

IT'LL BE GOOD FOR US

Written by

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OVER BLACK:

Metal screams against teeth-

JESSICA (V.O.)  
There! Right there. You can't feel  
that?

FADE IN:

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE-EXAM ROOM - DAY

On JESSICA BAUER (30s), whose intense stare and slightly-too-loud voice betray a woman who's had to fight for attention from a young age. Her polite smile is a bandage on a desperation that runs deep.

She's twisted in a dentist's chair, leaning over the side, her face too close to the MALE DENTIST (50s), who slides back-

JESSICA  
They're sharp.

MALE DENTIST  
They look perfect.

JESSICA  
I can hear them. I can hear them  
crunching. Like... pieces of the  
teeth are breaking off.

She sticks her finger in her mouth. Feels around.

The dentist regards her with thinly veiled amusement, but she holds his gaze, steadfast even in her self-consciousness.

MALE DENTIST  
You've only had the crowns for two  
months.

JESSICA  
I still can't chew on my right  
side--

MALE DENTIST  
Just give them some time to settle.  
Okay?

He gets up decisively, flipping through her file...

MALE DENTIST (CONT'D)  
Look, you might consider seeing a  
therapist.

He circles something in the file as he strolls out of the room, leaving Jessica alone, in stunned silence.

EXT. THE GLEN TOWN CENTER - DAY

It's a warm, sunny day. White flowering trees line the parking lot of The Glen, the charming town center in Glenview, Illinois, just north of downtown Chicago.

Nannies walk with thousand-dollar Bugaboo strollers. Women chat on garden benches, sipping coffee. Children squeal with delight as they bounce out of Ben & Jerry's Scoop Shop.

Jessica crosses the lot and stalks down the sidewalk.

She aggressively rubs her lower gum with her finger, eyes laser-focused on the red awning of Pure Barre just up ahead.

INT. PURE BARRE-LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

As she bursts through the door-

JESSICA  
I know I'm late. I know.

The busy front desk worker waves her in; they've been through this routine before.

Jessica squeezes past several women lingering in the lobby. Two thirty-something women, EMILY and SARAH, both in their Lululemon sports bras, stop their conversation when Jessica moves toward them.

*She smiles at them and they smile back, that subtle kind of smile women give each other, the kind that means we're smiling because we know we're better than you, and you know it too.*

Jessica pulls at her snug tank top as she slips through the door, pretending not to notice.

SUCCESS PODCAST (PRE-LAP)  
You are in charge of your own  
destiny. You are in control.

INT. WHITE GENESIS SUV - DAY

Jessica drives her white Genesis SUV, her makeup slightly smudged with sweat.

She nods along to the podcast. Repeating the words out loud. Talking over it.

JESSICA  
You are in control. You are.

EXT. BAUER HOUSE - DAY

She pulls into the driveway of her five-bedroom, 4,000-square-foot colonial brick home. Yellow lilies cluster along the perimeter.

It's a quiet street. Not ostentatious but idyllic.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-DEN - DAY

Her two daughters, RILEY (6) and MIA (4) are sprawled on the floor in front of a Candy Land board.

They're playing with their bubbly nanny, CAMILLA SUAREZ (early 20s), the only one who looks up as Jessica enters-

RILEY  
(to Mia)  
It's your turn!

JESSICA  
Hello, my sweethearts--

MIA  
I can't. It's the lollipops.

RILEY  
So, pick the card.

CAMILLA  
Hey, Jessica!

Jessica nods curtly. Something about the enthusiasm of Camilla's greeting bothers her.

MIA  
I did.

RILEY  
No, you didn't!

She tries to raise a smile, but her face is tinged with embarrassment as she looks back at the girls, who've yet to acknowledge her.

MIA

But--

RILEY

You need the blue blocks!

Jessica awkwardly kneels beside Riley. Kisses her head.

JESSICA

Can you explain it to me? What are  
the blue blocks?

RILEY

(louder and louder)

She needs to pick the card! The  
card with the blue--

JESSICA

Okay, sweetheart, sweetheart, take  
a breath--

RILEY

(screaming)

But she's not doing it!

Before Jessica can even think-

Camilla leans over and runs her fingers up Riley's cheek.  
Tickles her head. Riley bursts out laughing. Tantrum averted.

Jessica stares at Camilla with an intense mixture of  
gratitude and envy.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

QUICK CUTS: A magnifying mirror SNAPS open. A flashlight  
TURNS on. A bag of Oral-B floss picks is RIPPED open. Biotene  
Oral Rinse FLOWS into a tablespoon. Jessica PULLS her bottom  
lip down. Studies her teeth...

At the sound of a car door, Jessica glances out the window to  
see-

Her husband, ADAM BAUER (mid-40s), casually charming but  
sometimes callous, his athletic build obvious even beneath  
his baggy scrubs. He stands beside his black Audi, staring  
intently at the house.

Jessica watches him...

He doesn't move...

Then, like a robot switched on: a smile on his face as he walks toward the door.

Jessica backs away from the window, perplexed and a little bit troubled. She rubs her lower gum...

We stay on her as we hear the click of the front door, the pitter-patter of little feet.

RILEY (O.S.)

Daddy!

MIA (O.S.)

Daddy! Daddy!

A tightening in her face as she grabs her phone and swipes-

INSERT ON the camera feed to the den: Adam faces Camilla, his back to us, Riley and Mia hopping around him. Camilla nods excitedly, then doubles over in laughter. For a brief moment, her hand grazes Adam's shoulder. The silent image is punctuated by Jessica's rapid breathing.

Jessica closes the camera app and charges out of the bathroom-

INT. BAUER HOUSE-MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Through the bedroom-

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Down the hallway... She stops at the staircase. Leans over the railing, listening.

ADAM (O.S.)

Thank you so much, Camilla. Really.

CAMILLA (O.S.)

Oh, no problem. They're honestly so easy.

Their voices become distant, muffled. Jessica hovers a moment, straining to hear...

It's quiet. She hesitates, then drifts back toward the bedroom, an uncomfortable feeling coiling through her.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

A suitcase lies open on the bed. Jessica folds several collared shirts and ties. Adjusts one of the shirts, smoothing out the creases.

Adam walks in, Riley and Mia tugging onto him from behind.

ADAM

Hey.

Even at his partial smile, Jessica brightens. He pecks her on the lips. Glances at the bed.

ADAM (CONT'D)

The blue tie.

JESSICA

Yeah, I have it--

ADAM

Not the striped one. The one with the dots.

Jessica looks at him, miffed-

Adam kneels down next to the girls.

RILEY

Please don't go.

ADAM

It's only for a few days.

MIA

For the work!

RILEY

(to Mia)

You don't even know what he does.

MIA

Yes, I do! He's a... orso... a  
orso...

ADAM

Or-tho-pedic.

MIA

Or... so-pedic... surgeon!

Adam laughs.

ADAM  
Close enough.

He gets up. Gives Riley a reassuring smile.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
By the time I'm back from New York,  
you won't even know I was gone. I  
promise, kiddo.

Riley flings her arms around his leg.

RILEY  
Can I show you the puppet I made?

MIA  
Me too!

ADAM  
Of course you can.

Riley releases her grip and stumbles out of the bedroom. Mia follows-

Jessica drops the dotted tie on the bed.

JESSICA  
They really love you.

ADAM  
What do you mean?

JESSICA  
I mean they really love you.

Adam gives her a long-suffering look.

ADAM  
Jessica--

JESSICA  
I'm just saying.

ADAM  
Don't be ridiculous. They love you,  
too. You're their mom.

He slides his laptop out of his work bag and studies something on the screen. Jessica watches him.

JESSICA  
Ben's going to the conference too,  
right?

The tone of her voice causes Adam to look up.

ADAM  
Yeah, why?

JESSICA  
We still haven't gotten an  
invitation to their party.

Adam turns back to the computer, distracted.

ADAM  
Maybe they didn't send them out  
yet.

JESSICA  
Brooke got it last week.

ADAM  
We went last year. It doesn't make  
sense that they wouldn't invite us.

JESSICA  
I told you Cara doesn't like me.  
Whenever I wave to her in the  
school pickup line, she acts like  
she doesn't see me.

Jessica edges closer to Adam. He shifts the laptop, angling  
the screen away from her. It's subtle, but Jessica notices.

ADAM  
Maybe she doesn't see you.

Jessica stares at the laptop.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Those pickup lines are a nightmare.

Adam smiles reassuringly. He turns the laptop off and slips  
it back in his bag. Jessica watches him, tense.

JESSICA  
She gave me dirty looks at the bake  
sale. Lindsey did too. It was those  
vegan muffins. I should have just  
made brownies. I knew it.

Adam sighs.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
You know she never even mentioned  
the costume thing?  
(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
If Sharon hadn't brought it up in  
passing, we never would have known.  
(lowering her voice)  
Riley would have found out about it  
from everyone at school.

The thought hangs for a moment in uncomfortable silence-

Riley and Mia stumble back into the room, straight into  
Adams's arms. They each have a multi-colored, felt hand  
puppet. Riley holds hers up.

RILEY  
(to Adam)  
See how I put the pompoms?

ADAM  
Very well done.

Mia starts to cry.

JESSICA  
Sweetheart--

MIA  
The eye broke!

Jessica spots the googly eye on the floor. She picks it up.

JESSICA  
I can help you--

MIA  
No! I want daddy.

Adam shoots Jessica a *don't worry about it* look. Jessica  
hands Adam the eye and sits on the edge of the bed, resigned.

ADAM  
Okay. I'm going to need both of you  
to be my nurses. Mia, you hold Mr.  
Puppet down.

Adam digs through his bag. Pulls out a tube of surgical glue.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Riley, I'm going to apply this to  
the back of the eye. And you're  
going to stick it in place.

Riley nods, taking the responsibility very seriously.

Adam applies the glue and hands the eye to Riley. She takes a deep breath and sticks it on the felt, perfectly even with the other eye.

Mia looks it over and smiles. Riley turns expectantly to Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Excellent.

Jessica claps.

JESSICA  
Great job, girls.

The girls don't even look at her. Adam checks his watch.

ADAM  
I really need to get packed.

JESSICA  
Girls, why don't you put your puppets back? I'll come help with your pajamas in a minute.

Riley shrugs and walks out of the room. Mia follows.

Jessica watches Adam pack his clothes. She pulls a floss pick out of her pocket. Picks her teeth-

Click.

Click.

Click.

Click-Click-Click-Click.

Adam eyes her. She registers his disgust. Stuffs the pick back in her pocket. Rubs her lower gum...

ADAM  
How was the dentist?

JESSICA  
Good. Fine.

ADAM  
He found something?

JESSICA  
He's running some tests.

The slightest of smiles crosses Adam's lips before he turns back to the suitcase.

ADAM  
Good. Let's hold off on any more dentists for now.

Jessica's cracking a little, but she tries not to react.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jessica sits quietly on the floor, texting, as Riley and Mia, now in their pajamas, play together with their dolls.

We see the text on screen:

FROM: JESSICA - "He's being weird again. Distant."

BROOKE - "Don't read into it. You know how he gets before he travels. Remember spring break?!?"

Jessica smiles, relaxing a bit. She's about to respond when-DING-DONG. The sound of the doorbell.

ADAM (O.S.)  
I got it.

Jessica listens to the sound of Adam's footsteps disappear down the stairs...

ADAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hey, Jessica, do you have any idea  
how much of this stuff you ordered?

Annoyance on her face as Adam's question settles. She gets up.

JESSICA  
I'll be right back, sweethearts.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-ENTRYWAY - DAY

Jessica shuffles through the entryway as Adam drags one of several heavy boxes inside.

The FedEx DELIVERY MAN (20s) plops another box down, right outside the open door. He and Adam exchange a look.

DELIVERY MAN  
One more.

He spins around and jogs back toward the driveway. Adam meets Jessica's eyes.

JESSICA  
I know it's a lot.

ADAM  
It's fine. I know *Romance and Hugs*  
is important to you.

Jessica's jaw tightens.

JESSICA  
*Believe in Love.*

ADAM  
Right, yeah, *Believe in Love.*

Adam drags another box inside as Jessica opens one of the packages. Blocks of wax. At least forty pounds of the stuff.

The delivery man places the final box in the doorway.

DELIVERY MAN  
It must be going well.

Jessica looks up at the delivery man.

JESSICA  
Not really. I mean, there's a  
learning curve.

He gives her a long look.

DELIVERY MAN  
But you're going for it.

Adam grabs the last box and stacks it on several others, sighing.

Jessica stares at him, something calculating in her eyes.

JESSICA  
I am.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-STAIRCASE - DAY

Jessica carries the smallest box upstairs-

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Into her immaculate home office.

Glass jars sit neatly in cabinets. Pouches of carving tools rest on the desk, beside a pouring pitcher and mini wax-melting pots.

Clusters of sketches are pinned to a bulletin board; they show candles carved into all sorts of flowers, and tree trunks with names engraved on the side. A large sticky note reads: *Bauer Designs: Believe in Love.*

Jessica opens the box and stares at the wax chips.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Adam hurries to the front door with his suitcase. Jessica trails behind him.

JESSICA

So, I was looking at Windstar for the cruise. My mom said she would watch the girls.

ADAM

I don't even know if I can take the time off.

JESSICA

It'll be good for us.

A flash of guilt flickers across Adam's face.

ADAM

I'll see what I can do.

Jessica half-smiles. They stop at the door.

JESSICA

Did you miss me today?

ADAM

I was gone eight hours.

JESSICA

Can't you just say yes?

ADAM

Jessica--

JESSICA

Are we okay? Honestly, because if anything--

ADAM  
Of course we're okay. Yes, okay?  
Yes.

Adam squeezes her shoulder. She smiles weakly.

JESSICA  
Have you... given any more thought  
to the counselor--

ADAM  
I don't want to talk to some  
stranger.

He turns away, shaking his head. After a moment, he looks back at her with calm deliberation.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Listen, we're okay. We're fine. I  
love you.

JESSICA  
I love you.

They stand there...

ADAM  
Goodbye.

Jessica lingers in the doorway, watching Adam walk away, a look of faint hope on her face.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mia's asleep with an armful of stuffed animals. Jessica tucks Riley into the bed beside her, careful not to disturb the teddy bear sharing her pillow.

JESSICA  
I could read you a story.

RILEY  
Daddy does the funny voices.

Jessica nods.

JESSICA  
He'll be back in a few days.

Riley doesn't respond.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Well, goodnight, sweetheart. I love  
you.

Jessica shuts the door behind her.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-KITCHEN - NIGHT

She pours herself a generous glass of red wine.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wanders past the entryway... stops and looks at the open box.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica curls up on the couch with a block of wax. The Success Podcast plays from her iPhone.

SUCCESS PODCAST (V.O.)  
You are in charge of your own  
destiny. You are in control.

She slips off her wedding ring and places it in the display bowl behind her for safekeeping.

With fierce concentration, she squishes a piece of wax with her fingers. Tries to mold it into a rose.

SUCCESS PODCAST (V.O.)  
Believe in yourself. Believe in  
your future. You are in control--

JESSICA  
You are.

The wax looks like a dead starfish. Jessica tosses it on the table.

Takes a long sip of wine...

LATER

It's dark outside. The den light is on. The rest of the first-floor lights are off.

Jessica sleeps on the couch...

SUCCESS PODCAST (V.O.)  
Make a plan. Trust your decisions.  
Have faith in your abilities.

SMASH!

Jessica opens her eyes.

SUCCESS PODCAST (V.O.)  
Push through your fear. Take a  
risk.

She sits up, disoriented. Blinks off her grogginess. Looks at  
the empty glass of wine.

SMASH!

She freezes.

What the hell was that?

She squints into the darkness of the house...

SUCCESS PODCAST (V.O.)  
You are in charge of your own  
destiny. You are in control.

JESSICA  
Riley?

Silence.

Then footsteps.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Riley!

Faster.

Jessica desperately looks across the room at her phone-  
Faster and FASTER.

She jumps up-

Two men BURST into the room.

INVADER TWO  
Don't fucking move!

INVADER ONE and INVADER TWO wear black ski masks and gloves.  
They each carry a duffel over their shoulder.

Jessica's EYES WIDE with terror.

JESSICA

Please, please, oh my, oh my god,  
oh my god, please--

Invader Two pulls out a gun. Points it directly at her-

BEEEEEEEP! BEEP-BEEP! BEEP-BEEP!

Both invaders turn to the window-

SUCCESS PODCAST (V.O.)

Episode eighty-two. Wake up! You  
are more capable than you think.

Invader Two lets out a breath.

INVADER TWO

Jesus fuck.

He looks at Invader One, who follows the sound of the podcast to Jessica's phone.

Invader One unzips the side pocket of his duffel. Pulls out a hammer.

SUCCESS PODCAST (V.O.)

If you stay true to your heart--

SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! The phone shatters.

Jessica watches, stunned. Turns back to the man with the gun.

JESSICA

Please! Please! I'm a mom. My kids  
need me. I have kids. Please--

INVADER TWO

Shut up.

Invader One turns off the den light. We're plunged into DARKNESS. We hear only the quick, frenzied rhythm of Jessica breathing...

INVADER TWO (CONT'D)

Bedroom.

CLICK. A thin beam of light-

Invader One points a mini flashlight at the floor.

INVADER 2

Move.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The creak of the stairs.

Jessica climbs slowly. Invader One next to her. Invader Two behind them with the gun.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They silently make their way down the dimly-lit hallway... past Jessica's office... past the girls' bedroom...

RILEY (O.S.)

Mommy?

They freeze.

Jessica LOCKS EYES with Invader One-

GRABS his arm, fear no match for a mother's instinct. He stands there, startled. Her heart pounds out of her chest but she doesn't move.

*Time slows...* Then speeds up as Invader Two DARTS toward the door.

Jessica turns to him, frantic.

Invader Two grabs the doorknob-

Thinking quickly, Jessica blurts out-

JESSICA

It's late! It's late, sweetheart.  
It's way past your bedtime. You go  
to sleep right this second!

She stops breathing, her body pitched forward.

Invader Two presses his ear to the door.

We hear the soft rustling of covers being pulled in some direction...

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Please. Please. Please.

Invader Two waits... steps away from the door.

Jessica exhales, relief flooding her face.

Invader One shoves her forward. They continue down the hallway...

Disappear into darkness.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

A soft click. Wood brushes against carpet.

Invader One flicks on the light-

The walk-in closet is spacious and organized. Handbags and women's shoes line the shelves along the far wall. Clothes hang neatly on both sides. A large, black safe sits in the corner.

Invader One and Invader Two case it quickly and exchange glances-

Invader One dashes to the far wall. Stuffs handbags into his duffel. Invader Two turns to Jessica.

INVADER TWO  
Open the safe.

Jessica kneels in front of the safe, trying to stay calm, trying to keep her wits about her. She presses five digits on the keypad. Pulls the door-

It doesn't move.

INVADER TWO (CONT'D)  
Do not fuck around!

JESSICA  
I... I thought--

INVADER TWO  
Open it. Now.

Jessica looks down at her hand. Squeezes it. Takes a deep breath. As she presses the digits on the keypad-

JESSICA  
Five. Four. Nine. One. Five. Pound.

BEEP-BEEP. Jessica pulls the door open-

Invader Two SHOVES her out of the way.

INVADER TWO  
That's what I'm taking about.

The top compartment is lined with watches. Invader Two dumps them into his duffel.

INVADER TWO (CONT'D)  
(to Jessica)  
Don't fucking move.

Jessica rubs her shoulder, thinking, desperate.

Invader One dashes over. He yanks the bottom compartment out of the safe. It's full of jewelry. He grabs it by the handful. Stuffs it into his duffel-

Invader Two backs away from the safe. Studies it from the side... He runs his hands down the inside. Taps on the back panel-

INVADER TWO (CONT'D)  
Screwdriver.

Invader One unzips the side pocket of his duffel. Feels around for the screwdriver. Hands it to Invader Two as he steps closer to the safe.

Jessica stares at the duffel. A flicker of light in her eyes.

ANGLE ON the tip of a hammer, just visible in the side pocket of the bag.

Invader One turns his head-

Jessica quickly looks away, her face blank.

Invader One turns back to the safe as Invader Two twists the screwdriver into the panel.

Jessica eyes him. Takes a small step toward the bag.

INVADER TWO (CONT'D)  
I need more light.

Invader One pulls the flashlight out of his pocket. Hunches over Invader Two. Shines the light into the safe.

Treading carefully, Jessica takes another step toward the bag.

INVADER TWO (CONT'D)  
Got it.

Invader Two dislodges the back panel-

Jessica edges closer. She's an arm's reach away-

Invader Two pulls the panel out-

INVADER ONE  
Holy fuck!

Invader Two drops the panel.

INVADER TWO  
Look at that.

INVADER ONE  
Got to be a hundred thousand at  
least!

Now Jessica turns away from the duffel, toward the safe.

Reveal: stacks of cash from top to bottom.

Her mouth DROPS OPEN.

She staggers toward the safe-

JESSICA  
(under her breath)  
What the fuck?

Invader One spins around.

INVADER ONE  
Hey--

Invader One grabs Jessica by the arm. Pulls zip ties from his pocket-

Jessica cranes her neck toward the safe. She can't believe her eyes.

INVADER TWO  
Wait.

Invader Two hands Invader One the gun.

INVADER TWO (CONT'D)  
In case she tries anything.

Starts stuffing cash into his duffel...

INVADER ONE  
(to Jessica)  
Move.

Jessica peels her eyes away from the money. Stumbles forward. Her mind reeling.

JESSICA

I... I don't understand. I don't--

INVADER ONE

Hurry up.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Invader One shoves Jessica onto the bed.

She sits up, galvanized.

INVADER ONE

Don't fight me.

JESSICA

Please. Please just... wait. I  
just--

Invader One grabs her wrist-

RILEY (O.S.)

Mommy?

Jessica whips her head to the doorway, EYES WIDE.

Riley stands there in her daisy-print pajamas. Frightened.  
Confused. A teddy bear in her arms.

RILEY (CONT'D)

What's... happening?

She looks at the man in the mask. Starts to cry.

Invader One lets go of Jessica, his voice gentle.

INVADER ONE

It's okay. It's okay.

He takes a couple of steps toward Riley. The gun in his hand,  
hidden behind his back.

CLOSE ON Jessica. Out of her mind with panic. No idea what to  
do.

INVADER ONE (CONT'D)

You don't need to be afraid.

She looks at the lamp on the nightstand. Marble. Too heavy.

INVADER ONE (CONT'D)

Just relax. Everything is going to  
be--

She makes a split-second decision-

JESSICA  
Run, Riley! Go!

She LUNGES for the gun-

Invader One spins around as Jessica GRABS the barrel-

Invader Two DARTS out of the closet. Sees Jessica and Invader One struggling for the gun-

Invader Two SHOVES Jessica. Hard. She loses her grip as she TUMBLES forward, directly into Invader One's legs-

Invader One FALLS back-

His hand on the gun, he PULLS the TRIGGER-

HITS the ground beside Jessica.

A SHARP gasp. A low moan.

Jessica and Invader One sit up to see Invader Two. Hunched over. Bleeding from the gut.

RILEY  
(screaming)  
Mommy!

Riley trembles in the doorway. The color drained from her face.

Jessica scrambles to her feet, adrenaline pulsing through her. DASHES to Riley-

Scoops her up. Stumbles out of the room-

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sprints down the hallway-

JESSICA  
Mia! Mia, wake up!

INT. BAUER HOUSE-MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

INVADER ONE  
Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

Invader Two collapses against the side of the bed, a pool of blood spreading beneath him.

Invader One sprints into the closet-

Hurries out with a floral dress. Wraps it around Invader Two's stomach.

INVADER ONE (CONT'D)  
You're fucking strong. You're  
fucking fine. Hold on for me.

Ties it into place. Dashes back into the closet-

INT. BAUER HOUSE-CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Stuffs the gun in his duffel. Swings the duffel over his shoulder. Grabs Invader Two's duffel and hauls it out-

INT. BAUER HOUSE-MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Yanks Invader Two up and puts his arm around his shoulder.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jessica in the hallway with Riley and Mia, in front of her closed office door. She stares at the keypad, immobilized by shock.

Invader One and Invader Two hobble into the hallway, Invader One dragging the duffel behind him.

Jessica and Invader One LOCK EYES.

RILEY  
Mommy!

Jessica snaps to life. Taps on the keypad-

BEEP-BEEP. The door clicks open-

She pulls Riley and Mia into the office-

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Slams the door shut. Locks it.

JESSICA  
Get under the desk!

Riley and Mia crawl under the desk.

Slightly breathless, Jessica puts her ear to the door.

A loud THUD. Then the faint sound of footsteps disappearing down the stairs...

She turns to Riley and Mia-

They're *hysterical*.

She crawls under the desk. Wraps her arms around them. Tight.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
It's okay. We're okay. My  
sweethearts. We're okay.

She does her best to calm them down. Does her best to calm herself. Kisses their heads. Rocks them as they cry...

LATER

Jessica puts her ear to the door...

The silence is unsettling.

She glances at Riley and Mia huddled under the desk, then at the carving tools on top of it.

She grabs a knife. It's tiny. The size of a dentist's tool. But it's something.

She unlocks the door. Cracks it open. Wider. Sticks her head out...

Manages a reassuring smile as she turns back to the girls.

JESSICA  
Okay. Don't worry. We're safe.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica tiptoes down the hallway, the knife in her hand, the girls behind her, her other hand on their heads. A mama bear protecting her cubs.

EXT. BAUER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

They burst through the front door-

Dead Quiet.

Jessica drops the knife. Scoops Mia up. Grabs Riley's hand.

JESSICA  
Come on!

They run across the front yard... across the street... to the house facing theirs.

Jessica rings the doorbell-

DING-DONG!

DING-DONG!

DING-DONG!

BANGS on the door-

A light turns on inside...

The door cracks open-

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Help us!

Their MALE NEIGHBOR (70s) sticks his head out-

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Help us, please! Our house. We were  
attacked. We've been attacked!

He opens the door. Ushers them inside.

INT. GLENVIEW POLICE STATION-INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

It's well past midnight.

Jessica and Riley huddle on the couch in the victim interview room, clung together in a desperate but tender embrace. Mia lies on the other side of Jessica, asleep.

The room is cozy. Carpeted floor. Blankets on a chair.

The door opens-

DETECTIVE PARKER, female (50s) walks in with a bottle of water and two apple juice cups. She places them on the table, beside an empty juice cup, a look of warm reassurance on her face.

She's followed by DETECTIVE LEE, male (30s), nervous, almost jumpy. He's new to the job and still trying to figure out how to act.

He tries to hand Riley a box of tissues-

Detective Parker stops him. Takes the box and places it on the table, beside the juice.

They each take a seat.

Jessica grabs a tissue, her other arm still wrapped around Riley. She dabs Riley's cheek, looking firmly at Detective Parker.

JESSICA  
Isn't that enough from her?

DETECTIVE PARKER  
Yes, she did great.

Detective Parker whispers something to Detective Lee. He nods. Gets up again and motions to someone in the hallway. Detective Parker turns to Riley, whose face is half-burrowed in Jessica's body.

DETECTIVE PARKER (CONT'D)  
You were so helpful, Riley, thank you. Now, I know you want to stay with your mom, but I need to talk to her alone for just a little while.

Riley doesn't respond.

DETECTIVE PARKER (CONT'D)  
Would you be okay waiting with your sister next door? The room is full of toys and games and you can play with anything you want.

Still nothing. Riley clings to her mom.

JESSICA  
Sweetheart?

RILEY  
I couldn't get Bella!

Riley bursts into tears, her breath hitching with each sob. Jessica squeezes her tight.

DETECTIVE PARKER  
Bella?

JESSICA  
Her teddy bear.

Riley sobs louder. Jessica grabs the box of tissues, failing to calm her, feeling desperate, helpless...

Suddenly, she remembers Camilla in the den. She runs her fingers up Riley's cheek and tickles her head. Riley giggles. Wipes her face.

RILEY  
(barely audible)  
Okay.

A smile twitches at the corner of Jessica's mouth as-

Detective Lee opens the door wider to let in a FEMALE OFFICER (20s). Jessica gently nudges Mia, now half-asleep.

JESSICA  
Sweetheart, go with your sister.  
I'll be right there.

The officer leads Riley and Mia out of the room. Detective Parker turns to Jessica.

DETECTIVE PARKER  
Alright. Take me through it from the beginning.

Jessica lets out a heavy breath. Rubs her eyes.

LATER

Detective Lee hands Jessica another bottle of water while Detective Parker glances at her phone.

DETECTIVE PARKER  
Yeah, they got in through a back window. Our officers just confirmed it.

Jessica digests this. In a daze.

DETECTIVE PARKER (CONT'D)  
You wouldn't happen to have security cameras?

JESSICA  
Out front. And in the den... That's where I was. That's where I was when they found me--

DETECTIVE LEE  
How do you store the footage?

JESSICA  
The SD card.

Detective Lee makes a note.

DETECTIVE LEE  
Do you have an alarm system?

JESSICA  
Of course.

DETECTIVE LEE  
But you didn't set it--

JESSICA  
I fell asleep.

DETECTIVE LEE  
Were you drinking?

Jessica looks at him sharply, offended by the implication.

JESSICA  
I had one glass of wine. A small  
glass. It was a long day and I was  
tired.

Detective Parker reaches over the table and warmly squeezes  
Jessica's hand.

DETECTIVE PARKER  
My kids were once young too.

They share a knowing smile. Jessica throws one last look at  
Detective Lee, then relaxes a bit.

Detective Parker flips through her notes.

DETECTIVE PARKER (CONT'D)  
So, our officers are doing an  
inventory right now. But as far as  
you remember, they took bags,  
watches, and jewelry?

Jessica hesitates. Why was there all that cash? Where did it  
come from?

JESSICA  
Yeah... and some cash.

DETECTIVE LEE  
How much cash?

Jessica thinks a moment. Chooses her words carefully.

JESSICA

I don't know. I didn't see. There  
was some cash in the safe... I  
think. They took it.

Detective Parker studies her a moment, then nods and makes a note.

DETECTIVE PARKER

And your wedding ring.

JESSICA

What?

DETECTIVE PARKER

You're not wearing it.

Jessica looks down at her hand, astonished.

JESSICA

Oh my god, the display bowl! I took  
it off. I was working with the wax.  
I took it off before they got  
there.

She shakes her head.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I guess I got lucky.

DETECTIVE LEE

You almost died tonight.

Detective Parker shoots Detective Lee a hard look. Clears her throat. Smiles at Jessica, but it's too late-

The night. What happened. It all hits her. She can't control her breathing.

JESSICA

My husband. Adam. I want Adam. I  
want to talk to him now.

Detective Parker gets up.

DETECTIVE PARKER

Let's get you to a phone.

INT. GLENVIEW POLICE STATION-OFFICE - NIGHT

Still breathing heavily, Jessica walks in circles, a phone to her ear.

RING! RING! RING! RING!

ADAM (V.O.)  
(groggy)  
Hello?

JESSICA  
Adam! Adam, oh my god. Oh my god.

INT. GLENVIEW POLICE STATION-PLAYROOM - NIGHT

Jessica slouches on the edge of a kid's chair, anxiously watching over Riley and Mia, both asleep on a beanbag. She rubs her lower gum...

The door swings open to-

BROOKE SCOTT (40), who even as she rushes in, exudes the breezy calm of a woman who easily detaches from the stresses of life.

She drops her Birkin to the floor like it's a grocery bag. Wraps her arms around Jessica.

BROOKE  
Let's get you out of here.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE-GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessica gently tucks Riley and Mia into a king-size bed. The girls fall asleep instantly.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE-KITCHEN - NIGHT

Simultaneously drained and wired, Jessica leans over the kitchen island, freshly changed into a University of Michigan t-shirt.

Although we're inside and the sky is dark, we can already sense how massive and opulent this house is. Looking through the window: there are no houses across the street. There is no street. This is a private oasis set off on several acres. We see only the faint outline of a pool and pool house through the glass kitchen door.

Brooke pours two glasses of red wine and sits next to Jessica, concern in her eyes.

JESSICA  
I really shouldn't.

BROOKE  
Says who?

Jessica smiles. Takes a sip. Looks down at her shirt.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
The last time we drank at three in  
the morning was outside Hatcher. It  
seemed appropriate.

JESSICA  
I'm pretty sure that wasn't wine.

Brooke laughs.

Jessica rests her chin on her hands. Brooke rubs her back.

BROOKE  
I cancelled my clients tomorrow.  
You stay as long as you want.

Jessica turns to her, grateful but a little embarrassed.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
Stop. It's speech therapy. Not  
surgery.

She throws Jessica a playful look.

JESSICA  
Nothing's as important as surgery--

BROOKE  
Nothing.

They share a laugh... It fizzles out into an awkward silence.

Jessica looks at Brooke carefully.

JESSICA  
You know, you don't have to do  
that.

BROOKE  
Do what?

JESSICA  
Downplay your work like that.

Brooke stares at her, thrown by the comment.

BROOKE  
I don't--

JESSICA

You do. Since the day I told Dan Wilson to fuck off and find another marketing manager.

Brooke, flustered, isn't sure how to respond.

BROOKE

What time is Adam getting in?

JESSICA

Should be around ten.

BROOKE

I can't even imagine that phone call.

JESSICA

He could barely speak.

Jessica pauses, unsure for a moment.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I don't know. It felt different.

BROOKE

Different how?

JESSICA

Better. Not better... It felt like he cared.

BROOKE

Of course he cares.

Brooke takes a long sip of wine.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Listen, I'm pretty sure Mike is upstairs dreaming about stocks.

Jessica smiles thinly. They sit in silence for a while...

JESSICA

You remember when Adam stumbled during our dance, how embarrassed he was? And then I stumbled too.

Brooke looks at her, bewildered.

BROOKE

At your wedding?

JESSICA  
We laughed about it all night.

BROOKE  
That's what you're thinking about?

Jessica doesn't respond. She's a million miles away.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE-GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessica carefully climbs into bed with her daughters and falls asleep between them.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE-KITCHEN - MORNING

It's a cloudy morning. Bleary-eyed, Jessica guzzles coffee as she slumps over the kitchen island. Riley and Mia pick at their pancakes...

AVA (6), Brooke's look-alike daughter, bolts in with a pink teddy bear. She hands it to Riley.

AVA  
My mom said you miss Bella, so I said you could babysit Pinkie.

Riley's face lights up. Jessica smiles as she glances back at the iPhone beside her.

Brooke breezes in with a rolling suitcase-

BROOKE  
Any update?

JESSICA  
Yeah, they got him on another flight. Same arrival time.

Jessica slides the phone to Brooke.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Thank you--

RILEY  
Can we go swimming?

JESSICA  
It's not really that nice out, sweetheart.

RILEY  
Please.

AVA  
(to Brooke)  
Pleasssssse.

Jessica and Brooke exchange amused smiles.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE-BACKYARD - DAY

All three kids splash in the shallow end of the pool with Ava's NANNY, female (50s).

Jessica and Brooke chat on lounge chairs under a large umbrella, fully clothed.

JESSICA  
...and they were right there in the hallway, just staring at us, and for a second, I couldn't remember the code. All I could think was this is it.

Brooke nods along. Hanging on every word.

BROOKE  
Thank god you had that keypad put in.

JESSICA  
I mean, it's my office. There are melting pots and knives in there.

Jessica turns toward the pool and glances at the girls.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Adam thought it was overkill.

She looks back at Brooke, a bundle of nerves.

The kitchen door slides open. Adam hurries out, his face creased with worry.

Jessica jumps up with relief and sprints toward him, right into his arms. He holds her tight.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Thank god you're here.

ADAM  
Of course I'm here.

Her eyes lock with his for a small moment before-

Riley and Mia scamper over. Adam picks them up and spins them around, getting all wet. Jessica wraps her arms around him again. It's an emotional moment for the whole family.

Brooke slowly makes her way over with Ava...

ADAM (CONT'D)  
(to Brooke)  
Thank you.

He gives her a quick hug.

BROOKE  
You don't have to thank me.

The mood shifts a bit. For a moment, no one says anything.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
Why don't I get the girls changed?  
Give you two some time.

Brooke squeezes Jessica's shoulder. Leads the girls into the house...

Jessica steps back. Looks at Adam's wet clothes.

JESSICA  
We should get you changed too.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE-GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Jessica curls up on an Eames lounge chair in the guest room, watching Adam undress.

Adam pulls a clean shirt out of his suitcase. Puts it on. Begins to unpack.

JESSICA  
What are you doing?

ADAM  
What do you mean? You said the house is a crime scene--

JESSICA  
I booked a hotel.

ADAM  
Why?

Jessica's face falls. Adam sees it.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I meant... why aren't we just  
staying here?

JESSICA  
Because I don't want to. After what  
I've been through, what the girls  
have been through... I just... I  
want it to be just us. As a family.

ADAM  
You're right. I'm sorry.

Adam takes the clothes out of the dresser.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Where'd you book it? The Glen Club?

JESSICA  
The Peninsula. Downtown.

Adam freezes for a second. Swallows his frustration.

ADAM  
A suite?

JESSICA  
Just a deluxe. They were running a  
special, a thousand a night for a  
three-night stay.

A strained silence as Adam presses the clothes down in the  
suitcase. Jessica watches him, looking for some sort of  
validation.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
It'll be good for us. For the  
girls.

ADAM  
It's a lot of money.

Jessica stares at him, shifting uncomfortably...

ADAM (CONT'D)  
What?

She takes a deep breath.

JESSICA  
I saw the safe, Adam. They took out  
the back panel. It was full of  
cash. Like, a lot.

Adam's face crumples.

A slight creak from the hallway-

Adam looks at the door. Jessica does too...

Spooked, Adam quickly moves to the far corner of the room, by the window. Jessica follows. They talk in hushed, hurried tones.

ADAM

Did you tell the police?

JESSICA

No.

ADAM

No?

JESSICA

I said there was cash. I said there was some.

ADAM

How much?

JESSICA

Just some.

ADAM

Did you--

JESSICA

I didn't tell them about the panel. About the stacks. Adam, what the fuck?

Adam takes a seat on the bed. He collects himself for a moment, then looks up at Jessica, guilt-ridden.

ADAM

I bet on the Giants game. Bet big. And I know it was stupid but... I mean, it was just supposed to be a one-time thing. But I won. And it was found money. Money we weren't even supposed to have. So, I bet again. And I won again.

Jessica sits on the bed beside Adam, confused, surprised, and a little bit doubtful.

JESSICA

You're... betting on football?

ADAM  
Baseball.

JESSICA  
You said the Giants.

ADAM  
The baseball team.

JESSICA  
I thought the Giants were football.

ADAM  
Baseball too.

Jessica thinks, trying to process this.

JESSICA  
I don't even... how did you--

ADAM  
Lucas got me into it. Lucas  
Whitlock.

Jessica registers the name.

JESSICA  
So... it's like... some kind of  
surgeon betting pool?

ADAM  
I should have told you. But I knew  
you'd say no, and then I won,  
and... I mean, what was I supposed  
to say?

A long moment passes between them. When Jessica speaks, she sounds calm, but there's a wariness in her eyes.

JESSICA  
Isn't that kind of betting legal?

ADAM  
Of course it's legal.

JESSICA  
So... why would it matter if I told  
the police?

ADAM  
I'm a surgeon. If you told the  
police, it would get out. My whole  
career depends on patients trusting  
me. It's not exactly a good look.

Jessica rubs her face. The night. The attack. What could have happened. It all hits her again. Adam watches her. Shakes off his defensiveness.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

She looks at him carefully.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I really am. I should have told you. Not that it matters now. The money's gone.

He turns away, looking genuinely embarrassed, genuinely remorseful, vulnerable in a way Jessica hasn't seen him in a long time.

She softens.

JESSICA  
I suppose... there are bigger things to worry about.

He gives her a grateful smile. Affectionately strokes her cheek. Pulls her into his arms. She folds into him.

EXT. THE PENINSULA - DAY

Jessica, Adam and the girls get out of an Uber in front of The Peninsula Chicago.

Jessica glances at Adam. He gives her a reassuring smile. Riley holds the pink teddy bear and clings to Jessica's leg.

A doorman unloads the rolling suitcase we saw Brooke take into the kitchen earlier.

INT. THE PENINSULA-SUITE - DAY

Jessica unpacks on the bed. Riley sits on the suitcase flap, eagerly handing her the clothes.

JESSICA  
You were so brave, sweetheart. So incredibly brave.

Riley tilts her head to the side, thinking.

RILEY  
You're the best mom I ever had.

Jessica smiles. The kind of smile so big it makes your cheeks hurt for days.

INT. APPLE STORE - DAY

Jessica crouches in front of the iPhone display table, entertaining Riley and Mia with exaggerated animal impressions, blissfully unaware of the looks from other customers.

Adam stands off to the side, watching, something wistful in his eyes.

INT. GIORDANO'S - NIGHT

Jessica, Adam and the girls eat deep dish pizza, though Jessica eats hers with a fork and knife, pulling out the inside, avoiding the crust, chewing carefully.

Mia looks up with a face full of sauce.

MIA

Let's come here all the time!

ADAM

You know, when your mom and I first moved to Chicago, we did. I was just a poor med student, and your mom was the marketing queen at Wilson's Designs, working crazy hours--

MIA

The queen?!

Adam laughs.

ADAM

Pretty much. She turned that place into the most successful ceramics brand in the Midwest. But with our schedules, we didn't always see each other, so we made it a point to meet here for dinner three nights a week. Until one night, a man at the table across from us started screaming at the waitress.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Your mom got up and walked over to his table, without saying a word, and she picked up his pizza, the whole tray of it, and brought it back to our table, and started eating it.

Riley and Mia's jaws drop open.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I know, I couldn't believe it. Neither could the man. Or the waitress.

Adam laughs, shaking his head.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I never would have had the guts to do that.

PUSH IN on Jessica, who's put her fork down, her attention rapt on Adam, a deep, penetrating realization washing over her.

ADAM (CONT'D)

But your mom, she was a free spirit.

A tinge of melancholy creeps onto her face.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Just... wild.

Adam laughs. Takes a sip of beer.

ADAM (CONT'D)

And then of course, we had to pay for the man's meal and I was too embarrassed to come back.

Riley and Mia start eating again.

Jessica sits there, trying to remember the confidence she once had.

Across the table, she meets Adam's eyes. They gaze at each other, a silent conversation between them...

Whatever it is they've lost, they're starting to find it again.

INT. CHICAGO CHILDREN'S MUSEUM - DAY

The girls climb through a fiberglass tube at the Chicago Children's Museum.

Jessica and Adam watch from below, his arm casually around her. Jessica pulls two jolly ranchers out of her bag. Unwraps one for herself and hands the other to Adam.

JESSICA

She said the police finished their inventory, so we need to hire a cleanup company.

ADAM

Yeah, and I'll arrange to have the back window replaced.

Adam pops the jolly rancher into his mouth and smiles at Jessica. He strokes her cheek. Strokes her lips.

JESSICA

I'm really glad we did this... We needed this.

ADAM

Yeah... we did.

They look at each other tenderly.

EXT. BAUER HOUSE - DAY

Jessica, Adam and the girls get out of an Uber in front of their house. Everything is the same but everything is different.

Riley, frightened, grabs Jessica's hand.

JESSICA

We're safe. You're safe.

Jessica looks back at the house, seemingly unconvinced by her own words. Tentatively, they all make their way inside...

INT. BAUER HOUSE-ENTRYWAY - DAY

Adam closes the front door behind them.

Jessica locks it. Unlocks it. Locks it. Pulls at the door. Just making sure.

Adam watches her, vaguely discomfited.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-DEN - DAY

Jessica stands in the den, stock still, reliving every moment. Behind her, we see Adam, observing from a distance.

Suddenly, his hand is on her shoulder-

She jumps.

ADAM

Sorry.

Jessica collects herself. Looks back around the room... Her eyes light up.

She dashes to the display bowl behind the couch and pulls out her wedding ring. She turns to Adam, a giddy smile on her face.

JESSICA

The wax.

She shakes her head in disbelief as she walks toward him. Starts to put it on-

Stops. Gives Adam the ring. Holds her hand out expectantly.

Adam hesitates a second or two, just long enough to be perceptible. He takes her hand and slides the ring on her finger, slightly awkward about it.

ADAM

We should check upstairs.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

The carpet in the bedroom is gone. Bare, unvarnished wood remains.

Jessica looks anxiously at Adam.

ADAM

We'll get a new one.

She nods, trying to stay calm. Together, they make their way through the bedroom.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-CLOSET - DAY

The closet is a mess.

The shelves that displayed the handbags are empty. Shoes are flipped over. Clothes are piled under hangers. The two compartments from the safe are upside down on the floor.

Jessica picks the nearest compartment up and places it on the safe. She grabs the second-

An emerald necklace falls to the floor.

She turns to Adam, astonished. He picks it up and looks it over, relieved.

JESSICA  
What are the chances?

She takes the necklace-

INT. BAUER HOUSE-MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Places it safely in the drawer of her bedside table.

Heartened, she turns to Adam-

HER POV: Adam stands in the closet, his back to her, staring at the empty safe.

She tenses a moment, then shakes off a vague feeling of unease.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alone in the kitchen and feeling more comfortable in her surroundings, Jessica shuffles through a stack of mail, her phone to her ear.

JESSICA  
I really did appreciate your message. Honestly, it's been so stressful. Just overwhelming.

She stops at a bright pink envelope. Rips it open.

INSERT ON the charity dinner invitation from Ben and Cara Stewart.

Jessica hops around with delight.

PUSH IN past Jessica, through the doorway, into the darkness of the house. We can just make out Adam. Watching her.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Still holding the invitation, Jessica strolls into the room and gets into bed. Adam emerges from the closet with his iPad and climbs into bed beside her.

RING! Jessica reaches for her phone on the nightstand.

JESSICA

(into phone)

Hey, I was going to call you in the morning.

BROOKE (V.O.)

How are you? How are the girls?

JESSICA

They're actually doing pretty well.

ADAM

How many more people do you need to talk to today?

JESSICA

(mouthing to Adam)

It's Brooke.

BROOKE (V.O.)

Oh, thank god.

Adam stares at her, slightly irritated.

JESSICA

Great call on the Children's Museum--

ADAM

It's late.

Jessica covers the phone as she gets out of bed. Flirtatiously raises her eyebrows at Adam.

JESSICA

Good. Maybe we should stay up late tonight.

(into phone)

They were on that climbing thing for an hour...

She steals one more flirtatious glance at Adam as she walks out of the room. Adam watches her disappear down the hallway. He glances back at her spot in bed. Picks up a long, used tangle of dental floss.

LATER

The room is dark.

Jessica slips into bed, gently nudging Adam awake with kisses on his neck.

He takes her in his arms. Rolls on top of her with more enthusiasm than we might have expected. They start to have sex.

But even in the darkness, we can see that his eyes are closed.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-DEN - DAY

Jessica strolls into the den, a self-satisfied smile on her face. Mia collides into her, red paint all over her hands.

JESSICA

Mia!

Jessica stumbles back, surprised. She shakes out her shirt, laughing it off.

Riley spins around-

RILEY

Look what I made!

Jessica follows Mia to the table, where Riley sits with Camilla, a glow-in-the-dark rock painting kit open beside them. Jessica smothers Riley with kisses.

JESSICA

It's beautiful, sweetheart.

She heads to the far wall and checks the security camera. Camilla hops up and scurries over to her-

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Oh, Camilla, you can take the next couple of days off. My mom's flying in.

CAMILLA

(hushed)

They said you lunged for the gun! I saw it on the local news. Holy shit!

Jessica half-smiles as she turns to Camilla, then gives her a look of gentle reproach, motioning at the girls. Camilla steps back, a little embarrassed, following Jessica's lead.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-CLOSET - DAY

Jessica steps into the closet. The paint on her shirt GLOWS blood-red. Startled, she flicks on the light. Stuffs the shirt in the hamper.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Jessica paces in front of the bed, her phone to her ear. She rubs her lower gum...

DETECTIVE PARKER (V.O.)  
Jessica, how are you?

JESSICA  
Yeah, um, I'm okay. I just wanted to know if there were any updates.

DETECTIVE PARKER (V.O.)  
I can assure you we're working on it. We reviewed the camera footage, but with the masks--

JESSICA  
What about the blood?

DETECTIVE PARKER (V.O.)  
We ran the DNA through CODIS. Came up empty. Checked all the nearby hospitals. No one turned up with a gunshot.

Feeling weak, Jessica sits.

DETECTIVE PARKER (V.O.)  
These kinds of cases have been popping up all over the country. We're taking this very seriously, I promise you. Okay?

JESSICA  
Yeah. Okay.

DETECTIVE PARKER (V.O.)  
I'll keep you updated. You stay safe.

Jessica hangs up the phone. Looks apprehensively at the hardwood floor...

INT. BAUER HOUSE-KITCHEN - NIGHT

Trying to keep it together, Jessica spoons broccoli and cheddar pasta onto three plates. Riley and Mia color at the table.

DING-DONG! The doorbell rings.

Jessica checks the ring camera on her phone, a relieved smile on her face.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

She opens the door to-

Her mom, NANCY (66), wearing a black sweater, black pants, black sunglasses, and a coral and gold Hermes scarf. If her bluntness and haughty attitude didn't tell you she's a New Yorker who retired to Palm Beach, her outfit would.

She gives Jessica a quick hug, then steps back. Looks her over, disapprovingly.

NANCY  
You look thin.

It's clear from her tone of voice that she's not giving Jessica a compliment.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Are you eating?

Nancy doesn't wait for an answer. She slides past Jessica, into the house, leaving her suitcase behind, taking her Saks Fifth Avenue shopping bag with her.

Jessica stands there a moment, stung.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nancy brightens when she sees the girls. Kisses them and pulls two pink Chloe dresses out of her bag. The three of them share a conspiratorial whisper.

Jessica lurks in the doorway.

JESSICA  
Anything for me?

Nancy turns back to her, raising an eyebrow.

NANCY  
I flew all the way out here for  
you.

JESSICA  
Yeah, I mean, no, of course.

Jessica shakes her head, feeling silly. She opens a cabinet and grabs a plate for her mom.

Nancy helps Mia cut the pasta into smaller pieces.

MIA  
Did you know... my dad, he cuts  
people.

Nancy laughs.

NANCY  
Yes, he does. You know, your aunt Sarah almost became a doctor, but she fooled me at the last minute. Followed in your grandpa's footsteps and went to law school instead.

Nancy turns to Jessica.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
She made partner, did she tell you?

Jessica nods wearily.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
All those hours and two little kids. I honestly don't know how she does it.

Jessica wordlessly spoons pasta onto her mother's plate.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-DEN - NIGHT

It's dark outside. Jessica sits with Nancy on the couch, a bottle of red wine open on the table. She speaks with manic intensity.

JESSICA  
...and I bought motion-activated  
floodlights for the back of the  
house.  
(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

They won't be here until next week,  
but I already put up more cameras,  
in the kitchen and over the stairs.  
And, I mean, we didn't buy a gun  
yet, but I figure if we get a  
proper safe for it--

NANCY

With Riley and Mia in the house?

JESSICA

No, I mean, yeah, you're right.

Jessica shrinks into herself. Rubs her lower gum.

Nancy stares at her, frustration building and building...

NANCY

For God's sake, your teeth are  
fine.

Jessica buries her head in her hands.

Nancy relents. The whole situation is maddening to her, but she puts her arm around Jessica. Strokes her hair. Comforts her. They sit like this for a while. Then-

Nancy glances around-

NANCY (CONT'D)

I wonder why they chose this house  
when it's not even that nice.

Jessica looks at her in disbelief.

EXT. STEWART HOUSE - NIGHT

A sprawling yard sparkles with candles and string lights. About sixty well-dressed guests mingle over cocktails and appetizers, uniformed servers circulating among them.

BEN and CARA STEWART (40s), both underweight and over-botoxed, hold court by the bar.

Jessica looks resplendent in a lace dress, the unstolen emerald necklace glistening around her neck. She glances around nervously, trailing a step behind Adam. She picks up a glass of champagne.

Through the crowd, Adam makes eye contact with several men at a small table, who wave him over. His face tightens for a moment, then he leans in toward Jessica and whispers-

ADAM  
It's going to be fine.

He grabs a glass of champagne and downs it.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Come on, I saw Mike back there at a  
table. Brooke's probably there too.

Jessica glances in that direction. Hesitates a moment,  
thinking out loud.

JESSICA  
I should... say hello to Cara. You  
know... let her know we're here.

She looks at Adam, her mind made up. He nods and disappears  
into the sea of people. We stay with Jessica, who slowly  
makes her way over to Cara, the crowd seeming to part for  
her.

Cara's mid-conversation with several women when she spots  
Jessica. She abruptly turns away from them, and pulls Jessica  
into an embrace.

CARA  
Thank god you're okay.

Jessica is stunned by her warmth. Then she brightens,  
relaxing a bit. A small crowd begins to form, women and men,  
all of them angling for gossip.

CARA (CONT'D)  
You must have been terrified.

JESSICA  
I was.

WOMAN ONE  
What did they say to you?

WOMAN TWO  
Did you think you were going to  
die?

Jessica takes a breath, momentarily overwhelmed by the  
attention. Then she smiles and turns to the first woman,  
utterly in her element.

Across the yard, Adam sits with the men who waved him over,  
including MIKE SCOTT (40s), who is not so surreptitiously  
checking work emails on his phone. On the other side of Adam,  
a wiry older man is excitedly sharing pickleball tips with  
the group.

Adam leans in toward Mike.

ADAM  
How many drinks until we're drunk enough?

Mike chuckles. Puts his phone down.

MIKE  
Long way to go. You hear about Dan?

Adam nods and laughs.

ADAM  
He convinced me he was a seven handicap, even after we played.

MIKE  
Yeah, I bought it too. He's a committed liar, you have to give him that.

Adam smiles, but shifts a bit uncomfortably. Just then, Brooke emerges from the crowd and whirls around the table-

She places her hand on Mike's shoulder, leans down and kisses him on the cheek. She whispers something into his ear. He shrugs.

Adam watches them.

Brooke looks up at Adam.

BROOKE  
Quite a night.

The comment jolts Adam out of some thought. He glances around at the lavish surroundings.

ADAM  
Yeah.

BROOKE  
I meant for Jessica. I could barely fight my way through the crowd to say hello.

Brooke smiles, but there's a sharpness to her tone.

Adam looks in Jessica's direction. He can't see her anymore, just a throng of people gravitating toward her. He stares at them.

PUSH IN through the crowd-

Jessica holds court, eyes shining with excitement.

JESSICA

...and I saw the hammer, I saw it  
sticking out of the bag. But I was  
slow, too slow, and then they  
grabbed me.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-ENTRYWAY - DAY

Nancy hugs Adam goodbye and throws a concerned look at him, at Jessica's expense. Adam ignores the look and rolls Nancy's suitcase outside to the waiting Uber...

Nancy kisses Riley and Mia, then wraps her arms around Jessica.

NANCY

(whispering)

Maybe you should see a therapist.

Jessica deflates.

EXT. THE GLEN TOWN CENTER - DAY

The wind carries the chiming of a clock tower...

Jessica half-smiles as she gets up from a garden bench with Brooke, finishing her iced coffee.

JESSICA

Thank you. Seriously.

BROOKE

She's nuts. Don't let her get to  
you.

They head down the sidewalk, an easy silence between them, Jessica feeling better already.

As they approach Pure Barre-

EMILY (O.S.)

Jessica!

Jessica stops a moment, bewildered by Emily, who stands under the red awning with Sarah and several other women, all of them flashing eager smiles.

Brooke glances at Jessica.

BROOKE  
Your new groupies?

Brooke plays it off like a joke, but there's a hint of resentment in her voice. Jessica rolls her eyes, but can't control her smile. She hugs Brooke goodbye and excitedly strolls toward Emily and the group.

EXT. THE GLEN TOWN CENTER - DAY

Jessica steps out of Pure Barre, waving goodbye to a cluster of women still inside. She wanders down the sidewalk, sweaty and relaxed. Happy, even. She makes her way toward the far loop in the parking lot...

Nearly collides with LUCAS WHITLOCK (40s), the kind of surgeon who always wears his scrubs out of the office, even on his days off. He peels his eyes off his phone as he registers it's Jessica.

JESSICA  
Lucas, hi.

LUCAS  
Jesus, I'm sorry.

PING! PING! He stuffs the phone in his pocket.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
I nearly ran you over--

JESSICA  
I'm fine.

LUCAS  
How are you?

He catches himself, embarrassed.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
You know, about what happened.  
Everyone at the hospital's talking  
about it. I saw you at the dinner.  
I told Adam to give you my regards.

JESSICA  
Thank you, yeah, I don't know. I  
think I'm doing okay.

PING! PING! Lucas digs through his pocket. Checks his phone-

LUCAS  
Sorry, hang on.

Jessica smiles.

JESSICA  
Checking the Giants game?

Lucas quickly texts something. Slips the phone back in his pocket.

LUCAS  
Sorry, what?

JESSICA  
The Giants game.

LUCAS  
Uh, I don't think football's in  
season right now.

Jessica looks at him strangely.

JESSICA  
Baseball.

LUCAS  
Oh. Right... No. Why?

JESSICA  
Come on, I know you're in some kind  
of betting pool with Adam. Don't  
worry. I won't tell Sherri.

Lucas takes a step back, his face hardening.

LUCAS  
I had an uncle with a gambling  
problem. It ruined his life. My  
mom's too. I would never bet on a  
game. I wouldn't buy a fucking  
lottery ticket.

Jessica nods, contrite, confused, stumbling over her words.

JESSICA  
I... uh... I'm sorry, right... I  
must have heard wrong.

LUCAS  
Well, I'm glad to see you're okay.  
I need to get going.

Lucas looks back at his phone and strides away...

Jessica watches him, an alarming realization washing over  
her: she's been lied to.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-KITCHEN - NIGHT

The chaos of dinnertime. Adam holds a strawberry on Mia's plate while she attempts to cut it with a nylon knife. Riley wiggles in her seat across the table.

RILEY

What would happen if you did  
surgery with that?

ADAM

With Mia's knife?

RILEY

Yeah.

Adam cracks up.

ADAM

Not a whole lot, honey.

The girls laugh.

Jessica sits across from Adam. An untouched bowl of soup in front of her. She stares at Adam. Not sure what to think. Not sure she wants to think...

RILEY

Right, mom?

Riley tugs on Jessica's arm-

JESSICA

I'm sorry... what?

RILEY

The scalpel. It's like your tools.  
For your candles.

Jessica smiles.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessica sits on the bed, staring at nothing, a million miles away. Adam walks in, casual, confident.

ADAM

So, have you heard from the  
detective?

Their conversation feels off-balance. As if in a trance, Jessica's responses to him are delayed.

JESSICA

Not since I called her.

ADAM

That's ridiculous. Give me her number.

JESSICA

It's after dinner.

ADAM

Patients call me after dinner all the time.

Adam opens his computer on the desk, by the closet. Studies the screen.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I have a hip replacement surgery in the morning, need to be out of here at seven a.m. What do you think are the chances the guy's wife doesn't call me later tonight?

Finally, Jessica looks at him, searching for something in his eyes...

ADAM (CONT'D)

What?

JESSICA

Nothing. I don't want to bother her--

ADAM

Just give me the number.

Impassively, she gets up. Digs through her wallet. Hands Adam a business card.

He dials the number, smirking as he looks back at the screen.

ADAM (CONT'D)

The guy's twenty-nine.. Flew off a motorcycle, you believe that?

He holds the phone to his ear, impatient.

MALE OFFICER (V.O.)  
Glenview Police Department.

ADAM

Yeah, hi, I'm calling to speak to Detective Parker.

MALE OFFICER (V.O.)  
She's out for the night. Can I take  
a message.

ADAM  
Well, I'm calling for an update on  
my wife's case. My case. Our house  
was broken into. Jessica Bauer.

MALE OFFICER (V.O.)  
I understand. As I said, Detective  
Parker is out for the night, but if  
you give me your number, I can  
certainly--

Adam hangs up the phone.

ADAM  
You'll have to call tomorrow.

Jessica eyes him again. Glances at the computer still open  
beside him, her attention sparked.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
What?

She opens her mouth... closes it.

JESSICA  
Nothing.

RILEY (O.S.)  
Mommy!

Adam gives her a playful smile. She looks back at his  
computer. Thinking.

ADAM  
Aren't you going to--

She shakes her head, shifting uncomfortably, her hand on her  
stomach.

JESSICA  
I really don't feel well. I don't  
know, maybe I ate something.

RILEY (O.S.)  
Mommy!

ADAM  
What, at dinner?

JESSICA  
I don't know.

ADAM  
Alright, I got her.

Adam strolls to the door, but pauses before walking out of the room. He turns and gives Jessica a funny look.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
You didn't touch your soup.

She flinches, then manages an acquiescent shrug.

JESSICA  
I just don't feel well.

Adam hesitates, then nods and walks out of the room.

CLOSE ON Jessica, taut, alert, waiting breathlessly...

As soon as Adam's down the hall-

She JUMPS out of bed and DARTS to his computer. We stay on her face as she types on the keyboard...

Click.

Click.

CLOSER ON Jessica, shaking her head, searching for something, for anything, frustration building as she scrolls...

Suddenly, she GASPS, her mouth parts open. She stands there in mute shock, reading what she's found...

ADAM (O.S.)  
(shouting)  
Hey, Jessica?

Footsteps now.

Jessica frantically clicks on the keyboard. Come on. Come on.

Faster.

She throws herself onto the bed just as-

Adam walks in, surprised and a little bit defensive.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
They want you. They want a bedtime story.

Jessica turns away, feeling faint, her heart pounding out of her chest. Adam looks at her with genuine concern.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
You know what, you don't look so good. You really might be sick.  
I'll read the story.

JESSICA  
No, no. It's fine. I'm fine.

She pushes herself up.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
It's really just... I don't know, exhaustion.

ADAM  
You sure?

Jessica looks at him, really looks at him, like she can see right through him, like the mask has come off.

She musters a nod. Makes her way to the door.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Hey.

She spins around, panic rising within her.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I love you.

A suffocating silence. Finally, she chokes out-

JESSICA  
I love you.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jessica in the hallway, her hand on the wall. The floor is tilting beneath her.

She takes a few deep breaths. Steadies herself.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessica in Riley's bed, her arms tight around both girls. Her voice shakes as she reads.

JESSICA

"Sit in a... different chair? Try  
to force Hannah... off the chair?"

She eyes the half-open bedroom door.

LATER

The girls are asleep.

Jessica puts the book down. Climbs out of bed and closes the door, staying inside the room.

She turns off the light-

Gets back into bed with the girls. Her arms wrapped around them. Her head on the pillow. Her eyes wide open.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sun floods in through the large bay window in the girls' bedroom. The princess clock on the wall reads 7:17 a.m. Riley wakes up. Shakes her mom-

Jessica shoots up, looking around, getting her bearings. Her eyes are bloodshot, the face of a woman who got no more than two hours of sleep.

RILEY

I'm hungry.

Jessica spins around and checks the clock. A look of overwhelming relief comes into her face.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-KITCHEN - DAY

Jessica leads the girls into the kitchen-

Adam is sitting at the table.

She stops short, shocked. Mia walks right into her leg.

JESSICA

I... I thought you had a surgery?

There's a note of alarm in her voice despite her best effort to contain it.

Adam looks her over curiously. Pushes his iPad aside.

ADAM

The department head changed the hip replacement vendor without telling me. They don't have the implant I need. Should be there in a few hours.

Mia runs over to Adam. He scoops her up. Puts her on his lap. She presses her finger into his cheek. He presses his finger into hers. They go back and forth like this, laughing.

Jessica watches them. Tense.

RILEY

Can we have ice cream?

JESSICA

No.

RILEY

Fine. Pancakes--

ADAM

I'd actually love some pancakes. Blueberries in mine, if we have them.

Jessica stares at him. *You fucking monster.* Forces a smile. Nods.

Riley takes a seat next to Adam.

RILEY

What's a hip replacement?

Keeping a close eye on them, Jessica whisks egg yolks, sugar, milk and melted butter.

ADAM

Well, when a hip gets hurt, the part that's damaged needs to be replaced with something.

RILEY

Oh. Well, that makes sense.

Adam laughs. Jessica whisks faster and faster and-

ADAM

(to Jessica)

So, you fell asleep in the girls' room last night?

Jessica blanches. Stirs in the baking powder, flour and salt.

JESSICA  
Yeah. Reading *What Should Darla Do?*

MIA  
She tried to... force her off the  
chair!

Mia cracks up. Riley laughs too.

Jessica folds the egg whites into the batter. She can feel  
Adam's eyes on her...

ADAM  
With the lights off?

She looks at him, startled.

The butter in the skillet behind her bubbles...

JESSICA  
After. When we were cuddling.

Adam mulls this over for a moment. Seems satisfied and turns  
his attention back to the girls.

Jessica mixes blueberries into the batter. Mechanically. Like  
she's moving outside her body.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-DEN - DAY

Riley and Mia hop around on a Sunlin Dance Mat. A repetitive,  
obnoxious beat BLASTS from the game. Kid-friendly EDM.

Jessica stands sentry at the window, stoic, her eyes on the  
street. She rubs her lower gum...

Finally, she spots Camilla approaching.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-ENTRYWAY - DAY

Jessica hurriedly opens the door-

Camilla gives her a bright smile.

CAMILLA  
Hi, morning.

Jessica doesn't respond. Just stares at her.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)  
Uh... are you--

Jessica hugs her. Camilla reciprocates. Surprised but willing.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

Jessica steps back. Studies her. Like she's trying to make some sort of judgment.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)  
Look, if this is about me being late again, I'm really sorry. My boyfriend's a dick. I'm trying to save for my own car--

JESSICA  
I just wanted to say thank you, for what you do with the girls.

CAMILLA  
Oh. Yeah. I mean, they're great...

Camilla glances toward the den. Back at Jessica. She can sense something's wrong, but doesn't know if she should pry.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)  
Are you sure you're okay?

JESSICA  
Yeah... We're good.

At that, a slight look of worry spreads across Camilla's face. But she doesn't push it.

CAMILLA  
Okay.

She smiles weakly and follows the music into the den.

Jessica starts toward the staircase-

Adam races down-

He stops right in front of her, their bodies close.

ADAM  
The implant came in early. I'm heading out.

Jessica nods, squirming. She can't meet his eyes.

Adam pecks her on the lips. Super quick. Like, so quick it's assaulting.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I'll see you later.

He brushes past her and hurries toward the door, without looking back.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica peels back the curtain on her office window just in time to see Adam's black Audi speed away.

She lets out a breath and collapses on the couch. Trembling a little, she takes a moment to get herself together, then calls Brooke.

BROOKE (V.O.)  
Hi! Perfect timing. I'm right in between clients. Of course, I'm dealing with the most difficult mom on the planet today.

Jessica isn't listening. The phone is to her ear, but she's staring at the bulletin board, her face burning.

BROOKE (V.O.)  
You remember Sandy, the one I was telling you about? Every time I asked her daughter a question, she rushed her and rushed her, and then, of course, when I said something, she got frustrated with--

JESSICA  
Do you think Adam would ever hurt me?

A moment of silence.

BROOKE (V.O.)  
Hurt you? You mean like--

JESSICA  
Harm me.

BROOKE (V.O.)  
What, physically?... Jessica, what's happening? What's going on?

Jessica takes a deep breath.

JESSICA

I found a note. A file. It was on his computer. It said eleven p.m.  
Cash in safe. Back compartment.

BROOKE (V.O.)

I don't understand.

JESSICA

That's when they came. The men who broke in. When they attacked me. It was eleven p.m.

BROOKE (V.O.)

But the cash, I don't get--

JESSICA

There was cash. The back compartment. It was full of cash. I didn't know.

BROOKE (V.O.)

You're... You're saying you think--

JESSICA

They had a gun. I mean, they were about to tie me up and then... I mean, if I hadn't--

BROOKE (V.O.)

Where is Adam right now?

JESSICA

The hospital. He has a surgery.

BROOKE (V.O.)

(muffled)

Yeah, I asked her to wait.

JESSICA

What?

BROOKE (V.O.)

Shit. I'm sorry, Sandy's losing it in the lobby. Okay, I have two more clients I can't cancel. Come to my place right after. I can be there by two.

JESSICA

Okay.

BROOKE (V.O.)

Bring the girls.

JESSICA  
Of course.

BROOKE (V.O.)  
Jessica. I... I don't know what to  
say. I mean, I don't even...

JESSICA  
Me too.

BROOKE (V.O.)  
Yeah. Okay. I'll see you at two.

Momentarily reassured, Jessica hangs up. Looks back at the bulletin board...

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HALLWAY - DAY

She wanders down the hallway...

Stops in front of two floating shelves stacked with framed family photos. She picks up a photo of Adam and her at the beach, taken just over a decade ago.

INSERT ON the photo: Adam holds her up in the air. Her arms are wrapped around him. They both smile with their heads back. That young, carefree delight.

Jessica traces the image with her finger...

There is no tension in this moment. No fear. Just heartbreak. Fucking devastation.

She drops the photo back on the shelf. Clumsily. A couple of photos tip over-

She's already past the shelf-

Into her bedroom-

The door SLAMS. Shutting us out.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE-BACKYARD - DAY

The lush green acreage and curated flowers at Brooke's estate open to an elaborate swing set-slide-playhouse monstrosity. It could rival that of a city playground, the pool in the distant background.

Riley, Mia and Ava run wild...

Jessica and Brooke keep an eye on them, huddled together over an untouched cheese platter on the deck.

BROOKE  
...You're saying... you think he meant to... kill you?

The joyful sounds of children's laughter ring through the silence.

JESSICA  
I keep going over it and over it--

BROOKE  
To have you killed?

Brooke stares at her in disbelief.

JESSICA  
The way he looked at me this morning...

Jessica turns away, working through something in her head. Brooke shifts a bit uncomfortably.

BROOKE  
He's been different? I mean, since you got home, since the attack?

JESSICA  
He was... insistent. Last night, about calling the detective, about getting an update on the case.

Jessica turns back to Brooke, putting the pieces together.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Insistent.

Brooke absorbs this.

BROOKE  
I just don't understand about the cash.

JESSICA  
He told me he was betting on baseball.

BROOKE  
And you had no idea it was even there?

JESSICA

He lied.

BROOKE

You mean he hid it?

JESSICA

About where he got it.

BROOKE

What do you mean?

JESSICA

He told me he was betting with Lucas. A surgeon at the hospital. There was some sort of pool. He told me Lucas got him into it.

BROOKE

So--

JESSICA

I ran into Lucas, yesterday after Pure Barre. He didn't have a fucking clue what I was talking about.

Brooke considers this.

BROOKE

Well, what if he just said that to--

JESSICA

You weren't there. He didn't have a fucking clue.

BROOKE

So, where do you think it came from?

There's an urgency to Brooke's voice that catches Jessica off guard. She stares at her a moment, her tone sharpening.

JESSICA

I have no idea. Honestly, it's not exactly my biggest concern right now--

BROOKE

No, no, of course. I mean... of course.

Brooke smiles a little apologetically. Waits for Jessica to speak first. After a few moments, Jessica's agitation fades.

JESSICA

The girls were home. That's what gets me more than anything. I mean, Riley woke up. She came into the room. When I think about what could have happened. What almost happened...

Brooke gazes out at Ava, overwhelmed by the thought.

BROOKE

I can't even--

JESSICA

And Adam...

Jessica's voice cracks-

JESSICA (CONT'D)

The way he's looked at me like I'm an annoyance, like I'm some kind of burden.

She shakes her head, a quiet anger on her face.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

It was his idea, me quitting Wilson's.

Brooke looks at her, genuinely surprised.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

He said with his schedule, if we wanted kids...

BROOKE

I thought, I mean, you said you wanted--

JESSICA

I lied. I just... it felt better, if it was my idea.

She covers her hand with her mouth. Looks to Brooke for understanding, and gets it, mostly, in Brooke's tight nod.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I hugged Camilla.

BROOKE

What?

JESSICA

This morning. I don't know. I mean, if he wants me... gone, there needs to be a reason. It's not like he has time to meet anyone. Camilla, the way they've laughed. It crossed my mind.

BROOKE

Did you ask her--

JESSICA

It's not her. When I hugged her... I can't explain it, I just knew. Have you seen him with anyone? At the hospital?

BROOKE

No, never. I mean, we're not even in the same building. Not even on the same block--

JESSICA

No, I know.

An almost embarrassed pause. Brooke looks at her earnestly.

BROOKE

I thought things were better.

JESSICA

The night he left for New York, the night it happened, I asked him if we were okay.

BROOKE

What did he say?

Jessica gathers herself a moment, her composure weakening.

JESSICA

He said yes. He said of course. He looked at me like I was crazy. Like I was imagining things.

The kids shriek as they race across the lawn... then sprawl out on the grass. It's quiet.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I don't know. Maybe I am crazy, maybe I'm being paranoid.

Jessica shrugs, but she doesn't look like she believes it. Brooke stares at her, hesitant, deciding whether to say something...

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
What?

BROOKE  
I... I just...

There's a quick flash of distress in Brooke's eyes. She looks away, avoiding Jessica's gaze.

JESSICA  
What? You're scaring me--

BROOKE  
Mike doesn't love me.

JESSICA  
What?

BROOKE  
He won't touch me. It's been months. More. I don't know. I caught him looking at porn the other day. He tells me he loves me. He says we're fine-- I'm sorry, I can't even believe I'm thinking about this when you're dealing with... Adam.

Brooke looks utterly stricken. Jessica studies her, caught off guard. Then-

JESSICA  
I don't blame you.

Brooke flinches. That struck a nerve.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
I mean, if that's what you're thinking... We were at that fraternity all the time. I would have met him eventually, even if you hadn't brought me to that party.

Brooke nods listlessly. A heavy silence drags on, each woman lost in her own thoughts...

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
It's not like I thought things wouldn't change.  
(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Obviously, kids, jobs, bills... I just... I had this idea of it, of what it would be like.

Jessica sinks into herself.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Of what I would be like. I mean, I was the fun one... It's like, I woke up one day and it was all different. I was different.

Brooke nods almost imperceptibly, her eyes locked on Jessica.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
I don't even know how it happened.

Finally, Jessica looks at Brooke, crushed.

BROOKE  
You're still... you. You're still fun.

Jessica turns away again, more rueful than bitter.

JESSICA  
I guess we tell ourselves what we want to hear. What we want to believe.

Brooke squeezes Jessica's arm, keeps her hand there. They sit like that for a while...

BROOKE  
You know I'm here, right? Whatever happens. I'm here for you.

JESSICA  
You could have told me about Mike.

BROOKE  
I was embarrassed.

Jessica smiles at her. Some comfort in that.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
You have to go to the police.

JESSICA  
I know.

BROOKE  
And if you need a place to stay, however long...

Jessica nods, fighting tears. Brooke holds her gaze, a shared history, and a shared understanding between them.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE-DRIVEWAY

Brooke walks Jessica down the driveway, her hand on her back, quietly soothing her.

JESSICA  
I'll come get the girls the second  
we're done--

BROOKE  
Don't worry. They're safe here.

They stop in front of Jessica's SUV.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
Oh, listen, Ava's been having some  
tantrums about Pinkie.

JESSICA  
Pinkie?

BROOKE  
The teddy bear.

JESSICA  
Oh, shit. I'm sorry--

BROOKE  
Don't even think about it right  
now. Later this week, when you get  
the chance.

JESSICA  
You got it.

Brooke gives her a tight hug.

EXT. GLENVIEW POLICE STATION - DAY

The Genesis SUV pulls into the parking lot of the Glenview Police Station.

Jessica hurries out, her phone to her ear-

JESSICA  
Mom, you're not hearing me. I need  
you to fly back out.

NANCY (V.O.)  
Is this about your teeth?

JESSICA  
No. God.

She moves briskly toward the entrance.

NANCY (V.O.)  
Well, I spoke to Lisa Palmer. You remember her, right? Her son-in-law is a dentist. And he said that too much flossing can irritate the teeth.

JESSICA  
Mom--

NANCY (V.O.)  
I'm just saying. Maybe if you let them be--

JESSICA  
I'm not talking about my teeth.

NANCY (V.O.)  
Well, you seem to be preoccupied--

JESSICA  
It's about Adam.

Jessica stands in front of the door, losing patience by the second.

NANCY (V.O.)  
What about him?

JESSICA  
Mom. Please. I can't talk about this right now. Just book a flight. I'll call you later, okay?

NANCY (V.O.)  
But--

She hangs up.

INT. GLENVIEW POLICE STATION-LOBBY - DAY

Jessica watches several officers flip through files behind the glass partition in the empty lobby. She rubs her lower gum...

RING! RING! RING!

JESSICA  
(sotto)  
Jesus Christ.

She rummages through her purse and pulls out her phone.

It's Adam.

A flash of panic in her eyes.

RING! RING!

She silences the phone. Stuffs it back in her bag.

INT. GLENVIEW POLICE STATION-INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Detective Parker studies Jessica, sitting across from her in the victim interview room.

DETECTIVE PARKER  
The note is concerning.

JESSICA  
I should have told you about the cash.

DETECTIVE PARKER  
Yes. But I understand why you didn't... You and Adam, do you have a joint account?

Jessica nods.

JESSICA  
None of the money is missing. And the deposits, I mean, they've all been regular... Normal.

Detective Parker makes a note. Her face reveals nothing.

DETECTIVE PARKER  
So, in addition to the cash, our inventory shows handbags, watches and jewelry were taken. Am I missing--

Jessica's eyes widen-

DETECTIVE PARKER (CONT'D)  
What?

JESSICA

Oh my god.

DETECTIVE PARKER

What is it?

Jessica doesn't respond, working through a memory. Detective Parker watches her. Patient.

JESSICA

The necklace... They didn't take it.

Detective Parker glances at her notes.

DETECTIVE PARKER

What, the emerald necklace? The one they missed?

Jessica nods weakly.

DETECTIVE PARKER (CONT'D)

What about it?

JESSICA

Adam's mom, it was hers. She gave it to me when we got married... It's the only family heirloom.

Detective Parker nods calmly, but there's a hint of alarm in her eyes. Jessica picks up on it.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

He really tried to do this, didn't he? He really tried to have me killed.

Jessica's eyes flick past her to the door. The color drains from her face.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

He said "goodbye."

DETECTIVE PARKER

What, when he left for New York?

JESSICA

He always says "see you later." But the night he left, he said "goodbye."

Detective Parker gets up. She can see Jessica's panic coming.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Oh my god. Oh my god, oh my god.

Jessica twists against the arm of the couch, breathing wildly.

DETECTIVE PARKER  
Take a breath.

Detective Parker opens the door and sticks her head out... She hurries back with an apple juice cup. Hands it to Jessica.

DETECTIVE PARKER (CONT'D)  
The sugar will help.

Jessica peels the lid off, her hands shaking. She messily gulps the juice down.

JESSICA  
What... what happens now? I mean, the girls. We can't go home--

DETECTIVE PARKER  
Yes, you can. I'm going to get you an emergency order of protection. Adam will have to stay away from you. From the kids. From the house. He won't be able to contact you. In the meantime, we're going to bring him in for questioning. Look into that cash too.

Jessica nods. Relieved. Distraught. Exhausted.

JESSICA  
I can't believe this.

Detective Parker gives her a reassuring smile.

DETECTIVE PARKER  
You're in shock. It's normal. You are going to be okay. I promise, you. You are going to be okay.

INT. ALICE & FRIENDS' VEGAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jessica huddles in a booth with Riley and Mia, over plates of vegetable dumplings and satay skewers.

JESSICA  
...so daddy's going to be on a long business trip.  
(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

It's a really big one. We're not going to be able to talk to him for a while.

The girls slowly nod... trying to understand...

INT. WHITE GENESIS SUV - NIGHT

The catchy, world-dominating melody of "Baby Shark" BLASTS- Jessica drives her Genesis SUV, determined to maintain some sense of normalcy. Riley and Mia sit in the back. They all sing out loud to the music, heads bouncing, Riley and Mia making shark motions with their hands.

RADIO (V.O.)

*Baby Shark, doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo / Baby Shark!*

They turn onto their street-

RADIO (V.O.)

*Mommy Shark, doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo / Mommy Shark, doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo-*

Approach their house-

RADIO (V.O.)

*Mommy Shark, doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo / Mommy Shark!*

Pull into the driveway-

RADIO (V.O.)

*Daddy Shark, doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo-*

Jessica glances out the side window-

RADIO (V.O.)

*Daddy Shark, doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo-*

STOPS singing, FROZEN.

RADIO (V.O.)

*Daddy Shark, doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo-*

Adam DARTS out from the awning over the front door, eyes filled with RAGE.

RILEY

Daddy!

RADIO (V.O.)

*Daddy Shark!*

Before Jessica can even react, Riley unbuckles her booster seat belt and OPENS the door.

JESSICA

Riley!

Riley JUMPS out of the car and RUNS to her dad-

Jessica TURNS OFF the engine-

EXT. BAUER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LEAPS out of the car, panicked.

JESSICA

Riley, no!

Adam SCOOPS Riley up into his arms.

Jessica stops dead in her tracks, her face contorted into some horrible mix of fear, fury and disbelief.

RILEY

(to Adam)

I thought you were on the business trip!

Adam stares daggers at Jessica, but for a moment, his eyes soften. The order of protection. The business trip. He puts the pieces together. Approves.

He kisses Riley's head.

ADAM

Daddy had to get something first.

Tightens his grip around her.

RILEY

I missed you.

ADAM

I missed you too.

He smiles viciously as he looks back at Jessica. The implication being, *fuck you*.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
We need to talk.

Jessica takes a deep breath, thinking.

JESSICA  
Adam--

THUD. THUD. THUD.

Mia bangs on the window from inside the car, feeling all but forgotten.

Jessica glances back at her, then back at Riley in Adam's arms. A plan beginning to form...

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Okay. Okay. You want to talk. I'll talk. I'll talk all you want. Just let the girls go inside.

Adam eyes her mistrustfully. Backs up a bit toward the street, with Riley.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Adam--

Jessica's voice cracks-

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Please.

RILEY  
(to Adam)  
I have to pee.

Jessica lets out a breath, nodding frantically.

JESSICA  
She has to pee, Adam, please. Let the girls go inside.

Adam hesitates... Puts Riley down, but maintains his tight grip on her arm. She squirms as she looks up at him, confused by the way he's holding her.

Jessica watches, appalled. She puts her hands up.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Okay. Okay. I'm just getting Mia out of the car.

Cautiously, she backs up... not taking her eyes off Riley...

At the car, she shifts her gaze to Adam, her hands still up. She gives him a pointed look, as if to say: *I'm following the rules. Don't do anything crazy.*

She spins around and opens the back door-

INT. WHITE GENESIS SUV - CONTINUOUS

Her knee on the booster seat, she reaches across to Mia's car seat while she snatches her purse from the floor in front of it.

JESSICA

I didn't forget you, sweetheart.

She frantically digs through her purse as she wipes a tear from Mia's cheek... Finds her phone-

She MOVES FAST- Dials 911, lets go of the phone- Lifts the lever on Mia's car seat-

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

JESSICA

Daddy is here! He's not supposed to be. He really can't be, the business trip says so, but he's here, at the house--

She presses the car-seat button and pulls the buckle up-

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
1412 Harrison Street,  
right on the lawn.

EXT. BAUER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jessica carries Mia out of the car, a plastic smile on her face, trying to reassure the girls that things are normal.

JESSICA

Okay, sweethearts, you go straight inside. Daddy and I are going to have a little talk.

She looks at Adam expectantly. He glances at the open front door, then back at her.

ADAM

Yes, mommy and daddy need to talk  
privately.

He keeps his eyes LOCKED on Jessica, his voice unnervingly sweet.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Make sure you shut the door behind  
you.

He releases Riley-

Jessica lets out a breath, then holds it again.

JESSICA

Riley, come take Mia's hand.

Riley looks at her curiously, sensing something's wrong, but doesn't say anything. She takes Mia's hand and leads her across the lawn...

Jessica stares at Adam in silent terror, her heart pounding out of her chest.

Riley and Mia step under the awning... walk into the house and shut the door.

Jessica braces herself as-

Adam's face changes, like the light's gone out from his eyes.

ADAM

Are you fucking insane?! What is  
this?

Jessica doesn't respond. She's more focused on his movement than his words. He's swaying, like he could charge at any second.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Now you have nothing to say?!

He starts toward her, furious.

She staggers back, along the car-

He stops. Gives her a bewildered look.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What the fuck is the matter with  
you? I would never hurt you, the  
girls--

JESSICA  
Don't come any closer!

ADAM  
What's going on?!

Jessica looks around, shaking. Out of the corner of her eye, she spots her neighbor, female, 40s, about sixty yards away, walking her two goldendoodles.

JESSICA  
You just... stay right there!

Adam scoffs.

ADAM  
You really are crazy, you know that?

JESSICA  
(screaming)  
I know what you did!

Jessica SPINS around and DARTS behind the SUV.

Adam CHASES her- She shuffles right, he shuffles left, the car between them, eyes locked on each other.

ADAM  
Calm down--

JESSICA  
Don't kill me! Don't kill me!

For a fleeting moment, Jessica makes eye contact with her neighbor, who's slowly approaching with the dogs.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Help!

Adam glances back to see their neighbor, who now holds a phone to her ear, looking concerned. He turns back to Jessica, shaking his head, stunned by her audacity.

ADAM  
Alright, listen, just calm down a second so we can--

The SCREECH of tires as a police car skids to a stop in front of the house-

Adam whips his head toward the car, bewildered, enraged.

He EXPLODES.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
You fucking bitch!

He slams his fist against the car.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I'm going to fucking kill you!

A police officer JUMPS out of the passenger seat, pulls his gun out as he runs toward Adam.

POLICE OFFICER ONE  
Don't move! Keep your hands where I  
can see them!

Their neighbor, jaw dropped, stands watching, dogs barking and tangling her in their leashes. Hearing the commotion, the elderly couple across the street steps out of their house.

Adam glances at the officer, back at Jessica-

She HOLDS his gaze with ferocious intensity, a look that says it all: *I'm not fucking crazy.*

The officer grabs Adam and cuffs him.

Jessica collapses. A second officer hurries over to her, kneeling-

POLICE OFFICER TWO  
It's okay. You're safe.

Jessica looks at him, shell-shocked. She has no words. She stares back at the house.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom is dark.

Jessica curls up under the covers in bed, Riley and Mia tucked safely in her arms.

EXT. THE GLEN TOWN CENTER - DAY

It's a scorching summer afternoon. Riley and Mia bounce down the sidewalk, toward the long line that curves around Ben & Jerry's Scoop Shop. Outdoor tables overflow with families. Parents run after kids, piles of napkins in their hands.

Jessica walks a step behind the girls, feeling like every set of eyes is fixed on her.

As they approach the line-

Sarah, and a woman Jessica doesn't recognize, hop up from a crowded table and dart over.

SARAH  
Jessica, oh my god, we heard--

Jessica silences her with a look.

She crouches down beside Riley and Mia, managing a brief smile.

JESSICA  
Girls, why don't you think about what flavors you want while we wait, okay?

The girls nod excitedly. Jessica stands back up to a far more subdued and embarrassed-looking pair of women.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
We're fine. It's fine. Adam's on a business trip. A long one. It isn't easy, but we're doing okay.

Sarah and the other woman get the message.

OTHER WOMAN  
Right, yeah. We heard about the business trip on the news.

SARAH  
They said... you know, they're questioning him.

Sarah glances nervously at the girls.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Interviewing him. That there's a big interview. My god.

JESSICA  
Yeah, well, we're having a nice, quiet day, so...

SARAH  
Of course, right. Well, I'm here, you know, if you need anything.

Jessica smiles politely. Somewhere deep down, she's thrilled, but in this moment, she's too drained to care.

JESSICA  
I appreciate that.

She turns back to the girls-

MIA  
I'll get the phish food! And mint  
chocolate chunk. And chocolate. And  
strawberry.

A beat.

MIA (CONT'D)  
And vanilla.

Jessica can't help but laugh, and as she gazes at her girls,  
the light comes back into her eyes.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

It's getting dark. Jessica yawns as she opens the door to-  
Her mom, Nancy. Though Nancy doesn't remove her sunglasses,  
we can tell by her body language that she's truly concerned.

She wraps her arms around Jessica. Squeezes her. Tight.

NANCY  
Oh, sweetheart, I love you.

And for the first time in this mind-fuck of a week, Jessica  
lets go and cries.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-KITCHEN - DAY

It's mid-morning, later than Jessica's slept in years. She  
wanders into the kitchen, rubbing her eyes.

Nancy colors at the table with Riley and Mia, dirty dishes in  
the sink. She looks up, pensive.

NANCY  
You slept late.

JESSICA  
I needed it.

NANCY  
You did.

A soft smile from Jessica. She relaxes a bit.

Nancy gets up and hugs her, whispering into her ear-

NANCY (CONT'D)  
The detective called. Adam posted  
bail an hour ago.

Jessica bristles. Thanks her mom with her eyes and kisses the girls on the head.

She pops a coffee pod into the Keurig and swipes on her phone. Calls Camilla.

CAMILLA (V.O.)  
Jessica?

JESSICA  
Hi, listen, I'm so sorry about the late notice, but I think my mom and I are good for the day. Why don't you come over tomorrow to help--

CAMILLA (V.O.)  
I'm sorry, what?

JESSICA  
Can you hear me?

CAMILLA (V.O.)  
Sorry, I'm outside. I'm in Park Ridge, under an awning. It's raining really hard. It's hard to hear.

Jessica picks up the mug of coffee and blows on it. She walks around the kitchen island and looks out the window. It's a downpour. She instantly sours.

JESSICA  
Great. I was supposed to return that teddy bear to Brooke today.

CAMILLA (V.O.)  
Oh, I just saw her.

JESSICA  
You did?

CAMILLA (V.O.)  
Yeah, I dropped my cousin off at Lola's diner. I saw Brooke run in.

JESSICA  
Huh. Alright, maybe I'll brave the rain and meet her there.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You take the day off. I'll see you tomorrow afternoon.

CAMILLA (V.O.)

Okay, cool. And, um, about what's happening, I just wanted to say I'm sorry. I mean, it's--

JESSICA

Thanks, Camilla. I appreciate it.

Jessica hangs up. Looks out the window again, sipping her coffee. Nancy grabs some paper towels.

NANCY

Those weather people always exaggerate. It's a conspiracy to get people into the supermarkets.

Jessica nods absentmindedly. It's clear she's heard that a million times before. She swipes on her phone. Calls Brooke.

BROOKE (V.O.)

Hey.

JESSICA

Hi! So, I was thinking I'd drop the teddy bear off this morning. I could actually come meet you--

BROOKE (V.O.)

Oh, no not today. You're so sweet, but I've been in the bathroom since last night. Ava too. I don't know what we ate, but the last thing I need is for Ava to get sick on that thing.

Jessica freezes a moment.

JESSICA

You're... You're home?

BROOKE (V.O.)

Yeah, hopefully I'll get some sleep today. Anyway, it's crazy outside. The news said something about flash floods. So, really don't even worry about it today.

Jessica leans against the kitchen island. Her head spinning.

BROOKE (V.O.)

Jessica?

JESSICA

Yeah. Sorry, I'm here. I get it.  
Take care of yourself. You and Ava.  
I'll check-in tomorrow.

BROOKE (V.O.)

Thanks, I think it's a twenty-four-hour thing--

Jessica hangs up. Nancy eyes her, curious.

NANCY

You okay?

Jessica doesn't respond. That deep gut feeling overwhelms, like a vise to the stomach.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Jessica--

JESSICA

I'm going out.

INT. WHITE GENESIS SUV - DAY

Water pounds the pavement.

Jessica squints as she pulls into the shopping center parking lot outside Lola's Diner.

She stops right in front of the entrance. The oversized windows might as well be brick walls in this weather.

She grabs her umbrella. Darts to the foyer.

INT. LOLA'S DINER - DAY

It's noisy. Crowded and wet. Several women shake out umbrellas. A family shouts about waiting for a table. Babies cry.

Jessica ducks around the cashier-

Scans the tables...

Reveal: Brooke sits alone in the corner booth.

Jessica stiffens. Relaxes. Not sure what to think. Maybe it means nothing. Maybe it means everything. Maybe she's overthinking.

She starts to move toward Brooke until-

Adam walks out of the bathroom-

His profile to Jessica, he weaves through the tables and slips into the corner booth, across from Brooke.

He leans in toward her. Says something. Brooke nods, a soft smile breaking out on her face. He strokes her cheek, strokes her lips, an unmistakable intimacy between them.

Jessica staggers back, in shock.

Grabs the cashier stand, knocking over a bowl of mints.

CASHIER  
Thanks a lot, lady.

*Time stops...*

Jessica can't move. She can't breathe. She can't take her eyes off them.

Several kids grab for the mints.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
Hey, stop it! Stop it! Only one!

Brooke glances in her direction-

LOCKS EYES with Jessica. It only lasts a second, but in that second, Jessica's world crumbles.

Jessica SHOVES her way back through the crowd-

EXT. LOLA'S DINER - DAY

STUMBLES out the door-

Sheets of rain.

She doesn't bother with the umbrella.

DASHES to her car, wet hair matted to her face.

INT. WHITE GENESIS SUV - DAY

Her hands shake as she yanks the seatbelt across her body, slamming the buckle against the latch several times. Finally, the belt locks into place with a harsh click.

She grabs the wheel. Breathing. Heavy and fast. The SCREECH of tires as she FLOORS it out of the lot-

JESSICA  
(screaming)  
You fucking bitch!

Her face twisting, contorting, emotions flashing from disbelief to rage to heartache. Rage takes over.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Fuck! You fucking bitch! You fucking whore!

Her screams morph into a long, high-pitched hum, like a manic siren.

RING! RING! Her phone.

She SPEEDS down the street. SWERVES around the corner-

RING! RING!

Glances at the center console-

It's Brooke.

RING!

She disconnects the call.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Fucking backstabber!

The light ahead turns yellow.

She FLIES through the intersection-

BEEEEEEEP!

The windshield wipers FLICK UP and DOWN, UP and DOWN.

She WEAVES into the left lane-

CLIPS a Toyota.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Lying bitch!

SLAMS her hand against the steering wheel. Suddenly-

SUCCESS PODCAST (V.O.)  
Keep going. Never let anyone bring you down.

She CUTS a hard corner-

SUCCESS PODCAST (V.O.)  
Have faith in your abilities. Dig  
deep. Conquer your fears.

CAREENS down her quiet street-

Her EYES WIDEN.

She SLAMS the brakes.

SKIDS to a STOP, about two houses away from her own.

She squints through the window, a curtain of rain.

Reveal: A FedEx truck sitting in her driveway.

Jessica stops breathing.

SUCCESS PODCAST (V.O.)  
You are in charge of your own  
destiny. You are in control.

Panicked, she grabs the gear knob and shifts into reverse-

Stops. Rethinks. Shifts to park.

She turns off the podcast. Pulls out her phone and calls her mom, eyes glued to the truck.

NANCY (V.O.)  
Jessica, darling, hi, I was just--

JESSICA  
Where are you? Are you home?

NANCY (V.O.)  
No. I'm at Northbrook Court.

JESSICA  
With the girls?

NANCY (V.O.)  
Yes, of course I'm with the girls.

Jessica lets out a breath.

JESSICA  
(sotto)  
Okay. Okay. Okay.

NANCY  
You could have told me they have a  
Nieman Marcus here.  
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)  
I bought the girls the most  
adorable Moncler polos. A pink one  
for--

JESSICA  
I have to go.

Jessica hangs up. Wipes her eyes.

She reluctantly inches toward her house... and pulls into the driveway, beside the truck.

Bracing herself, she looks out the side window.

Jessica's POV: the DELIVERY MAN from Act One stares back at her from the driver's seat, something awful and a little bit desperate in his eyes.

Jessica manages a grim smile.

Rain THUDS against their vehicles, the sound of the world crashing down...

Suddenly, the delivery man HOPS out of the truck-  
RACES to the back and pulls out a box-  
SPRINTS to the front door of the house, under the awning.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

Jessica steels herself.

EXT. BAUER HOUSE - DAY

She gets out of the car-  
DASHES to the awning, now face-to-face with the delivery man.  
He glances at the ring camera. Smiles tightly.

DELIVERY MAN  
It's a heavy package. I can bring  
it in for you.

Through gritted teeth-

JESSICA  
That would be great. Thanks.

She opens the door and steps inside.

The delivery man follows. Puts the box down-

INT. BAUER HOUSE-DEN - DAY

Jessica SPRINTS into the den, a terrified expression on her face-

The delivery man runs after her-

DELIVERY MAN  
Hey! What the fuck?

She CIRCLES the table-

He follows... Passes her and turns around-

She DARTS past him-

INT. BAUER HOUSE-STAIRCASE - DAY

JESSICA  
Hurry! Upstairs!

She BOLTS up the stairs, taking them two at a time.

The delivery man right behind.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HALLWAY - DAY

She steps into the hallway-

Her demeanor immediately shifts. She's still on edge, but the urgency from a moment ago is gone. The delivery man gives her a hard look.

DELIVERY MAN  
What the fuck?

JESSICA  
I... I thought my kids might be  
here. Either in the den or... up  
here.

Jessica looks past the delivery man, down the hallway. Her voice an octave too high-

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Riley? Mia? Are you home?

Tense silence.

The delivery man hovers, eyeing her suspiciously. Jessica studies him, weighing her options.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Okay, we're good... I guess... we  
can go to my office.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HOME OFFICE - DAY

Still skittish, Jessica leans against the wall, trying to act casual.

JESSICA  
So, uh, how are you?

DELIVERY MAN  
My cousin is dead.

She stares at him, dumbfounded.

JESSICA  
You... You killed him.

It's hard to tell if that's a statement or a question, but the energy in the room shifts. It's like all the air's been sucked out-

DELIVERY MAN  
I need money. A chunk of what we found in that safe, I already spent on some dipshit off-the-books doctor who couldn't do a fucking thing.

JESSICA  
Wait. You spent that money?

DELIVERY MAN  
This is your fault.

Something dark flashes across her face.

EXT. BAUER HOUSE - DAY

A red Porsche Cayenne pulls into the driveway behind the Genesis SUV and FedEx truck.

The driver's side door opens-

Brooke JUMPS out-

SPRINTS to the front door-

Sees that it's OPEN, steps inside.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HOME OFFICE - DAY

JESSICA  
So... your cousin--

DELIVERY MAN  
His name was Rodney and he had a family. They need money. You need to give me--

JESSICA  
You weren't even supposed to get that money! I didn't even know it was there! How that cousin of yours figured it out--

DELIVERY MAN  
Rodney! His name was Rodney.

The delivery man looks at her, full of regret.

JESSICA  
My husband was hiding it from me! It was some kind of fucking divorce fund. I don't even know where it came from.

DELIVERY MAN  
Then you better figure something out.

JESSICA  
You shot him.

The delivery man's face changes. Any trace of patience is gone. Now he looks threatening.

DELIVERY MAN  
This was supposed to be simple!  
That's what you said. A simple score.

JESSICA  
Your cousin was crazy. He was out of control. I thought he might actually hurt me.

DELIVERY MAN  
You got everything you wanted!

JESSICA  
Everything I wanted?

DELIVERY MAN  
We staged the whole fucking thing  
for you!

JESSICA  
The whole point was to save my  
marriage! After everything I gave  
up! It did nothing!

Jessica turns away from him, eyes wild.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
He was going to divorce me. I found  
the papers on his computer. He  
saved them with a note to some  
lawyer that he's in love with  
someone else. That asshole wanted  
to go for custody--

DELIVERY MAN  
Rodney is dead--

Jessica turns back around, incredulous.

JESSICA  
And you think I got everything I  
wanted? My husband's in love with  
someone else. He's having an  
affair. And today I find out it's  
my best friend!

She's not speaking to the delivery man anymore. She's  
speaking to herself, totally lost in her own soliloquy.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
My best fucking friend!

CUT TO:

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brooke. In the hallway. Five feet from the office. FROZEN  
with fear, like a lamb awaiting slaughter.

Slowly, she starts to back away...

JESSICA (O.S.)  
Yeah, I got everything I wanted.  
I'm so lucky. Unbelievably lucky.

Eight feet from the office. Ten. Soft, measured steps, her arms floating at her sides...

JESSICA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It all worked out. It's all just perfect.

Twelve. Nearly at the stairs...

JESSICA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
My husband is fucking my best friend!

CRASH!

She bumps into the floating shelves, knocking several family photos to the ground. Terror floods her eyes.

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HOME OFFICE - DAY

Jessica and the delivery man FLINCH.

They share a panicked look and DASH into the hallway-

INT. BAUER HOUSE-HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jessica LOCKS EYES with Brooke.

Startled, she backs into the delivery man-

He lifts the side of his shirt and pulls out a gun from his waistband holster-

Points it directly at Brooke.

She screams-

BROOKE  
Wait!

She looks desperately at Jessica.

JESSICA  
Hold on a second--

DELIVERY MAN  
She heard everything. She knows I shot Rodney. We have to kill her.

BROOKE  
Wait! Please! Please! Oh my god--

JESSICA  
I know, just wait--

Jessica grabs the delivery man's arm-  
He shakes her off. Takes a step toward Brooke-

DELIVERY MAN  
I'm sorry.

His finger on the trigger--

JESSICA  
It's my kill! It's mine! Give me  
the gun. I'll kill her!

The delivery man keeps his eyes on Brooke, confused and irritated.

DELIVERY MAN  
What?

JESSICA  
That's her! The one fucking my  
husband! She ruined my life.

Jessica turns to Brooke, gutted.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
You ruined... my fucking life.

The delivery man glances back at Jessica-

Brooke shakes her head frantically, tears streaming down her face.

BROOKE  
Please. Please. Just let me--

JESSICA  
(screaming)  
I hate you!

Jessica turns to the delivery man, her face suffused with the rage of a woman who's reached her breaking point.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Give me that gun.

He hesitates.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Give it to me! Now!

She grabs for the gun- He doesn't fight her.

Brooke. *Hysterical.*

BROOKE

I... I swear... it was months  
ago... I ended it.. I ended it... I  
swear I did, please... It was a  
huge mistake. Oh my god, please--

Jessica points the gun at Brooke. It's heavier than she  
expected, and she holds it with both hands.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

I'm begging you! Please! I don't  
want to die. I don't want to die--

DELIVERY MAN

Shoot her!

JESSICA

Did you give Adam that money?

Brooke's EYES WIDEN. She looks genuinely hurt by the  
question.

BROOKE

What?

JESSICA

Did you?

BROOKE

No! I swear to you. I swear on Ava.  
I would never. I never loved him. I  
love you. You're my best friend--

In one swift motion, Jessica turns to the delivery man and  
shoots him in the chest. BANG!

He stumbles forward. Falls to his knees. His hand on the  
wall. He gets up-

Jessica shoots him again. BANG! He collapses.

If Jessica's unmoored, she doesn't show it. Flecked with  
blood, she turns to Brooke, whose panic rises to fever pitch.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

I... I... I swear it's over! It's  
been over. I don't love him. It was  
a terrible mistake--

Jessica, barely audible-

JESSICA  
How could you do this to me?

BROOKE  
I'm sorry! I'm sorry. I'm just...  
so, so sorry.

For a second or two, Brooke's fear dissipates, and there's nothing but anguish...

Then, the fear comes back.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
Are... Are you going to kill me?

An agonizing silence.

Jessica studies her intently.

JESSICA  
No.

Brooke looks uncertain.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
There's no need. You have a family.  
A life.

A slightly defiant smile breaks across Jessica's face.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
You can blow it all up for a man  
who's probably going to prison, and  
face the rumors that you knew what  
he was planning. Or you can walk  
out of here a hero.

She gestures at the delivery man, bleeding out on the floor.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
You came in at just the right time.  
You heard what he said. That Adam  
told him he needed to finish the  
job. You distracted him. And I  
grabbed the gun.

Brooke shakes her head. Torn. Terrified. Speechless. A crumbling mess in front of Jessica, who stands composed.

BROOKE  
You... You lied... about what you  
found on the computer, about... all  
of it.

Jessica doesn't respond.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
And... And if the truth--

JESSICA  
There is no truth. There's no such  
thing. There's only what people  
believe.

She puts the gun down, a self-assuredness about her we  
haven't seen before.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
You are in charge of your own  
destiny. You are in control.

The two women stare at each other. Best friends who are  
suddenly strangers. Or maybe they were strangers all along.

PRE-LAP: The BLARE of a police siren.

EXT. MIDWEST ORTHOPEDICS AT RUSH - DAY

A kaleidoscope of red and blue lights...

Adam is walked out of the hospital in cuffs, flanked by a  
group of police officers.

He's ranting and raving-

ADAM  
This is fucking insane! This is  
fucking nuts!

Doctors and nurses in the vestibule whisper-

The sliding doors shut.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - DAY

Large moving trucks pull up to Brooke's house.

INT. SCOTT HOUSE-MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Brooke sorts through piles of clothes on her bed. Brown boxes  
all around her. Ava watches, Pinkie in her arms.

Brooke pulls out the University of Michigan t-shirt-

She stares at it, sickened, at what she's done, at what she's let happen, at what she has to live with.

She throws it in the trash.

INT. GOOD MORNING AMERICA STUDIO - DAY

Jessica sits on a plush chair at a small, circular table across from a news anchor. Even under the harsh studio lighting, she glows.

The blue and yellow Good Morning America logo shines in the background.

NEWS ANCHOR

Good morning, we're here with Jessica Bauer, whose dramatic story of escape and survival after her husband tried to have her killed twice has captivated the nation. She's been the subject of countless news stories and a soon-to-be miniseries. And today, she's here with us in the studio.

The news anchor turns to Jessica with fascination.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Tell me about the night of the invasion. What was going through your head?

JESSICA

Oh, god. Shock, first. Then disbelief. I mean, you never think that something like this can actually happen to you. But... the truth is... when you're in it, you're not thinking about the fear. You're thinking about survival. You do what you have to do. You do anything to protect yourself and the people you love.

NEWS ANCHOR

Your kids.

JESSICA

When Riley walked into that room...

NEWS ANCHOR

How is she doing?

JESSICA

Remarkably well. Her courage, her resilience... She inspires me every day.

Jessica smiles at her with innocent sweetness.

NEWS ANCHOR

Now, the second time, she wasn't there--

JESSICA

No, thank god.

NEWS ANCHOR

And that was when the delivery man showed up. When did you know he was the same person who attacked you the first time?

JESSICA

Almost instantly. He said the package was heavy, and offered to carry it inside... The way he looked at me, before he said anything... I can't explain it...

NEWS ANCHOR

That gut instinct.

JESSICA

Yes. And for a second, I doubted it. I told myself I was being paranoid. Making up all sorts of danger in my head.

NEWS ANCHOR

The way so many women are taught to rationalize danger away.

JESSICA

Yes. But then he called me--

Jessica glances at the camera.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Well, I can't say it on air.

NEWS ANCHOR

A derogatory name.

JESSICA

A derogatory name for women. And in that moment, I knew for sure.

The news anchor excitedly turns to the camera.

NEWS ANCHOR  
Exclusive to Good Morning America,  
we're about to show you home camera  
footage of Jessica being chased by  
her attacker. Now, I must warn you,  
this isn't easy to watch. Viewer  
discretion is advised.

HOME CAMERA FOOTAGE:

Jessica runs into the den, a terrified expression on her face. The delivery man sprints after her. She circles the table. He passes her and turns around- She darts past him.

Jessica races up the stairs, taking them two at a time. The delivery man at her heels.

The news anchor looks into the camera again, serious.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
For our viewers who don't know,  
just this week, police discovered  
that Jessica's husband, Adam, an  
orthopedic surgeon, was taking  
kickbacks from OmniCore Surgical  
Solutions to use their hip implants  
in his surgeries.

She turns to Jessica, shaking her head.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
Well, it looks like he's going to  
be in prison for a very long  
time... What an ordeal you've been  
through. And your best friend,  
Brooke?

Jessica forces a smile.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
We hear she's moving to California.  
She hasn't accepted any interview  
requests. Do you think she's  
traumatized by what she heard? By  
what she saw?

JESSICA  
I think so, yes. But she's strong.  
I know she'll be okay.

NEWS ANCHOR

On that positive note, let's talk  
about your thriving business.

Jessica turns around with excitement as a large display is rolled in behind her.

Uncarved jar candles with printed labels sit under the heading: *Bauer Designs: Believe in Yourself*. Labels include: *Don't Give Up. Follow Your Dreams. Anything Is Possible*.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

You certainly have a knack for  
turning a horrifying situation into  
something positive.

Jessica looks back at the news anchor, clarity in her eyes.

JESSICA

There's so much darkness in the world. You can't determine what happens to you. But you can determine how you react. You are in charge of your own destiny. You are in control.

The studio audience ERUPTS in applause...

EXT. GOOD MORNING AMERICA STUDIO - DAY

Jessica holds hands with Riley and Mia as they climb into a chauffeured car.

PRE-LAP: A long, sharp scraping-

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Jessica is twisted in a dentist's chair, leaning over the side, talking to the FEMALE DENTIST (40s)-

JESSICA

They're sharp. I can hear them. I can hear them crunching.

FEMALE DENTIST

Yeah.

The dentist quickly checks again.

FEMALE DENTIST (CONT'D)

The crowns are too loose. It can cause the teeth to shift.

(MORE)

FEMALE DENTIST (CONT'D)  
Plus, bacteria can enter the space  
in between the teeth and crowns.  
That's your source of pain.

Jessica slowly nods... processing this...

FEMALE DENTIST (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. It's fixable.

JESSICA  
I went to three dentists before  
you. They looked at me like... like  
I was crazy.

A beat.

FEMALE DENTIST  
All men?

Jessica nods.

The dentist shoots her a knowing look.

FEMALE DENTIST (CONT'D)  
Yeah, well, I believe you.

Off Jessica's smile-

FADE OUT.