IN CLOSET.

Matching the rest of KIMBERLY'S APARTMENT, everything is
well-placed - where it needs to be.

Etheridge searches behind Kimberly's clothing - looking
thoroughly.

Etheridge stops, noticing something on the shelf.

We see the outside of the shoe box that's decorated erratically child-like with all-colored crayons. The lid has a large, permanent black scribble consuming the center – below "ABBI" is written with adult-handwriting.

As Etheridge pulls the box down, he turns to find Kimberly hovering close behind him.

KIMBERLY
You found it.

Kimberly takes the box.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
(beat/smile)
Want a peek?

ETHERIDGE
Gonna cost me?

KIMBERLY
No.
(beat)
Unless you want it to.

Kimberly steps closer to Etheridge, the shoe box beating between them.

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Not a puppet. I hate strings.

Kimberly nods, opening her shoebox.

Etheridge rifles through its contents.

Inside, are childhood-trinkets and pictures of YOUNGER KIMBERLY, (13). A faceless MAN appears prominently throughout the photos, having been scratched out. Kimberly poses in uncomfortable positions throughout – dangerously close to the MAN. The photos are not sexual, but her sad eyes speak volumes. A stern-looking WOMAN, and other children pose with them.

Etheridge frowns.

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S OFFICE. LATE AFTERNOON.

Etheridge is sitting at his desk, absorbed in a stack of printed email conversations.

AVERY (O.S)
 (muffled/knocks)
 You okay?

Avery has entered-- standing just outside his door,
 appearing a bit more 'made-up' than usual.

ETHERIDGE
 (looks up/mumbles)
 Hmm?

AVERY
 (smiles)
 You okay there, space-cowboy?

ETHERIDGE
 Fine.
 (beat)
 What's up?

AVERY
 You just look--off today.

ETHERIDGE
 Oh. I'm just--uh--a little hung
 up.

AVERY
 Fresh pair of eyes help?

Etheridge slowly turns his monitor to Avery, displaying
 Kimberly's media folder. We see hundreds of reshoot photos.

Avery leans in close.

AVERY (CONT'D)
 (eventually)
 A little excessive.

ETHERIDGE
 (beat)
 A little?

Avery eyes Etheridge as she turns his monitor back around.

AVERY
 Girl puts that much effort into
 her appearance, usually it's to
 impress someone.

ETHERIDGE
 Well--
 (beat/missing the cue)
 --she tried a little too hard.
 (MORE)

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
 Aside from her fans, I think most
 people would say they're far from
 impressed.

AVERY
 Admirers.
 (beat)
 Why doesn't that surprise me?

Etheridge hands Avery the emails.

Avery sifts through, pausing on one.

AVERY (CONT'D)
 (quoting)
 You and I were swimming, naked –
 only the stars and moon watching
 us as the water washed over us
 from one of Nature's faucets. I
 took--

Avery scrunches her face, handing the emails back to
 Etheridge.

AVERY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 Yeah, I'm good.

Etheridge nods, looking back over the emails.

AVERY (O.S) (CONT'D)
 She respond to any of them?

ETHERIDGE
 A few back-and-forth. That's about
 it.

AVERY (O.S)
 (mumbles)
 Yeah--I don't know.

Etheridge looks up to Avery.

AVERY (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 Whole thing just seems--unusual.

Etheridge sighs at the sound of the word.

AVERY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 (continues)
 I just don't buy that she's doing
 all of this for just a few fans
 and an inbox filled with nasty
 pics and budget-cut erotica.

ETHERIDGE
 Yeah, well--she says she's doing
 it for Abbi.

AVERY
 (beat)
 --I don't buy that, either.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Lori is sitting in the dark, her face illuminated by her
 computer screen. An empty bottle of wine sits next to her
 monitor - her wine glass full.

Lori's phone shows an ended conversation with Etheridge.

Lori clicks play to continue one of Kimberly's videos.

We only hear Kimberly and a MAN as Lori watches.

MAN (V.O)
 --And what's your name, gorgeous?

KIMBERLY (V.O)
 Abbi.

MAN (V.O)
 Well--Abbi--you know you have to
 give me your insurance. Hitting my
 car, and all.

KIMBERLY (V.O)
 --but do I have to?
 (beat)
 Both of our premiums will go up..

Lori pauses the video, finishing the rest of her wine.

Lori grabs the empty bottle and glass, and exits--

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Lori tosses the empty bottle, grabbing a new one from the cabinets. She opens the bottle and pours another glass. As she's pouring, her hand is shaking, spilling wine onto the counter.

Lori sighs, grabbing paper towels as she cleans up the mess.

As she's wiping, she silently but visibly breaks down - trying hard to not wake Grace.

Her frustration begins bubbling inside, leading her back to--

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Lori, pissed and drunk, loads her Page.

We see a message from the site's ADMIN to Lori, requesting her confirmation to change Abbi's profile into a Memorial Page.

Lori deletes the notification, and begins typing in her status bar.

As Lori types, we see Kimberly's profile has been reactivated as Lori tags her.

LORI'S STATUS: "@ABBI GRETZKY - You will NEVER be Abbi.

Go to fucking Hell, KIMBERLY DAVIS."

Lori posts the status.

GRACE (V.O)
(muffled)
Lori--

CUT TO:

INT. ABBI'S BEDROOM. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

Lori is dead to the World, clutching Loui, as she sleeps.

Grace can be heard from downstairs, calling for Lori.

GRACE (O.S)
(muffled/beat)
LORRAINE!

Lori's eyes flutter open as she stirs.

GRACE (O.S) (CONT'D)
LORRAINE MAUREEN GRETZKY!

Lori comes to, realizing where she is.

Lori runs out into the upstairs hallway, overlooking the entryway, and flies down the second flight onto the plateau.

Grace is standing at the foot of the bottom flight, looking up at Lori.

LORI
Mom, what's wrong?

GRACE
You weren't up, and not responding to me. I was getting worried.

Lori nods her head as she grooms herself.

LORI
Sorry--
(beat)
--Did you eat?

Grace nods.

LORI (CONT'D)
Abbi's?

GRACE
And you.

LORI
Thanks, but--
(beat)
I don't feel all too hot.

GRACE
Greasy food helps.

LORI
(beat)
I look that bad?

GRACE
No.
(beat)
I saw the bottles.

LORI
 (nod/mumble)
 Bottles.

Lori checks her phone. It's dead.

Lori exits, entering--

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Lori plugs in her phone before inspecting Abbi's omelette, making sure Grace cooked it exactly.

Satisfied, Lori tosses the plate Grace made her.

As Lori wraps Abbi's breakfast, her phone begins chattering sporadically. Rapidly.

Lori's leaps to her phone, snatching it up quickly. Her eyes skim along the screen - confused at first.

We watch Lori read as her phone display is off-screen.

TITLE - (SCROLLING/WHITE TEXT)

LIKES and SHARES fill in-between.

LON MCKEAN: DISGUSTED! Absolutely horri--

DOMONIQUE ROSSI: This is so crazy to m--

DARON SIEGEL: dam, grl fin AF tho

CHRISTI AYMIE: @Daron - YOUR SICK!!

CHERISE LASCHER: WOW. I couldn't imag--

GABRIEL PETRIC: @Christi - **You're

We hear loud knocking--

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S ENTRYWAY. DAY.

Lori opens the door to find Etheridge with her newspaper.

ETHERIDGE
 Hi.

LORI
Hi.

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Can I come in?

LORI
Yeah--sorry.

Etheridge steps in past Lori.

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Deja vu.

LORI
What?

ETHERIDGE
--We keep having the same
conversation.

LORI
--Oh.

ETHERIDGE
Late night?

Lori is silent, running her hand through her hair.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
(beat)
You get my calls?

LORI
Calls? --
(stammering)
--No, my phone has been dead.

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Notifications probably did that.

LORI
You read it?

ETHERIDGE
Yeah.
(beat)
Everyone has.

Lori looks over Etheridge's shoulder, thinking.

Lori exits, followed by Etheridge to--

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Lori goes to her phone as Etheridge finds a seat at the bar, setting down her newspaper.

ETHERIDGE
(eventually)
How are you doing?

Lori looks up to Etheridge.

LORI
(beat)
--I don't know.

ETHERIDGE
Are you eating?

Lori doesn't respond.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
(eventually)
You promise not to get angry with me?

LORI
(beat)
No.

ETHERIDGE
Okay.
(beat)
--I'm worried about you. Your mom and I are worried. And I know it's affecting you--

LORI
I'm fine.

Lori puts Abbi's breakfast in the fridge, taking out Abbi's dinner. She dumps the food into the trash, and goes to the sink to wash the dishes.

ETHERIDGE
(nods softly)
--Well, I understand if you aren't. This whole thing is--fucked up.
(beat)
Your post--

Lori stops cleaning, looking towards Etheridge.

LORI
(interrupts)
What about my post?

ETHERIDGE
(continues)
--it's gaining a lot of attention.
People all over are sharing it...
(beat)
--and I think your post is what
Kimberly wanted.

Lori resumes cleaning.

LORI
(eventually)
She can have the attention.

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
I think she only cares about
yours.

Lori stares silently. She sets down the dishes, and turns fully to Etheridge.

LORI
Why are you here? We talked last
night.

ETHERIDGE
Because I'm worried.

LORI
You should be more concerned with
finding my daughter.

ETHERIDGE
I am, but I'm also concerned about
you, too.

LORI
I will never be fine until Abbi is
here--right here--with me. So you
should stop wasting your time on
me, and focus on Abbi.

ETHERIDGE
I just--I'm worried you might not
know what you're getting into.

LORI
(beat)
Done?

ETHERIDGE

What?

LORI

I'm late for my run.

Etheridge nods silently.

ETHERIDGE

Right.

Lori escorts him out.

We hear loud, labored breathing--

CUT TO:

EXT. LORI'S NEIGHBORHOOD. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

Lori is running with purpose, really pushing herself.

She dives off of the sidewalk and into someone's bushes.

We hear Lori heaving as she's vomiting mostly stomach acid and saliva.

Lori steps out from the bushes, bending over with her hands on her knees as she collects herself. She is exhausted both mentally and physically.

Once settled, Lori continues with a much lighter jog.

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Etheridge is sitting at his desk, similar in chaos like his office - inundated by email exchanges.

Etheridge's bed appears never slept in.

Etheridge rubs his eyes, shaking his head as he puts away emails.

He turns to his laptop, and we see him open Kimberly's folder - reexamining her photos.

Etheridge's phone dings - we wait until he eventually glances after a moment.

TITLE - (WHITE TEXT)

'ABBI G. GRETZKY has uploaded a new photo!'

Etheridge quickly clicks on the notification - his eyes dancing around the screen.

ETHERIDGE

--Fuck.

CUT TO:

EXT. URBAN ROAD. DAY.

Lori is parked along the curb, silently staring at her phone.

We see a photo of a slightly out-of-focus Kimberly, facing away from the camera as she walks off - dressed in an outfit similar to what Abbi was last seen in. The background is close to the area where Abbi's car was found.

A call from Etheridge comes through, collapsing the photo. We briefly see the Internet is going wild.

Lori waits for the call to go to voicemail, when she finally sees DAVID, (47).

David pulls out of a spot with a sign reading 'MANAGER'. David exits the parking lot.

Lori taps her phone, it begins ringing.

Codie answers.

CODIE (V.O)

Cross-Movers, this is Codie.

LORI

(masking)

May I speak to your Manager, please?

CODIE (V.O)

Oh--you just missed him.

(beat)

I can help you, tho--

LORI

Codie, Anne.

(beat)

I need to speak to your Manager about some new policies.

We see CODIE, (28), a sprightly young man, through the main-display window, standing behind the service counter.

CODIE (V.O)
Oh! Well--I can give you David's
number and you--

LORI
(interrupts)
I have it on file.
(beat)
You don't give his number out to
just anyone, do you?

CODIE (V.O)
(stammering)
That was dumb of me... No, I
don't--

LORI
Bye, Codie.

CODIE (V.O)
(beat)
Bye--

Lori hangs up. She writes 'DAVID' on a piece of paper,
looks at her phone which reads 11:37, and writes down
'11:30'.

Lori exits her car--

CUT TO:

INT. CROSS-MOVERS. DAY.

Lori enters through the double-wide door, walking
confidently to the service counter.

We see Codie who looks to be a bit disheveled after his
conversation with 'ANNE' - trying to be on his best.

CODIE
Hi, Ma'am! How can I help?

LORI
Hi--

Lori deliberately looks at Codie's nametag.

LORI (CONT'D)
(beat)
--Codie. I spoke with your Manager
yesterday--uhm--Dave?

CODIE
 (corrects)
 --David.

LORI
 Yes! David. I spoke with David
 yesterday about a vehicle we
 rented--

We see inside Lori's purse, already palming the piece of
 paper she'd written on earlier.

LORI (CONT'D)
 (continues)
 --Here it is.

Lori hands Codie the slip of paper.

LORI (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 David told me to meet him here.

CODIE
 Oh--he left a few minutes ago for
 lunch.
 (beat/joking)
 Manager leaves, everyone always
 needs them--

LORI
 (frowns)
 He's not here?
 (beat/flustered)
 I am having the worst day. My
 car--that was wonderful--, then
 the bank, and now I'm being told
 this guy is on lunch when we
 agreed on a time--

CODIE
 (interrupts)
 Ma'am..
 (beat)
 I--I can help you.

LORI
 (sighs)
 Thank you. I'm sorry for ranting,
 it's just been hard lately...

CODIE
 All good. Sometimes it just spills
 out.
 (beat)
 So, you rented from here?

LORI
No--uh--Santa Clarita. California.

CODIE
(typing)
What's the name?

LORI
Abbigale. A-B-B-I-G-A-L-E.

Codie types.

LORI (CONT'D)
(beat)
Gretzky.

Codie stops typing.

CODIE
Is this a joke?
(beat)
It's not funny.

Lori pulls out her ID, handing it to Codie.

LORI
--Abbi's my daughter.
(beat)
Named after my mother, who rented
from you.

Codie hands Lori back her ID, embarrassed with his loose tongue.

CODIE
(stammering)
I--I'm so sorry. Oh my God...

Lori offers Codie a forgiving smile.

LORI
It's okay. You're not the first.

Codie turns back to his computer - beating himself up internally as he types.

CODIE
(embarrassed)
Sorry.

Lori smiles comfortingly.

Codie looks at the computer.

CODIE (CONT'D)
 What do you need from me?

LORI
 Hopefully look inside, uh--
 (beat)
 My necklace--I think the catch
 might've broke while we were
 moving, and maybe it's--

Codie grabs a set of keys of the hook, and walks around the counter.

CODIE
 Let's go look.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT. DAY.

Lori is standing in the back of the moving truck, closely looking at the plywood walls and bed - searching for any alterations that would be used to hide someone.

Codie is searching the cab.

CODIE (O.S)
 Check in-between the seams.
 (beat)
 We find stuff in those cracks all
 the time.

Lori entertains Codie by following his advice, using the opportunity to kneel down and get closer.

We see a black piece of foam tooth-picked on a sprouting staple.

Lori plucks it off - poring over it as she wanders out to Codie.

CODIE (O.S) (CONT'D)
 Anything?

LORI
 No--
 (beat)
 You said no one has rented this
 after us?

Codie hops out of the cab, shutting the door.

CODIE
(shakes head)
No, Ma'am. If we find it though,
I'll call you.

LORI
Thanks, Codie.

Codie points at the material as Lori turns to leave.

CODIE
Is that yours?

Lori stops.

LORI
Excuse me?

CODIE
(points)
Sorry, that just looked like
soundproofing.

LORI
No, I--uh--just saw it in the
back.
(beat)
You're sure this is for
soundproofing?

CODIE
I guess--looks like the stuff I
use.
(beat)
My band and I record at my place,
and my room is covered in that
stuff.

Lori twirls the cushioning material between her fingers
before slipping it into her pocket as Codie watches.

LORI
(mumbles)
Hmmm.
(beat)
Thanks, Codie. You've been a big
help.

CODIE
(smiles)
Thank you.

Lori leaves Codie.

CODIE (CONT'D)
I'll keep an eye out for your
necklace! I hope you find it.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S CAR. DAY.

Lori is driving, dialing Etheridge through her Bluetooth
Radio.

Etheridge answers.

ETHERIDGE (V.O)
Phone died again?

LORI
I found something!

ETHERIDGE (V.O)
(curious)
What?

LORI
Soundproofing!

ETHERIDGE (V.O)
Soundproofin--

LORI
(interrupts)
In Kimberly's moving truck!

ETHERIDGE (V.O)
(beat)
What?

LORI
(continued)
I found a piece of cushioning in
her truck.

ETHERIDGE (V.O)
You found a piece of cushion--in
Kimberly's moving truck?

LORI
YES!

ETHERIDGE (V.O)
(beat)
Lori.

LORI
(continues)
--This is a big clue! Why else
would she be using soundproofing
if she isn't trying to hide
something?--

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S CAR. DAY.

Etheridge is parked, listening to Lori.

LORI (V.O) (CONT'D)
--We got the bitch!

ETHERIDGE
(louder)
LORI!

Lori stops.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S CAR. DAY.

Lori is driving silently.

ETHERIDGE (V.O) (CONT'D)
Whatever you just did--

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S CAR. DAY.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
(continues/beat)
These are distractions--

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S CAR. DAY.

Lori's anger is bubbling.

LORI
(interrupts)
Distractions?
(beat)
I'm distracting you?

ETHERIDGE (V.O)
What I mean is--

LORI
(interrupts)
I think you meant what you said.

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S CAR. DAY.

Etheridge nods.

ETHERIDGE
All I'm saying is that you've
already doxxed this girl and--she
retaliated.
(beat)
If the moving place calls her and
she--

LORI (V.O) (CONT'D)
And why does that matter if they
do?!

ETHERIDGE
Because things will escalate more
than they already have!

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S CAR. DAY.

Lori's shaking.

LORI
(eventually)
Did you fuck her?

ETHERIDGE (V.O)
(beat)
Are you fucking kidding me...

LORI
Answer the goddamn question, Ryan!

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S CAR. DAY.

Etheridge's anger is rising.

ETHERIDGE

Don't!

(beat)

Don't you fucking dare, Lori.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S CAR. DAY.

Lori pulls over into a PARKING LOT.

LORI

(beat)

She came after me! She came after my family. And she's rubbing it in my fucking face... I--I'm trying so hard.

(pause)

Every day, Ryan. Every goddamn day! I can't sleep, I can't even smell food without feeling absolutely sick-- All I can think about is Abbi. That's my everything, and she was taken from me. I keep having everyone ripped away from me--and my Mom...

Lori's mouth trembles.

LORI (CONT'D)

(continues)

I don't know what to do. I'm trying everything.

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S CAR. DAY.

Etheridge has calmed down.

ETHERIDGE

Jennifer Porter.

LORI (V.O)

--What?

ETHERIDGE

Just listen--

(beat)

I don't really talk about it--her mother--neighbors called, and I was there when they found her body...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT. DAY.

Lori is silently listening to Etheridge.

ETHERIDGE (V.O)
(continues)
Amber Alert went out, and we were
doing everything we could to find
Jennifer and her father.
(beat)
I was doing everything I could...

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S CAR. DAY.

ETHERIDGE
(continues)
And all I did was push him. He
wanted the chase. He wanted
everyone to know what'd he
done--and what he was going to do.
(pause)
I watched a man kill his own
daughter just because he didn't
want her to spoil and turn into
his ex-wife...

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S CAR. DAY.

Lori is trembling.

ETHERIDGE (V.O)
(continues)
And I still don't understand why.
And I don't think I ever will...

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S CAR. DAY.

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Whatever Kimberly's doing--she's
fighting for exactly what she
wants. And you can't keep feeding
her, Lori.

Lori is silent.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
(continues)
Look, I'm outside of her place
right now. I can ask her about the
soundproofing.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S CAR. DAY.

Lori is crying - she can't speak.

ETHERIDGE (V.O)
(continues/beat)
I just don't want your hopes to
get up when it could be
anybody's...

Lori hangs up on Etheridge before breaking down completely.

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S CAR. DAY.

We hear Lori hang up.

Etheridge sits for a moment before exiting, crossing the
street to KIMBERLY'S BUILDING.

CUT TO:

EXT. KIMBERLY'S APARTMENT (308). DAY.

Kimberly flings open the door, smiling vigorously.

KIMBERLY
Who sent you?

ETHERIDGE
Excuse me?

KIMBERLY
Handsome man shows up at my door.
Did I forget my own birthday?

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Which one?

Kimberly furrows her brow, not amused.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
Are you going to invite me in?

KIMBERLY
Why? Are you a vampire?
(beat/dirty)
Or do you like being told where to
come in.

Etheridge steps past Kimberly.

Kimberly rolls her eyes as she shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMBERLY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Kimberly gestures to her couch.

Etheridge's ignores her gesture as his preference falls on her single-seater chair, which he takes.

ETHERIDGE
Your fans are--interesting.
(beat)
They always send you stuff like
that?

Kimberly plops down on her couch.

KIMBERLY
Guys find a girl online, they'll
send her just about anything to
get her attention. Hardly ever
works, though.

ETHERIDGE
But sometimes it does?

KIMBERLY
(shrugs)
Depends.

Etheridge pulls out a thin, folded stack of emails from his bag. A few of the email addresses and names have been highlighted.

He hands the stack to Kimberly.

ETHERIDGE
What made these guys special?

Kimberly glances over the emails before handing it back to Etheridge.

KIMBERLY
Tried a little harder.

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Anything in particular?

Kimberly shrugs.

Etheridge nods, refolding the stack and slipping it back into his bag.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
--I got a question for you.

KIMBERLY
Really?
(beat)
That's so unlike you.

ETHERIDGE
It's a general one. More out of curiosity.

KIMBERLY
(beat)
Do you fish?

ETHERIDGE
What?

KIMBERLY
Fish. Do you go fishing?

ETHERIDGE
Why?

KIMBERLY
You've got all these questions for me, and I can't ask you if you go fishing?

ETHERIDGE
(pause)
No. I hate fishing.

KIMBERLY
Why?

ETHERIDGE
Because I just do. It's boring. I'd rather go hunting, or something.

KIMBERLY
(mumbles)
Hmmm... I figured you'd like it.

ETHERIDGE
Why?

KIMBERLY
You're very good at baiting.
(beat)
But I'm not a fish.

ETHERIDGE
(nods/beat)
Do you want to know my question?

Kimberly sighs, waving her hand.

KIMBERLY
Fine.

ETHERIDGE
I was only curious how you deal
with all the outside noises when
you're recording.

KIMBERLY
What?

ETHERIDGE
I didn't see any soundproofing on
any of your walls, and I know it
gets pretty noisy around here.

KIMBERLY
Oh.
(beat)
I don't care about that. If
anything, it makes them more
realistic, I guess. Why?

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
I just saw a little piece of
cushioning last time.

KIMBERLY
Where?

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
Where what?

KIMBERLY

Where was it?

(beat)

I clean every day and I haven't seen any.

ETHERIDGE

The kitchen.

(beat)

I saw it while you were changing, and picked it up.

Kimberly shifts.

KIMBERLY

Are you mad at me? Because I've answered all of your questions.

ETHERIDGE

Most, yeah.

(beat)

Still waiting on one.

Kimberly's attention wanders.

KIMBERLY

(beat)

I told you I loved Abbi, and Abbi loved me. I have done everything for her.

ETHERIDGE

Because she asked you to?

KIMBERLY

She didn't have to. We're sisters, it goes without saying.

ETHERIDGE

Sisters who stopped talking after only a couple weeks, just seems--

(beat)

--unusual.

KIMBERLY

Ugh! I don't like that word.

ETHERIDGE

Why?

KIMBERLY

It's ugly.

ETHERIDGE
I think unusual describes that
pretty well.

KIMBERLY
STOP--

ETHERIDGE
(continues)
It is unusual...

KIMBERLY
(continues)
--using that word.

ETHERIDGE
Unusual?

Kimberly snaps.

KIMBERLY
(screams)
I SAID STOP!

ETHERIDGE
(beat)
There she is.

Kimberly's nails are digging deep into her thighs, nearly
drawing blood.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
What did you say to Abbi that
freaked her out?

Kimberly is silently seething.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(continues)
What made her call you that word?

Kimberly's chest is rapidly heaving.

KIMBERLY
I'll be Abbi.
(beat)
When she's gone.

ETHERIDGE
Abbi isn't gone.

KIMBERLY
(snaps)
Abbi is a tissue! All used up and
tossed.

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S CAR. EVENING.

Etheridge is sitting in his car, staring off into space. He is angry, he is frustrated, and it's boiling up to the surface.

Etheridge punches his steering wheel hard, repeatedly, beeping his horn. Yelling as he lets out his frustrations involving Kimberly and Lori.

Through the windshield, we see a HOMELESS MAN camped in front of Etheridge's car.

The Homeless Man throws open his tent, flipping Etheridge the bird.

HOMELESS MAN
YEAH?! Fuck you, too!

Etheridge flips on then off his red and blues, flashing from below the windshield.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
OH--shit--

The Homeless Man dives back into his tent.

Etheridge sits there silently for a moment, collecting himself, before starting his car and driving off.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S BEDROOM. EVENING.

Lori is lying in her bed under the covers.

We see her phone resting on NATHAN'S PILLOW, vibrating erratically as people share Kimberly's new photo.

Lori stares listlessly at her phone as the comments section floods.

She eventually forces herself out of bed, leaving her phone behind.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Lori is sitting alone, in the dark, staring at Abbi's saran-wrapped dinner set across from her.

She eventually heads over to the trash, hesitating, but instead puts Abbi's food back into the fridge.

Lori exits to--

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Lori climbs the stairs, heading towards her room heavily. As she passes ABBI'S BEDROOM, she notices the door is closed.

She opens the door out of habit, and somberly walks off to her bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Lori crawls into her bed, lying down on her side with her eyes open.

She turns over, and stares at Abbi's open door.

Lori gets up and exits to--

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Lori checks Abbi's door to see if it is uneven. It's fine.

She looks to Abbi's window for a draft, it's closed.

Lori looks to Abbi's bed.

We see Loui is gone.

We follow Lori as she frantically checks under the bed, under the sheets, behind the dresser - flipping the mattress over.

Lori falls to her knees, overwhelmed and upset.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

Kimberly struts across the parking lot towards her car, unlocks it, climbs in, and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMBERLY'S CAR. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

Kimberly is driving down Fourth Street, when she turns onto an intermittently-lit side-street.

Her car is briefly illuminated as she passes under the spaced streetlights, before being cast into complete darkness.

Kimberly reaches into her purse, pulling out something and setting it on the center console – facing it towards the back window. We can't tell yet what it is from only the faint glow of her radio's display.

She keeps driving.

Another light passes over the car, spilling into the backseat through the back window.

We see the outline of dark figure now sitting up behind Kimberly from over her shoulder.

KIMBERLY
(eventually)
He reminds me of you.

The dark figure slowly picks up Loui, studying him over before squeezing.

ABBI (V.O)
Hi! My name is Loui! And I looove
Abbi, and her Mom!
(beat)
And sometimes her Dad.

NATHAN (V.O)
Hey, Loui! I brought you into this
home and I can sure as hell take
you--

LORI (V.O)
(laughing)
Nate!

ABBI (V.O)
 (giggling)
 Abbi is all mine--
 (sarcastic)
 --Nate!

Another streetlight - we see only below the eyes of the creature known as MAX BENSON (52), flashing his toothy-grin.

NATHAN (V.O)
 That's what you think--
 (mimic)
 --Loui.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMBERLY'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

The LOCKSMITH pops the lock.

Lori enters, momentarily taken aback as the living room taunts her.

She walks over to the kitchen, opening the silverware drawer.

Lori fumbles around while palming her keys. She shows them to the Locksmith.

The Locksmith smiles, picking up his tools as Lori digs through her purse, pulling out her wallet.

Locksmith shakes his head, waving his hand.

LOCKSMITH
 I can't take your money.

Lori holds out her money, gesturing for him to take it.

LORI
 I would feel bad if you didn't.

The Locksmith nods pensively, reluctantly taking the money as she's insistent - practically shoving it into his hand.

LOCKSMITH
 Goodnight, Mrs. Gretzky.

Lori smiles, closing the door slowly as Locksmith exits.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMBERLY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

Lori closes the front door, dead-bolting it behind her.

She moves around the LIVING ROOM and DINING ROOM, breaking it into practical quadrants for her to search so she isn't wasting any time wandering.

Dissatisfied and empty-handed, Lori enters--

CUT TO:

INT. KIMBERLY'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Lori turns to the false wood, pantry cabinet next to her.

As she searches the shelves, she notices something odd.

Lori looks at the side of the cabinet, and then back inside. The panel in the back isn't flush with the back wall.

She pushes on the panel, but it doesn't budge. She looks along the outside of the cabinet and notices a seam.

Lori grabs a knife from Kimberly's knife rack, placing the tip up under the seam, prying it open a bit.

She sticks her fingers into the gap, tearing off the outer panel as the Velcro screams, revealing to us KIMBERLY'S CUBBY - every inch is covered with soundproofing. Inside are stacks of jars, leaving just enough room for someone to stand.

Lori steps into the nook, using her phone to look closer at the jars.

We quickly discover every jar contains a mixture of feces, urine, hair, and nail clippings. A clear indication of a disturbed, abused-mind.

Lori retches, quickly exiting and resealing the sickly-tomb.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMBERLY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The bedroom is more unnerving to Lori, causing a mental speedbump in her search as she takes it all in.

Lori notices the camera pointed towards the bed - she turns it towards the wall.

Lori resumes her search through drawers, the shelves, and under the bed.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O)
(loud)
Mmmmmm, yeah!

Lori jumps out of her own skin, snapping towards the direction of the sound – coming from Kimberly's computer.

Cam-With-Me Alert: ArousedPanda93 has subscribed! \$25

Lori clutches her chest as she catches her breath – calming herself down.

As she looks closer at the computer, Lori notices the opened tabbed-windows in Kimberly's browser.

We see Kimberly left open her email.

Lori opens her email. As she scrolls, nothing immediately catches her attention.

She pauses to think, before opening another tab to the search-engine.

Lori types "Find my phone" and hits enter. The site starts syncing to Kimberly's phone, displaying an isolated map of Reno.

The pin drops on top of a house near Downtown by the Truckee River, prompting Lori with an option to call Kimberly's phone to locate it.

Instead, Lori types '145 Bret Harte Avenue' into her phone, closes the tab, and exits--

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

ETHERIDGE is looking over dwindling list of high-lighted names - crossing the last name off of his list.

Two names have been circled, 'MAX BENSON' and 'JARRED LEYDON'.

Etheridge taps his pen as he looks over both names. Eventually, he stands and heads over to his office door - closing it.

We follow Etheridge as he opens the window and turns on his small fan perched on top of his cabinet, directing it towards the window.

He lights up a smoke, blowing it into the fan as he stares at his monitor – thinking.

A knock on the door.

Etheridge flicks his cigarette out the window, fanning the air around him, before hopping back into his chair.

ETHERIDGE

Yeah?

Avery enters.

AVERY

Hey. You leaving?

ETHERIDGE

--In a bit.

(beat)

I'm looking up some of the guys
Kimberly has emailed back.

Avery points to his monitor.

Etheridge turns it around, showing Avery the NEVADA STATE REGISTRY profiles.

AVERY

(quotes)

Sexual exploitation of a minor.

Avery looks to Etheridge. He nods softly.

She turns back to the screen.

AVERY (CONT'D)

And the other guy--

(beat)

--is clean.

Avery looks up.

AVERY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Am I missing something?

Etheridge grabs the email transcripts, and starts reading.

ETHERIDGE

(quote)

I can mold you into perfection; a
servant under a new Master. You
are my SERF, and I am your KING.

AVERY
(shrugs)
Maybe he's just into domination?

ETHERIDGE
Maybe. I don't know--just seems weird.

AVERY
You think that one of these guys might be the one who knows something about Abbi?

ETHERIDGE
It's possible.
(beat)
You remember the other day when you said Kimberly might be doing this whole thing for someone?

AVERY
(nods)
Yeah.

ETHERIDGE
Well, I thought about it--and it makes sense. But I've been so focused on Lori, that I thought--you know--what if she wasn't doing this for Lori?

AVERY
(nods)
I see where you're going. Makes much more sense.
(beat)
You should check them both out.

Avery turns the monitor back. Etheridge jots down their information onto his pad.

AVERY (CONT'D)
I'd start with Leydon, though.
(beat)
You going over tonight?

ETHERIDGE
No, not tonight--It's late. I can catch them in the morning.

Etheridge finishes scribbling, stands up, and grabs his jacket.

On Etheridge's notepad, we see 'MAX BENSON - 145 Bret Harte Ave'.

ETHERIDGE (O.S) (CONT'D)
You eat, yet?

AVERY (O.S)
No. I was waiting on you.

Etheridge grabs his notepad and slides it into his bag, following Avery to the exit.

ETHERIDGE
Really? I feel privileged.

AVERY
Your subtext is showing.

Avery exits.

ETHERIDGE
Good.

AVERY (O.S)
By the way, you're not sneaky. I totally caught you smoking.

ETHERIDGE
(to: himself)
Damn.

Etheridge shuts off his lights, and closes the door as he exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAX'S HOME. NIGHT.

Single-story, 1930's Southwest Reno home with basement.

Lori closes her car door, parked across the street from MAX'S HOME - next to his neighbor's driveway.

The street is not well-lit and very quiet. Some of the homes have their lights still on - Max does not.

Everything is still.

Lori cautiously approaches MAX'S HOME, her eyes wandering as she looks for movement while walking alongside his home towards his backyard.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAX'S SIDE-YARD. NIGHT.

Lori looks into the kitchen window.

It's hard to tell much past the kitchen with no lights. The kitchen itself looks outdated - older gas-oven stove, deep-basin sink, and the fridge looks well-worn.

Lori walks slowly along the side, stepping up onto the stoop leading to the backdoor. She takes out her phone - we see her set it on 'SILENCE'.

She checks the door to see if it is locked - it is.

To her left, is a large window. Lori peers through a sliver in the blinds.

We see a pristine room - bed made with military-creases, porcelain dolls in formation on the dresser, and an immaculate, wall-to-wall mirror parallel to the bed.

The door stands out most to Lori as it's an original - still using skeleton keys.

Lori checks the window - it's locked.

Lori exits to--

CUT TO:

EXT. MAX'S BACKYARD. NIGHT.

Lori notices a window-well near the back, dropping a couple feet into the ground.

She kneels down, craning her neck into the well-hole as she tries to look through the window. To her disappointment, the window is covered with thick drapes. But oddly, the window is designed to slide open and looks relatively newer compared to the rest of the house.

CLICK.

Lori snaps up, her heart palpitating.

CLICK.

The sound is coming from KIMBERLY'S CAR behind the garage, the metal dilating as the chassis cools.

Lori walks over to KIMBERLY'S CAR, and peers through the windows. Nothing appears abnormal.

Lori pauses, before deciding to head back and climb down into the window-well.

As she crouches down, she notices the window is unlocked.

She hesitates, before pressing her hands against the pane, and pushing it open softly.

Once open, Lori climbs through and enters--

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S BASEMENT - STORAGE. NIGHT.

Lori drops down into the basement. It is dark even with a window.

She pulls out her phone, tempted to use the flashlight. She decides against it, and waits for her eyes to adjust.

As Lori focuses on seeing the room, a figure passes through the Moon's rays - casting a shadow into the room through the window.

She jumps, quickly looking out the window. Nothing.

Lori returns to confronting the darkness, lightly stepping into the room blindly.

She manages to maneuver herself through what she believes to be a maze of furniture, feeling along wood cabinets and shelves. Her hands briefly skimming the cool metal knobs and handles.

Lori stops as her hand touches something she doesn't like. As she slowly retrieves her hand, she frees her cellphone with the other.

Her phone lights up - her hand shaking as she shines it in front of her.

We see feet attached to legs, legs attached to a female torso. And then a blank face - mocking her.

The mannequin is dressed from head-to-toe; boots, yoga pants, a billowing long-sleeved blouse, and a wig. An easy mistake for a fellow human. And it's not alone.

Lori scans the room with her light, staring at the dozens of empty faces gawking back.

As Lori looks among the silent army, we see a mannequin near an open doorway lurch forward, throwing itself onto the ground.

She stumbles, her phone plunging itself onto the cement floor - audibly smashing.

Lori races to the window like a wild bulldozer, clearing a path easily, when a voice calls out to her.

KIMBERLY (O.S)
(weak)
Mom?

Lori skids to a halt, whirling back around.

LORI
Abbi?

KIMBERLY (O.S)
Mom...

She finds her courage, advancing into the darkness.

LORI
Abbi!

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S BASEMENT — MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

Lori throws herself through the open doorway.

We see a nearly-naked Kimberly, lying on the cement floor. A chain is savagely-wrapped around her neck, padlocked tight. Her skin nearly bubbling through the individual chains as they hug her.

She has no body hair. Hair, eyebrows, even eyelashes are gone. She is a living mannequin.

The only article of clothing is a pair of white-cotton gloves with maroon-tipped fingers. Blood.

Lori is horrified.

LORI
Ki-Kimberly?

Kimberly weeps as Lori stands there, unable to move.

Lori eventually looks around the basement, finding a pair of bolt-cutters among Max's tools.

She gets the beak around the loop, squeezing both handles forcefully.

The lock writhes under pressure, squirming as Lori clamps. The chain tightens around Kimberly's neck, muffling her sobs as it strangles her. Kimberly's eyes scream as she suffocates.

The lock pops.

Lori drops the bolt-cutters and unravels the chain from Kimberly's neck.

She gasps, crawling away from Lori as she catches her breath.

LORI (CONT'D)
Where's Abbi?

Kimberly coughs, weakly pointing her finger over to the back corner as her arm rattles.

Lori steps towards the back-corner, cautiously. A door slowly materializes from the darkness in front of her.

She hesitates, before opening the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S BASEMENT — WORKSHOP. NIGHT.

We see only the outline of the backs of the mannequins, staring back at Lori.

Lori's face is the only thing really discernible. Her mouth quivering as her eyes adjust to the room, shining light onto Max's favorite of all hobbies. To her right, his tools adorn the wall above his workbench.

Lori wants to scream, she wants to run, she wants to be anywhere but here in this moment. But she can't.

KIMBERLY (O.S)
He didn't believe me.

As much as she tries, Lori can't look away. Kimberly stands faintly in the background behind Lori.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
I told Him you were coming, and He
didn't believe me.
(beat)
Not. One. Bit.

Lori tears herself away from her own echo of Hell.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S BASEMENT – MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

Kimberly is fetching the clothes from the fallen comrade, dressing herself as she talks to Lori.

KIMBERLY
(continues)
Of course, He didn't really say
anything.

Kimberly shrugs as if only conversing with herself.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
(beat)
Doesn't talk much.

A door opens and shuts audibly above Lori.

We follow the sound of boots vibrating through the floorboards and Lori's ears as they walk away from her. They're marching their way across the room, into the kitchen, and towards the basement staircase.

KIMBERLY (O.S) (CONT'D)
(continues)
Kind of like you, right now.

Kimberly finally faces Lori, now dressed from the neck-down. She's fussing with her wig, shaping it to sit straight and proper.

Once satisfied, Kimberly smiles up at Lori, holding out her hands.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
What do you think?
(beat)
Am I pretty enough for Him, Mom?

The basement door is heaved open; the kitchen light strikes the basement floor. Max's silhouette takes center-stage.

Lori can't speak. She feels like a lost, little girl.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(pouts)
Be honest.
(beat)
Daddy doesn't like when His girls
don't look their best.

Lori's eyes mechanically drift to the top of the staircase, partially blocked by the ceiling overhang. We're drawn to the sound of each step, screaming as if sandwiched between a mobile hydraulic-press.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 (to: Max)
 Daddy! Mom's here.

Max's boots are barely visible from under the overhang. He pauses for a moment, relishing unseen to us, before taking his next step.

Kimberly turns to Lori, beyond thrilled.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Dazzle us, Mommy!

CUT TO:

INT. ETHERIDGE'S CAR. NIGHT.

Etheridge and Avery are eating burritos. Avery tackling hers delicately, while Etheridge is noticeably less-concerned.

AVERY
 Slow down there, turbo.

Etheridge fumbles, looking up at Avery sheepishly in-between bites.

ETHERIDGE
 (mumbles)
 Huh?

AVERY
 (chuckles)
 We're not racing.

Etheridge wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, forcing a smile between chews.

ETHERIDGE
 (swallows)
 Sorry.

AVERY
 It's okay.
 (smiles/beat)
 You won me over with the burrito.

She purposefully takes a huge bite of her burrito, some of it spilling out onto her lap as she fails to catch it.

Avery, wide-eyed, covers her mouth – laughing at her own miscalculation.

Etheridge laughs, and it feels good. It's been a while since he's felt this good.

ETHERIDGE
Date's not over yet--

He starts his car, popping the last bite of his burrito into his mouth - crumpling the aluminum sleeve into a ball.

ETHERIDGE (CONT'D)
(chewing)
Dinners done, and we still got
time for a show.

Avery raises an eyebrow as she struggles to chew, still covering her mouth.

AVERY
(mumbles)
Huh?

ETHERIDGE
Drive-in.

AVERY
(swallows)
They have shows this late?

ETHERIDGE
Well--
(beat)
--More drive-by.

CLICK.

He turns to her.

Avery's seat belt is on and she's ready to go. She crumples up her aluminum foil, shoving it into the paper bag.

AVERY
I'm game. Let's go.

He smiles, tossing his own ball into the bag.

Etheridge and Avery drive off.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAX'S HOME. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

Etheridge parks in front of MAX'S LAWN, his wheels just kissing the curb.

Avery's focuses on MAX'S HOME.

We see through Max's front-window that the living room light is on.

Avery turns to Etheridge.

Etheridge is focused on LORI'S CAR across the street.

AVERY
What's wrong?

ETHERIDGE
(eventually)
Huh?

AVERY
You're zoning out on me again.
(beat)
What is it?

Etheridge steps out of his car, and approaches LORI'S CAR. Avery follows.

Etheridge looks through Lori's windows while calling her. Her phone goes straight to voicemail.

Etheridge looks to Avery, and her to him. They share an unspoken agreement to check things out.

Avery follows closely to Etheridge as they cross MAX'S LAWN, stepping up onto his porch.

Etheridge pauses, peering through the bay window into MAX'S DINING ROOM as he looks for any signs of life. Nothing stirs.

Etheridge knocks on the front door.

A figure approaches.

An insanely done-up Kimberly smiles, holding the door open wearing a stylish, new glove.

KIMBERLY
I'm beginning to think there's not much difference between a Detective--and a stalker.

ETHERIDGE
Kimberly--
(beat)
Why are you here?

Kimberly looks to Avery, her smile droops slightly. She looks Avery up-and-down making her uncomfortable.

Avery mechanically corrects her posture.

Kimberly turns to Etheridge.

KIMBERLY
I could ask you the same question.
(beat)
We can compare answers.

ETHERIDGE
Or you could answer my question.

KIMBERLY
(eventually)
I'm on a date.

Kimberly looks to Avery.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
(beat)
Looks like you are, too. What do you know? Same answer.

ETHERIDGE
So, are you on a date with Mr. Benson--or Lori?

Kimberly raises an eyebrow.

KIMBERLY
Excuse me?

ETHERIDGE
Well--
(points)
--that's her car over there. And I'm pretty sure she sticks to jogging around her own neighborhood.

KIMBERLY
I don't control what that woman does.

ETHERIDGE
No. You don't.

KIMBERLY
(to: AVERY)
I'm sorry, who are you?

AVERY
That's not important.

KIMBERLY
I think it is. You know, Ryan--

ETHERIDGE
(interrupts)
Detective.

KIMBERLY
(continues)
--Detective Ryan is special. And a
special man needs a special girl.

ETHERIDGE
(redirects)
Is Mr. Benson around?

KIMBERLY
(beat)
Yes.

ETHERIDGE
May I speak with him, please?

Kimberly hesitates, absorbing both Etheridge and Avery for
a moment.

KIMBERLY
(calls out to: MAX)
Daddy?

Heavy steps follow as Max enters the frame from MAX'S
KITCHEN--

He reeks of intimidation, a thick man – but not overweight.
Max carries himself very well.

Max examines Etheridge, sizing him up. He then turns to
Avery, devouring her with his eyes.

ETHERIDGE
May I speak with you for moment?

Max turns back to Etheridge with his cold, piercing eyes.

KIMBERLY (O.S)
You have to invite him in, Daddy.

Kimberly coils around Max's arm.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
He needs permission.

Max looks down to her, then back to Etheridge – parting a path for them to enter.

Etheridge steps inside, Avery follows much less-enthusiastically.

Kimberly, barely able to contain her joy, shuts the door.

SNAP TO BLACK

ROLL CREDITS

FROM THE BLACK, WE HEAR-- Television New's Broadcast.

MARK (V.O)

Thank you, Kathy. Joining us in studio tonight, Sheriff Bell Reinhard, with some safety tips that could possibly save your life.

(beat)

Sheriff, thank you for joining us.

SHERIFF (V.O)

Thank you.

We see in-studio, KULY - CHANNEL 5 NEWS. MARK ESKIN, (46), SHERIFF, (53), and NANCY QUI, (34), sitting around the KULY's ANCHOR DESK. We are seeing the tail-end of the broadcast we saw at the beginning.

NANCY

Sheriff, what are some signs we should be looking for--say when we're going out to our car late at night or walking alone?

SHERIFF

Well, Nancy, when I talk to people, I always emphasize the most important sign you can ever get is your intuition.

(beat)

Time after time, we hear stories from victims saying they felt off--unusual. Whether it was an apparent red flag, or something they might not even be--immediately aware of. Our brains have evolved to send us warnings, even if we may not know the reasons why until a dangerous situation has presented itself.

NANCY

And when this--alarm--goes off,
what steps should someone take if
they do feel that there is a
presence of danger?

SHERIFF

Trust your intuition. I recommend
you immediately seek a safer area,
well-lit, preferably populated,
and seek assistance. If not,
return to where you came from,
hopefully well-lit, and call us.
Precaution is far from trivial,
it's preventative. And it could
save your life.

NANCY

--And if neither of those are
options, what do you recommend
then?

SHERIFF

You fight.
(beat)
You fight with everything you got.

FADE OUT: