

MINOT, ND (EPISODE 1.06)

by

V.C.

FADE IN:

EXT. WILLIAMS HOME - AFTERNOON

"EPISODE 1.06: THE SON AND HIS FRIENDS"

The WILLIAMS home is quiet for now.

"2016."

Move in through the front door.

INT. WILLIAMS HOME - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

MAX and CLAUDETTE take the stairs down, MAX walking ahead and directly to the kitchen while CLAUDETTE takes her time. KELLY appears from out of frame on the right, looking to ask questions. Move slowly up the stairs as they talk, KELLY and CLAUDETTE leaving the frame inch by inch.

KELLY

Heard a lot of loud... talking.

CLAUDETTE

We had to get everyone on the same page. Molly keeps doubting herself.

KELLY

And what page are we talking here?

CLAUDETTE

About Molly's daughter, Erin. We had to convince her that Erin was here many years ago, as an adult.

KELLY

(hushed)

That's true then?

CLAUDETTE

Oh, yes, she probably told you about the fire, many years ago. The poor woman, that's why I had to bring her to see for herself. That she was alive and well here.

KELLY

Now I don't know what to think.

They both look upstairs. The two of them are now out of frame as the focus moves there, up one by one. The voices grow louder from upstairs and diminish downstairs ...

CLAUDETTE (V.O.)
Jim and Molly, they need time to talk. It's a lot to process.

KELLY (V.O.)
Poor Mrs. Kingsley.

Move to the top of the stairs and then into the guest bedroom.

INT. WILLIAMS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

MOLLY is at the desk flipping through the postcards while JIM paces around the room.

MOLLY
Will you stop moving, please? It's making me dizzy.

JIM
Are we really going to look for Erin now?

MOLLY
Yes. We'll start here with the address.

JIM stops pacing.

JIM
And if that's a dead end?

MOLLY
It doesn't matter. It's a mother's duty to protect her daughter. I failed her before, and now I have to find her.

MOLLY gathers the postcards and bunches them up.

JIM
Why didn't you tell me any of these details before?

MOLLY
Would you have listened? All you did was push me away.

JIM
(offended)

That's not true. I did not push
you away. But after your moping
all day, it got old, all right?!

MOLLY

Exactly. You didn't want to hear
more. And I don't blame you, Jim,
I don't. I wanted to protect you
from all of this. Don't you
remember on 9/11? You probably
don't.

(fidgets with the
postcards)

You didn't look at any TVs that
day.

Focus on JIM. A flash to young JIM and younger MOLLY at the
rest area, being led away by MOLLY. Back to the present,
focusing on JIM.

MOLLY

I didn't protect Erin. But I
protected you, right?

A beat.

JIM

What do you mean, you failed her?

MOLLY's eyes glaze over again as she travels away to the
past in her mind.

MOLLY

There was no way that Erin would
be alive in 1998.

MOLLY pauses, thinking, weighing her options.

MOLLY

The police... knocked on my door?
But I didn't believe them. Erin
was dead.

JIM

The police? When was this again?

MOLLY

1998.

JIM

Then this was way after 1980. What did they tell you?

MOLLY is hesitant to answer, but whispers her response.

MOLLY

Erin was dead.

JIM

Hold on. Are you mixing up time periods again?

MOLLY

(shaking her head)

No, it's not like that.

JIM

Then tell me why would they tell you again, a thing you already knew, 18 years later?

(a beat)

Unless that means that Erin was alive then?

MOLLY

They tried to tell me. I think. I'm not sure anymore. But then they left me alone. I was... emotional.

JIM is uncertain what to make of this. He slows his pace down.

JIM

And you're positive this happened?
It's been 18 years.

MOLLY

(insistent)

Yes.

MOLLY turns away, tears dropping, and drops the postcards back in the box. MOLLY feels incredibly ashamed.

MOLLY

I... didn't know what was real.

JIM

But what if they had new information?

A pause.

MOLLY
(meandering)

Oh, but Jim, they felt pity for me. They knew a grieving mother was the worst person to tell. They thought it was dementia. But... Erin had been dead. How was Erin dead again?

MOLLY and JIM are facing each other now.

JIM
It's not... really your fault, Mom.

MOLLY
But... a mother doesn't give up on her daughter.

JIM
That's why you always thought Erin wasn't dead.

MOLLY
There was a fire, Jim, in a trailer. Erin's body was there.

A flash to a grieving younger MOLLY, black with ash and fire everywhere, being restrained by firefighters as yells echo.

MOLLY (V.O.)
It was the end. But then it wasn't.

Back to the present. MOLLY is lost in a daze.

JIM
Mom, you needed to tell me these things about Erin. It would have taken a load off of you and it would have helped us understand.

MOLLY laughs, a first in a while, and then they hug. It's a hug that they haven't had in a while.

MOLLY
What would your mother do without you? When you arrived on my doorstep, it really was a miracle.
(a beat)
And to have a little boy that actually looked like a Kingsley.

Focus on JIM. He is full of uncertainty.

MOLLY

Whoever dropped you on my doorstep
in 1988 really made a mistake.

JIM

Let's focus. We're going with the
"Erin is alive" theory, right?

MOLLY nods, finally breaking the hug and letting JIM
breathe.

JIM

Now think, do you remember
anything else the police told you
in 1998 before they left?

MOLLY walks back to the desk, looking back at the photos.

MOLLY

Whatever you find, you have to
promise not to judge me.

JIM

Mom?

MOLLY

People kept trying to push me back
on track. But it didn't work.

MOLLY turns around and exposes her forearms. It's full of
piercings and bruises.

MOLLY

In the end, I was trying to give
you a better life. You and Erin.
But I was weak. Forgive me.

MOLLY breaks down onto the floor and JIM rushes over to grab
her, leaning against the wall to hold her.

MOLLY

What if the police knew about Erin
then but I drove them away? And
what if they never return?

MOLLY shivers, an echo of a past pain.

JIM

We'll find her. You'll remember as
we go along.

MOLLY
Erin is fading away.
(a beat)
When Claudette knocked on the
door, I had to go.

JIM
To help you remember.

MOLLY nods.

JIM
(repeats)
We'll find her.

Focus on MOLLY, in JIM's arms, and push in. MOLLY looks very old and weary, like a generation of guilt has made her exhausted.

A flash to a younger MOLLY, and TIM holding her as MOLLY almost ODs. TIM looked empathetic, almost. Flashes of anguish. Then we're swooped back to the present, and MOLLY feels this pain again. MOLLY leaps to her feet, throwing back JIM.

MOLLY
I need to use the bathroom.

Before MOLLY gets to the door, JIM rushes there, blocking the path.

JIM
You're better than this, Mom. It's
been years.

MOLLY
Oh please. The whiskey on your
breath. Everyone's weak
occasionally.

MOLLY tries to get the door open but JIM doesn't let it budge. JIM holds MOLLY and looks at her eye to eye.

They stare at each other, separated by generations, but sharing problems as one family. MOLLY breaks away, as though ashamed of her actions.

MOLLY
(defeated)
This isn't fair.

A rage is boiling.

JIM
What isn't fair is that my own
mother let this guilt eat her and
kept it to herself, and just left
everyone else in the dark.

MOLLY
(manic)
This isn't fair. Where's John?
He'll know what's happening.

With force, MOLLY pushes JIM away from the door and makes her way out into the hallway.

MOLLY (V.O.)
(from the hallway)
He'll know about Erin. Tim will be
mad.

JIM gets to his feet. Push back to reveal the box, which JIM hovers over.

INT. WILLIAMS HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

JIM walks into the hallway. MOLLY is downstairs. Follow JIM as he walks downstairs to follow, but he immediately finds KELLY restraining MOLLY who is trying to leave the home.

MOLLY
Kelly, he'll know where Erin is.
John will know.

KELLY
Do you mean Joe? Joe's not here
anymore, Mrs. Kingsley.

MOLLY lashes out, angry.

MOLLY
No, John.

JIM
He's dead, Mom.

MOLLY
He'll know where Erin is.

JIM holds up the postcard with the address.

JIM
We have a lead. Remember?

KELLY

John won't tell us anything from the beyond, Mrs. Kingsley. Let's just take a breath.

MOLLY breaks away from KELLY and runs for the door but JIM grabs hold of her before reaching the door.

JIM

What's your plan? Run to the graveyard?

MOLLY

The plan is to find Erin.

MOLLY breaks free again and this time pushes both of them away.

KELLY

Without help?

MOLLY

(ignoring)

John will know.

JIM

He won't. He's dead. Where are you going?

MOLLY promptly turns around and leaves. KELLY goes after her, looking at JIM for help. JIM doesn't move.

KELLY

(frustrated)

Are you seriously just gonna stand there?

JIM

She's an adult.

KELLY

(furrowed eyebrow)

But it's different this time. It's like she's not... present.

JIM

Welcome to her reality.

KELLY rolls her eyes and grabs her things from the table nearby. Before leaving:

KELLY

If you're wondering why you and
your mother aren't bonding, this
is why.

JIM

I wasn't wondering.

KELLY ignores him and leaves the home. Focus on JIM as the pressure builds within his ears. It boils. Then a noise from the other end of the room. A woman gets to her feet.

JIM

(not sure what
he's looking at)

Erin?

WOMAN

Who are you?

JIM

(not believing)

It really is you.

A beat. ERIN is about to talk but there's a knock on the door. JIM turns around and gets the door. It's KELLY, dragging MOLLY back inside. JIM turns back to look at ERIN. ERIN is not there.

JIM

(to KELLY)

Good hustle, Kelly. Real police
work there.

MOLLY

Have you found Erin yet?

Focus on JIM but he doesn't answer.

JIM (V.O.)

What a mess.

INT. WILLIAMS HOME - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

JIM and KELLY are on opposite ends of the table. JIM is drinking a whiskey. KELLY is drinking water.

JIM

Now what?

KELLY

Take her home.

JIM refuses.

KELLY
She's not well.

JIM
What about her meds? Did you bring
them?

KELLY pulls the bottles from her bag, rattling them.

KELLY
It's my job. Remember?

JIM
Won't that help?

KELLY
It'll help a little, but she needs
to be home. Otherwise she won't
get better. It's this new
environment.

JIM
It wasn't all positive vibes in
Minot, either.

KELLY
It's Erin's vibe. She was here and
it's messing with her.

JIM looks away. JIM knows about ERIN's vibe.

JIM
When did you become a
spiritualist?

KELLY
Just take her home. Yes, it's your
mom, but it's my job to ensure
that your mother is healthy. We'll
go together.

JIM thinks, then nods.

JIM
You're really working for that
badge.

KELLY
Protect and serve, right?

JIM takes a drink.

JIM
What about Erin?

KELLY
What about her? The police will
handle it.

JIM
Why don't *you* just handle it?

KELLY
Ha ha. But seriously, just let
them do their job.

JIM's takes one more drink. No more whiskey.

JIM
I mean...
(a beat)
Why don't we look? We have a lead
on Erin. And you want to be an
officer. To help people like your
mom.

KELLY
We should just get Mrs. Kingsley
home. Your mommy issues are more
important than my aspirations.

JIM
(holding the
glass, pointing
at her)
There's the Erin we know.

JIM gets to his feet to pour himself more whiskey. He
wanders his fingers through the bottles before finding one
he likes.

KELLY
Wanna ease up on the booze, man?
It's not your home.

JIM
Eh. Claudette didn't object.

KELLY
It's probably not hers.

JIM pours himself an expensive looking glass.

KELLY

By the way, *you* were the one
that wanted to bring her home.
Remember?

JIM takes a seat.

JIM

But now Erin's in the picture.

KELLY

(riled up)

What happens if Erin turns up
dead? Then there's another funeral
and your mom is devastated, again.
Would that be worth it to satisfy
your ego?

JIM

Ego? Is that what you think? This
is what my *mom* wants.

KELLY

No, it's what *you* want for your
own personal worth. To prove
yourself and earn Mommy's love.

JIM slams the whiskey down onto the table and it splashes
everywhere. The two stare daggers.

JIM

Now look what you made me do.

KELLY

You're blaming me?

JIM

(pointing, glass
in hand)

We just met yesterday. Don't talk
to me about my relationship with
my own mom.

KELLY

This journey is all about you,
isn't it? An ego trip.

JIM gets to his feet and looks for more alcohol. KELLY
follows and tries to prevent him from drinking more, but JIM
grabs her wrist and throws it aside. KELLY, instead of being
angry, tries to get in his face more.

KELLY

Even if Erin is dead, it doesn't matter to you, as long as you prove yourself to your mother.

JIM pours a glass without looking and down it. He then puts the glass down and gets a towel to wipe the alcohol while KELLY just watches him. This happens for a minute, until:

JIM

I'm sorry about the...
(he gestures to
his wrist)

JIM stands up and tosses the towel aside. KELLY waves the apology off without saying a word.

JIM

No, it's not fine. You told me not to before.

KELLY nods.

KELLY

I want to be on your side.

JIM

This whole thing, this would be for me and her. Why are you not acknowledging that it's what my mom wants too?

KELLY

But isn't it your responsibility to figure out what is best for your mom right now? Do you really want to go on a quest right now or look after her?

JIM pours himself one more. KELLY tsks him but has nothing else to add. The two of them return to where they were originally. KELLY remains standing now.

JIM

The responsible thing would be to listen to your mother. If your mother wants you to look for your sister, I would oblige that.

KELLY

That would be true if your mother didn't need help already.

JIM drinks. His view is extremely blurry now.

JIM

Why don't you just be her damn daughter then, because you know her better than me apparently.

KELLY

Where do I register?

JIM gives a middle finger. KELLY just makes a face.

JIM

I want to get to the bottom of this. Apparently, they had knocked on her door in 1998. The police had information.

KELLY folds her arms.

KELLY

Information? About Erin?

JIM

Yes, and she turned them away, never heard what they had to say, because...

KELLY

(piecing it together)

... she thought they were just going to repeat the Erin is dead news.

JIM

Yes. This is why we need to step in here, since she obviously has no idea how to handle these things.

A beat. KELLY paces now. JIM is feeling woozy.

KELLY

And it was definitely *new* information?

JIM

She didn't say.

KELLY

Okay, then don't be so harsh on her. This whole thing has hit her like a ton of bricks and she needs
(MORE)

KELLY (cont'd)
down time. That's more reason for
her to go home.

JIM is frustrated but KELLY has more to add.

KELLY
Plus, do you want that risk?

JIM
Of?

KELLY
If you find Erin, and it's bad
news. Want to break that to your
mom?

A pause. JIM takes his time with his last drink. The reflection from the glass glistens.

JIM
I need to break the news either
way. Not the police.

KELLY
Are you sure you know what you
need for yourself?

JIM
What the hell's that supposed to
mean?

KELLY
Before you went into the house,
there was alcohol on your breath.
Is that what you do?

JIM is defensive now. No dramatic drink drop this time, but instead the glass is placed gently down on the table.

JIM
Do you have an issue with my
drinking?

KELLY
Do you really want an answer to
that?

JIM
If you were a part of this family,
you'd probably be drinking more.

KELLY is done with his bullshit.

KELLY

If you're trying to take this seriously don't be drunk when you're looking for your mom.

JIM

Fine, *mom*, then why didn't you yell at me before I went into the house?

KELLY

Because I didn't want to hurt your ego. If you think being intoxicated helps you get by in life, grabbing and yelling at women, then whatever, man. But this is your mother, my boss. Respect her.

A beat. JIM leans back.

JIM

(deliberately)

Do you get that she never really loved me? This ... might be the only way to get through to her. Through Erin.

KELLY

There are other ways. For starters, don't yell at her all the time.

JIM, impatient now, stands up and looks for his mother.

JIM

And speaking of which, how long does it take for her to use the bathroom?

KELLY

By the way... that was only the 2nd time you visited. Once to introduce me, once now.

JIM ignores this and leaves the dining room, walking to the bathroom door. He knocks.

JIM

It's been ages. What are you doing in there?

The noise of things being moved around. KELLY appears from the dining room.

KELLY
It's her alone time.

JIM
(turns to KELLY)
For a person who doesn't care about her own mother, maybe you ought to care a little bit less about my mom and stop pretending to be a part of this family.

A beat. KELLY is amused and circles JIM.

KELLY
Maybe the reason why you feel left out of family affairs is that you never wanted to be a part of it in the first place.

JIM pulls a journal from his pocket. He holds it up. A blue felt leather bound journal.

JIM
This journal, Erin's journal, probably has more about my mom's life than my mom will ever tell me. It's worth more to her than me.

KELLY
Then you really don'y know her at all.

KELLY walks out of frame. Hold on JIM. He looks at the journal. A phone is ringing. CUT TO:

INT. A KITCHEN - EVENING

A lone figure is twirling a phone wire.

"1998."

It's ERIN. Ring ring. The line goes through. ERIN hangs up. A beat. ERIN places the receiver back. She taps her feet. Repeat from different angles as a faint grin on her face as she dials and hangs up again.

Now, ERIN is below the table. ERIN makes one last dial. Answering machine. It's MOLLY's voice. ERIN begins to talk and then...

INT. WILLIAMS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

... we're suddenly in the living room. MAX is on the floor, looking through old boxes. ERIN walks in from the bathroom.

ERIN
What's all this?

MAX
(without looking
up)
Just going through old things.

ERIN walks over, peering in.

ERIN
Looking for anything in
particular? Need help?

MAX offers her an in. ERIN digs.

MAX
It's like I just drop them in here
to forget. Occasionally I need a
kick to remind myself of what
needs to be done.

ERIN picks up a photo of MAX and another woman. They look very happy.

ERIN
Is this Laura?

MAX
Yeah.

ERIN
You're cute together.

MAX
This was literally a week before
our parents died.

ERIN makes a face and puts the photo back.

ERIN
Mood killer.

MAX looks at one photo in his hands while ERIN digs around. Weirdly, ERIN notices a group photo of her and other girls. HANNAH is there too.

ERIN
(picking up the
photo)
Why do you have this, you weirdo?

MAX
Yearbook.

MAX grabs the photo from ERIN, gathers the rest of it, and abruptly resets the top on the box.

MAX
And it's your old pal Hannah too.

ERIN
Right. "Friend."

MAX
Hopefully there'll be amends.

ERIN
Nope. Anyway, why all of this...
now?

No answer. MAX puts the box back underneath a rack.

ERIN
Are my things going to end up in
there?

MAX
Don't think of yourself so highly.

ERIN
Psh. It's not like it's reserved
for the best people. There are
pretty terrible people in there.

MAX pats the box.

MAX
It's not about that. It's things
that I don't feel like thinking
about right now.

MAX gets to his feet and dusts himself off.

ERIN

Promise that more of me doesn't
end up in that very weird box. Or
the other ones.

MAX

I'll try.

ERIN

You're kind of a weird organizer,
aren't you?

ERIN gets to her feet.

ERIN

I'm off.

MAX

Early for you, no?

ERIN

It's all that bagging, makes a
girl tired.

MAX

All that lifting and putting
things down.

ERIN

Better than sitting in a truck all
day.

ERIN smiles and walks away. Hold on MAX, who watches her go. He thinks for a minute, then follows. He makes it to the bottom of the stairs, where we see ERIN walking up towards us. Then, she stops, as though knowing that MAX is at the bottom.

MAX

What is it with you and Hannah?

ERIN turns to face MAX, who is at the bottom and ERIN is now at the top. The light illuminates the both of them unequally, ERIN in brightness, MAX not.

MAX

I'm sorry, it's just on my mind.

ERIN

It's like you want to dig it up.

MAX sighs, rubbing his temples. ERIN taps her foot, impatient, waiting for an answer.

MAX
Help me understand what happened.

ERIN
No. No, no. This happened with my mom. Everyone tried to fix her, but there's no fixing involved. Why don't people get that?!

MAX
I'm not talking about fixing. I'm talking about empathy.

ERIN
This empathy...
(ERIN waves her hands around)
This all happened already. Our porch talk, remember?

The light flickers. Focus on ERIN and follow her going back downstairs, past MAX, and to the front door. MAX tries to talk but the audio is muted.

ERIN
(muted)
Need air.

In the kitchen, a ghostly MOLLY watches. ERIN doesn't look.

EXT. WILLIAMS HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

ERIN is pale in the face, looking both ways. A honk.

Turn the other way. A young looking HANNAH beckons ERIN. A younger ERIN trots over and gets into the vehicle. Back to ERIN, her present version, holding her head in pain.

Focus on ERIN, zoom in, and then:

EXT. A RESIDENTIAL ROAD - NIGHT

ERIN walks down the road, aimless. Leaves roll on the ground. She turns around and finds no one following her.

It's dark. A biker bikes by, almost hitting her. ERIN throws up a middle finger. An exhale. The voices in her head are residing, but ERIN feels unsettled as a minute passes of ERIN, alone.

Eventually ERIN walks by a house with low lights on. It resembles MAX's trailer, from Grand Forks. A loud fight is going on. ERIN watches for a minute as dishes are thrown,

emotions run high, and yet no neighbors are worried. ERIN moves on.

EXT. A HOME - NIGHT

A well lit home, with an extensive driveway and lights around the entrance.

ERIN loiters outside. Then, a lone figure walks down the driveway with bags of garbage. ERIN watches the figure dump the garbage in the bin outside, and when the figure turns around, it's HANNAH. Her arms are tattooed, her most distinctive feature. Her jet black hair almost reaches her knees.

HANNAH rubs her eyes.

HANNAH
You look like trash.

ERIN
That's the look now.
(points to the
house)
Nice upgrade. Much better than
that trailer.

HANNAH
Mom is at the trailer, but this...
nice, right?

ERIN
Is there running water?

HANNAH
Oh yeah, there's running water.
And real bathrooms.

ERIN
Moving up in the world.

A beat. HANNAH takes another step and looks at ERIN.

HANNAH
Are you really here?

ERIN
Hopefully.

HANNAH
Did Grand Forks not work out?

ERIN
Not exactly.

HANNAH
(annoyed)
What did I tell you, Erin? That
Max was no good.

ERIN holds up her hand. HANNAH folds her arms, pissed.

HANNAH
Even now, you're doing that thing.
Hand up, talk over. That's not how
life works.

ERIN
Whatever.

HANNAH is angry but gradually a grin forms.

HANNAH
Yet here you are, back with your
old friend. Missed me that much?

ERIN
No.

HANNAH widens her arms for a hug but ERIN refuses. A flash
to MOLLY trying to hug ERIN in 1980 at the courthouse,
before leaving her for the other family. ERIN wipes the
memory, back to the present.

HANNAH
You didn't really travel all the
way back to St. Cloud just to
visit me?

ERIN
It wasn't my choice, trust me.

HANNAH
Your only choice was to come home?

ERIN
(upset)
This town isn't my home. Minot is
my home.

HANNAH
What you're telling me is that
Minot...
(air quotes)
... is your home, you know that
(MORE)

HANNAH (cont'd)
place where...

ERIN's hand goes up again.

ERIN
It's still my home.

HANNAH
Home of the terrible mom and the
terrible boyfriend.

A beat. ERIN acknowledges.

HANNAH
You murder anyone recently?

ERIN
(rolls her eyes)
No.

HANNAH
(waves her off)
Good. Off to bed now, good night.

ERIN
There was no choice because Max
drove me here.

A beat.

HANNAH
Max Williams? That nerd?

ERIN
He's a trucker now.

HANNAH
Good to know that education got
him a degree to sit around all
day, afternoon, and night. How'd
you meet up?

ERIN
We ran into each other at a gas
station in Grand Forks.

HANNAH
"Ran into?"

ERIN shakes her head.

ERIN

No no, you don't get to do that
this time. This... was... random.
He's a trucker. A trucker, Hannah.
He goes places.

HANNAH

Don't be an idiot.
(a finger up)
Don't be an idiot again. You know
how stalkers are. How do you know
he's not one of those?

ERIN

Because I just know! And don't
talk to me like that when
there's...
(points to the
house)
... this going on.

HANNAH

What's that supposed to mean?
What's wrong with the house?

ERIN

This bullshit new lifestyle you
got here, this isn't you.

HANNAH goes on the offensive, pouting now.

HANNAH

How the hell do you know what's
me, Erin? You're the one that left
town for a decade and now you're
back and expect everything to be
just as it was?

ERIN

Hey! I wrote you postcards and I
didn't hear back from you.

HANNAH

(smiles)
Actually, good timing.

HANNAH turns around, goes back to the trash while ERIN
looks, and pulls a book out.

HANNAH

I was literally just tossing this
trash out.

HANNAH throws the book at ERIN, who fumbles it as postcards fall out. ERIN bends down to grab them.

ERIN
You read them?

HANNAH
You think this is supposed to make up for the way you just left?

ERIN gathers the postcards and stuffs them back into the book.

ERIN
It wasn't making up for anything.
But at least I wrote. What about you?

HANNAH moves towards ERIN, who backs up. HANNAH is imposing.

RILEY
(poking her shoulder)
I know what's going on here.

ERIN
Inform me, o enlightened one.

HANNAH
You waltzed here thinking you were going to mock me for being poor.
But now you don't know what to do.

HANNAH points behind her.

HANNAH
That is a relationship built on trust. Not like your relationship.

ERIN
You have no idea what my relationships are like, asshole.

HANNAH
I was right about a few things, wasn't I?

HANNAH takes a step back. ERIN shakes her head and turns to leave, addressing HANNAH while retreating.

ERIN

Believe it or not, I'm not here to
insult you or be an ass. I was
here for a hello. That's it.

HANNAH

Bull.

HANNAH turns around and walks up the hill.

HANNAH

Erin, Erin who's always right,
Erin who thought it was a good
idea to date a nobody, Erin who
thought it was a good idea to
leave town with that nobody. Full
of good ideas.

HANNAH's voice echoes. ERIN has no reply.

HANNAH

Erin, who doesn't listen then and
doesn't listen now.

ERIN

Hannah, the friend who isn't
really one and doesn't even bother
writing one postcard back, that
Hannah.

HANNAH

Good to have you back.

Pull back to reveal HANNAH walking up the hill on the right,
ERIN downhill on the left. HANNAH disappears into the
darkness.

EXT. A ROAD - NIGHT

ERIN is walking alone. Lights from a van from ahead. The van
looks familiar. After it parks, MAX hops out.

MAX

Erin!

MAX approaches a lonely ERIN.

MAX

Erin, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to.

A kiss. They embrace. The lights from the vehicle illuminate
them.

ERIN
Be quiet, all right?

Another kiss and FADE TO:

EXT. A BRIDGE - NIGHT

FADE IN: MOLLY walks along a bridge.

"1980."

MOLLY wears a large puffy jacket. It's late at night as rain falls. MOLLY peers over the edge of the bridge. It's the bridge that JOHN killed himself from. Looking up from down there, MOLLY appears very far away. MOLLY moves out of frame.

Linger from down there. A train moves along a track, passing through. A horn.

MOLLY (V.O.)
It's been weeks.

TIM (V.O.)
Don't worry, that little devil
will be back.

INT. MOLLY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

ERIN paces around the trailer. TIM is in front of the TV.

TIM
Just ask whats her face's mother.
Hannah.

MOLLY
(frustrated)
No one knows where they live. If
it were that easy, we wouldn't be
talking.

TIM
(without looking
up)
Then go the police. Report her,
report me.

MOLLY
It's useless talking to you.

TIM
(resigned)
Then just go already. What's the
point?

MOLLY almost hears regret in his voice but takes her anger and leaves the trailer, framing TIM looking lonely in the background.

EXT. TIM'S TRAILER - NIGHT

MOLLY paces and voices echo in her head. ERIN, BONNIE, TIM, JOHN, EILEEN, and finally herself. As the voices grow, it suddenly dies down as the phone rings.

MOLLY (V.O.)
Hello?

A voice not heard in a while. DAN.

DAN (V.O.)
Mol?

EXT. A GROCERY - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

A truck drives by, honking its horn. Focus on ERIN, who nervously watches it drive by.

DAN (V.O.)
Where are you? Are you all right?

MOLLY
Dan. Wow. No, don't worry about
me. You're always worried about
me.

DAN (V.O.)
That was always my weakness.
Trying to fixing you, right Mol?

MOLLY puts the phone aside and a tear rolls down. MOLLY remembers the kindness. An exhale. When the receiver returns:

DAN (V.O.)
Hello? What's wrong with the
phone?

MOLLY
It's just... weird hearing Mol.
It's been Molly recently. Molly
this, Molly that.

A pause. Noise in the background from the other end. A jet takes off.

MOLLY
Bad time?

DAN (V.O.)
No, it's fine. Just a minute.

The noise intensifies and then nothing. It's just DAN on the other end, with MOLLY listening in.

DAN (V.O.)
Privacy. Rare to find around here.

MOLLY
How are you?

DAN (V.O.)
The usual.

MOLLY
Are the boys giving you trouble?

DAN (V.O.)
Always.

MOLLY smiles.

DAN (V.O.)
I must have left a dozen messages.
I was worried. It's good to hear
your voice, though, but what
happened?

Focus on MOLLY. A rage builds.

MOLLY
Where did you leave the messages?

DAN (V.O.)
Did you not get them? Tim told me
he'd relay them to you because you
didn't want to talk to me. By the
way, how did you guys get in
touch? Remember, he's no good,
keep your distance.

The audio fades as MOLLY realizes that TIM has kept the messages from her.

MOLLY
No.

DAN (V.O.)
You make me worry. Why are you
even ... in touch with him?

The gears run through MOLLY's head. On the one hand, there's rage at TIM not telling her about the messages, but on the other hand, there's not telling DAN about TIM and her.

MOLLY
It'll take a while to explain.

DAN (V.O.)
And you'd rather talk to him than
to me, and the only way for me to
talk to you is through him?

DAN pauses, gathering his thoughts.

DAN (V.O.)
Mol, you know how he is. He's a
junkie, a nobody, and we tried to
help him. But my parents, no one
got through. How did he find you?

MOLLY takes a minute to formulate an answer. Focus on her and flash to:

EXT. TIM'S TRAILER - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Flashback to the night that MOLLY and TIM meet in the field. TIM has an iron.

TIM
What do you want?

A beat.

MOLLY
To get high.

No reply. TIM walks back to the trunk and drops the tire iron back in.

TIM
Didn't he tell you I'm the bad
one?

MOLLY
It doesn't matter right now,
because he's not here.

A pause.

TIM

The rebel. He's not here, and now
ain't no one gonna tell you what
to do.

MOLLY

What do you deal?

TIM

What? No formalities? Right down
to business?

A pause. MOLLY hears TIM approach, and instinctively moves back. In the darkness a face appears with menace.

TIM

Ain't you got a daughter?

MOLLY

How the hell do you know that?

TIM smirks and then gestures MOLLY to follow him back to the trailer. MOLLY at first doesn't move, but then hesitantly follows. Flash back to the present, where MOLLY tries to answer the question.

MOLLY

There's other things to talk
about. More important things.

DAN (V.O.)

Mol, if he's danced those drugs
around you, triggering you, then
it matters. He told me he was
keeping his distance and he was
only relaying the messages.

MOLLY

But ... don't you want to hear
about what else has been going on?

A beat.

DAN (V.O.)

Where are you?

MOLLY

In a phone booth.

DAN (V.O.)

Are you at his trailer?

A pause.

MOLLY
No.

DAN (V.O.)
What's your new number? Let me
talk to you from there.

MOLLY
There's no number, I don't have a
phone number.

His patience is wearing thin, and MOLLY hears it. There is
mounting frustration at all this happening.

MOLLY
Erin. Don't you want to hear about
Erin?

DAN (V.O.)
(ignoring)
Why don't you have a phone number
Mol? Where are you?

MOLLY hangs up the phone. A panic attack, but it passes as
she begins to breathe more normally. The fog dissipates.
MOLLY leaves the phone booth. A woman is waiting to use it
and glares at her. MOLLY sneers in her directions and walks
back to her Cutlass to rest.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT

MOLLY takes a breath. The noises of the outside world become
muted. Flashback to:

MOLLY, back during the first encounter with TIM, follows
him. From her perspective, through the darkness, the trailer
looks foreboding. A familiar view for the audience now, it
looks like a den of nightmares. MOLLY becomes hesitant. TIM,
now in focus, looks at MOLLY and invites her in.

Focus on MOLLY. A foot forward. Flash back to the present.
The engine is idling, MOLLY has a blank stare. FADE TO:

EXT. OVERHEAD MINOT - NIGHT

Mysterious music as MOLLY drives home. FADE TO:

EXT. TIM'S TRAILER - NIGHT

From the outside, MOLLY and TIM argue. Their outlines move
around the trailer. In one instance, TIM raises his hand as
though to hit MOLLY, but his hand is frozen. It's lowered.

MOLLY, intimidated, moves back and disappears from the window. TIM, looking fearful of what he has almost done, retreats from the window. Zoom out. FADE TO:

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - MORNING

MOLLY is dressed up for work and on the way to the gas station, wrappers of fast food items rolling around the passenger seat and on the dashboard. MOLLY looks a bit rattled, her hands shakier than normal.

MOLLY (V.O.)
What a night.

EILEEN (V.O.)
How are you holding up?

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

MOLLY is putting her things down. EILEEN is next to her, listening.

MOLLY
Fine.

EILEEN
Want to go to the mall?

MOLLY looks for her keys in her bag but finds nothing, throwing the bag against the locker in anger. A beat as MOLLY takes a minute to be angry. EILEEN shakes her head and drags MOLLY outside without a warning.

EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING

EILEEN drags MOLLY, met with resistance, out to the edge of the highway.

MOLLY
I don't need an intervention!

EILEEN
(grabs MOLLY and
faces her)
I'm trying to give you
perspective, Molly Kingsley.

MOLLY
What perspective?

EILEEN exhales, letting go of MOLLY and pacing around. She then watches a van pulls up to a pump and observes the new hire rush to attend to them.

MOLLY, watching the road, doesn't notice. EILEEN turns back to the road and places an arm over MOLLY's shoulders, watching the road with her.

EILEEN

The perspective that this road out there, it's always moving. There's more to life than this gas station, and things happen, hon, and no one likes it. But you have to take action. Or you'll miss your opportunity to get back on that road and you'll be stuck here forever.

MOLLY

I *am* taking action, but I keep getting dealt shit.

EILEEN

(breaks away,
frustrated)

It's not enough! I won't watch you destroy yourself with someone's who ain't good for you!

A pause. EILEEN, eyes closed, is mumbling to herself "5,4,3,2..." After a minute...

EILEEN

I get that you're hurting. But there are options. My place, leaving the trailer, go to the police, find your daughter, not just... just... moping all day.

MOLLY

There's a barrier... it's not letting me move on.

A beat.

MOLLY

Erin. It's Erin.

EILEEN

We know you love your daughter. And we know Erin ran away, but look, Erin's probably okay, right? She's with her friend. Your entire life doesn't have to revolve around her.

MOLLY stares into the distance and laughs uncannily.

MOLLY
I think I just need someone to
tell me that Erin is worth it.
(awkward laugh)
Whether my *own* daughter is worth
my time.

A beat.

EILEEN
Yes, of course Erin is worth it.
But you ought to worry about...
(taps her chest)
... you first.

MOLLY
But I keep failing her. Maybe Tim
is right. Maybe I'm just not fit
to be a mother. It's like I'm
looking for validation to let her
go.

MOLLY then turns to EILEEN.

MOLLY
Remember when you found me at the
bridge?

EILEEN nods. An uneasy fog is hovering between them.

MOLLY
Why did you get me?

EILEEN
Because I love you, Mol, and you
didn't appear right in the noggin.

MOLLY
(nods)
You know, that night, I had
visited John's office to pick up
his things.

EILEEN
And? What happened?

In the background, there's yelling. EILEEN points and gestures to go back. MOLLY nods and they walk back together up the hill.

MOLLY
There were remnants of this life
that I never knew.

EILEEN
(gasps)
An affair?

MOLLY
(a chuckle)
Gosh, no. It was just these
pictures, memories, all gone. His
assistant told me how everyone
liked him.

MOLLY looks to EILEEN for a response, but EILEEN is
distracted by the noise up ahead at the pumps.

MOLLY
It just made me think about how
little I knew about John, and then
of Erin, and made me think...

EILEEN
... it's worth it, Molly, but
there's work. It ain't easy.

At the pumps, MOLLY realizes she knows who these people are.
It's BONNIE and DAVID, ERIN's foster parents. MOLLY pretends
not to recognize them from her distant dinners in her
vehicle.

The new hire looks upset and turns to EILEEN for help.
EILEEN waves him away and talks to BONNIE. MOLLY remains in
the background.

EILEEN
What's the problem, Ma'am?

BONNIE
Where is Molly Kingsley?
(pointing to MOLLY)
Molly. There you are.

DAVID
That's her.

EILEEN turns to look at MOLLY. "Who are these people?"

MOLLY
Erin isn't with me.

DAVID

But do you know where she is now?

MOLLY

No. If I did, I would tell you right away.

BONNIE

Molly, we've been patient. We know you've been... watching us, trying to be with her. But now you have to tell us where she is.

EILEEN raises her eyebrows but doesn't talk, instead moving into the background now. BONNIE and DAVID take her place.

MOLLY

Like I told you, I don't know.

DAVID

Don't lie to us.

BONNIE

Things would just be easier if you didn't waste our time.

MOLLY

Damn it, do you not think I want to know where Erin is too?!

DAVID puts his foot down and approaches MOLLY, who holds her position.

DAVID

(pointing)

This is your fault. We know what kind of a person you are, a junkie, trailer trash who lost track of one kid, and who has to be bailed out by another family.

Now EILEEN moves in to defends MOLLY, placing herself between DAVID and MOLLY.

EILEEN

Don't you walk in here and talk to my employee like that.

DAVID

Don't you know who this woman is? This is not a good person.

(to MOLLY)

And you don't even know where your
(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)
own daughter is right now.

BONNIE holds his hand back to restrain DAVID, who is losing his temper.

BONNIE
Enough of all this. Look...

The four of them are glaring at each other.

BONNIE
We don't want to be a bother.

EILEEN
You got your gas, now please
leave.

BONNIE
(to MOLLY)
We only want the best for Erin.
She's our responsibility.

Focus on MOLLY. Flash back to ERIN yelling at MOLLY right here and then taking off with Hannah's mom.

EILEEN
(faded as MOLLY
listens)
... this woman is doing her best
with a missing daughter and this
pressure is not helping...

DAVID
(to BONNIE)
This is useless. Let's go.

Focus on MOLLY and the faded noise disappears and MOLLY talks:

MOLLY
Erin was here. A few days ago. It
was the last time we met.

BONNIE and DAVID now are attentive.

BONNIE
And when were you planning on
telling us this?

MOLLY
Erin was here to vent at me.

BONNIE
About what?

MOLLY is about to answer but EILEEN Jumps in and directs them to their van.

EILEEN
It was just a normal fight and no one knew it was going to be the last time anyone knew where Erin was. Now please leave.

MOLLY
Erin was with her friend Hannah.
But that's all I know.

DAVID
(over EILEEN, to
MOLLY)
Did you tell the police?

A wordless flashback to MOLLY and TIM arguing. MOLLY is in tears, TIM is furious.

MOLLY
No.

EILEEN is visibly frustrated and turns around. "What?" BONNIE and DAVID whisper to each other, as though gossiping in front of them.

BONNIE
Yes I expected as much.

DAVID
(to BONNIE)
Hannah. Gertrude is her mom?

BONNIE
We'll find out. Thank you Molly,
for doing one good thing. We'll
find our daughter for you.

EILEEN and MOLLY watch as BONNIE and DAVID get into the van and drive away down the hill. EILEEN throws a middle finger as the van disappears. MOLLY looks down.

EILEEN
You didn't tell the police any of this?

MOLLY
No.

EILEEN
Not because of him. Is it because
of him?

MOLLY
He has a point. If Erin doesn't
want to be found, if we find her,
she's going to throw a fit and
it'll be a mess. Eventually she'll
just show up and this will all be
over.

EILEEN, disappointed, walks back to the office, shaking her head. Focus on MOLLY. A sigh. FADE TO:

EXT. MINOT POLICE DEPARTMENT - AFTERNOON

MOLLY is in her Cutlass, looking in from the driver window.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

MOLLY is fidgeting and rack focus to her dashboard, which has nothing on it. She has cleaned up the waste.

Follow MOLLY leaving the car, walking to the front door, and getting to the point where she had previously turned around. MOLLY instead takes a breath and walks in.

MOLLY (V.O.)
And this time, I walked in.

MODERATOR (V.O.)
And what happened then?

Many uniforms walk past MOLLY, who in a daze feels very lost. Zoom out and MOLLY looks left and right for the receptionist.

MOLLY (V.O.)
I felt like I was doing something
I shouldn't have been doing.

Follow MOLLY approach the receptionist desk. No audio.

MODERATOR (V.O.)
In a way, you were. And then?

The front desk receptionist talks and pushes a form in front of her. MOLLY peruses it.

MOLLY (V.O.)
It was like they didn't
understand.

The exchange becomes heated. Back and forth between the receptionist and MOLLY.

MODERATOR (V.O.)
What didn't they understand,
Molly?

INT. NA MEETING - MORNING

All eyes focus on MOLLY. MOLLY looks nervous, a bit weary.

MOLLY
It hadn't been a good night.

A beat.

MOLLY
But I told her that my daughter
was missing and they kept giving
me forms to fill out and maybe I
was on edge but ...
(a breath)
... all I needed was a simple
phone call to the captain to tell
him that my daughter is missing.
Why was that so much to ask?

MOLLY feels the eyes on her.

MOLLY
Again, it was a bad night, I was
impatient.

WOMAN
Did you tell them about Tim?

Everyone hushes her.

MOLLY
We're getting there.

INT. MINOT PD - AFTERNOON

MOLLY and the receptionist are still having their wordless fight in slow motion and eventually the captain appears. A gesture and the receptionist directs her away, dismissing her with an attitude. MOLLY glares and leaves.

MOLLY (V.O.)
If anyone could do anything, it
would be him.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

(no audio) MOLLY yelling, the CAPTAIN not reacting. MOLLY is unloading on him.

MOLLY (V.O.)
It wasn't fair to yell at him like
that. But it hasn't been fair in
general.

Focus on MOLLY in the precinct. Tears flow down.

MOLLY (V.O.)
But then I told him everything.
About Tim, about Erin, about her
missing form. And it was all on
the table.

INT. NA MEETING - MORNING

There is not a word in the room.

MOLLY
And he didn't believe me.

A WOMAN stands up in fury.

WOMAN
That's bullshit!

MODERATOR
Riley, have a seat, please.

RILEY
(takes a seat
reluctantly)
The police never believe women.

Focus on MOLLY, who looks very nervous, jittery. In her field of vision, the MODERATOR has calmed Riley down and Riley looks just as jittery as her. Everyone else is listening.

MODERATOR
Molly, as you were telling.

EXT. MINOT PD - AFTERNOON

MOLLY bursts out of the precinct, ripping up forms. An exhale. Focus on her as her despair becomes anger.

MOLLY (V.O.)
And there was only one person to
take it out on.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - AFTERNOON

TIM is in the bathroom, door ajar. MOLLY walks in, making a lot of noise.

MOLLY
Tim? Where are you?

TIM waves his hand from the door.

TIM
(mocking)
Here, hon.

MOLLY
(anger)
What did you do?

TIM
Nothing. But according to you,
everythin'.

MOLLY walks over to the bathroom and pushes the door open, exposing TIM on the toilet.

TIM
Do ya mind?!

MOLLY kicks the garbage, launching trash over the floor. TIM just glares.

MOLLY
Finish shitting. We gotta talk
now.

TIM
Are you insane?

TIM pushes the door back while MOLLY impatiently waits outside. A flush. The trash is being fixed. The door opens. We are focused on MOLLY now.

MOLLY
What did you tell them?

TIM (V.O.)
Who?

MOLLY
The police. Don't play dumb.

TIM (V.O.)
Ain't talk to no one, Molly, ain't
nothing worth talking about.

MOLLY pushes TIM, but it looks like MOLLY is pushing the audience. Now the perspective is on TIM, who looks frightened for the first time.

MOLLY (V.O.)
What'd you tell them, don't trust
me, I'm a bad mom and I don't know
how to look after my daughter?

TIM
(getting pissed)
I didn't tell them nothing. I've
been here!

MOLLY's arms grab his neck, but TIM resists, grabbing her forearms. They fight and eventually MOLLY throws him onto the wall of the trailer, knocking over drugs. TIM freaks out and tries to grab everything.

TIM (V.O.)
Now look what you did!

MOLLY watches as we then turn back to TIM pathetically gathering his things.

MOLLY
The police didn't believe a word I
told them. About Erin at the fair.

TIM looks up from his drugs. A grin.

TIM
What did I tell you?

MOLLY
What did you tell them?

TIM
Nothing.

MOLLY
I'm not buying into your little
mind tricks anymore. They're gonna
lock you up.

MOLLY imposes on TIM, who flinches as he keeps gathering the drugs, mildly amusing MOLLY.

TIM
More actin' words from the woman
of inactin'.

MOLLY leaves TIM and looks around for her luggage. TIM looks up for a minute.

TIM
If you leave, no one in their
right mind would take you in.

MOLLY, ignoring him, finds her luggage and begins packing. TIM puts his drugs down and instead intimidates MOLLY, following her around like a ghost haunting a house.

TIM
The police don't even know that
Erin's missing. No one's going to
help you.

MOLLY
They know.

TIM
(mildly impressed)
Now your little troublemaker's gon
be real mad once they find her.

MOLLY
No one's finding her, because I'm
finding her now.

MOLLY takes one last look around the trailer, the rusty, junk bin that was "home." With nothing else worth taking, MOLLY leaves the trailer with TIM not far behind her.

EXT. TIM'S TRAILER - AFTERNOON

Focus on MOLLY, walking away from the trailer, not looking back. TIM, out of focus, is behind.

TIM
And you expect to find her all by
yourself, Molly?

MOLLY walks faster, almost at her vehicle.

MOLLY
Maybe, maybe not.
(a trip)
But it's not up to you.

TIM
The great Molly Kingsley, North
Dakota's finest mother, looking
for her troublemaker, listening to
her every beckon.

TIM becomes blurry. MOLLY is in full focus, walking and then getting into the car and taking her keys out. TIM then appears at the driver window, a grin on his face.

TIM
(muffled)
The junkie, looking for her
daughter. Yeah, maybe this hand...
(holds up his hand)
...might have touched her, but
does it matter to you, really?

A plop of his hand against the window. MOLLY turns the engine over.

TIM
Just run. Run like you always do.
Into another poor idiot's arms.
And then leave again.

A beat.

MOLLY
(without looking)
Good bye.

MOLLY drives away, not looking back, as TIM fades into the background. MOLLY keeps driving. A thunderstorm appears. Rain falls but MOLLY keeps driving.

MOLLY (V.O.)
It felt... freeing. Like I hadn't
felt in years.

MODERATOR (V.O.)
Molly, you did the right thing.

INT. NA MEETING - MORNING

From THE MODERATOR's end of the room, MOLLY in front of the room, the rest of the people nod in agreement. A few of them look baffled, like "how did this not happen already."

WOMAN

Finally.

MODERATOR

And where did you go next?

MOLLY

The only place I knew.

EXT. A HOUSE - AFTERNOON

MOLLY waits in the car as the window wipers roll, waiting. She takes a breath.

MOLLY is walking up a path to a modest house. Lightning in the background. The rain is pouring. At the front door, a ring of the doorbell. The door opens almost immediately. It's EILEEN, looking both overjoyed and devastated.

MOLLY

Hi.

EILEEN

Hi.

EILEEN grabs her bag and welcomes her in. Zoom out of the home, past MOLLY's vehicle, out of the neighborhood.

MOLLY (V.O.)

My only friend, the only person that actually liked me, offered me a place. And I took it.

INT. NA MEETING - MORNING

MOLLY looks around at the invested people, wanting her to tell more. But MOLLY has no more.

MOLLY

That's my update. It's a lot.

MODERATOR

Thank you, Molly. Again, it's good to have you back. And we're all happy that you are moving on, aren't we?

A round of applause.

RILEY

What about Erin?

MOLLY
(defensive)
What about Erin?

MODERATOR
If Molly would like to talk about
Erin, then Molly would. But Molly,
keep in mind you don't have to.
Riley, watch your tone.

RILEY
Just wondering. Any news on her?

MOLLY
No.

RILEY
This freaking girl. Running away
from home, making all kinds of
trouble.

MODERATOR
Riley, last warning. Molly, thank
you.

MOLLY is frustrated while walking back, glaring at RILEY,
and then FADE TO:

INT. EILEEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MOLLY is glued to the television. EILEEN watches MOLLY from
the kitchen in the background, worried, but relieved. FADE
TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

MOLLY is in the middle of putting on her uniform when a
flash of red and blue lights fill the room. MOLLY peeks out
and notices two police cars parked nearby. EILEEN walks an
officer over to the locker room. MOLLY opens the door.

OFFICER
Molly Kingsley?

MOLLY
Yes.

The officer nods. EILEEN leaves, eavesdropping on the way
back.

OFFICER
We found your daughter.

Zoom out of the room. EILEEN watches from the window, the officer awaits a response, MOLLY processes this as music plays, a rock and roll 80s tune. THEN:

INT. WILLIAMS HOME - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

We're focused on JIM. He's alone again in the dining room. A glass of whiskey is besides him.

"2016."

JIM pushes the glass away and leaves for the living room.

INT. WILLIAMS HOME - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The living room is empty. JIM listens for noise. Upstairs, there is nothing. JIM looks around.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Jim?

JIM turns around. MOLLY isn't there.

JIM

Mom?

MOLLY (V.O.)

Where are you?

JIM

In the living room.

JIM tiptoes around. At the other end of the living room, away from view, MOLLY is looking at a row of pictures on the wall.

JIM

Mom?

MOLLY turns around but it isn't MOLLY. It's a much younger, different version of MOLLY. It's ERIN.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Jim?

The woman, "ERIN", looks a bit restless. "ERIN" turns back to the wall.

JIM

Hold on.

JIM moves towards "ERIN" and notices her features, particularly the burn marks on her forearms and hands.

JIM
(a whisper)
Who are you? What ... happened?

ERIN doesn't react but keeps looking at the pictures. Trees, hills, mountains, all beautiful. One tree in one painting lights up in flames. ERIN begins to writhe in pain, like it's hurting her.

MOLLY (V.O.)
Jim?!

JIM looks away to trace his mother's voice. Nothing. He then turns back to "ERIN" and finds nothing. "ERIN" is not there, and the paintings are still now.

JIM walks through the vestibule and finds MOLLY in the bathroom, looking in the mirror. Her hands are jittery.

JIM
Mom, what are you...
(noticing the
jitters)
... no, Mom. What did you do?

MOLLY
I'm just nervous. Okay? No
needles. See?

JIM
Then what's taking you so long?
Where's Kelly?

A beat.

MOLLY
Is the house haunting you too?

JIM
No. Now let's go.

MOLLY
Erin is talking to us. Through the
house.

JIM, getting frustrated, joins MOLLY at the mirror. He wipes it and the two of them look.

JIM
Look.

JIM presents the two of them. MOLLY is tired, JIM looks weak.

JIM
It's just two Kingsleys here.

MOLLY
It feels like Erin hasn't left
this house.

JIM hits the wall in anger and walks out of the bathroom. MOLLY is focused on the mirror. A flash of another woman behind her. MOLLY then turns to plead to JIM.

MOLLY
Once we find Erin, this will be
over.

JIM
We know, we get it.... but first
we take you home.

MOLLY
No, we find her together.

JIM
(louder)
No. Kelly and me, we'll find her.
We know where to begin. And you're
not fit to be doing anything.

MOLLY
My memory may be failing, but it
is my responsibility that Erin
isn't here. I have to be there.

JIM sighs. MOLLY looks stubbornly eager to help.

JIM
It doesn't have to be all of your
responsibility, Mom. We're giving
you an out here.

A beat.

JIM
What if we don't find her?

MOLLY
We will find her.

JIM
But how do you know that?

MOLLY

(firm)

Erin is alive. And we will be
there for her. Understand?

JIM

Kelly and I are prepared for
whatever we find. Are you
prepared? To find what's out there
and to not let it go like you did
in 1998?

JIM feels the fragility in his own voice. He holds back his
anger but it's barely working.

JIM

We won't let this happen again,
and I won't let another Kingsley
get away. There's enough of that
happening with Karen and Lily.

A beat.

MOLLY

Are you mad at me?

JIM

No.

MOLLY

Jim, I told you about 1998 because
I trust you. It's been on my mind
for years.

(getting angry)

And now you're using it against
me.

JIM

While it was on your mind, Mom,
you were still a junkie who let
her kid go twice!

(two fingers)

And then neglected the other. It's
time to retire home.

A beat. KELLY peeks from around the wall.

KELLY

Hey, all, want to keep your voice
down? It's not our house,
remember?

(looks at MOLLY)

Mrs. Kingsley, do you need help in
(MORE)

KELLY (cont'd)
here?

MOLLY
No, thank you, we were just
talking...

JIM
Not now, Kelly. We're talking
about the great mothering of Molly
Kingsley.

KELLY
All right, maybe you've had enough
to drink. Let's go.

KELLY ushers JIM away from MOLLY but JIM instinctively pushes her hand away, almost twisting her arm. KELLY retracts her arm, wincing in pain.

JIM
Quit telling me how much to drink.

KELLY backs away, holding her arm, but appearing defiant and not tolerating him anymore.

MOLLY
Jim, apologize to her.

KELLY
It's fine, Mrs. Kingsley. Jim here
is the man of the house. He knows
what's best for this family.
Doesn't he?

JIM
None of you get it. You have to
protect the ones you love. And
apparently no Kingsley is able to
do that.

A flashback to KAREN and LILLY, a teary faced KAREN on the floor, JIM about to hit her but he doesn't. LILLY is fearful. Back to JIM.

MOLLY
How dare you, Jim? You don't know
anything about what I do to
protect the ones I love.

JIM laughs and leans against the wall.

JIM
Do you even listen to yourself?

KELLY
How is **this** helping the ones
that you love?

JIM
Mom goes home. We go find and help
Erin, bring her home.
(to MOLLY)
Because you failed her.

MOLLY's hurt, her pain palpable, JIM's cruelty on full display. KELLY jumps in to protect her.

KELLY
There'll be none of this, Mr.
Hits-His-Wife and
Neglects-His-Daughter.

JIM
And it's going to end now. By
finding Erin.

KELLY
(annoyed)
That doesn't just make everything
better. At least Mrs. Kingsley
knows her flaws. But you don't.
That's the worst part.

JIM
This whole thing is about trying
to make things right, for this
family.

KELLY
This is about you and not about
the family.

A beat. Vitriol is in the air. Focus on MOLLY. A noise is building in MOLLY's ears, interference, voices, and then...

MOLLY instinctively leaps for the front door again and rushes outside. JIM and KELLY stop mid-argument and chase her down.

EXT. WILLIAMS HOME - AFTERNOON

From MOLLY's perspective, her panicked breathing, her heightened heart rate, the world feels like it's ending. She is pacing around the lawn.

MOLLY
(in a daze)
Every minute we argue, Erin is
still out there.

JIM joins MOLLY and brings her back.

MOLLY
(to JIM)
We have to find her now. No more
arguing.

JIM
Then it's time to get moving.

Now KELLY joins.

KELLY
No. Everyone's going home.

A beat. KELLY looks down JIM.

KELLY
Also you're not driving anywhere.

JIM
(to MOLLY)
No, listen, Mom, this keeps
happening. This happened in 1998
and it's going to happen again
now. Erin is going to pass by.
Again. We won't let it happen.

KELLY
There's no we. Man, you're not
impressing anyone here. It's over.
Just let the adults handle it.

JIM
You're not a part of this family!

An outburst of emotion.

MOLLY
Enough!

It's quiet. JIM and KELLY glare at each other, and then at
MOLLY.

MOLLY
This is happening, Kelly. But this
time we're going together.

Both JIM and KELLY object for different reasons but MOLLY holds up a hand and that's the end of it.

KELLY
But the police...

Police sirens fill the air just as KELLY utters her final words.

JIM
What's happening?

MOLLY
The police. They found us.

KELLY
We have to go. Now.

JIM
Why? We didn't do anything wrong.

MAX emerges from the house, hearing the sirens.

MAX
What is this?

KELLY
(to MAX)
Mr. Williams, we have to leave now. Jim, get your things and let's get moving.

JIM
They're looking for my mom. Not us.

KELLY grabs MOLLY and takes her over to MAX.

MOLLY
What's happening, Kelly?

KELLY
Jim, get moving.

JIM
Why the rush?

KELLY pulls JIM aside.

KELLY
(under her breath)
Don't you think that maybe the police are going to be wondering how the two people looking for
(MORE)

KELLY (cont'd)
your mother ended up here before
they did?

JIM
We're proactive. What's the big
deal?

KELLY
It's not worth the risk. What if
that's Minot police? What if it's
those people we talked to?

KELLY uneasily dances in the dirt, looking back at MOLLY and MAX, who are watching the approaching police with increasing worry.

MAX
(from far away)
Want to tell me what that is?

KELLY holds up a finger and instead beckons MOLLY over.

KELLY
Mrs. Kingsley?

MOLLY hobbles over. MAX, looking impatient, goes back inside.

MOLLY
Are they here to take me back to
Minot?

JIM
Hopefully.

KELLY
(to JIM)
We don't know anything yet.

MOLLY
What if it's about Erin?

JIM
No, Mom, it's not about Erin. This
is about now, about how we went to
the police, remember?

MOLLY
How do we know that?

A beat. No one knows anything.

KELLY
There's going to be too many
questions.

JIM
Let the police arrive and then
we'll talk it out, what's the
problem?

KELLY, frustrated, begins to talk to JIM like a police
officer.

KELLY
Mr. Kingsley, why are you here?
How did your mother end up here?
How did you know to look here?
What aren't you telling us? Too
late, you're arrested.

A beat.

JIM
But there was no law breaking. The
plate finder. It was fine, right?

KELLY, rolling her eyes, drags JIM to her vehicle with
little resistance.

KELLY
(mumbling)
Yes, Jim, it was technically
"fine" but there's still too many
questions ...

KELLY throws JIM into the back of the vehicle.

KELLY
Mrs. Kingsley, it's better if you
just remain here.

JIM
(muffled)
Are you insane? No!

MOLLY
(to KELLY)
We have to find Erin.

MAX (V.O.)
This *does* have to do with Erin?

MAX walks back outside, his interest raised, like he was eavesdropping. He talks from the porch, above KELLY and MOLLY, while JIM remains in the vehicle.

KELLY
No, Mr. Williams.

MAX
(to MOLLY)
Does it have to do with you?

KELLY
We don't know yet, but we're going to get out of your hair now.

MAX grumbles.

MAX
(to MOLLY)
We were just beginning the redemption for you and for us.

MAX walks down from the porch and holds MOLLY's hand like an idol. MOLLY raises her eyebrow.

MAX
And I Want to be able to help.

JIM
(muffle)
Max, you have done enough. Thank you. This is a family matter.

KELLY hits the door to quiet JIM and then raises her voice.

KELLY
What needs to happen is...

MOLLY
(to MAX)
How will you help?

MAX
Let's look for Erin together. This was meant to happen. Her boyfriend, the mother, years apart.

A beat. KELLY breaks it up.

KELLY
Mr. Williams, thank you for your hospitality, but your redemption or whatever is going to have to
(MORE)

KELLY (cont'd)
wait. Please, look after Mrs.
Kingsley and tell your wife thank
you for helping and finding her.

MAX
Wait. What do you mean look after
her? The police are here!

JIM rolls down the window.

JIM
This is insane. We have to get her
home.

KELLY
(feeling the
weight of all
this)
Jim, just stop. This will be
easier, given the situation. Trust
me, all right. Please.
(to MOLLY)
We'll find you back in Minot. Just
let them take you home.

A beat. MOLLY nods but has a fog of despair in her eyes.

MOLLY
Erin's memory is ... fading. Find
her.

KELLY doesn't reply and just holds MOLLY's hands, an image
of mother daughter that eerily reflects the past. They
embrace. JIM watches with bitterness.

MAX
What are we telling the police
then?

KELLY
Just tell them what happened.

MOLLY walks to JIM and offers a hug through the window but
JIM turns away. The alcohol hasn't worn off yet but he is
writhing in pain, in hurt.

MOLLY
Please.

JIM
This is for Erin. Not for you.

MOLLY
That's fine.

KELLY gently nudges MOLLY, tears in her eyes, back towards MAX, who holds onto her hand while JIM doesn't look at her. KELLY then gets into the vehicle and it's quiet as the engine turns over. The police approach. KELLY drives off.

IN FRAME, KELLY drives in the front, JIM finally looks back through the rear windshield and watches the police pull up to the house. Linger. KELLY and JIM looking in opposite directions, KELLY determined to look forward, JIM looking into the window of the past. Music fades in...

"END OF EPISODE 1.06"

FADE OUT.