

MINOT, ND (NEW EPISODE 1.04)

by

V.C.

FADE IN:

EXT. A HOUSE - NIGHT

"EPISODE 1.04: THE DAUGHTER AND THE MOTHER"

A light flickers on in a house in EAST GRAND FORKS,  
MINNESOTA.

"1998."

There's loud commotion in the house. We watch a figure in darkness walks from one end to the house, moving with purpose. Taunts and yells from another figure on the other side of the house. The first figure, a woman, walks through all the rooms in the house while the second figure, a man, follows her, harassing her.

They stop to argue. With one motion, the man strikes her and throws her into a table, a thunderous crack echoing through the house. The woman gets up and dusts herself off quietly, and then disappears for a bit into the back as the man follows, with more yelling. The sound gets quieter for a minute but then returns with fury as the woman walks right to the front door without saying a word.

The front door bursts open. A woman, about 28, a basic lookalike of MOLLY, walks out with steely resolve and a bag slung over her shoulders, looking worse for the wear. It's ERIN KINGSLEY.

ERIN is pursued by another man, a short man who walks surprisingly fast and almost catches up to ERIN. But ERIN outpaces him and gets into her car as the man stands outside, glaring. It's MARTY FOX, and he looks pissed.

INT. ERIN'S CAR - NIGHT

MARTY  
(muffled, through  
the glass)  
You're worthless, you know that?  
You're good for nothing and that's  
how how you're leaving, a good for  
nothing.

ERIN points a middle finger and starts the engine. MARTY runs up to the window and slams his palms against it, scaring ERIN, but she puts the car in gear and drives off as the audience focuses on her and then the back window as MARTY watches. Her hands are violently shaking and she doesn't look back. A tear rolls down but she wipes it before

it makes any moves. Focus on ERIN for a while as she drives and looks at the mirror finally once she's driven far away.

ERIN, still shaking a bit, turns on the radio and finds music that she likes. She tries to sing along but she doesn't find the words. She lowers the volume and drives in silence for a bit.

An odd noise from the engine. ERIN hits the wheel. LATER, from the hood, the engine is fried. ERIN looks around for help, finds none, gets her bag, and hits the road.

EXT. A ROAD - NIGHT

Her thumb gets no hitchhikers. Just as she's about to give up, a bright light in the distance.

EXT. A GAS STATION - NIGHT

ERIN approaches. The station is empty except for a large tractor trailer that's fueling. The hum of the lights is very loud.

ERIN drops her bag on a bench and looks through it. There's underwear, a half empty bottle of water, a journal, and some loose change mixed in her with her wallet, along with a loose \$20 bill.

ERIN  
You've got to be fucking kidding  
me.

ERIN holds her arm up to her mouth and vents her frustration by yelling. From the distance, it's just a muffle. No one notices.

INT. GAS STATION STORE - NIGHT

ERIN drops a bunch of junk food in front of the cashier, who looks at her with an expression of bewilderment.

ERIN  
Just ring it up.

Focus on ERIN as she watches the items being rung up. Voices echo through her head of abuse, yelling, anger, and then:

MAN  
Real healthy there.

ERIN turns around, ready to retort.

ERIN  
(aggressive)  
What was that?

ERIN looks at the man and realizes who it is. A familiar face. It's MAX WILLIAMS, a friend from high school in St. Cloud, Minnesota.

ERIN  
Oh, hi.

MAX  
(with a bright  
expression)  
Holy hell, it's Erin Kingsley.  
Back in Minnesota!

ERIN  
I didn't leave Minnesota,  
technically.

MAX  
How about that? No one knew where  
you went off to after graduation.  
And now look at you.

ERIN  
Well, I was here. Until now.  
Hannah didn't tell you where I  
went?

MAX  
Hannah, that's a name I haven't  
heard in a while. Nah, that girl  
never told us anything.

ERIN, thinking, points outside.

ERIN  
That your rig?

MAX  
The one and only.

ERIN  
Let's take a look.

ERIN picks up her junk food, drops it into her bag, and leaves. MAX follows ERIN outside into the parking lot with a hint of amusement.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

MAX  
Why're you here, Erin?

ERIN  
Trying to get as far away from  
here as possible. My car broke  
down.

A beat.

MAX  
Oh. Uh, where exactly are you  
going?

ERIN arrives at the truck, looking up with an impressed  
look.

ERIN  
You drive this?

MAX  
(\*ahem\*)  
Yes, ma'am. Been driving for 5  
years.

ERIN  
Will you take me somewhere else?  
Just not here.

MAX  
Aren't you gonna tell me What's  
happening with you?

ERIN  
No.

MAX  
(folding his arm)  
From where I'm from, you don't  
just run into an old friend and  
then ask for a lift right away  
without exchanging pleasantries.

ERIN rolls her eyes.

ERIN  
Are you going to help me or not?

MARTY  
(lowered voice)  
If you need help, just tell me.  
We'll get you help.

ERIN throws her bag to the ground and then leans back against the truck, looking up in frustration.

MARTY  
Erin, I don't know what's  
happening with you, but you got to  
talk to me. You disappear and now  
you're just... here.

Brief flashes of violent fights, ERIN yelling, being yelled at, ERIN with bruises all over bodies. In the present, ERIN feels the bruises, which are tattoos now.

ERIN  
I made a mistake moving here.

MAX  
I agree. I mean, who in the right  
mind would want to move to Grand  
Forks?

ERIN shoots him a dirty look, although MAX is amused with himself.

ERIN  
I \*wanted\* to move closer to home.

ERIN herself doesn't even believe this when she says it.

MAX  
You're from North Dakota?

ERIN  
I just want to leave. All right?  
It's been a bad day and I don't  
want to be here.

Focus on ERIN as MAX looks at her, looking weak and defeated. MAX picks up ERIN's bag and hands it to ERIN, who grabs it without finesse. MAX walks to the driver's door and then waits a minute before beckoning ERIN.

MAX  
Just so you know, I'm going back.

ERIN  
Wait. You mean to St. Cloud?  
You're kidding.

MAX  
(hops into truck)  
I live there, going home now. Got  
a problem with that?

He turns over the engine. It roars to life.

ERIN  
I thought you were the adventurous  
type. You never left?

MAX  
Kissed you in 11th grade. Isn't  
that adventurous?

ERIN manages a grin, then remembers.

MAN  
Is Hannah around?

MAX  
You're asking me? Hannah's your  
friend.

ERIN  
No, she's not my friend. I'm just  
wondering.

MAX's expression is "Yikes."

MAX  
Well, friends argue. Now, if you  
got a problem with St. Cloud, I'll  
drop you elsewhere along the road.

ERIN thinks about it.

ERIN  
(picking up bag)  
Fine.

ERIN climbs up to the truck.

MAX  
Hop in. Homeward bound it is.

An outside view of the truck as it leaves the gas station,  
to an unknown future. Hold on the truck as it disappears  
into the night. Fade in an unpleasant noise...

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - MORNING

Eyes are open. MOLLY's view is fuzzy.

"1980."

The drone tone is relentless. MOLLY rolls back and forth, almost toppling over the edge. At the foot of her bed, she notices needles. Her vision is blurry as she gets out of bed and runs to the bathroom to throw up.

MOLLY trudges to the kitchen and gets a glass of water, downing it. She holds her head, trying to remember what happened. Focus on her as...

FLASHBACK: MOLLY, holding ERIN, asleep, in bed, quietly leaves her daughter and tries to make no noise while exiting.

ERIN

Mom?

MOLLY

(looks back)

Yes?

ERIN

Where you going?

MOLLY

I'll be right back, baby.

ERIN

Don't leave me. I'm lonely.

MOLLY

I'll be right back.

ERIN mumbles and then passes out. MOLLY leaves and makes her way to her vehicle, dizzy, leaning against the door. Tears. In the present, MOLLY is doe eyed, remembering details. A FLASH back to the past and MOLLY is in her vehicle, driving, uneven. Then she's back in the trailer, looking around for something, anything. A shot of a needle, held up.

Then suddenly, MOLLY splashes water on her face in the present, breathing slowly, trying to calm herself down. MOLLY picks up the phone and dials. A few rings.

ERIN (V.O.)

Hello?



MOLLY  
Baby. Are you ok?

ERIN (V.O.)  
No, he's not home. I'm waiting by  
the phone.

MOLLY  
What about you?

ERIN (V.O.)  
You left me. Again. I'm just  
worried about Dad. Aren't you?

A beat.

MOLLY  
I'm sorry, Erin, I got distracted.

ERIN  
You haven't changed one bit, Mom.

The line goes dead. MOLLY tries to dial again but ERIN  
doesn't pick up. MOLLY tries multiple times but ERIN refuses  
to pick up. Frustrated, MOLLY won't give up either, until:

MOLLY  
(incoming line  
goes through)  
Hello?

TIM (V.O.)  
Molly?

MOLLY  
Tim?  
(looks around)  
Where are you?

There are ambulance and police noises in the background.

TIM (V.O.)  
It's bad.

MOLLY  
What are you talking about?

TIM (V.O.)  
I'm in town, at the Broadway  
bridge. They found John.

MOLLY  
They... found John?

TIM (V.O.)  
I'm sorry, Molly.

MOLLY  
I don't understand.

TIM (V.O.)  
The police found a body at the  
train tracks. It's him.

MOLLY  
Who?!

MOLLY doesn't hear the response as she replaces the receiver  
and the world becomes a bit fuzzier now.

Time becomes hazy. MOLLY is outside, MOLLY is in the  
bathroom throwing up, MOLLY is lying down, and then TIM is  
home, TIM is holding her, MOLLY is in tears, TIM is  
listening, MOLLY is throwing up again.

EXT. TIM'S TRAILER - AFTERNOON

Time has passed.

MOLLY (V.O.)  
It's my fault.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - AFTERNOON

MOLLY is on the floor, knees up, leaning against the front  
door, rocking back and forth. TIM is by her, listening.

MOLLY  
It was definitely him?

TIM  
The police told me.

MOLLY  
What the hell was he doing there?  
He left the house and then...

TIM  
He left what house? How do you  
know?

MOLLY gets to her feet, balancing with the door, ignoring  
TIM's help. MOLLY faces TIM, laser focused.

MOLLY  
Why were you there this morning?

TIM

Molly, I asked you a question. How do you know where he was last night?

MOLLY

Because I was there.

TIM

(angry)

What the hell were you doing there? Didn't he tell you not to bother them?

MOLLY wipes away mucus.

MOLLY

To fight for my daughter. And she told me interesting things about the fair.

TIM

Oh, not this again.

MOLLY

Did you touch her?

TIM

Molly. You're going through a lot right now. This is absurd.

MOLLY

Just answer the damn question.

TIM

(snappy)

I didn't touch your precious daughter, all right? And if you want to know, this morning I was there because I Was getting food. To eat!

MOLLY points a finger.

MOLLY

Erin told me otherwise.

TIM

Erin's a tiny fucking girl!

MOLLY lowers her finger, upset, but gathering her thoughts.

TIM

Now, let's focus on the matter at hand. We don't know what happened to John but he left his house. When was this?

MOLLY

Don't pretend that you give a fuck about him. You're glad he's dead.

TIM

Molly, you're overwhelmed. I ain't like that.

MOLLY paces around the trailer.

MOLLY

He wouldn't kill himself.

TIM

Was he mad? Upset?

MOLLY

He was about ready to murder you when he heard what Erin had to say about the fair.

TIM

John knew about that too?

MOLLY turns a suspicious eye.

MOLLY

I thought you didn't do anything.

TIM

That girl's going around spreading lies about me!

MOLLY

Erin doesn't lie! She told us both last night and then he left.

TIM appears to be genuinely worried.

TIM

And that led to his suicide? Is that why you thought it was your fault?

MOLLY

It's my fault that I let you near Erin.

(a beat)

(MORE)

MOLLY (cont'd)  
Also, I told you, he wouldn't kill himself.

TIM holds up hands up in defense.

TIM  
All right, all right.

MOLLY  
Also, where the hell were you last night?

TIM  
A bar, and then shopping this morning, like I told you.

MOLLY is in a daze, unsure of what to make of all this. Focus on MOLLY as she almost falls to the floor, but TIM hoists her up and brings her to the bathroom.

A minute passes as MOLLY tears up again. MOLLY forgets what happened with ERIN and just lets herself get lost in her emotions. TIM holds her and MOLLY doesn't resist.

MOLLY  
I ... might be overreacting.

TIM  
I'm sorry that I Wasn't home last night or this morning. But I'll make it up to you.

MOLLY  
I feel like I'm drowning.

MOLLY and TIM lock eyes with one another.

MOLLY  
Did you touch Erin?

TIM shakes his head.

TIM  
I didn't touch your daughter.

MOLLY embraces TIM as tears flow once more. Focus on the both of them as FADE TO:

A timelapse. We focus on MOLLY's face, lying down, emotionless. The background barely moves as days pass, sunshine moving into the trailer, while MOLLY does nothing.

Eventually, MOLLY does get to her feet in a haze and glide around the trailer, her hand moving through it like water, not sure what is real and what isn't real or much time has passed. Then, her reality hits her when:

The noise of multiple people walking through a hallway.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Erin. Erin!

EXT. A COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The doors open and a woman dragging ERIN descends and makes her way to a limousine. ERIN, barely resisting, has a blank expression on her face. MOLLY appears from the door a minute later. But the limousine is leaving. MOLLY runs to its side but it's too late.

Focus on MOLLY, who is dressed well, as she looks away into the distance. The limousine is gone. MOLLY lets out a huff and then turns around and walks the other way. FADE TO:

EXT. GRAVE - AFTERNOON

No audio. MOLLY and TIM are together. ERIN is with the other woman, at a distance. People pay their respects. Once everyone leaves, MOLLY throws one last flower down, and notices that ERIN is with the other woman waiting behind. MOLLY tries to go talk to ERIN but ERIN dodges her and goes to the grave.

MOLLY watches ERIN throw a bouquet and then leave with the other woman without acknowledging MOLLY.

MOLLY (V.O.)

It's like I don't exist.

INT. MOLLY'S VEHICLE - AFTERNOON

The two of them, dressed in black from the funeral, are going home.

MOLLY

Erin won't even look at me.

TIM

Kids.

MOLLY

I didn't even get to tell her how sorry I was for leaving her that night. And now she's with that ... woman. I mean, \*that's\* the person they thought would best look after

(MORE)

MOLLY (cont'd)

her?

TIM

It's what they thought was best.  
And by the way, ya gotta get this  
whole fair thing right with her.  
Your daughter is going to make me  
look like a predator.

MOLLY

First, I need to get custody of  
her, all right?

An uncomfortable pause between them. FADE TO:

EXT. A ROAD - NIGHT

It's dark. MOLLY is running along a road. Voices fill her head, from ERIN, from TIM, from DAN, from BRENDA even. They drown out the horn honks of the vehicles driving by.

MAN

Hey beautiful!

MOLLY looks around. There isn't another person around. MOLLY looks around once again before letting it go.

Further down the road, MOLLY notices a bright pair of headlights from the back. The lights get brighter as they approach MOLLY, who turns around to notice that it's a large tractor trailer driving recklessly. MOLLY waves but the driver doesn't notice.

MOLLY keeps an eye on the truck but as it approaches, she realizes the danger and in the last possible minute, leaps to the grass, barely avoiding an injury. As she lands in the brush, she watches the truck drive off, barely registering what had just happened. MOLLY mutters under her breath.

MOLLY gets on her feet and brushes herself off of weeds. As she gets back onto the road, her leg gets trapped in a thorny bush. MOLLY wiggles her way out but not before getting a large gash on her thighs. MOLLY lets out a weep of pain and falls to the grass again.

MOLLY holds her leg, filled with blood, and wails like a dying animal. Zoom out: impossible to tell the difference. MOLLY drags herself up to the road, gets on her feet, and holds out her thumb, determined to get home. We focus on MOLLY as many cars and trucks pass her by.

EXT. TIM'S TRAILER - MORNING

Quiet in the morning.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - MORNING

MOLLY props her leg up and unwraps the bandage. It's fresh and bloody, and MOLLY winces as she redresses her wound.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - MORNING

MOLLY is in the main area, limping, and relishes the alone time. MOLLY walks to the door and enjoys the sunrise and warmth.

Focus on MOLLY as mindfulness hits and all the noise drowns out. Her eyes are focused and is renewed with purpose.

TIMELAPSE as MOLLY finds all her needles and paraphernalia and dumps them into a plastic bag. MOLLY is thoroughly looking everywhere before finding all of it. One last look at it from inside the bag. Then:

EXT. TIM'S TRAILER - MORNING

From far away, a trail of embers emanates from a trash barrel. Zoom in and it's MOLLY as we look at her through the wisps, hugging herself. Zoom in and focus on her as her face appears to be enveloped by the wisps. A honk wakes her from the trance.

TIM's truck pulls up to the trailer. TIM hops out and immediately runs to the fire, looking at MOLLY, who looks to be meditating, and then back at the fire, and then to the bag in her hand.

MOLLY  
(dazed)  
Hello.

TIM  
What the fuck is this?

MOLLY  
This is something I probably  
needed to do a while ago.

TIM begins to realize what's happening.

MOLLY  
It's the right thing to do. It's  
time.



TIM

What are you burning? What the hell are you burning?

MOLLY

The drugs. Obviously.

TIM doesn't believe it and walks over to grab the bag from MOLLY. It's mostly empty but a few syringes fall out.

MOLLY

Don't worry. I know you hide more in the walls. You know, the good shit, right?

TIM

Are you insane?! You fucking whore!

TIM raises his hand to hit her but doesn't land. He pulls his arm back while MOLLY barely flinches.

MOLLY

You probably have thousands of dollars worth more in there. You'll be fine.

TIM grabs MOLLY by the shoulders and looks her directly in the face.

TIM

You good for nothing bitch. You're the one who wanted this in the first place. Don't you forget that.

MOLLY

Did you touch my daughter?

TIM, angry, releases her by forcefully pushing her away. MOLLY holds her ground. TIM walks away, to the other side of the barrel as they stare at each other across the way.

TIM

You know, do whatever you want to grieve. Bitch. Yell. Be a wimp. But don't touch my things. Number one rule.

MOLLY

Answer my question.

TIM

I already answered you. No. Molly,  
it's been a tough week, I know,  
but damn it Molly you bitch!

TIM points to the fire.

TIM

I got people who want this!

MOLLY

Not me.

TIM

It wasn't yours to burn!

MOLLY

Ever since I met you, my life has  
been nothing but miserable. Why is  
that?

TIM

No, Molly. That's where you're  
wrong.

TIM walks back to MOLLY and approaches her. He's lanky but imposing.

TIM

This ain't a Tim issue. This is a  
Molly issue. Always has been. This  
began with you.

Focus on MOLLY as TIM walks away in the background. A minute passes as MOLLY thinks before turning around and yelling.

MOLLY

If you touched my daughter...

TIM (V.O.)

Fuck off.

MOLLY

(turning back)  
... I'll kill you.

MOLLY drops the bag onto the ground and everything falls out. Zoom in on the bag, then on MOLLY, then:

INT. GROCERY - NIGHT

MOLLY walks through the market. Her basket is full of junk food. As she waits on line, EILEEN is besides her. MOLLY offers a hello but EILEEN just waves weakly.

EILEEN's line moves forward and then EILEEN disappears into the front. MOLLY looks forward, having more to go.

LATER

In the parking lot MOLLY looks for EILEEN after her car is packed. EILEEN is nowhere to be found. Zoom out as MOLLY looks for her.

FADE IN background noise of a judge about to make a verdict.

JUDGE (V.O.)  
Order. We will have order.

INT. A FOYER - AFTERNOON

MOLLY is by herself on a bench, looking across the hallway. A door opens. ERIN walks out followed by the woman. ERIN and MOLLY lock eyes and ERIN turns away, being led down a hallway. Focus on MOLLY, who stands up and pursues them.

JUDGE (V.O.)  
The following will be effective  
immediately.

(no audio, over the judge's voice) MOLLY grabs ERIN but is given a warning by the woman. MOLLY turns her back to her to face ERIN. Focus on ERIN, who looks upset and doesn't look at her mother.

JUDGE (V.O.)  
Because Erin Kingsley's biological  
mother has been declared unfit to  
take care of her daughter, a new  
guardian will be appointed.

(no audio, over the judge's voice) MOLLY tries to get through to ERIN, but ERIN won't talk, a tear flowing down. The woman interferes and pushes her away but ERIN puts a hand up. ERIN points to a room nearby. MOLLY nods. The woman looks upset.

JUDGE (V.O.)  
The estate of John Kingsley will  
be determined at a future date.

The gavel hits as MOLLY closes the door.

INT. A ROOM - AFTERNOON

MOLLY draws the blinds as ERIN leans against a board, arms folded.

MOLLY  
What happened? Did they assign you  
a family?

ERIN  
Technically, we shouldn't be  
talking.

MOLLY  
(draws the last  
blind)  
I'm your mother.

MOLLY turns around and approaches ERIN, looking down upon her daughter from above, and then gets to her knees and looks at her directly.

MOLLY  
Erin, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
Please.

ERIN  
Too late. I have a nice family  
now.  
(staring right at  
MOLLY)  
And they have my back.

MOLLY  
I already told you I'm sorry,  
baby. Please forgive me. I love  
you.

ERIN  
It...

A beat.

ERIN  
It doesn't matter. It's too late  
now.

MOLLY  
I'm sober now, Erin. I'll look  
after you. I'll be a good mother.  
Remember all those times we talked  
on the phone?

ERIN  
What about Tim?

MOLLY  
He's...

MOLLY remembers his rage, his TV habits, his times getting high, and then:

MOLLY  
It's a work in progress.

ERIN pushes MOLLY away with brute force, knocking MOLLY onto her behind. Now ERIN towers over MOLLY.

MOLLY  
Erin!

ERIN  
I told you what happened. And you don't believe me.

MOLLY  
I believe you, Erin.

ERIN  
Tim probably killed Dad. Isn't that enough?

MOLLY gets to her feet, furious, and points her finger from above again at ERIN.

MOLLY  
You don't go around telling tales like that. There's no proof. He killed himself.

ERIN  
It doesn't matter, Mom. Why is Tim around?

A left turn question. It's a question MOLLY has asked herself many times. MOLLY is almost ashamed to answer.

ERIN  
You're afraid.

MOLLY  
Tim is Tim. Erin, I'm different. I'm sober now. I'm here. Live with me. Just mother and daughter.

ERIN

I don't believe you. I'm leaving.

ERIN walks to the door. MOLLY gets to the door first and holds it. ERIN doesn't try to get past her and almost resigns herself.

ERIN

I miss Dad.

MOLLY goes for a hug. ERIN doesn't resist.

MOLLY

Me too.

A beat.

ERIN

I thought you would have my back.

MOLLY

It's all my fault. But I'll make it up to you.

ERIN

I've heard that before.

ERIN releases herself from the hug.

ERIN

You know I'm right about him.

MOLLY

But...

ERIN

Mom, open your eyes!

A beat. ERIN steps away and shakes her head.

ERIN

Just look after yourself. Bye.

ERIN leaves. MOLLY drops to a seat, overwhelmed. Focus on her face as it morphs into 2016.

INT. WILLIAMS HOME - GUEST ROOM - MORNING

Pull focus from MOLLY.

"2016."

MOLLY

Erin is alive.

JIM

We're talking about \*the\* Erin,  
right? The one that you've told me  
about daily? The dead one?

MOLLY nods.

JIM

What about the fire? Didn't you  
see her body?

MOLLY

Yes.

MOLLY picks up a journal.

JIM

Then what is all this? A hoax?

MOLLY

No. This is her journal.

JIM

Then you've been lying, is that  
it, Mom?

MOLLY

No, I'm not lying.

JIM is frustrated.

JIM

\*One\* of them has to be true.

MOLLY

Why aren't both able to be true?

A realization slowly dawns on JIM. He backs away from the  
box.

JIM

I know what's happening. This is  
insane. This is what Dan was  
talking about. You've gone mad.

MOLLY

No.

JIM

All right, we gotta go. This family is nuts. Let's go, put the journal down.

At this instance, CLAUDETTE walks in, offering a greeting.

MOLLY

Hi, dear.

CLAUDETTE

(to JIM)

This is all weird, right?

JIM

What's going on here? Who are you really?

MOLLY

Her husband is Max. Max knew Erin.

JIM

As a kid?

CLAUDETTE

No. They were in their late 20s, I think. I know this is a lot, but trust me, I didn't know this yesterday either. I just thought I was doing the right thing and then it unraveled all this.

JIM, getting frustrated, puts his foot down.

JIM

Mom, Erin died in 1980. How is it possible that Erin grew up to be 20?

CLAUDETTE

I don't know, Jim.

JIM holds a hand up.

JIM

(not looking)

I'm talking to my mother here.

MOLLY

Jim!

This quiets JIM immediately.



MOLLY

This very nice woman housed me,  
was nothing but kind to me, and  
this is how you treat her?

JIM

This is all absurd!

MOLLY

I don't disagree, Jim, but ...

JIM

Mom, you were at the funeral.  
Right?

MOLLY turns to face away while JIM and CLAUDETTE are blurred  
in the background. A flash to a funeral. MOLLY appears in  
her 1980 form. A tear drops at the grave.

MOLLY

Yes.

JIM

Let's back up.  
(to CLAUDETTE only)  
How'd you find my mom?

CLAUDETTE

In the journal. Molly is holding  
it.

MOLLY offers the journal to JIM, who takes it and flips  
through it. Handwriting is messy. ERIN writes about typical  
girl things. Once he's done he turns to the front flap. An  
address.

JIM

That's the North Hill address.  
Where I grew up.

CLAUDETTE

The person living there didn't  
know you, so I had to do a lot of  
asking around the trailer park. It  
took me to the other side of town.

JIM

And you found her nice house.

MOLLY  
(bursting out,  
angry)  
Jim! Why won't you let me have  
hope?

MOLLY grabs JIM with surprising strength, making JIM open  
his eyes wide.

MOLLY  
Just listen!

JIM  
It's not about hope.

MOLLY furrows her brow.

MOLLY  
Just... listen to what Claudette  
has to tell us. Please.

A beat. MOLLY releases JIM and returns to the box, in her  
own mind. Focus on JIM, a bit disoriented. CLAUDETTE is  
looking away, down at her feet.

JIM  
I'm sorry for distracting you.  
We're listening. Why are you  
helping?

CLAUDETTE  
It was my duty.

JIM  
To tell my mom about Erin? But why  
now?

CLAUDETTE  
Because this journal dropped out  
of a box yesterday. And action  
needed to be taken because Max had  
forgotten about it.

MOLLY  
And it led her to Minot.

JIM  
What made Erin so special that you  
drove 7 hours to find my mom?

CLAUDETTE  
Because we had forgotten about  
Erin after she went missing.

A beat.

MOLLY

Missing?

CLAUDETTE

Maybe missing isn't the right word. Max will explain better, but from my understanding, she left in the late 1990s. And then we never saw her again. And don't her parents deserve to know?

MOLLY nods but is now upset over this development.

MOLLY

He should have told us back then.

CLAUDETTE

We didn't know where to begin. But somebody had to do something. And this was the opportunity.

(to MOLLY only)

Watching you realize your daughter had even made it to 28, that look, that's why this is happening. It was the right thing.

JIM jumps in.

JIM

How do you know she's 'missing?'

CLAUDETTE

A hunch. Max said that girl was nothing but trouble.

JIM

Maybe Erin just moved on.

CLAUDETTE

Maybe. But anyway, it was worth telling Molly.

A pause. MOLLY puts things together.

MOLLY

Max didn't see eye to eye with you.

CLAUDETTE

Old wounds. But it's mostly 'Erin was a grown woman. Erin is fine. Forget Erin.' The fight was bad,  
(MORE)

CLAUDETTE (cont'd)  
but he went to Minneapolis on  
Friday to vent. He'll get over it.

MOLLY  
Minneapolis?

CLAUDETTE  
He'll tell you all about it.

MOLLY digs through the box, JIM paces, and CLAUDETTE leans  
on the doorframe. JIM tries to piece all of it together.

MOLLY  
We have questions for him.

JIM  
It's been...  
(mental math)  
18? Years. Let's just assume Erin  
is alive. I assume you found my  
mom because you had an idea of  
where Erin is.

MOLLY  
No, Jim. It was just the right  
thing to do.

JIM  
(ignoring MOLLY)  
Claudette?

CLAUDETTE  
Your mom is right. When I knocked  
on her door, I just thought I  
needed to tell her. But when she  
looked shocked to know that Erin  
had been alive with Max, I had to  
bring her back here.

A beat.

CLAUDETTE  
After we left the gas station I  
was just thinking... what the hell  
am I doing?

MOLLY turns her attention away from the box, hearing  
CLAUDETTE's voice. MOLLY walks over and gives her a hug.

MOLLY  
You brought Erin back to me.

JIM

Where is she, though? Is she alive? I mean, even if she was alive like you said, is she alive now?

MOLLY

That's what we're trying to figure out.

The front door opens. CLAUDETTE taps MOLLY, who then lets go of the hug and gestures downstairs.

It's just MOLLY and JIM now. The two of them exchange looks and neither of them begin. But JIM jumps in first.

JIM

Mom, this is nuts.

MOLLY

I'm sorry I didn't tell you what was going on. I know you were worried.

JIM

No shit, Mom. I was worried as hell.

MOLLY

Now do you get why I was focused and didn't want any distractions?

JIM

Mom, listen...

JIM walks to MOLLY, who appears a bit overwhelmed and lost in her own mind.

JIM

I'm not taking away hope, but I'm also being realistic. What's the end goal here?

MOLLY

To find Erin.

JIM

And we're just taking this news as fact now? Just like that?

MOLLY

Jim, you think I have all the answers. I don't have all the answers. But I have faith. Let's

(MORE)

MOLLY (cont'd)  
just... go with it.

MOLLY smiles and gestures downstairs.

MOLLY  
Let's go downstairs.

Focus on JIM as MOLLY leaves the room. JIM stands alone, in the guest room of a house of a family he didn't know until now, which is now forever tied to his.

JIM hears voices downstairs. Before he leaves, he takes one last look at the box. It looks like every picture is moving, full of life. He rubs his eyes. It looked like Erin, grown up, there was no doubt. JIM looks, wistful, perhaps sad even.

INT. WILLIAMS HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Downstairs, JIM finds a man he doesn't recognize. He then hears a voice he does recognize.

KELLY  
... worried about you.

In the other end of the room, JIM finds KELLY and MOLLY talking with each other. JIM stands there, folding his arms. KELLY notices and beams.

KELLY  
(pointing at MOLLY)  
Here's your mom!

Meanwhile, CLAUDETTE appears from the kitchen with a bottle of water. Her eyes dart between JIM, KELLY, and the unknown man.

CLAUDETTE  
(pointing to the  
man)  
Jim, that's Max.

JIM receives the bottle of water. JIM and MAX exchange nods.

CLAUDETTE  
Jim, I'm told that you know this  
young lady here?

MAX  
I found her outside, and she told  
me that she knew Claudette and she  
was looking for a Molly.

MOLLY

Yes, that's me. This is my live-in assistant.

KELLY

I help her remember things.

(to MOLLY)

We drove here from Minot looking for you, Mrs. Kingsley.

MAX

Why were you outside?

KELLY and JIM exchange nasty looks, but KELLY answers first.

KELLY

He wanted me outside. Ask him.

MAX

(to JIM)

And who are you?

JIM

Jim. Molly's son.

MAX

How did you find us?

KELLY and JIM are both about to answer but first...

MAX

(to MOLLY)

Wait. Kingsley. You're ...

(a beat)

... Erin's mother.

MOLLY nods. MAX turns to CLAUDETTE and gives an angry look.

CLAUDETTE

It was the right thing to do.

MAX

You just won't leave it alone. Now we got a family reunion here.

MAX walks past everyone and goes upstairs. There's an awkward silence that follows.

MOLLY

He'll know more about Erin.

JIM  
Mom, give him a minute. He just  
got back.

CLAUDETTE  
Let me go talk with him.

KELLY  
He looks pissed.

CLAUDETTE quietly goes upstairs. JIM, MOLLY, and KELLY look at each other. The three of them are in the wrong house at the wrong time. MOLLY makes her way upstairs. JIM rushes over and grabs her arm.

JIM  
What are you doing?

MOLLY  
I'm just getting the box of Erin's  
things to show Kelly. All right?

A beat. JIM releases MOLLY, who then goes upstairs. KELLY looks baffled.

KELLY  
Erin's things?

JIM  
What happened to let me talk first  
and you wait outside?

KELLY  
(animated)  
Wanted to get things moving. In  
the police, gotta move things  
along, let's go. You're the one  
that wanted to get this over with.

JIM  
Things are different now.

KELLY bears a grin and points at JIM.

KELLY  
\*Told\* you it wasn't going to be  
that easy.

JIM  
It's like Maury.



KELLY

Hold up. Is this juicy family history?

JIM

It's looking to be that way.

KELLY

Does it involve a paternity test?

On a serious note now...

JIM

Kelly, that really *\*is\** Erin's things upstairs.

KELLY

Why do they have Erin's things as a kid?

Noise from upstairs. In one room, a bit of talking, maybe arguing. In the guest room, MOLLY is fumbling around with the box. They both stare upstairs.

KELLY

That's why Mrs. Kingsley is here. This is all weird.

JIM

That's not the weirdest part, though. That box is full of Erin's things from when she was 28. Or around that age.

A beat. KELLY looks doubtful.

KELLY

No way. They're playing you.

JIM

That was my first thought. But it looks real. Molly says that's her journal. Everything looks.. authentic.

KELLY thinks.

KELLY

If that's real, then damn, things are different.

JIM

You get why it's not as easy as  
just taking her back to Minot now.

MOLLY appears at the top, now descending with the box. KELLY helps her.

KELLY

Mrs. Kingsley, is this really from  
Erin?

KELLY takes the box. MOLLY exhales and then:

MOLLY

Yes, dear.

KELLY takes the box and brings it to the living room table, plopping it down.

KELLY

And this is Erin from... recently?

MOLLY

It was from almost 20 years ago.  
Erin would have been...

MOLLY takes a look at JIM and KELLY, both waiting for an answer.

MOLLY

Well, Erin would be about your  
age, you two. Almost 30. How odd.

KELLY

But Erin died in a fire.

MOLLY doesn't answer but instead, internally, her thoughts are forming, like she is trying to resolve this herself.

JIM

Erin would be ... 45... 46. My 46  
year old sister, that is a weird  
thought.

KELLY

Yeah, you probably needed one of  
those in your life.

JIM

All right, now you're getting too  
comfortable insulting me.

MOLLY gasps. A beat. KELLY and JIM rush over to her. It's like MOLLY is having a vision as she sits herself down, KELLY assisting. JIM, next to her, holds her hand. MOLLY insists that she's fine.

MOLLY  
My memory is failing me.

KELLY  
Mrs. Kingsley, you told me that  
your daughter Erin died in a fire  
in 1980. What else do you  
remember?

MOLLY  
I buried her. I saw her body.  
Pieces of her dress.

KELLY and JIM exchange worried looks.

MOLLY  
But honestly, it was all fuzzy  
until the very day that Jim  
arrived.

MOLLY beams, looking at JIM.

MOLLY  
It had been a rough few years. But  
when you arrived on my doorstep,  
things just got better. We fed  
you, loved you, it was what we  
needed.

KELLY  
That would be Joe?

MOLLY  
Yes. A good man.

A beat.

MOLLY  
But before that... John had died.  
Erin was making trouble. I had a  
breakdown. Dan helped me. But it  
wasn't good.

KELLY  
Dan mentioned Tim. Did you know  
him?

MOLLY's eyes glaze over and her eyes dart back and forth, looking for enemies.

MOLLY

Is he here? This is why we have to find Erin. To protect her from Tim.

MOLLY grabs JIM.

MOLLY

Jim, promise me that you will find her. Erin is all alone. It's because her mother failed her. If they take me away, promise me you'll find her.

JIM

Who's taking you away from here, Mom?

MOLLY doesn't respond but looks away, distracted again, pulling the box to her. KELLY takes over.

KELLY

Mrs. Kingsley, Jim will do his best.

MOLLY

That's what I want to hear.

KELLY

Will you tell me more about Erin?

MOLLY

Erin was my light. I did everything for her. I tried to. Erin wasn't the most well behaved.

The background noise fades to a muffle. To JIM, the box glows, He peeks inside and it looks like a matchbook is bursting into flames. Another look, and it's just a normal matchbook.

JIM finds a Polaroid. It's at a fair. A merry go round is in the background, and it begins to move. Zoom in, an eerie feeling taking over. The focus of the picture is MOLLY, ERIN, and two other people. Focus back to JIM and then to the picture. An unsettling vibe. Then:

EXT. TRUCK YARD - NIGHT

Two figures, in a truck yard, walk down the middle at a brisk pace.

"1998."

The figure in the front, ERIN, with her bags, is leading while the figure in the back, MAX, is pursuing.

MAX  
What's the rush?

ERIN  
Just want to get going.

MAX  
Again, I'm offering my place.  
Until you get on your feet.

ERIN  
Very forward, aren't you?

ERIN finds herself at the end of the yard, looking both ways and finding a motel at one end.

ERIN  
Thanks for the lift.

MAX jogs up to ERIN. ERIN immediately looks away.

MAX  
Not gonna bite.

ERIN  
My trust levels are, you know,  
very low right now.

MAX  
I understand. I just want to know  
you're going to be okay by  
yourself.

ERIN  
Yes, and I don't need a babysitter  
right now.

A beat, as MAX backs up the other way into the parking lot.

MAX  
Fine, have it your way, Erin. But  
eventually, in your life, you're  
going to need to take help.

ERIN

That's what everyone tells each other. And then they end up getting kicked around.

MAX

Not me.

MAX turns around and leaves. ERIN walks to the motel. They are framed on opposite ends. ERIN looks at her wallet. MAX peeks to look if ERIN has reconsidered but then keeps walking. ERIN, after thought, talks facing the opposite direction:

ERIN

Why are you helping me?

MAX

It's the decent thing to do for an old friend.

ERIN

But it's been ages.

MAX

And?

ERIN

Haven't you forgotten about me?

MAX

No.

A beat.

ERIN

If there's more than just being friendly, I'm going to kill you.

Focus on ERIN, looking at her wallet, finding the \$20 only.

ERIN

I will kill you.

MAX

Heard.

ERIN

Then what are you waiting for?

MAX

For you to be ready.

Zoom out as ERIN walks to find MAX. ERIN walks right past him to the parking lot. FADE TO:

EXT. MAX'S VAN - NIGHT

The darkness of the road encompasses the van as it drives through rural areas. No other vehicles pass.

EXT. A HOME - NIGHT

ERIN and MAX walk to the front door of a home.

ERIN  
Nice place. Trucker income gets  
you this?

MAX  
It's all right.

MAX opens the front door. ERIN walks right past him and explores. MAX emptily gestures for her to go in and then follows.

INT. WILLIAMS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ERIN looks around in awe. MAX grins as he turns on the lights. The home is modest.

ERIN  
Your mom home?

MAX  
Very funny.

ERIN  
It's all yours?

MAX  
Actually, it was my folks' place.  
But when they died, my sister and  
I took it over. Laura moved away.

ERIN looks around the living room, at the family photos.

ERIN  
Nice family.

MAX  
Thanks.

ERIN  
Even if my mom had money, she  
wouldn't pass it down.

A beat.

MAX

Take the bedroom. I'll take the  
living room.

ERIN

No, I'll be fine here.

ERIN takes refuge on the sofa and drops her bag onto the  
floor.

MAX

You've had a long night.

ERIN holds her hand up.

MAX

... right, no babysitting. At  
least let me get you blankets.  
That all right, my queen?

ERIN

If you want me to be warm, then  
yes.

MAX rolls his eyes and walks upstairs. Once MAX has left,  
ERIN empties out her bag onto the floor and then looks for  
the door, measuring out how long it would take to get to the  
exit.

ERIN inspects once more for red flags around the living room  
but finds none. Focus on ERIN as she rests on the sofa  
again, appearing to finally relax.

ERIN has fallen asleep by the time MAX has descended with  
the blankets. MAX then wraps ERIN in one of them and turns  
off all the lights. Focus on ERIN, finally getting a good  
night of rest. FADE TO:

EXT. WILLIAMS HOME - MORNING

The sun rises and shines light on the home.

INT. WILLIAMS HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Awake. ERIN wakes up violently and gets to her feet, looking  
in both directions, tossing blankets all over the floor. The  
lights are off.

ERIN, realizing no danger is around, then plops back down. A  
migraine.



MAN (V.O.)

Erin?

ERIN turns around and notices a man, about her age, that looked exactly like her.

ERIN

Who are you?

MAN

It really is you.

A beat. An eerie vibe. Then:

MAX (V.O.)

You're awake.

ERIN turns back around and notices that MAX is in the kitchen, looking baffled.

MAX

Who you talking to?

ERIN

Who's that?

ERIN turns around to tell MAX but the man is not there anymore.

MAX

Who's who?

ERIN

Never mind. He looked exactly like me.

MAX

You need coffee, and I'll make you a pot.

ERIN gets to her feet and makes her way to the kitchen.

ERIN

I'll make it. What you got?

MAX

No, no, you're the guest. I'll make it.

ERIN bumps her way past MAX and looks around the kitchen, ignoring him.

MAX  
Orrrrrr you'll make it. The  
machine's over there. Filters...

ERIN  
I'll figure it out.

MAX  
(turns to face  
ERIN)  
Independent woman. I like it.

ERIN  
Please.

MAX watches ERIN go through the routine. ERIN doesn't miss a beat.

ERIN  
Until I get a job. Then I'll  
leave.

MAX  
That's not what I was going to  
talk to you about.

ERIN  
But you thought it. Gotta be  
useful in the meantime.

MAX  
Erin, you don't have to be  
'useful.'

ERIN  
Are you going to help me find a  
job or not? Otherwise, I'll just  
help myself.

MAX  
Yes.

MAX facepalms.

MAX  
All right, all right. Look, after  
breakfast, we'll go into town.  
There's plenty of jobs there.

ERIN gets the pot dripping.

ERIN  
You got off today?

MAX

Actually, yes. You found me at a good time.

ERIN

(eyebrow raised)

Real good timing there.

MAX

This wasn't part of a grand plan. Just good luck.

ERIN leans back onto the fridge and watches the pot. Focus on ERIN through the pot as it makes noise.

ERIN

Anything's better than Grand Forks. Even if it is this dingy kitchen from 1950.

MAX

(shaking his head)

My parents did not have great taste.

ERIN

It's still an improvement from Minot.

A beat. MAX leans in.

MAX

If you don't mind me asking, what happened? Why were you on the run?

ERIN

I do mind.

MAX

All righty then, well, what was your previous job? We'll work with that.

An unease brews in ERIN as we focus on her. Then:

ERIN

Fine. Bad relationship. Happy?

MAX

Is it over?

ERIN

It's...

A flashback, now inside the house, being thrown around the house, without words, ERIN looking like an abused puppy, MARTY looking like an abusive pet owner.

ERIN

... yeah.

MAX

Don't have to worry about any  
jealous exes following you across  
Minnesota?

ERIN

No.

MAX

Good. Now, job history?

ERIN paces around the kitchen. MAX cautiously watches her.

ERIN

I didn't have a job there. His pop  
was loaded. We were fine.

MAX

Then boy, do I have the job for  
you!

EXT. A GROCERY - AFTERNOON

ERIN and MAX look upon the glass facade, grocers entering and leaving. Their reflection portrays a grumpy ERIN and an excited MAX about to explain, but then without warning, ERIN turns around and leaves.

ERIN (V.O.)

I hate you.

EXT. ST. CLOUD DOWNTOWN - AFTERNOON

Once again, ERIN is walking away and being pursued by MAX.

ERIN

I'm not bagging anybody's  
groceries.

MAX

It's a decent wage. And I know the  
person there, too. They'll hire  
you today.

ERIN  
(incredulously)  
Are you friends with everyone in town?

MAX  
When you're friendly, Erin, people are friendly back.

ERIN keeps retreating, feeling the looks of everybody who are eyeing her like an alien. The audio goes quieter and then ERIN turns around to face MAX directly.

ERIN  
What's everybody's problem here?

MAX  
You gotta take it easy, Erin.

ERIN  
Does everyone around here bag groceries or pump gas or what?

MAX  
Don't even joke. If you want, we'll get you pumping this afternoon.

ERIN notices people keep looking at the two of them. ERIN throws her arms up. "Got a problem?" MAX puts her arms down.

ERIN  
I need space, time, to think about it.  
(holds her hands out)  
Please.

MAX  
All right. An hour? Back at the parking lot.

ERIN  
Fine.

Focus on ERIN, watching MAX walk away as he greets more people. Fade in light music.

ERIN walks around town, avoiding people's paths and walking briskly, pulling down wanted ads. ERIN looks lost in this weird land.

INT. FURNITURE SHOP - AFTERNOON

ERIN walks into a furniture shop, browsing tables and other accessories. ERIN looks at one table and rocks it. A flash to ERIN being thrown against a table. ERIN rocks it again, and then once more, but it won't budge.

On the way to the exit, ERIN notices the wanted ad phone numbers are all gone.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - AFTERNOON

ERIN walks through shops on the main street, emerging emptyhanded. Eventually, with a resigned expression on her face, ERIN plops herself on a bench and watches a young mother feed her daughter a pretzel.

A flashback to the merry go round at the fair. ERIN, at the top of the wheel with TIM, looking down and not finding her mother, then back at TIM, who looks like the devil. TIM raises his fingers to his lip.

Back to present. Focus on ERIN as audio is quiet.

EXT. A ROAD - AFTERNOON

From the distance, a woman walks alone. It's ERIN.

Many vehicles are honking their horns. Around the bend, a van appears, driving deliberately. It's MAX, looking for ERIN. ERIN notices and tries to walk away. The van pulls over while the other vehicles pass.

ERIN is a few feet ahead as MAX exits the van.

MAX

Hey! Where you going?

EXT. LAKE GEORGE PARK - AFTERNOON

ERIN makes her way around the lake, passing many people. MAX pursues, yelling for her, and eventually grabs her. ERIN furiously throws him off and he hits the ground.

MAX

Whoa whoa, what happened, Erin?

ERIN looks at MAX, fury boiling, and then looks around as more people are gathering to find out what happened. ERIN tells them to leave, and they disperse. MAX has gotten to his feet. ERIN feels the fury dissipating.

ERIN

Don't touch me.

MAX

I get the picture. You don't want my help. You don't want anyone's help.

MAX dusts himself off.

MAX

I'm done with you too. Get your things from the house and then you're gone.

A beat. More people walk by, not looking this time. MAX begins to walk back. ERIN doesn't move. MAX notices, incredulous, and holds his arms up. A minute passes.

MAX

Now what is it?

ERIN

It's not worth it. I'm doing a favor for you by leaving.

MAX

What are you talking about?

ERIN

You think I'm not worth it, either.

ERIN expects MAX to deliver a long diatribe about esteem and braces herself.

MAX

Erin, you have to get over this idea that you're not worth it. I don't know what Marty brainwashed you into thinking, but this is Max. Not Marty.

MAX walks forward, arms out. ERIN instinctively backs up. MAX moves forward again, not aggressively, but gently. ERIN backs up, but less now. MAX then asks for permission to hug with his eyes. ERIN reluctantly nods. They embrace.

ERIN

Max?

MAX

Max.

ERIN breaks the hug.

ERIN

Erin.

MAX

Now we're talking.

ERIN

I didn't find anything I liked. I  
guess I'll bag.

MAX and ERIN turn around and walk back around the lake to  
the van.

MAX (V.O.)

You really don't want to pump gas?  
It's fun.

ERIN (V.O.)

Does that mean I have to fill your  
tanker up?

MAX turns to ERIN and prods her.

MAX (V.O.)

Definitely.

ERIN nudges back but with greater force. MAX almost gets off  
balance.

ERIN (V.O.)

It's bagging then. But aren't you  
kicking me out?

MAX (V.O.)

Meh, let's move on. We're getting  
you a job at the grocery!

ERIN (V.O.)

Hooray.

Zoom out and the two of them blend into the group of people.  
FADE TO:

INT. GROCERY - MORNING

No audio. ERIN, in a blue uniform, is bagging things. Two  
women on line talk among themselves nearby, looking at ERIN.  
ERIN ignores them.

When the two women get to the front of the line, they look  
like they have many things to ask.



WOMAN  
You're Erin Kingsley.

ERIN, blank expression, nods.

ERIN  
You are?

WOMAN  
(to WOMAN 2)  
Erin doesn't remember us.

WOMAN 2  
We were in your graduating class  
of 1998. You know, the one you  
didn't go to.

ERIN bags with added fire in her eyes.

ERIN  
That was years ago.

WOMAN 2  
Life didn't work out for you in  
North Dakota?

WOMAN  
Wasn't it in Minnesota?

WOMAN 2  
Does it matter?

A beat. ERIN holds her breath, not wanting to make things worse.

WOMAN 2  
Did you get bored of the house  
that Mommy bought you to live in  
after graduating? Is that why  
you're back?

ERIN raises her finger and leaves the non bagged groceries out. She marches out as we follow her, angry, and take in her emotions as she lights up a cigarette and takes a drag in the alley.

Another bagger timidly walks up to ERIN and waves hello. ERIN nods.

BAGGER  
They need you back.

Focus on ERIN, who tosses the butt out and walks out of the alley.

EXT. WILLIAMS HOME - NIGHT

The lights are out in the home.

INT. WILLIAMS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Peek in on ERIN, who is dialing a number. A ring on the other end, but ERIN disconnects before anyone talks.

ERIN repeats this twice more. On the third round, ERIN lets the other person talk. It's a distorted voice. But it's immediately recognizable.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Erin. Don't hang up.

ERIN replaces the receiver without hesitation, her hand trembling like it was going through hypothermia. A bizarre grin forms on her face.

A view from the burners. ERIN approaches and turns on the burners. A flame appears, ERIN places her hand over the flame. Music plays, a Pink Floyd piece. ERIN grimaces but looks eerily happy.

"END OF EPISODE 1.04"

FADE OUT.