

DEAD DADS CLUB

Written by

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OVER BLACK we hear:

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
911, what's your emergency?

TEEN BOY (V.O.)
Yo, this house is on fire!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

We cut in on a FACEBOOK LIVE VIDEO STREAM of a burning house on a dark residential street. A TEEN BOY talks on the phone.

TEEN BOY
652 Marion Ave! It's a huge fire!

We hear the voice of an unseen TEEN GIRL who's recording the video we're watching. She addresses her Facebook audience.

TEEN GIRL (O.S.)
Oh my God, this is crazy you guys!
This is insane!

Facebook reactions and comments ("sad face emoji" "prayer hands emoji" "hope everyone's safe" etc) pop up on the video. These comments continue over the course of the live stream. As the camera moves around we see that there are a few other BYSTANDERS nearby. Teen Girl turns camera towards Teen Boy.

TEEN GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
They coming?

TEEN BOY
Yeah.

TEEN GIRL (O.S.)
(to Facebook audience)
We called 911, so help is on the way.
This is wild you guys! I've never seen--

Suddenly, a woman's scream comes from inside the house.

TEEN GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh my God!

TEEN BOY
(to 911 operator)
Holy shit, there's a lady in there!
She's screaming, man! Where's the fire truck, man?!

TEEN GIRL (O.S.)
You guys this is so scary. She's-- Oh my God, I feel so helpless.

The camera turns towards the other bystanders.

TEEN GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What do we do?! We have to do
something!

TEEN BOY
(still on phone)
They said to wait for the firemen.
(grave realization)
There's nothing we can do.

We hear the faint sirens of an approaching fire truck. The bystanders look at the fire and listen to the woman scream. Some of them cry. All of them feel fucking powerless.

Suddenly, a MYSTERY MAN emerges from the darkness and dashes into the burning house.

TEEN GIRL (O.S.)
Did you guys see that?!

TEEN BOY
Yooooo!

TEEN GIRL (O.S.)
A man just ran into the fire!

Mystery Man emerges from the fire like a goddamn American hero, carrying CLAUDETTE HARRIS (60s).

TEEN GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He saved her!

The video zooms in as Teen Girl tries to get a better look at the mystery hero, but in the dark, from across the street, we can't make out the man's face. We, however, do hear a dazed and delirious Claudette shouting--

CLAUDETTE
My baby! My baby! My baby!

Mystery Man puts Claudette down and runs back into the house. Two bystanders help Claudette away from the fire.

Seconds later, a huge EXPLOSION rips through the house.

The video shakes as all the bystanders scream and run further away from the fire.

TEEN GIRL (O.S.)
Oh my God. Oh my God! The house
literally just blew up!

The video steadies and refocuses on the house, which is now completely engulfed in flames. Everyone watches it quietly, all thinking the same thing--

TEEN GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The man. He was still in there.

As smoke from the fire fills the night sky, Facebook comments continue to pop up on the video -- **"This is so sad!"** **"Prayers up"** **"That guy's definitely dead."**

EXT. SMALL TOWN, UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

FRANKIE WILSON (17) bikes to school. She doesn't know what she wants to do in life, but knows that it won't be in this shitty small town.

As she bikes, we establish NEWBANK, NEW YORK, a small upstate New York town. It's not "everybody knows each other" small, but it's definitely not a place where things happen. No small town charm, no big city excitement, just... meh.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
I could've been born anywhere. LA. Brooklyn. Hawaii. But I was born in Newbank, New York. And as if that wasn't tragic enough, I grew up in Newbank, New York and still live in Newbank, New York. Land of the mediocre, home of the blah. If anyone ever made a list of the saddest places to live, Newbank would definitely make that list. And if it didn't, it'd be because no one had ever heard of it, not because it wasn't worthy of the insult.

Frankie bikes past a bowling alley, which is generically named BOWLING ALLEY.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Do you know how many weddings I've seen at the bowling alley? And it's not a nice bowling alley. I work there so I can tell you with one hundred percent certainty that no amount of mopping can get rid of the smell of stale popcorn and fresh sadness. And still, people choose it for a moment that marks the start of a new chapter of their lives. It's like everyone here has given up on wanting more for themselves. Or maybe they don't know that there's more out there.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I don't want getting by and bowling
alley weddings. I want more. And
that's the biggest challenge I've ever
faced: wanting more in a place that
doesn't have more to offer.

Frankie pulls up in front of NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL and hops off her bike. She locks it up and hurries inside.

INT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - MR. FISHER'S OFFICE - LATER

Frankie sits across from MR. FISHER (50s, guidance counselor, his way is the best way), reading him her scholarship contest essay. This is the V.O. narration we've been hearing.

FRANKIE
But this challenge has only made me
stronger. Made me work harder. Because,
much like your founding director at the
Harvey Foundation, I too want to break
free from Newbank. And this scholarship
would not only give me the key to get
out, but also the tools to survive on
the other side. All I want is to make it
to the other side. And I would love for
the Harvey Foundation to be a part of
that journey. Thank you for your time
and consideration.

Frankie puts her essay down and looks at Mr. Fisher, hopeful. Mr. Fisher gives her two thumbs down.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Come on.

MR. FISHER
They asked for the biggest challenge
you've ever faced and you spent the
entire essay trashing Newbank.

FRANKIE
Because living here's a challenge.

MR. FISHER
Frankie, the Harveys grant a full ride
scholarship to a Newbank senior every
year because they want to feel
connected to their hometown. They don't
want to read essays attacking it.

FRANKIE
The Harveys ditched this place decades
ago.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
If anything, their foundation gives out this scholarship so that they can help the rest of us escape.

(off Fisher's look)
I thought you said they wanted brutal honesty.

MR. FISHER
No, they want tear-jerker honesty. Death, pain, struggle, tragedy. They want to feel like they need to save you before they give you their money.

FRANKIE
I think my essay screams, "save me."

MR. FISHER
Okay. Don't listen to me. But just so you know, other students are taking my very sage advice. Someone wrote a truly moving essay about their father's battle with cancer.

Frankie rolls her eyes. She knows who he's talking about.

FRANKIE
I see Natasha's playing the daddy cancer card again. How exploitative of her.

MR. FISHER
No, how smart of her. That's the kind of essay they want to see. That's the kind of essay that wins.

FRANKIE
Her dad had cancer for like a hot second when she was an infant. He's been cancer free for literally all of her cognitive life. So, how exactly is that experience more challenging than being trapped in a town you hate?

MR. FISHER
Look Frankie, only one student's going to win this scholarship. I want you to have a chance, but you won't with this essay.

FRANKIE
I might.

Mr. Fisher slides Frankie's essay back to her.

MR. FISHER

Well, I don't feel comfortable sending the Harvey Foundation this.

FRANKIE

Are you seriously not gonna let me submit?

MR. FISHER

Give me something worthy of submission and I'll send it along.

FRANKIE

That's not fair!

MR. FISHER

Deadline's tomorrow if you want to get in the race.

Frankie grabs her essay and huffs out of the office.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

OLIVIA 'LIV' WILSON (mid 30s, truly believes she's smarter than everyone she knows) and JP WILSON (mid 30s, dreamer, fitness obsessed) are mid-argument as Liv makes dinner. Liv is wearing a red polo shirt and khaki pants. A pin on her shirt reads "MANAGER." JP is in athletic wear.

JP

Just sign the papers!

LIV

JP, please try and understand that I hate you and don't want to make you happy.

JP

Look, you can fight this all you want, but I'm going to marry Gina.

LIV

Aw, but you can't. You're still married to me and last I checked bigamy's illegal.

JP

Why are you holding me hostage? You're the one who kicked me out!

LIV

Four months! And you're already trying to get re-married?

JP

Love moves fast when you find someone
who actually believes in your dreams.

LIV

Fuck you and fuck your fake ass
"fitness empire" that no one wants.

JP

At least I'm building a career I'm
passionate about instead of settling
for a dead-end job that makes me
miserable.

Liv tenses. It's clear that's a sore spot.

LIV

Someone had to pay the bills.

JP

Once I get my business off the ground--

LIV

I could've married Joe Watkins.

JP

Here we go.

LIV

He actually did something with his
life and now he owns apartment
buildings in Rochester. Leaving him
for you was the biggest mistake I've
ever made.

JP

Then sign the divorce papers and go
get him back.

LIV

He already has a wife!

JP

What do you want from me, Liv? You
want me to beg?

(dropping to knees)

Please Liv. Please stop being a bitch
for two seconds so that we can both
move on with our lives.

LIV

I'm going to stay married to you till
the day you die, you fucking asshole.

The back door opens and Frankie enters with her boyfriend DONALDO (17, sweet, simple). Liv and JP stop arguing.

LIV (CONT'D)
Hey kids.

DONALDO
Hey Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

FRANKIE
Hey mom.

Frankie heads to the fridge, ignoring JP.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Don, you want something to eat?

DONALDO
Always.

Frankie starts making two sandwiches.

JP
Hey honey.

FRANKIE
Hey JP.

JP
You know I hate when you call me that.

Frankie ignores him. JP turns back to Liv and they have a whisper fight behind Frankie.

JP (CONT'D)
You feel good about yourself? Turning
my daughter against me?

LIV
If you want to be called 'dad,' you
should try acting like one.

Frankie tries to stay tough, but a flash of sadness crosses her face. Donald notices. He pulls out his phone and starts to surreptitiously record her.

JP
You're making this harder than it
needs to be.

LIV
You're the one who--

FRANKIE
 (without looking up)
 The Harvey scholarship deadline is
 tomorrow and I need quiet to write a
 new essay so that I can leave this
 place and never look back.

JP shoots Liv an angry look and storms out the back door.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
 Wouldn't it be easier if you just
 divorced him?

Liv doesn't respond. Frankie grabs her food and she and
 Donaldo exit the kitchen. Liv slams a cabinet, frustrated.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - FRANKIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Donaldo lounges on the bed, working on his phone, while
 Frankie works on an old desktop computer, a Word document
 open on the screen. **"What's the biggest challenge you've ever
 faced?"** is written at the top. The rest of the page is blank.

Frankie types **"tragedy tragedy..."** She sits back, frustrated.

FRANKIE
 Ugh. The only tragic thing about my
 life is that it's painfully ordinary.

DONALDO
 Why's your essay gotta be so sad? Is
 that what the Harvey people want?

FRANKIE
 Who knows. But it's what Mr. Fisher
 wants and he's the one choosing the
 essays to send in. So if I'm even
 gonna get a chance for the Harvey
 peeps to read it, I have to get past
 the tragedy loving gatekeeper.

Frankie lays her head down and lets out a long moan.

DONALDO
 Babe, don't stress yourself out. If
 Fisher doesn't like your essay, then
 fuck him. You don't need this.

FRANKIE
 You're right. 'Cause I can totally
 afford to pay for college with all my
 bowling alley riches.
 (then)
 Sorry, I'm just a little freaked out.
 (MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
If I don't get this scholarship, I
don't know what I'm gonna do.

DONALDO
Okay, it's break time. I made you
something.

Donaldo leans over and plays her a video on his phone. It's the video that he surreptitiously shot of Frankie with her parents fighting behind her. It's been beautifully edited with music, close-ups on Frankie's face and slo-mo effects.

DONALDO (CONT'D)
I call it - Frankie makes a sandwich
while her parents fight.

FRANKIE
Title's a little on the nose...
Jeez, I look fucking depressed.

DONALDO
I think you look pretty.

Frankie smiles. Donaldo lays back on the bed and watches Frankie watch the video. He's happy he made her happy.

FRANKIE
You're so good at this.
(then, she's said it before)
If you went to college, you could do a
film program and--

DONALDO
I don't need college to make cool
videos.

FRANKIE
All I'm saying is that it'd be a waste
of your talent to stay here. You'd end
up as some school portrait photographer
when you could be so much more.

DONALDO
(sincere)
I'd be happy taking pictures of kids
all day.

FRANKIE
Dream big, Donaldo.

DONALDO
You're my big dream. I'll just go
wherever you go.

Donaldo smiles up at Frankie and she can't help but be charmed. She moves to the bed and kisses him.

DONALDO (CONT'D)
Or we can both stay here.

FRANKIE
In bed or in Newbank?

DONALDO
Both.

FRANKIE
Ha, yeah right. I need to come up with a scholarship winning life tragedy by tomorrow.

DONALDO
Maybe you should write about your parents' divorce.

FRANKIE
Everyone gets divorced, it's not a tragedy anymore. I need something really sad. Like cancer dad.

DONALDO
Cancer dad?

FRANKIE
Fucking Natasha wrote an essay about her dad's stupid cancer and apparently it's the kind of depressing shit the scholarship board will eat up. It's not even like her dad died. He survived cancer! So if anything, that's a happy story, it's not a--
(an idea)
Holy shit, that's it.

Frankie hops out of bed and hurries back to her desk.

DONALDO
What?

FRANKIE
You know what's more tragic than a cancer dad?

DONALDO
A blind dad.

FRANKIE
A dead dad.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
A blind dad?

DONALDO
He can't see his kids - that's sad.
But yeah, a dead dad's sadder.

FRANKIE
And that's what my essay's about.

DONALDO
But your dad isn't dead.

FRANKIE
Mr. Fisher and the Harvey Foundation
don't know that. I'm winning this
scholarship.

INT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - MR. FISHER'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Mr. Fisher is in the middle of reading an essay. He lowers the paper and looks at Frankie, who's sitting across from him. There's a tear in his eye.

MR. FISHER
Wow. This is... powerful. I didn't
know your father had passed.

FRANKIE
Yeah. He did. Not a lot of people know
'cause it's recent and I don't like
talking about it. But after meeting
with you, I felt like I was ready to
open up about this challenging
experience of losing my dad.

MR. FISHER
Thank you for sharing your heart. The
Foundation is going to love this essay.

Frankie smiles.

INT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

NATASHA SAINT-CLAIR (17, extremely ambitious, extremely intense) storms down the hall, on a mission. She's wearing a Harvard T-shirt and an "I'm better than you" attitude.

Natasha spots her target -- Frankie, standing by her locker. She marches up to her.

NATASHA
You wrote an essay about the death of
your father.

FRANKIE
What do you want, Natasha?

NATASHA
Since when is your dad dead?

FRANKIE
How'd you know what my essay was
about?

Natasha doesn't respond.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
You snuck into Mr. Fisher's office and
read all the essay submissions. How on-
brand of you.

Frankie closes her locker and walks away. Natasha follows.

NATASHA
I didn't know your dad had died.

FRANKIE
We're not friends. I wouldn't expect
you to know.

NATASHA
When'd he die?

FRANKIE
Last week.

NATASHA
How'd he die?

FRANKIE
Heart attack.

NATASHA
Why don't you look sad?

FRANKIE
We all grieve in our own ways,
Natasha.

NATASHA
Why didn't you put any of those
details in your essay? You were pretty
vague about what happened.

FRANKIE
That's because my essay isn't about how
or when or why my dad died. It's about
my struggle to overcome the loss.

NATASHA
You don't look like you're struggling.

FRANKIE
Do I look like I'm done with this
conversation? Because I am.

NATASHA
I think you're lying!

Frankie stops walking and turns back to Natasha.

FRANKIE
Excuse me?

NATASHA
I don't think your dad is dead.

FRANKIE
You don't know what you're talking
about.

NATASHA
I think you made it up so that you can
win the Harvey scholarship.

FRANKIE
I didn't make up anything. My dad is
dead.

NATASHA
Prove it.

FRANKIE
Prove it?! What kind of heartless
person tells someone to prove that
their dad is dead?

NATASHA
A fake essay shouldn't win over a real
one.

FRANKIE
Wow. You're really scared that my
essay is gonna beat yours. I guess
that makes sense. Mine is a moving
piece about the loss of the man who
gave me life. And yours - I mean, I
didn't break into Mr. Fisher's office
and read everyone else's submissions
like a psycho - but knowing you, yours
is probably about...

(makes a show of thinking)
... your very much alive dad having
cancer when you were a baby who didn't
know what cancer was. Yeah, I'd pick
my essay too. But hey, don't worry.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I'm sure you'll find another
scholarship to pay for Harvard. You
seem very resourceful.

Natasha gets in Frankie's face.

NATASHA
I'm going to expose you for the liar
that you are. And when I do, I'm going
to make sure that you're not only
disqualified from the scholarship
contest, but also expelled for cheating.

Natasha turns and marches off. Frankie watches her go.

FRANKIE
Shit.

INT. LOCAL GYM - BACK OFFICE - LATER

JP is pitching to the GYM OWNER (male, 40s). JP holds
brochures and exercise DVDs with pictures of himself on it.

JP
The JP Wilson Method is about mind
body conditioning and pushing the
boundaries of what you think is
possible.

GYM OWNER
Our members aren't really interested
in fancy fitness methods. They just
want the basics: treadmills, weights--

JP
That's what they think they want. But
with my eight week program, they'll
get results they never even dreamed
of. If you partner with me, I'll bring
the JP Wilson Method exclusively to
your gym and give you rights to sell
my work-out DVDs... A lot of other
gyms have already expressed interest.

GYM OWNER
Which ones?

JP
All I can say is you should get in
while you can. So, we making a deal?
It feels like we're making a deal.

GYM OWNER
We're not.

JP
I get it, you need time to think. I'll leave some of my brochures and videos.

GYM OWNER
That's not necessary.

JP
So you can look them over later.

GYM OWNER
No seriously, I'll probably just throw them away, so you should keep them.

JP
Okay. Your loss buddy.

GYM OWNER
Sure.

INT. GINA'S CAR - SAME TIME

GINA (late 30s, wants to be a mom more than anything) waits in her car outside the gym. She's wearing medical scrubs.

Gina notices a YOUNG MOM crossing the street pushing a double stroller with an infant in back and a BABBLING TODDLER up front. The toddler accidentally drops her toy onto the street, but Young Mom doesn't notice, continuing along.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gina exits her car, grabs the toy and chases after Young Mom.

GINA
Excuse me!

Young Mom stops and Gina hands her the toy.

GINA (CONT'D)
She dropped this.

YOUNG MOM
Oh my goodness, thank you! Gracie say thank you to the nice lady.

GRACIE
Thank you.

GINA
She's so cute. Can I hold her?

YOUNG MOM
(weirded out)
No.

Young Mom turns and continues on her way.

JP (O.S.)
Gina.

Gina turns to see JP approaching her. He gives her a peck.

JP (CONT'D)
Thanks for coming to pick me up, but I
think I need to run home.

GINA
That bad?

JP
These people have no vision! I know
this method would take off if they'd
just give me a chance!

Gina puts her arms around him.

GINA
It'll happen.

JP
You're amazing.

GINA
I know.

Gina kisses him and then heads towards her car.

GINA (CONT'D)
Come on, let's go. I need to wash the
smell of death off of me.

JP puts his stuff in the car but doesn't get in. Gina sees
him standing there, looking at her sheepishly.

GINA (CONT'D)
You still want to run home, don't you?

JP
You know me so well, and that's why I
love you.

Gina rolls her eyes and laughs as she gets in the car.

GINA
See you at home, crazy.

Gina drives off. JP puts on some music, takes a deep breath and starts to run home.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

QUICK CUTS of JP running home - focused, sweating, and strong. It's clear that running is therapeutic for him.

EXT. STREET - LATER

JP runs up to his apartment complex and is surprised to see Frankie sitting outside.

JP
Frankie.

FRANKIE
Hey JP.

JP tenses at being called that, but doesn't comment on it.

JP
What are you doing here?

FRANKIE
I need a favor.

INT. JP AND GINA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

JP and Frankie enter. The apartment has a homey decor and everything matches perfectly, except for a pile of fitness gear in the corner. It's obvious JP moved into Gina's place.

FRANKIE
Where's your lady friend?

JP
I think she's in the shower.
(calling)
Gina? ... Yeah, she's in the shower.
Do you want something to drink?

FRANKIE
No.

Frankie notices a wall covered with a tacky amount of FRAMED CUTESTY PHOTOS of JP and Gina. She frowns. JP squirms.

JP
She might've gone overboard with that
haha... You said you need a favor?

FRANKIE
I need you to pretend to be dead.

JP
I'm sorry, what?

FRANKIE
The Harvey scholarship is super competitive and Mr. Fisher said they wanted something tragic so... I wrote an essay about how I'm dealing with your death.

JP
What?!

FRANKIE
It's really good! And I think I actually have a shot at winning. Which is why fucking Natasha is on a mission to blow my cover and disqualify me. Which is why I need you to play dead. Just until I win. Please.

JP
You killed me off in your essay?
That's insane. Not to mention a jinx on my life, Jesus Christ Frankie!

FRANKIE
It's not a big deal.

JP
You wrote about how I'm dead! Do you have any idea how that makes me feel?

FRANKIE
I'm sorry.

JP
Thank you.

FRANKIE
So will you do it?

JP
No!

FRANKIE
Oh my God!

Gina enters, freshly showered. She's surprised to see Frankie.

GINA
Oh, hi Frankie.

FRANKIE

I've never asked you to do anything
for me!

GINA

What's going on?

JP

My daughter killed me off for some
essay contest and now she wants me to
hide out and pretend to be dead.

FRANKIE

It's not like you have a job to go to.

JP

I'm building a fitness empire!

FRANKIE

You are so selfish!

JP

Okay. Fine. So I pretend to be dead.
What's the scholarship people gonna
think when I miraculously come back to
life after you win? Did you ever think
about that?

Frankie pauses. She hadn't.

FRANKIE

Well... the Harvey people won't notice
because they're not looking into it.
Literally no one is trying to fact
check my essay except Natasha, and
once I convince Nancy Drew that you're
dead, she'll drop it and move on.

JP

And if she doesn't?

FRANKIE

Well, she won't be here forever! Once
she gets into Harvard and leaves town,
she'll forget about the whole thing.

JP

Oh so now I'm playing dead until this
girl goes off college. Why don't I
just play dead permanently?

FRANKIE

Is that an option?

That stings. Frankie immediately regrets saying it. Beat.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have written that essay.
It was stupid. But it's too late now
to take it back without getting
completely screwed. Please JP.

JP
I'm sorry.

Frankie grabs her bag and storms out of the apartment.

JP (CONT'D)
Am I a bad parent for not doing this?

GINA
Of course not.

JP
I mean, playing dead and condoning
this behavior -- that would be the
crazy thing to do, right?

GINA
You're not a bad parent.

The front door opens and Frankie re-enters.

FRANKIE
I'll get you your divorce.

JP
What?

FRANKIE
If you do this for me, I'll get mom to
sign your divorce papers.

GINA
He'll do it.

JP
What?!

GINA
JP, Liv's going to keep dragging out
this divorce as long as possible. If
Frankie can get her to sign--

JP
Gina--

GINA

My eggs are running out of time!

(then)

I want us to start our family before it's too late. Come on, you can play dead for a few days.

FRANKIE

A week. Maybe two. No more than three.
Please.

GINA

Please.

Gina and Frankie both make puppy dog pleading eyes. Beat.

JP

You get your mom to sign the papers
and you start calling me daddy again.

FRANKIE

Gross.

GINA

Yeah, honey, she's not five. It's weird if she calls you daddy.

FRANKIE

I'm not calling you daddy.

JP

Fine, don't call me daddy! But you have to call me dad or pop or father or any other daddy synonym because that's what I am! I'm your dad, not your JP. No more JP.

FRANKIE

I'll call you dad.

JP

Then I'll play dead.

FRANKIE

Okay.

Frankie turns and quickly exits the apartment.

JP

(calling after her)
You're welcome!

EXT. JP AND GINA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Frankie leans against the front door and lets out a deep sigh of relief. She smiles.

INT. OFFICE SUPPLY STORE - MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATER

A tiny back office with a giant glass window that looks out onto the main floor of the store.

Liv sits at her computer in her work uniform of khakis and a red polo. She's scrolling through an article titled "**How To Escape Your Dead-End Job.**" Liv clicks a link within the article: "**Start A New Career On The Side.**" She scrolls through a list of side careers - **Web Design, Bookkeeping, Software Development** - until one catches her eye: **REAL ESTATE**. Liv clicks on it and a video with a SMILING BUSINESSMAN pops up.

SMILING BUSINESSMAN

Buying investment property can seem daunting, but when you break it down, it's actually a lot easier than you might think. With my simple how-to-guide, you too can find financial freedom through real estate.

There's a tap on Liv's window. Liv pauses the video and looks up. She sees Frankie smiling on the other side of the glass.

Frankie does a series of dance moves behind the glass: the hoola, the swim, some vogueing, finishing off with a twirl. Liv laughs and claps. Frankie bows and comes around the corner to enter the office.

LIV

I haven't gotten a Frankie show in years. Why you blessing me with such cute dance moves?

FRANKIE

Because you're the best mom ever and I love you.

LIV

And because...

FRANKIE

(sheepishly)
I need a favor.

INT. OFFICE SUPPLY STORE - MAIN FLOOR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Liv exits her office with Frankie following behind.

LIV
No.

FRANKIE
Mom, please. It was the only way he'd agree to do it.

Liv starts stocking a shelf. She works as they talk.

LIV
First of all, this whole play dead scheme is truly idiotic (so of course your dad would agree to do it). And second, you have no business asking me to sign divorce papers. God! I can't believe he put you up to this.

FRANKIE
It was my idea.

LIV
My divorce is none of your business.
So drop it.

FRANKIE
I know you hate him, but--

LIV
I said drop it!

A CUSTOMER looks over at the noise and Liv composes herself.

LIV (CONT'D)
Making me raise my voice at work. I'm not doing this with you right now. Or ever. Go home.

Liv walks away from Frankie, back towards her office.

INT. OFFICE SUPPLY STORE - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Liv sits and lets out a frustrated sigh. Frankie enters.

LIV
I swear to God, Frankie--

FRANKIE
Can I have a job application?

LIV
What?

FRANKIE

I can't afford to go to college without this scholarship, so I should start planning my future here. This job will pay better than the bowling alley. I can stock shelves, and help people pick out staples, and maybe one day work my way up to manager.

LIV

(beat)

I didn't realize my life was so terrible.

FRANKIE

It's not... But don't you want more for me?

Liv glances at the article on her computer screen - "**How To Escape Your Dead-End Job.**" She does.

LIV

I'll sign them.

FRANKIE

Yes! Thank you, thank you, thank you!

LIV

I should get back to work. I'll see you at home.

Frankie smiles and hurries out of the office. Liv sits, alone. Her marriage is ending, her daughter is leaving, and she's stuck in a dead-end job. Liv looks at the Smiling Businessman's face that's paused on her screen. She clicks on the pdf of his "How-To-Guide" and presses PRINT.

INT. JP AND GINA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

JP sits on the couch, working intently on his laptop. Gina slinks in, wearing a tiny pink robe, heels and nothing else. JP looks up and smiles.

JP

What's all this?

GINA

One of the perks of dying -- you get to chill with sexy angels.

JP

Uh-oh, you're wearing red. Does that mean I'm in hell?

GINA

It's pink and it's the only cute robe
I have. Also, I'm naked under here.

JP

I like that.

GINA

Oh you do? How about this?

Gina does a sexy, awkward little dance. JP laughs, loving it.

JP

Did you choreograph that?

GINA

Sure did. These special moves are
reserved specifically for dead guys.

JP

Wow, if I'd known about the perks, I
would've died way sooner.

JP pulls Gina down onto the couch and kisses her.

GINA

Thanks for doing this. I know it
sucks.

JP

Actually, it's not so bad. I have a
sexy angel and I figured out a way to
make some money off of being dead.

GINA

What?

JP

This guy I knew died in a motorcycle
accident a few years ago and his
family raised over ten grand to pay
for his funeral.

GINA

So?

JP

So...

JP turns his laptop to Gina and shows her what he's working
on -- a GOFUNDME PAGE.

JP (CONT'D)

I'm raising money for my funeral!

GINA
Are you insane?

JP
I know it sounds crazy, but it's a genius idea. I'm already playing dead, right? So, I start a GoFundMe campaign as the family of the late JP Wilson, I tell a sad, sappy story, America weeps, America opens their wallets...

GINA
No. No!

JP
Look at how much money these funeral campaigns are making.
(scrolling through campaigns)
Claire Davis Funeral Fund: 13,000 raised. Mike Gordon Memorial: 11,750 raised. Randy's Funeral: 29,000 dollars raised!

GINA
Those people are dead!

JP
So am I! Okay, not really. You're the one who wanted me to play dead.

GINA
For Frankie and her little Facebook friends. Not for the whole world.

JP
It's easy money and it's not like it's hurting anyone. Plus, think of what we could do with ten grand. I could finally afford to open my own gym. We could use that money for our wedding.

GINA
JP, you thought it'd be hard to come back to life when it was just some teenage girl checking for you. How do you expect to come back if you draw all this attention to yourself and people donate money to your funeral?! What, you gonna resurrect to open a gym? That won't be weird!

JP
(smiling, proud)
Baby, I already thought about that.
(MORE)

JP (CONT'D)
It won't be a problem - if I come back
to life somewhere else.

GINA
What?

JP
I can open a gym anywhere. We can
start our family anywhere. There's
nothing keeping us here. We could take
the donation money we make and skip
town. Start our lives somewhere new.

Gina starts to consider it...

GINA
Where would we go?

JP
Anywhere you want.

GINA
Grand Rapids, Michigan. Forbes ranks
it as the number one best place to
raise a family. What do you think of
Grand Rapids, Michigan?

JP
I think it's perfect. Sooo...

GINA
Let's raise some money for your
funeral.

INT. NATASHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Natasha races in, drops her bag and sits at her desk. There's a poster of PATTY HEWES (the ruthless lawyer played by Glenn Close in Damages) on the wall above her desk. Natasha opens her laptop and does some Internet recon.

She types "**Frankie Wilson dad dead?**" into Google. Nothing. She types "**Frankie Wilson Newbank**" and finds Frankie's Facebook page. Frankie's most recent Facebook status reads: "**RIP Dad.**" Natasha furrows her brows, not buying it.

Natasha clicks through Frankie's Facebook until she finds the name of her dad - "**JP Wilson.**" She types "**JP Wilson**" into Google. Nothing. She types "**JP Wilson Newbank dead**" and comes across JP's GoFundMe page. As she skims, the words jump out:

**"Raising funds to cover the funeral costs for JP Wilson"
"tragic loss" "Loving father" "daughter, Frankie Wilson"**

Natasha sits back, stunned. Frankie's dad is actually dead.

NATASHA
NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Natasha trashes her bedroom in frustration. Her door opens and NATASHA'S DAD (40s, tired) pokes his head in. He sees the chaos in the room and immediately looks twice as tired.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
Frankie might win the scholarship
contest over me because her dad is
dead! Why can't you be dead, dad?!

NATASHA'S DAD
I don't know, honey. Dinner's ready.

He exits the room. Natasha throws herself onto her bed.

NATASHA
Aaaaah!

We pan over to Natasha's desk and land on JP's GoFundMe page. The goal tracker reads: \$0 reached of \$10,000 goal.

INT. JP AND GINA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

CLOSE on JP's GoFundMe page: \$0 reached of \$10,000 goal.

JP (O.S.)
Oh come on!

REVEAL JP looking at the page on his laptop. He makes a call.

JP (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
It's not working, we're still at zero.
No one cares that I'm dead.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE/MORGUE - EXAM ROOM - SAME TIME

A small facility with the basic equipment needed to do the job. Nothing fancy. Gina is on her phone. She's wearing scrubs with a tag that reads ASSISTANT CORONER.

GINA
Babe, it hasn't even been 24 hours.
Just give it a sec.
(off noise in the hall)
My boss is coming, gotta go, love you.

Gina hangs up as the Head Coroner, SAL LEWIS (70s, old man with no boundaries) rolls a covered body in on a gurney.

SAL
Got a John Doe for us, sweetie.

GINA
Okay.

They move the body to the exam table. Sal pauses dramatically.

SAL
You got your smelling salts ready?

GINA
(has said this many times)
I'm not going to faint, Sal.

SAL
Alright little miss, it's a nasty one.

Sal uncovers the body. It's severely burned. There are patches of skin on the lower half, but the face is pretty much gone.

SAL (CONT'D)
He had no identification on him and there haven't been any missing persons reported, so police sent him here in hopes we could ID him.

GINA
What happened?

SAL
Rescued a woman from a house fire. He went back in to get her baby and the house exploded. Turns out the woman he saved calls her dog her baby. Poor guy died trying to save a goddamn poodle.

Sal examines the body, with Gina assisting.

SAL (CONT'D)
Adult male, height: six feet, no visible tattoos, birthmark on upper left thigh-- get a picture of that.

Gina takes a picture of the birthmark.

GINA
Should we run his fingerprints? See if we can ID him that way?

SAL
Prints burned clear off in the fire.
But that was a good idea, sweetie.

Sal gives Gina a tap-tap on the butt. Gina tenses, but doesn't say anything. This has clearly happened before.

SAL (CONT'D)
No, our best bet is the teeth. And that'll still be tough since we don't have any dental records to compare 'em to.

(then)
This man is a hero and no one misses him. No one's mourning him like he deserves. Damn shame.

Gina looks down at the faceless, unclaimed, hero body. Hmmm.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - EVENING

A worn down bowling alley with a giant sign on the wall that reads, "BOWLING ALLEY." A good sized crowd fills the place. There's a small wedding happening in a lane in the corner.

Donaldo and Frankie are mid-convo as they bowl. Frankie is wearing a Bowling Alley Employee T-shirt.

DONALDO
I'm just saying, twenty colleges is a lot.

FRANKIE
It's a numbers game, babe. Apply everywhere, get in somewhere.

DONALDO
Okay, but what if you get accepted to all twenty schools, then what?

FRANKIE
Then I stick 'em all in a hat, choose one at random, and get the hell outta here.

Donaldo laughs.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
What?

DONALDO
You're in such a hurry to leave Newbank, but you don't even know where you want to go.

FRANKIE
Well, the one thing I do know is that
I want to go. I don't care where as
long as it's not here.

Frankie grabs another ball and moves towards the lane, so she doesn't hear Donaldo say--

DONALDO
I like living here.

Frankie bowls a strike.

FRANKIE
Yes!
(then)
I hate that I'm so good at bowling.
(to Donaldo)
I've got 15 minutes left in my break.
We can keep bowling, or we can go make
out in the parking lot.

Donaldo studies Frankie.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
What?

DONALDO
Lemme take your picture.

FRANKIE
Here?

DONALDO
Yeah.

Donaldo takes out his phone and points the camera at her.

DONALDO (CONT'D)
Smile.

Frankie makes an ugly face and Donaldo takes a picture. He sits, clicking away on his phone, a sly smile on his face.

FRANKIE
(suspicious)
What are you doing?

DONALDO
Oh nothing.

FRANKIE
You better not be posting that
picture.

DONALDO
What picture?

FRANKIE
Nooo!

Frankie tries to grab Donaldo's phone but he hops up and runs away. She chases after him, but he dodges her laughing, still working on his phone. Frankie jumps onto Donaldo's back.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Do you surrender?

DONALDO
I surrender.

He carries Frankie back to their booth and puts her down.

FRANKIE
Okay Donnie boy, let's see what you did.

Donaldo holds up his phone and shows her a picture of a weird looking baby. It's a mashup of Donaldo and the ugly face picture of Frankie. Frankie bursts out laughing.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
What is that?

DONALDO
Make-a-baby app. That's what our baby'll look like. Lil Frankie.

FRANKIE
Aww, look at our busted little baby.
She's perfect.

DONALDO
Yeah she is.

Frankie kicks her feet up and lays her head in Donaldo's lap as she continues to study their ugly baby. Donaldo watches the wedding ceremony in the corner.

FRANKIE
This face is definitely not gonna sell any diapers. But I bet she has a great personality and a boss bitch attitude.

Donaldo looks down at Frankie.

DONALDO
Let's make her for real.

FRANKIE

What?

DONALDO

Don't worry, she'll be much cuter than this.

Frankie shoots up.

FRANKIE

Are you serious?!

A tense beat as Donaldo studies Frankie. He smiles.

DONALDO

Of course I'm not serious. It was just a joke... It's my turn.

Donaldo hops up, grabs a ball and resumes bowling. Frankie looks down at the busted mashup baby, concerned. Part of her knows - Donaldo wasn't kidding.

INT. JP AND GINA'S APARTMENT - LATER

CLOSE ON a laptop screen. A news segment is playing.

REPORTER

A real world superhero gave up his life to save a stranger from a raging fire.

The news segment cuts to the facebook video stream of the fire rescue from the top of the movie: mystery man carries out Claudette and runs back into the house right before it explodes. The news segment cuts back to the reporter.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

That video was captured by local teens on that tragic night. The identity of this brave hero is still unknown.

We pull out to reveal Gina and JP watching this video online.

JP

Why are you showing me this?

GINA

His body came into the coroner's office today. We're trying to ID him, but it's looking like that's going to be impossible.

JP

Man, I don't know if I could do it - run into a burning building like that.

GINA
You think people would donate money to
this guy's funeral?

JP
Of course - he's a fucking hero.

GINA
What if he was you?
(off his confused look)
His body is burned past recognition
and you're about the same height and
build. If we ID this John Doe as JP
Wilson, you become a local hero who
rescued an old lady from a fire. And
the donation money pours in.

JP
We can't do that. Can we do that?

GINA
No one's reported him missing, so he
clearly doesn't have anyone in his
life. His body's just gonna sit in the
morgue, unclaimed and unidentified. At
least this way, we can give him a
funeral he deserves. And then we can
leave town and finally start the lives
we deserve. It's a win-win.

JP
True.

GINA
Plus, you get to die a hero.

JP
JP Wilson, American hero. People would
donate ten grand for that guy's funeral.

GINA
People would donate twenty grand for
that guy's funeral.

JP
You think so?

GINA
Motorcycle dude got ten for his and he
didn't save anybody from a fire. A
brave hero's gotta be worth at least
double.

JP
Yeah... Let's do it! How do we do it?

GINA
Well, I can't be the one to claim the body. It'd be suspicious since I work there. And there'd be more questions if my boss knew we were dating.

JP
Okay.

GINA
So we need someone else to claim the body...

Beat. JP realizes who that someone else is.

JP
Fuck.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

JP and Gina sit across from a smug Liv.

LIV
Gina, do you enjoy dating my husband?

JP
Liv--

LIV
JP, you do remember that I hate you?

JP
Yes.

LIV
And you understand that I don't want you to be happy?

JP
You've made that abundantly clear.

LIV
I thought I had. Which is why I'm confused as to why you think I'd do anything to help you and your desperate little girlfriend.

(to Gina)
I don't usually make assumptions about people I don't know, but a woman who gets engaged to a married man can't be anything but desperate.

GINA
Not desperate. Unlike you, I love JP.

LIV
That's sad.
(to JP, relishing)
I'm done making your life easy.
Request for help denied.

JP
We'll give you a cut of the money.

LIV
Request. For help. Denied.

JP
Are you really going to let your hate
for me get in the way of you making
money? And it's a lot of money. Think
of all the things you could do if you
had some extra cash.

Liv considers it. She could use the money...

LIV
How much?
JP
At least twenty grand. Maybe more.

LIV
And people are just going to donate
all of that to you?

JP
Once I'm a local hero they will. Come
on Liv, it's a good plan. And if it
makes you feel better, I'll do
everything I can not to be happy.

Liv rolls her eyes and hides a smile. She's still charmed by
him. Gina notices.

LIV
Alright, say people do donate all that
money. What then?

JP
Once the campaign's closed, GoFundMe
will send the money we raised to my
bank account. And once I have that,
I'll pay you your cut.

LIV

So the money's going to go to a dead man's bank account and that dead man is going to transfer money to his wife? Good plan.

JP

We'll put it in Gina's.

LIV

The woman who works at the coroner's office and isn't supposed to know the dead guy?

(then)

The money should go to me. And then I can pay you your cut in cash so that it can't be traced.

(off JP's frown)

Do you want my help or not?

JP

The money will go to you.

LIV

And I want to keep half.

JP

A quarter.

LIV

Half.

JP

A third.

LIV

Find someone else to help you.

JP

Fine! Half.

Liv smiles, victorious.

LIV

So, how do I claim this body?

GINA

After you tell the police that you think JP may be the man who died in that fire, they'll bring you to the coroner's office for a positive ID.

Gina hands a photo to Liv.

GINA (CONT'D)
John Doe has a distinct birthmark on
his upper left thigh. If you describe
this to Sal, he'll ID the body as JP.

LIV
You sure about that? What if he wants
DNA or something to prove it?

GINA
Sal hates having unsolved John Does
and he hates doing extra work.
Positive ID of the birthmark will be
enough for him.

LIV
It better be. Because if I get caught,
I'm turning both of you in and telling
the police you threatened my life and
forced me to do this.

JP
I'd expect nothing less.

Gina and JP stand to go. JP puts on a hat and sunglasses.

LIV
One more thing, JP. You need to stay
here till this is over.

JP
I'm not--

LIV
If I'm going to put myself on the line
and basically help you two commit
identity theft, then I want to be able
to keep an eye on you and make sure
you don't fuck it up and get caught
outside.

JP
I obviously won't go outside.

LIV
You were literally just outside.

JP
With a disguise!

LIV
You stay here or I'm out.
(to Gina)
(MORE)

LIV (CONT'D)
Will you have a problem with that, non-desperate Gina?

GINA
(yes)
No.

JP knows that he has no other choice.

JP
I'll stay in the basement.

LIV
(crying)
My husband -- I think he may be the man who died in that fire.

She's good and she knows it. She smiles at JP and Gina.

LIV (CONT'D)
You're welcome.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY

Liv sits in the hall next to OFFICER BUTCH BLAKE (40s, fratty). Liv looks like she's been crying.

LIV
I thought he was out of town. He was supposed to be out of town.

BUTCH
Maybe he is out of town. Maybe he's not the guy who got all burned up in that fire.
(then, reconsidering word choice)
Who died heroically in that fire.

The receptionist BRITTANY (20s) approaches them.

BRITTANY
They're ready for you.

Liv stands and drops her purse, "frazzled." She bends to pick it up. While she's bent over, Butch checks out her ass. Brittany catches him looking and he quickly averts his eyes.

Liv gathers her things and Brittany leads them to...

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter. Sal and Gina stand behind the exam table, the covered body on it. Butch hangs back as Liv approaches them.

SAL
Are you ready?

LIV
Yes.

SAL
The face is unrecognizable. Does your husband have any distinguishing marks on his body? Tattoos, scars?

LIV
He has a birthmark on his upper left thigh. Like an upside down umbrella.

Sal uncovers the lower half of the body, revealing the birthmark.

SAL
Is this it?

Liv nods yes as tears spring to her eyes.

LIV
Yes. It's my husband. It's JP.

SAL
I'm sorry for your loss.

LIV
I want to see his face.

SAL
It's not... as you remember.

LIV
I want to see it.

Sal nods and uncovers the top half of the body. Liv gently touches the burned face.

LIV (CONT'D)
How am I supposed to live without you?

Liv rests her head on the body.

LIV (CONT'D)
I love you, JP. I love you.

Gina watches. Part of her is impressed by Liv's commitment. The other part is concerned by Liv's words.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

JP watches the news. We see a Reporter on screen.

REPORTER

The brave hero who tragically lost his life last week while rescuing a woman from a house fire has been identified as local family man, JP Wilson.

A happy family picture of JP, Frankie and Liv appears on screen next to the reporter.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

JP is survived by his wife and daughter. His family has started a GoFundMe to help raise money for his funeral. If you'd like to donate, a link can be found on our web page.

JP looks down at his laptop, which is open to the GoFundMe page. The goal tracker is at \$5,250 of \$20,000 goal.

JP hits the browser refresh button. The goal tracker is now at \$5,775 of \$20,000 goal. JP pumps his fists in the air.

JP

Wooo!

INT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

It's the end of the school day and the halls are packed as kids head towards the exit. Frankie walks in the opposite direction. Her cell rings - it's Donaldo. Frankie considers answering... but then declines the call and continues on to...

INT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - MR. FISHER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Frankie knocks and pokes her head in. Fisher is at his desk.

FRANKIE

You wanted to see me?

MR. FISHER

Yes, come in, sit.

Frankie sits and Mr. Fisher perches on his desk next to her.

MR. FISHER (CONT'D)

How are you doing?

FRANKIE

It's hard, but I'm hanging in there.

MR. FISHER
You're strong. Like your father.

Frankie is taken aback by that comment, but rolls with it.

FRANKIE
Thank you.

MR. FISHER
When you told me of his passing, I
didn't realize the sacrifice he made.
Your father is the true epitome of the
word hero.

Frankie shifts uncomfortably - wtf is going on?

FRANKIE
Yes. He is.

MR. FISHER
I made a donation to the funeral
campaign. I hope it helps. I donated a
hundred dollars.

FRANKIE
Wow, I don't even know what to say.

Frankie covers her face, as if she's going to cry.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Will you excuse me?

MR. FISHER
Of course, of course.

Frankie hurries out of the office.

INT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Frankie storms down the hall, pissed.

EXT. JP AND GINA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Frankie bangs on the door. Gina answers it and Frankie barges past her into the apartment.

INT. JP AND GINA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frankie storms through the apartment, looking for JP.

FRANKIE
JP! I asked you to do ONE thing! JP!

GINA
Frankie, he's not here.

FRANKIE
Where is he?

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

Liv and JP are hunched over a laptop, which is open to their GoFundMe page. The goal tracker is at \$19,825 of \$20,000.

LIV
I can't believe how fast people are giving us money.

JP
I told you this would work.

LIV
Refresh it again.

JP refreshes the page. The tracker is now \$20,050 of \$20,000.

JP
We're over twenty thousand!

JP and Liv jump up in excitement and hug, for a brief moment forgetting that they hate each other. They break apart.

LIV
One of your stupid ideas actually worked.

JP
Weak compliment, but I'll take it.

The two share a smile. This sweet moment is interrupted by Frankie storming down the basement stairs.

FRANKIE
What is wrong with you?!

Frankie is followed in by Gina. Gina is not happy to see JP and Liv looking cozy on the couch together.

GINA
She came by our place looking for you.

FRANKIE
(to JP)
Why do you ruin everything?!

LIV
Frankie--

FRANKIE

I'm mad at you too! This death was supposed to fly under the radar and now you've brought all this attention to it. What if people start asking questions? This could really mess things up for me. Did either of you think about that before you did this?

Liv and JP avert their eyes in shame - neither of them had thought about Frankie.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Wow.

JP

The campaign makes my death look more realistic, which actually helps you...

LIV

We'll shut down the account.

GINA

Okay, hold on, I think we should stick to the plan. Everything we did would be pointless if we don't make the money. JP.

JP

We've already made over twenty grand. We reached our goal.

GINA

Yeah, well, think about how fast that was. Imagine how much more money we could make if we left the campaign up for a few more days.

LIV

This isn't affecting your family, Gina. We're closing out the account.

GINA

JP?

JP

We reached our goal.

Liv smirks at Gina.

GINA

(purposefully)

I just wanted to make as much money as possible for our move to Grand Rapids.

JP shoots Gina a look - seriously. Liv's face falls. She covers, trying to act nonchalant.

LIV
(to JP)
You're moving?

JP
I'm dead. I can't live here anymore.

LIV
Right... I'll close the account.

Liv moves to the laptop. JP turns to Frankie, explaining.

JP
You're going off to college. You can visit us.

FRANKIE
Whatever.

LIV (O.S.)
Holy shit.

They all turn to her.

JP
What?

LIV
Holy fucking shit.

JP
What?

LIV
Someone just donated two hundred thousand dollars.

Everyone rushes to the laptop and crowds around to see. The goal tracker is now at \$220,050 of \$20,000 goal.

JP
Holy shit. GINA
Oh my God.

FRANKIE
Who would donate that much money?

LIV
It's from a Claudette Harris.

GINA
That's the woman from that house fire.

Liv reads the comment that Claudette left with her donation.

LIV

"Money for a life is never an even trade. No amount can ever bring back the life I took from you. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry."

FRANKIE

This doesn't feel right. Taking advantage of a grieving old lady.

GINA

I mean, it is her fault that someone died trying to save her dog.

JP

Yeah. And donating this money probably makes her feel better about that. So when you look at it that way, we're helping her find peace and it would be a disservice to everyone if we didn't accept her money.

LIV

(to Frankie)

This could help pay for college.

FRANKIE

(considering)

It wouldn't matter as much if I didn't win the Harvey scholarship...

JP

So we all agree that we're keeping the money?

GINA

Of course we're keeping the money.

LIV

I think we should keep it.

JP

Frankie?

Frankie nods. Yes.

JP (CONT'D)

Then let's shut this bad boy down before Claudette changes her mind.

JP closes the GoFundMe account and addresses Liv.

JP (CONT'D)
The money should be transferred to
your bank account in three to seven
business days. Ladies.
(he turns on some music)
We're rich.

Gina jumps into JP's arms.

GINA
We're rich!

Liv looks away. Frankie notices. She grabs her mom and dances
her around the room. Everyone dances. Feeling happy and rich.

EXT. STREET - THE NEXT DAY

The music carries on as Frankie bikes to school, beaming.

EXT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Music fades as Frankie pulls up and hops off her bike. Her
cell dings with a text. It's Donaldo: "**You okay?**" Frankie
ignores the text. She turns and comes face to face with
Natasha.

NATASHA
You said he died from a heart attack.

FRANKIE
I don't have time for this.

NATASHA
Now all of a sudden he's a local hero
who died in a fire. Which is it?

FRANKIE
He had a heart attack. In the fire.

NATASHA
You're lying! Your whole family's
lying!

FRANKIE
You're right, Natasha. My whole
family's lying. And the coroner who
identified my dad's body is lying. And
the woman who said my dad saved her
life is lying. Everyone is lying. Why?
So I can win some stupid essay
contest? Do you know how ridiculous
that sounds? Do you know how insane
you'll look if you tell people that?

Natasha falters, no longer sure of herself.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
My dad is dead. Why are you doing this?

NATASHA
Is he actually dead?

FRANKIE
Yes. I feel like I lost a piece of me.
And you're making things worse.

NATASHA
(beat)
I'm sorry. I can get really competitive
sometimes and... I'm sorry.

FRANKIE
Thanks. I have to get to class.

Frankie walks away. She smiles. Behind her, Natasha watches her go, brows furrowed. She doesn't know what to believe anymore, but she's still not 100% buying Frankie's act.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIV'S BEDROOM - DAY

Liv gets ready for work. She pins her manager pin onto her polo. Liv's phone dings. She checks it and sees a DEPOSIT NOTIFICATION from her bank.

LIV
Wait, they said three to seven days.

Liv quickly opens her bank app and there it is - a deposit of \$220,050. Liv stares at the number in awe. She's never had this much money in her account... Liv squeals in excitement.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Liv hurries excitedly towards the basement.

LIV
JP! It's here!

Liv stops in her tracks when she sees a note taped to the basement door. **"Thanks so much Liv for helping us start our new lives in Grand Rapids. Love, Gina :)"**. A wallet sized photo of JP kissing Gina is taped beneath the words. Liv stands there, frozen in anger. She rips the note off the door.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Liv storms into the kitchen. She turns on the stove and sets Gina's note/picture on fire. She watches Gina's face burn.

The fire moves quicker than expected and burns Liv's finger. She drops the burning note on the floor.

LIV
Shit shit.

Liv stomps out the fire... It leaves behind a burn spot on the kitchen floor. She can't catch a break.

Liv leans against the counter, heated. Her work bag sits in front of her and something sticking out of it catches her eye. She pulls it out and we see that it's the real estate "How to Guide" that Liv printed earlier. It's covered in highlights and sticky notes, which makes it clear that Liv has actually been studying this guide.

A look of determination comes over Liv. She makes a call.

LIV (CONT'D)
Hey, it's Liv. I won't be able to make it into work today.

Liv exits the kitchen, on a mission.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Gina enters the office and greets the receptionist Brittany, who is sitting with her head resting on the front desk.

GINA
Morning Brittany.

Brittany moans in response. Gina laughs.

GINA (CONT'D)
Another rough night?

Brittany lifts her head, clearly hung over.

BRITTANY
Why does whiskey feel so good and then feel so bad? I should just be drunk all the time so I'm never hung over.

GINA
That's one way to do it.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Excuse me.

The two turn to see a woman approaching the front desk. Gina recognizes her - it's Claudette Harris. She looks tired and fiddles with the CROSS NECKLACE she's wearing. Brittany sits up, trying to look more professional and less hung over.

BRITTANY

Good morning! How can I help you?

CLAUDETTE

Hello, my name's Claudette Harris. I tried calling.

Brittany's demeanor immediately changes to less friendly.

BRITTANY

Have a seat Ms. Harris.

Claudette sits in the waiting area, out of earshot. Brittany picks up the phone and dials Sal's office.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Hey Sal, that woman's here. The one who keeps calling.

Brittany hangs up the phone. Gina and Brittany talk quietly.

GINA

What's going on?

BRITTANY

That's the woman who got JP Wilson killed. She's been calling non-stop, asking to see his body.

A frustrated Sal approaches them.

SAL

Where is she?

Brittany points to the waiting area and we follow Sal as he approaches Claudette. Gina and Brittany watch the interaction.

SAL (CONT'D)

Ms. Harris.

Claudette stands.

SAL (CONT'D)

I told you not to come here.

CLAUDETTE

I need to see the body.

SAL

Like I said on the phone, you're not family, so that won't be possible.

CLAUDETTE
I need to see him. You have to let me
see him!

SAL
Listen lady, you need to get on out of
here! And stop calling us! You try
this again and I'll have a restraining
order taken out against you. Now go.

CLAUDETTE
I'm not leaving until I see JP.

SAL
(calling over)
Brittany, get the police on the phone.

Claudette collects her things and sadly exits. Sal walks back
over to Brittany and Gina.

SAL (CONT'D)
Real looney-tune, that one.

GINA
Was that necessary? She seems so sad.

SAL
A man's dead because of her and she's
managed to make it all about what she
needs and what she wants.

BRITTANY
And she keeps leaving us creepy
messages. Listen to this.

Brittany plays a voice-mail on speakerphone for Gina.

CLAUDETTE (V.O.)
Hello, this is Claudette Harris again.
I'm sorry to keep bothering you, but I
need to see him. JP. He's my savior,
our souls are forever connected. I can
feel it. I need-- I don't understand
why you're keeping him from me. You
can't keep him from me. I want to see
his body! I need to see his body!
(then)
I'm sorry. I'll try you again later.

BRITTANY
Isn't that creepy? It's like she's
obsessed with him.

GINA

Yeah. Super creepy.

SAL

If she really wants to see JP that badly, then she's going to have to go through his family. That is if they ever decide to pick up his body.

(to Brittany)

Have they finally made arrangements?

Gina tenses at the question.

BRITTANY

No. I left a message for his wife, but haven't heard back.

SAL

Damn shame. Poor guy's been in a box all week. After everything he's been through.

GINA

I mean, this has got to be really hard for them. Picking up the body and planning a funeral - that would make it all real. It would mean he was actually gone. I get it.

SAL

Well, I don't. But I guess I don't have your compassionate female spirit.

Sal winks at Gina and walks off.

BRITTANY

Such a creeper.

GINA

Yeah. And I don't know why he's making such a big deal about JP's family.

BRITTANY

I mean, it is kinda weird that they haven't picked up his body yet.

GINA

Yeah.

Gina smiles goodbye and then hurries down the hall. She sends a text to Liv: **"You need to pick up the body NOW!"**

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - SAME TIME

Liv exits the house. Her cell dings with the text from Gina. Liv looks at it, rolls her eyes and continues on to her car.

A woman, TIFFANY HARRIS (30s, cold, businesslike) approaches.

TIFFANY
Olivia Wilson?

LIV
Hi, yes. I'm sorry, do I know you?

TIFFANY
My name is Tiffany Harris. My mother
is the woman your husband saved.

Tiffany sticks out her hand and Liv shakes it. Beat.

LIV
Can I help you with something?

TIFFANY
Sorry. I just drove up from Manhattan,
so I'm a bit tired.

LIV
Okay...

TIFFANY
My mother donated a large sum of money
to you.

LIV
Yes, and we're extremely grateful.

TIFFANY
She shouldn't have done that. I came
to ask you to return it.

LIV
Excuse me?

TIFFANY
That money is her life savings. You
can't keep it.

LIV
I don't know what to say to that.

TIFFANY
You can say that you'll return my
mother's money.

LIV
She gave it to us because my husband
sacrificed his life for her.

TIFFANY
And I'm very sorry for your loss. But
that money belongs to my family. So
I'm going to need you to give it back.
I'm more than happy to help cover
funeral costs for your husband.

LIV
I'm sorry, I'm late. I have to go.

Liv opens her car door and Tiffany slams it shut.

TIFFANY
Do you feel good taking advantage of
an old lady?

LIV
Do you? You said you just drove up
from Manhattan. Your mother's house
exploded - with my husband inside -
almost two weeks ago. You couldn't
find time to make the trip after your
mom lost her home, but the second she
gave away her money, here you are.

TIFFANY
Don't presume to know anything about
me. I want my money back.

LIV
Your money? Wow. I don't need to make
any presumptions, because it's pretty
obvious that you don't care about your
mom. When's the last time you visited
her? Or called her? Or even thought
about her? My husband did more for
your mother that night than I'm sure
you've done for her your entire life.
You don't deserve her money. So--

Tiffany punches Liv in the face.

LIV (CONT'D)
What the fuck!

Tiffany turns and walks away. Liv screams after her.

LIV (CONT'D)
Fuck you! I'm glad I have your money,
you fucking psycho!

Liv gets into her car. She checks out her face in the rearview mirror. Her eye is already starting to swell.

LIV (CONT'D)
Fuck.

Liv sighs and starts the car. She makes a call on speakerphone. A man answers.

MAN (ON PHONE)
Hagan Realties.

LIV
Hi Mickey, it's Olivia Wilson.

MICKEY (ON PHONE)
olivia! We still touring the house today?

LIV
Yes! Running late, but I'm on my way!

She drives off.

INT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - LATER

Frankie sits alone in the crowded cafeteria, watching a video on her phone. It's the footage of Claudette being rescued from the fire. Donaldo sits down next to her.

DONALDO
Are you okay? I've been calling you.

FRANKIE
Yeah, sorry, things have just been crazy.

DONALDO
All the stuff with your dad--

FRANKIE
(looking around)
Not here.

EXT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - LATER

Frankie and Donaldo sit in the bed of Donaldo's royal blue pick up truck.

DONALDO
It's one thing for your dad to pretend to be dead, but don't you think it's kinda shady of him to pretend to be the guy who died saving that woman?

FRANKIE

It's not hurting anyone.

DONALDO

I guess. It still feels wrong.

FRANKIE

Well, it's too late to go back now.
If people find out JP's not actually
dead, I lose my chance at winning the
Harvey scholarship.

DONALDO

Is the scholarship worth all this?

Frankie tenses, annoyed. Donaldo notices.

DONALDO (CONT'D)

I just want you to be happy.

FRANKIE

I am happy. We should get back inside.

DONALDO

Okay.

The two hop out of the truck and head back towards the school. Donaldo looks over at Frankie. She's right next to him, but she feels so far away.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

JP sits, staring at the clock on the wall. The time couldn't be moving any more slowly. JP couldn't be any more bored.

In a series of QUICK CUTS we see JP grow more restless as he tries to pass the time cooped up in the basement: He plays Candy Crush on his phone... He does push-ups... He calls Gina - it goes to voicemail... He does burpees... He flips through a fitness magazine... He jogs back and forth.

JP sits, staring at the clock on the wall. It's like no time has passed at all. JP sighs, frustrated. Beat. He gets up.

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

JP steps outside, wearing running shorts, a hoody (with the hood up) and sunglasses. He checks to make sure that no one is around. And then he starts to jog down the block.

INT. NATASHA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Natasha sits in her car, across the street from the Wilson house. She starts the car and follows JP.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

JP runs, a slight smile on his face. This is what he needed.

NATASHA (O.S.)
(calling)
JP WILSON?

JP reflexively turns at the sound of his name and sees Natasha creeping alongside him in her car.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
I knew it! You're not dead!

JP
Shit!

JP takes off sprinting in the opposite direction. Natasha busts a crazy ass U-turn and chases after JP.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The street is empty. Beat. JP turns onto the street, running hard. Natasha's car comes flying around the corner after him.

Natasha guns it and hops the curb to cut JP off, clipping him with the side of her car. JP crashes to the ground.

Natasha rushes out of her car with her phone and takes a picture of JP on the ground. JP pops up, knees bloodied, and sprints away. Natasha calls after him:

NATASHA
You're going to jail, Mr. Wilson!
You're all going to jail!

INT. NEWBANK POLICE STATION - LATER

Officer Butch sits with his feet up on his desk. There's a bucket of tennis balls next to him and he's shooting them into a trash can across the way. A FEMALE OFFICER walks by.

BUTCH
Carter, you wanna see me make this basket with my eyes closed?

CARTER
(without stopping)
No.

As Carter passes him, Butch throws a tennis ball at her, hitting her in the back of the head. Carter turns, annoyed.

BUTCH
One day, we'll look back at this
moment and laugh.

Carter rolls her eyes and walks away, muttering as she goes.

CARTER
Fucking toddler.

Butch resumes shooting tennis balls into the trash can.

CHIEF STANTON (O.S.)
Butch.

Butch turns to see CHIEF STANTON (50s, loves the title of Chief, but doesn't love the responsibility). He's approaching carrying two POLICE CHIEF HATS (one white, one brown).

BUTCH
Hey Chief.

CHIEF STANTON
I'm speaking at my daughter's Career Day. Which hat should I wear to show the kids how important my job is?

Chief Stanton models one hat, then the other. Butch considers the options sincerely.

BUTCH
Hmmm. The brown one is bigger, and bigger is always better. But if you wear the white one, you can open up by saying "I'm the leader of the good guys, which is why I wear a white hat."

CHIEF STANTON
Oh that's good. You think they'll get it?

BUTCH
Probably not. Go with the bigger one.

The front door flies open and Natasha marches into the police station. She sees Butch and Chief Stanton and approaches them.

NATASHA
I need to report a crime!

BUTCH
Then you've come to the right place.
What's the crime?

NATASHA

JP Wilson faked his death and stole
someone's identity.

CHIEF STANTON

JP Wilson? Isn't he the man who died
saving that woman from a house fire?

NATASHA

That's what they want you to think,
but it's a scam. He's alive!

BUTCH

Sweetheart, I saw JP's body with my
own two eyes. He's very much dead.

NATASHA

I'm not your sweetheart and your eyes
were wrong. JP's alive and I have
proof! He was out jogging and I
followed him and took this picture.

Natasha pulls out her phone and shows them the picture she
took of JP. It's a blurry shot of JP's profile, and with his
hoody and shades on, it's impossible to make him out.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

The picture's a little blurry because
he was running away from me.

BUTCH

Why was he running away from you?

NATASHA

(duh)

Because I was chasing him.

CHIEF STANTON

Young lady, is this some kind of
prank? Because it's illegal to waste
an officer's time.

NATASHA

It's not a prank. I saw JP.

BUTCH

Maybe you saw someone who looks like
JP.

Natasha exhales, frustrated.

NATASHA

Can I please speak with someone more
superior than you two?

Chief Stanton puffs his chest out, offended.

CHIEF STANTON

BUTCH
He's the Chief.

CHIEF STANTON
Shouldn't you be in school right now?

NATASHA
This is insane.

BUTCH
Look sweetheart--

NATASHA
I'm not your fucking sweetheart!

CHIEF STANTON
You can't talk to us like that. We're
police officers!

NATASHA
Then do your jobs, you simple-minded
spawns of cousin-fuckers!

CHIEF STANTON
You get out of here right now before I
lock you up for truancy!

Natasha screams in frustration and storms out of the police station, knocking files off a desk as she goes.

OFFICER FELIX KRASINSKI (30s, smart) enters as Natasha storms out. Chief Stanton turns to Butch, shaking his head.

CHIEF STANTON (CONT'D)
Unreal. Kids these days.

BUTCH
So disrespectful.

Chief Stanton walks off. Krasinski sits at his desk, which is across from Butch.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
Krasinski! Catch!

Butch grabs a tennis ball and tosses it to Krasinski. He makes no attempt to catch it, letting the ball fly past him.

KRASINSKI
What was that all about? With the girl.

BUTCH
Oh, you know the guy who died saving that old lady from the fire?

KRASINSKI
Yeah. I actually went to high school with him.

BUTCH
Well, the girl thought she saw him out jogging around today.

KRASINSKI
She saw JP Wilson?

BUTCH
She saw someone who looks like JP Wilson. And now she's convinced he faked his death.

Officer Krasinski leans back in his chair, thinking.

KRASINSKI
Huh.

BUTCH
What?

KRASINSKI
You know, I was a little surprised when I heard what JP did. The guy I knew in high school wasn't a run into burning houses to save old ladies type of guy.

BUTCH
Well, guess he changed.

KRASINSKI
Yeah... What was that girl's name?

BUTCH
I don't know.

KRASINSKI

Someone came in to make a report and
you didn't get their information?

Butch sits up, defensive.

BUTCH

I tried to, but she was too busy
calling me a cousin-fucker to give it.
And anyway, her accusation was
baseless. I was at the coroner's
office when he identified JP's body.

KRASINSKI

Claiming someone faked their death is
a pretty big accusation to make for no
reason. Why would she do that?

BUTCH

Why do teenaged girls do any of the
crazy things they do? She's probably
on her period.

Krasinski leans back in his chair, mind racing. He grabs his
coat and heads back out.

INT. NATASHA'S CAR - LATER

Natasha pulls up and parks in front of her house. She sits,
steaming, and then hits the steering wheel in frustration.

NATASHA

Idiots.

Natasha's phone dings with an e-mail notification. She checks
her phone - it's an e-mail from HARVARD UNIVERSITY ADMISSIONS
OFFICE! Natasha's face lights up with excitement.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

Natasha quickly opens the e-mail... and discovers that she
was WAITLISTED. Her face falls.

INT. HOUSE FOR SALE - LATER

Liv tours a house with MICKEY HAGAN (40s, bus bench real
estate agent, super white teeth). She has make-up covering the
black eye that's forming from her punch to the face.

LIV

Why's the owner selling?

MICKEY

The owner recently passed away. Not in the house! He was very old and passed away in a hospital. Very peacefully. Anyway both his kids live out of state and don't want to hold on to the property, so they're selling.

Mickey leads Liv into the kitchen.

INT. HOUSE FOR SALE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mickey points out the appliances.

MICKEY

All of the appliances are in good condition. And--

Liv interrupts his tour to get to what she came for.

LIV

The listing said it had a finished basement.

MICKEY

Yes. I like to save the best for last.

Mickey leads Liv down a flight of stairs. He unlocks the door at the bottom and opens it to reveal a finished basement.

INT. HOUSE FOR SALE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mickey and Liv enter and he shows her around.

MICKEY

Finished basement, complete with bedroom, bathroom, kitchenette and it's own private entrance.

Liv walks around, a smile creeping onto her face at the thought of owning this property.

LIV

(mostly to herself)

This is perfect. A family upstairs, a single person or couple down here. Two rent checks every month.

MICKEY

Oh, you plan on using the house as a rental property?

LIV

(proud)

I'm starting a career as a landlord.

MICKEY

This house would make a great rental.

LIV

I know. That's why I'm here.

(then)

I want it.

MICKEY

Alright! All you need to do is fill out the application and put in an offer. There are already four other bids on the place, so you'll probably need to come in above the 215 asking price to be seriously considered.

LIV

I can pay 220,000. In cash. Today.

MICKEY

What?

LIV

This place is perfect for my new beginning. I don't have time to find another one and I don't have time for a bidding war. I want this house and I need to buy now.

MICKEY

Okay, well, uh, I wouldn't recommend paying out of pocket for your first investment property.

LIV

I can get a cash-out refinance after the deal closes, get most of the money back and transfer the balance to loans.

Mickey stares at Liv, equally bewildered and impressed.

LIV (CONT'D)

Look, I'm offering five grand above asking price, paid full in cash, to out of state owners who don't even want the property. You're not going to get a better deal than this. I just need them to accept my offer, today. Do you think you can make that happen?

MICKEY
I think I can make that happen.

Liv smiles.

INT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Donaldo approaches Frankie at her locker.

DONALDO
Hey, you want a ride home?

FRANKIE
Mr. Fisher wants to talk to me so I'm
gonna be here late.

DONALDO
I can wait.

FRANKIE
No, it's fine, I have my bike.

DONALDO
Cool... Is everything okay with us?

FRANKIE
Of course. I'll call you later.

Frankie gives him a quick peck and hurries off. Donaldo
watches her go, concerned.

INT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - MR. FISHER'S OFFICE - LATER

Mr. Fisher sits at his desk. Frankie pops her head in.

FRANKIE
You wanted to see me?

MR. FISHER
Frankie, yes, come in.

Frankie enters and sits. Mr. Fisher dramatically slides a
manila envelope across his desk to her.

FRANKIE
What's this?

MR. FISHER
Open it.

Frankie opens the envelope and pulls out a piece of paper.
It's a SCHOLARSHIP AWARD CERTIFICATE from the Harvey
Foundation. With Frankie's name on it.

FRANKIE

Are you serious? I got it?

MR. FISHER

You got it.

FRANKIE

I got it! Yes! Oh my God! I can't believe I won!

MR. FISHER

I knew it'd be you.

(off her look)

I know you chose not to include the specifics in your essay, but I followed up with the Harvey Foundation and made sure they knew the full story. They were truly moved by your father's sacrifice.

FRANKIE

Oh. I won because of what my dad did?

MR. FISHER

Death, pain, struggle, tragedy. They want to feel like they need to save you before they give you their money.

FRANKIE

You know what? I don't care why I won. It's finally real. I'm getting out.

Frankie looks down at her ticket out of Newbank, and smiles.

INT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Donaldo stands outside Mr. Fisher's office, eavesdropping. He's heard everything. Donaldo turns and walks away.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - LATER

Gina works in the exam room. Sal enters with Officer Krasinski.

SAL

Gina, can you pull the Wilson body?

GINA

Oh. Okay. What's going on?

SAL

Officer Krasinski wants to take a look at it.

Gina pulls out the body and Officer Krasinski looks it over.

KRASINSKI

A girl says she mighta saw JP Wilson out jogging around today, so I just want to make sure that this dead body is the dead body we think it is.

GINA

Oh it is. His wife identified him from this birthmark.

KRASINSKI

Hmm. Dental records are more conclusive, right?

SAL

We already have a positive ID.

KRASINSKI

Can't hurt to double check.

SAL

(annoyed)

I'll put in a request for JP's dental records and compare it to our body. I'm sure it'll be a match.

KRASINSKI

Thanks.

(handing Gina his card)

Give me a call when you guys get the results.

GINA

Sure thing, officer.

Gina smiles a tight smile - oh shit!

INT. NATASHA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Natasha lays on her floor, listening to SAD INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC on her phone, like her life is over.

A text message ding interrupts her music. Another text message ding interrupts her music.

Natasha reaches over and grabs her phone. She checks the message, and sits up. We don't see what she just got, but, from the look on her face, whatever it is, it's big.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

Gina storms into the basement.

GINA
How could you be so stupid?!

Gina sees JP laying on the couch, battered and bruised.

GINA (CONT'D)
What happened?

JP
I got chased by a teenaged girl. She hit me with her car!

GINA
What were you doing outside?

JP
I was losing my mind down here! I just wanted to go on a quick run, and then that psycho chick came out of nowhere.

GINA
She's telling people she saw you. Jogging around, very much alive.

JP
Shit.

GINA
She went to the police! This Officer Krasinski guy came by asking questions.

JP reacts when she says Krasinski.

JP
Wait, what was the cop's name?

Gina takes Krasinski's card out of her bag.

GINA
Officer Felix Krasinski. He wants--

JP
Fuck. Fuck!

GINA
What?

JP
I went to high school with that guy. He hates me.

GINA
Are you serious?

JP
He dated Liv senior year; thinks I
stole her from him.

GINA
Did you?

JP
Liv dated him to make me jealous. She
always did that when we were fighting.
Everyone knew that! It's not my fault
he chose to be her temporary boyfriend
and fall in love with her.

GINA
Well, high school was forever ago. He
probably doesn't even remember that.

JP
He tried to fight me after Liv dumped
him and I kinda kicked his ass in
front of the whole school. He might
remember that.

Beat. Gina stares at him.

GINA
JP. Are you telling me that the cop
who's investigating your fake death is
your fucking high school nemesis?! He
wants us to run your dental records
against the body to make sure it's
you, which it isn't. And once he finds
out-- oh God, we're going to jail.

JP
No, no, I can fix this.

GINA
Once Sal gets your records tomorrow--

JP
Can you fake the records? Make them
match the body?

GINA
They're sending them directly to Sal.
He's the one doing the comparison.

JP
Shit. Okay. What if we get rid of the
body?

GINA
Get rid of the body? What the fuck are we mobsters now?

JP
If there's no body, then there's nothing to compare my dental records to. We can sneak into your office tonight, steal the body and get rid of it before Sal can run the comparison.

GINA
Are you insane?

JP
I'm trying to fix this!

GINA
We can't steal the body!

JP
What do you wanna do? Wait for Krasinski to bust us?

GINA
Obviously not!
(paces, thinking)
Okay. Okay. So the dental records will prove that the body isn't yours, but it doesn't technically prove that we did anything wrong. You're missing, right? So your wife goes to ID a John Doe that she believes to be you and what do you know, you both happen to have a similar birthmark. It's just a case of mistaken identity, nothing illegal about that.

JP
People donated money for a man who died in a fire. Once they figure out that it's not me, the police might try to take the money back. Claudette will want to take her money back.

GINA
We'll be long gone and in Grand Rapids by then.

JP
Liv will still be here and she's the one they'll go after to get the money.

GINA

If Liv had picked up the body when I told her to, we wouldn't even be in this mess, so honestly I don't care if she's left to deal with the fallout.

(then, off his look)

Everyone donated on their own free will. If Liv sticks to the mistaken identity story, they won't be able to prove fraud and probably won't be able to go after her for the money.

JP

Probably?

GINA

JP, I need you to take my side on this. We do nothing, we get our money, and we go. Please.

JP

Okay.

INT. MICKEY HAGAN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Liv signs paperwork with Mickey.

MICKEY

And sign here. And here. And here.

Liv signs her final signature and then slides the paperwork across the table to Mickey, with a check for \$220,000.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Congratulations. You just bought your first investment property.

Liv smiles, proud.

EXT. MICKEY HAGAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Liv exits Mickey's office and heads towards her car. Across the street, Tiffany Harris sits in her car, watching Liv.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - SAME TIME

An excited Frankie bursts into the house, looking for Liv.

FRANKIE

Mom! Mom!

Frankie checks the kitchen, living room and Liv's bedroom - she isn't there. Frankie heads towards her bedroom, but then stops. Frankie turns and heads towards the basement.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Frankie climbs down the basement stairs. JP and Gina turn to look at her when she enters.

JP
Hey Frankie.

Frankie runs over to JP and hugs him. JP is happily surprised and squeezes back. Beat. The two break apart.

FRANKIE
What happened to your face?

JP
Oh, I tripped. A lot of clutter down here.

Frankie hugs JP again.

JP (CONT'D)
Two hugs? What'd I do to deserve this?
Not that I'm complaining.

FRANKIE
I got the scholarship.

In a burst of joy, JP swings Frankie over his shoulder and dances her around the room. Frankie laughs. It's a beautiful father-daughter moment.

JP
Yes! Woooooooo! Wooooo!

JP puts Frankie down.

GINA
Congratulations Frankie.

FRANKIE
Thanks.
(then, to JP)
I know this was a crazy thing for me to ask you to do. I couldn't have done this without you.

JP
That's not true.

FRANKIE
Mr. Fisher told the Harvey Foundation that my dad was a local hero who died saving a woman from a fire. That's the only reason they picked me.
(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
So yeah, I really wouldn't have this
scholarship if you hadn't done all of
this.

JP
I'd do anything for you.

FRANKIE
I know. Thanks dad.

JP beams at the word dad.

JP
You're welcome. Daughter.

FRANKIE
Really?

JP
I know, I know, I made it weird, but I
just got so excited that you dropped
the d-word! Say it again.

FRANKIE
(laughing)
Bye dad.

Frankie heads back upstairs.

JP
Yes, one more time!

FRANKIE
(as she disappears upstairs)
You're so lame, dad.

JP
(calling after her)
Thank you, daughter!

JP plops down on the couch, brimming with joy. Gina snuggles up next to him.

GINA
I'm so happy for you.

JP smiles at her. But then his face falls as he realizes something.

GINA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

JP
 She got that scholarship because I was a local hero who died saving a woman from a fire. If they find out it's not actually me... I can't mess this up for her.

JP looks at Gina, pleading.

GINA
 Okay.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - FRANKIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

In a similar tableau to Natasha, Frankie lays on her floor, listening to music on her phone. But unlike Natasha, she's smiling from ear to ear.

A text message ding interrupts her music.

Frankie reaches over and grabs her phone. It's a text from Natasha - **"You don't deserve that scholarship."**

Frankie smirks, happy that Natasha knows she beat her. Frankie texts Natasha - **"sore loser much."**

Frankie gets another text from Natasha. It's the video that Donaldo took of her and her parents arguing:

JP (ON VIDEO)
 You're making this harder than it needs to be.

LIV (ON VIDEO)
 You're the one who--

FRANKIE (ON VIDEO)
 The Harvey scholarship deadline is tomorrow and I need quiet to write a new essay so that I can leave this place and never look back.

Frankie's face falls. She gets another text from Natasha: **"Your dad doesn't look dead to me. Meet me at school. 9pm."**

EXT. DONALDO'S HOUSE - LATER

Donaldo works under the hood of his pick-up truck. Frankie comes up behind him and hugs him.

FRANKIE
 Hey.

Donaldo turns, careful.

DONALDO
Oh. Hey, babe.

Frankie walks over and sits on the bed of his truck.

FRANKIE
Come sit with me.

Donaldo sits next to her. Frankie immediately climbs on top of him and starts kissing him. Donaldo laughs uncomfortably.

DONALDO
You want to go inside?

FRANKIE
Let's make a baby.

DONALDO
What?

Frankie rips her shirt off.

FRANKIE
Right now. Let's make a baby.

DONALDO
What are you doing?

Donaldo covers Frankie up.

FRANKIE
I don't care who sees.

DONALDO
Frankie--

FRANKIE
This is what you wanted, right? For me to stay here forever and have your babies. So let's do it! Let's make a baby, you fucking asshole!

DONALDO
(beat)
I'm sorry.

FRANKIE
Why did you do that?

DONALDO
You won off a lie. It wasn't right.

FRANKIE

No. You don't get to take some moral high ground, like that's why you did this.

(then)

You didn't think I'd win. You pretended to have my back, but you were secretly hoping I'd fail, so that I couldn't afford to leave. So that I'd be stuck here.

DONALDO

The way you talk about Newbank - how you're stuck here, how it has nothing to offer, how it's not enough, how you can't wait to leave it and never look back... I was starting to feel like you were talking about me too. You were pulling away and you weren't talking to me and... You're my big dream, Frankie. I was scared I'd lose you.

FRANKIE

Who the fuck cares you were scared?! That doesn't give you the right to ruin my life! 'Cause that's what you did when you sent that video to Natasha. She's gonna destroy me.

DONALDO

I just wanted us to be together. I...

He doesn't know what else to say. He really fucked up. Beat.

FRANKIE

It's so dumb that you couldn't tell the difference between my feelings for Newbank and my feelings for you. Maybe if you weren't so busy trying to hold me back you would've noticed that I was trying to push us both forward.

Frankie puts on her shirt and turns to go.

DONALDO

I love you, Frankie.

FRANKIE

I don't think you do.

Frankie walks away.

DONALDO
 Frankie, I'm sorry! I can fix this!
 (she keeps walking)
 Frankie! Frankie!

Donaldo starts to reel. Desperate. He needs to fix this.

INT. WILSON HOME - LIV'S ROOM - NIGHT

Liv stands in front of her mirror, practicing a speech she's going to give to JP. Her black eye has become more prominent.

LIV
 I just bought my first investment property. And I used your part of the money. Okay relax. I'm going to refinance and get it back, but that's going to take a few weeks. So Grand Rapids is gonna have to wait. I put my life on hold for you and now it's your turn. Consider this reparations for all the years I supported you. (Don't say reparations).

(pointing to her black eye)
 Do you see this?! I got punched in the fucking face protecting our money! I deserve this!

(then)
 You said I was stuck in a dead-end job. Well now I'm a landlord... I don't feel bad. It's your turn to put your life on pause. So deal with it!

Satisfied with her prep work, Liv turns to go. She turns back to the mirror and checks her reflection. She fixes her hair.

LIV (CONT'D)
 Okay.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The basement is empty. We hear Liv's voice as she makes her way down the stairs.

LIV (O.S.)
 JP, I have something to tell you.

Liv appears in the room and stops in her tracks when she sees that it's empty. Beat. Liv shakes her head in sad disbelief.

LIV (CONT'D)
 You fucking asshole.

INT. GINA'S CAR - NIGHT

Gina and JP sit outside the Coroner's office in Gina's SUV.

JP
You ready?

GINA
When we have a little girl, we should name her Oriana. It's Latin for sunrise and symbolizes a new beginning. We could call her Ori for short. Or Ana. Or maybe we won't shorten it. Maybe we'll always call her by her full name. Oriana. What do you think?

JP
Oriana. I love it.

Gina leans over and kisses JP.

GINA
Ready.

Gina and JP both put on gloves and get out of the car.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - LATER

Gina pulls open the drawer storing John Doe and pulls out the sliding table. She unzips the body bag and talks to the body.

GINA
I'm sorry we're doing it this way. I promise we'll bury you somewhere nice.
Sorry.

Gina rezips the body bag and turns to JP.

GINA (CONT'D)
Okay.

They lift the body bag off the table and head towards the door.

GINA (CONT'D)
Wait.

Gina sets down the part of the body bag she's holding and rushes over to the filing cabinets.

JP
What are you doing?

GINA
Looking for his x-rays.
(searching through folders)
Come on, come on.

JP
Just leave it.

GINA
If they have John Doe's x-rays, it
won't matter that we stole his body.
Found it!

She pulls the file out and sticks it in her pants.

SAL (O.S.)
What the hell is going on here?

Gina and JP turn to see Sal standing in the doorway.

SAL (CONT'D)
Gina, what are you--
(he notices JP)
You're JP Wilson. You're supposed to
be dead.

Sal looks at Gina... and JP... and the body bag... and
realizes what's going on.

SAL (CONT'D)
I'm calling the police.

GINA
(moving towards him)
Sal, wait!

SAL
You stay right over there, missy!

GINA
Please, let me explain.

SAL
I don't need you to explain something
that I'm seeing with my own two eyes.
You're stealing the body that's
supposed to be JP Wilson, but clearly
isn't JP Wilson because JP Wilson is
standing right over there, very much
alive. Now, I don't know what kind of
con you two are pulling, but I know it
sure as hell ain't legal.

GINA

We can pay you! We have money, we can--

Sal shakes his head in disgust and takes out his cellphone.

GINA (CONT'D)

No!

Gina snaps. She grabs a pair of medical scissors near her and stabs Sal in the neck. Sal and Gina look at each other, both completely shocked at what she just did. Blood gushes from his neck. He stumbles forward, trying to find something to stop the bleeding, but crashes to the floor. Sal tries to speak, but can't. The life fades from his eyes.

Gina stares at Sal's body. She's still clutching the bloody scissors. She turns to JP and sees a look of horror on his face.

GINA (CONT'D)

I didn't know what else to do. He was going to ruin everything. I didn't know what else to do.

JP

We have to go.

JP throws the John Doe body bag over his shoulder and heads towards the door. Gina stares at Sal's lifeless body.

JP (CONT'D)

Gina!

Gina hurries after JP, taking the bloody scissors with her.

EXT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Frankie sits on the curb, waiting. Natasha pulls up across the street. She gets out of her car and walks over.

FRANKIE

You said 9.

NATASHA

I felt like making you wait.

Natasha sits next to Frankie and pulls up Donaldo's video on her phone. She watches it.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

It's really weird how your "dead hero dad" was fighting with your mom the day before the Harvey scholarship deadline.

(MORE)

NATASHA (CONT'D)
Days after he allegedly died rescuing
an old lady from a fire.

FRANKIE
What are you going to do with the
video?

NATASHA
I could've given it to the police. Had
you and your whole family arrested for
fraud. But I didn't.

FRANKIE
What do you want?

Natasha hands Frankie a slip of paper.

NATASHA
That's the e-mail address for the
Harvey Foundation Scholarship Board.
Start typing.

Frankie types as Natasha dictates what to say.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
"Dear Harvey Foundation. I decline
your scholarship. Please give it to
someone else. Signed, Frankie." Let me
see.

Frankie shows Natasha the e-mail.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
Send it.

Frankie looks at the e-mail, defeated. And hits send.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
Now the scholarship will go to the
person who should've won in the first
place.

FRANKIE
We good?

NATASHA
Hmm. No.

Natasha stands. Frankie jumps up after her.

FRANKIE
What?!

NATASHA

I'm still going to give the video to the police.

FRANKIE

But I did what you wanted! You're going to get the scholarship! You don't have to do this.

NATASHA

Obviously I don't have to. But I'm going to do it anyway.

FRANKIE

Why?!

NATASHA

I did everything right! I worked hard and I prepared and you cheated! You and your whole family cheated! Why should things work out for you and not for... Things don't get to work out for you.

FRANKIE

(realizing)

You didn't get into Harvard.

Natasha tenses, but quickly covers.

NATASHA

I'm going to get off the waitlist and I'm going to get this scholarship and I'm going to do amazing things. And you're going to live the sad, disgraced, pathetic little life you deserve.

FRANKIE

Please don't do this.

Natasha turns to go. Frankie grabs her wrist to stop her.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Natasha--

Natasha pulls her arm away from Frankie.

NATASHA

Don't touch me!

FRANKIE

Please. I'll do anything. Please.

NATALSHA
Refusing to accept when it's over.
How on-brand of you.

Natasha smirks at Frankie and turns to head back towards her car. Frankie crumbles to her knees, her world spinning.

FRANKIE
Natasha! Please!

Natasha sticks up her middle finger. BAM! Natasha is run down by Donaldo's pick up truck. Frankie screams. Natasha lays lifeless in the street. Donaldo gets out of his truck.

DONALDO
She can't hurt you now.

EXT. WILSON HOME - NIGHT

Gina's SUV pulls into the garage.

INT. GINA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gina and JP sit, quiet. They're both covered in dirt. Gina has a blood stain on her shirt. Beat.

GINA
Sal was a sexual harasser. He was always touching my ass. He wasn't a good guy.

JP
It was my idea to steal the body.

GINA
He was old. He didn't have that much life left ahead of him.

JP
Gina--

GINA
(noticing the blood stain)
We need to get out of these clothes.
We need to burn these clothes.

Gina gets out of the car. JP follows her.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JP and Gina enter and are accosted by a furious Liv.

LIV

You fucking asshole! Two hundred and twenty grand on the line for this family and you still couldn't manage not to be selfish!

JP

Liv--

LIV

All you have to do is stay inside! It's not fucking rocket science, JP!

GINA

If you had just picked up the body when I told you to, none of this would've happened.

Liv finally notices that they're both covered in dirt and that Gina has blood on her.

LIV

What the hell is going on?

GINA

You didn't pick up the body and we were going to get caught. We had to steal it and then Sal came and now he's dead.

LIV

What is she talking about?

JP

They were going to prove that it wasn't me.

LIV

Who's dead?!

JP

The coroner. He caught us and--

GINA

This is your fault! You should've picked up the body! If you had just picked up the body!

LIV

Oh my God. Oh my God.

The back door opens and Frankie and Donaldo enter. Everyone freezes. Beat.

FRANKIE
Something bad happened.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone is circled around the back of Donaldo's pickup truck, which has a tarp covering it. Donaldo lifts the tarp and reveals Natasha's dead body inside.

LIV
No.

JP
Fuck.

FRANKIE
I'm sorry.

LIV
No.

FRANKIE
It's all my fault.

LIV
No!

DONALDO
It was me.

JP
What did you do?!

GINA
She's dead.

LIV
Oh God!

GINA
And Sal's dead.

FRANKIE
Who's Sal?!

GINA
He was going to ruin everything.

DONALDO
She was going to ruin everything.

FRANKIE
What the fuck is going on?!

GINA
People are dead because of us.

The weight of that statement throws the room into silence...
Frankie vomits on herself. JP is immediately by her side.
Frankie vomits again. Beat.

FRANKIE
I wish I never wrote that stupid
essay.

JP
Everything's going to be okay. I'm
going to fix this and everything is
going to be okay.

Frankie looks up at her dad. She believes him.

FRANKIE
Okay.

JP snaps into action.

JP
Liv, take Frankie inside. Donaldo come
with me. Gina, go home. You have to go
to work in the morning.

GINA
No. No, we have to go. We have to
leave town. We have to leave town
tonight.

JP
If the police find Sal and you're in
the wind, you'll go from not being a
suspect to being the number one
suspect. They'll come looking for us
and we'll spend the rest of our lives
looking over our shoulders. I have a
plan. We can still fix this.

GINA
Let's go to Grand Rapids.

JP
We will. After I fix this. I need you
to trust me. Okay?

GINA
Okay.

JP
You and Sal were the only two coroners
in the office, right?

GINA
Yeah.

JP
Good. Tomorrow's another normal day.
You're going to go to work and you're
going to find Sal and you're going to
call the police. And when the bodies
come in, you're going to do the
autopsies. You understand?

Gina nods her head, yes.

JP (CONT'D)
(to everyone)
If we all keep it together, we'll be
fine. And then when our money comes
in, we can split.

A look of panic flickers across Liv's face.

JP (CONT'D)
Let's go!

Everyone disperses.

EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

Gina sits in her car, waiting, anxious. She pops a pill to calm her nerves and takes a deep breath.

Gina takes out her phone and goes to Brittany's Instagram. There are several pictures from the night before of Brittany partying. Gina checks the location - **Blue Cat Bar**.

Gina puts away her phone and stares out the window, waiting. She finally sees what she's waiting for - Brittany walking towards the office. Gina waits for Brittany to unlock the office and go inside. Then she gets out of her car.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Gina approaches the front desk as Brittany settles in.

GINA
Morning Brittany.

BRITTANY
Morning.

GINA

Hey, were you at Blue Cat Bar last night?

BRITTANY

I was!

GINA

I thought I saw you.

BRITTANY

You were there?

GINA

Yeah.

BRITTANY

You should've said hi! We could've done shots!

GINA

You were with a bunch of young cool looking people and I didn't want to be the old lady cramping your style.

BRITTANY

Honestly, I could've used some style cramping. My head feels like trash and I've been burping up whiskey all morning.

GINA

Sounds like a lot of shots.

BRITTANY

It was. Seriously, if I wasn't such a happy person, I'd think I was an alcoholic.

GINA

Hahaha. Okay, time to start the day.

Gina smiles goodbye and heads towards the exam room.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gina enters and sees Sal's dead body, still on the floor where she left it. She looks at it for a beat and then--

GINA

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Brittany comes running up behind Gina.

BRITTANY
What's wrong?!

Brittany sees Sal's dead body on the floor and screams.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - LATER

Butch questions Gina and Brittany, while Krasinski looks around the crime scene.

BUTCH
When was the last time you saw Sal?

GINA
Around six last night.

Krasinski looks at the open medical drawer where John Doe used to be.

KRASINSKI
Where's John Doe's body?

GINA
It was here when I left yesterday. But when we got in this morning, the body was gone and Sal was... oh God.

KRASINSKI
What'd you do last night?

GINA
Brittany and I were at the Blue Cat.

KRASINSKI
Blue Cat?

BRITTANY
It's a bar.

KRASINSKI
Have either of you noticed anything suspicious or out of the ordinary?

GINA
There was that woman.
(to Brittany)
What was her name? The lady who kept calling?

BRITTANY
Right. Claudette Harris. She's the woman that JP saved from that fire. She kept calling and calling and leaving messages about JP's body.
(MORE)

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
 It's like she was obsessed with him.
 She showed up here yesterday and Sal
 kicked her out. Said he'd get a
 restraining order against her if she
 came back. Oh my God, do you think she
 did this?

Butch and Krasinski look at each other. Sounds like they have
 their first suspect.

INT. NEWBANK POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Krasinski and Butch sit across from Claudette. Butch hits
 play on a tape recorder and we hear Claudette's voice.

CLAUDETTE (V.O.)
 Hello, this is Claudette Harris again.
 I'm sorry to keep bothering you, but I
 need to see him. JP. He's my savior,
 our souls are forever connected. I can
 feel it. I need -- I don't understand
 why you're keeping him from me. You
 can't keep him from me. I want to see
 his body! I need to see his body!
 (then)
 I'm sorry. I'll try you again later.

BUTCH
 Is that you?

CLAUDETTE
 Yes.

BUTCH
 You left a lot of messages about JP
 Wilson's body.

CLAUDETTE
 I needed to see him. But the Coroner
 wouldn't let me.

BUTCH
 Is that why you killed him? So you
 could steal JP's body?

Krasinski shoots Blake a frustrated look - that's not how
 you're supposed to interrogate a suspect.

KRASINSKI
 Butch.

CLAUDETTE
 The Coroner's dead?

BUTCH

He wouldn't let you see JP, so you took matters into your own hands. You tried to steal the body, but Sal caught you. And things got out of hand, didn't it?

KRASINSKI

Let's back up. Ms. Harris, where were you last night?

Claudette clutches the cross that's hanging around her neck.

CLAUDETTE

I did it. I killed the Coroner.

Butch leans back, pleased with himself. But Krasinski isn't buying Claudette's confession.

KRASINSKI

How'd you kill him?

(Claudette doesn't respond)

Where's JP's body?

(she doesn't respond)

Why are you confessing to this crime?

CLAUDETTE

Because I'm guilty and I should be punished for what I did. Please send me to jail now.

KRASINSKI

You should speak with a lawyer.

CLAUDETTE

I don't want a lawyer! I want to go to jail! Send me to jail!

KRASINSKI

Ms. Harris--

CLAUDETTE

I don't want to talk anymore.

Claudette turns away from them. Krasinski studies her, brows furrowed - this case just got weird.

INT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

We follow Frankie as she makes her way down the crowded hallway, in a daze. She passes a locker with a giant HARVARD MAGNET on it - Natasha's locker. Frankie looks at it for a moment, and then continues on to her locker.

Donaldo is waiting there. They lock eyes. The bell rings and the hallway empties as everyone hurries to class. Frankie and Donaldo are left standing alone.

DONALDO
Hey.

FRANKIE
Hey.
(beat)
What did you guys do with...

Frankie can't bring herself to finish the sentence. She looks away. Silence.

DONALDO
Are you scared of me?

Frankie is caught off guard by that question. She thinks about it... then answers honestly.

FRANKIE
No.

DONALDO
I'm scared of me.

They stand in silence.

INT. MICKEY HAGAN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Liv hurries into Mickey's office. Mickey looks up from his desk and smiles.

MICKEY
Hi, can I help you?

LIV
I need to cancel the deal. I need my money back.

MICKEY
(confused)
I'm sorry. Do I know you?

Liv stops in her tracks.

LIV
What?

MICKEY
Do we have an appointment?

LIV

Mickey, it's Olivia Wilson. I was here yesterday. I closed on a house and I have fourteen days to void the deal without financial penalty. I need my money back.

MICKEY

Look ma'am, I want to help you, but I honestly have no clue what you're talking about.

Liv grabs documents out of her purse and slams them onto Mickey's desk.

LIV

I signed paperwork with you! This is your signature!

Mickey looks over the paperwork.

MICKEY

This is my signature, but I don't recall signing any of this.

LIV

What is happening?

MICKEY

Let me check and see if you're in our system. Please have a seat. We'll get this all sorted.

Mickey grabs the paperwork and disappears into the back office. Liv sinks into a chair, her world spinning.

LIV

What is happening? This can't be happening.

Someone sits down next to Liv.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

I don't need to make any presumptions-

Liv turns and is horrified to see Tiffany sitting next to her.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Because it's pretty obvious that you don't love your husband and that you don't care he's dead.

Liv goes to the door that Mickey disappeared through. She tries to open it, but it's locked. She bangs on the door.

LIV
Mickey! Give me my money! Mickey!

TIFFANY
Once he heard that the money you gave him to buy property was scammed from tons of people who thought they were donating to a funeral, including my poor, old, grieving mother-- well, then he was more than happy to help me recoup my loss. I mean, I also paid him. He's no Mother Theresa.

LIV
This isn't happening.

TIFFANY
Olivia, stop, this is clearly happening.

LIV
I'll go to the police.

TIFFANY
And tell them that you set up a fraudulent donation account to trick people into buying you an investment property? I don't think you will.

(then)
You were right. I'm a terrible daughter and I don't deserve my mother's money. But you don't deserve it either.

Tiffany points to Liv's black eye.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
That looks like it hurts.

Tiffany smiles and walks out, leaving behind a broken Liv.

INT. NEWBANK POLICE STATION - LATER

Krasinski, Butch and Chief Stanton watch Claudette through the two-way mirror.

KRASINSKI
Chief, I don't think she did it.

BUTCH
She confessed. Multiple times.

KRASINSKI
Does she look like someone who can
carry a dead body?

BUTCH
Maybe she dragged it or maybe she
rolled it or maybe she's strong. Our
job is to prove she did it, and she
made it easy by saying she did it.

KRASINSKI
Our job is to find the actual killer
and I don't think it's her.

BUTCH
Then why would she confess? Multiple
times.

KRASINSKI
I don't know.

CHIEF STANTON
We have a confession. Seems like a win
to me.

KRASINSKI
Chief--

CHIEF STANTON
Book her and close the case.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

The back door opens and Liv enters. She drops her bag, opens a cabinet, takes out a bottle of whiskey and sets it on the counter. As she's reaching for a glass, she accidentally knocks the whiskey bottle off the counter. It falls to the floor, shattering. Liv looks at the mess... and gives up. She lays down and rests her face against the kitchen tiles.

JP enters from the basement.

JP
Liv?

Liv lays there, catatonic. No response. JP sits beside her.

JP (CONT'D)
I know everything is fucked, but you
gotta stay tough. You're tough.

Liv doesn't respond. JP touches the bottom of her black eye.

JP (CONT'D)

What happened here?
 (no response)

I'm sorry I got you involved in this. I
 screwed up. Again. I've been screwing
 up your life since we were fourteen.
 (no response)

I'm a fucking asshole, Liv. Don't give
 me the satisfaction of breaking you.
 (no response)

Come on, you need to fight. Frankie
 needs you to fight.

Liv doesn't respond. JP shakes her.

JP (CONT'D)

Liv!

Still no response. JP stands, at a loss at what to do. He
 gets a glass of water and throws it in Liv's face. She sits
 up, gasping. JP kneels beside her.

JP (CONT'D)

You okay?

Liv beats on JP's chest, completely overwhelmed.

LIV

No! No! No!

JP holds her until she calms down.

JP

We're going to be okay.

LIV

We're not.

JP

We are.

LIV

I messed up.

JP

You can't blame yourself for not
 picking up the body. If I hadn't gone
 jogging, the police wouldn't have even
 been looking into it. And Natasha
 would've never gone after Frankie
 and... This is all on me, not you.

(then)

I can still fix this, but I need your
 help.

(MORE)

JP (CONT'D)
I need you to play the grieving wife
one more time.
(off her look)
Your husband's body is missing.

INT. NEWBANK POLICE STATION - BULL PEN - LATER

Krasinski scrolls through JP's Facebook page, reading the RIP messages that are posted on his wall: **"Rest in Peace friend" "I'll miss you JP" "God just got a brave new angel"** etc. Krasinski frowns, incredulous.

NATASHA'S DAD (O.S.)
We're here about our daughter.

Krasinski looks up and sees NATASHA'S MOM and Dad, both distraught, talking to the DESK SERGEANT up front.

NATASHA'S DAD (CONT'D)
We got a call.

DESK SERGEANT
Yes. I'll get Officer Carter for you.

Desk Sergeant dials Carter's extension.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Her parents are here.
(to parents)
She'll be right up.

Krasinski sees Carter approaching and intercepts her.

KRASINSKI
Carter.
(re: parents)
What's going on?

CARTER
Some hikers found a body at the bottom
of Redfox Canyon. Suicide by cliff.
Taking the parents to make an ID.

KRASINSKI
Suicide by cliff?

CARTER
Yeah.

Carter hands Krasinski the police report she's carrying.

CARTER (CONT'D)
We found her car parked at the top
with a suicide note inside. She was
upset she didn't get into Harvard.
Thought her life was over. I'm telling
you, they're putting too much pressure
on kids these days.

Krasinski sees Natasha's school picture in the file.

KRASINSKI
Isn't this the girl who made a scene
here the other day?

CARTER
(slight smile)
Called Butch a simpleminded spawn of
cousin-fuckers. Smart girl. And now I
have to watch her parents ID her body.
I hate this part.

KRASINSKI
I'll take them for you.

CARTER
Seriously?

KRASINSKI
I'm good with grieving parents.

Krasinski heads off before Carter can respond.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - LATER

Gina looks down at Natasha's body on her table. It's banged up, but has been prepped and cleaned. Gina covers the body and pops a pill to calm her nerves. Brittany enters.

BRITTANY
They're here. You ready?

Gina nods and Brittany shows in Natasha's Mom and Dad and Krasinski. Krasinski hangs back while the parents approach Gina and the covered body on the table.

GINA
Are you ready?

NATASHA'S DAD
Yes.

Gina pulls back the sheet, revealing Natasha's body. Natasha's Mom lets out a wail as Natasha's Dad fights back tears. Gina can barely look at them.

GINA
Is this your daughter?

NATASHA'S DAD
Yes. My little girl. She was spiraling
and I didn't do anything. I saw her
spiraling and I--

Natasha's Dad breaks down. He reaches out and touches
Natasha's head.

NATASHA'S DAD (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry I let you down!

Gina looks away, silent tears rolling down her face.

NATASHA'S MOM
I can't!

Natasha's Mom runs from the room. Natasha's Dad follows her
out. Krasinski turns to Gina. Beat.

KRASINSKI
(re Gina's tears)
Did you know her?

GINA
No. But it's still sad. She was so
young.

KRASINSKI
You put cause of death as suicide?

GINA
Yes. She died on impact when she hit
the ground.

KRASINSKI
Is there any chance she was pushed or
thrown off that cliff? To make it look
like she jumped?

GINA
The trajectory of her injuries are
more in line with a jump than with a
push or a throw. Her blood alcohol
level was over .2, so she was
incredibly intoxicated at time of
death. And officers found a note at
the scene. There, unfortunately, is no
way to be 100% sure what happened to
Natasha, but considering all the
evidence, the most likely explanation
is suicide.

Krasinski studies Gina.

KRASINSKI
Are you okay?

GINA
I just performed autopsies on my colleague who was murdered by a psycho and a teenaged girl who took her own life. I've been better.

Krasinski looks at her for another beat. Then nods and exits the room. Gina lets out a deep breath.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the TV. The news is on and a Reporter is mid-segment.

REPORTER
And in a strange turn of events, Claudette Harris went from fire victim to murder perp. Police Chief Stanton held a press conference earlier today to speak on this truly bizarre case.

The news cuts to the press conference. Chief Stanton stands in front of the police station with Liv by his side.

CHIEF STANTON
Last night county coroner Sal Lewis was killed and the body of JP Wilson stolen. Through the swift and exemplary work of my officers, we discovered that Claudette Harris - the woman who JP gave his life for - had left a series of odd and threatening messages for Sal regarding JP's body. When we brought Ms. Harris in for questioning, she immediately confessed to the murder of Coroner Lewis. We are still in the process of tracking down the missing body. JP's wife, Olivia Wilson, is here today to make a plea for her husband.

Chief Stanton motions to Liv and she steps up to the mic.

LIV
If anyone close to Ms. Harris has any information about the location of my husband's body, please contact the police. My husband was a hero and he deserves to be buried.

The news segment cuts back to the Reporter.

REPORTER

Claudette Harris has been charged with manslaughter and despite the desperate pleas from his wife, has yet to reveal what she did with JP Wilson's body.

(then)

Up next - local high school student commits suicide after being waitlisted at her dream college. Are we putting too much pressure on our kids? More after the break.

We pull out to reveal JP, Gina, Liv, Frankie and Donaldo sitting somberly around the TV, watching the news. Beat.

GINA

We did it.

LIV

Can you not sound so happy? That poor woman is going down for what you did.

GINA

And Natasha's parents think she committed suicide because of what your daughter and her boyfriend did.

JP

Hey, we all need to stick together, okay? We're in the clear for now, but we need to stay calm so we don't make any mistakes. And when the money comes--

GINA

When's the money coming? Why's it taking so long?

LIV

They said it could take up to seven business days. It should be here soon.

JP

Until then, everyone needs to keep up appearances - go to school, go to work, act like everything's normal. And we'll all be fine.

LIV

I need some water.

Liv hurries out of the room.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Liv paces nervously. She turns on the kitchen sink and splashes water on her face. Frankie enters.

FRANKIE

Mom?

LIV

You hungry?

FRANKIE

Not really.

LIV

I'm starving.

Liv grabs some vegetables and starts chopping them up.

FRANKIE

What are you making?

LIV

I don't know.

Liv's chopping grows increasingly more manic. Desperate.

FRANKIE

Mom?

Liv stops chopping.

LIV

There's no money.

Frankie's face falls.

GINA (O.S.)

What do you mean there's no money?

Frankie and Liv turn to see Gina standing in the doorway. JP and Donaldo follow her in.

GINA (CONT'D)

Where's our money?

JP

Liv?

LIV

You were going to Grand Rapids and you were going off to college. I wanted a new life for myself too.

GINA
Where's our money?

LIV
I was going to get it back after the deal closed. I had everything planned.

GINA
WHERE'S OUR MONEY!

LIV
It's gone! They took it. They took everything. It's all gone.

Gina lunges at Liv and puts her hands around her throat, choking her. The room erupts in chaos.

FRANKIE
Get off her!

JP
Gina stop!

JP tries to remove Gina, but Gina wildly swings her arm back, accidentally elbowing JP in the face. His nose starts to gush blood and he falls back, momentarily blinded by the blow.

JP (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Gina squeezes her hands tighter around Liv's neck. Liv desperately claws at Gina's hands, unable to breathe.

GINA
That money was-- I killed someone!

Donald goes to grab Gina, but then freezes, afraid to put his hands on her. Frankie grabs a frying pan.

FRANKIE
Get off!

Frankie whacks Gina in the side of the head. Gina falls over, releasing Liv, who immediately starts coughing, sobbing and gasping for air.

Frankie, JP and Donald rush to Liv's side. Gina watches, a trickle of blood creeping down the side of her head. She realizes what she's just done.

GINA
I'm sorry.

FRANKIE
You could've killed her!

GINA
I'm sorry.

FRANKIE
Get out. Get out of our house! Get the
fuck out of our lives!

Gina looks to JP, but his attention is on Liv.

JP
(comforting Liv)
It's okay. You're going to be okay.

Liv wraps her arms around JP. Gina takes in the tableau -- JP, Frankie and Donaldo surrounding Liv. They're a family... and she's on the outside. Gina's heart breaks. She turns and walks away. We follow her out.

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gina gets into her car, buckles her seat belt and turns on the engine. She looks towards the Wilson house and waits, desperately hopeful... Nobody comes out after her. Gina wipes away a tear and drives off.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - FRANKIE'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Donaldo and Frankie lay in bed looking at each other.

DONALDO
I froze. When Gina was choking your mom. I could've grabbed her, but I was afraid to hurt her. I don't want to hurt anyone else.

FRANKIE
(beat)
I could've killed Gina when I hit her in the head. I wasn't thinking, I just knew that I had to protect my mom... I get what you did. With Natasha.

DONALDO
I murdered her.

FRANKIE
Is it considered murder if you're protecting someone you love?

DONALDO
... Yes. It's definitely still
considered murder.

FRANKIE
I know.

Donaldo swings his legs off the bed, his back to Frankie.

DONALDO
We have to go to school and pretend
everything's normal.

FRANKIE
Do you remember when my life was so
boring that I had to make up a fake
tragedy?

Donaldo doesn't respond. Frankie stares at his back, unsure
how to help him.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME TIME

JP is asleep on the couch. Liv enters carrying a breakfast
tray of pancakes, eggs, orange juice and coffee. She sets the
tray down and watches JP snore. In addition to her black eye,
she now has bruises on her neck from where Gina choked her.

Liv picks up the glass of orange juice and pours it in JP's
face. JP shoots awake, gagging. Liv laughs.

JP
What the hell, Liv?!

LIV
(laughing)
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I couldn't help
it! You were an easy target and I had
to get you back for throwing water in
my face.

JP
You were catatonic. It was necessary.

JP runs his finger across his face and licks it.

JP (CONT'D)
Orange juice? Really?

LIV
It was either that or hot coffee.

JP
So not pouring something in my face
wasn't an option?

LIV
No.

Liv sits down next to JP.

JP
You made me breakfast? LIV
I made you breakfast.

LIV (CONT'D)
Yeah.

JP
Thanks.

JP takes in Liv's bruises.

JP (CONT'D)
You look...

LIV
Like two crazy bitches kicked my ass?

JP
I'm sorry she did that to you.

LIV
You said you would fix everything and
you did. We're safe because of you.
And I know I really fucked up with the
money, but I was thinking about it and
I can sell our house. People would
expect the grieving widow to want to
move on, so it wouldn't look
suspicious or anything. And then we
can use the money we get from it to
leave town and start over somewhere
new. You, me and Frankie.

JP
Liv--

LIV
We can be a family again.

JP looks at her sadly.

LIV (CONT'D)
Or not.

JP
I'm sorry I hurt you.

LIV
Kicking you out was supposed to make
you try harder. We were supposed to
come back together. That's what we do.
But it only took you seven days to
find someone new.

JP
I'm sorry.

Liv points to the bruises on her neck.

LIV
How can you love someone who did this?

JP
Last night - that's not who she is.

Beat.

LIV
I should get to work.

Liv stands and walks away. She turns back.

LIV (CONT'D)
If you weren't already dead, I'd
divorce you.

JP
Thanks.

Liv exits the basement. JP grabs his phone and makes a call.

INT. NEWBANK POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

Gina's phone, inside her open purse, silently lights up with a call from JP. We pull up to reveal that Gina is sitting in the police station. Officer Krasinski approaches her.

KRASINSKI
You wanted to see me?

Gina stands and hands him a report.

GINA
I took another look at Natasha's body
after you left yesterday and realized
that I had made a mistake. Natasha's
injuries weren't all sustained from
the fall.

(MORE)

GINA (CONT'D)
There's also blunt force trauma
consistent with getting hit by a car.
You were right. This wasn't suicide.
It was murder.

INT. GINA'S CAR - LATER

Gina gets into her car and takes a deep breath. She takes out her phone and sees a missed call from JP. She listens to the voicemail.

JP (V.O.)
Gina. You scared me last night. What you did to Liv wasn't okay and I was angry. But when I woke up, all I wanted was to be next to you. We don't need the money. We'll go to Grand Rapids and we'll make it work. You, me, and little Oriana. I love you.

Gina smiles. Then she remembers what she just did and the smile drops -- oh shit!

INT. NEWBANK POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Gina stands across from a suspicious Officer Krasinski.

KRASINSKI
So first it was suicide, and then it was murder, and now it's suicide again?

GINA
I apologize for the inconsistency. I'm still new at this head coroner job.

KRASINSKI
Can you wait here for a second?

Gina nods and Krasinski walks over to Chief Stanton's office. Gina sees them looking at her and shifts nervously. She turns and tries to calmly make her way towards the exit.

EXT. NEWBANK POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Gina hurries to her car. Krasinski and Butch exit the police station and follow after Gina.

KRASINSKI
Gina, can we ask you a few questions?

GINA
Sorry, I need to get back to work.

KRASINSKI

We're going to have another coroner
run an autopsy on Natasha's body. What
are they going to find?

Gina gets into her car and speeds away.

BUTCH

Car chase! I'm driving!

Krasinski and Butch jump into a police car and chase after Gina.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gina zooms down the street, with Krasinski and Butch right behind her, sirens blaring.

This very brief car chase ends with Gina crashing her car into a tree. Gina gets out of her car, disoriented, and continues her get-away on foot. She's on an open road and there's clearly nowhere for her to run or hide. Krasinski and Butch creep along behind Gina in their police car.

BUTCH

Is she seriously going to keep
running?

Butch picks up the car mic and talks to Gina through the loudspeakers.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Stop running. We caught you. Stop
running. We caught you.

KRASINSKI

Pull over.

Butch pulls over. Krasinski hops out and chases after Gina.

INT. NEWBANK POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

A stoic Gina sits across from Butch, who has his feet on the table and is bouncing a tennis ball off the wall behind her.

BUTCH

I can do this all day, sweetheart. I
know you think you're tough, but I
will get the truth out of you. Getting
people to confess to their crimes is
kinda my specialty.

Gina doesn't respond. Butch gets in her face.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
You killed that girl, didn't you? You
killed her and tried to cover it up as
a suicide. Admit it. Come on, clear
your conscious. Confess.

Gina doesn't respond. The interrogation door opens and Krasinski enters, holding a file.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
She's still giving us the silent
treatment.

KRASINSKI
Gina, why'd you run from us?

GINA
You were chasing me and it made me
nervous. My brain just went into
flight mode.

KRASINSKI
We sent Natasha's body to another
coroner. What are they going to find?

GINA
That I'm not very good at my job. I'm
not used to doing autopsies on my own
and I'm afraid I may have made some
mistakes. That's why I kept changing
my report. I'm going to be fired,
aren't I?

Krasinski smiles, impressed with Gina's ability to keep up the lie.

KRASINSKI
I just searched your apartment. You
had a pretty interesting photo wall.

Krasinski opens his file and lays out photos he took. They're pictures of Gina and JP's CUTESY PHOTO WALL.

BUTCH
Whoa! That's JP Wilson!

KRASINSKI
Good observation, Butch, that is JP
Wilson. And Gina. Together in lots and
lots of pictures. A bit tacky for my
taste, but who am I to judge how you
express your love.

Gina starts to sweat, but doesn't speak.

KRASINSKI (CONT'D)
I was surprised to see this photo wall because JP's allegedly dead body was identified by your office, and you never mentioned that you two were lovers. That's strange.

BUTCH
Real strange, Gina, real strange.

KRASINSKI
What happened?
(no response)
Okay, let me guess. You and JP faked his death to make a quick buck and then killed Sal and Natasha to cover it up. Am I warm?

BUTCH
Feels pretty damn warm to me.

KRASINSKI
Where's your boyfriend, Gina?
(no response)
Was his wife involved?

Gina tenses at the word "wife." Krasinski notices.

KRASINSKI (CONT'D)
Yes, his wife identified the body and took the donation money, so I'm assuming this con was a family affair. How'd his wife feel about you two dating? You'd think she'd hate him for that, but man her performance as the grieving wife was so realistic. I honestly believed she loved him.

(then)
I guess that makes sense. I went to high school with JP and Liv and they were always on again, off again, on again, off again. But she never stopped loving him. Even when she was with someone who treated her better, she always took him back.

(then)
Gina if you don't talk to me, you're going to go down for these crimes on your own.

(then)
Well, on the bright side, once you're in jail and out of the way, those two high school sweethearts can finally be on again.

Krasinski stands to go.

GINA

Wait!

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

Music is playing as JP exercises. He's in the middle of doing power push-ups.

A pair of feet appear below him. JP looks up and sees Krasinski standing above him.

KRASINSKI

Hey JP.

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The music continues, underscoring as Krasinski leads JP out in handcuffs.

INT. OFFICE SUPPLY STORE - MAIN FLOOR - SAME TIME

Butch walks a distraught Liv across the store in handcuffs, while customers and other store employees look on in shock.

INT. NEWBANK HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Krasinski and Butch stand in the front hall. A nervous Mr. Fisher scurries up to them.

MR. FISHER

I'm sorry officers, they're not here.
They never showed up for school today.

EXT. REDFOX CANYON - SAME TIME

Frankie and Donaldo are in the process of digging a hole at the bottom of the canyon, where Natasha's body was found.

FRANKIE

I think this is deep enough. You ready?

DONALDO

Yeah.

Donaldo drops his shovel and walks over to his truck. There's a small OAK TREE in the back. Donaldo lifts out the tree and carries it back to the hole.

Frankie and Donaldo carefully plant the oak tree in silence. When they're done, they stand and take in their work. It's beautiful.

DONALDO (CONT'D)

Natasha, I'm really sorry for what I did to you. I know planting a tree won't bring you back or make things right, but... it's something...

FRANKIE

I know we don't deserve it, but I want us to go on living. Do you think we can do that?

Beat. Donaldo takes Frankie's hand.

DONALDO

Yeah.

INT. DONALDO'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Frankie and Donaldo get into the truck. They share a smile. Frankie's phone dings with a notification alert. She checks and sees that she has a new voicemail. She listens to it.

JP (V.O.)

Hey Frankie, it's your dad. I'm not dead.

Frankie furrows her brows, confused, and puts her phone on speakerphone so that Donaldo can hear too.

JP (V.O.)

I know that you're probably shocked, confused and angry to hear that, but it's true -- I'm alive.

Frankie looks at Donaldo - WTF?

INT. NEWBANK POLICE STATION - DAY

As the VO continues, we see quick shots of:

JP getting his mugshot taken, resolute.

A tear stained Liv getting finger printed.

Gina, dazed and weary, being interrogated by Krasinski and Butch.

Liv getting her mugshot taken.

JP being interrogated by Krasinski and Butch.

Gina getting finger printed.

Liv being interrogated by Krasinski and Butch.

JP getting finger printed.

Gina getting her mugshot taken.

JP (V.O.)

Your mother, Gina and I faked my death. I'm not a hero who died in a fire. I'm a loser who took advantage of a hero's death to make some money. And I did something awful to protect that lie. I hurt your friend Natasha. She found out what we were doing and she was going to expose us and I snapped. I'll regret that moment for the rest of my life.

INT. DONALDO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Frankie tears up as she listens to the call.

JP (V.O.)

Frankie, I'm sorry that I hurt you. You deserve so much more. You deserve the world. I'm sorry I couldn't give it to you.

(then)

They're telling me my time is up. You let Donald know that he better be good to you. He better be a better man than I was or I'll come find him. Metaphorically, I guess. I'm going away for a long time. I love you, Frankie.

The call ends, leaving Frankie and Donald in a stunned silence.

FRANKIE

He's taking the fall for everything.

DONALDO

I'm turning myself in.

Donald starts his truck and zooms out of the canyon. Frankie's cell rings. She answers.

FRANKIE

Hello?

LIV (V.O.)

Frankie.

Frankie breaks down at the sound of her mother's voice.

FRANKIE

Mom! What's going on?

We INTERCUT phone call with--

INT. NEWBANK POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Liv stands at the phone in the corner of the station. She's trying to hold it together, but we can feel her fear.

LIV

Your dad isn't dead, Frankie. We faked his death. He's not a hero who died in a fire.

FRANKIE

Mom, don't do this.

LIV

Your dad did something awful, Frankie.

FRANKIE

Stop!

LIV

He hurt your friend Natasha. We've been arrested.

FRANKIE

We're coming.

LIV

NO! No. I won't let our mistakes ruin your life. Do not come here. You're going to get out of Newbank and you're never going to look back. Do you hear me?

(no response)

Frankie, I need you to hear me.

FRANKIE

I hear you.

LIV

You should take Donaldo with you. He's a good kid.

FRANKIE

Mom.

LIV

I have to go. I love you more than anything.

FRANKIE
I love you.

Liv hangs up the phone and lets out a small sob.

INT. DONALDO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Frankie puts down her phone. Frankie looks at Donaldo. Donaldo looks at Frankie. She nods. Donaldo slows down, makes a U-turn and drives off in the opposite direction.

INT. NEWBANK POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - LATER

Chief Stanton sits at his desk, the weight of the world on his shoulders. Krasinski rushes in.

KRASINSKI
They're lying! Their calls were almost identical - "your dad isn't dead, he wasn't a hero who died in a fire, he hurt your friend" - like it was planned. I don't think JP killed Natasha. Gina implicated both Donaldo and Frankie in that murder and I think she's telling the truth. The parents are lying to cover for the kids. Frankie and Donaldo were involved, I know it.

CHIEF STANTON
I don't care.

KRASINSKI
Chief--

CHIEF STANTON
I've got people confessing to a crime that I already locked an old lady up for. I'm going to look like such a jackass. I want this mess over. I need this case to be done.

KRASINSKI
Chief--

CHIEF STANTON
They confessed! So unless those kids waltz in here and tell me that they did it, we're gonna charge the people who confessed.

KRASINSKI
The last time you put a confession above evidence, an innocent woman ended up behind bars.

Chief Stanton shoots Krasinski a seething look.

CHIEF STANTON
Are JP and Olivia Wilson innocent?

KRASINSKI
No.

CHIEF STANTON
Then get the fuck out of my office and
close this goddamn case!

Krasinski shakes his head and storms out.

INT. NEWBANK POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

JP sits with his head on the table. Krasinski enters and sits across from him. JP sits up. The two guys look at each other.

JP
So. What now?

KRASINSKI
You'll never get out. I'll make sure
of that.

JP
Okay... Once I go down, that's it
right? You won't go after anyone else?

Krasinski doesn't respond.

JP (CONT'D)
Look, I know we're not friends and you
don't owe me anything... Please.

KRASINSKI
I'm not going after anyone else.

JP
Okay. Let's do this.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK - OPEN ROAD - SAME TIME

Donaldo's blue pick up truck drives down a route-like road that's flanked by pastures of green.

INT. DONALDO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Donaldo drives, while Frankie sits in the passenger seat, looking out the window. She sees the LEAVING NEWBANK sign coming up.

FRANKIE

Wait, stop.

Donaldo pulls over and Frankie hops out of the truck. She walks over to the LEAVING NEWBANK sign and stares at it. Donaldo appears by her side.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

This isn't how I thought I'd leave.

The two stand there in silence looking up at the sign. Beat. Frankie turns and heads back towards the truck. Donaldo follows her.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I'll drive.

Frankie gets in the driver seat, Donaldo in the passenger, and they drive off. We stay with the LEAVING NEWBANK sign, watching the truck grow smaller and smaller as it leaves Newbank behind.

FADE TO BLACK

END