

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 downs 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't 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 pull 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 defend 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.