

LARKSPUR

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LARKSPUR

OVER BLACK:

A dialing phone. The call is picked up.

MALE (V.O.)
Lifeline, this is Jake. How may I
help you?

FEMALE (V.O.)
It's me.

MALE (V.O.)
Oh, hey. So... You're ready to talk
about it?

FEMALE (V.O.)
No.

EXT. SEATTLE - BEACON HILL - NIGHT

An ambulance rolls through a quiet neighborhood. Lights on.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The driver is EMT RENATA ESPINOSA (22), a capable young woman with a strong, lovely face and solid build. The type of person whose capacity for saving lives is almost limitless.

Almost. Her hair pulled back in a tight, perfect bun betrays the frazzled exhaustion on her face, in her eyes.

Beside her, LUKE (mid-30s) marks a medical clipboard. His partner, TODD (mid-30s), scrolls through his phone from the patient compartment jump seat.

Neither heavyside paramedic seems aware they're identical black and white Type-A personality squares cut from the same wet blanket.

Luke looks up from his work. Peers through the windshield.

LUKE
This is it right here.

Renata reaches for the console. Hits the siren.

Luke flips it right back off, irked.

LUKE
What's the matter with you?

RENATA

Sorry.

Luke notices her shaking hand before she stuffs it back into her windbreaker.

TODD

(through bulkhead)

Must be trying to wake herself up.
How many doubles you done in a row
now, Renay?

RENATA

Don't ask.

LUKE

That says it all.

(then)

Park at the top of the driveway.

EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

They stop facing a darkened house and disembark.

The paramedics meet at the back of the vehicle while Renata approaches from the driver's side.

RENATA

What is it again?

LUKE

(incredulous)

Dispatch just told us. Stomach
complaints.

RENATA

You guys want me inside with you?

Luke glances at Todd.

Obscured from her view by the rear door, Todd grimaces.
Shakes his head. Dons a fresh pair of blue nitrile gloves.

LUKE

(cleaning glasses)

We got this one, Renay. Probably
just a grab-n-go. Wait with the
rig.

Renata slowly backpedals as they make their way to the
screened-in porch turning on flashlights.

The moment its door claps shut after them, Renata enters the ambulance through its rear gate. Closes it behind her.

In the low light, she moves with detailed knowledge and swift precision through the supply cabinets.

Seconds later, she has a vial of Fentanyl in hand.

Draws its contents into a syringe.

RENATA (V.O.)
As an E-M-S practitioner...

She extracts saline from a bag using a second syringe.
Relocates the liquid to the empty vial.

RENATA (V.O.)
...I solemnly pledge myself to the
following code of ethics...

Finally, she rolls back the fitted sleeve covering both a tattoo and the injection site she's been using.

EXT./INT. AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

Todd comes lumbering down the driveway.

The needle goes in Renata's arm just as --

Holy shit! Is someone right outside?

TODD (O.S.)
(calling back)
If the C-O detector ain't in your
"first-in" bag, it's gotta be in
the truck!

The back gate opens! Automated light floods the compartment, maximizing incrimination!

Renata freezes. Stark horror on her face.

LUKE (O.S.)
(from porch)
I got it!

TODD (O.S.)
What?

LUKE (O.S.)
I GOT IT! Had it in the wrong
pocket all along.

The door slams shut. Lights extinguish.

RENATA (V.O.)
...To conserve life, alleviate
suffering...

Renata pushes the plunger. Exhales relief. Ecstasy.

INT. DARKENED HOUSE - NIGHT

Luke and Todd examine a WOMAN (20s) lying on an old couch.

TODD
Any ideas?

LUKE
(examining her pupils)
Food poisoning, maybe.

TODD
This bad? She can barely speak.

LUKE
Are you kidding? One time, I had a
guy who caught ciguatera from a
fish taco. Three days later, he
ran, screaming, through a Chuck E.
Cheese in his birthday suit.

TODD
That's why I always order tacos
with ciguatera on the side.

LUKE
Now you better be kidding.

Todd glances at the puddle of puke on the carpet beside them.

LUKE
See if you can get a sample of
that, funnyman.

TODD
Yippee.

LUKE
Ma'am? Can you walk? We're gonna
take you to the ambulance, see if
we can make you a little more
comfortable, O-K?

Each taking a side, they escort the incoherent woman --
attractive were she not so gravely ill -- to the door.

EXT./INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The first drops of heavy rain begin to fall.

Assisting the patient to the rig, Luke catches Renata "sleeping" in the driver's seat. Resting her head against the window.

Bashing the glass with his fist as they pass by rouses her.

TODD
(under his breath)
Unprofessional.

They help the woman into the back. Lie her down.

LUKE
Let's put her on the three lead --
I almost couldn't find her pulse in
there.

They work with the patient. Prepare to depart.

A heavy-lidded Renata twists around in the driver's seat.

RENATA
(dazed)
Um, which hospital? Virginia Mason?

Another grimace and head shake from Todd.

LUKE
Harborview's closer. Jeezus, Renay.
Do you even know where you are?

His extended stare says something beyond exhaustion must be going on with you.

RENATA
Pretty sure I've only been in this
neighborhood, like, once before.

She puts the ambulance in Drive and rolls out past a smattering of neighborhood onlookers -- alerted by the lights and warbling siren earlier.

EXT. SOUTH SEATTLE - NIGHT

The ambulance races downtown through the sheeting rain.

Sirens whoop and blat. Strobes turn the traffic lights green, one after another.

INT. AMBULANCE - PATIENT COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

The patient's heart monitor flatlines.

TODD

Whoa. That can't be right.

Luke is on it.

LUKE

She's code blue. Starting chest compressions.

TODD

Damn. Still think it's food poisoning?

LUKE

Just get the A-E-D ready.
(calls out)
Step it up, Renay!

INT./EXT. AMBULANCE - FRONT COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Renata. Alone in front. Struggles to focus.

Rapidly beating wipers clear raindrops from the windshield as quickly as they appear. WUMPH! WUMPH!

Headlights and brake lights glisten and dance.

Renata adjusts the wipers to operate at a slower, ineffectual rate -- allowing the drops to bloom on the windshield like fireworks. Wumph. Glimmering red and white. Wumph. Hypnotic.

RENATA (V.O.)

...promote health, do no harm...

Her foot slips off the accelerator.

RENATA

Ahhh...

TODD (O.S.)

What the HELL? Renay!

RENATA

(toward bulkhead)
Hey, um, which hospital --

Is all Renata can get out before a tractor trailer roaring through the intersection against the light slams into the ambulance, obliterating the entire patient compartment and rolling the front of the vehicle under its axle.

Pinnacles of light and shattered glass glitter in slo-mo midair for a weightless instant before crashing down on her.

Twisted metal. Broken red plastic. One still-spinning tire.

The urgent siren fades. Falls silent. A steady pelt of rain.

RENATA (V.O.)
...and encourage the quality and
equal availability of emergency
medical care.

Renata. Upside-down. Looks through the open space formerly occupied by her window. A blasting horn. Headlights bear down on her as an oncoming vehicle screeching to a halt crashes --

INT. HARBORVIEW HOSPITAL - ROOM 421 - NIGHT

Renata explodes into a sitting position in bed. Awake. Her chest heaving from the intensity of the nightmare.

Was it all just a bad dream? The handcuff around her left wrist says otherwise.

Renata's hair is down. Her gown damp with sweat.

Bandages on her neck and leg. An IV dock in her hand. Little cuts on her face from airborne debris and sparkling shards.

Glancing about, disoriented, Renata discovers she's alone.

She eases back into the pillows.

QUICK FLASH - CRASH SITE

--A blue-gloved hand protrudes from the wreckage, motionless.

BACK TO HOSPITAL

Renata sobs uncontrollably. Tears blur her vision recalling an exchange that took place while they believed her asleep.

DAYDREAM

Appearing now as phantoms, their words haunt the silence.

An agitated COUPLE storms in against the wishes of a FLOOR NURSE, SECURITY GUARD (30s), and kindly DOCTOR ALAN MANHEIM (late 20s).

Local real estate magnate and power broker, GRAHAM HAWTHORNE (50s), who invariably appears to have just stepped off the golf course, barges through any resistance. As always.

GUARD

No visitors permitted at this time,
sir.

GRAHAM

Step aside and fuck off, peon!

MANHEIM

Mr. Hawthorne, please --

GRAHAM

(at Manheim)

They were naming the oncology wing
after me while you were studying
your prom date's panties, so you
can fuck ALL THE WAY OFF!

For all their resources, his horrible wife, CORA HAWTHORNE (50s), apparently doesn't invest in the salon much. Stringy hair dyed unnaturally black. Poorly applied makeup on her face -- haggard from a lifetime of turning molehill grievances into mountains of conflict and anxiety. She is both the product and extension of Graham's self-aggrandizing.

She crosses to Renata clutching an expensive vase of gift shop flowers -- a nice sentiment were it not merely a prop.

Placing the vase at Renata's bedside, Cora's translucent arrangement becomes the flowers now occupying the same space.

CORA

(over Renata)

Oh, honey. I knew it. I just knew
that awful job was gonna land you
right in their place one day.

GRAHAM

No -- let her sleep. For everything
she's putting us through, she's
gonna need all rest she can get.

MANHEIM

As I hoped to explain in my office,
your daughter has --

CORA
Adopted daughter.

GRAHAM
We were her legal guardians before
she turned eighteen.

CORA
(under her breath)
And she lives with us to this day.

MANHEIM
-- Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

GRAHAM
From serving a year in the Air
National Guard as a non-combatant?

MANHEIM
The military? No-no. She has P-T-S-
D from working on the ambulance.

CORA
Just give her whatever you give
people for that so we can get out
of here.

MANHEIM
I'm afraid you don't fully
understand. In this instance,
medicine itself is the problem.

Questioning looks.

MANHEIM
The daily secondhand trauma she
encounters on the job impacts her
psyche so much that she resorts to
self-medicating.

More questioning looks.

MANHEIM
Her supervisor has noted a
significant amount of Fentanyl
missing from their inventory.

GRAHAM
Oh, Christ. This is worse than I
thought.

CORA
He means it's going to cost more
than he thought.

(still over Renata)
 I hate it when I'm right. See? Once again, I knew it all along, Renay. You were never gonna be free of your junkie mother. Never. This was always in the cards for you.

GRAHAM
 (to Manheim)
 And that's why we can't take her home? Drug theft?

Manheim averts his eyes.

MANHEIM
 Her discharge isn't for me to --

GRAHAM
 C'mon, doc. My own lawyers aren't telling us anything. This is really about the passengers, isn't it?

MANHEIM
 Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne, if we could please return to my office...

GRAHAM
 Hold on -- did anyone survive?

Manheim. Fidgeting. Clearly uncomfortable discussing this.

GRAHAM
 Doctor!

MANHEIM
 To the best of my knowledge, only Renata and the truck driver.

All the oxygen vanishes from the room. Cora straightens up.

The memory phantoms dissipate. Renata is alone once more.

END DAYDREAM

Crying now, Renata bends her IV line attempting to form an air bubble that could cause a fatal embolism.

She quickly surrenders to its lack of efficacy, then --

Stretches for the administration set below the IV bag.

Just out of reach. Can't turn it up. Damn.

She extends farther. Her fingertips graze the device.

Renata finally grabs hold. Thumbing the wheel to its highest position increases the drip rate, but --

She falls from the bed like a heap of laundry, the flower vase crashing down beside her.

Its similarity to the shattering windshield contracts her into a malformed fetal position, shuddering with fear.

The heart monitor's rate rises -- its tempo rapid, panicked.

A long, curved vase shard glistens in the moonlight.

She takes it up and goes to work on her forearms -- her face tensing more from effort than pain.

Multiple alarms sound. NURSES and ORDERLIES rush in to aid --

Renata. On the floor. Deep in the clutches of delusion.

Disregarding her restrained arm, she's hunched over a large pillow. Works on it like a patient. Blood everywhere.

RENATA
(as if on the job)
More bandages! Quick, I need to
change the dressing!

She screams in defiance when they pull her off the pillow.

All but two dragging feet move about the tiles, hustling.

RN #1 (O.S.)
Let's get her to the O-R.

Disarranged flowers lie scattered amid blood spatter and broken glass.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT./EXT. OLD PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Tribal community leader and healer JOHN TAHOLA PARKER (70s), whose recent life events have thrown his beliefs into question, speeds down Sixth Avenue through the light rain.

The thirty-year-old engine screams in agony as he drops gear.

He hammers the accelerator cornering onto the next street.

A glance at the rearview. Sirens rise above the engine noise with additional police cruisers joining the chase.

Sadness and deep concern, not panic, on his face. But why?

INT. HARBORVIEW HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

A MALE ORDERLY (late 20s) wheels a bored and sullen Renata across the lobby. White gauze covers both of her stitched-up forearms.

The FEMALE RECEPTIONIST (early 50s) grabs his attention.

RECEPTIONIST
Got a message here for you.

INT. OLD PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Tahola reaches over to his ill sister, HELMA PARKER (early 40s), slumped against the window. Holds her in place while banking the ancient truck around the final turn.

TAHOLA
(in Makah, subtitled)
Hang on, dear sister.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The orderly keeps pushing the wheelchair past the main desk.

ORDERLY
I'll pick it up on my way back.

RECEPTIONIST
It's urgent.

As he returns for the note, a loud BANG! resounds from the --

EXT. PORTE-COCHERE ENTRANCE - DAY

Truck's front tire bouncing off the curb --

Sends it careering into a fountain where it becomes disabled.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

When the orderly turns back around, Renata is already running out through the main entrance.

ORDERLY
Ms. Espinosa? Hey!

RENATA
(calling back)
Get a trauma unit from the E-R
outside, fast!

EXT. PORTE-COCHERE ENTRANCE - DAY

Tahola hurries around to the truck's passenger side.

TAHOLA
(sees Renata)
SHE'S NOT BREATHING!

Neither acknowledges the POLICE, who back down having learned that a medical emergency was behind the reckless driving.

RENATA
Help me lie her down.

TAHOLA
The hospital -- it's right there --

RENATA
Don't worry, sir. They're on their
way out.

Despite Tahola's confusion, they set Helma down on the grass.
She's pale. Semi-conscious. Bluish around her mouth and lips.

RENATA
How long has she not been
breathing?

TAHOLA
Uh -- I, um -- a minute maybe -- I
don't -- since I got off the
highway.

Renata commences rescue breathing and CPR.

Tahola finally notices Renata's bandages. Her ID wristband.
She's a patient?

INT. DOCTOR MANHEIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Manheim. Seated behind the desk of his immaculate office.
Tahola digests his remarks.

MANHEIM

I'm sorry it's not more hopeful news, Mr. Parker.

TAHOLA

It's Doctor.

MANHEIM

Of course, please excuse me, Dr. Parker. May I suggest taking some brochures in case you change your mind?

TAHOLA

I won't.

MANHEIM

We can make palliative care quite comfortable.

TAHOLA

I believe you mean quite strung out on drugs.

MANHEIM

At this point, quality of life --

TAHOLA

(rising)

You can stop right there, Doctor. Respectfully, you and I have different definitions of life.

MANHEIM

Sir --

TAHOLA

No. We would never have come here were it not an emergency. I thought she was going to...

(redirects)

We'll be returning to the reservation the moment she's well enough.

MANHEIM

Then I'm not sure there's much else I can help you with.

TAHOLA

May I speak to the young lady who helped us out the other day? I'd like to thank her for her courage.

MANHEIM

Unfortunately, I'm unable to
release information about another
patient.

The physician ushers Tahola to the door, possibly slighted by
Tahola rebuffing his brochures.

MANHEIM

Besides. I believe she's already
been discharged.

EXT. VALET ENTRANCE - DAY

Renata waits in her wheelchair, curbside. Sullen once more.

She gingerly pulls on a sweatshirt to cover the bandages.

An extended black town car rolls up.

Graham's driver, BRYCE (30s), jumps out. Assists her inside.

INT. TOWN CAR - REAR COMPARTMENT - DAY

Finding the back seat not occupied by Graham and Cora, but
their biological daughter, SHELLY (16), brightens her mood.

Shelly, notably cute despite her ugly parents, embraces her.

Renata avoids using her tender arms.

SHELLY

Ren!

RENATA

Shell! Hey, baby girl! I missed
you!

SHELLY

I wanted to come see you so bad,
but --

RENATA

You weren't allowed, I know.

They relax into the leather seats as the vehicle departs.

SHELLY

Omigod. I'm so sorry about what
happened.

RENATA
They told you? What'd they say?

SHELLY
That your ambulance crashed. That
you were stealing drugs.

Renata briefly lapses into anger, her jaw clenching. But --

RENATA
You know what? We don't hafta talk
about it right now. Thank you so
much for coming to get me!

SHELLY
Oh, um...

RENATA
(deflating)
Bryce just picked you up from
school, didn't he.

Shelly shifts slightly in her private school uniform.

SHELLY
I'm sure they so wanted to be here
too. Maybe it was, like, easier --

RENATA
Save it. I don't know why you
always stick up for them.

SHELLY
Not always...

RENATA
They're just as rotten to you half
the time. And if I wasn't around,
it would be all the time, trust me.

SHELLY
At least they're letting you come
home.

RENATA
(yawns)
Graham's lawyers convinced the
judge I need to recover in a
stress-free environment first.

SHELLY
And that's our house?

RENATA
I know, right?

SHELLY
At least we're together again.

RENATA
Only for tonight. I have to pack
for rehab and then I'll be gone for
a long, long time, so...

Renata strikes a mock-glamorous pose, her defeated chuckle
rippling into tears.

RENATA
Drink it all in.

SHELLY
Hey...

RENATA
I hate that you're seeing me like
this.

SHELLY
You're still my hero, Ren. Always.

EXT. SEATTLE - LAURELHURST - HAWTHORNE ESTATE - NIGHT

Gated property. Manicured grounds. Dotted with warm lights.

INT. HAWTHORNE HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Luxurious. Sunken and spacious. Elegantly decorated.

Cora pours generous drinks for Graham and herself at the bar.

Renata. Cross-legged on the couch. Practically catatonic.

RENATA
Can I get one of those?

CORA
Don't be ridiculous. Anything on
top of the meds you're taking will
make you sick.

RENATA
I already feel sick.

CORA
That's not our fault, now is it.

RENATA

You're not exactly helping, either.

Cora stands over her before taking the adjacent love seat.

CORA

Excuse me, young lady? We're only trying to help you.

(incensed)

In fact, all we've ever done --

Graham steps in to lower the temperature. Leans on the sofa.

GRAHAM

What she means is, we want to help with your goal of getting your own apartment.

RENATA

My -- what?

GRAHAM

You know, when the smoke clears. A place of your own.

RENATA

How out of touch are you two? I'm going to jail!

GRAHAM

It won't come to that.

RENATA

Oh, no? They know I was messing with the meds. Last summer, my friend, Frankie, got busted doing the exact same thing and he got nine years. Nine fucking years, Graham! And that's not even counting the three -- people -- who are dead -- because of me!

Cora gets up. Ostensibly to comfort Renata's breakdown but fixes herself another drink instead.

GRAHAM

The attorneys will handle it. Just like it was Shelly, I promise.

RENATA

(weeping, mutters)

With one colorful difference that will make all the difference. And why did you tell her, anyway?

CORA

We decided enough secrets have been kept around here.

RENATA

Like what?

CORA

Oh, right. As if it's some big surprise. It wasn't bad enough your mother was the worst housekeeper I ever had, she couldn't keep her nose out of my medicine cabinet? Or her sticky fingers out of my jewelry box? Or perhaps you'd like to hear about how I was five seconds from kicking her to the street when her disappearing act left me with another mouth to feed. She was an ingrate! And she took me for a fool! But hey, that's what I get for hiring a bunch of worthless illegals.

Cora only stops spewing venom long enough to sip her drink and catch Renata glaring at her.

CORA

Go on, Renay. Let it out. Pick a language and call me an ugly bitch.

Renata averts her eyes, cowed.

CORA

No? Not gonna announce how much you fucking hate me?

GRAHAM

Hey now --

RENATA

Looks like I don't have to.

GRAHAM

-- let's get back to --

RENATA

No! You don't understand! Neither of you! Before this whole thing even started, it was a nightmare. Last week, a tracheotomy saved this one guy, but moving his neck left him crippled for life.

At a different crash an hour later,
 the choice was between a woman and
 the baby she was carrying. Then, a
 homeless man threw himself in front
 of the morning train. He was
 miraculously still alive, but we
 had to help him while everyone on
 the platform screamed at us because
 they were late for work. You want
 more stories? I got a thousand
 more. Nonstop, day after day...

(presents forearms)

It takes a toll, y'know? I-I've --
 been losing my mind a little, I
 think...

GRAHAM

You'll get everything you need. And
 you won't go to jail. Especially
 not for nine years.

CORA

For Heaven's sake, Graham! Just
 tell her the truth in plain
 English. We don't care if it's nine
 months, nine years, or nine
 decades, Renay. We -- I WANT YOU
 OUT! PERMANENTLY!

RENATA'S BATHROOM - VANITY

Renata opens the secret bobby pin drawer of a small jewelry
 box. Removes three of roughly fifty oxycodone pills.

She pops them in her mouth. Meets her mirror reflection's
 judgmental gaze with a forlorn sneer.

GRAHAM'S HOME OFFICE

Graham stands by tall windows overlooking the gardens.

He breaks away. Goes for a trashcan under his desk.

Flipping through paper waste and unwanted mail, he finds the
 recently discarded brochure he's after.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Renata answers when Graham knocks on her bedroom door.

GRAHAM

(flat)

Look, Renay. I'll be the first to admit I'm a little out of my element here, but...

RENATA

When has that ever stopped you?

Graham hands her the brochure.

ON BROCHURE - "SUICIDE PREVENTION LIFELINE 1-888-555-TALK"

Renata takes it. Only gives the cover a cursory glance.

GRAHAM

I spoke with Cora and I think we've come up with an equitable solution that'll work for everyone.

Renata leans against the threshold, listening. Skeptical.

GRAHAM

Instead of going through all the hassles of finding a new job and your own place after rehab, you can come back and work for us.

Renata's silence.

GRAHAM

Here in the home, like your mom used to.

Dead silence.

GRAHAM

Just until you pay me back.

RENATA

Pay you back?

GRAHAM

For the hospital and detox clinic, the lawyers, rehab -- everything this is gonna cost.

RENATA

Graham, that would take the rest of my life. Literally.

GRAHAM

Well, it's a big house and there's
always plenty of work to be done,
so...

Momentarily stunned by Graham's audacity, Renata takes a deep breath, then delivers a world-class, rapid-fire Spanish cussing-out while she rips up the brochure.

RENATA

*Oye cabron, vete a la verga hijo de
tu chingada madre antes de que te
una putiza para calmar tus
pendejadas pinche culero!*

She flings the pieces at him. Slams the door in his face.

GRAHAM

(at door)

Bryce will take you to rehab in the morning. Think it over, Renay. Just imagine going through this without our support. Because that's always an option too.

RENATA'S BEDROOM

Renata backs away from the door. Enraged. Fists clenching.

Suddenly, she charges into the --

BATHROOM

And pukes into the commode, largely from mixing medications.

She leaves. Returns to dump the remaining pills. Hesitates over the bowl. Can't do it. She bangs the lid shut instead.

BLACK.

INT. RENATA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Renata. Packed and ready. A final look around her room.

Her surroundings display a distinct lack of personalization. It could be anyone's room. Anywhere.

She shrugs. This was never home.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Renata's door opens. She emerges shouldering a full backpack.

She hesitates in the threshold. Bends down. Collects the shredded brochure pieces into her long cardigan's pocket.

CORA (O.S.)
(from downstairs)
Renay! Bryce is waiting!

Renata rises. Heads for the stairs.

EXT./INT. AURORA SOLACE REHAB CENTER - DAY

Renata. Abandoned out front as Bryce drives off.

ADMISSION / ORIENTATION MONTAGE

-- FRONT DESK -- The welcoming but uber-efficient male RECOVERY SPECIALIST (late 30s) checks Renata in.

-- FRONT OFFICE -- Filling out paperwork together. Going over rules and schedules.

-- VARIOUS -- A grand tour of the exquisite facility and its impeccable grounds. Never in her wildest dreams could she afford this.

-- GROUP ROOM -- They pass several sessions in progress.

-- FRONT OFFICE -- Searching Renata's bag and clothing.

-- ROOM 242 -- Renata finds herself in a room as opulent yet indistinct as her last.

END MONTAGE

SPECIALIST
So settle in but be sure to give
your loved ones a call and let them
know how you're doing -- I will be
by to collect your phone first
thing in the morning.

RENATA
(yawns)
What for again?

SPECIALIST
Seven-day blackout period.
Mandatory.

He opens the drapes using a tablet and hands it to her.

SPECIALIST

This is pretty straightforward. It controls everything from the temp to the T-V. Tap "HELP" if you need anything and a staffer will be at your door in seconds, 24-7. Any questions...?

Renata shakes her head.

SPECIALIST

Then have a very relaxing evening and do enjoy your stay here at Aurora Solace, Ms. Espinosa. Goodnight.

The specialist closes the door after himself.

Renata tosses the tablet onto the bed. Sits down on its edge.

No one to call. She fires off a text to Shelly:

ON PHONE DISPLAY - "I made it."

And gets one right back:

ON PHONE DISPLAY - "Good luck, big sis! Miss you already!"

It's accompanied by a selfie pic of Shelly at a party.

Renata frees her hair from its bun. Falls back on the bed.

Endlessly staring wide-eyed at the ceiling, shadows and amber twilight crawl over her until day succumbs to night.

Her eyelids droop shut, transporting her from rehab to --

INT. HARBORVIEW HOSPITAL - ROOM 421 - NIGHT - (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Todd and Luke flank Renata's bedside. A sheet covers PATIENT RENATA'S face.

LUKE

Restrain her.

EMT RENATA also appears at the head of the gurney in uniform.

EMT RENATA

I don't think this one's worth saving.

Luke and Todd tighten the patient's arm restraints.

LUKE
Go wait with the rig, Renay.
(to Todd)
Tighter.

Hard pulls on the straps. Blood seeping through bandages.

EMT Renata purges air from a syringe. Brandishes the needle.

EMT RENATA
Hey, be careful.

Todd. Glowering at her.

EMT RENATA
I mean, shouldn't we sedate her
first? Y'know? A little something
for the pain?

Todd slaps her hand away from the patient's I-V dock.

TODD
If you wanna help, HELP.

He pulls the sheet down from the patient's face -- Renata's.

EMT Renata doesn't react to seeing herself on the gurney.

Todd then places a mask over her mouth before handing the Ambu bag, a manual resuscitator, to EMT Renata.

TODD
O-K. Let's go.

They roll the gurney out of the room.

Hustling down the --

HALLWAY

Big double doors swing open ahead of their approach.

EXT. HARBORVIEW HOSPITAL - AMBULANCE UNLOADING ZONE - NIGHT

The team shoves the gurney into a waiting ambulance. Hauls the rear doors closed.

LUKE
Roll out!

The DRIVER is a third, heavy-lidded Renata. She cranes her neck. Calls back through the bulkhead.

DRIVER RENATA
(puts it in gear)
You got it, *jefe*!

EMT Renata squeezes the Ambu bag at six-second intervals.

The siren wails abnormally. Dark and discordant.

LUKE
We're losing her. Dammit, Renay,
we're losing her!

Luke finally turns his head fully toward EMT Renata.

Half of his face is missing.

Ragged and bloody. Charred around his exposed skull.

LUKE
RENAY!

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. AURORA SOLACE REHAB CENTER - ROOM 242 - NIGHT

Renata. Awake. Bathed in sweat. Clutching her stomach.

Strained agony in the throes of withdrawal.

Her trembling hands reach for the tablet --

For the "HELP" tab onscreen, but --

Does she really want someone she doesn't know here "in seconds"? Plus, that phone is going away, so...

Renata evens out her breathing. Allows the attack to subside.

She painstakingly sits up. Pulls on her long cardigan.

Fishing brochure pieces from her pocket, she reassembles them on the duvet cover like a jigsaw puzzle.

Renata enters the hotline number into her cell. Dials.

It picks up. A pre-recorded message plays:

LIFELINE OPERATOR (V.O.)
You have reached the National
Suicide Pre --

Renata hangs up. Reflects. Collects herself. Dials again.

LIFELINE OPERATOR (V.O.)
 You have reached the National
 Suicide Prevention Lifeline, also
 servicing the Veterans service
 line. If you are in emotional
 distress or suicidal crisis or are
 concerned about someone who might
 be, we're here to help. Please
 remain on the line while we route
 your call to the nearest crisis
 center in our network.

The call transfers. Rings.

There, in the late night quiet, a warm, bright voice answers.
 Like a lantern in the dark. It belongs to JAKE DWYER (28).

His tone is calm and easygoing -- just like his disposition.

JAKE (V.O.)
 Lifeline, this is Jake. How may I
 help you?

Renata hangs up again. Thinks it over. Calls back.

The same greeting plays. The call transfers. Then --

JAKE (V.O.)
 Lifeline, this is Jake. How may I
 help you?

RENATA
 Um, hello?

JAKE (V.O.)
 Hi there.

RENATA
 That was me a second ago.

JAKE (V.O.)
 May I ask why you hung up?

RENATA
 I was hoping to get a girl. No
 offense.

JAKE (V.O.)
 None taken.

RENATA

But how did I get the exact same person?

JAKE (V.O.)

Must be fate.

RENATA

I mean, don't you guys work in, like, a huge call center, or something?

JAKE (V.O.)

We mostly work from home these days.

RENATA

Oh, I see.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SEATTLE HIGH-RISE CONDOMINIUMS - #1842 - SAME TIME

Jake. At his desk. An active Bluetooth earpiece blinks through his slightly shaggy, sandy blond hair.

He rises. Continues the call strolling around his tastefully decorated condo in a tee shirt and cargo shorts.

His golden retriever, FERGUS (4), trots around his heels.

Jake's voice clearly matches his appearance. He resembles an optimistic surfer who just rolled in from a California beach.

JAKE

So, how may I help you tonight?

RENATA

I don't -- I don't know how this works. I've never called before.

JAKE

Yeah, no worries! It's real easy. We talk about stuff and hopefully you feel better, that's all.

RENATA

That's all?

Jake returns to his desk.

JAKE

Yup. May I ask you a few questions
to get us started?

RENATA

Sure.

JAKE

Are you in any immediate danger?

RENATA

No.

JAKE

Name and present location?

RENATA

Renay Espinosa. Right now I'm at
rehab. Aurora Solace.

JAKE

(typing)

Renay. Great.

RENATA

Or Renata.

JAKE

Renata?

RENATA

Renay's fine. It's a nickname.

JAKE

O-K if I call you Renata? It's way
prettier.

(pause)

Sorry, I meant nicer.

RENATA

Sure. And thanks. No one since my
mom -- wait, shouldn't we talk
about what's going on with me?

JAKE

If you want to.

RENATA

But I don't have to.

JAKE

Nope.

RENATA

Cool. Because I -- I, um...

JAKE

Don't know if you're ready to talk about it with anyone, let alone a complete stranger?

RENATA

I didn't say that.

JAKE

You didn't not say it.

RENATA

I didn't -- not?

JAKE

What about your fam? Do you have a good support system for when you hit rough waters?

Renata stifles an embittered laugh. Yawns.

RENATA

This call is confidential, right?

JAKE

Right.

RENATA

Then, no. No, Jake. I don't have a good goddamned support system.

JAKE

Hey, I get it. My own folks kicked me out when I was fourteen. I fell in with a bad crowd who weren't there for me either, so I had to figure everything out pretty early on, y'know?

RENATA

That I do know a little something about.

JAKE

Wanna talk about that?

RENATA

Not especially. It's just -- I was in the hospital recently and -- you know what? -- that's when you find out who really cares about you.

(then)
Only two people came to see me and
they cared more about I-told-you-
so's and keeping their reputation
intact.

JAKE
Your folks?

RENATA
That's being generous. Technically
they're my legal guardians.

JAKE
I'm sorry that happened to you.
Tell me more.

RENATA
You don't wanna hear about all
that.

Jake's silhouette. Against the nighttime cityscape.

JAKE
On the contrary! That's exactly why
I'm here. To help people.

INT. AURORA SOLACE - ROOM 242 - NIGHT

His words halt her pacing about the room.

RENATA
Can you hang on a moment, Jake?

JAKE
F'-sho. Take your time.

Renata lies down on the bed. Flips her phone over. Peels the
rubber case back. Removes two of three hidden oxycodone tabs.

She regards them, contemplates.

KNOCK-KNOCK! Someone banging on Renata's door startles her.

It's morning already?

She puts the drugs under her tongue and frantically
reassembles her phone. More knocks. BANG! BANG! BANG!

RENATA
Coming!
(back to Jake)
I have to go.

JAKE

Go...?

RENATA

I mean, someone's here. I'll call back when I can. In case I get someone else, tonight definitely helped, even if I didn't --

SPECIALIST (O.S.)

Open the door right now, please!

JAKE

You'll talk about it when you're ready.

RENATA

K, thanks.

Renata hangs up. Opens her door to meet the specialist.

She surrenders her phone -- the last tab still inside.

SPECIALIST

Everything copacetic?

RENATA

Si. Yes, totally.

SPECIALIST

I will return to escort you to breakfast in exactly twenty minutes.

Renata closes the door. Leans on it. Exhales relief. Ecstasy.

INT. WAMU THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The CROWD rumbles with anticipation beyond the curtains.

An aging but wildly popular ROCKSTAR (50s). Huddled in a tight group. He extracts the heroin needle from his arm.

AUDITORIUM

An instant later, he struts out onstage. Mic in hand. Arms raised in a V to a rock ballad's intro and rising cheers.

The moment he reaches the footlights, however, he falls. Face forward onto the mosh pit. Semi-conscious on top of his fans.

They heave him back up, but he staggers into the drum kit.

Screeching mic feedback. The audience reels.

EXT. CENTURYLINK FIELD - DAY

The stadium CROWD jumps up from their seats. Cheering on a runaway WIDE RECEIVER, jersey number nine --

Bolting downfield to the end zone with no close pursuer.

Following his progress, an ANNOUNCER reports live.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
THE TEN! THE FIVE! TOUCHDOWN! GAME
OVER!

INT. CENTURYLINK PRESS CONFERENCE HALL - NIGHT

Assistant Head Coach CHIP MONAGHAN (60s) reads a prepared statement to a full room of CORRESPONDENTS.

The winning wide receiver, LYLE JACKSON (20s), remains glum and silent beside him wearing the same jersey number.

MONAGHAN
Mr. Jackson has agreed to his
suspension for the remainder of the
season in light of testing positive
for the following prohibited
substances: Adderall, Human Growth
Hormone or H-G-H, alprazolam or
Xanax, amphetamines, anabolic
steroids such as epitestosterone,
methenolone, progesterone, danazol,
erry-- , errythro--

Monaghan leans toward Jackson. Points at the next drug.

JACKSON
Eh-ri-thru-poy-tin.

MONAGHAN
(resumes)
Erythropoietin -- thank you -- as
well as masking agents such as
chlorothiazide, trichlor-uh,
trichlormmm--

JACKSON
(into mic)
Trichlormethiazide and good ol'
fashioned furosemide.

MONAGHAN

Any questions?

Pen and cell phone-ready arms shoot up all around.

VARIOUS REPORTERS

Mr. Jackson! Mr. Jackson! / How do you respond to -- / What do you have to say for yourself?

JACKSON

(into mic)

Oh! And, um, he left out heroin, molly, and cocaine, y'all. Like, a lotta that shit.

REPORTER

Mr. Jackson! Will they let you play next season?

JACKSON

Fuck.

Reporters shouting questions. Rapid-fire flashbulbs.

INT. LAS VEGAS - BELLAGIO HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

Stroboscopic camera flashes capture AIMEE VAN ARCHER (mid-20s) dancing with her new husband, KIRK VAN ARCHER (30).

GUESTS surrounding the dance floor sway to their song.

The picturesque couple has rehearsed their first dance, but Aimee's having trouble keeping up.

AIMEE

Is it, like, insanely hot in here?

KIRK

No.

AIMEE

You'd think the Bellagio would have A-C, being in the middle of the...

Aimee abruptly dashes away. Not just off the dance floor -- across the crowded, extravagant ballroom to the side exit.

Stripping her veil from her meticulously arranged hair.

Pulling at her bustle and train, she enters the adjacent --

BELLAGIO BALLROOM

Unable to remove the bustle and train, she yanks the door closed on the delicate white fabric and runs that portion of the dress off with a gut-wrenching KA-RRRIPP!

Every GUEST attending the women's empowerment lecture turns their attention away from the SPEAKER to watch as --

Aimee kicks off her heels. Tears off her lace sleeves.

Runs through the sea of turning heads laughing hysterically.

Removes her skirt and bodice before reaching the next door.

Her laughter becomes lunatic screams entering the --

MONET CONFERENCE ROOM

Where a BOY'S (13) jubilant bar mitzvah is taking place.

GUESTS dance to Hava Nagila with the boy upon a raised chair.

The instant the chair returns to the floor, Aimee runs right past the boy, now wearing only her bra and thong panties.

She's gone an instant later. Leaves them momentarily stunned.

EXT. POOL AREA - NIGHT

Like hot iron from a blacksmith's forge into the quench bucket, Aimee jumps into the kiddie pool. Delirious relief.

The KIDDIES present find it funnier than their jeering MOMS.

BACK TO PRESENT**INT. AURORA SOLACE - GROUP ROOM - DAY**

Therapist VERA GOMES (late 40s), whose pleasant demeanor doesn't quite match her overall vibe, sits in a circle with the long-faced rockstar enduring a hangover, Jackson in his number nine jersey, a distant Aimee, and Renata.

JACKSON

Why would you take P-C-P on your wedding day?

VERA

(to Jackson)

No crosstalk, please.

AIMEE
I thought it would enhance the
experience.

 VERA
And how did it end?

QUICK FLASH - AIMEE'S MEMORY

--Multiple SECURITY GUARDS struggle approaching nearly nude
Aimee, who beats them back with a pink pool noodle like a
feral cavewoman.

BACK TO REHAB GROUP

 VERA
I meant the marriage. Did he want
it annulled?

 AIMEE
Only after I drained his bank
accounts. He was --
 (choking up)
-- such a great guy.

Aimee breaks down.

 RENATA
 (eye roll)
Gimme a break.

 VERA
No crosstalk, please.
 (then)
Actually, Renay, you have yet to
share...

 RENATA
No, thank you.

 VERA
Come now. Everyone's sharing
something they feel guilty about --

 RENATA
I said, "no."

 VERA
-- to find some common ground. What
do you feel guilty about, Renay?

RENATA (V.O.)
 I killed three people. I killed
three people. I KILLED THREE
 PEOPLE!

RENATA
 Being here.

VERA
 Good. Now tell us a little more.
 Why is that?

Renata glares at her.

RENATA
 Because this is completely
 backwards, O-K? Common ground? Are
 you out of your freaking mind?

VERA
 The point is to --

Renata starts with the rockstar.

RENATA
 So you passed out on top of your
 adoring fans and you're here, why?
 To find out if you're really an
 asshole?

VERA
 Now, Renay. I said, "no --"

RENATA
 Crosstalk. Yeah, I got it. Don't
 worry, honey, Ima come back to you
 in a minute.
 (to Jackson)
 Next, we got Locomotive Number 9
 here. Aww, he let his teammates
 down. Multi-millionaire boy-men who
 bash their brains in playing a
 kids' game. So what? Ain't nobody
 give a shit.
 (to Aimee)
 And you. Princess. Definitely
 nobody gives a shit about you, O-K?
 Not in the real world. Nobody gives
 a shit about any of you. Except me.
I help you -- not the other way
 around.
 (then)
 Who needs proof? Vera? What do you
 feel guilty about?

VERA

Me? I'm just moderating the conversation.

RENATA

And what an amazing job you're doing! I can't believe how much your English has improved in what, six weeks?

VERA

Excuse me?

RENATA

You heard me. But that's beside the point -- I asked if you feel guilty about anything.

The more Renata presses her, the more pronounced Vera's accent becomes.

VERA

I'm no different from anyone else.
(uneasy chuckle)
I have plenty of issues, trust me.

RENATA

No doubt. I'm just giving you an opportunity to share them with us. Unless -- unless you'd prefer I do it for you...?

Incapable of seeing where this is headed, Vera shrugs.

RENATA

I got a cute story about our "therapist" here. Check this out:

EXT. SOUTH ORCAS STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Renata's ambulance. Behind three cruisers at a traffic stop. She disembarks as Todd approaches in flashing red-blue light.

TODD

We need a translator.

Following Renata toward the commotion. She dons fresh gloves.

TODD

It's obvious she's extremely drunk, but try and find out if she took anything else.

Half a dozen POLICE OFFICERS surround an irate WOMAN.
It's Vera. Pinned to the ground. Ranting incoherently.

RENATA
Can I get some room, please?

The cops step back.

Renata kneels down, places a hand on her.

RENATA
Hola, senora...

Renata listens. Stumbles through an exchange. Rises.

LUKE
Well?

RENATA
I'm only getting about half of it.

TODD
Too intoxicated?

RENATA
Yeah, that, but also cuz she's
speaking Portuguese.

LUKE
Help us get her in the rig.

INT. AMBULANCE - PATIENT COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Luke and Todd struggle with the increasingly unmanageable Vera. Renata tries communicating beside the bulkhead.

A broken Portuguese tirade ends with Vera spitting in Todd's eyes -- protected only by his thin, wire-framed glasses.

TODD
What the Christ! Tell her she's
getting a sedative, Renay.

When an officer helps roll Vera on her side, the patient grabs the cop's pepper spray from his duty belt.

Despite unloading it at the nearest face -- Luke's -- the consequences immediately impact all present.

EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Everyone disembarks the rig. Eyes burning. Gasping for air.

RENATA
Now what?

TODD
I ain't going back in. Fuck that.

Renata turns to Luke, clearing his eyes.

RENATA
She can't breathe in there.

LUKE
Good! Let her choke on it. I'm on
break.

Renata takes a neck gaiter from her pocket. Pulls it on over her nose and mouth. Closes her eyes. Enters the --

INT. AMBULANCE - PATIENT COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Vera. Pressing her face into the gurney padding. Coughing and choking. Her voice horribly rasped.

Relying on her memorized inventory, Renata locates a pair of safety goggles, puts them on, and opens her eyes.

Next, she activates every vent and fan against the thick fog.

Finally, she finishes Todd and Luke's work: administering the sedative and oxygen, preparing the patient for transport.

EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Renata calls back from the driver's side running board.

RENATA
(taps horn)
Vamanos, muchachos!

Todd and Luke exchange an impressed look.

BACK TO PRESENT**INT. AURORA SOLACE - GROUP ROOM - DAY**

Wide-eyed, slack-jawed fixation on Renata and Vera.

RENATA

See? She shouldn't be leading this conversation -- she should be participating in it.

JACKSON

(to Vera)

Is all that true?

VERA

It doesn't sound familiar.

RENATA

Wow. So you're a liar too.

VERA

You don't know what you're talking about, young lady.

(in Portuguese)

Agora onde estao seus 'muchachos'?

Smugly asking after her former coworkers tears it.

RENATA

What a fucking hypocrite -- how dare you. And the rest of you? Fuck all y'all. A buncha selfish-ass crybabies bawling over yourselves in the lap of luxury. I have human lives in my hands! When have you spoiled brats ever looked after anything but your own egos?

VERA

Progress --

RENATA

Shut up, Vera. I'm done wit' you.

(rising)

The rest of y'all don't worry: people will still listen to this loser's bad music, root for this junkie's comeback, and somehow, someone somewhere will fall in love with My Little Pony here. But we don't share no common fucking ground.

VERA

Renay --

RENATA

(leaving)

No crosstalk, Vera!

CORRIDOR

Renata doubles over. Out of breath. Sweating as though she's been running.

The hallway seems to stretch into eternity as she continues on in search of her room. Which way was it?

Turning a corner draws attention from a group of conferring ORDERLIES and SPECIALISTS. She turns back.

Another corner. Blocked in this direction by a group of WHITE MEN IN SUITS who seem to recognize her.

She tries a different direction, but they follow.

Another corner. A glance over her shoulder.

Resembling Graham's lawyers, the men are joined by a second group -- of PRISON GUARDS and black-robed JUDGES.

Renata increases her pace when they call out her name. Chase her through the hallway labyrinth in a rumbling maelstrom of briefcases, depositions, and fluttering paperwork.

She takes random turns, attempting to lose --

Her army of pursuers. Closing in fast.

One last-ditch corner. There's her door! Quick, get inside!

ROOM 242

Slamming the door sounds odd -- like it's made of bars.

Renata hides beside the bed.

Has she lost them? Were they even real?

Cowering and afraid, Renata waits until the darkness of sleep replaces the bad dreams of her life.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. AURORA SOLACE - ROOM 242 - NIGHT

Renata's eyes crack open.

ON DIGITAL NIGHTSTAND CLOCK - 3:21 a.m.

She gets up.

MAIN LOBBY

The faint trickle of a koi pond's waterfall -- the jungly central feature of the spacious lobby -- is the only sound.

A STAFFER (20) working the graveyard shift dozes behind the front desk as Renata slips by under the radar -- shielded from view yet mere inches from notice.

Opposite the front desk now, the mini-jungle provides cover while Renata's fingertips reach for a porcelain vase residing in a recessed wall niche.

It wobbles. Rocks. Finally falls and shatters on the floor.

When the assistant investigates, Renata pads back around.

Keeping the pond system between them, she sneaks into the --

FRONT OFFICE

And quickly locates a bin marked: "CHECK-INS" containing several phones and devices. Hers is among them, but --

The assistant is already back! She's trapped! Hide!

Where? Under the desk? No good. She quickly steps into a --

UTILITY CLOSET

Only to find herself staring at a broom and dustpan combo.

Oh, fuck. Naturally.

Hearing the office door open, she drops down. Crouches beside the vacuum cleaner. Nowhere to go. Discovery in seconds.

The closet door opens! But not all the way...

Renata notices the assistant's searching hand. Angles the broom handle toward it until he grabs hold. Takes it out.

When the distant sound of the staffer scraping the pieces into a pile finds her ear, she leaves the --

FRONT OFFICE

Tiptoes across the --

MAIN LOBBY

And remains unobserved back to --

ROOM 242

There, Renata peels back the rubber phone case. Her last contraband oxycodone survived their time apart.

Surprisingly, though, she contemplates taking it.

Ultimately snaps the case back together. Opens her contacts.

ON PHONE DISPLAY - Shelly's party pic.

Sighing, Renata rolls her eyes. Looks up Uber.

ON PHONE DISPLAY - "Confirm Credit Card Purchase?"

Renata stops herself from calling the ride service. Credit card usage can be easily traced -- not what she wants.

ON PHONE DISPLAY - Recent calls: "National Suicide Preven..."

She dials. The expected recording plays. The call transfers.

Ever upbeat, you can hear the smile in Jake's voice.

JAKE (V.O.)

Lifeline, this is Jake. How may I help you?

RENATA

It's me.

JAKE (V.O.)

Oh, hey. So... You're ready to talk about it?

RENATA

No.

(then)

I need to get out of here.

JAKE (V.O.)

We can totally go through all that but -- one quick thing -- so you're not wondering why you get a different counselor next time -- this is my last shift before I go on vacation...

RENATA
 Jake?
 JAKE (V.O.)
 Yeah?
 RENATA
 I need to get out of here.

MAIN LOBBY

In the quiet, early morning hour, Renata returns to the mini-jungle. Her silenced phone lights up with a text alert.

ON PHONE DISPLAY - Jake: "Outside. Will flash my lights."

The vase shelf now empty, she needs another distraction.

Good thing she brought the tablet with her. She taps the "HELP" icon onscreen. Peers over a big, green leaf.

Receiving the alert at the front desk, the staffer rises abruptly. Leaves to check on Renata.

Once he's gone, she glides right out the front door.

EXT. AURORA SOLACE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rows of parked cars. Jake's headlights beam at the far end.

Renata chucks the tablet. Crouch-runs between vehicles.

EXT./INT. WHITE DODGE RAM PROMASTER VAN - NIGHT

Renata finds the passenger side door unlocked. Climbs in.

JAKE
 Oh, hey!
 RENATA
 (closing door)
 Go! Go! Go!
 JAKE
 You must be Renata. I'm --
 RENATA
 Just drive!

Renata avoids notice by slumping in her seat, bag on her lap.

Once safely away, she examines her surroundings. The vehicle is more RV than van -- sleek and modern with a full rear compartment: a hiking pack, complete with an unpitched tent and sleeping bag. Water jugs. Various campground supplies.

RENATA

What's all this stuff for?

Before he can answer, a beast pierces the darkened interior and attacks!

Fortunately, it's only with a wet, pink tongue.

JAKE

Renata, meet Fergus.

Relieved, she scratches the Golden Retriever behind his ears.

RENATA

He's beautiful.

JAKE

Are we O-K? Do you think you'll be missed?

RENATA

(gazing out)

I doubt it.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB NATATORIUM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

SWIMMERS, PARENTS, and CHILDREN OF ALL AGES play in and around the Olympic-sized swimming pool.

ISABEL ESPINOSA (30) drags YOUNGER RENATA (10) to its edge.

ISABEL

(in Spanish, subtitled)

*Stop fighting it. You're never
going to be strong if you don't
face your fears.*

Renata. Defiant. Plants her feet and locks her knees.

YOUNGER RENATA

(in Spanish, subtitled)

*Please, Mama! Don't make me -- I'm
not ready. Please!*

Isabel bends down to her daughter's level.

ISABEL

*See those people wearing red
bathing suits? They will help you
in case anything goes wrong.*

YOUNGER RENATA

*No, Mama. I-I'm scared. Please,
don't.*

ISABEL

*I love you, baby. My sweet Renata.
I know you will forgive me one day.*

She pushes Renata into the deep end. Stands.

Renata screams. Arms flailing wildly. Choking on chlorinated water. Can't keep her head above the surface.

She calls out to her mother for help over and over.

But all she sees are Isabel's worn shoes. Walking away.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. SOUND VIEW CAFE - DAY

A sun-splashed waterfront outdoor patio.

Jake and Renata finish breakfast among the DINERS.

It's her first good look at him -- and while the view is far from bad, Renata gives no indication she thinks so.

Fergus lies curled at their feet.

JAKE

And that's the last time you saw
your mom? I'm really sorry that
happened to you.

RENATA

Don't be. It pointed my life in the
right direction, but I definitely
didn't wanna be a lifeguard.

JAKE

So, what now?

RENATA

Well, my plan was to close my bank account before anyone finds out I'm gone, but they're not open on Sundays and using my card's too risky, so...

(sighs)

I shoulda thought this through.

JAKE

No biggie, we'll help you sort it out. But I didn't mean, um...

RENATA

(looks at him)

What?

JAKE

I meant more like, what's your long-term plan?

RENATA

Why?

JAKE

You did call a suicide hotline. I wanna make sure there is one.

RENATA

(curt)

Oh, no. I'm fine on that.

JAKE

If you tell me about it, I promise to stop asking.

RENATA

After the detox clinic, I was supposed to get M-D-M-A treatments for my P-T-S-D...

JAKE

E-I-E-I-- Wait, they were gonna treat you with ecstasy?

RENATA

Si. I heard it's really effective. But something else happened.

EXT. PORTE-COCHERE ENTRANCE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The orderly angles his way through the crowd of HOSPITAL and POLICE PERSONNEL, searching.

ORDERLY

(to anyone listening)

Excuse me? Has anyone seen a young woman with a ponytail and bandages on her arms?

Their attention is on Helma Parker and a distraught Tahola.

ORDERLY

Anyone? Anybody seen a patient 'round here?

He finds her in the driver's seat of Tahola's damaged truck. Slow wipers slosh fountain spray fanning down the windshield.

ORDERLY

Ms. Espinosa?

RENATA

(distant)

She's gonna make it, Luke. I know this one's gonna make it.

ORDERLY

Who's "Luke"?

(then)

C'mon, Ms. Espinosa. Let's head back inside now, please.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. SOUND VIEW CAFE - DAY

Renata looks out over the water, however. Blinks back tears.

RENATA

I can't go back. And all I can think about is what it's like far away from here. From everything.

JAKE

You ever go out there?

RENATA

Where, sailing?

JAKE

(shakes head)

Other side of the water. The peninsula.

RENATA

Vampire country?

Jake's blank confusion meets her receding sorrow.

RENATA
Forks, Washington? The Twilight
Saga?

JAKE
(catches on)
Riiight. You're a fan of those
books?

RENATA
I saw the first movie. Once upon a
time...

JAKE
Me and Fergus are actually headed
out past Forks, to the end of the
peninsula.
(pause)
For vacation. Remember?

RENATA
(finally nods)
That's why you haulin' all that
gear. I can't believe you picked me
up in a van, by the way. I almost
kept walking.

JAKE
It's van life, baby! And besides,
as far as creepy van guys goes, you
could do a whole lot worse.

Was that a smile? Did Renata just smile for the first time?

RENATA
So, you're going to Olympic
National Park?

JAKE
Nah. They don't allow dogs.

RENATA
Isn't everywhere else out there
tribal lands?

JAKE
For the most part, yeah.

RENATA
At work we heard some reservations
had to reclose since the pandemic.

They have trouble accessing emergency services even without the virus going around again, you know.

JAKE

True. But in between there are tons of great trails to some truly incredible spots. You ever camp out?

RENATA

Never been out in nature at all. Always wanted to, though.

JAKE

It's like, relaxing yet super invigorating. You really find your sense of tranquility. We go all the time.

RENATA

Sounds like what I meant by far away.

JAKE

Even though it's been right here all along.

RENATA

(wistful)

Weird how I never thought of it like that.

EXT. PIKE PLACE FISH MARKET - DAY

Fergus accompanies their stroll through the marketplace.

It's not too crowded -- SHOPPERS mill about, browsing. Others loiter, eagerly awaiting FISH MARKET EMPLOYEES' famous tradition of chucking large fish orders over the counters.

Renata still seems uneasy. A touch paranoid even.

JAKE

Listen, don't stress. How 'bout we have a chill day, instead? Walk around, see some sights...

RENATA

What about your vacation?

JAKE

It can wait a day.

RENATA
Why are you doing this?

JAKE
It's my job.

RENATA
This isn't your job.

JAKE
(bantering)
Is too! And it goes beyond the
phones more often than you might
think.

RENATA
Speaking of, that first call wasn't
-- I didn't want -- let's just say
I'm glad you didn't let it spiral
into a shitshow or anything.

JAKE
You're quite welcome. I think. Now,
if you don't mind, it's been a long
year and --
(gestures)
Ka-CHUNK! I'm off the clock.

Jake narrowly pulls her out of the way of a flying king
salmon tossed from one employee to another.

JAKE
Whoops! O-K, now I'm off the clock.

The close fish dodge evokes not just a smile from Renata, but
a laugh that kicks off their visits to the --

--Gum Wall

--Ferris Wheel

--Fremont Troll

--Space Needle

A pleasant, friendly tour that lasts until dark.

INT. JAKE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake places a pillow and some blankets on his couch.

JAKE

All righty. Fergus is gonna bed
down out here with you to make sure
there's no funny business. My
room's right over there -- holler
if you need anything.

RENATA

Jake?

JAKE

Hm?

RENATA

I don't need your help, you know. I
just need --

JAKE

A place to stay tonight and a ride
to the bank in the morning. We're
way solid, trust me. But maybe a
friend too? You're not the only one
looking out for others.

Jake lowers the lighting. Tweaks Fergus' snout.

JAKE

Goodnight, Fergie. Goodnight,
Renata.

RENATA

Nite.

Fergus. Lovingly gazing up at Renata. She grins. Settles in.

HOURS LATER

Renata. Asleep on the couch. Wrestling with nightmares. She
twitches. Mumbles unintelligibly. Fretful and restless.

Like the hospital, she snaps awake. Clapping her hands over
her mouth traps a disoriented scream until she calms down.

Fergus holds a couch-side vigil beside troubled Renata.

Her limit finally reached, Renata rises. Crosses the room to
the shoji door separating Jake's bedroom.

She opens it. Slides it closed after letting herself in.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT./INT. WHITE DODGE RAM PROMASTER VAN - MORNING

They pull into 1st National Bank and Trust's loading zone.

Jake puts it in Park. Pushes a nosy Fergus back.

JAKE

This is your stop.

Renata doesn't get out. Turns to Jake instead.

RENATA

I, um, really appreciate...

(gives in)

Take me with you?

JAKE

'Scuse me?

RENATA

Van life. Camping. Can I go?
Please? I promise I'll keep up and
not ruin your vacation any more
than I already have.

JAKE

It's not that, I just don't know...

RENATA

Please, Jake. I know it's asking a
lot. If there's an issue I'll say
it was all my idea.

JAKE

Could be kinda treacherous out
there. Sure you're up to it?

RENATA

Last month I saw a woman stab
herself in the throat because she
couldn't take her husband's abuse
anymore, so yeah.

JAKE

Dayum.

(muses)

We probably should have an E-M-T
around if shit turns south...
Whaddaya say, Ferg? Should we bring
'er?

Fergus releases a resounding WOOF!

JAKE
 There it is. And...
 (cranks music)
 We're off!

The van pulls out. Heads for the freeway.

ROAD TRIP MONTAGE

--Leaving the city
 --Taking the ferry
 --Refueling on the peninsula
 --Silencing her relentlessly blowing up phone, then
 --Snapping pics and selfies at tribal monuments and totems

RENATA
 You know you can't post those
 online, right?

JAKE
 I don't think you fully appreciate
 the awesomeness of the "Van Life"
 hashtag.

RENATA
 Jake!

JAKE
 (feigns dismay)
 O-K, fine.

He opens her passenger side door. The glove compartment next.

JAKE
 They're just for us then.
 (deposits phone)
 See? I won't even take it on the
 trail with us.

--On to dinner in Port Townsend
 --Passing a route sign for Forks, Washington

RENATA
 (playfully)
 Hold up -- you're not gonna bite my
 neck, are you?

JAKE

The vampire thing? Hell no! In fact, I don't know how you E-M-Ts do it: I can't stand the sight of blood.

--Following the road deep into the forested wilderness

--They turn off the paved main road, endure a bumpy ride

--And finally stop when the next trail becomes impassable

END MONTAGE

Jake parks. Engages the emergency brake.

RENATA

End of the line?

JAKE

Without four-wheel drive, yeah. Oh, that reminds me: after camping me and Ferg are gonna head south and rent an ATV for deeper exploration, so if you're down...

RENATA

Bigtime.

JAKE

Yeah? You can ride?

RENATA

Like a banshee. Cora wanted me out of the house one summer and sent me down to my cousin's in Ensenada.

QUICK FLASH - RENATA IN BAJA

--Renata's crazy teenage boy COUSINS on ATVs turn beachfront donuts and catch wicked air off the dunes.

BACK TO VAN

RENATA

It was a "crash course."

JAKE

Nice. Ready to begin our adventures?

Renata nods enthusiastically.

EXT. MAKAH TRIBAL RESERVATION - TRAILHEAD - DAY

Bright bars of afternoon sunlight beaming through a dense evergreen canopy splash over huge ferns and wild growth.

Renata disembarks, enamored. Eyes wide. Her hair in a double braid rather than its signature bun. Deep inhale.

RENATA

This was the right call.

JAKE

"Lose yourself in Nature and find peace."

RENATA

Is that the philosophy of Jake?

JAKE

Of Ralph Waldo Emerson. But I fully embrace it. Helps with stress and anxiety.

Jake holds Renata's full backpack up.

RENATA

You have anxiety?

Renata threads her arms through the straps.

JAKE

Comes with the job, y'know?

RENATA

Yeah. Yes, I know.

Once their gear is organized, they start up the trail.

RENATA

It's like a rainforest in here.

JAKE

It's literally a rainforest in here. The peninsula gets well over a hundred inches of rain a year.

RENATA

So you checked the forecast first?

JAKE

(laughs)
It'll be beautiful.

RENATA

And this is definitely not part of
the reservation?

JAKE

Yup. It's right on the line.

EXT. MAKAH TRIBAL RESERVATION - FOREST - LATER

The exhausting trek saps Renata's energy and enthusiasm.

The trail becomes imperceptible. Renata looks around.

RENATA

You know where you're going, right?

JAKE

Absolutely.

RENATA

Good, cuz I lost the trail a long
time ago.

JAKE

That's cuz there really isn't one.
You just hafta know your way
around, is all.

EXT. ROCKY PASS - HOURS LATER

Long shadows. Receding daylight.

The arduous trail is now a grueling climb -- scaling boulders
and slabs, narrowly avoiding steep drop-offs.

Renata's lack of experience, fitness, and general health are
not up to it -- she's really struggling now.

RENATA

Jake, I don't think I can make it.

JAKE

(cranes neck)

You can't give up now -- I can
almost see the top from here.

Jake extends his hand. Helps her up the boulders.

RENATA

(weary)

You said -- the view -- is gonna be
worth -- all this?

JAKE
So worth it.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP CLEARING - DUSK

Jake pulls her the rest of the way up.

JAKE
C'mon, I got you.

They finally reach the highest lookout point.

The glorious view indeed steals her breath away. Wonder and serenity blossom on her face. Yup. Worth it.

RENATA
(tearing up)
El Pacifico...

Just in time for sunset, the smoldering ember slips into the molten sea as Renata drinks in the broad, sweeping vista.

Beside her, Jake calls her attention to a region below -- where the dark green blanket of forest meets pounding surf.

JAKE
That there's Cape Flattery -- the most northwestern point in the U-S.

RENATA
(smiling)
Aren't you full of fun facts.

JAKE
And see back along the coast?
That's Neah Bay, where the Makah community --

Something large rustling the bushes startles them.

RENATA
What was that?

JAKE
Prolly just a deer or an elk --

RENATA
Thank goodness.

JAKE
-- but it could be a bear, could be a cougar...

RENATA
(apprehensive)
What? I never even thought of that.

JAKE
All part of the excitement, folks.
Don't worry: they won't bother us
as long as Fergie's around.

Renata's relentless smile. Couldn't wipe it off if she tried.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A brilliant starfield surrounds a supermoon centerpiece above their camp and shimmering ocean beyond.

Jake and Renata. Snuggled in a sleeping bag beside a pitched pup tent and crackling fire. Fergus rests his head on Renata.

RENATA
You guys remind me of each other.

JAKE
Who?

RENATA
You and Fergie.

JAKE
So I'm a dawg now, eh?

RENATA
Si.

JAKE
I take that as a compliment.

They stare deep into the flames.

JAKE
Hey, Renata?

RENATA
Hm?

JAKE
If we called down to a restaurant
in the village and asked them to
hold a table for us -- even though
we had second thoughts about it --
would that be a reservation
reservation reservation?

RENATA
(grins)
You're a dork.

Bathed in tranquil firelight. Boiling sap sizzles and pops.

RENATA
Jake?

JAKE
Yeah?

RENATA
Remember how I told you my mom
left?

JAKE
Of course.

RENATA
What she did, what your parents did
-- I would never do that to you.
Not to anyone who needs help. No
matter how messed up I am.

JAKE
Nah, you're fairly salvageable. I'm
just glad you found some peace.
(pause)
And that you're here.

Renata finally shows her forearms to him.

As Jake gently rebandages them for her, the campfire pops
again. Flecks of hot ash escape the licking flames like
fireflies into the night.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

Renata wakes inside the tent. Happy. Rested at long last.

But where's Jake? His absence surprises her.

Renata unzips the tent. Crawls out.

Jake tends the fire. Apparently making breakfast.

JAKE
Morning, sunshine! We were just
wondering when you were gonna roll
outta there. Sleep O-K?

RENATA

Best ever.

JAKE

Here. I made you an herbal tea.

He hands her a steaming camp mug. Some vegetation still brewing in the liquid. A tiny, purple flower floating on top.

RENATA

What's in it?

JAKE

Horsetail, rose hip, elderberry, dandelion... Whatever was around.

RENATA

Impressive.

(sips)

Mmm, thanks.

JAKE

It's super healthy, but ya wanna drink it down before it gets cold, trust me.

RENATA

Hey, where exactly do I find the ladies room?

JAKE

Third door on your left.

RENATA

(teasing back)

Funny. You are sooo hilarious.

JAKE

There's a stream a hundred yards or so that way -- you can wash up.

Renata finishes the tea. Sets off with an empty water bottle and a small toiletry kit from her backpack.

RENATA

B-R-B.

EXT. FOREST GLADE - DAY

Filling her bottle creekside, Renata notices a shiny object.

A lipstick. Embedded in mud by her feet. Yet clearly new.

Renata picks her head up. Looks around. Ravens chatter.
 What's that? Just over that shallow rise in the embankment?
 Another tent? She tentatively approaches for a closer look.

RENATA

Hello?

The tent's rain fly. Flapping loose in the breeze.
 Renata ascends the embankment to a --

EXT. SECOND CAMPSITE - DAY

Coming around the quiet tent toward the fire pit.

RENATA

Anyone home?

On the ground. A hiking boot. Then a leg comes into view.

RENATA

Oh, hi! Sorry, I didn't mean to
 sneak up on...

The lone CAMPER they're attached to is unresponsive.

RENATA

Ma'am?

Sidelong on the ground, one milky eye stares up at the
 canopy. Her windbreaker barely covering the gaping chasm
 where her torso once housed her organs. Her spine visible...

But what happened?

Judging by the condition of the corpse, the danger is long
 gone. Or is it?

Just as she would at any scene, Renata surveys the area.

A mysterious breeze rustles the evergreen boughs. Her world
 becomes dizzying, distorted.

Renata's elevated breathing. She turns away. Gotta find Jake.

She only makes it a few steps before doubling over and
 vomiting. But without mixing meds and receding withdrawal,
 only revulsion remains -- a first for the experienced EMT.

RENATA
(baffled)
What the fuck...?

She shakes it off. Races back to the original --

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Jake and Fergus jump to their feet, alarmed.

RENATA
JAKE!

JAKE
Renata? Hey, what is it? What's wrong?

RENATA
(breathless)
Jake -- I found -- another camp.
There's a woman. Oh, god -- she's dead. Jake, she's DEAD!

JAKE
Whoa, hey, try to calm down.
(comforts her)
Take a deep breath and tell me what happened.

RENATA
There's a camp by the creek!
Possibly, probably -- must've died a long time ago. Like, a month, maybe? Wait, no... Yes! At least! And I think animals have been at her, too, I think. No, definitely. Definitely they been at her but I dunno if that's what killed her. We have to find out -- Jake, we have to --

JAKE
It's O-K, Renata. Just take it easy and we'll figure it out together.

Fergus whines. Watching inappropriately agitated Renata.

She peels away. Erratic. Paces about. Holding her head.

RENATA
Dios mio. I have a splitting headache. Labored breathing. Weak pulse. And my skin's on fire.

Under my skin. It's like there's something -- I think something's wrong with me.

She doubles over. Retches again. Nothing in her stomach.

Renata tries to straighten up. Lurches as if drunk.

She staggers to a tree. Uses its trunk for support.

All the strength drains from her body. She slides down the bark. Collapses against the hemlock like a forgotten ragdoll.

Completely immobilized now. Renata's head lolls lazily under its weight. Her eyes grow distant. Breathing slows.

RENATA
(whispers)
There's something wrong with me...

JAKE
There certainly is.

She watches him step away. Her vision fixed.

Jake returns a moment later. Takes a knee before her.

Touching her fingertip to her cell phone's sensor unlocks it.

He rifles through her private pics, files, and conversations.

JAKE
Borrriing...
(then)
Oh, woww. Sissy is a partygirl!
Getting her digits doesn't look nearly as tough as it was -- till now. I simply had to use your digits, get it?
(silence)
Get it, Renata? Ah, you will.

He shakes the phone. Something rattles inside.

When the case won't separate, Jake crushes her cell with a rock. Holds up her last tab.

JAKE
What is it anyway? Oxy?

He zings it off her forehead with a spiteful flick.

JAKE

And it just proves my point, Miss
Molly Detox Clinic.

This is a different Jake. What remains of the sunny, affable
persona that attracted Renata now seems cynical.

JAKE

Would it surprise you to learn that
I know your new friend back yonder?

He raises an instant camera slung around his neck, points it
at the paralyzed EMT.

Its mechanical whir spits a photo out.

Jake writes "#29" in the bottom space while it develops, then
adds the picture to a stack of others in a hardshell case.

JAKE

I think she was what, twenty-six,
twenty-seven?

Flipping through the photos confirms it: he's not notating
their ages -- it's the order in which they were murdered.

JAKE

Yup! Twenty-seven. You were right.
Just over a month ago. Her toy
company ignores product safety
regulations. Never fined. No
recalls. Slap on the wrist
settlements only. Even after
several kids were killed.

Jake adds the photo of Renata to the box. Removes another.

He holds the snapshot before her unblinking eyes.

JAKE

And you remember Number Twenty-
eight, of course...

INT. DARKENED HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A familiar view. An old couch. The sick young woman to whom
Luke and Todd attended.

The FLASH! and whir of the camera as it creates photo "#28."

JAKE (V.O.)

...she didn't have the slightest
consideration for others.

Fortunately, I stopped the disease
she was spreading. Dead in its
tracks.

(droll)

I won't say what she had, but you
can bet your sweet ass I took
precautions.

EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

A MAN watches from the curb as Todd almost catches Renata
shooting up. The medic misses it, but not the observer.

DRIVEWAY

The ambulance rolls out. Intoxicated Renata behind the wheel.

JAKE (V.O.)

I must say -- at first I was
worried you three were gonna ruin
everything...

Now among the gathering onlookers, the observer peeks out
from under his umbrella. It's Jake. Ostensibly out for a walk
with Fergus.

JAKE (V.O.)

But that was the night I
encountered the most dangerous one
yet, didn't I?

AMBULANCE

The tractor trailer T-bones the other vehicle. CRASH!

JAKE (V.O.)

How many patients would have lived
if only their E-M-T wasn't
compromised? Or stealing their
meds?

INT. JAKE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jake and Fergus watch a REPORTER deliver the news.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Again, both drivers have been
admitted to local hospitals.

Unfortunately, the paramedics and their patient succumbed to their injuries at the scene.

EXT. HAWTHORNE ESTATE - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

Jake approaches the property with a handful of circulars and junk mail. A familiar-looking brochure on top of the stack.

JAKE (V.O.)
You're not the only one looking out for others.

He drops the stack through the pillar mail slot.

QUICK FLASHES - HOW THEY MET

--Fake suicide prevention brochure lies in plain view

--Graham retrieves it from the trash

--Renata tears it up, throws it in his face

--She reassembles it at rehab and dials

JAKE (V.O.)
Lifeline, this is Jake. How may I help you?

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Wearing the same blue nitrile gloves Renata uses at work, Jake holds a bouquet. Little violet flowers lining the stems.

JAKE
Poor Renata. Too reckless for her job, too dangerous to live.

He places the bouquet in Renata's lap. Her nose bleeds.

JAKE
This is Larkspur. Isn't it beautiful? And every bit as toxic. Can't even touch it. I put a lethal dose in your tea -- it was actually the main ingredient.
(then)

There's no antidote or cure, so in
a few hours you'll be dead and
others will finally be safe from
your trainwreck of a life.

He pulls the gloves off. Pockets them, one inside the other.

JAKE

(holds her jaw)

But I know you can still hear me,
Renata. And I can hear your
thoughts. You're thinking,
"Whyyy?", right? Why, when I
could've simply helped you kill
yourself? Too much of a bummer,
that's why. Personally? I much
prefer giving you one last
delicious breath of life --

(shoves her face)

-- before I take it all away.

Having broken camp during her brief absence, Jake shoulders
his pack. Secures the buckles.

JAKE

Welp, I'm out. Fare thee well and
shit. Oh! And guess what? While you
were in the hospital, I found out
your stepsister -- what's-her-name?
-- Shelly -- is seeking an
abortion.

(shakes head)

You crazy bitches. So many killers,
so little time.

Jake departs.

Fergus. Hesitant. Eyes incapacitated Renata. Whines.

JAKE

C'mon, Ferg!

The dog reluctantly trots off after his master.

Renata's stunned expression. A stiffening death-mask.

BLACK.

INT. MAKAH RESERVATION - SUBSTANCE ABUSE CLINIC - DAY

A drab room. Industrial carpet. Fluorescent lights.

Folding chairs and an old banquet table set with modest self-service coffee fixings provided for ATTENDEES in recovery.

Seated in a circle not unlike Renata's rehab group, a half-hearted chuckle ripples across ARNIE PARKER'S (16) sweaty, drugged face -- a flimsy punctuation to his confused remarks.

And talk about unfunny. His words only elicit a weak cough.

Tahola Parker, the boy's uncle and an organizer at the abuse clinic, rises, crosses the circle, and places a hand on his nephew's shoulder.

TAHOLA
(in Makah, subtitled)
*Join me outside a moment, won't
you?*

The boy's self-satisfied grin melts away as his uncle exits.

EXT. SUBSTANCE ABUSE CLINIC - DAY

Small boats gently rock like cradles in the adjacent wharf.

Under the entrance overhang. Tahola gathers his nephew's jaw in his hand, uptilts it toward the dying light, though --

Arnie's pupils appear already dilated.

TAHOLA
*Look at you. Using before a
meeting? Give it to me.*

The youth produces a shiny medallion. Hands it over.

TAHOLA
*Such a disgrace. Bringing shame on
your family. Our family.*

ARNIE
I'm sorry, Uncle.

TAHOLA
Hm? Speak up!

Arnie tears free of Tahola's hand. Readjusts his clothes.

ARNIE
(indignant)
Sorry!

TAHOLA

And a disrespectful tongue, no less. I fear your selfishness is poisoning your very veins, boy. Eating you from within.

The youth would rather be anywhere else.

TAHOLA

At the same time, conflicting winds are vying to carry your spirit in opposite directions. Soon it will be too late to heal you.

ARNIE

Psh. Spare me that stale-ass bullshit, old man.

The insolence captures his uncle's attention.

ARNIE

What. Yer gonna fix me? The Great Shaman of the Qwigwidicciat who can't heal his own sister?

TAHOLA

Your mother is too sick. Too weak. She may not withstand such an extreme treatment.

ARNIE

So you'll just let her die?

TAHOLA

Outside doctors have done everything they could.

ARNIE

What about you?

The shaman turns away.

ARNIE

Oh my fucking -- you know, don't you? You know it could work but you won't try!

TAHOLA

It is a not path I'll walk.
(then)
Not worth the risk.

ARNIE

Maybe what you mean is, you don't want nobody findin out the old ways ain't nothin but superstition and snake oil.

TAHOLA

Nothing could be further from the truth.

ARNIE

Then you're just scared.

TAHOLA

It's not like the virus or other illnesses! She won't heal from this!

ARNIE

Fuck your scared ass, Uncle. And fuck you for not saving her!

TAHOLA

*(in Makah, subtitled)
How dare you speak to me that way!*

The boy mounts a four-wheel ATV parked nearby. Looks back.

ARNIE

Cuz I'm disrespectful, remember?
But I sure as fuck ain't selfish.

The quad speeds away, its nasal buzz fading with distance.

The shaman looks on. Heartbroken. Reminded of his own past.

He squeezes the worthless medallion. To him, it's priceless.

FOREST WILDERNESS

Done napping, Jake rolls out of a hammock.

He unhooks it from a unique tree growing out of the cliff-face. Packs up.

JAKE

Break's over, Ferg. Time ta hit the road. We got a long drive --

Turning around reveals Fergus locked in a tense staredown with a six-point BUCK.

JAKE

Uh-oh.

The deer suddenly leaps into the bushes.

Fergus takes off after it. Hot on its tail.

JAKE

Fergie, NO!

Jake pursues in vain -- they are long gone.

CAMPSITE

Renata. Static. Descending as slowly into death as the sun nearing the horizon -- her time finally running out.

Has she been like this all day?

Weak, frail breaths crawl past her lips.

Another rustle in the bushes ahead.

A COUGAR slinks into the clearing. Its cautious approach.

Renata can't get away. Trapped in nightmarish paralysis.

INT. MAKAH RESERVATION - LONGHOUSE - DAY

Tahola approaches the sickbed where Helma Parker lies ill. He adds another blanket to her covers.

TAHOLA

Has Arnie returned?

HELMA

(weakly)

I haven't seen him since this afternoon. Is something the matter?

She starts to sit up. Her brother eases her back down.

TAHOLA

It's fine. He disappeared after we got into it at the meeting.

HELMA

He's probably just blowing off steam. Boys his age nowadays...

TAHOLA
I have to finish up at the clinic.
Text me if he shows up here?

HELMA
Of course.

TAHOLA
(exiting)
Can I do anything to make you more
comfortable?

HELMA
You can stop making it sound like
I'm dying, Johnny.

TAHOLA
I --

HELMA
That was a joke.

TAHOLA
My sister, the comedian. Keep
working on your material, Mrs.
Maisel. I will return.

EXT. MAKAH RESERVATION - LONGHOUSE - DAY

But outside the door Tahola hangs his head, ashamed.

A moment's contemplation. Tahola breaks down. Weeps for the
impending loss and his inability to stop it.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP CLEARING - DUSK

Arnie stops the ATV on the lookout. Spins around on the seat.
Leans back on the handlebars lighting a well-used meth pipe.

He takes in a heavy hit. Coughs it out. What's that? A mug?

Arnie examines the cup Jake discarded on his way out.

He upends it. Muddled seeds spill from the brim. Drops it.

Indifferent and aloof he pockets the pipe. Restarts the ATV.

Purple larkspur blooms skitter across the rocky precipice.

CAMPSITE

The cougar. Sniffing. Inspecting. Inches from Renata's face.

She can't even close her eyes. Tears roll down her cheeks.

Her terror of sharing #27's fate locked inside.

The cougar samples the bloody trails coagulating under her nose with a slow, powerful lick.

Suddenly, the cat tenses. Hisses. Defiantly paws the air.

The ATV comes roaring up. Racing to Renata's aid.

Spooked, the mountain lion escapes into the brush before Arnie can run it down.

But is she still alive? With such weak vitals, he can't tell.

ARNIE
(shakes her)
Anybody home?

RENATA
(nearly inaudible)
...helt nee...helph...

Arnie takes a quick hit. Scans his surroundings. Then Renata.

Unbuckles his leather belt...

FOREST WILDERNESS

Jake. Alone. Wandering the woods. Calls out to his MIA dog.

JAKE
FERRRRGUUS! Where are ya, boy?

This far from anyone, the forest is silent. And vast.

JAKE
Damn dog. Fuck. FERRRGUUS! C'mon,
it's getting late! Fferrr...

Jake stops abruptly.

A Makah tribal totem looms over him, tall and foreboding.

CAMPSITE

Using the belt as a harness, Arnie straps himself to Renata's limp body and hauls her onto the four-wheeler, back-to-back.

ARNIE

A little help would be nice. Kitty
could be back any -- oh, shit!

Choosing hunger over fear, the cat rockets from the treeline.

Its claws just miss Renata's leg as the ATV shoots ahead.

As it gives chase, Arnie downshifts and spins the tires --
spraying the cougar with debris before leaving it behind.

EXT. SUBSTANCE ABUSE CLINIC - NIGHT

Tahola closes up. A voice calling out interrupts him.

JAKE

Hello there!

The shaman turns. Spots the approaching hiker.

JAKE

Excuse me, sir? Have you seen a dog
come through here?

Jake mistakes Tahola's quiet apprehension for confusion.

JAKE

My golden retriever, Fergus.

TAHOLA

(shakes head)

Where did you last see him?

JAKE

Way out in the wilderness --
totally not on the reservation, or
anything.

TAHOLA

But you are on the reservation
where you stand. And it's still
closed from the pandemic.

JAKE

(glances at feet)

Right. Yeah, I know, we're just
passing through. My dog -- it
looked like he was headed this way.

TAHOLA
 (hiding skepticism)
 I see. Back in that direction, you
 said?

JAKE
 Um, yeah. Went chasing a deer.

The nasal buzz of Arnie's ATV reaches their ears.

TAHOLA
 I must attend to something. You'll
 excuse me?

Jake hands him a suicide hotline brochure.

JAKE
 Do me a favor and leave a message
 at this number if you see him?

The shaman takes it. Nods. Fixates on the treeline darkness.

Jake hurries off, disappearing back into the forest mere
 seconds before Arnie arrives with his terminal passenger.

TAHOLA
 (in Makah, subtitled)
What is this?

ARNIE
*I found her on the ridge. I think
 she's still alive.*

They ease Renata onto the ground. Tahola examines her vitals.

Inspecting her bandages stops him cold.

TAHOLA
 I've seen these injuries before...

ARNIE
 Huh?

TAHOLA
 Nothing.

ARNIE
 What's wrong with her, Uncle?

TAHOLA
 My best guess? Probably got lost,
 ate some poisonous berries...

ARNIE

Thass it?

TAHOLA

It doesn't take much.

ARNIE

Naw, it's on toppa sumptin else.
Dint you see her arms?

TAHOLA

Yes, but those wounds are healing.

That's not what Arnie means. Able to recognize another user when he sees one, he directs Tahola to her injection sites.

ARNIE

We gotta Medivac her, or some shit.

TAHOLA

She'll die on the way to the hospital.

ARNIE

Then what else can we do?

The shaman looks past his nephew --

To the lot between the wharf and clinic where the bare ribs of a forgotten sweat lodge rise in a small, skeletal dome.

TAHOLA

Work fast.

And by the light of a roaring fire, they do.

SWEAT LODGE CONSTRUCTION MONTAGE

--Tahola and Arnie drop two big bundles on the ground

--Unroll the well-aged bundles of animal hides

--Secure the skins to the frame

--Arnie delivers a wheelbarrow of dry igneous rocks

--Tahola drags Renata to the entrance on an unused hide

TAHOLA

Tend the fire.

ARNIE

Where're you going?

TAHOLA
To get dressed.

END MONTAGE

EXT. FOREST WILDERNESS - NIGHT

The thick canopy and cloud cover create suffocating darkness.

JAKE
FERRRGUUS... FERRRGUUS...

Jake's roving flashlight finds the unique cliff tree.

Back where he started, he makes camp hoping Fergus will show.

Flint strikes instantly ignite his fire. Just like the --

EXT./INT. SWEAT LODGE - NIGHT

Fire already blazing outside the dome.

Using a pair of deer antlers like salad tongs, Arnie transfers hot rocks to the pit inside next to Renata.

Arnie emerges. But recoils at a spectacular sight.

Time slows -- the returning shaman no longer bears any resemblance to his uncle. Nor any man. This is a force of nature, simultaneously magnificent and macabre.

Twisting a mortar and pestle in his hands. Ceremonial garb consisting of heavy blankets and robes, unadorned but for --

An ancient clamshell rattle tied up with feathers hangs from his waist. Keeps time with his steps, with the muted incantations he's already singing beneath --

A raven hat-mask. Tipped slightly down under its cedar raffia topknot (shredded hair-like strips), its long beak leaves only the bottom half of his painted face uncovered.

Aware enough to know that his uncle has left the reservation in more ways than his appearance, Arnie follows him inside.

Lit only by the rocks' red glow and a few smokeless candles, the healer transfers matter from the mortar to a ladle from a bucket. Pours the mixture into Renata's mouth.

Breathless, continuous song. Blessings and invocation. The clamshell rattle's intermittent, porcelain beat.

He dips the ladle again and dowses the rocks. Splashes some water toward Renata but not on her as steam fills the lodge.

Rafts of steam pack the confined space, blotting out the view until it approximates dense fog...

RENATA'S VISION

Disembodied Renata. Adrift just outside the lodge.

The fog clears momentarily. Reveals the shaman waiting by the shoreline. Beckoning her closer. Slow clamshell rattle beats.

Strong winds sweep the fog away when she reaches his side.

An unkindness of ravens circles overhead.

The slate and iron-hued waters become white-capped. Agitated.

He ushers Renata into the shallows despite her resistance.

Past the low breakers now, she fights to go no further.

But when an undertow pulls her below the surface it becomes a fight for air mostly met with mouthfuls of saltwater.

Renata. Frantically fighting for her life. Surfacing briefly. Wind-swept bay waters change into chlorinated, blue --

INT. COUNTRY CLUB NATATORIUM - NIGHT

Pool water she choked on as a child long ago.

Above the surface. Below. Above -- gasp! -- below.

A female LIFEGUARD (18) retrieves YOUNGER RENATA (10). Swims her to the pool ladder's handrails.

LATER

Minimal lighting. A plastic tarp covers the pool surface.

Younger Renata. Wrapped in a small, wet towel. Sits on the bleachers' lowest row. Shivering with cold and fear.

The lifeguard impatiently spins her whistle around her fingers on its nylon cord.

YOUNGER CORA (early 40s) pulls YOUNGER SHELLY (4) around by the hand while holding two conversations, one on the phone.

YOUNGER CORA

(to lifeguard)

Look, honey. I know you have to lock the doors. Frankly, I don't give a --

(into phone)

What? ...Hold on.

(to Renata)

Did your mother say she was going on a trip, Renay? Graham says her bedroom closet's empty.

Impossibly, Jake appears. Barges in between Cora and the lifeguard.

JAKE

Outta the way!

He grabs Younger Renata by her bathing suit straps.

Drags her back to the deep end.

Renata futilely resists. And every forced step closer to the pool advances her forward in time, back to her present age.

JAKE

I don't know how you E-M-Ts do it:
I can't stand the sight of blood.

Wriggling against his grasp, he picks adult Renata up. Heaves her into the covered pool.

Underwater, the tarp becomes a tight V reaching for the bottom. Her every movement worsens its suffocating restraint.

Renata strips blue plastic away from her face. But her cry for HELP! only billows from her mouth in a silent bubble as she sinks like a shrink-wrapped stone into the dark depths.

END VISION

INT./EXT. SWEAT LODGE - NIGHT

Renata lies still. Breathless. Eyes closed.

Arnie and Tahola look at one another.

ARNIE

Did it work, Uncle?

Renata's eyes and mouth pop open. Sharp inhale.

She sprints out of the lodge alone, screaming. Stops. Doubles over. Palms to her temples as if containing an explosion.

TAHOLA
(fairly aghast)
Yes.

Renata goes for the ATV parked off the trail they came down.

She hops on, starts it, and charges toward the treeline.

ARNIE
Now what?

TAHOLA
Go get your mother.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Angry Renata rolls through the abandoned scene of the crime.

RENATA'S POV - Tahola's concoction coursing in her veins, the hyper-vibrant natural landscape warps and oscillates.

MOUNTAINTOP CLEARING

She stops and disembarks at the lookout precipice upon finding the cup where Jake, then Arnie, dropped it.

Kicks the mug over the side to the surging waters far below.

But when she turns back around, the cougar has her cornered.

It crouches. Set to strike. Flashing eyes. Guttural growl.

It moves the instant Renata moves -- seeking an escape along the cliff edge. But the cat is too fast. Cuts her off.

The demon pounces. Pins her against the precipice.

RENATA
(fighting back)
HELLLP!

Trying to deliver a killing bite to her throat, its fangs sink into her shoulder just as --

A snarling Fergus arrives, fiercely attacks the mountain lion.

Sparring wildly, the two are immediately off Renata.

Getting her feet under her, she mounts the ATV again.

Drives to a safer distance, clasping her injured shoulder.

She skids to a stop. Looks back toward the clearing.

A heartbreaking canine yelp pierces the night.

RENATA

FERGUS!

If the dog didn't come out the victor, then the cougar --

Renata sees a light-tan flash through the brush between them.

Headed right for her. Time to go!

But can she navigate the ATV quickly enough to get away without losing control and flying off a cliff?

Distraught and no less furious, she's already maneuvering the four-wheeler down the unforgiving mountainside.

A glance back. Another tan flash. Rapidly catching up.

She won't make it.

Fergus unleashes a loud bark. Reaches her side.

Renata stops the ATV, relieved.

RENATA

Fergus? Good boy, Fergus!

(pets him)

My hero, you saved me!

The dog has some nasty bite wounds. But he'll live.

RENATA

We have to find Jake, Ferg. Can you show me where you and Jake went?

FERGUS

WOOF!

RENATA

(revs throttle)

Good dog. Help me find Jake.

Fergus trots ahead like an enthusiastic Lassie. Wants nothing more than to lead Renata to his master.

Exactly what Renata wants too. More than anything.

EXT./INT. SWEAT LODGE - NIGHT

Helma. Frail and exhausted. Wrapped in heavy blankets.

Arnie and his uncle help her duck into the lodge.

When they straighten up, the shaman stops Arnie from leaving.

Gestures for him to follow his mother into the lodge in a way that says, you need this just as much.

The medicine man enters last, lyrical chanting underway.

Another curing ceremony begins inside -- to treat his family.

EXT. FOREST WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Jake warms his hands by the fire. Movement in the woods.

He stands. Scans the treeline beyond the firelight until --

Fergus runs up to greet him.

JAKE

Hey, buddy! I was worried about ya!

(finds blood-matted fur)

Whoa -- what happened, boy?

Before Fergus can explain, the ATV's engine comes within earshot. Fearing the Makah are about to discover him on the reservation, he snuffs his campfire out with a wool blanket.

But Renata already caught sight of it -- nestled in the same heavily wooded area obscuring the steep drop-offs and sudden cliffs she fought her way up yesterday. She guns the ATV.

Jake notices the headlight. Follows its progress through the trees. Why isn't the four-wheeler slowing?

It's bearing down on him! Blinded, Jake turns. Tries to run.

The ATV charges. Clips his legs. Sends him sprawling.

Jake glances off a tree. Hits the ground hard. He looks up.

Renata's silhouette. Looms above the headlight glare.

JAKE

Renata? It's -- not possible --
you're DEAD!

RENATA

Not no more, ese.

He gets up. takes a step toward her. Then another.

JAKE

Yeah? Well, now what're ya gonna do?

Renata gooses the throttle but releases the clutch too soon and stalls out. She thumbs the ignition. It won't turn over.

JAKE

(another step)

You know I can't let you leave these woods, Renata. Even if I have to wring your pretty little neck.

Renata dismounts. Backs away. Monitors her footing.

Jake lunges at her.

Renata recoils, twisting away from him.

Dashing downslope in zig-zag switchbacks to handle the steep terrain and lose Jake, she --

--Traverses a high ridge

--Scrambles down a gully

--Jumps onto ledge after perilous ledge

--Digs her heels in, fighting gravity and loose gravel

--Thrashes through bushes growing on an outcropping

And stops herself just in time to avoid a bone-crushing fall.

RENATA'S POV - Still hallucinating, the chasm yawns bottomless.

A look back -- Jake. Not far behind.

Loose rocks tumble down around Renata, nearly striking her.

She turns from the sudden drop-off. Doubles back using the brush and darkness as cover but --

Her progress becomes a fight for consciousness when --

A tumbling stone smacking her skull knocks her dizzy. Her ears ring. Blood streams down her temple. Can't see...

Jake's onto her. He jumps down, denying any further passage.

RENATA
Nonna this shit was s'posed to go
down! How could you do this to me?

JAKE
(closing in)
It's too late for all that now.

Renata turns and runs. Leads him back the way she came.

JAKE
(chasing her)
No love! No peace! Hell, not even
vengeance!

Treacherous footing. Unreliable dimensions. She reaches the
same hazardous outcropping --

JAKE
Stupid BITCH! Your only chance --

Flails for the brush and exposed roots at the last moment.

JAKE
(can't stop momentum)
-- was taking me by --

Jake vanishes into the black chasm. Ends up in a broken heap
at the base of the cliffs some fifty feet below.

RENATA
Surpriiise.

Renata carefully finds her way down as --

Jake discovers a branch the size of a pool cue sticking out
of his abdomen. Blood quickly soaks his tee shirt. His hands.

He passes out at the sight of the injury and his own blood.

Renata examines the wound. Is she going to help him?

Nah. She kindly wakes him up by twisting the branch.

Jake screams bloody murder. Soon, it might very well be.

RENATA
I TRUSTED YOU! AND YOU THREW ME
AWAY! LIKE TRASH!

JAKE
(pale, weakening)
You're... Dangerous...

RENATA

You're deluded, cabron. But here's
the good news: without medical
attention you are going to die.

She climbs on top of him.

RENATA

Let's see. How can I speed things
up? I know! I'll wring your little
neck...

Renata. Enraged. Throttles him.

QUICK FLASHES - CLOSELY MATCHING RENATA'S ACTIVITY

--Performing chest compressions on a PATIENT at work

--Bleeding on the hospital pillow she "rescues" in delirium

BACK TO FOREST

Tightening her grip on his throat.

Jake fights for air. Throws lame, ineffective punches.

RENATA

Aww, what-sa matter, baby? Can't
breathe?

(rabid)

Now you know how I felt all goddam
day, you puta motherfucker!

In rough shape himself, Fergus ambles toward them.

Growling. Aggressive posture. Teeth bared.

Her efforts turn his growls into rapid, snarling barks.

RENATA

Go away, Fergie. I'm busy.

The order only upsets the dog more. He nearly attacks.

RENATA

You gotta be kidding me!
(raises her hands)
Fine!

Renata stands. Storms off.

RENATA

If you're comfortable feeding the animals, so am I. Screw you both -- I'm out!

Gagging, Jake finally gets air back into his lungs.

JAKE

You'll never find your way out of here without me! Never!

RENATA

I won't have to.
(to herself)
I'll ask for help.

Just as she leaves the immediate area, the cougar reaches the end of the scent trail it followed down from the lookout.

Hearing Fergie and the cougar tearing one another apart again from a distance, Renata turns and runs through the forest --

Long enough to realize she's utterly, hopelessly lost.

She collapses to her knees, exhausted. Closes her eyes.

Deep breaths.

A conspiracy of ravens squawks from the canopy.

She looks to them. Remembers her vision. When she rises, they migrate to branches at the edge of her periphery.

Renata treks to their location -- then over a shallow rise.

Two more follows reveal Jake's van. Parked off the trailhead.

JAKE

(distant)
RENAATAAAA!

Renata stops and looks back. The mountain lion must have finished Fergus off.

The EMT takes a reflexive step toward Jake's desperate cry.

INT. WHITE DODGE RAM PROMASTER VAN - NIGHT

Renata. Driving. Her bloody hands reach into the glove box for Jake's phone.

When it acquires a signal, she looks up info. Dials.

An OPERATOR answers.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Port Townsend emergency services.

RENATA
I'm transporting a patient in
critical condition -- can we get a
trauma unit to meet us as soon as
we arrive?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
I'll connect you with the doctor.
Please hold.

RENATA
(turns to rear
compartment)
Hang in there, freakshow. We'll get
ya all fixed up.

A soft but reassured whine responds. Good ol' Fergus.

BLACK.

INT. DRUG AND ALCOHOL RECOVERY CENTER - DAY

Renata's group. Circled in a room with an aesthetic that lies
somewhere between Aurora Solace and the reservation's.

RENATA
And that's how I finally escaped
the peninsula alive.

Every participant watches her with mesmerized awe. Rapt.

RENATA
Needless to say, the police were
very eager to hear from me. They
ultimately recovered Jake's first
twenty-eight victims and brought
their families some closure.

QUICK FLASHES - RENATA'S EXPERIENCE

--The devastating broadside ambulance collision

RENATA (V.O.)
As for me, the traffic cam caught
the semi clearly running the light.

--Cougar hiss

--Jake menacing Renata, chasing her down the cliff trails

RENATA (V.O.)

Plus, the driver's company seemed reluctant to go up against a medic, vet, and volunteer firefighter who survived a mountain lion and serial killer in the same night.

--Renata meets with Graham's ATTORNEYS

RENATA (V.O.)

I did accept Graham's help -- on my own terms and payment plan...

--Renata discards her pill stash, decorates her new apartment

RENATA (V.O.)

...and after P-T-S-D therapy I finally got my own place. Hopefully, I'll get to enjoy it full-time one day soon.

--Renata checks into county jail

RENATA

For now, reporting to jail on weekends is far from my favorite, and --

BACK TO REHAB GROUP

Modeling her ankle monitor reveals Fergus snoozing on her feet.

RENATA

-- this fabulous ankle bracelet keeps me home or here, but --

She pauses. Caught off guard by emotion. Collects herself.

RENATA

-- at least I've been clean ever since and, amazingly, that was the easiest part.

The room issues a round of applause.

RENATA

Gracias. If I can share one last thing with y'all it's this: *En Espanol*, my name means "born again." That's the gift given to me by the Makah.

Thanks to them, I got help when I needed it -- when I really needed it.

Renata produces a coin that strongly resembles one Arnie surrendered to Tahola. Squeezes it in her hand.

RENATA

I used to think that people in need are in no position to help others. Even when I was one of them. But this time around? I believe they're in the best position. I almost died learning what y'all already know -- otherwise, you wouldn't be here. But healing yourself takes more than good luck and willpower. It requires commitment and follow-through. Together with your friends, family, and all the support you'll find in these rooms, you have a real opportunity to make a difference in the quality of your life -- and others'. I hope you take it. Thank you.

OVER BLACK:

"TALK TO SOMEONE NOW - If you're thinking about suicide, or are worried about a friend or loved one, or would like emotional support, the Lifeline network is available 24/7 across the United States."

"The Lifeline is available for everyone, is free, and confidential."

"Call or text: 988"

"Linea de Prevencion del Suicidio y Crisis: 1-888-628-9454"

PRE-LAP: water lapping against a wooden hull.

EXT. MAKAH RESERVATION - LAKE OZETTE - DAY

Renata. On a return to the reservation. Paddles a hand-carved, traditional Makah canoe across calm waters.

SUPERIMPOSE: 1 year later...

Fergus, aboard, picks his head up.

Renata sees Tahola, Arnie, and Helma -- all healthy -- prepping their own boat onshore and waves.

They wave back.

And everyone waves goodbye.

Suddenly, Renata's satellite-connected phone lights up on the seat before her.

ON PHONE DISPLAY - "LIFELINE"

A moment of sheer panic and sudden terror?

She smiles. No, most certainly not.

RENATA
(answers the call)
Lifeline, this is Renata. How may I
help you?

FADE OUT.

THE END