finding carter

by

Terri Minsky

Based on

"Finding Carter"

by

Emily Silver

Second draft
August 15, 2013

Address
Phone Number

COLD OPEN

INT. JUST SAY YO (YOGURT SHOP) - 8 P.M.-ISH

CARTER STEVENS, 16, (think Buffy, minus the vampire slaying) and her mother LORI, mid-40s, (cool, for a mom) are at Just Say Yo, a yogurt sundae bar. It's a slow summer night in York, Pennsylvania, a nothing-ever-happens-here kind of town. Under dialogue, Lori piles many different toppings on her yogurt. Carter just dumps scoop after scoop of gummi bears on hers.

CARTER
I just have to say, it's starting to piss me off.

LORI
What is?

CARTER
How it's the same *every time*. Hello, here's two people. They are obviously perfect for each other. We sit there for two hours and wait for them to figure. It. Out. Finally they do, and -- the end! All that happens is the thing we knew was going to happen!

LORI
Because it's a romantic comedy. Not "Anna Karenina."

CARTER
Great. Now you ruined "Anna Karenina."

They go to the cash register; Lori pays for the yogurts.

LORI
(off Carter's cup)
Carter, they have cookie dough. Fruity Pebbles. Crushed Oreos ... I can't believe I'm begging my child to eat crushed Oreos for dinner. I am the worst mother.

CARTER
Stop it. I love when we have a movie and Just Say Yo night.

LORI
Me too.

They exit the yogurt shop.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lori and Carter amble and eat their sundaes.

LORI
But the idea is to get something that blends with the yogurt and enhances the taste. By the way, that's my idea of a cooking tip.

CARTER
(holds out a spoonful)
Just try it. You'll see, it's really good.

LORI
No thanks. I like my fillings.

CARTER
You know what I loved, when I was little, how you would say, "If we ever get separated -- "

LORI
" -- I'll meet you by the nearest tub of gummi bears."

CARTER
And one day at school, we had a cop come talk to us about safety --
(mimics a stern voice)
"Never get in a car with anyone you don't know. Don't go with people who ask you to help find their dog. And if you're ever lost, what's the first thing you look for?"

Under dialogue, Carter's cellphone trills, indicating she has a text message. Carter reaches for it.

CARTER (CONT'D)
(mimics herself, as an eager first grader)
"Gummi bears!"

They both laugh. Carter checks her cellphone.

LORI
Let me guess. Max.

CARTER
No big deal. Just ... everyone's hanging out.

It's obvious she wants to be with her friends.

LORI
Go.

CARTER
(grateful)
You're the best.

LORI
I know.

Carter gives Lori a quick peck on the cheek before racing off. This is their standard goodbye:

CARTER
Love you.

LORI
Love you more.

CARTER
Not possible.

LORI
Yes possible.

Carter goes.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a pair of hands -- Carter's -- working an unbent paper clip inside the lock on a door. After a beat, there's a satisfying click, and we pull back to see a triumphant Carter and several of her friends, including MAX, a sexy stoner type.

MAX
Niiiiice --

But then they hear the PERSISTENT BEEPING of an alarm system.

MAX (CONT'D)
Uh oh.

Carter puts a commanding finger to her lips. She slips inside the darkened building. The others look around fearfully. A beat later, the beeping stops. Carter pops her head back out the door, Cheshire cat grin.

CARTER
(chiding Max)
When are you going to learn to trust me?

Carter ducks back inside; the others follow her in.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - INDOOR POOL - A MINUTE OR TWO LATER

Carter leads the gang as she pushes open the double doors to the indoor pool.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Whattaya think? Kinda like our own private country club.

She kicks off her shoes, slides out of her pants, yanks off her top, and dives into the deep end of the pool. The other kids quickly follow suit. Angle on: Max, in his boxers, a wicked smile on his face. Close on: the boxers dropping down to the floor, followed by the sound of HOOTS and HOLLERS as Max hits the water.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - POOL AREA - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

The kids have gathered in the shallow end of the pool, goofing around, drinking, smoking pot. Max has Carter to himself in a corner.

MAX
Picking locks. Dismantling alarms. Any other hidden talents I should know about?

Carter hooks her legs around Max's hips and draws him closer to her.

CARTER
(seductively)
I also do card tricks.

Their faces move closer, they're about to kiss, when they hear the sound of FORCEFUL CLAPPING.

COP A (O.S.)
Fun's over! Everyone out of the pool!

Reveal: two uniformed COPS and a SCHOOL SECURITY GUARD. The kid with the joint immediately submerges it.

COP A (CONT'D)
(re: the joint)
Nice try. Let's see. We got breaking and entering, possession of an illegal substance, underage drinking --

Carter and her friends, except Max, reluctantly climb out of the pool.

CARTER
(to Cop A)
Officer, listen, we know we screwed up, but it's not like we hurt anyone or stole anything --

COP A
So I should let you off with just a warning.

CARTER
We've definitely learned our lesson. We'll never do anything like this again.
(deeply sincere)
Ever.

COP B
(off Max)
This one's naked.

COP A
Indecent exposure. Sorry, guys. We're taking you in. Let's go.
(to Max)
You too, Magic Mike.

Off Carter and her friends, knowing they've been beaten.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Carter and her friends are in a holding cell.

CARTER
It's outrageous. School board cuts the music program but puts in a state-of-the-art surveillance system. That's a blatant misuse of funds.

MAX
(off where they are)
Is it, though?

The kids laugh. Cop A enters, opening the cell.

COP A
We're letting you off with a warning. Next time, you'll be talking to a judge. Tonight, you just have to face your parents. Let's go.

Everyone stands to file out. Cop A stops Carter.

COP A (CONT'D)
Not you. Yours isn't here yet.

Carter is nonplussed, but takes it in stride.

CARTER
(to her departing friends)
I'm fine. See you on the outside.

The other kids exit. Cop A locks the cell with just Carter in it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON STATION - HOLDING CELL - A COUPLE HOURS LATER

Carter lays on her back on the cell's hard bench, eyes following a fly, as someone unlocks the cell. Angle on: SUSAN SHERMAN, not a cop, a bureaucrat, sporting a CPS (Children's Protective Services) ID badge.

CARTER
Awww. And I was just getting comfortable.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carter sits a table. Susan places a Diet Coke and chips in front of her.

CARTER
So if this is some kind of scared straight thing you and my mom set up, you win.
(hands up)
Consider me set straight.

SUSAN SHERMAN
(delicately)
It's not quite --

CARTER
(overlapping)
Where is she, by the way?

SUSAN SHERMAN
Carter ... she's not coming for you.

CARTER
You guys dropping me off then? Or do you just give me cab money?

SUSAN SHERMAN
You can't go just yet. The police are at your house right now.

CARTER
The other guy said we weren't getting charged.

SUSAN SHERMAN
(quickly, to calm her)
You're not.

CARTER
Then why can't I leave? Why are cops searching my home? On the scale of one to sense, this is making ... none.

SUSAN SHERMAN
The police aren't searching your home. They're looking for your mother.

Carter's attitude flips from annoyed to worried.

CARTER
Is she okay? Did something happen to her?

SUSAN SHERMAN
She's missing.

CARTER
Missing? Let me call her. Where's my phone? The cops have my phone --

SUSAN SHERMAN
Carter ... I need you to listen to me.

CARTER
I am. I'm listening. What?

SUSAN SHERMAN
My name is Susan Sherman. I work for Childrens' Protective Services.

CARTER
Can you just skip to the part where my mom is missing?

SUSAN SHERMAN
Your mother ... she goes by the name Lori Stevens?

CARTER
What does that mean, "goes by"?

SUSAN SHERMAN
That's not her real name.
(carefully)
Carter Stevens is not your real name.

CARTER
Yes. It is. What are you --

SUSAN SHERMAN
Twelve years ago, when you were four, you were abducted from the front lawn of your home in Great Falls, Virginia. The woman you think is your mother is not your mother. She is your kidnapper.

CARTER
(frightened and angry)
You're crazy! Stop talking!
(standing)
I want to go home!

Carter throws open the door of the interrogation room and charges down the hallway.

SUSAN SHERMAN
(going after her)
Carter --

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Carter stalks through the police station. The cops are all looking at her with curiosity, fascination, sympathy.

CARTER
Stop it! Stop looking at me like that!

Susan Sherman is standing in front of her.

CARTER (CONT'D)
I just want to go home. I just want to see my mother.

Susan Sherman puts her arm around Carter, comforting her.

SUSAN SHERMAN
You will, Carter.
(then)
But it's going to be a different home. And a different mother.

Off Carter's terror and confusion --

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Carter sits at the head of a table, flanked by Susan Sherman and IRIS DAWSON, an uber-professional FBI analyst. It's clear that Carter refuses to believe what she is hearing.

SUSAN SHERMAN
Does the name Lyndon mean anything to you? Lyndon Wilson.

CARTER
No.

IRIS DAWSON
That's your real name. Lyndon Wilson.

CARTER
Listen, Agent --
(trying to remember Iris' name)

IRIS DAWSON
Dawson.

CARTER
Agent Dawson. I know you're with the FBI, and I know the FBI is very good at ... being the FBI, but I assure you, there has been a computer glitch, or something got filed wrong --

Susan slides Carter's mug shot in front of her.

SUSAN SHERMAN
This is your mug shot, from last night.

CARTER
Hey, that's not so bad. I was expecting a lot worse.

Iris Dawson slides another photo in front of Carter, which looks like a Sears portrait studio shot. Carter studies it.

CARTER (CONT'D)
I don't know where this came from, I never took this picture.

IRIS DAWSON
It's an age progression photo, based on this picture.

Another photo to Carter, one of her at four years old.

IRIS DAWSON (CONT'D)
Is that you?

Carter studies the picture, confused.

CARTER
... I don't ...

IRIS DAWSON
It is you. Here's how we know. The ears.
(she points to the ears in each picture)
They're the same.

CARTER
It's an ear. It looks like every other ear.

IRIS DAWSON
Actually, ears are as distinct and unique as dental records. Which we also have.

She pushes over a folder.

IRIS DAWSON (CONT'D)
And fingerprints.

Iris produces a card mounted with two strips of fingerprints, one smaller than the other.

IRIS DAWSON (CONT'D)
(off the first set)
These were taken last night.
(off the smaller set)
These we lifted from your toys after you disappeared twelve years ago.

A beat of silence. Carter pushes away all the evidence, but the reality is starting to painfully sink in.

CARTER
But my mom --
(adamant)
-- she would never do ... what you're saying she did.

SUSAN SHERMAN
People abduct children for many reasons.

CARTER
Sick people.

SUSAN SHERMAN
She might have been depressed. It could be she lost a child of her own. Or believed she would never have children.

CARTER
Stop talking about her. You don't know her. She's an amazing person, and even if what you're saying is true, I don't care. I love her. I still want her to be my mother.

IRIS DAWSON
Carter ... you understand that can't happen.

SUSAN SHERMAN
Your real parents are here to pick you up.

CARTER
What? Now?

SUSAN SHERMAN
They're waiting in a room down the hall. They're extremely anxious to see you.

CARTER
I can't! I'm not ready.

There's a knock on the conference room door, and Susan Sherman opens it. COP C stands at the door, with two people right behind him -- Carter's parents, ELIZABETH and DAVID WILSON.

COP C
I'm sorry, they insisted, the mother's very upset --

The first time we see Elizabeth, she is bursting into the conference room, full-tilt consumed with the desperate need to see the daughter she thought was lost forever. David has more control of his decorum; he follows after Elizabeth in an attempt to manage her expectations. Elizabeth stops short and gasps at the sight of Carter.

ELIZABETH
Lyndon ...

She goes up to Carter, and reaches out to touch the side of her face. Though she is crying, Elizabeth's expression is one of pure and utter joy.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Lyndon.
(a beat)
Do you know who I am?

Under dialogue, David walks up to stand behind Elizabeth, his hands on her shoulders for support.

CARTER
My ... mother?

ELIZABETH
(hopeful)
Do you remember me?

A beat; Carter looks at Elizabeth, and finally makes a small shake with her head: No.

CARTER
I'm sorry.

ELIZABETH
(heartbroken)
Not at all?

DAVID
Lizzie, she just needs time ... we all do.
(to Carter)
I'm your dad.

CARTER
I figured.

DAVID
David. David Wilson. This is Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH
What about Taylor? Your twin sister. You two were inseparable.

CARTER
(trying to wrap her mind around this)
I have a sister ... I didn't think I had any relatives.

ELIZABETH
Is that what she told you? That monster who stole you from us?

CARTER
She wasn't a monster --

ELIZABETH
And she wasn't your mother. She *brainwashed* you, when you were only four years old --

IRIS DAWSON
(cutting Elizabeth off)
Mrs. Wilson. Mr. Wilson --

Under dialogue, Iris Dawson takes them both by the elbows and steers them back out of the room.

IRIS DAWSON (CONT'D)
There are a few things we need to discuss. Starting with your vocabulary --

Iris, David and Elizabeth exit the room. Carter is left alone with Susan Sherman.

SUSAN SHERMAN
It will take time --

CARTER
Right. You all keep saying that. You just never say how much time. My guess? A hundred years. Give or take.

<u>INT. THE STEVENS' APARTMENT - A LITTLE WHILE LATER</u>

This is the modest place where Lori and Carter lived. It's been turned upside down by cops, who are still on the scene, lifting fingerprints, bagging photo albums as evidence, manhandling every piece of Carter's life. Carter enters, taking in the devastation. Susan Sherman is by her side.

CARTER
(to Susan Sherman)
Was this necessary? She was a single mom raising a kid. What do you do when you're hunting a serial killer?

SUSAN SHERMAN
I know you don't realize it, but finding an abducted child after twelve years is pretty momentous.

Carter picks up a discarded picture of her with Lori. She looks at the picture with longing and loss.

CARTER
So if she's not Lori Stevens, who is she?

SUSAN SHERMAN
We'll find out, Carter. You won't have to live with that question the rest of your life.

They enter Carter's room.

INT. CARTER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

This room has also been turned upside down. Under dialogue, Carter pulls out a duffel bag and starts stuffing it with her belongings.

CARTER
What happens if you catch her?

SUSAN SHERMAN
I really don't know --

CARTER
Yes, you do. You just don't want to tell me.

SUSAN SHERMAN
On a federal kidnapping charge ... the sentence is twenty years.

Carter freezes for a beat; her eyes water. She hates thinking that could happen to Lori. She picks up the picture of the two of them and puts it in her duffel.

CARTER
She's smart. You won't catch her.
(painfully)
If I hadn't screwed up, you would've never found us.

Carter reaches for a small, colorfully-quilted blanket.

SUSAN SHERMAN
Pretty blanket.

CARTER
She made it for me when I was a baby.
(stuffing it into the duffel bag)
I'm keeping it. She'll always be with me.

She zips up the bag defiantly. Just then, Elizabeth and David enter the room. Elizabeth is holding a picture.

ELIZABETH
(in shock, re: the picture)
Is this her?

ANGLE ON: the picture -- one of Carter and Lori.

SUSAN SHERMAN
We agreed you'd wait in the car.

DAVID
We wanted to see where our daughter has been living the past twelve years. We looked at some of the pictures --

ELIZABETH
(overlapping)
It's her, isn't it? Your --
(she can't say it)

CARTER
-- mother. Yes. That is a picture of me with my mother.
(holding up other photos)
And so is this. And so is this. And so is this.

ELIZABETH
David. David. Oh my God --

DAVID
(to Carter and Susan Sherman)
We know her.

Off Carter's shock --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WILSONS' CAR - EVENING - LATER THAT DAY

David drives his wife and daughter home. Carter is in the back seat; Elizabeth is on a cellphone in the passenger seat.

ELIZABETH
(authoritative, into phone)
Kyle, that's impossible. She must be in the system. Her one and only crime is stealing my child? I don't think so. Have we checked with Canada? Well, get them to prioritize this!

CARTER
(to David)
She talks like a cop.

DAVID
She is a cop. Detective, actually. Assistant chief of forensic investigation.

ELIZABETH
(into phone)
I want her picture visible to all TSA personnel, train and bus ticket agents, car rental counters -- and put out there's a reward. Ten thousand dollars.

DAVID
(to Elizabeth)
Who's paying that reward? Are we paying that reward?

ELIZABETH
(to David)
I want this woman caught! Isn't that what you want?

DAVID
You know I do.

CARTER
Does anyone care what I want?

David and Elizabeth look at each other, chagrined.

DAVID
Of course --

ELIZABETH
(simultaneous, into phone)
Kyle. Let me call you back.

She hangs up.

CARTER
You knew my mother, she was a friend of yours --

ELIZABETH
Not exactly a friend.

DAVID
We were friend*ly*.

ELIZABETH
But we thought her name was Janet --

She wracks her brain for Janet's last name.

DAVID
She did in-home hospice care. Stayed with people the last few days of their lives. One of them lived on our street, that's when we met her.

CARTER
She sounds like a good person.

DAVID
She was. We thought she was.

ELIZABETH
(frustrated)
Janet what? Why can't I remember?

DAVID
She always said we had such a beautiful family. At the time, it seemed like a sweet thing to say.

ELIZABETH
You know what else she said? "I love your girls. Too bad you can't spend more time with them." She was monitoring my work hours!

CARTER
You didn't spend time with us?

ELIZABETH
Of course I did!
(then)
But you have to understand, it's hard for a woman on a police force, especially if you have kids. They don't let you out on the street, except to give parking tickets. I wanted them to know I was serious that this was my career. So I was taking classes in arson and fraud, I trained for the bomb squad --

CARTER
The bomb squad? That's bad-ass.

ELIZABETH
(pleased)
I thought so.

CARTER
Much more important than spending time with your kids.

DAVID
Lyndon, your mother had to work. She was supporting the family.

ELIZABETH
(to Carter)
But you're right, I wasn't there for you, I've never forgiven myself. Never. Finding you ... it feels like I have a second chance. I'm going to do everything differently this time, Lyndon --

CARTER
You could start by calling me Carter.

ELIZABETH
(struggling)
I don't know ... if I can do that --

DAVID
(to Carter)
That's a lot to ask. Can you understand, that name is a painful reminder of a terrible time in our lives?

CARTER
Can *you* understand I just had my entire life ripped out from under me and my name is all I have left?

There's a silence as David and Elizabeth look at each other.

ELIZABETH
(quietly)
If that's what you want ... we'll call you Carter.

CARTER
(drily)
Thanks. You're a peach.

The car approaches the Wilsons' house, but is impeded by --

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

-- a blockade of news trucks, camera crews, a hoard of REPORTERS.

REPORTER A
They're here! There she is!

The cameras click on, the reporters descend, the car is immediately surrounded.

INT. WILSONS' CAR - SAME - CROSSCUT AS NECESSARY

Carter cowers in the back seat.

CARTER
What's going on?

DAVID
The news must have gone out on the police scanner.

ELIZABETH
No, I made sure, because I wanted to avoid this. I think we both know who alerted the media --

The press parts as TOBY DE MORAE, David's slick literary agent, glides up to the car. David lowers the window to talk to her.

TOBY
It wasn't me, I swear, somebody at the FBI must have leaked it.

ELIZABETH
Toby, I can always tell when you're lying. Know how?
(off Toby's raised eyebrow)
You're talking.

TOBY
(interrupts, off Carter)
Is this your daughter? It's *wonderful* to meet you, Lyndon, I'm Toby de Morae --

ELIZABETH
Like the eel.

TOBY
(continuous)
-- your Dad's book agent. Look at you, you're absolutely *darling*.

DAVID
It's Carter.

TOBY
What is?

CARTER
My name.

TOBY
I'm confused.
(to David)
Is this not your daughter?

DAVID
Toby, please, get rid of these people, we'd love to get inside.

TOBY
(bellows)
EVERYBODY BACK OFF! LET THEM THROUGH! RESPECT THEIR PRIVACY!

David drives the car into the garage.

REPORTER A
(to Toby)
You said they'd be making a statement.

TOBY
I'm working on it, okay? But I can assure you, the girl is very photogenic.

INT. WILSONS' GARAGE - SAME

As David, Elizabeth, and Carter exit the car and walk towards the house:

CARTER
(to David)
You write books?

DAVID
Yes. Well, *a* book. But it was pretty successful.

ELIZABETH
You should probably tell her what it's about.

DAVID
(to Carter)
It's called "Losing Lyndon." It's about you.

CARTER
Guess I should read it. Right after I finish "Anna Karenina."

ELIZABETH
Oh, are you reading "Anna Karenina?"

CARTER
No.

They're facing the door that leads into the house.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Okay. Let's do this.

David opens the door, and they all enter.

INT. THE WILSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carter steps into the living, but before she can even take in who's there, her super warm maternal grandparents, JOAN and BUDDY MARSHALL, pounce on her.

JOAN/BUDDY
Lyndonnnnnn!

DAVID
Joan, Buddy, please, back off, she's not ready --

BUDDY
Hell with that!

And Buddy wraps a startled Carter in a giant bear hug. We can see on Carter's face that this sparks a distant memory.

CARTER
(whispers)
Pop-pop.

BUDDY
Welcome home, baby girl.
(releasing her)
You remember your Grandma Joan --

Joan hugs her. Under dialogue, Elizabeth's phone rings.

JOAN
You will after a bowl of my mac 'n' cheese, I still make it extra-gooey, just the way you like it.

BUDDY
(re: the phone)
'Lizabeth, turn that damn thing off!

ELIZABETH
I can't, Dad.

JOAN
Buddy, she's trying to catch the kidnapper.

Carter winces, then anxiously watches Elizabeth move off to take the call. Now Carter turns and sees the rest of her family -- fraternal twin, TAYLOR, and 11-year-old brother, GRANT. Taylor appears demure, strait-laced, especially in comparison to Carter's cool grunge look. Grant has a detached quality, almost as if everyone else in the room was part of a behavioral science experiment he was observing.

CARTER
Hi.

TAYLOR
(with an identical inflection)
Hi.

CARTER
(points to Taylor)
Taylor, and --
(turns to Grant, and then to David)
-- do I have a brother?

GRANT
They didn't mention me? I couldn't be less shocked.

DAVID
Grant, this has been an emotionally chaotic day, and I would appreciate it if you could keep your sarcasm to a minimum for one night.

CARTER
Obviously, you were born after --

GRANT
Yes. I'm the replacement child.

DAVID
Grant!

GRANT
You said, to a minimum. I think that entitles me to one line.

Carter smiles; she likes this kid. She turns to Taylor. The two girls have weirdly similar behavior; they both stand and silently study each other for a long beat. When they speak, they understand each other's truncated sentences.

CARTER
(I don't remember you.)
I'm sorry.

TAYLOR
It's okay.

CARTER
(Do you remember anything?)
Do you --

TAYLOR
Not really.

BUDDY
Last time the two of you were together, you were Little Lyndon and Tiny Taylor. What are we going to call you now?

Under dialogue, Elizabeth re-enters the room.

CARTER
Carter. I want to be called Carter.

JOAN
(with distaste)
Oh, I don't know --

ELIZABETH
Mom, it's decided.

JOAN
But it's just so inappropriate --

ELIZABETH
(overlapping)
Mom!

JOAN
(throws up her hands)
I can't even have an opinion?

Toby enters the adjacent hallway as if she came through the back door of the house. She directs half a dozen cater-waiters carrying trays of food into the nearby dining room.

TOBY
(to the cater-waiters)
Just set up over there ... where's the roast beef, I want to see the roast beef ... okay, good, nice and rare this time --

JOAN
Who is that?

BUDDY
All I know is I heard roast beef.

ELIZABETH
David's book agent --

CARTER
The eel.

TAYLOR
The eel.

For a beat, the family looks at the girls, wide-eyed.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Exactly. Thank you.
(to David)
What is she doing?

As David shrugs, Toby pops her head in the room.

TOBY
Hey there. Just a little welcome home deli spread. I knew it was a crazy day, didn't want you to have to worry about food --

BUDDY
(heading for the food)
Aren't you a doll.

ELIZABETH
Thank you, Toby. Now, please leave.

TOBY
I'm already gone. In two seconds.
(to David, indicating she needs to talk to him)
Two seconds.
(to Elizabeth)
Promise. Two seconds.

Toby pulls David into another room.

GRANT
(to Carter)
She's probably telling him he has to write another book about you.

ELIZABETH
He wouldn't. His agent may be a parasite, but your father isn't.

JOAN
Sweetheart, I'm sorry, but what are his options? He's tried writing novels. They don't sell.

TAYLOR
His only hit has been "Losing Lyndon."

CARTER
So a sequel, "Finding Carter" --

GRANT
That'd be huge.

CARTER
Not if I don't cooperate.

ANGLE ON: Toby and David.

DAVID
Toby, she hasn't even been home an hour --

TOBY
I know. I'm the lowest of the low. But David, this is a strike-while-the-iron-is-hot situation. It's not just publishers, I got movie producers clogging up my voicemail. As long as Lyndon --

DAVID
Carter.

TOBY
-- your daughter is on the front page --

DAVID
I don't care how good the offers are.

TOBY
We're not talking good here. We're talking *money trucks. Name your own price.*

The look on David's face changes; he's on the hook.

DAVID
Let me ... see what I can do.

Off David, looking at Carter, as we wonder, does he see his daughter, or a cash cow?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. WILSON HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Carter is just waking up in this unfamiliar place. She has slept with her baby quilt clutched under her chin, and the picture of her and Lori on the bedside table. She picks up the picture, lays it next to her in bed, looking at it as she holds on to her blanket. There's a knock on the door.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
Lynd --
(quickly)
Carter? Are you up?

CARTER
Just a second!

Carter leans over the side of the bed, reaches for her duffel bag, stuffs both the picture and the blanket into it, then pushes it out of sight, under the bed. Then she lays back down, takes a deep breath, and calls:

CARTER (CONT'D)
Come in.

Elizabeth enters, holding a simple tray of toast and orange juice.

ELIZABETH
(re: the tray, a little laugh)
Believe it or not, I gave this a lot of thought. Your grandmother's out there making omelettes and waffles, but I don't know what you like, or if you even eat breakfast, and you just don't seem like a breakfast-in-bed type, but I didn't want to subject you to another family onslaught. Those are tough for me and I know these people.

She smiles, hoping she's making some headway with Carter.

CARTER
(dismissive)
This is fine. Thank you.

ELIZABETH
Okay. Good. Well ... I was thinking, maybe you and Taylor could take the car, she could show you around town, introduce you to some of her friends --

CARTER
Or I could just go see the ones I already have.

ELIZABETH
You mean, back where you ...

CARTER
Yes. Back where I know people.

ELIZABETH
What is that, a two-hour drive?
(thinks for a beat)
Sure. I can take you.

CARTER
I'm sixteen. I don't need my mommy to take me on playdates.

ELIZABETH
You don't expect me to just give you my car.

CARTER
That's exactly what you offered a minute ago.

ELIZABETH
You and Taylor.

CARTER
In other words, somebody has to be in the car with me.

ELIZABETH
Carter, I'm willing to do whatever it takes to make this relationship work. I just need to know you want that too.

Carter considers this; then:

CARTER
It would help a lot if I believed you trusted me.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WILSON HOME - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Carter, in the car, peals out of the driveway like she's behind the wheel of a getaway car. Then she stops, rolls down the window, and calls out to Elizabeth and David, who are standing there.

CARTER
(laughing)
That was a joke.

DAVID
Good one.

CARTER
I'm a very safe driver.

ELIZABETH
We're not worried.

Carter drives off.

DAVID
(to Elizabeth)
Have you lost your mind? You can't just give her the car and let her go on a road trip!

Elizabeth has her phone out; she speed-dials a number.

ELIZABETH
Calm down. I didn't.
(into phone)
Kyle? Okay, she just left. The tracker's on and she should be passing Denny's in two minutes.

Elizabeth hangs up.

DAVID
You're having her followed? That's your solution?

ELIZABETH
Do you have a better one?

DAVID
How about just saying no?

ELIZABETH
David, just because I'm a cop doesn't mean I always have to be the bad cop.

Off Elizabeth, stalking back into the house, fed up with everyone giving her a hard time.

INT. ELIZABETH'S CAR - LATER

Carter is on the road, enjoying the drive, singing along with "Runaway" by Linkin Park.

CARTER
(singing)
"I wanna run away
Never say goodbye
I wanna know the truth
Instead of wondering why
I wanna know the answers
No more lies
I wanna shut the door
And open up my mind ... "

As she sings, she presses the button with the phone icon on the console, dials Max from her contact list.

MAX (V.O.)
(on the phone, excited)
Carter? Is that you?

Carter turns the music down to talk to Max.

CARTER
The one and only.

MAX (V.O.)
Holy crap, where are you, witness protection?

CARTER
Actually, I'm going to be at the Bowlarama in an hour. Can you get everyone and meet me there?

MAX (V.O.)
For real? This is hype!

CARTER
And bring refreshments!

MAX (V.O.)
Maybe not, Carter. You're kind of a cop magnet lately.

CARTER
Please, Max! No cops, I promise!

EXT. ELIZABETH'S CAR - SAME

We see Elizabeth's car driving down the highway, and establish, not far behind, KYLE's car, tailing Carter.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - SAME

Kyle is also using a hands-free phone, talking to Elizabeth.

KYLE
All fine so far. No need to worry. I'll have my eyes on her the whole time.

EXT. YORK, PA. BOWLARAMA - ABOUT AN HOUR LATER

Carter and Max sit on a hill behind the Bowlarama. Max is on his phone.

MAX
(into phone)
Dude, no mayhem, she just wants to see people.

Max looks at Carter and shakes his head no. She looks crushed.

MAX (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah, sure. I'll let her know.

He hangs up.

CARTER
(off her phone)
Amelia's not answering my texts --

MAX
It's the confluence of events --

CARTER
(amused despite herself)
Confluence?

MAX
Yeah. I got one of those boxes of S.A.T. flashcards. Confluence is things flowing together. Usually rivers. But in your case, it's the night we all got arrested flowing into the day we find out your mom is like FBI's Ten Most Wanted.

CARTER
And now I'm a pariah.

MAX
I'm not up to that word yet. I'm only on the C's.

CARTER
I never got to say goodbye. To anyone. Not even my mom.

Max puts his arm around Carter and pulls her close.

ANGLE ON: Kyle's POV of this scene; he's watching from a distance. He sees Max put his arms around Carter, comforting her as she cries. Kyle looks away, feeling bad to be spying on her in this intimate moment.

EXT. BOWLARAMA PARKING LOT - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Max walks Carter to her car.

MAX
So these people, your family -- you like them?

CARTER
It's weird. They're total strangers, but when the grandfather hugged me, it was like this spot in my brain just went halogen.

MAX
Like a "Bourne Identity" thing.

CARTER
Yeah, kind of.

MAX
Maybe you're an assassin.

CARTER
I was abducted when I was four.

MAX
So, probably not an assassin.

CARTER
I have a twin sister who I don't remember at all, but I feel like I know her really well. I don't know ... I could probably get to like them. Except the mom.
(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)
I *hate* the mom. She's the human equivalent of nails on a chalkboard.

Max pulls a joint out of his pocket.

MAX
Brought you a going away present.

CARTER
I love you!

She plants a big thank you kiss on Max's lips. It turns sexy; Max lifts Carter onto the hood of the car and she wraps her legs around his waist, and they go at it for a beat, until Carter breaks off. She's looking over Max's shoulder.

MAX
What's wrong?

CARTER
Some creep is watching us --

ANGLE ON: Kyle, knowing he's been spotted. He fumbles to get his keys in the ignition as Carter heads over to him.

MAX
Hey! He's also got Virginia plates on his car.

Carter pulls out her phone and snaps a picture of his license plate. Kyle finally gets the car started and drives off just as she reaches him.

CARTER
Hey, jerkwad! I got your license! My mom's a cop! We'll find you!

Kyle's car disappears down the road.

MAX
Your mom's a cop? Maybe you shouldn't have that joint.

CARTER
It's fine. My other mom's a felon. She's the one I take after.

Off Carter, feeling defiant.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. WILSON HOME - KITCHEN - LATER THAT EVENING

Carter enters, tossing the car keys on the counter. Taylor is cleaning up the kitchen after dinner.

CARTER
Good. Now I don't have to wonder which one of us is the good daughter.

TAYLOR
Mom made a plate for you --

Carter uncovers a dish covered in aluminum foil to reveal a delicious-looking meal.

CARTER
A cop who cooks. I guess she's one of those women who can do it all.

TAYLOR
Actually, I made that. I do most of the cooking around here. Every so often, Grant makes a "soup" --

CARTER
We don't eat those?

TAYLOR
One had a dollar bill floating in it, so no.

CARTER
(re: the dinner food)
This is fantastic.

TAYLOR
Thanks.

CARTER
I actually ... I like to bake.

TAYLOR
Yeah?

CARTER
A killer chocolate pecan pie. Served hot with vanilla ice cream --

TAYLOR
-- sounds amazing.

CARTER
I'm a big fan of dessert.

TAYLOR
Some nights, it's all I eat. I say I'm going to dinner, and I meet my friend Gabe at this yogurt place --

CARTER
(suddenly very alert)
You have a yogurt place? Where you put on your own toppings?
(off Taylor's nod)
Can we go?

TAYLOR
(re: dinner)
Soon as you're done --

CARTER
(instantly)
I'm done.

TAYLOR
I'll just tell my mom --
(correcting herself)
-- our mom --
(correcting herself again)
-- mom --

CARTER
You can have her. She's all yours.

They crack up. Elizabeth and David enter the kitchen.

DAVID
You're back!

CARTER
According to the FBI, this is where I live now.

ELIZABETH
Was it fun to see your friends?

CARTER
Yeah. Loads of fun. Except for, I have a stalker. Some perv tailed me a hundred miles today.

She pulls up the license plate on the phone screen and writes the number on a scratch pad.

CARTER (CONT'D)
But I got his license plate --

Carter rips the paper off the pad and hands it to Elizabeth.

CARTER (CONT'D)
You can find out who this is, right? And get a restraining order or whatever? I just saw the side of his face, but I think I could pick him out of a line-up. So you'll help me with that?

ELIZABETH
(thrown)
Of course. Protect and serve.

Taylor picks up her mother's car keys.

TAYLOR
I'm taking Carter to Yo Mama.
(to Carter, as they exit)
A stalker. That's scary.

CARTER
Right?

After Carter and Taylor are gone, David turns to Elizabeth.

DAVID
Approximately when do you plan to tell Carter you hired her stalker? Considering she could see Kyle or his car around town at any moment?

ELIZABETH
Shut up.

Off Elizabeth's glare.

INT. YO MAMA (ANOTHER YOGURT SHOP) - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

CLOSE-UP on a tub of gummi bears. Pull back to reveal Carter looking at it, then looking around the yogurt shop as if she might actually see ... *holy shit, is that Lori?* Taylor, unaware that Carter's brain has left her body, walks up with a cup of yogurt.

TAYLOR
Are you getting anything?

CARTER
What? No! Go away!

TAYLOR
Are you okay?

Carter realizes: That's not Lori. And I'm acting weird.

CARTER
Sorry. It's been a crazy day --

Carter sees: Taylor's yogurt cup is filled with gummi bears.

CARTER (CONT'D)
-- that's how you like your yogurt?

TAYLOR
Everyone thinks it's lame.

CARTER
Everyone is *wrong*.

Taylor pays ZUBIN, the manager working the cash register.

CARTER (CONT'D)
(to Zubin)
Excuse me -- who do I talk to about getting a job here?

ZUBIN
That would be me, but right now, we're fully staffed --

Carter leans in to talk to Zubin.

CARTER
(keeping her voice low)
Listen --
(name-checks his tag)
-- Zubin ... I like that name. Zubin, you're going to want me to work here. Trust me. It's the opportunity of a lifetime.

ZUBIN
Really? What's so great about you?

Carter seems like she's about to tell him, but stops herself.

CARTER
No. I want it to be a surprise when I show up for work tomorrow. Two o'clock sound good?

ZUBIN
Uhhh --

CARTER
Great. See you then.

Carter and Taylor exit the store.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Carter and Taylor walk down the street, back towards the car.

CARTER
Where's your friend, Gabe? I thought this was "your place."

TAYLOR
He's at a party.

CARTER
And he didn't take you? Nice boyfriend.

TAYLOR
Oh no, no, he's not my boyfriend. I've known him since second grade, we're just really good friends.

CARTER
Good enough friends that he could take you to a party?

TAYLOR
I don't go to a lot of parties.

CARTER
Why not?

TAYLOR
Well, my sister was abducted and my mom's a cop. I don't exactly fall under the heading of "fun time."

CARTER
Let's see if we can't change that.

Carter and Taylor open the car doors and get in.

INT./EXT. PARTY HOUSE - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Kids grinding, drinking, smoking, puking -- looks like a pretty fun party. Carter is surrounded by a crowd waiting for her to drink a flaming shot. She pours bourbon in a bar glass and ignites it with a fireplace wand.

CARTER
The trick is, you only want to drink the bourbon --

She tosses back the drink, fire and all.

THE CROWD
Whooaaaaaa!

She slams the glass back down.

CARTER
-- not the fire.

And indeed, there's still a blaze going inside the glass.

THE CROWD
WHATTTTTT!
(they burst into applause)

ANGLE ON: Taylor, off in a corner. GABE (cute, though he needs cooler clothes) walks up, offers Taylor a drink in a red solo cup.

TAYLOR
What is it?

GABE
Not sure. Something lethal.

Taylor takes a sip.

TAYLOR
I can't taste the alcohol.

GABE
That's what makes it lethal.

Taylor notices that Gabe is staring at Carter.

GABE (CONT'D)
Your sister seems interesting.

Taylor is not thrilled that Carter is diverting Gabe's attention away from her. Her mood starts to sour, but Gabe doesn't notice, which only makes it worse.

TAYLOR
Being abducted has its rewards.

GABE
She tell you what it was like?

TAYLOR
She lived in a two-bedroom apartment in York, Pennsylvania. It wasn't like she was sold into child slavery.

This snappish answer finally makes Gabe look at Taylor.

GABE
You're happy she's back, right?

TAYLOR
Yeah, I mean, I'm happy. *She's* not happy, though.

GABE
She's not happy?

ANGLE ON: Carter, dancing, having a great time.

TAYLOR
Gabe, as I think you can tell, because you cannot take your eyes off her, my sister was having a totally fun and awesome life where she got to drink and smoke and probably be a complete slut. While I stand in a corner, never having experienced anything that would remotely qualify as fun or awesome, because I was always afraid of the terrible thing that happened to my sister. Except it didn't!

Taylor drains the drink in her red solo cup.

GABE
Whoa, slow down --

Taylor grabs two Jello shots from a tray, and gulps them down in rapid succession. Then she lets her hair down and removes some unnecessary layer of clothing.

GABE (CONT'D)
Taylor! What are you doing?

TAYLOR
Making up for lost time.

Off Taylor, heading for the heart of the party.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. WILSON HOME - ABOUT 2 A.M.

A car sits at the curb --

INT. GABE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

-- Gabe behind the wheel, Carter beside him.

CARTER
Thanks for the ride.

GABE
Yeah, of course, any time. You're pretty much the most fascinating person I've ever met.

CARTER
You need to get out more.

GABE
I'm sure you have a boyfriend. At least one.

CARTER
Nah. I've kind of been going the friends with benefits route ... but I'm willing to entertain other options.

GABE
(leaning in)
Such as --

CARTER
(laughing)
-- such as --

They kiss. They are unpleasantly interrupted by the sudden glare of a flashlight and a sharp rap on the window.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Owwww. What the hell --

GABE
I think it's your mom.

CARTER
(hopeful)
My mom?

Gabe opens the car door to reveal Elizabeth, with David right behind her.

CARTER (CONT'D)
(bummed)
Oh. That mom.
(to Elizabeth, re: flashlight)
This isn't a coal mine. Could you turn that off?

ELIZABETH
Gabe, is that you?

GABE
Hi, Mrs. Wilson. Mr. Wilson.

ELIZABETH
Do you know what time it is? Where's Taylor?

CARTER
(a mock gasp, to Gabe)
Oh no, where's Taylor? We lost Taylor!

ELIZABETH
Really? That's your idea of a joke?

CARTER
(points to the back seat)
Chill. She's right there.

Bam, the flashlight goes back on to reveal a drunk, passed out Taylor sprawled face down across the back seat.

ELIZABETH
Oh my God --

DAVID
Elizabeth, don't overreact, she's just drunk.

CARTER
And she may have had a pot brownie.
(beat)
Or two. But don't worry, I made sure she's face down so she won't choke on her own vomit.

ELIZABETH
(sarcastic)
Aren't you thoughtful.

CARTER
Hey, I held her hair back the first three times.

DAVID
(to Taylor)
Tay-Tay -- sweetie? Let's get you inside. Come on. Can you stand up? How about just sit up? Can you do that?

Off David, trying to rouse Taylor.

INT. WILSON BATHROOM - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

A fully clothed Taylor sits in the tub, howling as she is pelted by a cold shower. Carter, Elizabeth, and David are with her. Under dialogue, Elizabeth turns the water off, and David wraps a towel around a shivering Taylor.

ELIZABETH
Obviously I'm happy for you two to get along, but I'd prefer you didn't pass your bad habits onto Taylor.

CARTER
My bad habits? So, there are already things about me you don't like. What are they?

ELIZABETH
What I meant was --

CARTER
Just name one. Or you can name one thing about me you do like. Name anything you know about me at all.

DAVID
I'm just going to get Taylor into bed.

He hustles Taylor from the bathroom, grateful to be out of there.

ELIZABETH
I want to know you, but you've done everything humanly possible to avoid me.

CARTER
Because you're stiff. You're humorless. You're a control freak. You operate from a place of fear. My mother used to tell me every day she loved me. I haven't heard you say it once, to any member of your family. I'm grateful Lori or Janet or whatever her name was took me. Because if she hadn't, I'm pretty sure I would have run away by now.

Carter storms out --

INT. WILSON HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- only to see Grant standing nearby.

CARTER
Tell me you didn't hear that.

GRANT
I heard that. The thing is, you're right. The other thing is, it's because of us.

Carter scrunches up her face: Wha? Grant motions her to follow him.

INT. GRANT'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carter is mesmerized by Grant's bedroom, particularly the shelves packed with intricate plastic mini-sculptures he's made with a 3-D pen.

CARTER
You made all these?

GRANT
In my down time.
(beat)
I've got a lot of down time.

CARTER
How do you do it?

GRANT
It's super simple if you have one of these --

He plugs in his 3-D pen, and starts to write CARTER in letters that stand vertically from the ground.

CARTER
Look at you, Phil of the Future!
Can I try?

Grants gives Carter the pen.

GRANT
It's fun to start with a spiral.
(demonstrates)
Just make circles.

Carter does, and a spiral rises from the ground. She starts waving the pen in other configurations, and the plastic emerges, forming crazy shapes.

CARTER
I could do this all night!

GRANT
(motions to his creations)
Me too, obviously.

CARTER
What you said just now -- what did you mean, it's because of us?

GRANT
Nothing we did on purpose. You were kidnapped. I was born ten weeks premature.

CARTER
Yikes.

GRANT
I had some body parts that weren't, you know, fully baked. The odds were ten to one I wouldn't make it. From what I hear, Mom kind of cracked. All she wanted was to hold a baby, but instead it looked like she was about to have another dead kid on her hands, which, sorry, everyone thought you were.

CARTER
My mom used to say having a kid was like your heart was walking around outside your body.

GRANT
Imagine she was your real mom, and she thought she'd lost two kids.

CARTER
I might become a closed-up person who's afraid what could happen if I loved someone.

GRANT
Dad, I think, has basically given up hope. But I still believe it could happen.

CARTER
How old are you?

GRANT
Eleven.
(he shrugs)
I'm an optimist disguised as a realist. And you probably can't tell, but I'm a lot happier with you here.

CARTER
Do me a favor. Stop calling yourself the replacement kid. I don't like thinking I had to get kidnapped for you to exist.

Off Grant, drawing a little plastic heart with the 3D pen which he gives to Carter.

INT. HALLWAY - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Carter exits Grant's room, walks down the hall, passing by Taylor's room. The door is open; Carter stops and looks in.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Taylor is tucked in her bed, Elizabeth by her side, applying a cool compress to Taylor's forehead. David sits in a chair off to one side.

DAVID
I'm sure she's fine now.

ELIZABETH
I know. I just want to stay with her.

DAVID
Like you used to do when the girls were sick.

ELIZABETH
Is it wrong to say I miss that? Giving them medicine in those teeny droppers. Standing in the steamy bathroom holding them when they had a chest cold.
(to Taylor)
Tay-Tay, how do you feel? Do you need anything?

TAYLOR
Baby blanket.

Elizabeth and David look around; the room is a mess.

ELIZABETH
God, this room. Do you see it?

DAVID
There it is.

David pulls the blanket out from under a pile of clothes.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME - CROSSCUT AS NECESSARY

Carter gasps -- it's identical to her own treasured blanket.

DAVID
(hands Taylor the blanket)
Here you go, sweetie.
(to Elizabeth, as Taylor holds the blanket close)
The magical healing powers of the baby blanket.

He kisses the top of Elizabeth's head, and exits the room.

CARTER
That blanket --

DAVID
Your mom made them, when you were born. You had one too, just like it. You probably don't remember.

David goes off down the hall, not seeing Carter lean against the wall and sink to the floor. It just fully hit her: This really is my family.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. YO MAMA (YOGURT SHOP #2) - THE NEXT DAY

Carter's first day of work. Zubin has, by this time, figured out who she is, and he's juiced she works for him.

ZUBIN
(sidling up to a customer)
Hey. You know who that is?

He shows the customer a newspaper, folded to the front page story about Carter. He points to the picture of Carter.

ZUBIN (CONT'D)
That's her. She works here. Tell your friends.

Carter watches Zubin move from customer to customer, pointing her out. She smiles to herself. Exactly what she wanted.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. YO MAMA (YOGURT SHOP #2) - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Within no time, Carter is a local celebrity. The place is packed with people who want to meet her, shake her hand, and she has no problem being the center of attention. David and Grant enter the shop, watching Carter work the crowd, posing for selfies with fans:

CARTER
I want to be on all your Instagrams. Facebooks. Tweet about me.

GRANT
(to David)
She's so cool, don't you think?

DAVID
Really cool --

David walks over to Carter, holding out his phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Hey, could I get a picture?

CARTER
Hell, yeah.
(she holds out the phone and snaps the picture)
(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)
Could be the cover of your next book, right?

DAVID
(surprised)
That’s a great idea! So you looked at my first book?

CARTER
No.

DAVID
Oh, because the cover photo -- never mind.
(waves over Grant)
Get a picture with Grant.

ZUBIN
(to the crowd at large)
Don’t forget to include where she works!

CARTER
That’s right! I want people to know where to find me!

ANGLE ON: Grant, whose face falls when he hears this.

GRANT
Oh, crap. I know what she’s doing.

David is confused by Grant’s sudden drop in mood.

DAVID
What’s she doing?

GRANT
She’s sending a message to her mother.

DAVID
Her mother?

GRANT
The one who kidnapped her. She’s telling her to meet her here.

A beat, as David watches Carter charming everyone, posing for even more photos. David pulls out his phone.

DAVID
I’m calling Elizabeth. She’s at work. I hope I can reach her.

Off David dialing,

CUT TO:

INT. CHEESY MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

A man and woman -- we can't tell who yet -- are in bed, having sex. A phone rings. The man looks at two cellphones side by side on the bedstand. When he talks, we see it's Kyle.

KYLE
It's you.

And now we see the woman is Elizabeth. She picks up the cellphone, looks at the caller i.d.

ELIZABETH
David.
(as she hits the button)
Ignore.

She puts the phone on the nightstand and reaches for Kyle to resume what they were doing. As Elizabeth succumbs to the pleasure:

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I tell you I love you, don't I?

KYLE
All the time.

ELIZABETH
That's because I love you.

Off Elizabeth's face, grateful she can say it to someone.

INT. WILSON HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Carter sits on her bed with a book, "Losing Lyndon" by David Wilson. The cover photograph is of David, sixteen years ago, holding a chubby baby Lyndon. Carter flips to the middle section, glossy pages full of pictures of herself as a baby. She's never seen these before. Her mind jumps back to:

INT. STEVENS HOME - KITCHEN - EARLIER THIS YEAR - FLASHBACK

It's morning, before school. Carter's having a quick bowl of cereal. Lori is reading the paper.

CARTER
Mom, before I forget. I need a baby picture. They're doing a whole section in the yearbook.

LORI
Oh, honey, I'm so sorry, I don't know if you remember, the basement flooded --

CARTER
When?

LORI
Years ago. I had boxes of pictures. They all got destroyed.

CARTER
(crushed)
You kept all my baby pictures in the basement? Every single one?

Off Lori, looking away, having no answer for Carter.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. WILSON HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS FROM BEFORE

Carter closes the book, puts it aside. Her face reflects the agonizing confusion of having to rewrite every single memory she has, while trying to recover all the ones she's lost.

INT. WILSON HOME - ELIZABETH AND DAVID'S BEDROOM - SAME

Elizabeth and David are getting ready for bed; it's clear each has their own individual process and there is absolutely no intimacy, tenderness, or even a mild connection involved.

DAVID
I tried to call you today.

ELIZABETH
Sorry. Hectic day.

DAVID
What was so hectic?

ELIZABETH
Actually, we got a really solid lead on Lori Stevens.

DAVID
Funny. That's what I called you about. I also got a really solid lead on Lori Stevens.

ELIZABETH
What is it?

DAVID
Tell me yours first.

ELIZABETH
David. Can we not play games.

DAVID
Not a game. I'm genuinely interested.

ELIZABETH
Why? Because you're gathering material for your next book?

DAVID
Who brought you this solid lead? Was it Kyle Medeiros?

ELIZABETH
You know he's the one working the case.

DAVID
Seems like he's becoming your right hand man.

ELIZABETH
He's a first-rate detective.

DAVID
How about we stop communicating with subtext and discuss what's really going on with you and your "first-rate detective."

ELIZABETH
I can never understand why your novels don't sell, when you're clearly so good at making up stories.

David grabs his pillow and a blanket.

DAVID
Think I'll sleep in my office tonight.

ELIZABETH
It's like you read my mind.

Off David, stalking off.

INT. YO MAMA (YOGURT SHOP #2) - THE NEXT DAY

ANGLE ON: Taylor and Gabe, sitting together like they do this all the time, which they do. Only this time, Taylor is dressed much funkier, much more Carter-like, in ripped denim shorts and wife-beater under a plaid shirt. Carter, at work, is visible in the background, working the cash register.

GABE
I like this new look.

TAYLOR
Yeah, felt like I needed to do some renovating. I always thought of myself as this kind of ... tragic figure, and then wondered why nobody ever asked me out.

GABE
I'm sure they will now.

TAYLOR
Really?

GABE
Yeah, no doubt. Lots of guys --

TAYLOR
What about you?

GABE
You mean, if we weren't super good friends?

TAYLOR
I mean, since we are super good friends. Everyone says that's the best basis for a relationship.

GABE
(flustered)
Since when ... do you ... are you saying you like me? As in *like* me, like me?

Before Taylor can speak, Carter appears, plops into Gabe's lap, and wraps her arms around him possessively.

CARTER
(pronounced “Gih-Babe”)
Hey, G-Babe.
(to Taylor)
That’s what I’m calling him. Combination Gabe and Babe. Or should it be B-Gabe?

TAYLOR
(stun-gunned)
Wait ... are you two --

CARTER
(to Gabe)
You said you were going to tell her.

GABE
(stuck)
I was going to, but --

CARTER
(to Taylor)
Are you mad? You look mad. I thought you’d be happy.

TAYLOR
(losing it)
Happy? What should I be happy about? That your life is perfect and my life SUCKS?

Taylor runs out of the yogurt shop, bumping into a customer just entering -- a woman wearing sunglasses and a baseball cap.

CARTER
(to Gabe)
What was that about?

At that moment, Zubin taps Carter on the shoulder.

ZUBIN
Breaks over. Back to your post.

GABE
(to Carter)
I’ll tell you later.

Carter returns to work behind the cash register, where she weighs cups of yogurt and rings up the price.

CARTER
(off a yogurt on the scale)
That is a very stylish cup of yogurt. What did you do, layers?
(off the customer's proud nod)
I'ma have to try that myself.

The customer pays and moves off.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Who's next?

CLOSE UP: on a cup of yogurt being placed on the scale. It's filled to the top with gummi bears.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Here we go, someone after --

Carter looks at the customer. It's the woman with the sunglasses and the baseball cap.

LORI.

Carter is stunned. The confident register in her voice fades off.

CARTER (CONT'D)
-- my own heart ...

Carter freezes, unsure what to do. Zubin, irritated, glares at Carter.

ZUBIN
Carter?

No response.

ZUBIN (CONT'D)
(to Lori)
I'm sorry, miss, I'll ring you up --

CARTER
(quickly)
No, I got it.
(to Lori, her voice shaking)
That'll be four eighty.

Lori hands over a ten dollar bill. Carter looks at it. On the bill, Lori has written:

LOVE YOU MORE.

CARTER (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Not possible.

Lori lowers her sunglasses a half inch, locking eyes with Carter.

LORI
(also whispering)
Yes possible.

CARTER
Mom --

Zubin's attention is drawn to the view outside the window.

ZUBIN
Something's going on. There are like fifty cops outside.

Zubin heads for the door to find out what's happening, but Carter and Lori already know.

CARTER
Back here.

Carter pulls Lori behind the cash register, and grabs a Yo Mama baseball cap and apron.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Put these on.

As Lori does, Carter pulls a tray of free samples out of a freezer.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Take the free samples, and walk out the front door.

LORI
Carter --

CARTER
They'll be watching the back.

LORI
I'm sorry.

CARTER
Go now.

LORI
I'll be back.

ANGLE ON: the front door. Elizabeth enters. Kyle is by her side. Both have their guns drawn.

CARTER
(to Lori)
Brenda, I'm sure those policemen out there would appreciate free samples. Can you take these to them?
(low, urgent, in Lori's ear)
Now.

Lori walks toward the front door with the tray of free samples. *Right past Elizabeth*.

ELIZABETH
(to Carter)
Where is she?

CARTER
Where is who?

ELIZABETH
Carter, this place is surrounded by cops. I promise you, Lori Stevens is not getting away.

ANGLE ON: what Carter sees through the window: Lori handing her tray of free samples to some grateful cops, and then walking quickly, purposefully, down the street, out of sight.

CARTER
Hard to believe you need this many people to catch her. She's not exactly Lara Croft. The woman can barely throw a Frisbee.
(chokes up a bit)
Though it was fun to watch her try.

ANGLE ON: Gabe going over to Kyle.

GABE
(to Kyle)
Dad. What's going on?

KYLE
The less you know, okay?

Carter sees Kyle. And recognizes him.

CARTER
(to Kyle)
Hey!
(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)
(to Elizabeth, loudly, to embarrass Kyle)
That's him! That's my stalker!

GABE
(to Carter)
Your stalker? That's my dad.

CARTER
Your *dad*?
(lightbulb)
Your dad is a cop. He works --
(turning to address Elizabeth)
-- with my mom.

ELIZABETH
Let's discuss this later.

CARTER
How about never? Never works for me.
(then)
You're right. She was here. But she's gone. I only wish I'd gone with her.

Carter walks away from Elizabeth. At this moment, it feels like they will never be able to close the gap between them.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW