

SHARP OBJECTS

EPISODE 101

"PILOT"

Written by

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SHARP OBJECTS

"PILOT"

REVISION HISTORY

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SHARP OBJECTS

"PILOT"

CHARACTER LIST

CAMILLE PREAKER

ADORA CRELLIN

BLONDE (aka GIRL / AMMA CRELLIN)

DETECTIVE RICHARD WILLIS

CHIEF VICKERY

ALAN CRELLIN

JOHN KEENE

JACKIE O'NEELE

CURRY

BLONDE #2 (aka KELSEY)

BLONDE #3 (aka KYLIE) (non-speaking)

BLONDE #4 (aka JODES) (non-speaking)

BOB NASH

CHRIS

EILEEN CURRY

BOBBY NASH

TIFFANIE NASH

ASHLEIGH NASH (non-speaking)

COP (ST. LOUIS)

WOMAN ON GROUND

WHITE HAIRE D MAN

OFFICER

PASTOR

BYSTANDER

BOY

BOY 2

RECEPTIONIST

VOICE

MALE VOICE

NATALIE KEENE (body of)

MARIAN PREAKER

YOUNG CAMILLE

TEEN CAMILLE

JOCK

SHARP OBJECTS"PILOT"SET LISTINTERIORSDAY

CAMILLE'S APARTMENT
 BEDROOM
 CAMILLE'S CAR
 CRELLIN HOUSE
 FOYER
 FOYER (1988)
 KITCHEN
 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (1988)
 CURRY HOUSE
 KITCHEN
 FOOTH'S BAR
 FUNERAL PARLOR (1989)
 HOTEL CRIME SCENE
 BEDROOM
 HUNTING SHED (1989)
 NASH HOUSE
 LIVING ROOM
 MASTER BEDROOM
 POLICE STATION
 INTERROGATION ROOM
 VICKERY'S OFFICE
 WAITING AREA
 SAINT LOUIS POST DISPATCH
 CURRY'S OFFICE
 NEWSROOM
 WIND GAP GARAGE

NIGHT

CRELLIN HOUSE
 CAMILLE'S BATHROOM
 CAMILLE'S BEDROOM
 CAMILLE'S BEDROOM (1989)
 FOYER
 KITCHEN
 MARIAN'S ROOM
 STAIRS
 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
 MOTEL 8
 BATHROOM
 BEDROOM
 SENSORS BAR

EXTERIORSDAY

CRELLIN HOUSE
 FRONT PORCH (1988)
 FLAT INTERSTATE
 NASH HOUSE
 POLICE STATION
 SAINT LOUIS POST DISPATCH
 SENSORS
 WIND GAP
 MAIN STREET
 MAIN STREET (1988)
 TOWN SQUARE
 ROADS (1989)
 WOODS
 HUNTING SHED (1989)
 SWIMMING HOLE (1989)

NIGHT

CRELLIN HOUSE
 COVERED PORCH
 DRIVEWAY
 FRONT PORCH
 FRONT PORCH (1989)
 HIGHWAY
 MOTEL
 HOTEL - NORTH ST. LOUIS
 SENSORS BAR
 WOODS
 WOODS (1991)
 DEEPER

SHARP OBJECTS

"PILOT"

DAY/NIGHT BREAKDOWN

DAY 1

Sc. 4-12

NIGHT 1

Sc. 13-14, 19

DAY 2

Sc. 20-26, 28

NIGHT 2

Sc. 29-30, 32-35, 37-42

DAY 3

Sc. 43-59

NIGHT 3

Sc. 60

FLASHBACK 1

Sc. 1-4

FLASHBACK 2

Sc. 15-18

FLASHBACK 3

Sc. 27

FLASHBACK 4

Sc. 31

FLASHBACK 5

Sc. 36

FLASHBACK 6

Sc. A53

FLASHBACK 7

Sc. 58

SHARP OBJECTS

*

EPISODE 101: "PILOT"

*

OVER BLACK:

The word VANISH appears, then fades away.

CUT TO:

1.1 **EXT. WIND GAP MISSOURI (1988) -- MAIN STREET -- DAY**

1.1 *

Population 2000. Flat and dry as cracked boot heel.

There are "better" and "bad" neighborhoods. A little of both represented here in the town's main commercial strip.

The street is lined with aged brick buildings and weathered shops. Nothing new built in this part of town for some time.

It's hot. People move slowly, tending to errands or going from work to someplace else.

LAUGHTER cuts through the stillness. Like cool, fresh air. Two young girls.

YOUNG CAMILLE AND MARIAN PREAKER

*

Run past the last of the buildings and turn a corner onto a road leading away from town.

Young Camille, 12, is fleet and spindly. All elbows and angles. Dark eyes and hair - and an intensity rarely seen in one so young. She holds two ABA ZABA bars in one hand.

Marian, 6, is frail. Fairer than Camille -- her hair shot through with honey streaks, her cheeks pink with the effort of the run.

She's docile, sweet natured -- currently enjoying the thrill of a rare transgression. She slows a bit as they start up a long hill. Camille has an eye on her. Stops:

YOUNG CAMILLE

*

You okay?

MARIAN

(breathing hard)

I told you I am. Don't stop.

(CONTINUED)

1.1 CONTINUED: 1.1

YOUNG CAMILLE *

(lies)
Well I got a stitch in my side. I
need to walk.

MARIAN

Wimp.

They meet eyes. Smile. Walk on, kicking up dust as they go.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

You think Mama saw we're gone?

YOUNG CAMILLE *

Better hope not or you'll get a tonic
and I'll get my butt whipped.

1.A1 Marian slips her hand into Camille's. They walk silently until they see THEIR HOUSE, sitting high atop the hill. A grand old VICTORIAN. Marian regards it for a beat: 1.A1 *

MARIAN

Sometimes I pretend it's a castle.
And we're princesses.

YOUNG CAMILLE *

That's a fairy tale for sure. You
couldn't get me in all those skirts
and bows even if I was dead.

MARIAN

I'd like to see you in a dress. You'd
look real pretty.
(then)
Mama'd like it to.

YOUNG CAMILLE *

(grins)
Aw. You almost had me until that last
part.

Camille takes off again -- Marian laughs and chases after.

1.2 **EXT. CRELLIN HOUSE (1988) -- FRONT PORCH -- DAY** 1.2 *

The girls, walking slowly as Marian tries to catch her
breath, sneak across the porch and to the open front door.
Camille peers through the screen. Marian giggles.

CAMILLE

Shhhh.

(CONTINUED)

1.2 CONTINUED: 1.2

CAMILLE'S POV

It's still and dark in the house. A clock ticks.

Camille gingerly pushes the screen door open. The girls enter on exaggerated tip-toes, enjoying the drama of it.

1.A3 INT. CRELLIN HOUSE (1988) -- FOYER -- DAY 1.A3 *

Then the sound of ICE IN A GLASS. Movement from the kitchen. The girls FREEZE and through a doorway we see the silhouette of ADORA, 30's.

Even from this dim vantage point we can tell this is the sort of woman who refuses to perspire. Her dress is crisp. Her hair perfectly done.

Camille and Marian exchange panicked glances, then hit the stairs and silently escape to the second floor -- unnoticed.

1.3 INT. CRELLIN HOUSE (1988) -- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- DAY 1.3 *

Marian is covering her mouth, stifling laughter. Camille quietly shushes her and leads Marian to her room.

She opens the door into:

1.4 INT. CAMILLE'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- PRESENT(2009) -- DAY 1.4 *

Camille's room, 20 years later. In a different city, St. Louis. But the girls remain AS WE'VE SEEN THEM. Stepping out of the past. *

The room is still, sparse. An old building with elegant moldings and windows, etc. But the furniture's limited to essentials and the walls are almost bare.

There's a mattress on a cheap frame in the middle of the room. A sleeping figure breathes heavily, shrouded in blankets.

The girls creep across the floor. Camille -- transfixed, gazes at the vulnerable person on the bed. The Aba Zabas she's been holding slip from her hand, fall to the floor.

Then Camille spies a WOMAN'S BARE ARM extending from under the covers. She nears it. Eyes it hungrily.

CLOSE ON YOUNG CAMILLE *

(CONTINUED)

1.4 CONTINUED:

1.4

As she BITES the arm. HARD. Teeth sinking into flesh.

ON ADULT CAMILLE

GASPING, eyes flying open. Woken from semi-wakefulness. She sits, dressed in a long sleeved thermal -- no bite there.

She looks around the room, breathing hard. She's alone. But her phone is BUZZING LOUDLY.

Early 30's now, Camille has grown into her native beauty. A rare, searing combination of lush features and an untouchable, dark center. *

She throws her legs over the side of the bed and grasps for her phone -- her hangover hitting like a ball-peen hammer to the forehead. She mutters into the phone:

CAMILLE

Preaker.

1.5 **EXT. HOTEL CRIME SCENE -- NORTH SAINT LOUIS -- DAY**

1.5 *

It's a hot day. Men in shirt sleeves and women baring arms, legs -- anything semi-decent just to stay cool.

The neighborhood is poor, mostly black. Ramshackle shops and streets dumped with litter and broken furniture, etc.

Camille, in a long-sleeved shirt and jeans, approaches a dreary hotel circled by police cars and emergency vehicles.

She assesses the scene, slips past police to speak to a BYSTANDER who wears only pajama bottoms. *

CAMILLE

You staying here? At the hotel?

BYSTANDER

Yeah. You a cop?

CAMILLE

Reporter. Do you know what happened?

BYSTANDER

Somebody got shot. Slept right through it, I guess. I sleep heavy.

Camille glances at the tracks on his arms. Bets he does.

CAMILLE

You know who runs this place?

(CONTINUED)

1.5 CONTINUED:

1.5

BYSTANDER

That's the guy. Lives here too.

The bystander nods to an older, greying black man who hovers around the investigators.

CAMILLE

Thanks.

Camille nods to the bystander, moves off.

We hang back, see Camille talk to the OWNER of the property. After a moment, she subtly passes a bill to the man. He nods.

*

1.6 INT. HOTEL CRIME SCENE -- BEDROOM -- DAY

1.6 *

QUICK POPS:

-- Two bloodied, entwined naked bodies -- a white tattooed woman and a black man, both 30's. Meth addicts. Not pretty.

*

-- A splatter of blood across a stained and yellowed lamp shade.

*

-- The woman's head is tilted back, mouth agape -- her eyes closed and matted with blood. Her expression could be mistaken for erotic ecstasy.

*

*

-- A crime scene investigator takes a sample off a cheap SEX TOY.

*

-- The man's groin, shredded by bullet-fire.

*

ON CAMILLE

Who surveys the scene, her expression more fascinated than repulsed. A COP, 40's, sees her from across the room. He knows her and moves to her, only a little exasperated:

COP

Preaker--

Camille's a bit of a wiseass with the guy. She's good at this part of the job and they both know it.

CAMILLE

Mr. Lee, the owner, invited me in.
You want to ask him?

(CONTINUED)

1.6 CONTINUED:

1.6

COP

Naw. He's probably hoping more people get knocked off here, so he can scam another brick off you.

CAMILLE

(smiles a little)

Half a brick.

(then)

They got nailed during the act, huh?

COP

Yeah. Meth heads, probably shot by the meth head husband -- or wife. Son of bitch got shot up the ass.

(ruefully)

Never thought I'd long for the good old days of crack.

Camille nods, but notices an investigator taking photos of part of the rug, untouched by blood. A TRIANGLE of indentations indicates a TRIPOD was there, facing the bed.

CAMILLE

So the camera was gone? Video?

The cop looks at her. Says, teasing and flirty:

COP

The force needs women, Camille. Wouldn't you like to work together? You and me? Same beat?

CAMILLE

(ignoring him)

Some jealous lover just happens on these two making a tape of themselves fucking? And steals it?

COP

Jesus. They just got popped, like two hours ago. Who knows? Perp probably took the camera to pawn it.

CAMILLE

But it's possible the whole thing was filmed. The murders.

COP

We *don't* know. You can't print that.

(CONTINUED)

1.6 CONTINUED: (2)

1.6

CAMILLE

I'm not going to print it. I'm just saying. There are some sick shits out there. Pay for that stuff.

He looks at her. Her eyes almost greedy as they take in the debauched, gruesome tableau before them. Says more sincerely:

COP

Seriously. You should consider it, the force. Benefits are great and you've got the constitution for it.

CAMILLE

We'll see. I've got a few more years before my profession is officially dead.

She gives him a quick smile as she walks off.

1.7 **EXT. SAINT LOUIS POST DISPATCH -- DAY**

1.7 *

A large old building that towers above its neighbors. Everything about it evokes nostalgia rather than urgency.

1.8 **INT. SAINT LOUIS POST DISPATCH -- NEWSROOM -- DAY**

1.8 *

Camille moves to her desk. Drops her stuff.

Sees a note on her computer: *"COME SEE ME. C."*

*

1.9 **INT. SAINT LOUIS POST DISPATCH -- CURRY'S OFFICE -- DAY**

1.9 *

Camille approaches the chief news editor's office. The door is open, so she pushes her way in.

CURRY, 50's, works at his laptop. He's a big man who sweats in the dead of winter. Half because of his size, half because he's always either part drunk or part hung-over.

Curry's adopted the brash, barking manner of an old-school newspaper editor. It suits his self-image, if not his actual station. Behind the facade, however, is a generous heart.

Camille's his project, his fixer-upper. Which almost always leaves her feeling like she's failing him.

(CONTINUED)

1.9 CONTINUED:

1.9

Her manner with him is different than it was with the cop. Here she is studied, trying for casual. But he knows.

The third-floor office is cluttered, with a large window that mainly looks over the massive trunk of an old tree.

CAMILLE

Hey. I'm -- that double homicide on Larimore. I was going to write it up.

CURRY

Anything there?

CAMILLE

Could be a snuff thing, but that's a long shot. I'll stay on top of it.

CURRY

(nods/then)

Come on. Sit.

CAMILLE

Am I in trouble?

CURRY

(not unkind)

Always. But you don't need me to tell you that.

(then)

Wind Gap. What's it like?

Camille blinks away a hint of alarm. Not what she expected him to ask. Then dives in, eager to please:

CAMILLE

Well. Okay... It's at the very bottom of Missouri, boot heel. Spitting distance from Tennessee and--

CURRY

I know where it *is*. I asked what it's like.

CAMILLE

Small. Population's held at about 2000 for years. Only real industry is hog butchering. So, the people, you've got old money and trash...

CURRY

Which one are you?

(CONTINUED)

1.9 CONTINUED: (2)

1.9

CAMILLE

(wry)
Trash. From old money.

CURRY

And what the hell is going on?

Camille's caught. Confused.

CAMILLE

I... In Wind Gap or--

CURRY

Your mom's still there, right
Preaker?

CAMILLE

Mom. Stepdad. And they had a kid.
Have. I don't really know her.

CURRY

Well, Jesus, don't you ever talk to
them?

CAMILLE

Not if I can help it.

Curry takes this in. A hint of compassion crosses his
expression, but he shakes it off.

CURRY

Then read the wires, *Jesus Christ!*
There was a murder there last August.
Little girl got strangled.

CAMILLE

(a beat/stoic)
I didn't know.

CURRY

So you also don't know another one's
missing now. Might be a serial. Get
your ass down to that heel or
whatever and get me a story.

(she doesn't move)
Now. Meaning *today*.

CAMILLE

We've got our share of murders here,
Curry. I don't see why--

(CONTINUED)

1.9 CONTINUED: (3)

1.9

CURRY

Because nobody else is covering it.
That piece, last year, in the
Tribune? Guy wrote about a killing in
his home town -- it made a huge
noise. Because it was personal.
People give a shit when you give a
shit.

CAMILLE

Curry. I'm not winning a Pulitzer off
Wind Gap--

CURRY

You're not winning a Pulitzer because
you're only half good at writing.
This could up that percentage. And
break big news.

(then)

If you hadn't noticed, we're toiling
in obscurity here and I, for one,
would like to toil out of it. So get
going.

Camille just sits there. Her hands gripping the arms of her
chair -- flushed and silent. Curry softens a little.

CURRY (CONT'D)

Look. If you can't, you can't. But it
might be good. Flush some stuff out.
Get you back on your feet...

Camille nods. Processing.

CURRY (CONT'D)

And it's a good story. Could be a
damn good story if you do it right.

CAMILLE

But no pressure.

CURRY

Life is pressure. Grow up.

OFF CAMILLE, taking this in.

1.10 INT. CAMILLE'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- DAY

1.10 *

CLOSE ON A SMALL DUFFLE BAG

(CONTINUED)

1.10 CONTINUED: 1.10

As Camille packs it with jeans, long-sleeved t-shirts, a paperback off her bedside -- Raymond Carver's "What We Talk About When We Talk About Love..."

She disappears into the bathroom. Comes out with a handful of simple toiletries. This is not a high-maintenance woman. She dumps them into a side pocket.

Then she opens a grocery bag, full of items purchased for the trip.

There's a bottle of once-a-day vitamins, a tube of lipstick, a carton of Parliaments and 10 airplane sized bottles of whiskey.

A beat as Camille looks around her almost bare apartment. Even if she wanted to, there's not much more to take.

FADE TO:

1.11 **EXT. FLAT INTERSTATE -- DAY** 1.11 *

Camille's sensible second-hand sedan flies down a long stretch of flat interstate.

1.12 **INT. CAMILLE'S CAR/DRIVING -- FLAT INTERSTATE -- DAY** 1.12 *

The radio is tuned to an NPR station, which crackles in and out. Camille snaps the radio off. She's alternating between a cigarette and a can of Coke while she drives.

She digs into a backpack by her side. Road snacks. Which turn out to be some of those miniature whiskey bottles. She pours one into her Coke can.

There are 3 other bottles, empty, on the seat next to her.

FADE TO:

1.13 **EXT. FLAT INTERSTATE -- MOTEL 8 -- NIGHT** 1.13 *

A sign welcomes drivers to WIND GAP, MISSOURI. Pop. 2073.

In the distance glows a sign for a MOTEL 8.

1.14 **INT. MOTEL 8 -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT** 1.14 *

CLOSE ON CAMILLE

(CONTINUED)

1.14 CONTINUED: 1.14

Soaking in a tub of steaming hot water. She's drunk. The sound of TV news chattering from the bedroom echoes off the walls. She slowly sinks deeper, out of frame and into:

1.15 **EXT. WIND GAP WOODS (1989) -- SWIMMING HOLE -- DAY** 1.15 *

Green murky water. Camille is 12 again. Swimming in cut-offs and a halter top. *

She sinks, then pushes off the bottom -- surfaces. She's alone, not too deep into the woods.

She floats on her back. Gazes at the trees overhead, dappled sun on her face. A rare moment of peace.

A GUN SHOT rings from the woods, startling her. Scared, she swims to a rock, looks around.

In the distance, she can hear TEEN BOYS yelling and running.

BOY (O.C.)

I think you got it!

BOY 2 (O.C.)

He hit a tree, dick-butt!

Now she can see them through the trees. Not too far off. Shorts and t-shirts. Flashes of color as the hunting party passes.

A boy nearest to her stops. Sees her. A beat. Then he raises his rifle and POINTS IT AT HER. Camille stares back, frozen. *

The kid laughs a little, lowers the gun and runs off.

In the distance, another gun shot sounds.

OFF YOUNG CAMILLE

Shaking. Suddenly cold.

1.16 **EXT. WIND GAP ROAD (1989) -- DAY** 1.16 *

Still wet, Camille rides her bike down a dusty road. We see a PICK UP with a rifle rack and other hunting paraphernalia.

(CONTINUED)

1.16 CONTINUED: 1.16

Camille stops. Waits. Then, through a window, she sees THE BOY from the woods -- the one who pretended to aim at her. He moves out of her view.

Camille rides slowly past the house, then ditches her bike and heads into the woods.

1.17 **EXT. WOODS (1989) -- HUNTING SHED -- DAY** 1.17 *

Emerging from a stand of trees at the back of the house, Camille approaches a small SHED. She sneaks inside.

1.18 **INT. HUNTING SHED (1989) -- DAY** 1.18 *

The room is hung with ribbons of drying meat and the floor is splattered with dried blood. A carving table in the back is nearly black from it.

Fascinated, Camille moves to the carving table -- and only then sees a bunch of pictures of NAKED WOMEN pinned to the far wall.

Pages ripped from JUGGS and BARELY LEGAL. Women with their legs spread, gaping. Hands inside them. Dicks in their mouths and asses.

And one of a woman tied up, ropes stretched over her veiny triple D implants. A masked man, pale and hairy, takes her from behind.

CLOSE ON

Camille as she takes the images in, breathing heavily. Heart pounding...

She snaps her gaze away, turning abruptly away.

MATCH CUT TO:

1.19 **INT. MOTEL 8 -- BEDROOM -- PRESENT -- NIGHT** 1.19 *

ADULT CAMILLE -- tossing her head to one side of her pillow, her hair still wet from her bath.

We see the bed from above. Camille, hand inside her robe, brings herself to a painfully sharp, shuddering orgasm.

1.20 **INT. CAMILLE'S CAR/DRIVING -- MAIN STREET -- DAY** 1.20 *

Next morning. Camille drives down main street. Very little has changed since 1989. A new Subway here. A 7-11 there... *

1.21 **EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY** 1.21 *

Camille parks and gets out of her car.

CLOSE ON

A school photo of NATALIE KEENE grins from a MISSING GIRL POSTER, stapled to a telephone pole. The girl is unsmiling, plain. But her eyes hold a spark of intelligence.

Another sign, all bold black letters, announces a TOWN CURFEW for minors after NINE PM.

Camille looks around. It's eerily silent, even for Wind Gap. No living thing around except a dog looking for scraps. Camille peels the poster off the pole. Pockets it.

1.22 **INT. POLICE STATION -- WAITING AREA -- DAY** 1.22 *

A bored FEMALE RECEPTIONIST, a PURPLE RIBBON pinned to her Walmart blouse, speaks to Camille from behind her desk.

The waiting area has the false-hominess of dentist's office, belied only by the anti-crime posters that dot the wall. An automatic air-freshener hisses periodically.

RECEPTIONIST

If you want I can call to see when he'll be back -- ?

CAMILLE

That's fine. I can wait.

The receptionist notices as Camille's gaze flicks to the ribbon on her chest.

RECEPTIONIST

It was Natalie's favorite color. Well, actually her folks said black but that just seemed too grim.

CAMILLE

So her second favorite.

(CONTINUED)

1.22 CONTINUED:

1.22

RECEPTIONIST

Little girls -- first it's pink. Then purple, purple, purple... My two, they looked like walking grapes until they were 11 or so.

(catches herself)

It's a terrible thing. Practically the whole town's out searching the woods. Chief Vickery, he set it up.

(then)

You have children?

CAMILLE

No.

RECEPTIONIST

I hate to say it, but right now that's a blessing. I won't let mine out of the house to get the mail, even. You can't imagine. My girls get into bed with us every night and, usually my husband won't have that, but now -- not one of us is getting a good night's sleep, but at least we know they're safe.

Camille nods. Studies the "DON'T BE A VICTIM" poster on the wall. The receptionist watches her. Curious.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

We haven't had reporters in. I mean, other than the local -- but that's barely a paper now. More like a page.

(laughs at her joke/then)

It's all gone to the internet.

CAMILLE

I know. It's like that--

A door slams. CHIEF VICKERY enters. He's a compact man, prone to anxiety even when things are calm. His pressed uniform soaked through with sweat.

The receptionist immediately adopts an air of disdain as she nods to Camille.

RECEPTIONIST

Media.

Chief Vickery stops. Eyes Camille, wary.

1.23 INT. POLICE STATION -- VICKERY'S OFFICE -- DAY

1.23 *

The office is tiny and windowless, lined with metal file holders. There are some framed photos on the wall of Vickery with his family. Lots of kids. And some pet FERRETS.

Vickery's smoking, nervous, eyeing Camille. He has a stress ball in the shape of a pig on his desk.

VICKERY

Thing is, I have no intention of letting this thing get out.

CAMILLE

I understand, but I promise -- this isn't going to be some exploitative story. If it makes you feel any better, I'm from here. Just up off Bluebird Circle.

VICKERY

(a beat)

Yeah? What's your name?

CAMILLE

Camille Preaker.

VICKERY

Preaker? How do I not know you?

CAMILLE

Never got in trouble, I guess.

(then)

My mother married out of her maiden name about 25 years ago. Adora and Alan Crellin.

VICKERY

Adora? Well, hell. Yeah, everybody knows them. They own half the town.

Vickery takes in this new information. Softens a bit.

VICKERY (CONT'D)

Jesus. It's hot as hell in here, isn't it?

He tugs at his shirt, trying to flap it dry. Camille absently picks up the pig-shaped stress ball. When she squeezes it the eyes BUG OUT. Vickery nods to the toy.

(CONTINUED)

1.23 CONTINUED:

1.23

VICKERY (CONT'D)

My kids gave me that. They told me to squeeze it before I get a heart attack. Stress relief.

CAMILLE

Because of this case?

VICKERY

(defensive)

We've had bad crimes here before.

CAMILLE

Of course. I didn't mean--

VICKERY

(over her)

I just can't have you here, Miss Preaker. This story comes out in Saint Louis, suddenly it's all Wind Gap is known for. We're already the "hog killers."

CAMILLE

But publicity might help you get information. It has in other cases.

(off his silence)

Look. I have a right to be here. I'll let you do your job, you let me do mine.

VICKERY

Fine. I got no comment.

CAMILLE

On Natalie Keene, fair enough. What about Ann Nash? I can dig around and get the local version, or you can have a say in what "gets out."

Vickery sighs. Shit. She's not going away easily.

1.24 INT. FOOTH'S BAR -- DAY

1.24 *

A cave of a place for the serious drinker. Long bar. Silent locals. Camille's downs a double shot as she talks on the phone:

CAMILLE

The first girl, Ann, the one found in August?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1.24 CONTINUED:

1.24

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Strangled with a clothes line and dumped in Falls Creek. Some hunters found her.

CURRY (O.S.)

That's all Vickery said? No leads?

*

CAMILLE

I don't think he has anything. Just the way -- he was defensive, not like he was hiding something. More like he was frustrated that he *wasn't*.

*

CURRY (O.S.)

Theory.

*

CAMILLE

Jesus, Curry. I just got here.

CURRY (O.S.)

What does your mother say, what's the town gossip?

*

CAMILLE

(lies)

She was sleeping when I got in.

CURRY (O.S.)

That's the color, Preaker. Local stuff. I need facts and color.

*

CAMILLE

Fine. I'll write you a fucking rainbow.

CURRY (O.S.)

You know what I mean--

*

CAMILLE

Curry. If you think this place has small town charm--

CURRY (O.S.)

Give me local *bleak*, then. Paint a Goddamn picture.

*

CAMILLE

(a beat/then)

I'm going out to join the search party now. I'll get some quotes.

Off Camille, already exhausted.

1.25 **EXT. WOODS -- EVENING**

1.25 *

Early evening light slants through thick woods.

Camille walks past a long row of parked cars until she gets to a dirt road that leads through the trees.

She stops when she sees FOUR LOVELY BLONDE GIRLS sitting on a blanket. They're dressed in short shorts and skimpy tank tops, showing off their blossoming teen-aged bodies.

Camille eyes their smooth, supple skin -- their rosy glow. It stirs something in her. She scratches at her arm, an anxious tic.

The prettiest BLONDE perks up when Camille arrives.

BLONDE

You looking for the search?

CAMILLE

Uh huh.

The girl points to a trail head.

BLONDE

That way.

CAMILLE

Thanks.

But before Camille can move away, the BLONDE eagerly asks:

BLONDE

Are you -- you're that reporter, right? From Saint Louis?

CAMILLE

That was fast. Got to hand it to Wind Gap. You do gossip like nobody else.

BLONDE

That's cause this place is so totally dead.

(catches herself/laughs)

Oh! Dead. That's...awful.

(then)

Anyway. Better get going if you want to catch up.

Camille nods. Heads into the woods. The girls all watch her go, then fall into hushed laughter as soon as she's gone.

(CONTINUED)

1.25 CONTINUED: 1.25

Camille's embarrassed to find her cheeks burning a bit. Are they making fun of her?

1.26 **EXT. WOODS -- DEEPER -- EVENING** 1.26 *

VOICE (O.C.)
Natalie!

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Natalie! *

The woods echo with a chorus of male voices, yelling the girl's name. Camille moves toward some figures in the distance.

She pushes through some trees -- stops as she sees:

1.27 **EXT. WOODS (1991) -- EVENING** 1.27 *

It's darker now. A young girl, 14, is running and laughing -
- pursued by 5 guys, all bulky jocks. She's drunk.

CLOSE ON THE GIRL

Dark hair whipping in her face, it's TEEN CAMILLE. Her awkward body has transformed and she's tall and radiant -- a beauty newly bloomed. *

JOCK (O.C.)
Damn, Camille! Wait up!

RICHARD (O.C.)
Hello...? *

MATCH CUT:

1.28 **EXT. WOODS -- DEEPER -- PRESENT -- EVENING** 1.28 *

ADULT CAMILLE turns, startled, the memory still echoing in her head. Sees DETECTIVE RICHARD WILLIS standing a few away. Camille collects herself:

CAMILLE
Excuse me -- ?

RICHARD
Sorry. I didn't mean to... Did you see something?

He's distractingly attractive. And well aware. Out of place in his suit pants and sweat-stained button-down.

(CONTINUED)

1.28 CONTINUED:

1.28

CAMILLE

Oh. No. I... Are you with the search?

He moves in, shakes her hand. There's an immediate hit when they touch. Two lonely people clocking each other.

RICHARD

In a way. Detective Willis.

CAMILLE

You're not from here.

Richard gives her the once over. The dark jeans, the long sleeves... Smiles a little, flirtatious. *

RICHARD

Neither are you, from the looks of it.

CAMILLE

On that you'd be wrong.

Camille returns his smile, starts walking again toward the voices. He follows her, intrigued.

RICHARD

Really? I thought I'd cataloged all the Wind Gapians. That's the proper term, right?

CAMILLE

I live in Saint Louis now. I'm with the Post.

RICHARD

(a bit put off)
Ah. A reporter.

CAMILLE

(teases)
And you thought I was just a nice concerned citizen.

RICHARD

Sorry. I didn't mean...

CAMILLE

Yes you did. I'm used to it. Cops don't like getting pestered--

They both stop. Come across an older woman sitting in a clearing on a small COOLER. Drinking something out of a red plastic cup. JACKIE O'NEELE.

(CONTINUED)

1.28 CONTINUED: (2)

1.28

She's in her 50's. Face both tight from a recent face-lift, and puffy from a life of drinking. She's plump, with kind, if slightly rheumy, eyes. She looks hot and tired. *

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Jackie?

Jackie looks up and breaks into a grin.

JACKIE

Camille? Camille Preaker? Lord!

She stands a little unsteadily. Grabs Camille into a big hug.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Your mother didn't say you were in town. But she isn't talking to me right now. I disappointed her again. Probably forgot to send her a card for something.

(then)

But you know! You know how *that* goes!

Jackie, a prattler, barks out a smokers laugh.

CAMILLE

I haven't seen her yet. I'm going over after this.

JACKIE

She'll be thrilled. Baby girl, look at you. So pretty.

(to Willis)

Isn't she? Camille was always too pretty to stick around our one hog town.

Willis smiles. Jackie turns to Camille again.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I see you already met our new detective. He's single.

CAMILLE

(smiles/embarrassed)

All right, Jackie. Settle down...

JACKIE

Sorry. It's all just so grim around here. You can't blame me.

Jackie nods to the cooler.

(CONTINUED)

1.28 CONTINUED: (3)

1.28

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I'm in charge of refreshments for the guys. Least I can do. Let me get you a sweet tea.

(then/grins)

It has a little kick. Nobody should face this without a little kick.

CAMILLE

(tempted but...)

I'm fine.

RICHARD

Me too. On the job.

JACKIE

"On the job." That's adorable.

(to Camille)

You still working for the paper?

CAMILLE

That's what brings me, actually. I'm doing a story.

JACKIE

(intrigued)

Are you?

(sound bite mode)

Those girls... I look at you, and see you when you were the same age. And I just feel so sad. So much has gone wrong. I can't make sense of it...

Jackie dabs her eyes. Equally sincere and enjoying the theater of it. Camille pulls out her note pad.

CAMILLE

Do you mind if I quote you on that?

Richard cuts Camille a look. Like -- really? Even he knows that's lame. Then:

RICHARD

I'd better get back to town.

(then)

We're winding up here, ladies. It's getting dark.

Willis nods to Camille -- and moves off. Jackie watches him go.

(CONTINUED)

1.28 CONTINUED: (4) 1.28

JACKIE

Lord, what a dish. And you can quote me on that too.

She smiles. Swigs down the rest of her drink.

OFF CAMILLE

Glancing after the retreating detective. Drawn in.

1.29 **EXT. CRELLIN HOUSE/INT. CAMILLE'S CAR -- DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT** 1.29 *

A while later.

Camille parks at the bottom of a long set of stairs that lead up to the Victorian house, which has been painstakingly kept up over the years.

She digs in her bag. Finds one of her mini-bottles of booze. Empty. Another. Empty too. She lays her forehead against her steering wheel for a moment. Gathers herself.

She fishes into her backpack again, finds the lipstick she bought for the trip -- still in its package.

1.30 **EXT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- FRONT PORCH -- NIGHT** 1.30 *

Camille, her lips a deep scarlet now, climbs to the top of the stairs.

On the front porch, she notices an old-fashioned bench on gliders.

Making a detour, anything to prolong knocking on that door -
- Camille sits on the bench, gently rocking and looking at the view of Wind Gap from Adora's lofty perch.

MARIAN (O.C.)

Ma says she saw a ghost once.

Camille looks down to see:

1.31 **EXT. CRELLIN HOUSE (1989) -- FRONT PORCH -- NIGHT** 1.31 *

Marian, her head in Camille's lap, gazing out at the view with her.

REVERSE ON

(CONTINUED)

1.31 CONTINUED:

1.31

Young Camille, now 12, gently plays with Marian's hair.
Marian looks worse. Dark circles under her eyes.

*

YOUNG CAMILLE
Mama says a lot of things.
(looks at her/skeptical)
You don't believe her.

*

*

MARIAN
I don't know. I'm not scared of them.
Ghosts. Are you?

YOUNG CAMILLE
It's stupid to be scared of stuff
that's not real.

*

Marian nods. Disappears into her thoughts.

YOUNG CAMILLE (CONT'D)
What?

*

MARIAN
But you don't know. What if, after
you die -- part of you goes to heaven
and part of you stays here?
(then)
Just to look after stuff, you know?

YOUNG CAMILLE
(smiles a little)
To look after what?

*

Marian's expression clouds. She says with longing:

MARIAN
Just to see how things turn out. Like
for you. And for Mama...

*

This last hits Camille hard. She turns Marian's face to
hers, a bit too fierce.

YOUNG CAMILLE
Stop that. That kind of talk is for
quitters.

*

Marian sits up, alarmed.

MARIAN
I'm sorry. Don't be mad--

But Camille *is* mad. At what, she's not quite sure.

(CONTINUED)

1.31 CONTINUED: (2) 1.31

YOUNG CAMILLE *

Are you a quitter?

MARIAN

(small)

No.

YOUNG CAMILLE *

Say it.

Marian's fighting tears, confused. She says quietly:

MARIAN

I'm not a quitter.

(then)

Why are you mad at me -- !

Marian climbs off the bench and runs inside, the screen door SLAMMING shut behind her.

Camille, contrite, moves after her but stops when she sees:

Through the screen, ADORA appears in the darkened hall. She steps forward, her features swimming into focus.

ADORA

Camille?

REVERSE

1.32 **EXT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- FRONT PORCH -- PRESENT -- NIGHT** 1.32 *

Back in present day. Adult Camille stands, uncomfortable, on the other side of the screen. Adora opens it -- the porch light allowing us a good look at her.

Adora's late 40's. Beautiful with glowing pale skin and long blonde hair pulled back with a ribbon. Ice blue eyes. She wears a long pink dress and slippers.

She smiles wanly, flustered -- swipes a stray hair from her forehead.

ADORA

Is something the matter?

CAMILLE *

No, Momma. Not at all. I'm in town on business.

(CONTINUED)

1.32 CONTINUED:

1.32

ADORA

Business? Goodness. The house is not up to par for a visitor, I'm afraid.

Camille looks into the house. The shades are drawn and the formally furnished rooms are in shadow -- but otherwise everything appears perfect.

CAMILLE

It looks just fine.

ADORA

Come on inside. Goodness...

1.A33 INT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- FOYER -- NIGHT

1.A33 *

Adora moves into the house, leading Camille inside.

ADORA

Can I get you something to drink, Camille? Alan and I were just having amaretto sours. We also have mango juice, wine or sweet tea. Or water, of course.

CAMILLE

I'll have what you're having. Thank you.

ADORA

We're out back on the porch. It's nice and cool now with the breeze.

Adora's momentary surprise seems gone now -- her manner adjusted, as if Camille drops by all the time. As she goes toward the kitchen:

ADORA (CONT'D)

Business. Where are you staying?

CAMILLE

Funny you should ask. I was hoping I could stay here. Just for a few days.

Adora turns her back to Camille for a beat, her long nails click against her glass. A bit put out. But:

*

ADORA

Well I'm sure that's fine. I just wish you'd phoned. So I'd have known. Had dinner ready.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1.A33 CONTINUED:

1.A33

ADORA (CONT'D)
(smiles a little/then)
Go say hello to Alan.

Camille walks through the dark, quiet hallway. The decor is flowery and strangely impersonal. Like a department store display.

As Camille nears the door to the covered porch Adora calls from the kitchen:

ADORA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Alan? Camille's here.

ALAN (O.C.)
Who?

1.33 **EXT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- COVERED PORCH -- NIGHT**

1.33 *

Camille peeks her head out. Smiles a little sheepishly. *

CAMILLE
Camille. Hi.

ALAN, tall and gaunt, unfolds from his chair like a paper doll. Always meticulously turned out, he wears white safari shorts, with a baby blue sweater draped over his oxford. *

His appearance befits his demeanor -- pleasant and hollow, a pitted cherry.

ALAN
Hello there. Adora didn't say you were coming.

CAMILLE
She didn't know. I'm sorry to just drop in like this. My editor sent me down last minute.

ALAN
Your editor. Did he?

Adora enters with Camille's drink, pats her shoulder and sits next to Alan.

CAMILLE
I'm here about Natalie Keene. And the other little girl, Ann.

ADORA
(mildly alarmed)
To write a story?

(CONTINUED)

1.33 CONTINUED:

1.33

CAMILLE

Yes, Momma. That's what I do for the paper.

Adora's hand flutters to her eyelashes. Pulls a bit at them. She says, hushed:

ADORA

Camille.

(then)

I don't understand why a young woman like you would even want to dwell on such things.

CAMILLE

It could be an important story. And being from here--

ADORA

I *knew* those children. Those dead little girls. I'm having a very hard time. As you can imagine.

Camille rubs at her arm again, that unconscious itch.

ADORA (CONT'D)

And to *write* about it? "Wind Gap Murders its Children." Is that what you want people to think?

*

CAMILLE

Sometimes making the information public helps. People come forward.

Adora swats at the air -- wipes Camille's words away.

ADORA

Well I can't have that kind of talk around me. Hurt children.

(then)

Just don't tell me what you're doing, what you know. While you're here I'll just pretend you're on summer break.

Camille nods. Looks away. A silent beat. Alan smiles dimly at nothing in particular. Adora fusses with her lashes.

Camille hears footsteps up above. Scampering. A perfect way to change the subject:

CAMILLE

How's Amma?

(CONTINUED)

1.33 CONTINUED: (2)

1.33

ADORA

Amma? She's managing. You know the children have a curfew now. She's already asleep.

(then)

Why do you ask?

More footsteps above. Clearly Amma is awake. Camille sends her mother a wry look of disbelief. Smiles as she says:

CAMILLE

Just being polite. We do that in the big city too, you know.

Adora stands. Has had enough of this conversation.

ADORA

I'll go make sure your room is in order.

CAMILLE

Alright. Thank you.

She leaves. Alan turns his distant gaze to Camille.

ALAN

So. Don't you look well.

1.34 **INT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- STAIRS/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

1.34 *

A bit later. Camille follows Adora upstairs.

ADORA

Your old room is the best for visitors. It has that nice bath.

CAMILLE

I don't suppose you have wifi?

ADORA

(gives Camille a look)

That laptop Alan *had* to have? He uses it as a paperweight.

Before Camille can respond, they hear a noise. Camille turns and sees a SHADOW around a corner.

ADORA (CONT'D)

Amma, honey? Is that you?

But there's no answer. They hear the girl duck back into her room.

(CONTINUED)

1.34 CONTINUED: 1.34

OFF CAMILLE

Reacting to the furtive, hidden Amma.

1.35 **INT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- CAMILLE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT** 1.35 *

Camille sits on her old bed. Nothing much has changed in here since her childhood.

She eyes a few faded photos tucked into her vanity mirror. One of her with MARIAN. A few with other friends. A school class picture... *

A poster of Eleanor Roosevelt smiles, toothy and gray, from the wall. A shelf of serious books sits against a wall. Not a thing that's frivolous or girly here.

Camille glances at the time on her phone. 8:30. She falls back on the bed. Stares at the ceiling.

ON CEILING

Two cracks extend from the centered ceiling fixture, forming a perfect right angle.

CAMILLE

Reaches a finger out and traces the crack in the air...

MARIAN (O.C.)

See? It's a heart...

ON THE CEILING

It's true, if you look at it the right way, a water spot in the corner of the ceiling turns the cracks into a boxy heart.

1.36 **INT. CRELLIN HOUSE (1989) -- CAMILLE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT** 1.36 *

Now we're looking back down on YOUNG CAMILLE AND MARIAN

Marian looks ill and frail -- her skin a dull, bluish hue. She and Marian lie together on Camille's bed, looking up.

YOUNG CAMILLE

You're high.

Marian glances at Camille like -- *what?* Camille laughs.

(CONTINUED)

1.36 CONTINUED:

1.36

YOUNG CAMILLE (CONT'D)

It's something kids at school say.
It's like -- you're crazy.

Marian has to work hard to talk, to breathe. Camille is trying to act normally. As if she doesn't notice.

MARIAN

Well... I'm not. High.

*

YOUNG CAMILLE

(teases/points up again)
Yeah you are. It's a frog. Clearly a frog.

MARIAN

Where? Draw it.

*

CLOSE ON CAMILLE

As she traces lines, her finger in the air.

YOUNG CAMILLE

See? There's its eyes... And there's its face... And--

A weak gasping stops her. Marian, almost silent, is CONVULSING next to Camille. Camille grabs her, holds her close.

YOUNG CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Mama! *Mama!*

*

No answer. Camille lays Marian down and races for the door. Flings it open.

1.37 INT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NIGHT

1.37 *

Camille's door opens -- revealing ADULT CAMILLE, looking shaken.

1.38 INT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- FOYER -- NIGHT

1.38 *

Camille moves to the front door, hears Alan and Adora talking quietly on the porch.

1.39 EXT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

1.39 *

Camille starts to get her suitcase out of the trunk. Stops. She drops her bag back in the truck. Gets into the car.

1.40 INT. SENSORS BAR -- NIGHT

1.40 *

Neon Zig Zags on the wall. This place hasn't changed one bit since the 80's. Except for getting grimier.

Camille sits at the bar. The bartender, CHRIS, stops.

CHRIS

Camille?

He ambles over. He's cute -- her age but looks older. Paunchy, settled. Not the brightest, but he's good hang and she's glad to see him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I heard you were in town.

CAMILLE

I bet you did.

CHRIS

Wow. You look the same.

CAMILLE

Not true. But thanks.

CHRIS

Come on. You look awesome. You always did.

CAMILLE

(looks away/then)

How about we catch up over your finest well whiskey?

CHRIS

Screw the well. This is a homecoming drink. On me.

As he moves off, Camille notices a YOUNG MAN, not more than 19, nursing a beer at the end of the bar. He's beautiful, but his athletic build keeps him from being too pretty.

His red-rimmed eyes are trained on her. Unsmiling. Studying her. Something's wrong with him. Strung out, maybe.

CHRIS (O.C.) (CONT'D)

This is my place now. I own it.

CAMILLE

Sorry?

Camille turns her attention back to Chris.

(CONTINUED)

1.40 CONTINUED:

1.40

CHRIS

Bought it from those guys. They moved to California. We don't get that type in here anymore.

CAMILLE

Type? You mean *the gays*?

CHRIS

Whatever they call them now. I got nothing against them, you know.
(glances at the boy)
But they would have tried to eat that one alive.

CAMILLE

Always recruiting, those gays.

CHRIS

Still a smart-ass.

CAMILLE

(smiles)
Still a dumb-ass.

CHRIS

(good natured)
Dumb-ass with the hottest karaoke bar in seven counties. You should see this place on Friday nights.
(then)
What's your song?

CAMILLE

Ring of Fire.

CHRIS

Nice.
(his song)
Bohemian Rhapsody. Crush it.

Camille laughs a little -- then glances again at the young man. Then back to Chris.

CAMILLE

Gay bait over there looks a little young to be drinking.

CHRIS

I'm cutting him some slack. That's John Keene.

(CONTINUED)

1.40 CONTINUED: (2)

1.40

CAMILLE

John... Natalie's brother?

CHRIS

Yeah. Poor son-of-a-bitch. He's taking it really hard.

Camille looks over at John, intrigued. Again, John returns her gaze. Bold, like he's daring her to come over. A beat as Camille assesses the situation -- then says to Chris:

CAMILLE

Excuse me for a sec, okay?

CHRIS

Okay...

Camille starts to head toward John. But a VOICE stops her. It's Richard, who's just planted himself next to her seat.

RICHARD

Miss Preaker at Sensors? I would have pegged you for more of a Fooths gal. *

CAMILLE

Wrong again. Gotta love a Nagel print.

(sits back down/then)

So is this your spot? You sit here and drink and dream of angular gals in big shoulder pads?

He smiles and sits on the stool next to Camille. They fall easily into gentle teasing, their mutual interest evident.

RICHARD

God. Thank you. *Sarcasm*. Most I get from your hometown pals is sugary passive aggression.

CAMILLE

That's our specialty. Just smile and nod until the asshole leaves you alone.

RICHARD

Is that what I am? The out-of-town asshole?

CAMILLE

Maybe. You dress like one. But I guess all cops do.

(CONTINUED)

1.40 CONTINUED: (3)

1.40

RICHARD

Detective -- Willis. Richard.

(then)

You can make your dick joke now.
Works on several levels. Asshole.
Private...

CAMILLE

Tempting. So, where are you from,
Dick?

RICHARD

Kansas City. Vickery called for back
up. I think he regrets it now. He
doesn't like my style.

CAMILLE

Which is -- ?

RICHARD

Aggressive, I guess. It's my first
serial. So...

CAMILLE

Congratulations are in order?

RICHARD

It sounds crass but, yeah, if I crack
it... But you know the deal. It's the
same in your business.

CAMILLE

Uh huh. The more gruesome, the
better.

RICHARD

You're lucky. You being from here,
got the hometown advantage.

CAMILLE

Not really. I haven't been back for a
long time. And once you've abandoned
Wind Gap, you're basically suspect
for life.

RICHARD

Interesting choice of words. Should I
be looking at you?

He says it with a grin, his eyes grazing her body. Camille
feels some heat growing between them, subconsciously tugs
at her long sleeves. Pulls them over her wrists.

(CONTINUED)

1.40 CONTINUED: (4)

1.40

CAMILLE

Knock yourself out.

(then)

So, how's the investigation going?

RICHARD

Funny girl.

CAMILLE

Come on. I'm going to get something one way or another. Wouldn't you rather control the conversation?

RICHARD

That's a good line.

CAMILLE

Maybe. But it's the truth.

Richard grows more serious, redirects. Puts Camille on the defensive:

RICHARD

Looked like you were about to go talk to young Keene over there. The brother.

CAMILLE

Oh, is that him?

RICHARD

(knows she's bluffing)

Reporters aren't supposed to talk to minors without parental permission.

CAMILLE

Jesus. I was just going over to hit on him.

RICHARD

(laughs)

Oh. Well, that's different.

CAMILLE

Why? Is he a suspect?

RICHARD

You know I can't tell you that.

CAMILLE

So he is.

(CONTINUED)

1.40 CONTINUED: (5)

1.40

RICHARD

Everybody's a suspect right now.

CAMILLE

(not buying it)

You don't have any leads? Nothing.

RICHARD

Camille. How about you and I call a detente. At least for now?

(off her look)

Can't we just talk? I'm starved for some "city folk" conversation. I ask about your life, you ask about mine? Like civilians?

Camille takes this in -- goes a little cold. Glances quickly at John, who downs the last of his beer. Says to Willis:

CAMILLE

I don't really...do that. Chat.

(off his look)

Guess I'm a real Wind Gapian after all.

Richard's expression falls a bit. He's not used to being rejected.

RICHARD

Wow. So that's it? We talk work or I shove off?

CAMILLE

Pretty much.

A moment. Then:

RICHARD

Got it. Okay.

(a beat/then)

Enjoy your evening, Camille.

He leaves the bar, not wanting to hang on her turf. She watches him go -- a hint of regret crossing her features.

Then she looks back to where John sits. But he's GONE, the back door swinging shut in his wake.

Camille sags. Shit. She looks into her empty glass. Catches Chris's attention.

(CONTINUED)

1.40 CONTINUED: (6) 1.40

CAMILLE

Chris. Don't leave me hanging.

1.41 **EXT. SENSORS BAR -- NIGHT** 1.41 *

It's late -- way after closing. Camille stumbles to her car.

She laughs a little at herself as she struggles to get her keys in the car door. Lets herself in.

1.42 **EXT. SENSORS BAR/INT. CAMILLE'S CAR -- NIGHT** 1.42 *

Camille sits heavily. Closes her eyes for a moment. Then shakes it off. Starts the car. The radio plays -- an AM station with all hits from the 70's/80's.

It's AEROSMITH. *Dream On* as it reaches its climax. Camille pounds the steering wheel.

CAMILLE

Yes. YES.

CLOSE ON CAMILLE as she head-bangs along to the music.

MATCH CUT:

1.43 **EXT. SENSORS BAR/INT. CAMILLE'S CAR -- DAWN** 1.43 *

CLOSE ON CAMILLE

As her HEAD JERKS forward -- still head-banging? Not so much.

It's DAY as she wakes with a start, disoriented. A beat as she looks around -- tries to get her bearings. Most of the town is still asleep. A few cars pass.

She realizes the radio no longer plays.

CAMILLE

Shit. No. No no no...

Camille tries the engine. Nothing. Tries again. No go. Falls back in her seat.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

1.44 INT. WIND GAP GARAGE -- DAY 1.44 *

A garage attached to a shiny new gas station. Camille enters, looking like shit and trying not to appear sheepish. A mechanic sits in the back, eating his mini-mart burrito.

CAMILLE

Hey. Could I get a jump? My battery died.

1.45 INT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- FOYER/KITCHEN -- DAY 1.45 *

Adora, in a simple house shift and slippers, moves around the kitchen. Making eggs and slicing grapefruit.

Her expression tightens as the FRONT DOOR opens and Camille tries to enter without being noticed.

ADORA

Camille.

Camille stops. Marshals her brightest morning cheer:

CAMILLE

Morning. I left my bag in the car...

ADORA

Would you like an egg?

CAMILLE

Oh. No. Thank you.

ADORA

It's important to eat.

CAMILLE

I know. And I--

Adora turns, genuinely emotional and scared.

ADORA

Just -- Camille. I am happy to have you here. I am. But please don't embarrass me. Not again.

CAMILLE

What?

ADORA

When you're here, everything you do comes back on me. Understand?

(CONTINUED)

1.45 CONTINUED:

1.45

CAMILLE

Honestly, no. That might have been true before, but I'm an adult now.

ADORA

Not in Wind Gap. Here, you're my daughter. You can move away and forget -- but I can't. You don't know the people here. You don't know how they talk--

CAMILLE

Oh, I do. Believe me--

ADORA

I haven't heard from you for months -- and now you just show up asking such horrible, morbid questions. Stirring everyone up, staying out all night...

Adora tugs at her lashes, suddenly seeming fragile and old. Camille reaches out and takes her mother's hands. Stops Adora from picking, protective. A child again.

CAMILLE

Stop. Momma. I'm sorry. *

(then)

Honestly, it was nothing. I took a drive. It was stupid. I got so beat I had to pull over, to be safe.

ADORA

You slept in the car? Did anybody see you?

CAMILLE

No, momma. And as far as my story-- *

ADORA

(over her)

I shouldn't have said anything. You know I can't have that kind of talk around here.

Adora removes her hands from Camille's, turns away from her. Camille's momentarily wounded -- then pushes it down.

CAMILLE

I just -- I want you to understand. I'm not here to hurt anybody. That's not my intention.

(CONTINUED)

1.45 CONTINUED: (2) 1.45

But Adora just silently busies herself with her breakfast tray. After a long moment, Camille nods to herself. Feeling stupid for even trying. Leaves.

FADE TO:

1.46 **EXT. NASH HOUSE/INT. CAMILLE'S CAR -- DAY** 1.46 *

Camille parks outside a run-down 70's style ranch house. Digs in her bag -- pulls out a fifth of bourbon.

Looks around. She's alone on the street except for a chunky kid crammed into a too-small BIG WHEEL down the street.

She takes two long swigs. Waits a beat as it steadies her. Then she finds a travel bottle of mouthwash. She swishes it around her mouth, then swallows it too.

1.47 **EXT. NASH HOUSE -- DAY** 1.47 *

Camille walks to the door -- but is blocked by the BIG WHEEL BOY. He looks up at her with wide-set, dull eyes.

He's way too big for the bike. The stripped front wheel spins in place under his weight.

CAMILLE

Want a push?

The boy just looks at her. Then he bolts from the bike.

BOBBY

Daddy!

1.48 **INT. NASH HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY** 1.48 *

BOB NASH, well-kept with a trim mustache, enters the living room with two plastic cups in hand. Unlike the man, the house is cluttered and dirty -- kid stuff everywhere.

A three-tiered FOUNTAIN with a little statue of a boy on top gurgles in the middle of the entry. A basket of unfolded laundry sits on the couch. Camille stands, taking it in.

Bob hands her one of the cups. He's reserved, a little squirrely:

BOB

Sorry, Kool Aid's all we got left.

*

(CONTINUED)

1.48 CONTINUED:

1.48

CAMILLE

That's fine. Thank you.

(then)

And thank you for talking to me. With all the attention on Natalie, it's important to remind folks that Ann was first.

Bob sees BOBBY (6), TIFFANIE (11), and ASHLEIGH (5), peeking around a doorway. Trying to hear.

*

BOB

We better talk in the bedroom.

*

1.49 INT. NASH HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

1.49 *

It's a small room, but tidy. Camille sits on one side of the bed, Bob on the other. Bob's nervous, switching his drink from hand to hand.

Camille notes that one bedside table looks pristine, while the other holds reading glasses, books, etc. He sleeps alone.

BOB

Ann, she'd been riding her bike all last summer. Just riding around and around the block. My wife wouldn't let her go no further, 'cause we're protective parents, like anybody.

*

CAMILLE

Sure. You kept tabs on her.

BOB

(nods)

So just before school starts up, Ann begs to ride over to her friend Emily's house. It's not far but we usually wouldn't let her. But she's whining so my wife finally gets fed up and says "*fine*."

*

Bob clears his throat, downs his Kool Aid. Then:

BOB (CONT'D)

Ann never got there. To Emily's. She left around 7. Must have been 8 O'clock before we realized.

*

CAMILLE

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

1.49 CONTINUED:

1.49

BOB

*

Yeah. Somewhere in those ten blocks,
they got her. My wife will never
forgive herself. Never.

Camille nods. Senses the story there. The wife has fled.

CAMILLE

I'd love to speak with her. Your
wife...

Bob stares at her for a moment. Blank. Then pulls himself
together.

BOB

*

She's...at the store. I'll ask. But
she's not -- this thing, she hasn't
been the same.

CAMILLE

Of course. You've both suffered a
horrible trauma.

(then/back to her notes)

You said "they" got her. You think
there was more than one person?

BOB

*

Maybe. All I know, there's a bastard -
- a sick baby killer out there,
looking for girls. You and I both
know that Keene girl isn't just lost.

Nash is gripping his glass hard, avoiding Camille's gaze.

CAMILLE

Can you think of anybody who might
have wanted to hurt you or your
family by doing that to Ann?

BOB

*

(indignant)

I sell ergonomic *chairs*. My wife is --
was -- a clerk at the elementary
school. There's no story here. Some
pervert just decided to kill our
little girl--

Now Tiffanie pokes her head in.

TIFFANIE

Daddy? I'm hungry. Bobby is too.

(CONTINUED)

1.49 CONTINUED: (2)

1.49

Camille notices as Bob's expression goes cold, his voice carrying a shade of condescension.

BOB

*

What do you do when that door is closed, Tiffanie?

TIFFANIE

I knock.

BOB

*

You *knock*. Next time you forget, it goes on your chart.

(then)

There's waffles in the freezer. Make those.

Tiffanie goes. Bob turns back to her, still a little hot.

BOB (CONT'D)

*

She knows better. Thing about Ann -- she was plain, but she was smart. She did for herself.

Camille nods, a little thrown by Bob's sudden mood shift. Then:

CAMILLE

So were you at home when all this happened? When Ann left for Emily's?

BOB

*

I was driving back from my office in Hayti. About an hour away.

(as Camille writes)

Don't write that down. Why are you writing that?

CAMILLE

Sorry?

BOB

*

Some people around here don't like us, because we keep to ourselves. But that doesn't mean I hurt my kid-

CAMILLE

(over him)

I wasn't suggesting that, Mr. Nash. I just wondered if you had a chance to see her that day.

Nash takes this in. Camille's steady gaze. Then:

(CONTINUED)

1.49 CONTINUED: (3)

1.49

BOB

*

In the morning. But four kids -- it gets hectic. I don't remember what we said.

(then)

Know what I think? A faggot did it. Cause he didn't rape her. Cops say that's unusual. I say it's the only blessing we got. I'd rather him kill her than rape her.

He gets up, finds a small school photo of Ann. Shows it to Camille, who's still trying to process the rape comment.

BOB (CONT'D)

*

That's her. See?

Camille looks at the photo. Ann was freckled and tom-boyish, with a short thatch of hair that stuck out all over. Bob stares at the image, far away now.

BOB (CONT'D)

*

She was a willful thing. Night before that picture was took, my wife wants to put her hair in rollers. But Anne's not having it. So she chops off her hair instead.

Camille smiles a bit at this. But Nash doesn't.

BOB (CONT'D)

*

She gave him hell. I bet. She gave that guy hell.

Off Bob, eyes back on the photo, still gone. And Camille, who has an uneasy feeling.

1.50 **EXT. WIND GAP MAIN STREET/INT. CAMILLE'S CAR -- DAY**

1.50 *

Camille's parked. Talking to Curry on the phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

1.51 **INT. CURRY'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY**

1.51 *

Curry sits at the kitchen table. His wife, EILEEN, sits across from him, drinking a cup of coffee and listening. Camille doesn't know that Curry has her on speaker.

(CONTINUED)

1.51 CONTINUED:

1.51

CAMILLE

I got some good quotes from Ann Nash's father. He's a piece of work.

CURRY

How do you mean?

CAMILLE

I don't know. It's not fair to judge a guy who's lost a kid that way.

CURRY

Yeah, it's fair. You got a feeling about him?

CAMILLE

Well. The wife wasn't around. Looked like she took off. But he was cagey about it.

CURRY

Could be embarrassed. Private.

CAMILLE

Right. He said they kept to themselves.

(then)

He got angry though, about people not liking the family. He made it sound like folks have been pointing the finger at him.

CURRY

You think he's a suspect?

CAMILLE

I don't know. I'll dig around. I'm going to have another go at Vickery. For what that's worth.

CURRY

Good. Follow it up.

Camille sees something down the street.

CAMILLE'S POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The same pretty girls she saw at the search site are hovering around a STATUE in the town square, where people have erected an impromptu MEMORIAL for the two girls.

This time they're not alone -- three TEEN GUYS have joined the pack.

(CONTINUED)

1.51 CONTINUED: (2)

1.51

The base of the statue is piled with flowers, candles, notes and stuffed animals. Symbols of innocence and hope.

The BLONDE from before, holds a teddy bear. One of the guys grabs it from her, playfully. Two of the boys play a game of "keep-away" with the bear.

Finally, the BLONDE GIRL grabs it back and stuffs it in her shoulder tote.

ON CAMILLE

Taking this in. Distracted.

ON CURRY AND EILEEN

Who meet eyes. Camille's been silent for too long.

CURRY (CONT'D)

Hey. You okay?

CAMILLE

What?

(catches herself)

Sorry. I was just... I should go.

CURRY

And things at home, they're alright?

CAMILLE

Home?

CURRY

With your family.

Eileen looks at the phone intently, then at Curry.

CAMILLE

Oh, peachy.

(then)

I'm fine. I swear.

CURRY

Okay. You call me if you need me.

CAMILLE

I will. Give my best to Eileen.

Camille hangs up.

ON CURRY AND EILEEN

Who share a look. Eileen gets up, moves to the sink.

(CONTINUED)

1.51 CONTINUED: (3) 1.51

EILEEN
You better be right.

1.52 **EXT. WIND GAP -- TOWN SQUARE -- DAY** 1.52 *

Camille approaches the TEENAGERS, who see her coming and clam up.

The statue in the center of the square depicts Daniel Morgan Boone -- son of the more famous Boone. And its base is covered in sentimental messages.

Camille now sees that the GIRLS have pilfered a handful of items from the memorial. A balloon, some flowers -- and the teddy bear the BLONDE took.

CAMILLE
Hey.

Camille is flushed, appalled. But trying hard to cover. The BLONDE, again, steps forward. To speak for them all:

BLONDE
Hey there.

CAMILLE
You can't take that stuff.

BLONDE
We knew those girls. Natalie was his sister.

The Blonde nods to one of the BOYS. It's JOHN KEENE, from the bar. His eyes are downcast, not wanting Camille to make the connection.

CAMILLE
John, right? John Keene?

John looks up, handsome and haggard. A stranger to sleep.

JOHN
(shit/then)
Yeah. They didn't mean anything.

One of the other girls, embarrassed, admits:

BLONDE #2
We didn't. We just...
(then)
We'll put it back.

(CONTINUED)

1.52 CONTINUED:

1.52

The girls put the items back at the base of the statue. As they do the ringleader blonde tries again to explain:

BLONDE

Natalie and Ann were -- they *are* important to us, you know? We wanted something to remember them by, that's all. What's the point of letting the flowers die and stuff? And the bear is going to get all dirty...

(soft)

It's not just the families, you know? We're all sad.

Camille's thrown a bit by the Blonde's emotion. Softens.

CAMILLE

Okay. I get that. But--

A sudden SHOUT and activity down the street draws their attention. Then they hear a woman's SCREAM.

Camille and the TEENS react. Run toward the commotion.

As she goes, Camille notices that John is frozen in place -- his expression one of dread. Another scream startles Camille back into action and she takes off.

1.53 **EXT. WIND GAP -- MAIN STREET -- DAY**

1.53 *

Camille and the teens arrive at a building near Vickery's office. An elderly couple is already there, in a state of horror of shock.

The old woman sits in the middle of the sidewalk -- her legs splayed -- just staring at the building and shaking her head as if to say "no, no, no..."

The teenagers, afraid, hang back. One of the girls clings to a boy, turning her head away.

John is not among them. He's nowhere to be seen. Gone.

The man, with white hair and a ruined face, turns to Camille.

WHITE HAired MAN

Get the police.

CAMILLE

(re his wife)

Is she okay?

(CONTINUED)

1.53 CONTINUED:

1.53

WHITE HAired MAN

Just get Sheriff Vickery! And call an ambulance.

Camille is about to move. But then she sees it:

ON THE BUILDING

WedgeD in the foot-wide space between the hardware store and the beauty parlor is a TINY BODY, aimed out at the sidewalk -- brown eyes open. It's NATALIE KEENE.

CAMILLE

Oh no. Oh god. Oh my God...

In the background, one of the girls starts to cry. The ringleader BLONDE takes charge and ushers her and the other girl away, shushing them. The boys follow.

Camille looks closer. And sees that Natalie's lips are CAVED IN around her gums in a small circle -- like a plastic baby doll. Her TEETH ARE GONE.

The woman on the ground starts praying in a ragged, hushed voice:

WOMAN ON GROUND

"The wicked is thrust down by his wrongdoing, But the righteous has a refuge when he dies..."

Camille backs away, feeling her legs give way under her. She finds support against a parked car and itches at her forearm, hard. Her personal tic.

CAMILLE'S POV

FLASHES of strange specifics from the scene. The Band-Aid on Natalie's knee. An odd shaped birthmark on the neck of the praying woman...

1.A53 But also, FLASHES of something else. FROM THE PAST. CLOSE 1.A53 *
on dead BLUE eyes and tiny cramped fingers... Camille's hand reaching out to touch purple, bloodless lips...

VICKERY (O.C.)

Goddammit.

Vickery's voice snaps Camille back into the moment. He's arrived along with a uniformed officer, and kneels to see Natalie better.

(CONTINUED)

1.53 CONTINUED: (2)

1.53

Vickery loses his composure. Leans his face against the brick wall, breathing hard.

VICKERY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ...

Now RICHARD arrives. Bends to Natalie. As a gesture, he feels for the dead's girl's pulse. Then he stands, all business. He addresses the older couple:

RICHARD

Hey folks. We're going to need you to go with this officer to the station. So we can get some statements. Okay?

Numb, the older couple moves off. Richard glances at Vickery, who's still slack against the wall and mumbling. Richard says, almost sternly:

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Bill.

VICKERY

I hear you, Richard. Be human for a second, will you?

Richard colors at being chided. Looks to Camille:

RICHARD

And you too, Miss Preaker. Anything you can tell us.

OFF CAMILLE

Barely comprehending his words.

FADE TO:

1.54 INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

1.54 *

Camille sits with a uniformed officer. They've been going over her statement for some time and she's spent, empty.

OFFICER

And you say the woman was already on the ground when you first saw her?

CAMILLE

That's what I said. 6 times now. And John Keene was by the statue but he left after he heard the screams, as far as I could tell.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1.54 CONTINUED:

1.54

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

(then)

My story won't change if that's what you're after. Inconsistencies. Is that why you keep asking?

OFFICER

Not at all. We're almost done here. I'm just making sure I got all the facts right.

CAMILLE

They were right an hour ago.

OFFICER

We're almost done--

The door opens and Richard enters.

RICHARD

Thanks, Matt. I got this.

The officer leaves. Richard produces a bottle of whiskey. Two paper cups.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Hey. I figured you could use some.

*

CAMILLE

(hard)

Am I a suspect?

RICHARD

What? No. Jesus.

CAMILLE

So why am I still here?

RICHARD

This may surprise you, Preaker -- but this station isn't exactly a marvel of efficiency when it comes to investigating major crimes.

He pours them both a drink. Camille tries not to down hers in one quick gulp. Manages two. Richard says, genuine:

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You okay? That was pretty rough.

CAMILLE

You got your serial.

(CONTINUED)

1.54 CONTINUED: (2)

1.54

RICHARD

Yeah. And now I feel like an asshole.
Being glib about it.

He shakes his head, downs his drink. Camille looks at him, surprised at his self-awareness. They meet eyes.

CAMILLE

It's never real until it is.

RICHARD

You should let me drive you home.
You're shaking.

CAMILLE

(holds her cup out for
another drink)
Not for much longer.

Richard reaches across the table. Touches her hand.

RICHARD

Camille--

CAMILLE

(pulling her hand back)
No. Thank you, though. I brought my
car.

RICHARD

You can get it in the morning. It's
no trouble.

Camille, avoiding his gaze now -- diverts:

CAMILLE

Is Bob Nash a suspect?

Willis is surprised, his comforts rejected.

RICHARD

What?

CAMILLE

I was going to ask Vickery. Before.

RICHARD

He won't tell you. Like I won't.

Camille nods. Distant. Thinking.

CAMILLE

How about John Keene?

(CONTINUED)

1.54 CONTINUED: (3)

1.54

RICHARD

Jesus...

(despite himself)

Why? Did you find something?

CAMILLE

I'll show you mine...

RICHARD

You know what? This isn't -- let's
table the games. At least until that
little girl is in the morgue.

Richard grabs the bottle and leaves. Camille rubs at her
arm, trying to calm her phantom itch.

1.55 INT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- FOYER -- EVENING

1.55 *

Camille closes the front door quietly. She hears low
chatter from the back porch. Before she can head upstairs,
she sees her mother silhouetted against the sunlit door
opposite her.

ADORA

Camille. Please come here.

1.56 EXT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- COVERED PORCH -- EVENING

1.56 *

Camille comes outside to find Adora in a state. Her
eyelashes are depleted since we last saw her and she's
still fussing around them -- trying to keep her hands away.

Both she and Alan are a few drinks in, another pitcher of
something colorful and lethal on the table.

ADORA

Where were you? I was worried sick--

CAMILLE

I had to give the police a statement.
I was there when they found her--

ADORA

Don't. That's enough.

CAMILLE

(flatly)
You asked me where I was.

Alan, neat as a pin in a pressed polo shirt and tan slacks,
has grown maudlin. Almost savoring the grief.

(CONTINUED)

1.56 CONTINUED:

1.56

ALAN

I suppose it was foolish to hold out hope. But you had to, Adora. That's the human thing.

ADORA

Those little girls, those babies...

ALAN

You can't dwell on it. What could you have done?

Camille doesn't know what to say. Manages:

CAMILLE

It is. It's horrible.

(then)

I'm just...exhausted. I'm going to go lie down.

Camille starts to go but Adora takes this as a personal affront. As if she needs Camille to witness her anguish.

ADORA

Now? I *knew* those girls--

CAMILLE

You said. I know, but--

ADORA

Bob Nash called. He told me you spoke to him. That's not right, Camille. Not right at all. Aren't those families in enough agony without you hashing over it all?

CAMILLE

I can't talk right now, Momma. I need sleep--

*

A quiet young voice speaks over her:

GIRL

I don't think I'll sleep for a million years.

Camille turns and, for the first time notices a GIRL. She has her back to Camille as she intently plays with her meticulously kept 4-foot DOLL HOUSE.

The girl wears a checkered sundress, her shining blonde locks pulled back with a ribbon. She turns to Camille.

(CONTINUED)

1.56 CONTINUED: (2)

1.56

Camille stops, stunned, when she sees that this is the RINGLEADER BLONDE from the group of pretty girls.

AMMA

It's just so awful. Ann and Natalie.
In our nothing town? It could happen
to any of us.

CAMILLE

Amma?

She looks so different than she did -- childish. Here she plays the role of the demure, obedient daughter.

Amma stands and moves to Camille. Wraps her arms around her.

AMMA

Camille.

Amma fixes Camille with a slightly pleading look as if to say -- "play along with me. Please." Camille hesitates, then they speak in a sort of code:

CAMILLE

Yes. You've been around though. Why
didn't you say hello?

AMMA

I can be shy, I guess. I don't
know...

CAMILLE

Well I never would have recognized
you. Momma stopped sending those
Christmas photos...

*

Alan and Adora, looking on, beam with pride at Amma. Their prize. And so polite.

ALAN

Look at our girls together, Adora.
Rose Red and Snow White. So
beautiful.

ADORA

Amma, you are not to leave this house
alone, understand? It's not safe. I
want to know where you are at all
times.

AMMA

But we already have to be in by 9--

*

(CONTINUED)

1.56 CONTINUED: (3)

1.56

ADORA

It's not enough--

ALAN

Now, let's not make rules tonight,
Adora. We'll all be more sensible in
the morning I think.

Alan refreshes Adora's drink. A beat, then Adora sighs and
accepts it. Shakes her head as if trying to solve a great
puzzle. Amma says to Camille:

AMMA

Come look at my doll house. See?

Amma leads a stunned Camille to her elaborate toy. Only
then does Camille realize that it looks *exactly* like
Adora's house, even the furniture matches almost perfectly.

Amma holds out a tiny stool.

AMMA (CONT'D)

It needs reupolstering now. Adora
changed her color scheme from peach
to yellow.

(to Adora)

You promised you'd take me to the
fabric store so I can make new
coverings to match.

ADORA

I know I did, darling. I've just been
so distracted...

AMMA

(to Camille/re: house)

Isn't it beautiful? This doll house
is my fancy.

CAMILLE

Looks like you do a good job with it.

AMMA

I try. Thank you.

Camille backs away, overwhelmed by the bizarre scene. She
turns to Adora.

CAMILLE

I need to lie down...

(CONTINUED)

1.56 CONTINUED: (4)

1.56

ALAN

Let the girl rest. From the looks of
it she'll be visiting for a while.
You'll have time.

Adora nods, dismisses Camille.

ADORA

I put your dinner in the ice box for
later. You have to eat.

Before Camille realizes what's happening, Amma is at her
side -- slipping her fingers into Camille's.

AMMA

I'll go up with you.
(to Adora)

I think I'll rest a while too, mama.

*

1.57 INT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- STAIRS/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY-- EVENING

1.57 *

Amma and Camille move to the top of the stairs. Amma still
has her hand in Camille's.

CAMILLE

You knew it was me, didn't you? When
we saw each other around town.

Amma's tone is still more girlish than in town, but she's
much more frank outside Adora's earshot.

AMMA

Not at first, not for sure. Then, I
just -- it was interesting seeing
what you were like. Before this, you
know? You're not mad, are you?

CAMILLE

Just surprised, I guess.

They reach the landing on the second floor. Amma's eyes
flick to a closed door off the stairs.

AMMA

Have you gone in? To Marian's room?

CAMILLE

No.

AMMA

It's like a museum. Adora keeps it
that way.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1.57 CONTINUED:

1.57

AMMA (CONT'D)

(then/thoughtful)

I miss her sometimes. Marian. Even though I didn't know her.

CAMILLE

Well, Adora talks about her so much. Or, at least alludes.

Amma looks at Camille for a long beat. Then says, grave:

AMMA

Was she perfect? She was, wasn't she?

CAMILLE

No. But she was close.

Amma impulsively hugs Camille again, who goes a little stiff.

AMMA

But now we can be sisters. Everyone always says you were the prettiest girl in Wind Gap.

Camille softens a little. Lets her hand move to stroke Amma's soft gold hair.

CAMILLE

I'm not...

AMMA

You are. You're so pretty.

CAMILLE

Okay. Thank you.

Amma pulls away, worry etching her lovely features.

AMMA

And you won't tell? Adora would go bananas if she saw me in my "civvies".

*

CAMILLE

(laughs a little)

Is that what you call it?

AMMA

You know how she is. I'm just her little doll to dress up.

CAMILLE

Easier to go along.

(CONTINUED)

1.57 CONTINUED: (2)

1.57

AMMA

You never did, though. Adora says you were "incorrigible."

CAMILLE

I bet she does.

AMMA

I'm incorrigible too. Only she doesn't know it.

(then)

We're alike. I knew we would be.

Amma smiles a little. Then gives a Camille a quick peck on the cheek and moves off to her room. Camille watches after her, intrigued and troubled in equal measure.

Camille turns and regards MARIAN'S ROOM. She takes it in with some dread. Then, slowly, she moves toward the door and opens it.

CUT TO:

1.58 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR (1989) -- DAY

1.58 *

ON YOUNG CAMILLE

As she enters an open door into MARIAN'S FUNERAL service, which hasn't begun yet.

Adora, perfectly turned out in her mourning clothes, holds Camille's hand tightly. Dabs at tears under her black veil.

Camille is ashen and blank with grief.

She looks to the SMALL OPEN COFFIN at the end of the aisle. It's surrounded by flowers and a portrait of Marian from when she was alive and healthier.

MARIAN lies inside. Her made-up cheeks are too rosy, her white dress pressed and fanned around her fragile corpse like an angel's gown.

Camille's composure crumbles. She yanks her hand from Adora and runs to the casket. Adora calls after her in a stern whisper:

ADORA

Camille!

ON CAMILLE AND MARIAN

(CONTINUED)

1.58 CONTINUED:

1.58

Camille cries helplessly as she leans into the casket and tries to wipe the rouge and lipstick from Marian's waxy face.

YOUNG CAMILLE

*

Please... Please... Marian...

Adora stands stock still in the background. But we can see that under her veil she is angry and appalled. She calls in a slightly louder voice.

ADORA

Camille! That's enough--

But Camille is gone, lost. The gathered mourners -- every seat taken with the "better" locals -- react. Some weep, others are taken aback. Some younger ones even laugh.

Then a strong hand falls on Camille's shoulder. The PASTOR looks down at her, stern but not unkind.

PASTOR

Camille. You need to take a seat.

YOUNG CAMILLE

*

No! Leave me alone!

Adora turns away, appalled and embarrassed, into the arms of Alan -- her new beau.

*

*

The pastor is joined by a funeral attendant and they try to forcibly remove Camille. But she fights, kicking and screaming, her hand still gripping Marian's dress:

YOUNG CAMILLE (CONT'D)

*

NO! Fuck you! Fuck your fucking God!

Marian's corpse bangs against the inside of the coffin, jerked by Camille's iron grasp. The place erupts as the assembled react with shock and horror.

YOUNG CAMILLE'S POV:

HER HAND, holding tight to Marian's snowy organza.

MATCH CUT TO:

1.59 INT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- MARIAN'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

1.59 *

CLOSE ON

Camille's hand, gripping the hem of a similar dress.

(CONTINUED)

1.59 CONTINUED: 1.59

Widen to see that Camille sits on Marian's HOSPITAL STYLE bed, where a fresh set of Marian's dress clothes are laid out -- as if the child will be home any minute to freshen up.

The rest of the room still holds all the MEDICAL EQUIPMENT Marian needed when she got too ill to leave her bed. An IV stand, a bed pan, etc.

Camille squeezes her eyes closed and rocks a little. Forcing back the memory, forcing herself not to fall apart.

CUT TO:

1.60 INT. CRELLIN HOUSE -- CAMILLE'S BATHROOM -- EVENING 1.60 *

A little while later. Camille enters the bathroom with a few items. Shampoo. Toothpaste. A razor.

A beat as Camille regards the razor with almost erotic interest. Longing, at least.

CLOSE ON

-- Scorching water as it fills a big, old claw foot tub. Steam dampens the walls. *

-- Camille's clothes fall to the white tiled floor. *

-- In the fogged mirror we see just the ghost of Camille's naked body as she steps into the tub. *

-- Even tighter on Camille, looking wretched, wincing from the hot. *

Now we WIDEN off Camille's face, see her huddled in the bath.

And we see the words.

CUPCAKE. PETTICOAT. WICKED. *

As we pull away, we see that her ENTIRE BODY is covered with words she's carved into her skin over the years. She is a cutter, but a creative one. A lingual conservationist.

BABY. CAN'T. CHERRY. BAD. PANTY. WEARY.. *

Her entire body is her canvas, a work of art made from scarred and mutilated flesh. Words carved vertically, horizontally and every way in-between.

(CONTINUED)

1.60 CONTINUED:

1.60

A history of pain, for her eyes only.

Finally we land on one of the larger words. Carved deep into her forearm.

VANISH

CLOSE ON CAMILLE

As she looks intently at the razor, turning it slowly in her shaking hand. Examining the edge of the blade.

CUT TO BLACK *

END OF EPISODE

*