CARNIVAL

ALL HER FAULT

By
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Based on the bestselling novel
by Andrea Mara

When the worst happens, there's always someone to blame...

US Pilot
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A black screen.

Superimpose: **DAY 1**

DING DONG. Silence. Then, the hinges of a heavy wooden door SQUEAK open.

FADE IN:

101 **EXT./INT. 14 ARTHUR AVENUE - LATE AFTERNOON** 101

MARISSA IRVINE (40) stands on the doorstep of a modest home, nestled in the suburbs of Chicago.

Stylish work suit with that afternoon wrinkle. Heels that probably hurt by now. Keys in hand.

A smile that's bright. Warm. Energetic.

MARISSA
Hi. I'm Marissa. I'm here to pick up my son, Milo?

Inside the house, ESTHER (60s) smiles back, friendly.

ESTHER
I think you've got the wrong house, there's no Milo here.

MARISSA
Oh! I'm so sorry. Just let me check.

Marissa digs through her leather tote. Designer but discrete. No bling here. She fishes out her cell phone. Taps the screen.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
(reading)
14 Arthur Avenue.
(looking up)
What number is this?

ESTHER
Well, this is 14. But there's no Milo here. It's just me. Who sent you the text?

MARISSA
Jenny. A mom from the school. My son Milo is on a playdate with her son Jacob. This is the address she sent me to pick him up.

Marissa looks back at her screen. Brown curls falling over a furrowed brow.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
I mean, I'm not crazy, right?
(showing Esther her phone)
That does say 14 Arthur Avenue?

ESTHER
(reading)
They must have given you the wrong address. I don't know what to say, other than, give them a call?

Marissa nods. Esther smiles, sweet, then moves to close the door but -

MARISSA
Wait! Sorry. Do you mind if I stay here while I call, in case there's something...

ESTHER
Of course.

A frazzled chuckle from Marissa as she dials. Cell phone to her ear. She waits. Through Marissa's cell, we hear...

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)
(through cell phone)
The number you have reached is no longer in service.

That frazzled smile falls.

MARISSA
It's not working. The number isn't -

ESTHER
Come on in. We'll figure it out.

Esther steps aside.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
I'm sure there's an explanation.

102 **INT. 14 ARTHUR AVENUE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER** 102

Handmade drapes over the sink window. Worn area rugs over creaky floors. Family photos and knick-knacks everywhere.

Marissa keeps dialing.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)
(through cell phone)
The number you have reached is no longer in service.

On Marissa's screen, we see the text as she re-reads it:

"The address is 14 Arthur Avenue - if I'm not home from work when you get there, my nanny will be there with the boys. Jenny."

MARISSA
I thought *you* were the nanny. It doesn't make sense. If this is her address, why isn't she here? Why isn't Milo here?

ESTHER
Have you been to her house before?

MARISSA
No - no. Milo just started school this year. He's only five. This is his first playdate with Jacob.

ESTHER
But you know this Jenny?

MARISSA
We met at the school social and she was great. I don't understand what's going on. How could she get her own address wrong?

ESTHER
Probably something with the...
(thumbs moving as if she's typing a text)
...auto-thingy. It's always changing what I want to say.

MARISSA
Auto-correct! Of course! That's what it is. I just need to get the right address and I'll stop being such a pain. Um, let me try...

Marissa dials. Holds the phone to her ear. We hear RINGING.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
(re: who she is calling)
We have a nanny, too. She might know another way to reach Jenny.

ESTHER
Could *your* nanny have picked up your son?

Still RINGING.

MARISSA
No. She's off work this weekend. Left town this morning. It's not been great timing, to be honest. I'm drowning at work!

Marissa ends the call.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
She's not answering.

ESTHER
Do you have the numbers for the other parents in the class, could you call one of them and -

MARISSA
Yes! *Yes*!

Fingers on her smartphone screen, and now we notice: they're trembling just a bit. Phone to her ear. Until -

SARAH RAYBURN (O.S.)
(through cell phone)
Marissa, how are you?

MARISSA
(into cell phone)
Sarah! Hi. Sorry. Do you have a number for Jenny Kennedy? Milo is on a playdate with her son Jacob, but somehow Jenny sent me the wrong address and the number I have for her isn't working, and now I have no idea where to pick him up!

Marissa laughs, but it's too loud. Adrenaline.

Silence on the other end of the line.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
(into cell phone)
Sarah?

SARAH RAYBURN (O.S.)
(through cell phone)
Have you got your dates mixed up?

MARISSA
(into cell phone)
No. It's today. I'm sure of it.

SARAH RAYBURN (O.S.)
(through cell phone)
But that makes no sense.

MARISSA
(into cell phone)
What do you mean?

SARAH RAYBURN (O.S.)
(through cell phone)
Milo can't be on a playdate with Jacob. Because Jacob is here in our house right now.

Marissa opens her mouth, but no words come out. Then her hand lowers the cell phone.

She stares at Esther, oh-so-slowly coming to terms with the fact that -

MARISSA
I don't know where my son is.

CUT TO BLACK:

Deafening silence.

SUPERIMPOSE: **ALL HER FAULT**

FADE BACK IN:

103 **INT. 14 ARTHUR AVENUE - CONTINUOUS** 103

DPU of sc 102. Marissa's breathing grows shallow. Eyes wide. * Esther gently takes the cell phone from her hand.

Esther puts the cell phone on speaker. Puts it down on the kitchen island between them. Both women still standing.

ESTHER
(into cell phone)
Hello. I'm here with your friend. Now, Sarah, is it? Do you have the right number for this woman Jenny?

SARAH RAYBURN (O.S.)
(through cell phone speaker)
I'll send through the parent contact list again. But Marissa should already have -

ESTHER
(into cell phone)
Please do. Thank you. We'll give her a call. But Jenny's little boy is in your house? You're sure of that?

SARAH RAYBURN (O.S.)
(through cell phone speaker)
I'm the parent representative at the school. I know all the kids, and all the moms, and I am looking at Jenny's boy Jacob right now.
(pause)
There, I just sent the -

Marissa's cell phone BINGS with a text.

ESTHER
(into cell phone)
We've got it. We'll give her a call. Thank you, Sarah.

Esther taps the screen to end the call.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
Would you like me to call Jenny for you?

Marissa nods. Esther taps the screen. We hear a RING, then -

JENNY (O.S.)
(through cell phone speaker)
Hello?

ESTHER
(into cell phone)
Hello, Jenny? You don't know me but I'm here with your friend Marissa. From your son's school?

JENNY (O.S.)
(through cell phone speaker)
Of course. Is everything all right?

ESTHER
(into cell phone)
Well, Marissa thought her son was at your house today, but there seems to be some kind of confusion on that.

JENNY (O.S.)
(through cell phone speaker)
Oh, no. I'm in the city for work tonight. Jacob is at Sarah Rayburn's for a playdate.

ESTHER
(into cell phone)
So, Milo isn't with you.

JENNY (O.S.)
(through cell phone speaker)
No. He isn't.

Marissa trembles. Jaw clenched. Eyes brimming with tears.

ESTHER
Okay. Is there any -

MARISSA
(firm)
You sent me a message.

JENNY (O.S.)
(through cell phone speaker)
Oh, hi, Marissa. No. I'm so sorry but I didn't send any -

MARISSA
It was on my phone. I'm not crazy. It's on my -

JENNY (O.S.)
(through cell phone speaker)
I promise you, Marissa, I didn't. Is everything all right? Is Milo all right?

ESTHER
(into cell phone)
I'm sure he's fine. We'll figure it out. Thank you, Jenny.

Esther ends the call.

MARISSA
Who sent me that text?

Esther isn't sure what to say.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Who picked up my son from school?

Marissa grabs her cell phone. Dials. Holds it to her ear. After a moment -

MARISSA (CONT'D)
(into cell phone)
Peter, I need you to call me. Right now. *Right now*.

She hangs up.

ESTHER
Was that your husband?

Marissa nods.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
Could he have picked up your son, maybe forgetting to tell you?

MARISSA
He doesn't do that. It's our nanny or it's me. He doesn't ever...

ESTHER
What about another Jacob in your son's class?

We can practically see Marissa's skin BURST into goosebumps.

She FALLS to the kitchen floor, shaking with relief. Tears now spilling down her cheeks, but they are tears of relief.

MARISSA
That's it! That's it!
(to Esther)
Oh god bless you!

Esther kneels on the floor by Marissa as we see (on Marissa's cell phone screen) the parent contact list that was just texted over.

ESTHER
There we go. A logical explanation. It's going to be all right.

MARISSA
(reading the list)
The mom isn't Jenny but it's Janet!
(re: the text)
I don't know how it says the wrong name...but...somehow...

She dials. We hear RINGING on Marissa's cell phone.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
You've been so kind. Thank you so much.

Still RINGING.

ESTHER
It's not a big deal.

MARISSA
I'm in your home! I'm on your *floor*!

ESTHER
Well yeah, but I *cleaned*.

Both women laugh. Marissa's is through snot and tears.

MARISSA
I've got to call Jenny back and apologize. I was so rude!

ESTHER
She'll understand.

MARISSA
She's lovely. She's really -

JANET (O.S.)
(through cell phone)
Hello?

MARISSA
(into cell phone)
Janet! Hello. It's Marissa Irvine. Milo's mom. I'm, um...

She looks at her watch.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
(nervous laughter, into cell phone)
Late! And totally shot with nerves, because there's been...oh my god there's a mix-up on the address!
(MORE)

MARISSA (CONT'D)
The text said 14 Arthur Avenue so that's where I am but obviously that's not right! But if you give me the right address, I'll get there as soon as I can. Is Milo all right?

Silence.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
(into cell phone)
Janet?

JANET (O.S.)
(through cell phone)
Milo's not here.

Fresh horror bubbles up on Marissa's face. Esther's face falls, too.

JANET (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(through cell phone)
I don't understand.

An INCOMING CALL on Marissa's cell phone screen. It's Peter. Marissa switches to him.

MARISSA
(into cell phone)
Peter -

PETER (O.S.)
(through cell phone, joking)
Is he *that* worked up about pizza night? Or is he still convinced I'll get his order wrong? Because I'm a dumb dad and all but I think I can remember 'pepperoni.' *

MARISSA
(into cell phone, barely a whisper)
Is he with you?

PETER (O.S.)
(through cell phone)
What?

104 **EXT. GLENCOE NEIGHBORHOOD, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - LATE AFTERNOON** 104

A single camera shot gives us the lay of the land.

(CONTINUED)

We start by moving through the neighborhood. Bright sunshine streams through arching trees, hitting manicured lawns.

As we move through different streets, homes fluctuate between nice-but-relatable middle class to *super*-nice, less-relatable mini-mansions.

On sidewalks, nannies wear Shein. Moms in Lululemon. Toddlers sport backpacks and carry drawings. Everyone has a reusable water bottle.

At an intersection, a Tesla moves into frame. We peek inside the car's windows. Marissa is in the passenger seat. Eyes red. Fingers shaking as she dials - futile call after futile call. Esther drives.

Marissa looks up. Watches a MOTHER scoop her TODDLER into her arms, brushing hair from her face.

Marissa's face contorts in pain. But just as her agony becomes overwhelming...

Esther takes a left turn. The Tesla moves out of frame, and we move UP. Gliding away from the houses, past a nearby playground nestled in a small park, we move up to...

A bird's eye view of a Glencoe so idyllic it almost looks photoshopped.

The neighborhood is coastal, butting up right against Lake Michigan. Mom and Pop-style cafes face sandy Glencoe Beach. No chain restaurants here.

As we move over the lashing waves, up and up along the coast, we now see, in the distance:

A farmhouse-style mini-mansion nestled high on a hill behind a gate. The biggest home in the area *by far,* it's got direct beach views.

A long, winding drive only adds to it's exclusivity.

We PUSH IN, SLOW. Moving towards the mini-mansion. Sweeping over the drive just as...

The Tesla pulls up. Parks. Marissa bolts from the car, running towards her front door. Heels long gone.

105 **INT. IRVINE HOME, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - CONTINUOUS** 105

FOYER. Evening sunlight reflects in dark, wooden floors. Tasteful artwork hovers above wainscotted walls.

The front door swings open. Marissa races inside. We stay with her as she runs...

MARISSA
Milo!

...to the **KITCHEN.** Two ovens. Two sinks. Marbled countertops. An oversized island.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Milo!

She never breaks stride, reaching...the **LIVING ROOM.**

Bay windows. Plush chaise sofas for 10. An oversized flat-screen that's somehow still discrete.

But the room is empty. Marissa pants, eyes scanning.

The **STAIRCASE.** She catapults upwards. Shaking hands on an ornate banister.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Milo!!

The **UPPER LANDING.** Panting. Shaking as she opens the first door to -

THE MASTER BEDROOM. Gorgeous views. A fireplace. A separate seating area. But it's empty.

She races out again, down the corridor towards -

MILO'S ROOM. Oversized bed. Oversized room. It's got it's own reading nook.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Are you hiding?! Say you're hiding!

But nothing. Hand to her mouth. Waves of shock.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Please.
(choking on sobs)
Please be hiding...

An idea strikes. Wet eyes go wide.

106 **EXT. IRVINE HOME - MOMENTS LATER** 106

Marissa, barefoot, running at full speed on the home's back lawn. The camera *RACING* to keep up with her as she -

SLAMS into the door of a modest cottage for one. Part of the estate but at a distance from the main house.

Marissa BEATS on the door. Panting.

MARISSA
Brian! *Brian!!*

The door swings open. BRIAN IRVINE (41) answers the door. Stooped over, leaning on a single-arm walking aid/cane. (We suspect some kind of spinal damage.)

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Is he with you?!

A blank stare - Brian is shy, intimidated right now.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Is Milo with you?!

BRIAN
(meek)
I don't understand. Is he all right?

MARISSA
No, he's not all right!
(screaming)
He's not all right!

From her peripheral, Marissa (and we) see a second car pull up the drive.

107 **EXT. IRVINE HOME - CONTINUOUS** 107

Evening sun setting. Evening wind in her hair. Work suit now sweat soaked. Feet bleeding. Marissa chokes on sobs as she gets closer and closer to -

MARISSA
Peter!

PETER IRVINE (43) has broad shoulders. A waist that's still trim, even at middle age. Light hair. Dark glasses.

And right now, he's pale as a ghost. Running towards Marissa.

PETER
Is he here?! Is he?!

They SLAM into one another. Not an embrace as much as a *collision*. Panting chests fighting each other for space.

His arms around her. Her fingers gripping his suit jacket.

PETER (CONT'D)
We'll find him. We'll find him. I promise. *

108 **INT. IRVINE HOME, KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING** 108

Marissa and Peter at their kitchen table. Two UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS (both male, both 30s) stand with notebooks.

Radios affixed to their chests SQUAWK commands that neither man pays much attention to.

Esther kneels by Marissa, hand on Marissa's knee.

MARISSA
We can drive you home. It's my...we took my car.

ESTHER
I've called a friend to pick me up. Don't worry about me.
(re: the officers)
They'll take care of you now.

MARISSA
Thank you.

Esther touches Marissa's cheek. A sad smile, then she stands. Leaves. We hear the front door open and close.

Peter reaches out, holding his wife's hand. Tears brim in his eyes, but he holds them at bay. Barely.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Can you tell us the last time you saw your son?

MARISSA
This morning. I took him to school before work. 7:45.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Did you walk him inside the building?

MARISSA
No. There's a drop off area, in front of the school.

POLICE OFFICER #1
So you didn't see him enter the -

MARISSA
There are adults there. To take the children.

A beat.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
They hold their hands!

POLICE OFFICER #1
What's the name of the school?

PETER
Bishops Academy. It's private.

POLICE OFFICER #1
And your son's teacher?

Peter looks to Marissa, unsure.

MARISSA
Mr. Williams. Ethan. But there's also an aide in the classroom. Um. Annabel Buckley. We aren't given their personal numbers, and the school is closed right now, so I don't know how to get a hold of them.

Officer #1 nods towards Officer #2, who exits the room, searching on his cell phone.

POLICE OFFICER #1
We'll find Mr. Williams. Can you describe your son?

PETER
He's blonde, like me. His hair's long, too. Almost at his shoulders.
(swallowing)
He likes it that way.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Does he have any other distinguishing features, aside from the long hair?

PETER
No.

POLICE OFFICER #1
And what was he wearing this morning?

Peter looks to Marissa, again unsure.

MARISSA
An Adidas tracksuit. It's navy. And his raincoat. It's bright green, with silver dinosaurs.

PETER
His rain boots are green, too.

MARISSA
(to Peter)
He wasn't wearing them this morning. I packed them in his bag, but he had his sneakers on.
(to Police officer #1)
They're white.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Who usually picks up your son from school?

MARISSA
Our nanny. Ana Garcia. We've called her but she's not answering.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Do you know her well?

MARISSA
Of course! She's been Milo's nanny for months now. She's great with him.

POLICE OFFICER #1
How did you meet Ms. Garcia?

MARISSA
Through a website. A nanny service. All the mom's use it.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Did she have references?

MARISSA
Well, the service, it vets all that. Criminal checks, everything.

A beat.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
That's what you pay for. That's... She's *fantastic* with Milo.
(MORE)

MARISSA (CONT'D)
I wouldn't just leave my child with...

Marissa's cell phone RINGS. Everyone flinches - hopeful. But when she checks the screen, her entire body deflates.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
It's just a client. I was supposed to call him. I...

Everyone stares at Marissa. She averts her eyes. Swallows.

POLICE OFFICER #1
What is it that you do for a living, ma'am?

MARISSA
I'm an attorney. Peter's in finance. It takes up a lot of...that's why we have a Ana.

POLICE OFFICER #1
What else can you tell us about her?

MARISSA
She's from Peru. We offered but she doesn't live here. She has a studio in Thornton with her boyfriend. They're away this weekend, driving to Fort Wayne. His cousin's getting married tomorrow.

Officer #2 re-enters the room.

POLICE OFFICER #2
(to Officer #1)
Found the teacher, but he's not answering his cell.
(to Marissa and Peter)
We'll keep trying.

Marissa shutters an exhale. Peter squeezes her hand. Both Officers look at the couple.

POLICE OFFICER #1
(to Marissa)
Now, your understanding was that Milo was supposed to be on a playdate today. Is that correct?

MARISSA
Yes.

POLICE OFFICER #1
How was the playdate arranged?

MARISSA
I received a text from one of the moms. Jenny Kennedy. She asked if Milo wanted to play with her son Jacob.
(fighting tears)
Ana's gone and I didn't want to cancel a meeting to pick Milo up from school so it was....it was perfect.

POLICE OFFICER #1
How well do you know Ms. Kennedy?

MARISSA
Well she's a mom at the school. I've seen her around a lot, but we hadn't really talked until about a week and a half ago. At the school social. She was...great.

POLICE OFFICER #2
Have you been to her home before?

MARISSA
No.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Have you and Ms. Kennedy corresponded through text before?

MARISSA
No.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Did you have a contact number for Ms. Kennedy, like through the school?

MARISSA
Yes. There's a parent contact list. It's sent out at the start of the year.

POLICE OFFICER #2
And did the number from the text match the number listed for Ms. Kennedy?

Marissa's face contorts.

MARISSA
I didn't check.

PETER
Wait. I thought you had all the parents' numbers in your phone.

MARISSA
I hadn't entered them all in yet! I had the list by the side of my bed but I just hadn't gotten around to...I'm just tired at night and I kept putting it off...
(pause)
She signed the text 'Jenny' and I just assumed it was her! Why wouldn't it be her?!

POLICE OFFICER #1
Ma'am, did you *ever* speak to Ms. Kennedy on the phone, about this playdate?

She shakes her head - no.

MARISSA
It was all over text.

A flicker of a glance between the two Police officers.

Peter looks at Marissa, then up at the Police officers. Just a fraction of a second where the three men lock eyes.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Mr. and Mrs. Irvine, do you have a recent picture of your son?

Off Marissa. A new wave of shock setting in. This is real. This is really happening.

FIRST COMMERCIAL BREAK *

109 **EXT. CHICAGO RIVERWALK - EVENING** 109

Skyscrapers reach up towards the clear, starry night. City lights twinkle against the rippling water.

River cruises float leisurely, the tourists on board getting a view of a upscale waterfront restaurants.

Pedestrians stroll on the wooden walkway. In the crowd, we zero in on:

(CONTINUED)

JENNY KENNEDY (40). Work suit. Long, straight hair blowing in the warm wind. Her cell phone to her ear.

JENNY
(into cell phone)
Marissa said I sent her a text about a playdate but I didn't.

110 **INT. CLASSROOM/SCHOOL - EVENING** 110

An empty classroom. Rows of desks.

RICHIE KENNEDY (38), has keys in one hand, cell phone in the other. He's gathers a stack of papers, his messenger bag, etc. Then heads towards the door.

RICHIE
(into cell phone)
She probably just read it wrong or something.

JENNY
(into cell phone)
I don't think so. And it wasn't just Marissa, there was another woman there, too. I think it was a stranger who was helping her.

RICHIE
I'm sure the kid's fine. He's probably been found by now. With his grandmother or something.

INTERCUT:

JENNY
Jesus I can't imagine the worry. I'm nauseous just thinking about it.

RICHIE
You know what makes me nauseous? Vanilla-flavored vape smoke in the boys' bathrooms.

JENNY
Oh *god*.

RICHIE
Had to sit next to them, waiting for the principle. Thought I was gonna gag. The glories of public high school.

(CONTINUED)

She cracks a smile. He opens the door to leave. It CREAKS as * he walks through, to the -

111 **INT. HALLWAY/SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS** 111

He SHUTS the classroom door. Locks it.

JENNY
You two home now?

RICHIE
What? No.

JENNY
I thought I heard the door.

RICHIE
I'm leaving school now. Going to * pick him up.

He walks down the hallway as they speak.

JENNY
Richie, it's already 7.

RICHIE
It's not. It's...

He looks at his cell phone. Then puts it back to his ear.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
6:54. I'm not late. Takes, like, 5 minutes to get there.

She chuckles, but it's forced. Tight throat.

JENNY
You always say that. That something takes "like 5 minutes" to do but really what you mean is, it doesn't take long.

RICHIE
Exactly.

JENNY
But it's not 5 minutes to get to Sarah Rayburn's house from the school. It's 'like' 15.

RICHIE
What does it matter?

JENNY
It matters because playdates end at 7. Being on time for pick up is a *big deal*.

RICHIE
I think you're just afraid of Sarah Rayburn.

JENNY
Richie, I'm serious, I *need* these playdates! They're the only way I ever get a full day at work.

RICHIE
Honey, I promise you, *no one* obsesses over the little details like you do, okay? It'll be fine.

A beat.

JENNY
Okay. You're right. I love you.

RICHIE
I love you, too.

He hangs up. She does, too. Then she dials again.

112 **INT. SARAH RAYBURN'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - EVENING** 112

SARAH RAYBURN (43), bathes a TODDLER (3). Her cell phone rings. With her dry hand, she picks it up. Checks the caller ID and answers.

SARAH RAYBURN
Hi, Jenny.

INTERCUT:

JENNY
Hi, Sarah! I'm so sorry, Richie's on his way but he'll be just a couple minutes late.

SARAH RAYBURN
Yeah, it's 7 now. The boys are watching TV. I wouldn't usually put it on during a playdate but I needed to get my youngest one going with the bath.

JENNY
Oh no. I'm sorry.

SARAH RAYBURN
And I've just got a *ton* to do with the raffle. Still looking for volunteers.

Jenny winces, in agony. We don't (yet) understand why. An awkward silence until finally....

JENNY
He really is just a few minutes away.

SARAH RAYBURN
Well, that's good. The boys had a really nice time. I was happy to host Jacob.

Sarah takes the shower head, prepared to rinse her child.

SARAH RAYBURN (CONT'D)
Look, I've got to -

JENNY
By the way, I got the strangest call from Marissa Irvine today. She thought Milo was at my house?

SARAH RAYBURN
I know!

She drops the shower head, now engaged. It PLUNKS in the water, splashing the Toddler.

SARAH RAYBURN (CONT'D)
She called me too. It was so weird. She was asking for your number. She said you arranged a playdate?

JENNY
But I didn't!

SARAH RAYBURN
Well, she thinks you did. When I told her Jacob was here it was like I'd dropped a bomb.

JENNY
Do you know if it's okay now? Have they figured it out?

SARAH RAYBURN
I don't know. She called me again later. Think she was just randomly calling all the parents on the list! Which I had to text to her. Anyway, she asked if I'd seen Milo at pick-up. *So they don't even know who he went home with*.

JENNY
Poor Marissa. God, I hope it's just a mix up.

SARAH RAYBURN
Do you know if she knows her nanny? Like, *really*?

JENNY
What do you mean?

SARAH RAYBURN
Well, it sounds a bit shady, doesn't it? Child goes missing on the day the nanny leaves on a trip?
(pause)
And I mean, where is the nanny *from*?

JENNY
(uncomfortable)
Oh....ah, I'm not sure.

SARAH RAYBURN
It's why I do all the childcare myself. You just never know.

JENNY
Well. Anyway. If you hear anything else about it, can you let me know? I'm only worried for Marissa. And Milo.

SARAH RAYBURN
Of course. God, yeah, hope he's all right. And I'm sure you've already thought about it, but...

JENNY
What?

SARAH RAYBURN
Well, I mean, if someone *did* take Milo Irvine, why would they pretend to be *you*?

Jenny hesitates. She *hadn't* already though about that.

113 **EXT. PLAYGROUND, BISHOPS ACADEMY PRIMARY SCHOOL - AFTERNOON** 113

SUPERIMPOSE: **TWO MONTHS EARLIER**

Late summer. Bright, hot sunshine.

Jenny stands with a group of parents (primarily moms), gathered by a wooden picnic table. Most of them in office attire, sweating. Keys in their hands, work bags slung over shoulders.

Jenny takes in the faces in the crowd. Some friendly, some preoccupied, all of them *strangers*.

(Nearby, their CHILDREN play on swings and slides. Next to the kids, a large group of NANNIES stand, all with clipboards and forms - we don't know what they are for, yet).

Sarah Rayburn hands out papers to the parents, clearly the one in charge.

SARAH RAYBURN
Welcome first-time moms and dads. Your little ones are going to have *such* a great year.
(pause)
So, lets go through the calendar. All special events are marked with a star. Most of them will require costumes or props for the kids but we're letting you know in advance so there should be plenty of time to prepare.

Jenny receives a paper. It's a calendar. **There's 1 or 2 "stars" each week.** As Jenny takes it in, eyes going wide...

MARISSA (O.S.)
(skeptically, to Sarah)
'Throwback Thursday'?

Jenny looks up. Across the crowd, she now spots Marissa (who is also reading the calendar of events).

SARAH RAYBURN
Can you introduce yourself? We should all get to know one another.

MARISSA
(to everyone)
Marissa Irvine. Hi.

SARAH RAYBURN
Hello Marissa. Throwback Thursdays are new this year. So exciting. 80s costumes! Bit of nostalgia.

MARISSA
For *who*?

Jenny SNORTS involuntarily. Then covers her mouth with her hand. All eyes on Jenny, including Marissa.

Marissa winks at Jenny. Jenny lowers her hand. A friendly smile between the women.

SARAH RAYBURN
I'm not quite sure what you're trying to say.

MARISSA
That these kids were born in 2018.

BY THE SWINGS AND SLIDES

One child has a bubble-blowing gun. He presses it, and bubbles spurt out everywhere. Kids SQUEAL. Among them, we focus in on:

MILO IRVINE (5). Long, blonde hair. A dimpled smile.

He's *transfixed* by the bubbles, eyes wide with wonder, reaching out to touch one with his fingers. Closer, closer...

NEARBY (FEW FEET AWAY)

ANA GARCIA (23, Peruvian) studies the paperwork on her clipboard. Brow furrowed. She quietly CURSES in Spanish.

NANNY (O.S.)
You all right?

Another NANNY (Caucasian/American) stands next to her, also holding a clipboard. She's got a kind smile.

ANA
(thick accent, re: the paperwork)
My English is not so good. And why must we...? The family, they know me already.

NANNY
It's for the school. They have to cover their bases.

Ana looks a tad nervous. The Nanny clocks it, then nods towards a bench nearby.

NANNY (CONT'D)
Should we do it together?

Ana smiles, grateful. Then nods, yes.

NANNY (CONT'D)
(re: the kids)
Which one is yours?

ANA
Milo Irvine.

Ana points to Milo. He's a bit away from the other kids, now having followed a single bubble that's floating away. He chases after it.

NANNY
Aw, he's a sweet one.

ANA
He is.

Ana (and the audience) watch as Milo closes in on the bubble, reaching out to touch it.

And when he does, it doesn't burst.

The bubble rests on the tip of his index finger.

ANA (CONT'D)
(staring at Milo)
He is *perfect*.

Milo turns to Ana, his face *glowing* with delight. She stares at the boy, her expression unnervingly unreadable. Then...

She winks.

2nd COMMERCIAL BREAK

114 **INT. IRVINE HOME, KITCHEN - EVENING** 114

Laptops, mobiles and phone lists spread out.

BY THE KITCHEN TABLE

Marissa stands with the FEMALE POLICE OFFICER (20s), who has now arrived. She's got her notebook out, while Marissa has her cell phone to her ear.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER
You and the nanny, Ana. Did the two of you have any kind of disagreement lately?

Marissa kills the call.

MARISSA
I told you. She's *great* with Milo.

Marissa's cell phone RINGS. Her hopeful eyes dart towards her cell phone screen, but then her whole body deflates.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
It's just this client. I was supposed to...it doesn't matter.

Marissa silences the call.

BY THE KITCHEN ISLAND

Peter stands with Brian and Officer #1.

POLICE OFFICER #1
(to Brian)
And you live on the premises?

PETER
He's my brother. He stays in our guest house.

POLICE OFFICER #1
(to Peter)
You said you have a sister. Does she stay here, too?

PETER
No, she's in the city. But she's on her way over now.
(pause)
It feels like we're just talking. Standing here. Nothing's happening.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Detective McConville has been assigned to your son's case. He's headed to the teacher's address because Mr. Williams isn't answering his cell phone.
(MORE)

POLICE OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
He's going to talk to him about who might have picked up Milo. That's the best next step we can be taking.

Peter takes a deep breath. Eyes watering. Finally -

PETER
(voice cracking)
This is my son. He's my best friend. Promise me you're doing everything you can to bring him home.

POLICE OFFICER #1
I promise, Mr. Irvine.

The Officer moves away from Peter and Brian. The brothers are alone.

PETER
I can't remember if I told him I loved him this morning.

A BING on Brian's cell phone. Brian averts his screen just a tad.

PETER (CONT'D)
Who's texting you?

DING DONG. Heads WHIP towards the front door. Marissa and Peter RUSH towards -

THE FRONT DOOR.

Marissa gets there first, SWINGING it open to reveal:

COLIN DOBSON (40s). Suit clad. Face awash with concern.

COLIN
Oh, Mar...

He walks in. He and Marissa embrace. A prolonged hug. When they part, Colin and Peter hug, too. A shorter one, but it's sincere.

Peter's phone rings. Marissa looks at him, hopeful. But he shakes his head - it's nothing. He wanders back into the kitchen to answer it.

Marissa and Colin are alone.

COLIN (CONT'D)
This is a mix-up, all right? Just an innocent mix-up.

MARISSA
It's been *hours* since school let out. Tell me the innocent mix-up that would take *hours* to resolve. Tell me what that would be.

He hesitates, unable to come up with anything. Marissa's cell phone rings AGAIN. She glances at the screen.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Fuck.

COLIN
What?

Marissa rejects the call. The ringing stops.

MARISSA
Fenlon. I was supposed to call him, he's got a depo tomorrow morning -

COLIN
Let me call him. And let me take the depo tomorrow.

MARISSA
It's all right. I don't -

COLIN
Mar. We're partners. And friends. Milo's missing, and this is the only thing I can do. So let me do it.

Marissa smiles, though its sad. Then she nods, grateful. She presses re-dial on her cell phone, trying to call Ana again.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Ana's not answering?

MARISSA
No. But she couldn't have taken him. It wouldn't make any sense...

She freezes. We (and Colin) follow her gaze.

Through the back window of the house, a WHITE/BLUE light shines from the back veranda.

Marissa BOLTS towards the back of the house.

115 **EXT. IRVINE HOME, BACK VERANDA - EVENING** 115

A cell phone sits on the arm of a outdoor chair, RINGING.

Marissa opens the back door of the home, rushing towards it. She stares at it, mouth agape.

Peter, Colin and the POLICE OFFICER appear in the door seconds later. Marissa turns to face them.

MARISSA
(re: the phone)
It's Ana's.

116 **INT. CHICAGO RIVERWALK RESTAURANT - EVENING** 116

Oversized windows showcase a view of the river. Soft candles glow on oak tables. Plush chairs.

Jenny enters, hands her coat to the hostess, who gestures to a table of three men - JAMES STANTON (40s), WILL (50s) and BRENDAN (50s).

They're all deep in conversation as Jenny approaches.

JENNY
I'm so sorry!
(sitting)
It's just, my husband's in charge of our son tonight and, you know, little fires.

JAMES STANTON
Good that he gave you the night off, though, huh?

JENNY
Yes! Richie's so sweet about that. Anyway, it's resolved now. I'm here. So, Mr. Stanton...

JAMES STANTON
Oh gosh we can't do that. *James*.

JENNY
All right. James. I'd love to dive right back in, so...
(re: her, Will and Brendan)
(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)
We've all combed through the outgoing funds from your company's accounts for the last eight financial quarters, as well as all the assets and their recoveries that you've listed on your I-18s...

She pulls out some paperwork from her bag, clearly a thorough report of some kind.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Our conclusion is: your previous forensic accountants might not have been doing due diligence in their reviews.
(pause)
I think we can help right the ship.

An awkward pause. Jenny reads it in an instant.

JENNY (CONT'D)
I'm a nerd for numbers so I got excited! Did I dive back in too quick?

BRENDAN
No, Jenny, it's just...we went ahead with most of that, while you were on the phone.

JENNY
Oh! Of course. My fault for being tied up. I don't mind playing a bit of catch up if you guys want to just -

BING. Her cell phone.

On her screen, a text from Sarah Rayburn: **"You said Richie was on his way?"**

Jenny deflates. Texts back: **"He really should be there any minute!"**

Jenny looks up. The men are looking at her.

JENNY (CONT'D)
(to James)
Sorry. I'm not usually like this!
(to everyone)
Honestly, it's been a real scare today! Not with me. With another mom. There's a child missing.

JAMES STANTON
Oh *god*.

WILL
What happened?

All three men have eyes on her, genuinely curious.

JENNY
Someone picked up a boy from school and no one's seen him since. But they only let the kids go with either parents or nannies. It's a really strict school policy.

JAMES STANTON
It's that way for us, too.

JENNY
Is it?

JAMES STANTON
Well that's what my wife said. She gave me something to sign about it.

BING. Her cell phone. Again.

On screen, from Sarah Rayburn: **"Jacob's overtired and upset. It's SO late. A call from mommy would really help."** *

Jenny freezes, then forces a smile. Smothering frustration.

JENNY
How about I catch up with you guys tomorrow morning instead? *

117 **EXT. CHICAGO RESTAURANT/RIVERWALK AREA - EVENING** 117

Jenny, cell to her ear. *

JENNY *
(into cell) *
I know, honey. I know. But he's on his way. *

She hails a cab. One approaches and pulls up. She goes to open the door. Before climbing in, she glances into the dining room, through the oversized windows. *

Will, Brendan and James are deep in conversation. Hand gestures, concentrated looks. It's going well. *

JENNY (CONT'D) *
(into cell) *
Of course I'll be home to tuck you *
in. *

118 **INT. IRVINE HOME, KITCHEN - EVENING** 118

Ana's cell phone is now in an evidence bag. It sits on the kitchen island.

Marissa, Peter, Colin and Brian all stare at it. Around them, two of the police officers are in a hushed conversation. The third is on his cell phone.

A horrid silence. Finally -

PETER
(to Marissa, and himself)
Ana wouldn't hurt him. She's not like that. She's not...she's taking care of him, all right? She's taking -

Headlights flash through the kitchen window.

Marissa and Peter's head *WHIP* towards the lights, eyes wide with hope.

119 **EXT. IRVINE HOME - MOMENTS LATER** 119

A car parks at the top of the drive. Engine cuts. Ana emerges from the driver's side, just as -

MARISSA (O.S.)
Where is he?!

Ana startles, looking up. *Marissa and Peter race towards her*.

ANA
What?

PETER
Tell us where he is!

They reach her, push her aside, frantically looking into her car. But it's empty.

ANA
What's going on?

PETER
What have you done with Milo?

(CONTINUED)

ANA
I don't have Milo! I'm not working this weekend!

Peter and Marissa both stare at her, speechless.

ANA (CONT'D)
I left my phone. I was coming to get it. We leave tomorrow morning instead, the wedding is at night.
(pause)
What's happened to Milo?

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Mr. And Mrs. Irvine? *

Marissa and Peter turn. POLICE OFFICER #1, along with Colin and Brian, are now there.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
Detective McConville has spoken with Milo's teacher. He says Milo was picked up by a woman named Carrie Finch.

MARISSA
Who is Carrie Finch?

FLASH TO:

Sc 113. Ana with the other "Nanny", filling out forms by the school. That other Nanny smiles. We focus in on her face, now understanding... *

This is CARRIE FINCH (26).

BACK TO:

120 **EXT. JENNY AND RICHIE'S HOME - EVENING** 120

A cab pulls up. Jenny emerges, seeing:

A police vehicle parked at the top of the drive.

Jenny's going wide.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (V.O.)
Carrie Finch is Jenny Kennedy's nanny.

3rd COMMERCIAL BREAK

121 **INT. JENNY AND RICHIE'S HOME - EVENING** 121

Jenny BOLTS through the door. Richie sits in the living room with two POLICE OFFICERS. Notebooks out.

Richie opens his mouth to explain but Jenny (assuming/fearing the worst) RACES up the stairs instead.

122 **INT. JENNY AND RICHIE'S HOME - EVENING** 122

Jenny RUSHES down the upstairs corridor.

123 **INT. JENNY AND RICHIE'S HOME, JACOB'S ROOM - EVENING** 123

Jenny reaches Jacob's door. She pushes it open to reveal:

JACOB (5). Still in school clothes, watching his iPad. *

Jenny melts with gratitude. Love. She rushes towards him. Scoops him into her arms. Rocks him. Kisses his head.

JACOB
What's wrong? *

JENNY
Nothing, sweetie. Nothing. I just thought something might have happened...mommy was just being silly.

The adrenaline drains from her body. She pulls away from the hug. Their faces inches apart. *

JENNY (CONT'D) *
You feel better now? *

He nods. *

JENNY (CONT'D) *
Good. Want me to do bath time? *

He nods again. *

JENNY (CONT'D) *
But first, there's police * downstairs and I think they want to talk to us about something that happened at school today. But it's nothing to worry about, okay?

JACOB
Will Carrie go to jail?

(CONTINUED)

A beat.

JENNY
Why would you think that?

JACOB
Daddy says the police are here because Carrie did something bad.

Off Jenny, processing...

124 **INT. JENNY AND RICHIE'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 124

Jenny is seated on the sofa, facing Richie (who is seated across from her). Nearby, two POLICE OFFICERS stand.

JENNY
I'm sorry. This just *has* to be a misunderstanding.

POLICE OFFICER #4
For now, we'd just like to know a bit more about your nanny. What can you tell us?

JENNY
Um...her name is Caroline Finch. She's twenty-six years old, and she's been with us about three months now. She's quiet and shy and sweet. *

POLICE OFFICER #4
Has she been acting out of the ordinary lately?

JENNY
No.

POLICE OFFICER #3
Was there ever a time when she seemed in any way unbalanced?

JENNY
No!

POLICE OFFICER #3
And did she ever hurt Jacob?

JENNY
Of course not! I would -

Jenny freezes, struck by a thought.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER #3
Ms. Kennedy?

JENNY
It's probably not relevant, but there was this one time when I thought she was about to hit him.

RICHIE
What?!

JENNY
No! No! It was a misunderstanding!

RICHIE
I can't believe you didn't tell me this!

POLICE OFFICER #3
So she attempted to hit your son on at least one occasion?

JENNY
No! That's just it. She was swatting a fly. Jacob was pestering her and I went out to the back yard to see what was going on and when I saw her hand go up, I screamed and grabbed him. And then I saw the fly. I was mortified.

All three pairs of eyes on Jenny.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Look, I know how it sounds in hindsight, but really, I'm one hundred percent sure she was swatting a fly!

POLICE OFFICER #4
Ms. Kennedy, Marissa Irvine received a text, supposedly from you, arranging a playdate for her son Milo, for today.

JENNY
But I never sent -

POLICE OFFICER #4
We understand. However, Carrie Finch then picked Milo Irvine up from Bishops Academy this afternoon. And no one has seen either of them since.

JENNY
You think Carrie sent the text, pretending to be me?

POLICE OFFICER #3
Yes. And now that phone is out of service.

JENNY
(half joking)
So, what, it was like a *burner* phone?

Their looks are serious. It starts to sink in for Jenny.

JENNY (CONT'D)
So...this was all planned? *

125 **EXT. IRVINE HOME, BACK VERANDA - EVENING** 125

Marissa stands on the back veranda, looking skyward. *

Peter, Brian and Colin are all there. Some sit on plush outdoor furniture. Some stand. All of them silent.

LIA (O.S.) *
Where the fuck are they?! *

A door SLAMS (the front door, far away from the back veranda). * *

COLIN *
(to Peter and Brian) *
Does anyone ever not notice your sister entering a room? * *

Before they can answer, the back door of the house SWINGS open. * *

LIA (38) is flushed, frazzled. Yoga pants. Cashmere duster. Designer Boho bag.

She's too gobsmacked to say anything at first. Peter looks at her. Fresh tears well up in his eyes.

LIA
(to Peter, starting to cry herself)
No, no. You're not the one who cries! I can't handle that! *

PETER
Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

LIA
Well you should be! Because this is about *me*.

Peter involuntarily snorts/laughs through tears.

LIA (CONT'D)
Oh thank Christ you laughed that was a risky joke.

She crosses the veranda. They embrace. Sobbing. They pull apart. She wipes tears from his eyes.

LIA (CONT'D)
We're going to find him. Okay? We are. I decided.

He nods. She turns to Marissa.

LIA (CONT'D)
Do you believe me?

Marissa forces a smile. They hug, too. It's warm and sincere. When they pull apart, Lia turns to Colin and Brian.

LIA (CONT'D)
Hey, Col.

COLIN
Hey.

LIA
(re: Brian's cane, leaning up against the outdoor furniture)
Brian, move your shit.

Brian chuckles despite himself. He moves his cane so Lia can sit next to him.

She reaches over, pinching his earlobe (in a pestering-sister way). He bats her away on autopilot.

Colin takes a chair nearby.

Peter and Marissa are next to each other, still standing. Marissa glances inside the house. Through a large window, we see:

Ana and a Police Officer talking; looks like he's just taking a routine statement.

LIA (CONT'D)
So. What exactly do we know?

PETER
Another nanny picked Milo up from school. Her name is Carrie Finch. No one's seen them since.

LIA
Do we know this Carrie?

PETER
No.

LIA
Who does she work for? Who's the mom?

PETER
Her name is Jenny Kennedy.

LIA
And what do we know about Jenny? What's her situation?

Colin SCOFFS.

LIA (CONT'D)
What? What was that?

COLIN
Sorry. Just, being a lawyer.

LIA
So fine, be a lawyer. Explain.

Colin glances at Marissa. They both know what he's about to say...

COLIN
Well, legally Jenny Kennedy's situation is not good. If she ignored warning signs regarding her nanny, if she wasn't diligent in checking her references, if she didn't disclose something to the school or if she was in any way negligent in hiring Carrie Finch, then...

LIA
Then what?

MARISSA
Then we could ruin her life.

Her voice soft. She's simply stating a fact. *

MARISSA (CONT'D)
We could destroy her.

4th COMMERCIAL BREAK

126 **INT. BISHOPS ACADEMY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - EVENING** 126

Superimpose: **TEN DAYS EARLIER**

An auditorium half-filled with mingling parents. The men in suit jackets, but no ties. Women in cotton dresses and kitten heels.

Tables of drinks and small appetizers on the gym's shiny floor. *

Jenny wears a black-and-white wrap dress. She stands with Sarah Rayburn, AIMEE (40s) and VICTOR (40s). They all hold glasses of Chardonnay.

VICTOR
It's *so important* to set that example. Boys need to see a father make dinner. Do the dishes. The laundry. We *have* to counter program our kids.

SARAH RAYBURN
(to Jenny)
Victor's a stay-at-home dad.

JENNY
Oh, so you don't work?

VICTOR
No. I made a commitment to home life.

AIMEE
(to Jenny)
Isn't that incredible?

A beat.

JENNY
Wow. What a lucky boy you have!

VICTOR
We have two, actually.

SARAH RAYBURN
(to Jenny)
Not the same as having one.

AIMEE
So not the same.

VICTOR
One is one. Two is *ten*.

Polite laughs. Sarah turns to Jenny.

SARAH RAYBURN
You just have Jacob, right?

JENNY
Right.

SARAH RAYBURN
Well, enjoy easy street while you can. Actually! Jenny, that reminds me. We need to talk *charity raffle*.

JENNY
Charity raffle?

SARAH RAYBURN
For the school. I head it up every year, but it's *such* a drain and volunteers for the small stuff are essential.

JENNY
What kind of small stuff?

SARAH RAYBURN
Booking venues, arranging drinks and food, music, stuff like that. I *really* look to the parents with just one child to help out. Otherwise, it's just unfair to the others. So can I count you in?

Off Jenny, smiling, though we note her eyes look wet...

127 **INT. BISHOPS ACADEMY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 127

INSIDE A STALL

Jenny. Panic-crying. Breath shallow and sharp.

Shaky hands reach for toilet paper. Dot her eyes to keep make-up from running.

A concentrated effort to slow her breathing, stop the tears. Swallows. Pulls herself together. Then walks out towards -

THE SINKS

Where she washes her hands. Examines her appearance. Eyes a tad red but otherwise you wouldn't be able to tell she just had a meltdown.

She dries her hands, about to leave when the door opens.

Marissa enters. ***Wearing the exact same black-and-white wrap dress.***

The women both freeze when they see each other. Then Marissa BURSTS out laughing.

MARISSA
What. Are. The. Chances?

JENNY
This is so embarrassing!

MARISSA
Why? I think it's hilarious!

JENNY
Because it looks so much better on you!

MARISSA
That's categorically false. We both look stunning.
(re: the dress)
But it's weird, I haven't worn this in forever.

JENNY
Me neither, actually.

A beat.

MARISSA
I feel like I've seen you a million times but we've never actually -

JENNY
I know!

Marissa moves towards Jenny. Extends her hand.

MARISSA
I'm Marissa.

JENNY
Jenny.

They shake.

MARISSA
Your son is in Mr. Williams' class?

JENNY
Yes. Jacob. And yours is...?

MARISSA
Milo. I don't know if they play together at school?

JENNY
I'm not sure.

MARISSA
But he's been asking about playdates.

JENNY
Jacob, too. We should -

MARISSA
We should!

Marissa looks at Jenny's eyes, still a bit red.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
You okay?

Jenny nods, yes. Marissa isn't buying it, but she doesn't press. Instead -

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Well, confession time. I don't have to pee.
(re: the social)
I just wanted to escape. It's intense out there.

JENNY
It is.

MARISSA
So, question: if I came back with two glasses of wine, what would you think?

LATER

Both women sitting on the counter of sinks, with wine.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
So, the daycares all closed. And we had no idea when they were going to reopen. No one had any idea what was going to happen -

JENNY
I was so scared.

MARISSA
I know! Everyone was. Anyway, both of us are working from home, and Milo's home, and he's walking by now and getting into everything, and I'm trying to figure it all out, and then...Peter decides he's going to train for a half marathon.

JENNY
Oh, wow, that's -

MARISSA
Tremendously inconvenient for me, is what it was. Four times a week, he's gone for *hours* on these runs. And everyone's congratulating him for getting in great shape, and I'm at home, with Milo *and* work, and all I can think is: he didn't even ask.

Marissa sips her wine. Thinks.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Don't get me wrong. I love my husband.

JENNY
Of course.

MARISSA
No, I mean it. I really do. And Milo worships him. Peter's the king of tickle-time, you know? He gets down on the floor and builds forts out of pillows. All that's great.
(MORE)

MARISSA (CONT'D)
But when it comes to everything else....picks ups, drops offs, doctor's appointments, lunches, snacks, clothes, shoes, activities...*he just doesn't see it.*

A beat.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Anyway. I shouldn't trash my husband in the women's bathroom. Classy, right?

JENNY
I call Richie a 'motherfucker' to his face sometimes.

A beat. Then Marissa BURSTS out laughing. Jenny laughs, too.

JENNY (CONT'D)
He doesn't even know it.

MARISSA
How does he not -

JENNY
I tried to learn sign language after Jacob was born. One of the mom's in my prenatal class was hearing impaired and I just wanted to...anyway, I never made it that far but I did master a few curse words. One day Richie and I were fighting and Jacob was in the room so I couldn't say anything too awful, so I made the sign for 'motherfucker.'

She does the ASL sign, showing Marissa. She copies the gesture. Both women still laughing. *

JENNY (CONT'D)
Anyway, he thought I was saying 'I love you', like to end the fight. I never corrected him. And now I do it every time he tells me I'm - *

She stops herself. The laughter dies down. Marissa doesn't press. Jenny thinks. Finally -

JENNY (CONT'D)
Every time he tells me I'm amazing.

She looks up at Marissa. Marissa scoffs, instantly understanding.

MARISSA
(slight 'husband' voice)
'I don't know how you do it all. I could never do it what you do. You're so - '

JENNY
(normal voice)
I'm tired of being 'amazing.'

The women hold eye contact.

JENNY (CONT'D)
(pointedly)
I don't want to be amazing anymore.

Neither knows what to say. Then Jenny smiles, chuckling to herself.

JENNY (CONT'D)
But now, apparently, I'm also volunteering for a raffle!

MARISSA
Oh no. Sarah Rayburn got to you?

JENNY
She did. I buckled. She said she has two kids so it's -

MARISSA
She also has no job.

JENNY
Oh.

Marissa puts down her (empty) wine glass.

MARISSA
You're not volunteering for the raffle.

JENNY
I already said yes.

Marissa stands. Straightens her dress.

MARISSA
I'm an attorney. Your verbal contract would not be considered binding.

JENNY
So what am I supposed to do?

MARISSA
The first thing you need to do, is pose for a selfie with me.
(re: their matching dresses)
This must be documented.

Jenny laughs, stands and smooths her dress while Marissa roots through her bag for her cell phone.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
And after that, we will inform Sarah Rayburn that you do not have time to volunteer.

JENNY
I can't do that.

MARISSA
You won't have to. I'll be with you. I'll do all the talking.

JENNY
Really?

MARISSA
Really. But on one condition: don't back peddle. Because she will push. Every time you see her...

JENNY
Oh God...

MARISSA
She'll bring up the raffle. And she'll let the silence hang in the air....*But*. No back peddling. Promise?

JENNY
Promise.

MARISSA
Good. Now, smile.

Marissa raises her cell phone up to take a selfie. The women wrap their arms around each other's waists. Smile.

Just before the camera CLICKS, Jenny glances over at Marissa's face, now so close to her.

Along Marissa's chin, **there's a long scar**. The only blemish in her otherwise flawless appearance.

5th COMMERCIAL BREAK

128 **INT. JENNY AND RICHIE'S HOME - EVENING** 128

Jenny and Richie stand at the bottom of the stairs leading to the second floor of the house. Upstairs, we see POLICE OFFICERS moving around.

Jenny is looking for something on her phone.

JENNY
Can they do this? Just search her room?

RICHIE
I don't know. I guess?

JENNY
(re: her phone)
This is the only photo I have of Carrie. It's not all that great.

She shows the screen to Richie. We don't see it.

JENNY (CONT'D)
She hated having her picture taken.

RICHIE
Maybe now we know why.

JENNY
I can't believe this is happening. It feels surreal. I mean, if Carrie did this -

RICHIE
She *did* do it. She picked him up from school.

JENNY
Then it's our fault. We hired her. We're the reason she had access to the school.

RICHIE
If she wanted to kidnap someone, she'd have found a way, with or without us.

JENNY
Still. Do you think I should go see them?

RICHIE
What? No. Jenny. You don't want to signal that we're responsible. What if they think we're negligent or something? *

JENNY
A five-year-old boy is missing and you're worried about distancing yourself from blame?

RICHIE
Listen to me. This is the kind of thing that in your mind sounds like a good idea, because you're a kind person and it's what I love about you, but months down the road, you'll regret this.

JENNY
We can't just hide here, with our own son upstairs, safe and -

RICHIE
Why did you ask me what I thought?

She freezes.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
You asked me. But you were never going to listen to my answer.
(pause)
Fine. Do what you want. But a piece of advice? Don't *apologize* for anything.

He heads up the stairs, leaving her.

129 **INT./EXT. MCCONVILLE'S CAR/IRVINE HOME - EVENING** 129

An unmarked police vehicle parks at the top of the long drive. Inside, we see:

DETECTIVE MCCONVILLE (40s). Suit-clad. Clean shaven. He cuts the car's engine. Takes in the sight of the Irvine mini-mansion. *

130 **EXT. IRVINE HOME - MOMENTS LATER** 130

The front door opens. Marissa and Peter see Detective McConville. *

DETECTIVE MCCONVILLE
Mr. and Mrs. Irvine? I'm Detective Joseph McConville. *

131 **INT. IRVINE HOME, LIVING ROOM - EVENING** 131

McConville sits on the family sofa. Spread around the living room are Peter and Marissa, but also: Brian, Ana, Colin and Lia. *

DETECTIVE MCCONVILLE
99% of the time, when a child goes missing, it's a misunderstanding between parents, grandparents, nannies. But Milo has been missing for nearly five hours now.
(pause)
This isn't a misunderstanding. *

COLIN
Is this about ransom? *

DETECTIVE MCCONVILLE
We've not received any communication regarding ransom.

COLIN
But it has to be, right? Why else would...
(to Marissa and Peter)
I mean, you two have money.

MARISSA
A lot of people around here have money.

PETER
(to Marissa)
But you've just taken a controlling stake of the firm.
(to McConville)
My wife now has access to *real* funds. They could be liquidated, fast. Somebody might know that.

McConville nods, taking notes.

DETECTIVE MCCONVILLE
My understanding is that Milo's nanny is here?

ANA
Me. I mind Milo. *

DETECTIVE MCCONVILLE
Have you ever spoken with Carrie Finch?

A beat.

ANA
No. *

DETECTIVE MCCONVILLE
Are you positive?

ANA
Yes. I've seen her, but we never talked. I don't know anything. I * just want Milo home! *

Brian wipes away a tear, silently - the first we've seen him cry. Lia clocks it.

LIA
(to Brian)
Come on, not you, too. Peter's already killing me.

She crosses the room. They embrace. *

BRIAN
(laughing through tears, * still hugging)
I'm just doing it to piss you off. *

LIA
(laughing through tears, * still hugging)
Good. Please piss me off.

Peter reaches over, rubs his brother's back. McConville eyes * the three siblings, then - *

DETECTIVE MCCONVILLE
We now have a photo of Carrie Finch. It's not terribly detailed, but I'd like you all to please have a look.

Detective McConville pulls a tablet out of his work bag. Pulls up a picture. Hands it to Marissa first. She (and we) stare at:

Carrie Finch. We met her in sc 113, but this picture isn't clear *at all*. It's from a distance. Carrie has a ponytail. Oversized sunglasses. *She could be just about anyone*. *

Marissa stares. Swallows. Then looks up.

MARISSA
I'm sorry. I don't recognize her.

She passes the tablet over to the Irvine siblings. Peter takes it, looking at the screen. Absorbing the image.

PETER
(eyes down)
I don't...I've never seen her.
(eyes on McConville)
She has my son?

Detective McConville nods solemnly. Peter looks back down at the screen, transfixed. As he does...

Marissa swallows. Mustering strength. Finally -

MARISSA
(to Detective McConville)
If it's ransom, when do they ask for it? When do we hear?

DETECTIVE MCCONVILLE
Usually within the first 24 hours.

MARISSA
And if they don't ask for anything...if they don't want money, then it's....

PETER
(eyes still down)
Don't say it.

MARISSA
I have to know.

PETER
(to himself)
Please don't...

MARISSA
(voice cracking, to DI McConville)
Then it's either a...
(dying inside)
…paedophile or it's, you know, human trafficking?

Marissa trembles, waiting.

DETECTIVE MCCONVILLE
Mrs. Irvine, I -

PETER
Why didn't you check the number?

It's like the air is sucked out of the room.

Peter looks up. The tablet trembling in his hands.

Marissa is breathless. All eyes are on her. She's on the sofa, on the far side of the room. Alone.

PETER (CONT'D)
(uncontrollable, words on top of each other)
You had the list, the parents' numbers all you had to do was double-check it before you sent him off but you just sent him off you just sent him off...

A beat.

PETER (CONT'D)
That list sat by your bedside for *months*. All you had to do was press a few buttons and the right number would have been right there and this never would have...But you were just too *tired* to...everything's always *so hard* because you're a *working mom* and you *never have time* because you're *doing everything*, right? It's this self-righteous cloud and it follows you fucking everywhere and I'm supposed to be so grateful because you make a grilled cheese sandwich after school but I'm sorry, it's just...
(erupting)
It's not hard! *What you do is not that fucking hard!*

He stops. Marissa's jaw hangs open. No one is breathing.

A prolonged, awful silence. Bit by bit, the fury drains from Peter.

Regret washes in, in waves.

He opens his mouth, but at first, nothing comes out.

He tries again, and again.

Finally -

PETER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Mar. I'm sorry. I didn't...

He stands. Crosses the room. Kneels down by her. She recoils. Everyone watching.

PETER (CONT'D)
I didn't mean it. I didn't. I'm scared. I'm just scared. I love our son. I want him back. I didn't mean....you're a great mom. You do everything. I know that. I see that. You're...
(pause)
You're amazing.

132 **EXT./INT. IRVINE ESTATE/JENNY'S CAR - EVENING** 132

Jenny has parked at the top of the drive. Engine cut. She stares at the large home, frozen. *

133 **EXT. IRVINE HOME - EVENING** 133

Jenny raises a trembling hand. With every ounce of inner strength, she moves to knock but then -

The swings door opens. Marissa on the other side. From the looks of it, she was about to storm out.

The two women stare at each other. Excruciating silence. Finally -

JENNY
(blurting it out)
I'm so sorry. I'm so -

Marissa pulls Jenny into a hug. They sob in each other's arms.

134 **INT. IRVINE HOME, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 134

Lia, Brian, Colin, Ana and Peter all now stand. The tension and shock over Peter's outburst is still palpable. *

Marissa enters the room, holding Jenny's hand. *

MARISSA
Everyone. This is Jenny Kennedy.

Brian, Peter, Lia, Colin and Ana all turn. All eyes on Jenny.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
She's my friend.

Marissa squeezes Jenny's hand. The others stare, unsure of how to react. * *

But now we glance across the room at Detective McConville, standing at a bit of a distance. Eyeing the crowd. * *

A fly on the wall if there ever was one... *

135 **INT. POLICE STATION, CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 135 *

Superimpose: **DAY 27.** We are in our first flash-forward. * *

Detective McConville stands next to DETECTIVE ALLEN (50s, male). They are both staring at a wall (we don't see it yet). * *

DETECTIVE ALLEN *
She brought a lawyer with her? *

DETECTIVE MCCONVILLE *
Yup. *

DETECTIVE ALLEN *
Think she'll talk? *

Detective McConville shrugs. Mulls. Then - *

DETECTIVE MCCONVILLE *
50/50. *
(pause) *
On one hand, Milo's kidnapping was *
an inside job, and she now knows *
that we know that. She's gonna want *
to get ahead of it, clear her name. *

DETECTIVE ALLEN *
On the other hand.... *

DETECTIVE MCCONVILLE
On the other hand, talking to us about *anything* is risky. Because her alibis for both homicides are weak.

A beat.

DETECTIVE ALLEN
You know, I honestly didn't see it coming. Them, at each other's throats like that.

Now we see what they are staring at. A digital investigative board.

The faces of **Marissa, Peter, Brian, Lia, Colin, Ana and Jenny all on the screen.**

DETECTIVE ALLEN (CONT'D)
You think that makes me stupid?

Detective McConville shoots him a playful smirk.

DETECTIVE MCCONVILLE
I mean, a little. Yeah.

Detective Allen cracks a smile. Then both men look back at the investigative board.

We hold on those faces, staring back at us...

FADE OUT