the secret lives of husbands and wives

"pilot"

by
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1/20/12

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ACT ONE

EXT. SADDLE HILLS, CALIFORNIA - EVENING

The sun is just sinking below the horizon as we FLY OVER Saddle Hills, California.

Even in this fading light, we can still make out the ample homes, swimming pools and manicured lawns below.

Located in Orange County, Saddle Hills is a quaint, upper-middle class town of approximately twenty thousand that looks like it's been plucked from the bright, happy and picturesque pages of the Pottery Barn catalog.

Put simply, this is a place where you -- *where all of us* -- would want to live.

We SWOOP DOWN and FIND A COLLECTION OF KIDS racing their bikes on a crowded block.

PEOPLE stream toward a modest-sized, colonial-style home with a backyard that's decorated with colorful lights.

There's a party going on here.

We CLOSE IN ON THIS HOME, get a glimpse of the painted address on the mailbox -- *36 Albion Road* -- LANDING ON...

EXT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

This large backyard is packed with good-looking thirty- and forty-somethings and their children of varying ages.

Streamers hang from a collection of flaming lawn torches that circle the space.

Screaming kids leap in and out of the illuminated swimming pool in the center of the yard.

A caterer serves Mexican food from a station that's been designed to look like an aged, adobe taco stand as a mariachi band plays nearby.

Margaritas are flowing.

Hanging on the back of the house is a hand-painted banner that reads, "Welcome Home, Dad!"

The camera SEARCHES THE CROWD momentarily, like it's looking for someone, and then PANS TO, and GOES THROUGH, AN ILLUMINATED WINDOW on the home's second floor.

INT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

We can HEAR the tell-tale sounds of GROPING and HEAVY BREATHING.

Sure enough, we find a man and a woman, both in their late thirties to early forties, HAVING SEX against the sink.

His jeans are crumpled on the floor next to hers.

WOMAN
My husband's gonna kick your ass when he gets home.

MAN
What kind of real man would leave a woman like you home alone in the first place?

WOMAN
Great question.

They go at it for another few seconds and then -- KNOCK KNOCK. There's someone at the door.

They freeze.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Mom? Are you in there?

Busted. Our couple in the bathroom stifle their laughter.

WOMAN
I'm here, Kiki.

KIKI (O.S.)
Do you know where Dad is?

MAN'S VOICE
I'm in here too, Keeks.

Like every seven-year-old, KIKI DUNN (short for "Kristen"), interprets her parents being in the bathroom as an invitation to join them. She tries the door...but it's locked.

KIKI
The door's locked. What are you guys doing in there?

WOMAN
Your dad's helping me with...

What excuse will a seven-year-old find plausible?

WOMAN (CONT'D)
A splinter. We'll be out in a minute, sweetie. Dad will find you downstairs.

This man and woman are husband and wife.

Ruggedly handsome, KYLE DUNN, 41, is a former astronaut who carries himself with the well-earned swagger of a guy who re-entered the Earth's atmosphere at three thousand degrees Fahrenheit and didn't break a sweat.

His wife, ALISON DUNN, 37, is no less heroic; she's "Super Mom". Attractive, level-headed and always on top of her game, her life revolves around her family.

ALISON
So much for...
(imitates Kyle good-naturedly)
'It's a party, Ally. No one's gonna miss us.'

Kyle laughs as he buckles his belt on his jeans and adjusts his short-sleeved polo shirt.

KYLE
I promised Kiki I'd let her introduce me to her friends.

Alison, also back in her jeans, looks in the mirror as she fixes the Missoni blouse that she scored at Target.

ALISON
Our daughter's been bragging to anyone and everyone about you coming home for weeks. You better live up to your billing.

Speaking in the deep baritone of a NASA spokesman...

KYLE
You know NASA prepares its astronauts for re-entry into civilian life, Ally: media coaching, family counseling... I've been trained to mingle with my adoring public, graciously pose for photo ops, spend quality time with my children and still take care of business with you after this shindig's over.

Alison laughs; Kyle's a clown.

ALISON
Please tell me you're joking.

Kyle, smirking, lifts Alison back up onto the sink.

KYLE
Only the part about waiting until this shindig's over.

ALISON
I still can't believe that you're here for good; that I don't have to say good-bye to you tomorrow.

Kyle kisses Alison.

KYLE
You couldn't get rid of me now if you tried.

Alison unbuckles his belt.

ALISON
I'm not trying.

EXT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Kyle and Alison, holding hands and slightly unkempt, walk over to GREG and PAULA COOKE.

Greg, 41, the perpetual frat boy, wears shiny shirts and Ed Hardy. There's a mildly frantic quality to him. He talks fast, like his parking meter is always about to expire.

His wife, Paula, 37, on the other hand, is calm, measured and classy. A strikingly beautiful African-American woman, she can wear a dress off the rack from Wal-Mart and make it look like it's Marc Jacobs.

It's clear to the Cookes what the Dunns have been doing.

GREG
(to Kyle)
Seriously? You couldn't wait until after we all left?

Kyle and Alison share sheepish grins.

PAULA
Please excuse my husband's confusion. He doesn't know that married couples actually have sex.

Paula's comment hangs in the air for a very brief, but very awkward, moment. And then Greg steps in to fill the gap.

GREG
(to Kyle)
So tomorrow's the first day on the new job, right?

Greg doesn't breathe between sentences.

GREG (CONT'D)
From high-flying flight surgeon to small-town doc. Gonna be a big change. When can I roll through and see the new digs?

KYLE
(jokingly)
You, Greg, *especially you*, need to make an appointment first.

Paula and Alison commiserate off to the side.

PAULA
(to Alison)
Where have you been all day?

ALISON
(re: Kyle)
This morning, Kiki had soccer practice and Henry had a driving lesson. Then I had to help Henry with his history paper at the library. Meanwhile, Kyle spent the day re-organizing the garage and, of course, I had to *re*-organize it all when I got home.

PAULA
You did more today than I'll do this month. You think Kyle has any idea how hard you worked raising these kids on your own while he was basically gone this whole time?

Alison laughs.

ALISON
I hope not. Because if he did, he'd sign back up with NASA right now.

From behind them...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Tres Anejos for dos beautiful senoritas?

It's RICHARD DEAVER, 43.

A nebbish, Richard speaks with a nerdy formality that, coming out of anyone else's mouth, might sound ironic but, in his case, it's genuine. The geek-thick, horn rimmed, Tom Ford eyeglasses that he wears speak to his goofy style and charm.

Richard carries a tray loaded with shots of tequila.

RICHARD
(to Kyle and Greg)
Senors?

ALISON
(to Richard)
Where's Danielle?

RICHARD
She's at an inspection for a house that we're brokering. She should be here soon.

With no warning at all, Richard clears his throat loudly.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I'd like to propose a toast, if I might.

It's obvious Richard's had a few drinks as he holds up his shot glass.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Danielle's always said that you're her closest friends in the world, the people she's known since she attended kindergarten here in Saddle Hills. And having gotten to know all of you over the past six months, I can understand her sentiments. And, Kyle, I know that you and I don't know each other that well but I just want to say-

RING RING. Greg's cell phone.

He looks down at the number and steps away from the group to take the call as Paula, his wife, watches him suspiciously.

Richard, completely unfazed, continues.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Welcome home, Kyle. I'm sincerely looking forward to becoming your friend too.

They all raise their shots and throw them back...except Paula who continues to track her husband.

EXT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Greg talks on the phone in the front yard.

GREG
How much?

We can see he's not happy with the answer to this question.

EXT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Kiki leads Kyle, her father, over to her THREE FRIENDS (all 7) who sit in small chairs, chatting amongst themselves.

KIKI
This is my dad. He's been to space.

Kiki gestures to Kyle to sit down in a tiny seat.

Kyle looks at them and it's obvious that he has absolutely no idea what to say. There's no tougher crowd than seven-year-old little girls.

There's an awkward beat of silence and then...

KYLE
So did you guys hear that Pluto's not a planet anymore?

The girls just stare blankly at him.

I/E. PONTIAC GRAND AM - SAME

We're inside a beat-up Pontiac Grand Am parked just down the block from the Dunns.

The DRIVER, who watches Greg talking on the phone in the front yard, sits alone in the car, smoking a cigarette. We don't see this guy's face but we GET CLOSE ON HIS LEFT HAND.

There's a TATTOO, some sort of Cyrillic writing, circling the ring finger.

A copy of the Orange County Register sits on the passenger's seat next to him and, underneath this newspaper, just peering out from its very edge, is the barrel of a GUN.

EXT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Greg, clearly agitated, has just gotten off his phone. As he walks toward the backyard, RUDY HARPER (forties, slick and sinister), smoking a cigarette, joins him.

RUDY
Greg Cooke, ladies and gentlemen.

Greg doesn't like Rudy.

GREG
What are you doing here?

RUDY
My daughter's on a soccer team with the astronaut's kid. How's business?

GREG
Good. Excellent. Looking forward to another great year.

RUDY
I heard different. Word on the street is that the last of your investors jumped ship a few weeks back.

Greg doesn't dignify this last statement with a response.

GREG
(re: the cigarette)
Can I bum one of those?

Rudy hands him a cigarette; Greg takes a couple long drags.

Rudy tries to hand him a business card.

RUDY
I can make you whole again, Greg.

Greg doesn't take the card.

GREG
You can get me thrown in jail.

RUDY
Take my number.

GREG
I got your number, Rudy.

Greg stomps out his cigarette and walks back to the party.

I/E. MERCEDES C250 - SAME

We're inside a Mercedes sedan that speeds down the highway.

Katy Perry is blaring out of the radio and behind the wheel is a WOMAN (thirties) who holds her cell phone to her ear.

WOMAN
Answer the phone.

She listens for another beat and then hangs up. As she tosses the phone onto the passenger's seat, the car's navigation system announces, "*Make a slight right at the next exit.*"

The next exit is Saddle Hills.

EXT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

As Richard pours tequila into a glass, a pair of women's hands reach around his head and cover his eyes.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Guess who!

Richard freezes, almost imperceptibly, and then...

RICHARD
Some sort of Kardashian?

Richard turns around and finds himself face-to-face with his giggling wife, DANIELLE DEAVER, 37.

The slightly inappropriate snugness of Danielle's wardrobe matches her tightly wound personality. Her litany of neuroses manifest themselves in the constant swiping away of her hair from her forehead...even when there isn't always hair there to swipe.

They kiss.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I thought you were still at the Dodson inspection.

DANIELLE
We finished early. I've actually been inside helping with the food for a while.

Danielle holds up her hand for a high-five.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
There are no repair contingencies. It's gonna be our first sale!

Richard slaps her hand.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Where's our daughter?

Richard points to a teenage girl, INDIA (15, angry, sullen), sitting over in a corner and typing away on her iPhone.

RICHARD
She was *not* pleased about coming.

DANIELLE
Is she ever pleased about anything?

Over on the other side of the yard, Greg re-joins Paula.

She sniffs him.

PAULA
Were you smoking?

GREG
No. Just standing too close to the grill.

Paula knows that's bullshit.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE YARD, Kyle approaches Danielle and Richard.

KYLE
(to Danielle)
I didn't know you were here.

He kisses her on the cheek.

DANIELLE
I'm easy to miss.

Kyle steps onto a picnic table and addresses the crowd.

KYLE
I'm not a big speech guy so this will be short.

People stop talking and look toward Kyle.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Eight years ago, Alison and I made the decision that I would live and work in Houston and she would stay here and raise the kids. I only got back here for the holidays and a weekend here and there. It was tough on all of us.

As Kyle speaks, we start CUTTING BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN KYLE, THE WOMAN IN THE MERCEDES and THE GUY IN THE PONTIAC.

We start WITH THE MERCEDES as it takes a left onto Albion Road, the Dunns' street.

KYLE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I'm finally home now. For good.

We're BACK ON KYLE looking down at Alison, Kiki, and HENRY (15) who are standing with each other.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I want to thank my family for letting me live the dream I had since I grew up here in Saddle Hills. I love you guys.

And then we're IN THE PONTIAC where the guy with the tattoo extinguishes his cigarette as he sees headlights approaching.

He starts the car and pulls away from the curb.

KYLE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I've been blessed to see the things I've seen and done the things I've done.

IN THE MERCEDES, the woman drives up the Dunns' block and toward the oncoming Pontiac.

KYLE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
But I can tell you that whoever said it first, said it best...

OUT ON THE STREET, as the two cars pass by each other, the driver in the Pontiac rolls down his window and POINTS THE GUN out of it.

BACK IN THE YARD on Kyle...

KYLE (CONT'D)
There's no place like home.

And then once again, we're IN THE STREET, where the driver in the Pontiac SHOOTS -- BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! -- through the Mercedes's driver's side window.

Glass FLIES in every direction as the Mercedes veers off to the right and slams into a parked car.

The Pontiac drives away into the night.

The sound of the SHOTS and CAR CRASH reaches the backyard.

And then we hear SCREAMING and YELLING.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
She's been shot!

Kyle jumps off the table and RACES out of his yard.

EXT. ALBION ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A crowd stands around the crashed Mercedes.

Kyle runs across the street and, without missing a beat, RIPS OPEN the passenger's side door and climbs inside.

KYLE
Call the police!

The woman is bleeding badly from her neck. Her breaths are quick and shallow. Her eyes are wide.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I'm a doctor! I'm gonna help you!

Kyle pulls off his shirt and applies it to her neck, trying to staunch the flow of blood.

The car radio continues to play loudly; every couple minutes or so, the onboard computer announces something.

All we can hear, though, is Kyle trying to calm this woman.

KYLE (CONT'D)
You're gonna be okay!

But she isn't. And Kyle knows that.

Through the windshield, he sees Kiki and Henry as well as India and a bunch of other kids approaching.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Get the kids away from here!

Alison corals the kids.

Greg and Paula as well as Richard and Danielle stand nearby.

DANIELLE
Does anyone know who she is?

Greg points at the car's license plate. It's from Arizona.

GREG
She's not from around here.

We hear SIRENS approaching.

IN THE MERCEDES, the woman starts to wheeze loudly. Her eyes get wider as her wheezing gets shallower and then, with her eyes LOCKED on Kyle,...she stops breathing altogether.

She's gone.

Alison leans into the car...

ALISON
What can I do?

And then sees the woman.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

An incongruously chipper Katy Perry song pours out of the radio. Kyle turns it off.

For the first time, we can clearly hear the navigation system announce, "*You have reached your destination.*"

Kyle looks at the screen on the dashboard and his jaw drops.

ALISON (CONT'D)
What is it?

Kyle points at the screen where it says clearly and ominously: "*Destination: 36 Albion Road*".

KYLE
Why was she coming to *our* house?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Plastic cups and dishes from the party are still strewn about this well-appointed kitchen.

Kyle and Alison, still in the same clothes they wore last night, sit at the kitchen table across from POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ, 41.

Kyle and Alison are exhausted, shell-shocked, spent.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ
I just want to make sure I got it all right: You never met her in-person before. She bought the necklace from you online a couple days ago and then she e-mailed you yesterday and said she had to pick it up last night.

Alison gives a small nod. She seems particularly ill at ease answering these questions.

ALISON
I told her that we were having a party but she insisted on coming over yesterday.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ
And you've never sold her anything before.

Kyle hangs on his wife's every word.

ALISON
I don't think so. I'm not a huge seller. It's something I do just for fun.

Bobby gets up from his seat and heads toward the door.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ
I appreciate your time. Sorry for keeping you guys up all night.

Kyle and Alison also get up from the table.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ (CONT'D)
(to Alison)
Cell phone's the best place to reach you if I have any more questions?

ALISON
Yes.

KYLE
(to Alison)
I'm going to walk Bobby out.

ALISON
I'll start breakfast for the kids.

EXT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - A MINUTE LATER

Kyle and Bobby walk down the driveway.

Across the street, a COLLECTION OF POLICE OFFICERS continue to scour the scene of the murder for evidence.

Kyle checks out the other cops surveying the crime scene; Bobby looks up and down the block.

With a hint of resentment and envy...

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ
Check you out living on Albion Road, Kyle.

Kyle and Bobby grew up together, but they're not friends.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ (CONT'D)
Never thought one of us kids from the wrong side of the tracks would end up here.

KYLE
Seems like this neighborhood's not as safe as I remember it.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ
I wouldn't sweat it too hard. It's been twenty-five years since the last murder in Saddle Hills.

Kyle's eyes meet Bobby's.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ (CONT'D)
Of course, that one never got solved.

Bobby moves on quickly.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ (CONT'D)
But that ain't gonna happen here. Neighbor of yours saw a random walking the block right before this all went down so we're checking for him and, between you, me and the lamppost, the victim had a warrant out for her arrest -- check kiting. We're gonna be looking under some rocks on this one but we'll get our man. Stay tuned.

Bobby starts to head down the driveway.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ (CONT'D)
Be safe, Kyle.

KYLE
You do the same, Bobby.

Kyle watches as Bobby crosses the street.

INT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER

Kyle walks back into the kitchen and finds Alison standing at the window, gazing out at the crime scene.

ALISON
She was here because of me, Kyle.

Kyle slides his arm around Alison's waist.

KYLE
You sold her something online. You'd never even seen her before. You can't blame yourself for this.

Alison's in a daze.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I didn't know you were selling your jewelry online. You know we're okay financially. I've been putting money away.

ALISON
I know. It's just a hobby.

Overwrought, she continues to stare out at the crime scene.

ALISON (CONT'D)
She got shot in front of our house, Kyle. *In front of our kids*.

Henry, their fifteen-year-old son, enters, followed by Kiki, their seven-year-old daughter.

HENRY
We're gonna be late for school.

Alison tries to regain her composure.

ALISON
Let me get you breakfast.

More of a pronouncement than words designed to allay his kids' fears...

KYLE
(to Henry and Kiki)
I just want you guys to know that everything's fine. You're safe. Your mom and I don't want you to worry.

KIKI
Do you think they'll come back? The people that did this?

KYLE
No. They're not coming back.

KIKI
How do you know?

KYLE
I know because I'm your dad, Kiki.

Alison looks up. She knows that response isn't going to satisfy her daughter.

KIKI
What does being my dad have to do with it?

Alison tries to help Kyle find his footing here.

ALISON
(to Kyle)
Kyle, you remember when Kiki used to be scared of Swiper the Fox?

Kyle has absolutely no idea what his wife is talking about.

KYLE
Swiper the who?

HENRY
From Dora the Explorer.

Kyle's still lost.

Never mind.

ALISON
(to Kiki)
Keeks, what'd I tell you to do when you got scared of Swiper?

KIKI
You told me to think about how much you and Daddy and Henry love me and use those feelings to chase away the bad ones.

ALISON
Can you do that now?

Kiki nods.

As Alison kisses her daughter on the forehead, her eyes meet Kyle's. He smiles.

It's going to take some time for him to get up to speed with his family.

KYLE
So much for all my NASA training.

Alison smiles too.

I/E. RICHARD'S CAR - SAME

Richard drives his Dodge Durango SUV while Danielle rides shotgun and India sits in the backseat.

DANIELLE
(to India)
Your father and I wanted to drive you to school together this morning to make sure that you were okay after what happened last night.

INDIA
What happened last night?

DANIELLE
There was a murder?

India could give a shit.

INDIA
I wasn't the one murdered.

Danielle is perpetually annoyed with her daughter.

DANIELLE
It's all just a big joke to you, India. A woman was shot here last night and you think it's funny. She's dead. She didn't wake up this morning like you and log onto her Facebook and text with her friends and put on her Ugg boots.

India just stares out the window.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Your grades are atrocious; your attitude is horrible and two weeks ago the police brought you home falling-down drunk. We moved here because we thought San Francisco was too fast for you, India, but it turns out the city wasn't the problem.

INDIA
I didn't tell you to move here.

DANIELLE
That's because <u>you</u> don't tell <u>us</u> anything.

Danielle, looking for back-up, turns to her husband.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Richard?

Richard is the "good cop" in this parenting partnership.

RICHARD
We want you to be happy, Inz.

Richard pulls up to the high school; India exits the car.

DANIELLE
What's wrong with our daughter?

<u>INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - MORNING</u>

Kyle is part of a larger medical practice with multiple doctors. They all share this waiting area.

As Kyle walks in, he's greeted by the chirpy RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST
Dr. Dunn, there's a gentleman waiting for you in your office who said that he scheduled an appointment with you directly?

Kyle smiles and shakes his head.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle enters and finds Greg, dressed like he just stepped off the golf course, with a box of Krispy Kreme donuts in hand, pacing back and forth in his office.

GREG
Happy first day, buddy!

Greg's hands shake slightly as he hands the donuts to Kyle. He seems even more manic than when we saw him at the party.

We notice it and so does Kyle.

GREG (CONT'D)
They're hot.

Kyle opens up the box and pulls out one of the donuts.

KYLE
Thanks. So much for promising Ally I'd cut back on the sweets.

Greg's eyes dart around the space.

GREG
You got any Scooby snacks kickin' around here that I can grab up?

What?

GREG (CONT'D)
Blue pills, bro. Viagra.

KYLE
No . And that's way, way more information about you than I wanna hear first thing in the morning.

Now Kyle notices Greg tapping his foot up and down nervously.

GREG
So how's everybody doing at your house after all that craziness last night?

Greg shifts around anxiously in his seat.

KYLE
They're scared, especially Kiki. Having someone murdered in front of your house is pretty traumatic for a seven-year-old.

GREG
Apparently it's pretty traumatic for a full-grown adult too. Paula already had me call to have security cameras put up on the outside of our house.

And finally, sweat beads up on Greg's brow and the color drains from his face.

Kyle, always the cooler head, asks this matter-of-factly...

KYLE
Are you about to pass out?

EXT. MAIN STREET - SADDLE HILLS - MORNING

We MOVE QUICKLY down the main commercial thoroughfare.

This street was built only ten years ago but it's been fabricated to look like it's been pulled straight out of a Norman Rockwell painting. Only instead of seeing iconic "mom and pop" stores, this ersatz Main Street features upscale chains like Crate and Barrel, Abercrombie, and Miele.

A large ornate fountain gurgles in the middle of it all.

We KEEP MOVING past the stores until we LAND ON...

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - SAME

Alison and Danielle, who wears a Max Studio outfit that reveals roughly seven percent too much cleavage, sit outside under the dappled California sunshine in this crowded cafe.

Danielle sips from her drink and makes a face.

DANIELLE
Not enough vanilla powder again.

ALISON
If you return one more coffee, they're never going to let us back in here.

Danielle opens five sugar packets and dumps them into her drink and then takes another sip.

DANIELLE
Better.

Onto far more pressing subject matter...

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
So you actually knew her.

ALISON
I didn't *know* her. We never met in-person. She was coming by the house last night to pick up some necklace I sold her online.

DANIELLE
And then she gets shot. That's so bizarre. You didn't grow up here, Ally, so you don't know what it was like: two cops, one police car. For the whole town. Ask Kyle. The worst crime in Saddle Hills was toilet paper in the trees on Halloween.

ALISON
Was India scared last night?

DANIELLE
Scared? My daughter? You want to scare India, tell her the wireless in the house is down; tell her the DVR didn't record "True Blood". Otherwise, it's not even a blip on her fifteen-year-old radar.

Danielle brushes her hair off her forehead.

ALISON
She sounds like a typical teenage girl.

DANIELLE
This isn't typical teenage girl stuff. She got in trouble for swearing at a teacher two weeks ago; she got in a fight with a girl in gym class last week and lately she's been secretive and sneaky. I hear her whispering on her phone all the time.
(MORE)

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
We think she has a boyfriend that she doesn't want us to know about.

ALISON
Is she having sex?

Amazingly, Danielle hasn't considered this particular parenting apocalypse.

DANIELLE
She *just* turned fifteen, Ally.

Alison, with an embarrassed smile, raises an eyebrow.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Are you serious? *Fifteen?* What a whore you were, Alison Dunn.

ALISON
Why? How old were you?

DANIELLE
It was when we were in college. I was eighteen.

ALISON
With Brian Cooney?

DANIELLE
In the stacks at Grissom.

ALISON
You had sex for the first time in the library?

DANIELLE
First time, second time, third, fourth, fifth... That's where we always did it. In fact, it wasn't until just a couple years ago when I could step into a library without getting horny.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bare-chested, Greg sits on the examination table in this small room as Kyle takes his friend's blood pressure.

KYLE
130 over 80. Only slightly elevated but I know a panic attack when I see one.

These two friends' eyes meet; Greg's scared.

GREG
I'm in trouble, Kyle.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - SAME

Danielle has gone from not even entertaining the notion that India's having sex to being absolutely convinced of it.

DANIELLE
She's having sex. Of course, it takes you, the kid whisperer, to figure it out.

ALISON
You need to take her to the doctor and get her on the pill.

DANIELLE
Putting her on the pill is encouraging her to do it.

When it comes to being a mother, Alison's always levelheaded, rational and appropriate.

ALISON
You're not going to stop her from having sex, Danielle. You want her to be safe. You need to make sure she doesn't get pregnant and knows about contraception and STDS. Will she listen to you about that stuff?

Hell no.

DANIELLE
She doesn't even listen to me about flossing her teeth.

ALISON
Then have the doctor talk to her.

Paula Cooke, Greg's wife, approaches.

PAULA
My nanny was late again. How are you guys?

ALISON
Still pretty freaked out.

DANIELLE
Actually the murder has got *me* freaking out about something entirely new: I'm pretty sure that my fifteen-year-old daughter's having sex.

PAULA
I got you beat: I'm pretty sure that my husband of twelve years is cheating on me again.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle sits at his desk; Greg sits across from him.

Greg spits out paragraphs in the time that it takes most people to say a sentence.

GREG
In two days, they're taking everything: my house, my cars... They're gonna put us out on the street. My guy at the bank called me at your party last night. If I don't get them at least fifty grand, I'm lookin' in from the outside.

KYLE
I thought you were doing well. What happened?

GREG
The world happened, man. Maybe you didn't hear about it up in space but down here on Earth, the economy went up in flames. Everyone pulled out of my fund at the same time and I leveraged the hell out of myself just to make sure they all got their money back. I'm tapped out. Dead broke.

Greg shakes his head.

GREG (CONT'D)
Paula's not gonna settle for some two-bedroom apartment next to the freeway.

KYLE
Paula loves you. She'll go where you go.

GREG
I don't got what you got, Kyle.

Greg takes a deep breath.

GREG (CONT'D)
If I can't provide for my family, if I can't give them everything they need...

And now he gets to what is the heart of the matter for him.

GREG (CONT'D)
If I can't be the man of my own house, what the hell use am I?

Kyle reaches into his desk and pulls out his checkbook.

KYLE
You're the only person in the world I'd do this for.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - SAME

Paula sits outside at the table with Alison and Danielle.

PAULA
He's tense; he's getting phone calls at weird times; he's coming home late. I've been through this with him once before and these are all the warning signs.

As Paula talks, Alison's phone BUZZES.

It's a TEXT from someone named "Croton531". Alison opens the message but we don't see its contents. What we do see is a fleeting, barely detectable, crack in her typically composed facade.

It disappears as quickly as it appeared.

PAULA (CONT'D)
It took me so long to get pregnant with Ezra. And it was really hard on both of us. We finally have the family we always wanted. I'm not going to just stand by while he blows it up.

DANIELLE
Greg loves you, Paula.

No shit.

PAULA
I never said he didn't love me. I said that he's having sex with someone else.

Still uneasy from the text she just received, a clearly distracted Alison stuffs her phone back into her purse.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle hands the check over to Greg.

GREG
Is there any way you can *not* tell Ally about this?

KYLE
Ally and I don't keep secrets. And this money is from our savings account.

GREG
I promise I'll pay you back before she even knows it's gone. Paula and Ally are super-tight, Kyle. They tell each other everything. I mean, hell, I know when your wife's on her period.

Wow. That's inappropriate...but that's Greg.

KYLE
I won't say anything to Ally unless she asks me but I won't lie to her if she does.

GREG
You won't have to. Word is bond. You're saving my life here, buddy. And I mean that.

Kyle stares earnestly at his best friend.

GREG (CONT'D)
I'm gonna figure this out, Kyle. Okay? Don't worry about me.

But it's too late for that.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - SAME

As Alison, Danielle and Paula finish up their coffees, Danielle looks down at her watch.

DANIELLE
I have to go to look at a property.

PAULA
I have guys putting up security cameras at my house. I need to make sure they're not aiming one in my bedroom window.

Adding cynically...

PAULA (CONT'D)
Not that they'd see anything good.

The three women stand up to leave as a GUY (twenties, dark hair, dark eyes, looks like everybody else) approaches.

GUY
Are you leaving?

ALISON
Yes.

He sits down at the table as Alison, Paula and Danielle exit.

As the women congregate briefly in front of the coffee shop, we STAY WITH THIS GUY as he pulls out his phone to send a text.

As he taps away on his keyboard, we GET CLOSE ON THE PHONE.

There's an all-too-familiar tattoo on the ring finger of his left hand.

This is the shooter.

Here in the coffee shop. In the center of town.

His text message is brief and to the point: "I got the wrong one."

He presses "send" just as Alison, Paula and Danielle say their final good-byes and head their separate ways.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Richard, phone to his ear, hurries up the walkway to the high school.

RICHARD
I'm here now, Danielle. You just prepare the docs for the Dodson closing. I'll call you after I get her.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

PRINCIPAL ANGELA STEADMAN (forties) sits across from Richard and India whose eyes are focused on the carpet.

PRINCIPAL STEADMAN
Cheating requires a mandatory, two-day suspension as well as an incident report that will be entered into India's permanent record.

Richard looks at his daughter whose eyes remain on the floor.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Richard and India walk silently to his Dodge Durango.

Just before Richard opens his door, he stops and looks over at his daughter who's waiting at the passenger's side.

RICHARD
I should probably discipline you right now, correct?

India just stares at the ground.

INDIA
Probably.

RICHARD
Well, before I discipline you, I want you to know how much I love you.

India looks up at her father.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
And no matter what, I'm still going to love you. Okay?

India's eyes start to well.

INDIA
What if I get expelled?

Richard can't help but laugh and, through her tears, India does too.

RICHARD
I suppose we'll have to cross that bridge when we come to it, but I'd be really appreciative if you avoid expulsion.

India wipes the tears from her face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Now let's go home so your mother can scold you appropriately.

INT. DON JOSE'S MEXICAN - AFTERNOON

Kyle, on his lunch hour, enters this Mexican restaurant.

He sees Police Chief Bobby Lopez and two other cops (LEWIS and BRINKLEY, twenties) eating at a table.

Bobby waves him over.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ
It's Saddle Hills' very own American hero.

KYLE
Can I tell my scared seven-year-old daughter that the good guys got the bad guys yet?

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ
Gettin' close. It's starting to look like this woman was targeted; that it was a hit. Someone settling a score.

Bobby takes a sip of his soda.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ (CONT'D)
So what do you do with all that extra loot?

Huh?

KYLE
What are you talking about?

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ
All that money Alison's been making selling stuff over the computer. What do you do with it?

KYLE
It's not a lot of money. Like she said, it's just a hobby.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ
I checked her sales history and she's making more on her hobby than my two associates here make in salary.

There's an accusatorial tone to Bobby's questioning.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ (CONT'D)
You paying taxes on all that money?

Kyle's flummoxed. He just stares back at Bobby who suddenly breaks into loud laughter.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ (CONT'D)
Relax, Kyle! We're not the I.R.S.!
(to the other cops)
He thinks I'm about to haul him off to debtors' jail!

The other cops laugh too.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ (CONT'D)
I think it's great you got all this extra money. Hell, I'm gonna go through my garage and see what crap I can sell over the computer too.

Kyle's brain is buzzing but he forces a smile.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ (CONT'D)
Look, you tell your daughter not to worry. We always get the bad guys.

KYLE
I'll let her know.

Confused and shaken, Kyle walks away.

EXT. RALPHS - AFTERNOON

As Alison pushes a shopping cart of groceries out of the supermarket, a POLICE OFFICER hands her a leaflet with a sketch of a man's face on it.

We GET CLOSE ON THE LEAFLET. It reads, “Wanted By Saddle Hills Police Department For Questioning in Connection With Murder”.

In the middle of the page, there’s a SKETCH of an individual who looks like just about every guy walking down the street.

As Alison continues walking toward her car, her phone BUZZES.

She pulls it out of her pocket and we GET CLOSE ON THE PHONE where we see yet another TEXT MESSAGE from “Croton531”.

This time we read it along with Alison: *“I need to see you.”*

She deletes it without responding.

INT. METRO BANK - TEN MINUTES LATER

Greg sits across a desk from TOM CHARNEY (forties), the bank president.

Tom swivels his computer around so Greg can see it.

We GET CLOSE ON THE MONITOR where we see the current balance in Greg’s account is -$42,623.

TOM CHARNEY
That’s your balance. And that’s why I called you on a Sunday night.

GREG
And I just gave you a check for fifty grand, Tom. We’re good; we’re straight; we’re even, buddy.

TOM CHARNEY
We’re not good. In three days, you have more interest payments due on those lines of credit and you’ll be even deeper in the hole. I’m saying this to you as your friend and as your banker, you need to start liquidating assets before we take them from you.

EXT. THE COOKES’ HOUSE - SAME

A COLLECTION OF WORKERS install cameras on the outside of Greg and Paula’s very large, Mediterranean style home.

Paula, carrying her son, EZRA (18 months), dressed in short shorts and a tank top walks out of the house and steps up to MITCH (thirties), the guy in charge.

PAULA
So I wanted to show you where you're going to put the camera inside the house.

MITCH
Sorry?

PAULA
The camera in my husband's office.

Mitch pulls out a clipboard and checks his paperwork.

MITCH
My work order only says exterior cameras, Mrs. Cooke. I'll have to check with my boss.

PAULA
You do that, but you should mention to your boss that if this camera isn't installed in my husband's office by the end of the day, you'll be taking down all the cameras you've been putting up on the outside of my house and I won't be paying for any of them.

Paula doesn't take no for an answer.

EXT. METRO BANK - AFTERNOON

Standing outside the bank and clearly shaken, Greg, lifts the phone to his ear.

GREG
Rudy, it's Greg Cooke.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Richard stands in the middle of this large kitchen, staring stoically at the walls of this empty house. His face is eerily expressionless, vacant.

MARK DODSON (O.S.)
Richard?

Richard turns and suddenly he's transformed. A smile stretches from ear-to-ear and he bubbles over with warmth.

MARK DODSON (twenties, yuppie, very nervous) approaches.

RICHARD
Mark, welcome to what's about to be your new home! Where's Amy?

MARK DODSON
Amy's not coming.

RICHARD
Is she alright?

MARK DODSON
That murder last night really freaked her out. She got this bad feeling, like maybe it was a sign or something. And with the baby coming and all...

Mark can't even look Richard in the eye.

MARK DODSON (CONT'D)
We're not going to be buying this house after all.

We see crushing disappointment flash across Richard's face but then it's gone.

RICHARD
Not a problem whatsoever. Let me fetch my listings and we'll identify some alternative options outside of Saddle Hills.

MARK DODSON
We're actually using another broker, someone who's a little bit more familiar with the other towns in the area.

Still smiling.

RICHARD
Of course you are.

MARK DODSON
I'm really sorry about this, Richard. You and Danielle were great. We'll definitely recommend you to everyone.

RICHARD
And we appreciate that.

MARK DODSON
I better go.

Still smiling...

RICHARD
Good luck to you and Amy, Mark.

Mark exits and, for a beat, Richard still stands there with the same smile plastered on his face and then...he EXPLODES.

Richard RIPS cabinet doors off their hinges, KICKS in drawers, SHATTERS a window, THROWS the refrigerator over… It's twenty seconds of completely unbridled rage. It's frightening.

After he's thoroughly demolished the kitchen, Richard stops, gathers himself and takes in the destruction he's wrought. He breathes heavily as he tries to regain his composure.

His hand bleeds; his eyes remain furious.

EXT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Kyle and Alison lug their garbage cans out to the curb.

Alison glances over at the crime scene where there is still yellow police tape hanging off a light post.

She walks over, pulls it off and throws it away.

KYLE
I bumped into Bobby Lopez today and he said that the police think that the woman was targeted; that it wasn't a random shooting.

They both start to walk back toward the house.

ALISON
I don't know if that's better or worse.

The murder's not really what Kyle wants to discuss.

KYLE
He also said that they reviewed your online sales history and that everything checked out. He mentioned that you were actually selling a lot of things online.

And there it is.

ALISON
It was just stuff that was collecting dust. Things we didn't use anymore.

KYLE
Do you have your own checking account? Because I don't think I ever saw you make any deposit into our joint account.

Alison sees that this is more than just casual conversation.

ALISON
You're really interested in this.

KYLE
Just curious.

ALISON
I would take the money I made out as cash and use it for groceries and clothes for the kids. Does that satisfy your curiosity?

Alison walks into the house, leaving Kyle, whose curiosity doesn't quite seem satisfied, standing at the door, wondering what the hell is going on with his wife and marriage.

INT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Kyle walks into his bedroom.

The bathroom door is slightly ajar and he can see that Alison is in the tub.

Quietly, he walks over to their chest of drawers, opens it and pulls out Alison's JEWELRY BOX.

He sifts through it, checking to see what's in there...and what isn't.

Kyle doesn't notice that Alison has gotten out of the bathtub. He continues to sort through her rings and necklaces and bracelets as she puts on a towel.

He's just started to pull pieces out, and Alison is about to reach for the door, when Kiki SCREAMS.

INT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - KIKI'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's DARK in here. We can't see a thing.

KIKI
Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!

The door FLIES OPEN; the lights come on; Kyle EXPLODES into the room.

Kiki, hysterical, with tears streaming down her cheeks, is sitting up in her bed.

Kyle immediately takes her into his arms.

KIKI (CONT'D)
I had a nightmare about the lady!

Alison enters and Kiki instinctively reaches for her mother.

KIKI (CONT'D)
I had a nightmare about the dead lady!

Alison hugs her daughter close.

ALISON
You're okay, Keeks.

OFF KYLE, left out...

INT. THE COOKES' HOUSE - GREG'S STUDY - SAME

Greg is on his computer, checking the balance in his bank account online.

$589,349.

It's a far cry from the negative balance we saw earlier.

But Greg doesn't seem happy or even relieved. Not at all.

PAULA (O.S.)
Wanna hit this?

Greg quickly closes the browser window on his computer screen and turns to see Paula smiling, wearing some revealing lingerie, and standing seductively in the doorway.

Greg chuckles.

GREG
That's gotta be the best offer I've had in a long time but I have tons of work that I need to get done before tomorrow.

Paula's hurt but she hides it from her husband.

PAULA
Your loss is the pool boy's gain.

INT. THE DEAVERS' HOUSE - FRONT ENTRYWAY - SAME

Danielle, standing next to the front door, punches a BUTTON on their home alarm's keypad. We hear a BEEP and an LED light on the pad changes from green to red.

She walks into THE LIVING ROOM and finds Richard sitting on the couch, drinking a glass of wine.

RICHARD
Is it armed?

DANIELLE
I think so. I've never turned the alarm on before. I never thought I'd have to.

Danielle sits down on the couch and leans into her husband.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
I think India's having sex, Richard. I'm taking her to a new doctor to get her on contraception. She-

Richard covers his ears and sings his favorite Stevie Wonder song so he can't hear Danielle.

RICHARD
I just called to say I love you/I just called to say I care...

Danielle pulls one of his hands off his head.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Please don't force me to talk about my daughter's sex life, Danielle. Can't this be something that you handle and we never discuss?

DANIELLE
I'm sure that would be incredibly convenient for you but this is what it means to have a daughter, Richard. We have to-

She's about to launch into him when she notices that the hand she's just removed from his ear is bruised and swollen.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
What the hell happened to your hand?

RICHARD
I accidentally slammed it in my car door.

DANIELLE
You need to have it checked out. You should go see Kyle tomorrow.

RICHARD
That's a good thought.

DANIELLE
How did the final walk-through go today, by the way? I can't believe I forgot to ask you until now.

RICHARD
It went well. Really well.

Richard takes a sip of his wine.

INT. THE COOKES' HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paula sits on her bed with her iPad on her lap.

We GET CLOSE ON THE iPAD'S SCREEN where we see that Paula is logged onto a camera hidden in the fan in Greg's office.

She's got a bird's-eye-view of his computer screen and she's watching him work on his computer.

He's checking his fantasy football team on ESPN.com and then opens a MESSAGING WINDOW.

He sends an instant message -- "*Hey!*" -- to someone named Pattycake23.

"*Hey stranger! I miss you,*" followed by a sad face emoticon, replies Pattycake23.

Paula's jaw tenses as she watches this exchange.

"*I miss you too,*" types Greg.

"*I haven't seen you in forever,*" says Pattycake23. "*Usual place and time tomorrow?*" she continues. This last message is punctuated with a smiling emoticon that has hearts for eyes.

Paula's eyes are glued to her iPad as she awaits her husband's response. She holds her breath as Greg mulls this offer. And then...

"*Why not?*" types Greg.

OFF PAULA, hurt, furious and betrayed...

INT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - MORNING

With the front door open, Alison puts the finishing touches on Kiki and Henry as they leave for school.

Kyle, looking like he didn't get a minute of sleep last night, grabs his coat from the closet.

ALISON
(to Kiki)
Don't forget that you have piano.
(to Henry)
You're coming home right after football and cleaning your room.

She kisses both of her children and sends them out the door.

ALISON (CONT'D)
(to Kyle)
Please remind Kiki to hand in her math homework when you drop her off at school.

Alison kisses Kyle good-bye but, after last night, she's not entirely clear where things stand between them.

ALISON (CONT'D)
We're okay, right?

And this is bullshit.

KYLE
Of course.

As Kyle walks out the door, Alison's phone BUZZES.

She looks down at it. It's yet another message from Croton531. She stares at it for a moment and then finally, reluctantly, she opens it.

"*I'm going to tell your husband.*"

Alison texts back: "*Tomorrow.*"

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. THE COOKES' HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Paula feeds EZRA, their baby, at the kitchen table.

Greg enters dressed in his golfing gear.

GREG
I'm going to play golf with Rudy Harper.

PAULA
The scumbag?

GREG
He's not so bad; he's alright. I'll see you later.

As Greg exits, Paula pulls Ezra out of his high chair and walks to...

INT. THE COOKES' HOUSE - GREG'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Paula, cradling Ezra in her arms, sits in front of his computer and logs onto Greg's Facebook page.

She scrolls through his list of friends, lingering on any attractive woman.

And then she sees "Patricia Elmer".

Patricia's profile picture says it all: She's blonde-haired, blue-eyed and dressed in a string bikini.

Pattycake23.

Paula clicks on her photo and her profile pops up.

She works at "Saddle Hills Yoga and Pilates".

PAULA
(to Ezra)
I think I need to get my "downward dog" on, Ezra.

A plan is already forming in Paula's head as she looks up from the screen.

INT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME

Alison, holding a stepladder, makes her way to a corner of their GARAGE.

She places the ladder on the floor, steps onto it, reaches toward one of the dropped ceiling's panels and moves it out of the way.

She roots around up in the ceiling and, after a few seconds, pulls out a STACK OF CASH.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Richard sits up on an examination table as Kyle checks out his hand.

Richard tries to make small-talk.

RICHARD
So how is it being back home amongst all us civilians?

This innocuous question is a loaded one for Kyle.

KYLE
I'm figuring it out.

Kyle, with a forced smile on his face, looks up at Richard.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Slowly but surely.

Back to the business at hand, literally.

KYLE (CONT'D)
You know, we usually see bruising on both sides rather than just the knuckles when someone slams a car door on their hand. Who'd you punch?

OFF RICHARD, busted...

INT. RECEPTION AREA - SAME

Danielle leafs through magazines in the waiting room when a DR. ANGELA LEE (Asian, forties) and India enter.

DR. LEE
(to Danielle)
If you have a minute, Mrs. Deaver, maybe we can talk in my office.

Gulp.

DANIELLE
Of course.
(to India)
(MORE)

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Just read some magazines until I get back.

INT. KYLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle continues his examination of Richard's hand.

KYLE
You didn't break anything but it's a deep bruise. It's gonna hurt for a while.

RICHARD
I deserve it for being such an idiot. I haven't even told Danielle that the deal collapsed yet. When you're a new broker in town and you hang out your shingle like we have, selling that first house is a massive psychological hurdle. The first sale's always the most difficult.

Richard winces as Kyle presses gently on his hand.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I don't mind saying that I'm embarrassed here, Kyle. You and I barely know each other and your sense of me here must be that I'm some sort of psychopathic personality who punches walls. That's most assuredly not who I am. I hope that we can keep this between us. It's truly an aberration.

Kyle senses that there's something roiling beneath the surface with this guy.

KYLE
I'm your doctor, Richard. What you tell me stays in this office. Having said that, don't pick anymore fights with anymore walls.

INT. DR. LEE'S OFFICE - SAME

Danielle, visibly unnerved, sits across from Dr. Lee.

DR. LEE
India's blood work came back normal, her weight's good, her chest is clear. She's fine.

DANIELLE
Has she...?

DR. LEE
India has not had intercourse.

Danielle exhales.

DR. LEE (CONT'D)
Is India adopted or from a prior relationship of yours?

What?

DANIELLE
Excuse me?

DR. LEE
Who are India's biological parents?

Is this doctor crazy?

DANIELLE
Her father and I?

Danielle nervously brushes an imaginary strand of hair off her forehead.

DR. LEE
You listed your husband's blood type as O.

DANIELLE
That's right.

DR. LEE
India is AB.

Danielle has no idea where this is going.

DR. LEE (CONT'D)
It's genetically impossible for someone with type AB to have a parent who is type O.

Now Danielle gets it.

DR. LEE (CONT'D)
Mr. Deaver can't be India's father.

Dr. Lee lets her process this for a beat.

DR. LEE (CONT'D)
Most people don't know their own blood type, let alone their children's. Frankly, it's not something that doctors check unless there's reason to. It's also possible your physician noticed it but chose not to bring it up. I'm only mentioning because of the behavioral issues you mentioned. I'm wondering if it's possible that India knows.

Dazed.

DANIELLE
I didn't even know about it until right now. Of course, I knew there was a chance but I just...

Her voice trails off.

INT. SADDLE HILLS YOGA AND PILATES - SAME

Paula leans against the wall in a large yoga studio and watches as PATTY ELMER (twenties, way too perky), the girl from Greg's Facebook, finishes up with a CLIENT (woman).

Patricia gives her departing client a hug good-bye and then approaches Paula.

With a huge smile and her hand extended...

PATTY
Hi! I'm Patty, your yoga instructor.

Paula doesn't offer her hand.

PAULA
Hi, Patty. I'm Paula, your boyfriend's wife.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - 18TH HOLE - SAME

Greg taps in a "gimme" and then, with Rudy, walks toward a golf cart.

GREG
When are we meeting him?

RUDY
Tomorrow afternoon.

GREG
I won't do anything illegal. I told you that before and I mean it. I'm not going to jail, Rudy. Not for you, not for him, not for anybody.

RUDY
He put six hundred grand into your account yesterday.

Rudy's demeanor has turned threatening quickly.

RUDY (CONT'D)
You're gonna do what he tells you to do.

OFF GREG, knowing he's in way over his head.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danielle, in a total fog, walks into the waiting room where she finds India sitting next to...her father, Richard.

Danielle, whose head is spinning, is momentarily taken aback.

DANIELLE
Richard! What are you doing here?

RICHARD
Kyle examined my hand.

Danielle, regaining her composure, kisses her husband.

DANIELLE
I completely forgot that Kyle and Dr. Lee are in the same practice. What did he say?

RICHARD
It's fine. Just a simple bruise. How was India's appointment?

DANIELLE
Good. Great! Everything's great!

OFF DANIELLE, still trying to find her bearings...

EXT. RITZ CARLTON LAGUNA - AFTERNOON

Greg pulls up in front of the Ritz in his Bentley Mulsanne.

We FOLLOW HIM INTO THE HOTEL. He stops at the FRONT DESK, where he gets a KEY CARD from the CLERK, and then heads INTO THE ELEVATOR.

And then we're ON THE NINTH FLOOR where the elevator doors open up and Greg exits.

He walks DOWN THE HALLWAY to ROOM 926 where he slides the key into the door, opens it...

INT. RITZ CARLTON LAGUNA - ROOM 926 - CONTINUOUS

Greg walks the few steps down the short entryway and then rounds the corner into the bedroom where he finds...***Paula*** sitting on the bed.

He can't even get a word out when she walks up to him and throws a SOLID RIGHT to his jaw, sending him SPRAWLING.

Greg, rubbing his chin, looks up at Paula who's already opened the room door to leave.

PAULA
You need to be ready to leave for dinner at 7:15.

And with that, Paula exits.

INT. ANDY'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Kyle and Alison sit with Danielle and Richard in this large restaurant and bar.

DANIELLE
I heard that the police think the murder's connected to that house on Woodlawn Court. You know the one with all these cheap, hooker-looking girls that are constantly going in and out of it?

RICHARD
One of the women at the office said that they confiscated a handgun at the high school today.

Paula and Greg approach the table.

PAULA
Did you hear?

Paula points AT THE TELEVISION SCREEN above the bar.

PAULA (CONT'D)
They just announced it on the radio. They arrested someone.

We PUSH IN ON A TELEVISION where we see Police Chief Bobby Lopez standing in front of a bank of microphones.

Behind him, a poster-sized mugshot of TROY BORRIS (thirties, poster-child for meth addiction) is displayed. As grimy as he looks, Troy is <u>not</u> the guy with the tattoo on his finger.

The police have arrested the wrong man.

POLICE CHIEF BOBBY LOPEZ
I'm pleased to announce that the Saddle Hills Police Department has made an arrest in last night's murder. The suspect's name is Troy Borris. He is the victim's former boyfriend and we believe that a dispute over a financial matter was the motive for this crime.

We're BACK AT THE TABLE where Paula and Greg have sat down with the other two couples.

DANIELLE
That's one less thing for me to obsess about.

RICHARD
Now her list of things to obsess about is one-thousand-three-hundred-and-sixty-seven items long rather that one-thousand-three-hundred-and-sixty-eight.

Everyone laughs. And their laughter sends us into A MONTAGE of this dinner.

We MOVE AROUND THE TABLE, catching snippets of innocuous conversation as the Dunns, Cookes and Deavers eat dinner.

We start off with...

GREG
I've played Pebble Beach a million times. Five through ten are great holes, eighteen's off the charts but, honestly, the rest of them are nothing special.

And then move on to...

PAULA
Contractors are thieves. Plain and simple.

And...

RICHARD
I did that P90X thing for two weeks and I swear to God I actually got fatter.

Then...

DANIELLE
Thirty-seven-years-old and I still get zits.

Followed by...

ALISON
Kyle and I really don't want Henry to play football but his heart's set on it.

What strikes Kyle here is that, given all that he's beginning to learn about each of these people, their conversation is so innocuous, so banal.

Kyle points to a BRUISE on Greg's chin, the bruise he got courtesy of Paula's right cross.

KYLE
What happened there?

GREG
I opened my medicine cabinet into my own face this morning.

Everyone laughs except Kyle. He's not buying it.

He looks at the bruise and then looks over at Paula who, just at that moment, is reaching for her wine. Kyle can see BRUISING on her knuckles on her right hand.

He stares at her hand and then looks up at Paula.

Her eyes are LOCKED on him. They share a knowing look and then Paula re-joins the table's conversation.

PAULA
I read somewhere that orthotics are actually bad for your feet.

Kyle isn't thinking about orthotics right now.

He looks over at Richard's hand which is also bruised and then at Danielle who seems pre-occupied and distant.

Meanwhile, Alison's cell phone BUZZES.

She reaches into her purse and pulls it out. Another text message from that same number.

"*10:30,*" it reads.

Alison tucks her cell phone away just as Kyle takes her hand and looks into her eyes. They both force smiles.

EXT. ANDY'S BAR AND GRILL - TWO HOURS LATER

The couples, saying their good-byes, congregate outside the restaurant.

Kyle and Greg stand off to the side. Kyle hands Greg a pill bottle.

KYLE
One of the other doctors in my office had some samples of Viagra lying around.

GREG
My wife and I thank you.

Greg hands Kyle a check for fifty-five thousand dollars.

GREG (CONT'D)
The money I owe you plus ten percent interest.

KYLE
I lent you that money yesterday.

ON ALISON, who's talking to the two other women and Richard, but has her eyes peeled on her husband and Greg.

GREG
And I promised you I'd get it back to you with the quickness. I'm a man of my word.

KYLE
I don't need the interest.

GREG
Take the money, Kyle. I can't tell you how much I appreciate what you did.

KYLE
You would've done the same for me.

GREG
You're goddamn right I would've.

Best friends.

EXT. ANDY'S BAR AND GRILL - PARKING LOT - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Kyle and Alison wave good-bye to their friends and head toward Kyle's Mustang.

ALISON
What was that little drug deal?

KYLE
What do you mean?

ALISON
I saw you hand Greg a pill bottle.

KYLE
Oh that. He asked me for some free samples of Viagra the other day.

ALISON
If they were free, why'd he give you a check?

Shit.

EXT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Kyle and Alison pull up in the Mustang and get out.

They're having a disagreement.

ALISON
You can't just take fifty thousand dollars out of our savings without telling me, Kyle.

KYLE
Greg's my best friend, Ally. And he got it back to me a day later.

ALISON
I don't care who it was for. I care that you didn't tell me about it.

KYLE
So you tell me everything?

Now she knows where this is headed.

ALISON
Please tell me you're not going to start with the online stuff again.

Of course he is.

KYLE
Why didn't you tell me about it?

She can't believe he's bringing this up again.

ALISON
Why do you care so much about it?

KYLE
For the same reason you're angry about the money I lent to Greg: Because you didn't tell me.

And finally it all comes spilling out of Kyle.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I'm struggling, Ally. I'm trying to wrap my head around what happened here while I was gone. I feel like I don't know you or the kids or any of our friends anymore. It's like -- I don't know -- everyone's hiding something. I can't even completely articulate it. I'm just lost here. I'm a stranger in my own home.

Alison is sympathetic but she's also angry.

ALISON
Did you think you'd come back and everything would be just the way you left it?

Yes.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Well you should know better than anyone, Kyle, that even when you're not here, the world keeps turning. You want to know what you missed these past eight years so you don't have to go through my jewelry box again to check to see what I've sold?

Nailed.

ALISON (CONT'D)
You left it out when you went to check on Kiki last night.

Kyle's ashamed.

KYLE
I wish I hadn't done that.

ALISON
Me too.

Alison takes a breath and then...

ALISON (CONT'D)
I was scared while you were gone, Kyle. Terrified. I was alone with two kids; you were in Houston or up on the space shuttle or the space station and, honestly, I didn't know if you'd make it back. People have gone up there and not come home. You and I both know that.

She starts to get emotional.

ALISON (CONT'D)
So I was scared. About money, about the future, about you. But I held it together. For the kids. And for you. I'm sorry I didn't tell you about selling stuff online but, in my mind, I was protecting you. I didn't want you to know how worried I was because I knew you'd come home and I didn't want to be the reason you cut your dream short. I wouldn't do that to you. I *couldn't* do that to you.

Alison walks into the house, leaving Kyle feeling like a gigantic asshole and standing outside by himself.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. THE COOKES' HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Paula, in pajamas, lies in bed next to the baby, Ezra.

Greg walks in and hands her a box from Tiffany's.

GREG
I know you won't believe me and you shouldn't. And I wouldn't either, but I haven't done that since...

Paula finishes her husband's thought.

PAULA
The last time?

Paula opens the box and finds a platinum tennis bracelet.

GREG
It's been two years, Paula. Patty is someone I met before you and I went through all that and...

He's stumbling badly here.

GREG (CONT'D)
I've been feeling really badly about myself recently.

PAULA
And you thought cheating on me would make you feel better.

GREG
I thought it would make me feel worse which is what I figured I deserved to feel like. I'm sorry.

PAULA
Thank you for the bracelet. It's beautiful.

GREG
I love you, Paula.

Paula just stares back at her husband.

GREG (CONT'D)
I got some work I should do. Sleep well.

Paula watches Greg exit and then looks down at the bracelet.

She studies it for a beat and shoves it back in the box.

She opens up the drawer on her night-stand and puts the box inside. As she does, she sees TWO OTHER TIFFANY'S BOXES.

She stares at them momentarily and then closes the drawer.

Paula turns back to her baby and, as she looks down at him, TEARS start to stream down her cheeks.

INT. THE DEAVERS' HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - SAME

Danielle and Richard brush their teeth next to each other.

DANIELLE
She hasn't had sex yet. You were right.

RICHARD
Don't hear you utter those words too often. Forgive me if I revel in this for a moment.

Richard stops brushing and smiles silently for a moment as he pretends to enjoy this rare occurrence.

Danielle shoves him playfully.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I meant to tell you: Someone broke into the Westgate house and demolished the kitchen. I already contacted the insurance company; they're handling it.

DANIELLE
Did you tell Mark and Amy?

Richard pauses for a beat.

RICHARD
I spoke to Mark.

Danielle's head is a million miles away, or at least down the hallway in her daughter's bedroom.

DANIELLE
I'm gonna go check on India.

INT. THE DEAVERS' HOUSE - INDIA'S ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

India lies on her bed reading a Blackest Night comic book.

Danielle stands in the doorway and stares at her daughter.

INDIA
What?

DANIELLE
I can't look at my daughter?

INDIA
Not when you look all weird like that.

DANIELLE
Was that new doctor okay today? Did you like her?

India shrugs.

INDIA
Sure.

Danielle kisses her daughter on the forehead.

DANIELLE
Sleep well, Inz. I love you.

INT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - HENRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Henry does his homework at his desk; Kyle enters.

KYLE
What are you working on?

HENRY
Physics.

KYLE
How's that going?

HENRY
Good.

Kyle nods as he takes a look around Henry's room.

He walks over to a BULLETIN BOARD filled with PHOTOGRAPHS where he finds one of himself holding a much younger Henry, probably about four-years-old, in front of a merry-go-round.

KYLE
Thirty seconds after your mom took this, you told me I was the worst dad ever because I wouldn't let you have Pop Rocks.

HENRY
Pop Rocks are gross.

KYLE
That's what I said.

Kyle continues to look through the photos and he lands on one of Henry, age nine, holding up a lizard.

KYLE (CONT'D)
When was this?

HENRY
Second grade field trip to a working cattle ranch. I caught like ten Western Fence Lizards.

Kyle points at another photo of Henry, in a ghoulish costume, standing next to Alison who's holding a baby Kiki.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Fourth grade Halloween. I was a zombie skeleton.

Kyle continues to look at the photos and what's obvious is that he's missing from almost all of them.

KYLE
Were you guys alright while I was gone, Henry? Was everything okay?

Henry's rightfully confused by this ambiguous question.

HENRY
I think so.

With Alison's words still bouncing around in his head -- *I was scared; terrified...* -- Kyle gazes sadly at this wall full of <u>his</u> family's memories that are not his own.

KYLE
I missed a lot.

ALISON (O.S.)
I have to go to the store.

Kyle whips around and sees his wife standing in the doorway.

ALISON (CONT'D)
We're out of bread.

KYLE
Can't you just do it tomorrow? It's late.

ALISON
Kiki won't eat anything but a peanut butter and jelly sandwich so I need it first thing in the morning when I make her lunch.

There's still palpable tension between Alison and Kyle. Even this seemingly benign conversation feels loaded.

KYLE
I'll go.

ALISON
No, it's fine.

KYLE
It's late.

HENRY
That lady just got murdered in front of our house, Mom.

ALISON
They caught the guy who did it, Henry. I'll be right back.

Alison exits.

EXT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alison opens the car door.

KYLE (O.S.)
Ally.

She turns; Kyle approaches.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Ally. For everything. This isn't who we are. And this isn't who I want us to be. We don't keep secrets. We don't have fights. I love you. More than anything.

Alison laughs through her tears.

ALISON
Some homecoming for you: a murder, a crazy wife. I wouldn't blame you if you just wanted to go back up to space.

KYLE
No. This is where I wanna be. This is where I belong. With you, Alison.

Kyle and Alison embrace and kiss.

All is right with the Dunns.

INT. RALPHS - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Alison pushes an empty shopping cart in this brightly lit, mostly empty, supermarket.

As she takes a turn up the cereal aisle a ROGUISH, GOOD-LOOKING GUY (thirties), also pushing an empty cart, walks up next to her.

ROGUISH GUY
So you don't want to see me anymore now that he's home, Jules?

Alison stiffens as she looks around the store to make sure that no one heard him call her by a different name.

No one did...but us.

ROGUISH GUY (CONT'D)
How'd you get out of the house?

Alison doesn't answer.

ROGUISH GUY (CONT'D)
You don't tell me, I'm going to start screaming and ripping open boxes of Count Chocula.

ALISON
I said we needed a loaf of bread.

ROGUISH GUY
You can still lie with the best of 'em. You have it with you?

Again, Alison scans the store to make sure no one's watching and then reaches into the waistband at the back of her pants and pulls out a fat ENVELOPE.

She hands it to him and he opens it. It's filled with CASH.

ALISON
Leave my family alone. *Please*.

He brushes a few strands of hair off her forehead.

ROGUISH GUY
I'll be in touch, Jules.

Roguish Guy runs up the aisle and, still pushing his shopping cart, hops on the back of the cart and catches a short ride before he abandons it and skips out of the store.

OFF ALISON, watching him go...

INT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Henry enters, leading Kiki by her hand, as Kyle finishes up cleaning the kitchen.

HENRY
(re: Kiki)
She had another nightmare.

Kyle lifts Kiki up and holds her.

KYLE
I told you, Keeks: They caught the bad guy. There's nothing to worry about. Everything's back to normal. How about we top off a really long day with some ice cream?

KIKI
Mom doesn't like us to have sugar after seven.

Kyle puts Kiki down in a chair at the kitchen table and walks over to the refrigerator.

KYLE
It'll be our little secret.

He opens up the freezer and there, right in front of his face, plain as day, is...a loaf of bread.

OFF KYLE, wondering if everything is really "back to normal" after all...

SMASH TO BLACK.

EXT. SADDLE HILLS, CALIFORNIA - DAY

There's not a cloud in the sky and the sun bathes Saddle Hills in a perfect golden light.

INT. HOUSE FOR SALE - DAY

Richard looks tense as he adjust various furnishings in the house-for-sale that the Dodsons backed out of earlier.

A GROUP OF PROSPECTIVE BUYERS walk through the door and Richard breaks into a wide smile.

RICHARD
Welcome!

Richard shakes the hand of one of the potential buyers and grimaces slightly as the guy squeezes his injured hand.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE - SAME

GREG and RUDY exit Rudy's BMW and walk up to the front door of this expansive home.

TWO GOONS are posted on either side of the door.

Greg's incredibly nervous and jumpy.

GREG
(to Rudy, re: the house)
I heard they were running hookers out of this house.

RUDY
That's just housewife garbage. Whenever they see a broad younger and hotter than them, they say they're whores.

Greg walks slowly and reluctantly behind Rudy who nods at the goons as he walks into the house.

Just before Greg passes through the threshold, one of the goons puts his arm out and stops him.

The Goon FRISKS him.

As he's patted down, Greg notices that this goon has a GUN in his waistband.

The heavy steps away from Greg.

GOON
You're clean.

Rudy's waiting for Greg at the door.

RUDY
Let's go meet your new investor.

Greg, sweating now, steps tentatively through the front door but just before he walks all the way in, he looks back at the perfect blue sky.

He's scared...but resigned. He knows that once he walks into this house, his life will never be the same again.

He walks through the door.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - SAME

Paula sits in a leather chair across from her therapist, DR. JASON FRAZIER (fifties).

PAULA
If I do stay with him, is it because I love him so much or because I don't respect myself enough?

OFF PAULA, knowing that there is no good answer to her question...

INT. THE DUNNS' HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME

Alison is IN THE GARAGE, on the stepladder.

She pulls a MANILA ENVELOPE out of the ceiling and examines its contents.

Inside of it are a bunch of official-looking documents as well as a driver's license. We GET CLOSE ON THE LICENSE and see Alison's picture but the name on the license is *JULIA LAWSON*.

INT. THE DEAVERS' HOUSE - INDIA'S ROOM - SAME

INDIA grabs her phone off her desk, puts it in her pocket and then runs down the stairs and out the front door where a car is waiting for her.

I/E. CAR - CONTINUOUS

It's a Pontiac Grand Am.

India gets into the car and kisses the driver, a guy who's young but definitely too old for her.

We've seen him before.

At the coffee shop.

In front of the Dunns' house.

With his right hand, he slides the car into “Drive” while he takes the wheel with his left.

We GET CLOSE ON HIS LEFT HAND and it’s there that we see a tattoo around his ring finger. It’s Cyrillic writing.

This is the shooter.

As he pulls away, India slides closer to him.

INT. KYLE’S OFFICE - HALLWAY - SAME

As Kyle exits an exam room, the receptionist approaches.

RECEPTIONIST
Dr. Dunn, there’s someone waiting for you in your office.

Kyle shakes his head like he knows who it is.

He walks down this hallway, opens the door and walks into...

INT. KYLE’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle’s already talking when he walks through the door.

KYLE
You better not have brought donuts, Greg.

Clearly, he’s expecting his best friend.

But it’s not Greg sitting in the chair near his desk.

It’s **Danielle.**

Their eyes meet.

DANIELLE
We need to talk.

OFF KYLE, feeling his life slipping out from under him as we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END