HUSH, LITTLE BABY

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2/18/14

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EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

We're on a quiet street. A dark country road covered by a thick fog. A few houses dot the landscape.

Chirp... Chirp...

The sound of crickets lulls us into a dreamy calm. Until --

The peace is SHATTERED by the *deafening roar* of an engine as a jet-black MERCEDES flies past us at frightening speed.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Inside the sleek vehicle sits DOUG WESTON (33), cell phone to his ear. The confident swagger present in the car's flashy interior is nowhere to be found on Doug's nervous face.

The phone at his ear rings and rings. No one picking up.

DOUG
Come on, pick up. Come on, Liz.

No luck. The call goes to voice mail.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Goddammit.

Doug immediately re-dials. Looks back up and has to swerve to keep himself on the road.

He listens to the phone ring. Once... Twice...

Someone picks up -- but doesn't say anything.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Liz? Liz??

No response. But there's an alarming sound from the other end. A cough. A choke. Someone struggling to get words out.

Doug hangs up and THROWS the phone to the floor. He hits the gas pedal harder.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: An empty PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE toppled on its side on a bedroom bureau. Right next to it -- a FRAMED PHOTO.

We recognize a smiling, self-assured Doug with his arm around a slender, pretty brunette. His wife, LIZ WESTON (30). They couldn't look happier, posing together on a tropical beach.

But here in the bedroom, Liz is WRITHING violently on the bedroom floor.

Downstairs, a DOOR SLAMS. Footsteps POUND up the stairs.

Doug bursts in and sees his wife.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Automatic doors slide open to a quiet emergency room. Only a few people sit in the waiting room. The peace is broken as Doug runs inside with Liz cradled in his arms, unconscious.

DOUG
I need help! I've got a, an overdose. Please, a doctor...

Doug whips his head around looking for the closest doctor. The patients in the waiting room look back at him blankly.

A nearby orderly rushes over with a stretcher and helps Doug lay Liz down on her back. A young DOCTOR hears the commotion and runs over.

YOUNG DOCTOR
What'd she take?

DOUG
It's sleeping meds.

YOUNG DOCTOR
How many?

DOUG
I don't know. A lot.

The doctor takes the stretcher from Doug's hands and rushes it through the waiting room. Doug starts to follow but is stopped by a NURSE who puts a firm hand on his chest.

NURSE
Please, sir. We need you right here for now.

DOUG
That's my wife. She, the pills are from me...

NURSE
I understand, and it's okay, we're going to take good care of her...

Doug watches Liz be rushed to urgent care. The nurse's voice, along with all other sound, fades away as the doors swing shut and he loses sight of his wife.

He stumbles back, in a daze. Can feel all the eyes in the emergency room squarely on him --

SMASH TO BLACK.

OPENING CREDITS ROLL OVER A HOME VIDEO MONTAGE:

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AFTERNOON - HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE

A group of family and friends gather under a glittery **WELCOME HOME LIZ** sign in the entryway.

Someone shushes and they all go quiet as the front door opens and LIZ enters, with DOUG carrying luggage in behind her.

The group yells SURPRISE!

INT. WESTON HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY - HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE

An empty room with nothing but a CRIB in the corner.

Liz, looking healthy, paints the walls a fresh coat of baby blue. She turns and flicks paint at the camera, playful.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE

A very pregnant Liz reclines on the couch, eating a bowl of rainbow sherbert.

INT. HOSPITAL - HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE

The camera is wildly SHAKY as Liz SCREAMS through labor.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY - HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE

Liz lies on the bed with their NEWBORN BABY cradled to her chest. Doug trains the camera on the beautiful baby boy's face. It's nothing short of adorable.

END OF HOME VIDEO MONTAGE.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

Our first good look at Doug and Liz's home. It's one of many identical houses in a new residential development.

TITLE: 8 MONTHS LATER

We note the two TOYOTAS in the driveway. No Mercedes.

(*Note: Portions of this movie will be seen through the perspective of Nanny Cams. This will be noted in scene headings.)*

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - MORNING - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Grainy footage from a far corner gives us a perfect view of the room. Morning sunlight falls over the baby's crib where --

Baby AARON cries.

The door to our left swings open and Liz enters, still working on the buttons of a nice blouse.

LIZ
Morning, baby boy.

She leans over the crib and comes back up with baby Aaron in her arms. He's gotten a lot bigger since we last saw him.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Doug throws on his expensive sports coat and examines himself in a full length mirror. He looks good.

Next, he opens the closet and grabs his briefcase. He tosses it on the bed, opens it with a small key, and pulls out --

A thick stack of PRESCRIPTION DRUG SAMPLES.

He quickly sifts through them.

Silently counting in his head.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Aaron sits in a highchair, gleefully struggling as Liz fights to feed him soft baby food.

LIZ
Mama? Can you say mama? Say “thank you, mama, I’d love to eat my breakfast like a good boy.”

Aaron just gurgles and spits out a mouthful of baby food.

SARAH (O.S.)
I think that means the same thing in baby talk.

Liz turns to see her older sister SARAH (late 30s) walk in.

SARAH (CONT’D)
I was really hoping I’d get to hear the first word before I leave.

LIZ
He’s getting closer. Sometimes I trick myself into hearing it.

SARAH
Hey, the front door was open a crack when I pulled up. Doug still hasn’t fixed it?

LIZ
Ugh. He has to get a specific kind of hinge, or something. He keeps saying he’s gonna do it.
(beat)
You want to take over? I can’t be late today.

Liz hands the baby food over to Sarah as Doug enters the room and heads straight for the coffee pot -- which is empty.

DOUG
No coffee.

LIZ
Sorry. I haven’t had a second.
(to Sarah)
We’ll both be home early today. Interviews starting at four.

DOUG
You sure Jim doesn’t want to rethink this move?

SARAH
No such luck, I’m afraid. Still haven’t found the right fit?

LIZ
There was one girl that I liked, but she had the audacity to keep calling Doug Mr. Weston.

DOUG
If she can't follow simple instructions...

LIZ
He just can't stand he's getting old.

Doug kisses Aaron and Liz and starts for the door.

DOUG
Hey, I figure, we dig long enough, we've got to strike gold at some point.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Doug and Liz sit together on the couch, facing a YOUNG NANNY (19) seated in the arm chair across from them. Classic interview set up.

YOUNG NANNY
The dad got a job in Florida two months ago, and I've just basically been on the hunt since.

DOUG
You said the kids there were five and two? Do you have experience with infants?

YOUNG NANNY
Oh, yeah. I used to watch my baby cousin all the time in high school, during summer break and stuff.

Beep-Beep.

The young girl JUMPS. Pulls her phone out of her back pocket.

YOUNG NANNY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

She checks her phone. Snickers at a text message.

Doug and Liz share a glance.

LATER

Doug and Liz now sit across from a TATTOOED NANNY (20s).

She smiles at the Weston's and waits for their questions. But Doug is fixated on her many tattoos and body piercings.

LATER

The next interviewee is a MALE NANNY (early 30s). It's immediately evident the energy in the room is much better than the last two.

LIZ
Aw, that's got to be tough.

MALE NANNY
It is, but it's part of the gig, I guess. We still keep in touch. She's ten now, and on Facebook. So that's a game changer.

DOUG
Man, today, probably has her own cellphone already too, huh?

MALE NANNY
I get weekly texts.

LIZ
Adorable.

They all smile. There's a beat of comfortable silence.

DOUG
Well...

Doug stands and offers a hand to his wife, who follows.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You've got an impressive resume. We're hoping to make a decision pretty quickly, so we'll be in touch soon.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

The water runs in the connected bathroom as Liz sits up in bed on her laptop.

ON THE SCREEN: A Nanny web site is open to the MALE NANNY'S profile, in front of a window showing the nanny cam view of Aaron's quiet room.

IN THE CONNECTED BATHROOM

Doug spits out a mouthful of Listerine and wipes his mouth.

He stares at himself in the mirror, working over something in his mind.

He steps into the doorway and looks at Liz.

DOUG
So?

LIZ
He was pretty great, right?

DOUG
Really personable guy.

A long beat passes as they look at each other.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I don't think I can do a dude.

LIZ
But he was a guy.

Liz's shoulders slump.

LIZ
Man. This sucks.

Doug strips to his boxers and climbs into bed next to her. She snuggles up and rests her head on his shoulder.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Sarah leaves in four days.

DOUG
What do you want to do?

LIZ
What can we do? Tomorrow's my first day as floor manager, I can't just start asking for days off.

DOUG
Can you ask for night shifts? You're home during the day, I'm home at night?

LIZ
You know my sponsor's against that.

DOUG
But if we don't have a choice --

LIZ
Just, no. I can't. Okay?

DOUG
Okay.
(beat)
Any more hits on the web site?

LIZ
Everyone with a legitimate resume's in Columbus. No one wants to travel over an hour to East Bumfuck.

DOUG
Oh boy.

LIZ
What?

DOUG
I know what it means when you start swearing.

Liz closes her laptop and leans over to put it on the floor.

LIZ
I'm fine.

DOUG
I tell you what. I'll print up some more flyers and stop by the college in the morning. One final push.

LIZ
Fine.

Liz gets under the covers and faces the wall. She closes her eyes, finished with this conversation.

LATER

Crying in the dark.

Both Doug and Liz stir in bed as the BABY MONITOR on the night stand comes to life with Aaron's ear-splitting cries.

DOUG
Whose turn?

LIZ
It’s me.

A beat passes as neither of them move. Then Liz pushes herself out of bed and shuffles out of the room.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON’S ROOM - LATER - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Liz sits in a rocking chair next to the crib, nursing Aaron by the glow of a night light. She hums a soft lullaby under her breath.

She hears footsteps in the hall and leans forward to peek out the bedroom door.

LIZ
(whispers)
What’s wrong?

A moment later, Doug appears in the doorway.

DOUG
He okay?

LIZ
Yeah. Just cranky. Like his mom.
(beat)
I’m sorry.

Doug doesn’t say anything. He doesn’t need to. He just steps into the room and takes a seat next to the rocking chair.

Liz brushes a hand through his hair. Then she gently nudges out of the seat and joins him on the floor. Rests her head on his shoulder as he throws an arm around her.

They sit close like that, family time in the quiet night.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Doug silently counts his DRUG SAMPLES as he watches the printer spit out a pile of flyers.

He glances out the window and watches Liz’s car pull out of the driveway and start off down the street.

EXT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE - MORNING

The brick and concrete campus bustles with the activity of early morning classes. Students that range in age from their late teens to their forties hurry between buildings.

Doug, looking very out of place in his suit, walks up to a bulletin board outside the entrance to the STUDENT CENTER.

He grabs the stack of flyers out of his briefcase and looks at the board.

There's not much room. Lots of guitar lessons, tutor offers and special interest clubs.

Doug looks around. No one pays much attention to him. He quickly starts to pin his flyers on top of all the others.

BACK AT HIS CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Doug smirks, happy with his work as he returns to his car --

FEMALE STUDENT (O.S.)
Hey!

Doug pretends he didn't hear. Unlocks the car.

FEMALE STUDENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey! Uh, Doug.

Doug stops. Braces himself and starts to turn.

DOUG
Look, I'm sorry. If those were your guitar lessons --

Doug's speech comes to a dead stop when he sees --

EMMA GREENBROOK (mid 20s), the gorgeous blonde bombshell standing at the edge of the parking lot and staring at him with an amused smirk. It takes a lot to throw Doug off his game, and Emma has it and more.

EMMA
I don't play the guitar. And I'm <u>definitely</u> not tutoring anybody. I come in peace.

Doug feigns relief.

DOUG
Thought I was in trouble.

EMMA
I'm Emma.

She steps up and shakes his hand.

DOUG
Doug. Doug Weston.

EMMA
I already knew that.

She gestures to his name on the flyer in her hand.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You're looking for a nanny?

DOUG
That's what the flyer says.

EMMA
Well, I'd be very interested.

DOUG
Do you have experience?

EMMA
Lots.

DOUG
Then let's hope you're the answer to me and my wife's prayers. Are you available to come by for an interview today? Say around six?

EMMA
I'm wide open after three today.

DOUG
Perfect.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - EVENING

As the sun starts to set behind the house, we spot Emma sitting with Doug and Liz through the living room window.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The mood in the room is very positive. Emma's poise and confidence is electric. She has both Doug and Liz eating right out of her hand.

DOUG
That's fantastic that your parents were so supportive. I think my dad would've given me up for late adoption if I'd even thought about putting off college.

EMMA
They knew I was doing what I love. Taking care of kids has literally been my life since I was a kid, running around with my American Girl dolls. I had three kids I was taking care of, I wasn't ready for it to come to an end.

LIZ
You must really love your child-care classes.

EMMA
It almost feels like I'm getting away with something, you know? Like, school's not supposed to be this fun, is it?

Suddenly, the BABY MONITOR on the end table comes to life --

Aaron starts to cry.

Liz watches closely as Emma melts at the sound.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Awwww. That's him, huh?

Liz looks at Doug. A thought passing between them.

LIZ
Do you want to meet him?

EMMA
(wasn't expecting this)
Can I?

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - EVENING - NANNY CAM POV

Aaron stands up in his crib and cries, tiny hands on the railings supporting his balance. His head snaps towards the bedroom door as it swings open.

Doug and Liz lead Emma into the room.

EMMA
Oh my God. He's adorable.
(to Aaron)
Hi! Hi, Aaron!

Aaron's tears slow as Liz picks him up out of the crib. He's curious about his visitor.

DOUG
Look at that. He likes you already.

LIZ
Want to meet someone? Yeah? This is Emma. Can you say Emma?

EMMA
Hi Aaron. It's nice to meet you.

DOUG
He's not quite talking yet. But we think it could happen any day now.

LIZ
We're really excited. Only question is if it's gonna be mama or dada.

Liz gently holds him out towards Emma.

EMMA
Are you sure?

Liz nods. Emma cautiously but confidently takes him.

Doug and Liz smile to each other and watch as Emma rocks Aaron, cooing him into a quiet comfort.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Doug and Liz sit on the couch, conversing in hushed voices.

LIZ
She's amazing. This feels good. Really good. Right?

DOUG
She blows everyone else we've met out of the water.

In the front hall, the TOILET FLUSHES. Doug and Liz stand up as Emma walks into the room.

EMMA
Thank you.

LIZ
Of course. So...

DOUG
Do you mind if we keep a copy of your resume?

Liz shoots Doug a look. *What are you doing?*

EMMA
Of course.

DOUG
Great.

Doug starts leading Emma towards the door. Liz can't believe what she's seeing.

DOUG (CONT'D)
We're hoping to make a decision pretty quickly, so we'll be in touch soon.

EMMA
Sounds good.

They reach the door.

EMMA (CONT'D)
And I'll understand either way, but let me just say that I'd really, really love this job. Your son is precious.

DOUG
Thank you, Emma. And thanks so much for coming by tonight.

Liz gathers herself in time to say goodbye.

LIZ
It was so good getting to know you. Drive safe.

EMMA
I always do. Good night, Liz. Good night, Doug.

Emma steps out of the house. As soon as the door's closed --

LIZ
What was that?

DOUG
What?

LIZ
We just finished saying how great she is. And then she gets the same speech you give everyone, verbatim?

DOUG
I think we should talk about it --

LIZ
What more is there to talk about? We both agreed she's by far the best person we've seen...
(beat)
Oh God.

DOUG
What?

LIZ
Please tell me it's not because she's pretty.

DOUG
I was gonna say we should check her references. But since you bring it up, is that something to consider?

LIZ
I don't know, is it?

DOUG
Don't look at me like that.

LIZ
Do you actually think my self-esteem is that low?

DOUG
Look, it's just...
(treading lightly)
We haven't exactly been, active, in the bedroom these past few months. I just wouldn't want to do anything that would make you feel --

LIZ
Do you have any idea how normal that is after having a baby?

Doug has nothing to say. Just looks at her. She can't believe they're even having this conversation.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

Emma drives in silence. She reaches down to her iPod in the middle console. Scrolls through and clicks play.

The music that fills the car is a SING-ALONG performed by a children's choir. Eerily familiar.

CHILDREN'S CHOIR (ON RADIO)
Hush, little baby, don't say a word...

The innocent lullaby is haunting in Emma's lonely, childless car. With the music, Emma's demeanor slowly changes. Her steady confidence melts away.

Her breath HITCHES. She begins to fight for air, HYPERVENTILATING as some raw, buried emotion takes control.

This is NOT the girl who just left Doug and Liz's house.

There's a sharp curve in the road up ahead.

Emma's foot PRESSES DOWN on the gas pedal...

The thick treeline quickly grows in her headlights as the car HURTLES TOWARDS IMPACT --

EXT. ROAD - SAME

The car SCREECHES to a halt just before going off the road. It sits there a long moment in the calm night. Then it gently pulls back onto the road and fades into the darkness.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Doug paces in the bedroom, iPhone to his ear.

We can hear the muffled voice of the person on the other end talking his ear off.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - NIGHT - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

In the soft glow of the night light --

Liz sits in the rocking chair next to the crib, slowly rocking Aaron to sleep.

Footsteps from the hall, and Doug enters the room.

LIZ
(hushed)
So?

DOUG
I spoke to two of the families. They both raved about her.

Nothing else needs to be said. They both know the decision's already been made.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Emma's car pulls up to the curb and parks outside the house.

Emma gets out, pulls a shoulder bag out of the back seat and makes her way past Doug and Liz's cars up to the house.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The family sits on the floor around a pile of alphabet building blocks.

Emma helps Aaron build a tower.

Doug and Liz watch, amazed, as Emma gets Aaron to finish off the structure with the last block all by himself. Emma leads a rousing applause that gets a gleeful laugh from the baby.

EMMA
Good job, Aaron! Good job!

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

ANGLE ON: A refrigerator shelf filled with several baby bottles of milk.

LIZ
He usually gets one after his afternoon nap. We like to try to keep it to that, but if he's really moody you can go to this as a last resort.

EMMA
Okay. I always try to stay away from last resorts, though. Kind of my policy.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - LATER - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Emma stands with Doug at the CHANGING TABLE against the wall across from Aaron's empty crib.

Doug is showing Emma where all the changing supplies are.

DOUG
...and right here is your powder and wipes.

EMMA
All the essentials.

DOUG
Definitely can't skimp on this stuff. This has to be the worst part of the job for you.

EMMA
I'm so used to it now. I mean, poop is poop, right?

Doug looks at her, mocking amazement -- but half serious.

DOUG
He's my kid and every time I have to do it, it still feels like divine punishment for something I did in a past life.

EMMA
It's not that bad!

DOUG
It's disgusting. It's shit.

They laugh together. Share a moment.

EXT. PARK - LATER

The evening sun bathes the neighborhood park in a beautiful golden hue.

Doug and Liz sit close together on a bench.

DOUG AND LIZ'S POV: Emma sits in the grass with Aaron lounging between her legs. Pointing out a small dog across the park to the baby.

Liz takes a deep breath. Comfortable. Doug wraps an arm around her.

LIZ
She's perfect.

DOUG
I think we may have gotten pretty damn lucky.

LIZ
I love you.

DOUG
I love you.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight shines in through slits in the window blinds.

Doug is asleep on his side. Next to him, Liz is awake. Her eyes on the BABY MONITOR on the side table. It's silent.

She gets an idea. Pushes over so she's spooning against Doug.

She kisses his neck. Caresses his arms, his chest.

DOUG
Hey...

Liz rolls him over onto his back and continues kissing. It doesn't take long for Doug to get the idea. He reciprocates, kissing Liz passionately.

There's a sense of urgency to their wandering lips and hands. Making up for lost time. Their pajamas come off quickly.

Lost in passion, they begin to make love for the first time in who knows how long.

Their breath quickens. The covers moving up and down with urgency. And --

Doug finishes. Quickly.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Shit.

He slumps into Liz's arms. Catching his breath.

LIZ
It's okay.

DOUG
I'm sorry.

LIZ
Shhh. It's okay.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - MORNING - NANNY CAM POV

Curtains billow as a soft breeze blows through an open window. The room is quiet and empty.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Emma sits on the carpet with Aaron, playing building blocks.

EMMA
That says mama. Can you say mama?

They couldn't be more comfortable with each other.

INT. NORDSTROM - MORNING

The department store is already jam-packed.

Liz, looking beautiful in a chic outfit, works behind the registers, overseeing the staff. She helps one employee finish a transaction.

She's quick and efficient, moving the customers along.

INT. SYSTCO PHARMACEUTICAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Doug stands at the head of a long conference table, a team of salesmen in front of him.

DOUG
So we all have our assigned practices?
(murmur of yes's)
Good. Let's get out there and sell some drugs. Get me your numbers by the end of the day.

Doug starts to pack up his briefcase as the team disperses.

When the last of the salesmen is out of the room, Doug pulls out his cell.

INT. NORDSTROM - MORNING

Liz walks through the sales floor, checking stock and watching employees help customers.

Bzzz.

Her phone in her pocket. She steps behind a display and discreetly checks the text message from Doug.

How's my big time manager doing?

Liz smirks as she types a response.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The front door opens and Doug steps inside to find Liz sitting on the floor, playing with Emma and Aaron.

DOUG
Hey, guys.

LIZ
Look who it is, Aaron. It's daddy. Can you say daddy? Say "hi daddy."
(Aaron gurgles)
I invited Emma to stay for dinner.

EMMA
I hope that's okay. If it's a problem, I can totally --

DOUG
No, not a problem. Sounds great.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - DINNER TABLE - LATER

Dinner's been served. Emma sits next to Aaron, while Doug and Liz watch on in amazement as she lovingly feeds their son his baby food. He happily eats it.

LIZ
You're going to have to teach me your technique.

EMMA
It's not much of a technique. I just, I don't know, try to make it fun for him. Like a game.

LIZ
He's usually so fussy.

EMMA
Well, he's gonna be lucky when he grows up and can eat big boy food. The chicken's delicious, Liz.

LIZ
Thank you, Emma.

A short lull in the conversation as everyone chews.

DOUG
Do you have any siblings, Emma?

EMMA
(shakes her head)
Only child. That's probably why I love kids so much. I spent my childhood wishing for a baby brother or sister that never came.

LIZ
Do you have a boyfriend?

There's a slight beat from Emma. Barely noticeable.

EMMA
No, single for now. So you won't have to worry about some random guy hanging around.

LIZ
Oh, that wouldn't be an issue. I was just thinking, you probably can't wait to have your own kids.

Emma pauses. Looks between Liz and Doug, a bit taken aback.

Reading her expression, Liz immediately regrets the comment.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... Was that a weird thing to say?

EMMA
No... No, not at all. I'm sorry. It's just... Not something I've given a lot of thought to. Yet.

LIZ
Understandable. You're still young.

DOUG
Absolutely. You're focusing on your career, which is what you should be doing.

Emma flashes her incredible smile and takes a bite of chicken. Everything back to normal.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Doug washes the dishes as Emma walks in with the last of the dirty plates.

EMMA
Let me help with that.

DOUG
I got it.

EMMA
At least let me dry.

DOUG
Liz cooks, I clean. Don't throw off the equilibrium, you'll leave the house in utter chaos.

Emma lingers. Wanting to say something --

EMMA
You guys have a really special family, you know.

Doug's scrubbing slows. He's touched.

DOUG
Thanks, Emma.

EMMA
I'm glad I caught you. At the college, I mean. I have a feeling this is really gonna work out.

She reaches out and touches his arm. The contact only lasts a second, but it's electric for Doug. He doesn't say anything.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Thank Liz for dinner. I don't want to bother her upstairs.

Emma turns and exits the room. Doug watches her leave.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Doug goes through his morning routine. Counts his samples.

Bump.

He turns around --

Emma stands in the hall, looking at the drugs in his hands.

DOUG
Hey.

EMMA
Sorry. I was just getting Aaron.

DOUG
No, it's okay. Good morning.

Emma smiles. But her eyes return to the samples in Doug's hands. Doug notices.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Work.

Beat.

EMMA
Yeah... I'm gonna get him. Have a good day.

Doug watches curiously as Emma disappears down the hall.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - LATER - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Aaron stands in his crib and cries.

Wails louder and louder --

But no one comes.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - MORNING

The sounds of Aaron's cries are loud out here, as Emma slowly walks along the hallway.

She looks at the various family photos framed on the wall. Inspecting each one closely.

As she reaches the end of the hall --

She pushes the MASTER BEDROOM door open a crack. Ignores Aaron's cries and disappears inside.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Emma sits on the couch. Doug's LAPTOP is open on the coffee table in front of her.

She looks through family pictures.

Doug with Liz. Doug with Liz and Aaron.

Picture after picture of the happy family.

Emma clicks through faster. Her eyes void of emotion.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

A busy waiting room.

Doug looks frazzled as he pleads with the RECEPTIONIST, who looks like she'd rather be doing anything but dealing with him right now.

DOUG
Listen, if you just page Doctor Brangley and tell him that Doug Weston is here, please, it's very, very important to me --

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Weston, there's nothing I can do. He told me that you'd be coming in, and to apologize that he has to miss your meeting. If you call him next week, I'm sure he'll reschedule.

They've been at this for awhile. Doug slumps. Defeated.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens and Doug steps inside.

He's immediately struck by a feeling of emptiness in the house. An unsettling quiet.

DOUG
Hello? Emma?

No response.

Doug starts across the room for the kitchen --

EMMA (O.S.)
You're home early.

Doug spins around --

Emma stands in the front hall, at the bottom of the stairs.

Doug immediately notices something <u>off</u> about her. He can't put his finger on it -- a strange coldness.

DOUG
Yeah.

EMMA
How was work?

DOUG
I had a cancellation.

EMMA
Hmm. I guess people didn't need their drugs today, huh?

Doug pauses.

DOUG
How was Aaron?

EMMA
He's an angel.

A long beat passes between them. Emma's suddenly icy eyes glaring right into Doug's. Finally, he can't take anymore.

DOUG
Great. Why don't you start your weekend early, then. We'll see you Monday.

EMMA
Bye, Doug.

She turns and exits the house without a look back.

Doug doesn't move for a moment. *What the hell was that?*

He spots his laptop on the coffee table. Out of place.

He walks over to it and clicks into the nanny cam feed --

The screen is blank. The feed down.

Confusion beginning to mix with worry, Doug goes to work on the keyboard and jumps the feed back to earlier in the day.

Images of Aaron's empty bedroom from that afternoon.

He skips ahead, fast forwarding quickly through dead time, until Emma shows up and places Aaron in his crib.

He fast forwards some more. Sees Emma reenter the room later, and hits play.

Doug’s breath catches.

Utter FEAR enters his eyes as on the screen --

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON’S ROOM - AFTERNOON - NANNY CAM POV

Emma stands in the doorway, eerily still. Staring at the crib with emotionless eyes.

It takes us a moment to notice --

A shiny BUTCHER KNIFE dangles in her right hand.

Several excruciating seconds pass as she stares at Aaron.

Then she takes a step into the room --

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The feed CUTS OFF.

Doug stares at the blank screen for a long moment. Dazed.

Then he’s off the couch, through the living room, and flying up the stairs in a split second.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON’S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doug BURSTS into the room and runs straight to the crib.

He looks down --

An almost animalistic cry of relief escapes from deep inside him. Pure instinct and emotion.

Aaron lies in the crib, squirming around and looking up at his dad with wide, loving eyes.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doug splashes water on his face. Breathes deep, trying to regain his composure.

He hears the front door open downstairs.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doug makes his way down the stairs, still dazed.

From the kitchen --

LIZ (O.S.)
Oh my God...

Doug picks up his pace.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Doug steps into the kitchen and stops dead in his tracks --

LIZ
Did you do this?

DOUG
Not me.

There's a beautiful dinner already set on the table. Two place settings and a BOTTLE OF WINE.

A small NOTE leans against the wine.

Doug picks it up and holds it for both he and Liz to read.

In very neat handwriting --

What goes around comes around :)

LIZ
Wow. For dinner the other night?

DOUG
Must be.

Liz notices Doug's demeanor. Still shook.

LIZ
What's wrong?

DOUG
Nothing. Why don't you sit down.

He grabs the bottle of wine and turns for the door.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doug stands in front of the sink and CHUGS from the now-open bottle of wine.

He examines himself in the mirror a long moment.

Takes one last pull, then --

Turns the bottle over. Dumps the wine down the drain.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Doug tosses the empty bottle into the RECYCLING BIN just outside the back door.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

The meal is gone. The plates scraped clean.

Doug washes the dishes. His attention keeps going back to the dirty BUTCHER KNIFE in the dish washer's drying rack.

Liz walks over and snuggles up behind him.

LIZ
Hey. Do you want to talk to her about the wine, or should I?

DOUG
I can do it.

LIZ
K. Thanks.

Beat.

DOUG
I think the battery for Aaron's camera died.

LIZ
Oh no. Can you grab another tomorrow?

DOUG
Yeah.
(beat)
I need to show you something.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

The laptop sits between Doug and Liz on the bed. The footage of Emma with the knife finishes playing on the screen.

LIZ
Honey...
(beat)
Listen, I can understand why seeing that would make you nervous.

DOUG
Nervous? It was the scariest moment of my life.

LIZ
I know. I'm sorry, babe. But now, knowing that she cooked dinner for us, don't you think she probably just came to check on him and forgot to put it down?

Doug considers.

DOUG
It's not just the knife.

LIZ
What do you mean?

DOUG
When I got home, she was, I don't know. Weird.

LIZ
Weird?

DOUG
Something was just different.
(beat)
We should talk to her.

LIZ
Honey, everything's going so smooth. I don't think we should make this into an issue.

DOUG
We have to at least ask her about it, Liz. I'm not saying to be confrontational. Just let her know that something like that isn't safe. It's not acceptable.

Liz examines her husband. He's dead serious.

EMMA (PRELAP)
I'm so sorry, you guys.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Emma sits on the couch next to Liz. She looks genuinely contrite. Embarrassed, even.

Doug stands, dressed for work. Trying not to pace.

EMMA
I must have just, I don't even know. Forgot I was holding it.
(beat)
The last thing I want to do is betray your trust in me.

LIZ
No, honey. You didn't do that.

DOUG
You did give me a little scare.

EMMA
Something I'll never do again, Doug. It was a lapse of judgement, and I, I mean, I'm so sorry. I feel horrible. Like I failed you.

Emma's voice cracks. Liz tries not to squirm, clearly uncomfortable putting her in this position.

She reaches out and takes Emma's hand.

LIZ
You've done a great job. There's nothing for you to feel bad about. Doug just wanted to make sure you're aware that we try to keep the baby's room as safe a place as possible.

Liz looks to Doug, who stares daggers right back at her.

DOUG
That's right. That's all we wanted to say here, Emma.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Liz follows Doug into the bedroom, who spins on her as soon as the door's closed.

DOUG
Are you kidding me?

His tone is hushed, but angry. Aggressive.

LIZ
Whoa. Good talk to you, too.

DOUG
Could you have thrown me under the bus anymore than you just did?

LIZ
I didn't throw you under the bus --

DOUG
Oh, cut the shit. Doug thinks this, Doug thinks that. It was one hell of a good cop impression, Liz.

LIZ
Okay, first of all, don't talk to me like that. I'm not one of your little salesmen task force. You're the one pouting like a little baby over absolutely nothing --

DOUG
Absolutely nothing? This is our <u>son</u> and you're fine leaving him with just anyone --

LIZ
No, Doug, not just anyone. I trust her, because I've actually been around. I've <u>seen</u> her interact with him, take care of him.

Beat.

DOUG
Well, I'm sorry that I have to scratch and claw every minute of the goddamn day to keep this roof over our heads. Just remember that I didn't create this situation.

Liz nearly recoils from that last comment. A slap to the face that Doug instantly regrets saying.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I'm gonna be late.

Doug steps past Liz and exits the bedroom.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doug grabs his suitcase off the ground next to the couch and hurries for the front door. He pauses when he notices --

Emma standing in the kitchen doorway. Watching him.

DOUG
I'm sorry about that, Emma. Let's forget it ever happened, okay?

EMMA
You should take it easier on her.

DOUG
Excuse me?

Beep! Beep! Beep! The microwave goes off behind Emma.

EMMA
That's Aaron's bottle.

She turns and disappears into the kitchen.

INT. RADIO SHACK - NIGHT

The small electronics store is quiet and mostly empty near its closing hour.

Doug, holding a pack of batteries in one hand, slowly peruses an aisle of HIDDEN CAMERAS for the home.

Teddy bears. Picture frames. Ash trays.

They come in all shapes and sizes.

RADIO SHACK CLERK (O.S.)
Looking to keep an extra set of eyes on someone?

Doug turns to see a gangly RADIO SHACK CLERK (30s) standing next to him.

DOUG
Maybe. We've got a new nanny in the house. Our first.

RADIO SHACK CLERK
Gotcha. We get a lot of customers looking to keep track of their children's caregivers.

DOUG
Really?

RADIO SHACK CLERK
You'd be surprised. I've heard horror stories. The things some people do... This one guy came in here, his son had been getting sick way too often...

DOUG
Oh God, don't even tell me.

RADIO SHACK CLERK
Caught the nanny spiking his bottles... With rubbing alcohol. My opinion, you can't be too careful when it comes to your kids.
(beat)
Let's find you some cameras.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

CLOSE ON: DOUG'S FACE

He steps back and looks right back at us -- his handiwork.

DOUG
Are you... I think that's on.

We finally get our bearings --

Surprisingly high-quality video shows a perfect view of the entire living room from an eye-level vantage point.

<u>NON-NANNY CAM POV</u>

Doug looks directly back at a new PICTURE FRAME sitting on the fire place's mantle. The photo of Doug and Liz on vacation inside the frame.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

A similar view of the kitchen. We're looking down from on top of the refrigerator.

Doug reaches up and JOSTLES us around a bit. When we come to rest, we've got a perfect view of the room.

NON-NANNY CAM POV

A new SUGAR JAR sits on top of the refrigerator.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT - NANNY CAM POV

Another feed goes live. Looking out from atop a side table, from just behind a picture frame.

We get a perfect view of the front door, the stairs, and the entryway into the living room.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - NIGHT - NANNY CAM POV

A new view comes up in the upstairs hallway, giving an unobstructed view down the hall.

Doug steps back and smiles to himself. Proud of his work.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - NANNY CAM POV

The living room is empty.

But we hear someone moving around off camera.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - NANNY CAM POV

Liz moves about in here. She's dressed even nicer than usual as she readies a bottle of milk for Aaron.

Creaaak.

Liz hears the front door open and lights up as she looks in that direction.

LIZ
Hey! Good morning!

INT. WESTON HOUSE - FRONT HALL - MOMENTS LATER - NANNY CAM POV

Doug hurries down the stairs, dressed for work. He passes Emma, making her way up to Aaron's room.

DOUG
Hey, good morning, Emma.

No response from Emma as she brushes past him.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Doug joins Liz in the kitchen.

DOUG
I don't think she's happy with me.

He does a double take at Liz's outfit as he goes to pour a cup of coffee.

DOUG (CONT'D)
One little fight and you're already trying to impress someone else?

LIZ
(cold)
They think we might get the secret shopper today. Sandy wants everyone bringing their A-game.

DOUG
Well, you've got impressive A-game.

They stand there and look at each other for a long moment. A thousand words passing between them in this silence.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You know you're torturing me.
(nothing from Liz)
I'm sorry. Okay?

The magic words. The corners of Liz's mouth twitch. Just barely forming a tiny smirk.

She steps over to Doug and gives him a peck on the side of the mouth.

LIZ
You've got to work on your game.

She exits the room, leaving Doug to watch after her.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - AFTERNOON - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Aaron rolls around in his crib and WAILS at the top of his lungs. Really giving it his all.

The door swings open and Emma walks over to him.

EMMA
Are you done with your afternoon nap? Huh? Ready for play time?

She reaches down and scoops Aaron up.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - FRONT HALL - AFTERNOON - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Aaron WALKS unsteadily down the hall. Wobbling for balance.

Almost goes down --

But he catches himself at the last second. Takes another shaky step.

Emma watches from the bottom of the stairs. Follows after him as he reaches the entrance to the living room.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Emma sits on the carpet with Aaron. The alphabet building blocks are spread out around them.

Emma puts a few of them together. We can't quite make them out from up here.

Aaron squirms, but she steadies him. Directs his attention to the blocks, if only for a few short seconds.

EMMA
What does this say, Aaron? Huh? Can you say that?

Aaron gurgles. Babbles gibberish.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

We PULL BACK to see Doug watching all this on his laptop.

He's at the kitchen table, eating a plate of warmed-up leftovers as he goes through that day's footage.

LIZ (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Doug quickly clicks out of the video and SPINS around to see Liz standing in the doorway. She looks adorable in her PJ's.

DOUG
Just going through some work stuff. You calling it a night?

LIZ
(nods)
Come with me.

DOUG
I'll be up in a little bit.

LIZ
Ok. But I might be asleep by then.

Doug looks back to his computer. Distracted.

DOUG
That's okay. I'll see you in the morning.

Liz looks at him a beat. Can't believe it. She disappears from the room with a huff. Doug doesn't even notice.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - FRONT HALL - LATER

The house is quiet as Doug stands at the open front door.

He's got a screwdriver and a new hinge in his hands. He tries to be quiet as he replaces the door's faulty hinge.

But not enough.

Aaron's WAILS fill the quiet home.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - LATER - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Doug cradles Aaron in his arms, feeding him a bottle as he paces back and forth in the glow of the night light.

Suddenly he slows. Takes a closer look at Aaron's head.

DOUG
(sotto)
What...

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Liz, just woken by Doug, looks down at Aaron on the bed.

Doug gently turns Aaron's head to show a dark BRUISE on the back of his scalp.

DOUG
And another one here.

He lifts Aaron's arm to show off another bruise near the baby's underarm.

Doug looks at Liz. Thinks he's proving a point about Emma.

LIZ
He's a baby who's just learning to walk, Doug. There's going to be bumps and bruises.

DOUG
Okay. Let's give her the benefit of the doubt and assume this is just from a fall, nothing else. She doesn't let us know about it?

LIZ
She did let us know about it. It was the first thing she told me when I got home.

Doug looks at Liz. Speechless.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I would've told you, but you worked late, and then basically didn't even know I was there in the kitchen earlier.

DOUG
Liz --

Liz stands and picks up Aaron.

LIZ
It's after midnight, Doug. I'm putting him back to bed.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Emma sits with Aaron, feeding him breakfast as Liz finishes washing some left over dirty dishes. She turns to see Doug walk in.

LIZ
Coffee?

DOUG
No time. Hi, Emma.

EMMA
(happy)
Hi, Doug.

Doug and Liz share a quick glance. *Guess she's over it*.

AARON
Em-ma!

Both Doug and Liz's heads snap towards Aaron, who reaches out with both arms for his nanny. Emma looks back at them with wide eyes -- and a HUGE smile.

LIZ
Oh my God.

Liz glances sideways at Doug. Both of them shocked.

EMMA
Did you hear that?

A long moment passes.

But then Liz forces herself to break her paralysis. She moves to Aaron and showers him with kisses.

LIZ
You talked! What a big boy!

EMMA
He talked! Did you hear it, Doug?

Doug can't answer. We hold on him as he looks from Aaron back to Emma, speechless.

Her gleeful smile. Her ecstatic eyes bore right into him.

Eating away.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Doug drops into the driver's seat and closes the door. But he doesn't start the car.

He stares out at his house. Through the front window, where he can see Emma holding Aaron and LAUGHING with Liz. Both of them so excited.

INT. LIZ'S CAR - LATER

Liz drives to work. Her demeanor is a stark contrast to the facade that Doug saw just a short while ago.

She rolls to an intersection and stops at a red light. She takes a deep breath. Desperately tries to stop the oncoming flood of emotion, but she can't. She lets it all out.

INT. SYSTCO PHARMACEUTICAL - DOUG'S CUBICLE - AFTERNOON

Doug sits at his desk with the nanny cam feeds open on his computer in front of him. There's several spreadsheets at his fingertips, but they're unattended to.

Doug is in his own world, staring at footage of Emma playing with Aaron in the living room.

INT. NORDSTROM - BREAK ROOM - AFTERNOON

Liz sits alone in the break room with a sandwich in front of her, untouched. She's lost in her own thoughts.

The door swings open and ALICE (20s), one of Liz's coworkers, walks in.

ALICE
Hey, Liz.

LIZ
Hey, Alice. Still slow out there?

ALICE
It's picking up.

Liz nods and watches Alice go to one of the break room's lockers and reach into a purse. She pulls out a PRESCRIPTION PILL bottle and shakes a few pills into her palm.

Liz watches closely as Alice pops the pills into her mouth and swallows with a swish from a water bottle.

INT. LIZ'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Liz is in her car, sitting in the Nordstrom parking lot.

She takes deep breaths. Tries to control her breathing. Desperately tries to regain control.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - LATER

Liz steps out of her car and grabs a few groceries from the back seat. She carries them up the front walk to the house.

She steps up onto the front stoop, looks up --

And stops dead in her tracks.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS - NANNY CAM POV

The FRONT DOOR is WIDE OPEN.

Liz hesitates on the front stoop, framed perfectly in the doorway. She looks nervously straight past us into the house.

She waits a beat longer. Steels herself. And steps inside.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NANNY CAM POV

Liz steps into the empty room. Takes in the shadows thrown by the window blinds. Aaron's toys scattered on the floor. The deafening silence.

LIZ
Hello? Emma?

She cranes her neck to see the kitchen, just out of our view.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - NANNY CAM POV

Liz steps into the kitchen doorway.

We follow her eyes to one of Aaron's baby bottles, discarded on the counter. Half-drank.

Liz fights the panic rising in her stomach as she disappears back out of the room.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS - NANNY CAM POV

Liz RUSHES past us to the stairs.

LIZ
Aaron... Aaron!

INT. WESTON HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - MOMENTS LATER - NANNY CAM POV

The sound of POUNDING FOOTSTEPS leads to --

Liz cresting the top of the staircase, almost tripping onto the second floor landing.

She picks herself up, kicks off her high heels and SPRINTS to the end of the hall.

She disappears through Aaron's open door --

A moment of breathless silence stretches out --

Then the sounds of Liz's WAILS fill the quiet home.

INT. HEALTH CLINIC - BACK OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A doctor's office filled with medical clutter. Instruments, medication, prescription pads.

Doug leans against a large desk, patiently waiting as the doctor seated behind it fills out a stack of paperwork.

DOUG
When do you think this'll take you through? Next Tuesday?

DOCTOR
When does the order come in?

Bzzz... Bzzz...

Doug's phone goes off in his pocket. He takes a peek --

Liz. He silences it.

DOUG
Sorry. Order should be in next week. The samples will last you until then?

DOCTOR
I'll have to make it sufficient, I suppose.

Bzzz... Bzzz...

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Do you need to take that?

INT. HEALTH CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

Doug steps into the lobby and answers his phone.

DOUG
Hey, hun -- Liz?

We can just hear the sound of her panic on the other end. It takes Doug by surprise. He's immediately alarmed.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Whoa, whoa. Honey, slow down. What's going on?

EXT. HEALTH CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Doug’s Toyota PEELS out of the parking lot.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - LATER

Doug’s car careens into the driveway. He’s almost out of it before it even comes to a full stop.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doug EXPLODES through the front door --

And comes to a dead stop.

Confused at the sight before him.

Where AARON sits on the floor, playing with his toys.

Completely unharmed.

Beyond the baby --

Doug spots Liz and Emma sitting at the kitchen table.

Liz sees him and quickly walks into the room. Emma follows.

LIZ
Doug --

DOUG
What happened? Is he okay?

LIZ
He’s fine --

DOUG
(to Emma)
What’d you do?

EMMA
I took him to the park. We’ve gone everyday this week, he loves it.

LIZ
They got back like twenty minutes ago. I tried to call you but it kept going to voice mail.

Doug shakes his head. Confused.

DOUG
But you said the door...

EMMA
We figure it must have just blown open. Liz says there's a bad hinge or something?

LIZ
You never fixed it, did you?

Doug looks to his wife. Stammers for words. Then back to Emma. Her wide, innocent eyes.

On the floor --

AARON
Em-ma!

Doug looks down at his son. Smiling widely up at Emma.

Doug leans down, close to Aaron.

DOUG
Say da-da. Can you say da-da?

LIZ
Doug, what are you doing?

DOUG
Who am I? Da-da, right?

Aaron gurgles.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Say da-da!

LIZ
Doug!

Emma reaches down for Aaron as he starts to CRY, but Doug lunges to intercept him. Before he can get his hands on him --

Liz steps forward, getting between Doug and Emma.

LIZ (CONT'D)
You need to calm down.

DOUG
Give me the baby.

Emma doesn't move.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Give me my goddamn son, Emma!

She takes a step back now. Holds Aaron protectively against her chest.

LIZ
What's the matter with you?

A beat as Doug processes. Breathes fire. He backs up a few steps. Lets out a sharp LAUGH. Scary in its sudden harshness.

DOUG
Nothing. Nothing at all.

He spins around and walks out the door. He SLAMS it shut behind him.

A moment of shocked silence. Then Liz hurries to the door.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Liz runs down the front walk as Doug reaches his car.

LIZ
What the hell is your problem?

DOUG
My problem? My problem is that I just spent the last hour thinking that girl in there kidnapped my son. Only, what, two weeks after thinking that girl in there... Thinking she...

Doug can't even finish the thought aloud.

LIZ
I had a trigger today, Doug. Bad.

Doug looks at his wife. Looks back to the house.

Liz watches, broken, as he gets back in his car.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Still holding Aaron, Emma stands at the front window. Calmly watches a distraught Liz backpedal towards the house as Doug takes off down the street.

She steps away from the window as Liz turns around and enters the house.

EMMA
Liz --

LIZ
I'm so sorry, Emma.

EMMA
It's not your fault.

Emma takes a step towards her, but Liz brushes past her and hurries upstairs.

Emma watches her. At the corners of her mouth --

The hint of a SMILE as she waits a beat and then follows.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - NIGHT

The sun has set over the quiet neighborhood. A full moon shines brightly down over the house as Doug's car quietly pulls back into the driveway.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - NIGHT

Doug turns the ignition off and sits there a long moment. Stares out at the dark house.

Going inside is the last thing he wants to do right now.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

The house is dark. Asleep.

We hear the *creak* of the front door and moonlight from outside spills in, giving an eerie glow to Doug as he steps inside. He turns and checks the door's hinge.

DOUG
(sotto)
What the hell...

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Aaron is sound asleep in his crib. The bright glow of his night light illuminates Doug as he steps into the room.

He stands by the crib for a long moment, looking down at his son. Safe and sound. So innocent.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Doug sits at the kitchen table with the laptop open in front of him. He goes into the nanny cam program and rewinds the footage to that afternoon.

Clicks play.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

It's earlier that afternoon. Aaron sits alone on the floor, playing with his building blocks. We might notice four blocks pushed together off to the side that spell --

EMMA

Emma enters from the kitchen with a small lunch box slung over her shoulder. She goes to the closet and pulls out a BABY STROLLER. Unfolds it and wheels it over to Aaron.

EMMA
You ready for the park? Yeah?
(lifts Aaron)
Emma just has to do one thing before we go.

She secures Aaron in the stroller and heads for the door.

FRONT HALL - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Emma steps up to the door. She turns and places her shoulder bag RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA. Blocking our view.

We can just make out movement that looks like Emma fiddling with the door.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Doug stares at the computer screen. He can't believe it.

DOUG
(sotto)
You little bitch...

He fast forwards. Emma and Aaron leave the house. Minutes and minutes of dead time fly by on the screen in front of him.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

The house is very still. Quiet.

Several moments pass. Then --

Swish...

The front door blows open. Just a crack, but we catch it.

There's a beat of stillness. Then the WIND BLOWS outside --

And the front door slowly swings open all the way.

We hear birds sing as the stillness in the house returns.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Doug stares at the image. Fast forwards some more.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - AFTERNOON - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Just after the big blow up with Doug. Emma enters Aaron's room with the baby and places him gently in the crib. She leans close, cooing to him softly.

EMMA
It's okay. Everything's going to be okay. Emma will make sure of it.

After a moment, she turns and exits the room.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Doug switches cameras again.

And suddenly sits up straight. His eyes go wide as he sees --

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

<u>There's a nanny cam INSIDE the master bedroom</u>.

One of them has been moved in here.

Right in front of us --

Liz sits on the edge of the bed, desperately trying to get her emotions under control.

Behind her --

Emma slips inside the room and quietly shuts the door.

EMMA
Hey... Are you okay?

LIZ
I'm sorry that happened... I don't know what's wrong with him. I don't know what's wrong with us.

Emma tentatively walks around the bed. Takes a seat right next to Liz.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I'd understand if you never wanted to come back here.

EMMA
Hey, no. That's not what I want. I love it here.

LIZ
I can't imagine why. I'd want to get the hell out of here. Everything's falling apart again. And you have a front row seat.

EMMA
Shhh. Don't think like that.

Emma starts to rub Liz's back. Comforting.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You have the most precious baby. I really, really love him. And you're an amazing woman, Liz. I look up to you. And I'm not just saying that.

LIZ
He makes me feel so little sometimes. I mean, I know I've screwed up, I know that. He doesn't need to constantly remind me, over and over.
(beat)
It's because he feels guilty, you know. He knows he wasn't around. And he hates that. He can't stand feeling culpable.

EMMA
Don't even think about him.

Emma brushes a strand of hair out of Liz's face.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Whatever he feels, that's his problem. You're a strong, beautiful woman, that anyone would be lucky to be with. I watch you around the house, with Aaron. You're amazing.

Liz looks up at Emma. She can't remember the last time someone talked to her like that.

Their eyes hold for a long moment. Emma shifts on the bed, nudging closer. Liz doesn't move away.

LIZ
You don't have to say that.

EMMA
It's how I feel. I can't believe how lucky I got. This was never part of the plan.

LIZ
What? What plan?

Beat.

EMMA
You.

Emma leans in --

And KISSES Liz on the lips. Soft and slow.

Liz starts to pull away --

LIZ
No, Emma --

EMMA
Shhh. It's okay.

Emma gently pulls Liz back to her. Kisses her harder.

And Liz surrenders to it.

We get the sense she hasn't been kissed like this in a very long time. For a moment, Liz kisses Emma back. Hungrily.

Emma's hands wander over Liz's body. From her face, down her chest to her legs. Her lips part from Liz's. Travel to her neck as she starts to push Liz down onto the bed --

But as quickly as she got lost in the kiss, Liz returns to herself.

LIZ
No... No, Emma, I can't...

And she PUSHES Emma off of her. Quickly stands up.

EMMA
Liz...

LIZ
Shit. I'm, oh my God. I'm sorry.

Liz puts her head in her hands. Can't make eye contact with Emma as she hurries out of the room.

Emma takes a deep breath. Composing herself.

Then she stands up off the bed.

And smiles DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA.

The look lasts no more than a second. Then she turns and walks from the room.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Doug pauses the video. Sits back in his chair, shell-shocked.

His mind works a mile a minute, trying to process what he just saw.

He rewinds several seconds. To Emma's glance.

He can't take his eyes off that grin. Those cold blue eyes.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Doug undresses, watching Liz sleep soundly under the covers.

He pulls the covers on his half of the bed back, slips in, and turns to face the wall. Sleeping back to back.

Doug listens to Liz's slow, sleepy breathing. Never closing his eyes. He just stares into the darkness.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

The morning sun shines in through the window as Liz buttons up a blouse in front of the mirror. She finishes and stands there for a moment. Stares at her own reflection.

In the mirror behind her --

The bathroom door opens and Doug steps into the room in a towel, fresh out of the shower.

Their eyes meet in the mirror's reflection. Liz hurries out of the room before Doug can say a word.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - MORNING

Emma's car approaches the house.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Liz sits with Aaron in her lap, feeding him breakfast. Her usual enthusiasm missing. There's a lot on her mind.

From the other room --

The sound of the front door opening.

Liz shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Doug finishes his tie in the mirror. Slow and methodical, still distracted by last night's events.

He unlocks his briefcase and grabs his drug samples.

Starts counting.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Liz feeds Aaron a spoonful of baby food as --

Emma appears in the doorway behind her.

Liz turns to look at her. A brief moment passes.

Then Emma smiles and moves to the open seat next to Liz.

EMMA
Looks like someone is hungry this morning, huh?

She gently takes the baby food and spoon from Liz's hands.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I can take over. You need to get ready for work.

LIZ
Emma --

EMMA
Liz, you don't need to say anything. It was my fault. I put you in an awkward position, I know. And I'm sorry.
(beat, emotional)
I really, really don't want things to be weird between us.

Liz looks right back at Emma. Sees the sincerity in her eyes.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Doug stands quietly by the couch, just out of sight from the kitchen doorway. Listening to Emma's plea.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - EVENING

As the late afternoon sun begins its descent behind the neighborhood houses, Doug's car pulls onto the street. But it doesn't steer into the driveway.

Instead, it idles at the curb. Half a block down.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - SAME

Doug sits at the wheel, his eyes trained on the front door of his home. On Liz's car parked in the driveway.

The clock in the car reads ***5:57.***

The front door swings open. Doug sees Emma step out, saying goodbye to Liz over her shoulder.

Doug steps on the gas.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - SAME

Emma makes her way down the front walk to her car in the driveway. As she does, the glow of Doug's headlights splash over her as it pulls up to the house.

The passenger seat window slides down.

DOUG
Get in.

Emma looks at Doug in the car. Looks back at the house.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - SAME

Doug sits, jaw set firmly, and watches Emma walk to his car. She opens the door and drops into the passenger seat.

EMMA
Where we going?

Doug doesn't move the car. Just stares at her.

DOUG
Let's not sugarcoat things, okay?

EMMA
Okay...

DOUG
Things between us, you and me, haven't gone as smoothly as they could have.

A beat, as Emma just looks at Doug.

DOUG (CONT'D)
And I'm not saying that's all your fault. Because it's not. This is a two way street.
(beat)
I know what happened between you and Liz. Last night.

EMMA
Doug...

DOUG
I don't want to hear it, Emma. What you did... Threatening Liz and I's marriage...

EMMA
Doug, I don't know what Liz said to you, but please listen. Please let me explain.

Doug takes a deep breath. Looks at an emotional Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I made a bad mistake. I know that. I should've never done what I did. It's just...
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
Like you said, things between you and me have gone all wrong. But with Liz, it just felt like things went all right with her. And with all the stress, and everything, from our arguments, I just felt like, like she got me. Like she understood. And I acted on that, and I'm sorry.

DOUG
Emma, you know what I have to do.

EMMA
Doug, please, please don't. I love this job so much, and I love your son so much, and I, I...

DOUG
What? And you what?

EMMA
I just don't want to see anything bad happen to Liz.

Doug looks at her, questioning. Uncertain what she means.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I know, about her struggles. It seems like she's doing so well now. But if I was fired, and it, I don't know, somehow got out what happened between us? That I lost my job because of, well... I'm sure you know how the rumor mill works.
(beat)
It just scares me to think about what that type of stress might do to her.
(beat)
Doesn't that scare you, Doug?

Emma looks at Doug. Her intense gaze never wavers.

Doug stares back at her for a long moment. The anger and uncertainty in his mind creating a palpable fear that takes him by surprise.

Then he turns away. Defeated.

Emma begins to open her door --

DOUG
Emma. You know the picture of Liz and I on vacation? In Aruba?

Beat.

EMMA
Yeah.

DOUG
Why'd you move it to the bedroom?

EMMA
Did I move it?

DOUG
Well, it's usually on the book case. But last night, I found it in the bedroom.

EMMA
Maybe Liz moved it.

Emma holds his gaze. Her innocent eyes. She smiles at him and gets out of the car.

Doug remains there. Tries to process what just unfolded.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - DINING TABLE - NIGHT

The family sits around the dinner table. Painfully silent.

The sound of Doug's silverware on his plate is loud as he chews and washes the food down with a sip of water.

He watches Liz quietly as she feeds Aaron his baby food.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Doug rinses the dirty dishes in the sink as Liz carries the few remaining ones over from the table.

DOUG
I was running some numbers in my head earlier.

LIZ
Running numbers?

DOUG
Yeah.

LIZ
Such as...

DOUG
Just thinking about stuff. Money. Like, if we were to cut back on some things --

LIZ
Cut back?

DOUG
Nothing major. The cable package, movie channels, things like that. Then maybe I could afford to take more time off from work, and we could cut the nanny expense.

A long beat.

LIZ
You mean Emma. Cut Emma.

DOUG
Why does it have to sound so negative when you say it? We're stretched to our limit right now, Liz. The savings would be huge.

LIZ
No.

DOUG
No? Just like that?
(beat)
Why? Huh? Tell me why, Liz.

A tense moment passes as Liz doesn't say anything. Then --

LIZ
We're not getting rid of her because she's the best thing for Aaron right now.

DOUG
That's it?

LIZ
That's it. I've watched her, how she is with him. She loves him. And he loves her.

Doug examines her. And she HATES it.

LIZ (CONT'D)
You're going to trust me on this, Doug. You're going to.
(beat)
You think I don't see how you look at me, the last year? The way you watch me. You think I don't see you counting your samples every single morning?
(beat)
You're going to trust me on this.

Doug doesn't respond. Unwilling to push her any further.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Doug steps into the bedroom. It's empty.

But the bathroom door is closed.

Doug steps up to the door. He stares at that plain white wood separating him from his wife. One fist hangs in the air, ready to gently knock.

And then his eyes land on the framed picture of Doug and Liz on vacation. The nanny cam staring right at him.

He turns away from the bathroom door and walks straight for the picture frame. Grabs it and turns from the room.

IN THE BATHROOM

Liz stands at the sink, her head cocked towards the door. She listens to Doug's soft footsteps as he walks away.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - MORNING

The front door opens and Doug hurries out dressed for work --

Just as Emma steps out of her car and makes her way up the front walk to the house. She smiles at him. Vibrant, but something else, too. Knowing.

EMMA
'Morning, Doug.

Doug doesn't respond. Just moves past her to his car.

A quick glance back and he sees that her smirking eyes are still on him as she reaches the front door.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Doug drops into the drivers seat. He watches Emma as she enters the house and swings the door closed behind her.

His eyes remain on that closed door for a long moment. A steely resolve on Doug's face.

INT. SYSTCO PHARMACEUTICAL - DOUG'S CUBICLE - LATER

Doug sifts through various papers in his briefcase until he finds the exact one he's looking for --

Emma's resume.

He pulls it out and places it on his desk.

Zeroes in on the REFERENCES listed towards the bottom.

He picks up his desk phone and dials a number.

Waits as it rings. And rings. And --

RECORDING (ON PHONE)
This voice mail box has not been set up --

Doug hangs the phone up. Dials the next number --

RECORDING (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
You've reached a number that has been disconnected. Please --

Doug hangs up. Thinking.

INT. NORDSTROM - AFTERNOON

The store is busy. Liz walks through the crowd, a clipboard in hand, weathering the mid-afternoon rush as best she can.

INT. NORDSTROM - BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Liz steps into the break room and places her clipboard down on the folding table. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. Cherishes the short moment of peace.

She walks across the room and grabs her purse from one of the lockers. She pulls her phone out to check --

She has a picture message. Pulls it up.

It's from Emma.

ON LIZ'S PHONE: A picture of Aaron taking a step all by himself, his arms flailing through the air for balance.

The message accompanying the picture reads --

Our little one is such a BIG BOY now!!

Liz reads that message over and over again. Her emotions a whirlwind inside of her.

INT. MEDICAL COMPLEX LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Doug waits for an appointment in the lobby of an upscale medical complex. He's got a steaming coffee in his hand, a case of samples at his feet and his laptop open on his lap.

There's several spreadsheets open on the computer but Doug doesn't do much work. His mind elsewhere.

Until --

Ding!

A window pops up on the screen. The nanny cam.

Doug sits up straight, staring at the computer. He examines the brand new, unfamiliar view.

ON THE SCREEN: The picture in this window is MOVING. It bumps and jostles around at close to ground level, slowly moving along down the upstairs hallway. The sound of gurgles and baby babble is loud.

Doug realizes --

The nanny cam is attached to Aaron.

Doug watches with wide eyes as the upstairs hallway passes by. Aaron crawls along, moving closer to --

The STAIRCASE looming at the end of the hall.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - SAME - NANNY CAM POV

We're on a bumpy ride down the upstairs hallway.

We catch glimpses of Aaron's small, balled up fists as they grab handfuls of the soft carpet and pull him along. Motoring towards the top of the stairs up ahead.

The occasional baby giggle is the only sound. Emma is nowhere to be found.

The camera stops moving. It's still for a short moment.

Then it jostles more than ever. A violent SHAKE distorts our vision as we catch a glimpse of Aaron's hand grabbing a hold of the short bookcase at the top of the stairs.

Our POV raises by about a foot as Aaron STANDS HIMSELF UP.

We SWAY back and forth as Aaron fights for balance with his small body.

The camera moves again and suddenly --

We're looking STRAIGHT down the staircase. It's a long way down from this dizzying vantage point.

INT. MEDICAL COMPLEX LOBBY - SAME

Doug shoots out of his seat, almost dropping the laptop out of his hands.

Everyone in the lobby is staring at him now.

DOUG
Emma! Emma, get Aaron! Emma goddammit, where are you?!

The receptionist stands up behind her desk.

RECEPTIONIST
Sir, is everything okay?

Doug doesn't even look her way. His wild, frightened eyes are glued to the laptop's screen.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - SAME - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

The sound of Aaron's gurgles punches through the silence of the house as we stare down that long staircase.

We wobble back and forth dangerously as Aaron takes a single step. His small foot hangs in the air over the precipice of that long drop --

And lands firmly on the first stair. His other foot follows.

Aaron's hand grabs a hold of one of the railing's bars.

The camera steadies. Perfectly focused on the mountainous descent ahead of the baby.

Aaron's foot enters the frame. Once again hanging out in the open air.

Slowly, it begins to lower. Looking for purchase on the next step down. It wobbles through the air. Our POV swaying back and forth in a nauseating arc.

Aaron's foot finds the wooden stair --

And slips.

We FALL FORWARD and TUMBLE through the air, diving straight down in a dizzying, violent somersault --

And suddenly we SHOOT UP into the air.

EMMA (O.S.)
Whoa! Baby, baby, baby! I gotcha.

Suddenly, Emma's face fills the screen at an odd angle. She's staring down at Aaron, who she cradles in her arms.

Aaron's SCREAMS fill the silence.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I've got you. You're okay. That was a close one! Let's get you back in your crib, huh?
(beat)
I'm sure daddy would've been very scared if he was here to see that.

Emma begins to hum a soothing lullaby. And then --

All goes black.

INT. MEDICAL COMPLEX LOBBY - SAME

Doug stares at the blank screen on his laptop. Breathless.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Mr. Weston?

Doug looks up. Sees everyone staring at him.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Is everything okay?

INT. DOUG'S CAR - EVENING

Doug swerves from lane to lane on the highway. A fire in his eyes we've never seen.

He's on a mission. His mind on one thing.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

The house is quiet as the front door opens and Liz steps inside. She places her purse down and before she can get more than a few steps inside --

EMMA
(hushed)
Hey!

Liz JUMPS and spins around to see her at the bottom of the staircase.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Sorry! Didn't mean to scare you. I just put Aaron down for a nap. He had quite a day at the park. I've got coffee brewing in the kitchen, come have a cup and I'll tell you all about it.

Emma enthusiastically pulls Liz by her hand before she can say anything.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - LATER

Doug's almost home. He speeds down the residential streets of the suburban development, the same intensity on his face.

As he comes to a stop at the intersection to his street, he sees headlights.

Emma's car pulls out of the driveway.

Doug watches it drive away. Gets an idea.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - EVENING

Emma's car rolls to a stop at a red light. It idles there as several other cars pull to a stop behind her.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - SAME

Doug pulls to a stop at the red light, four cars behind Emma.

He keeps his eyes focused on her car ahead of him. The light turns green and she makes a right onto a commercial stretch of Targets, Applebees and their equivalents.

Doug follows, making sure to stay a few cars behind.

EXT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

The dim glow of dusk hangs over an old CHURCH that sits quietly on a side street away from the hustle and bustle of the main drag.

Doug's Toyota pulls up to the side of the road, about a hundred yards behind where Emma's deserted car is parked.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - SAME

Doug sits in his car and watches Emma make her way around to the back of the church.

Beep.

His phone goes off with a text message. He checks it. It's from Liz.

You going to be home for dinner?

Doug looks back out to the church. Emma has disappeared around the old building.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Liz sits on the bed, looking down at the phone in her hands.

Beep.

A reply from Doug. She stares down at his message.

Stuck in a meeting... may be a little late tonight

Liz sighs and exits the text. Scrolls through her phone and pauses on that afternoon's picture message from Emma. Her eyes stay on it a long moment.

Then she sees her purse sitting on the floor in the corner of the room. Her eyes stay there. Considering.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Doug walks briskly towards the church, being careful to make as little sound as possible.

He reaches the stone building and begins to snake his way around the side but comes to a quick halt.

Emma's voice floats out from behind the building. Doug listens but it's too soft to distinguish any words.

He takes several slow, silent steps and reaches the corner of the building.

He risks a peek to the back courtyard --

Emma is on her knees inside a small fenced-in enclosure.

All around her --

Small headstones.

She's in a church cemetery.

Doug shifts behind the stone wall --

Crack!

And snaps a large TWIG under his feet.

He quickly darts back behind the church, pressing himself tight against the wall. Holds his breath.

Very slowly, Doug risks another peek around the corner --

<u>Emma stares right in his direction</u>.

Doug flies back behind the corner. His heart pounds in his chest as he wracks his brain for his next move.

And then --

Footsteps. Approaching from the cemetery.

Doug doesn't know what to do. Frozen with fear.

But the footsteps get quieter. Fade into the distance.

Doug peeks around the wall --

Sees Emma disappear around the opposite end of the church.

Doug stands against the wall and waits a moment. Makes a decision and moves into the rear courtyard.

He hurries across the grassy yard, careful to make as little noise as possible. Constantly checking over his shoulder for any sign of Emma returning -- She doesn't.

Doug reaches the waist-high iron gate to the cemetery. He reads the square plaque at the entrance.

Where Angels Play

A Place of Rest For Infants and Pre-Born Children

Doug stares at those words. The information sinking in.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Back home, Doug sits down at the table and opens his laptop.

He doesn't waste time. He immediately goes to the nanny cams.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - THAT EVENING - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Liz and Emma sit at the kitchen table, mugs of coffee in front of each. The air between them is clear and comfortable once again.

EMMA
...and he held the dog's head, just like this, and gave it a huge kiss. I almost died. It was <u>adorable</u>.

LIZ
You should have taken a video!

EMMA
I know! It happened so quick. The dog's owner loved it. Next time you're home early the three of us should go together.

LIZ
I'd love that.
(beat)
I feel like I miss out on so much with him.

EMMA
Don't think of it like that. You're working to support him. Everything you do is for him, that's obvious.

LIZ
You just have this, this connection with him, that I... I just really admire how good you are with him. You're going to be an incredible mom someday.

Emma smiles -- Sadly. A beat of silence passes between them.

EMMA
Do you want some more coffee?

Emma begins to stand and grabs for the mugs --

And KNOCKS HERS OVER, spilling coffee everywhere. Including all over herself.

Liz quickly jumps up from her seat.

LIZ
Oh my God! Are you alright? Are you burnt?

EMMA
No, no I'm okay. We're probably lucky that didn't happen like fifteen minutes ago.

LIZ
That could've been bad. Oh, look at your shirt.

EMMA
It's okay.

LIZ
No, look, it's a mess. Come here.

Liz pulls Emma over to the sink. She finds a wet sponge and grabs the bottom of Emma's shirt. Starts dabbing at the coffee stain.

EMMA
You really don't have to.

LIZ
It's not a big deal. If we don't wet it quick the shirt'll be ruined. And it's so beautiful.

As a comfortable silence descends between Liz and Emma, their closeness suddenly becomes evident to the both of them.

The situation suddenly very intimate.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Doug watches, concerned. He switches cameras --

And pauses.

A BRAND NEW VIEW. The camera has been moved again.

It now shows the master bedroom's CONNECTED BATHROOM. We look out from a towel rack directly across from the mirror.

Frightened at what he might see, Doug watches the new feed.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - BATHROOM - THAT NIGHT - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

The room is empty. Quiet for a moment. Then --

The door opens and Liz walks into the master bathroom holding her purse. She steps up to the sink and sets the purse down.

She stares down at the unseen contents for a long moment.

<u>And then pulls out a half liter of vodka</u>.

She stares at it for a very long time. Unscrews the cap. Her breath comes in nervous, violent hitches.

She's fighting a dangerous battle with herself.

In the blink of an eye, Liz brings the bottle to her lips and throws her head back.

She CHUGS the alcohol.

No more than a second passes, but it feels like an eternity.

And then, just as suddenly, she pulls the bottle away and --

Liz SPITS the mouthful of vodka out. Spraying the mirror in front of her with a cloud of misty liquid.

The tears come quick. Shockingly violent sobs as she curls up into herself and sinks to the ground.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

We PULL BACK to see Doug watching this scene unfold on his laptop. He's paralyzed in his seat. Unable to move as he watches his wife break down.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Doug undresses for bed. His concerned eyes never leave his sleeping wife.

LATER

The night is dark and quiet. Both Doug and Liz are sound asleep in their bed. Their breathing slow and in sync.

The clock on the night stand reads ***3:13***.

But Aaron is awake. The sound of his voice floats in from the hallway as he babbles one word over and over.

AARON (O.S.)
Em-ma... Em-ma...

But it's not loud enough to wake either of his parents. Doug shifts in his sleep, nothing more. So they don't see --

The *DARK FIGURE* step into the shadowy bedroom doorway.

Emma stands there like a ghost in the darkness and watches them sleep.

And then, very slowly, she moves into the room.

Doug shifts again. Turns over and wraps an arm around Liz. But he doesn't wake up. Doesn't open his eyes.

Emma walks right up to the bed. She stands over the Weston's. Stares down and watches them sleep.

A long moment passes.

Then she turns and walks around the bed to the closet. She opens the door, leans in, and pulls out Doug's briefcase.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The bright morning sun shines into the bedroom as the closet door swings open and Doug pulls out his briefcase.

He opens it and begins counting his samples.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Liz sits at the kitchen table feeding Aaron.

LIZ
Can you say ma-ma? *Ma-ma*.

Aaron just giggles as Liz brings another spoonful of baby food to his mouth.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Doug hears the front door open and close.

But it averts his attention only for a second. He looks at the pile of samples in his hand with concern.

Starts to count again. Mutters each number under his breath.

Fifteen... Sixteen... Seventeen...

He comes to the end of the pile. He's missing some.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doug comes down the stairs and into the living room. As he passes the front hall, he notices the bathroom door closed.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Doug steps into the kitchen doorway and watches Liz try to feed Aaron. She senses his presence and turns to face him.

LIZ
Hey.

DOUG
Hey.
(beat)
You okay?

LIZ
Me? Yeah, why?

A beat.

DOUG
No reason. I'm thinking of coming home from work a little early tonight. Maybe we could grab dinner?

LIZ
Sure.

DOUG
Okay, good.

Liz turns back to Aaron. Doug still watches her, concerned.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doug hurries back through the living room for the front door.

The toilet in the hallway bathroom flushes and Emma steps out into the front hall. She looks at Doug with a coy smirk.

EMMA
Hey, Doug.

DOUG
Emma.

As he brushes past her --

EMMA
Late night, huh?

Doug stops with his hand on the front door. Turns back to look at her. She just smirks at him and turns away.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Doug's car zooms along down the highway, on his way to work.

SARAH (PRELAP)
Is everything okay?

INT. DOUG'S CAR - SAME

Doug focuses on the road as he talks to Sarah on his blue tooth. He's trembling with adrenaline.

DOUG
I'm afraid not. It's Liz.

SARAH (O.S.)
Liz? Doug, she didn't...

DOUG
Well, no. But she's on the verge. And she doesn't know I know. Sarah, we need to get her some help.

SARAH (O.S.)
How urgent? I can come up there at the drop of a dime if you need me.

DOUG
God, I'd be so grateful, Sarah. I know it's a hassle now that you're a few hours away --

SARAH (O.S.)
Not for my sister. Is the new girl still on?

DOUG
That's a whole other thing.

SARAH (O.S.)
What do you mean? I spoke to Liz a few days ago and she was raving about her --

DOUG
That's the problem. I don't think she's been honest with us, from the beginning. I don't trust her, but I'm scared firing her right now would send Liz completely over the edge. Once we get Liz some help, my first order of business is getting rid of her.

SARAH (O.S.)
I'll be there this afternoon.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Emma stands at the sink counter with her back to us.

She HUMS a soft children's tune under her breath and uses a wooden meat tenderizer to CRUSH something unseen on the counter. Making an effort to be very fine and precise.

From outside, there's the sound of a car door closing.

Emma stops her work. The lullaby trails off as she listens.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - SAME - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

We see SARAH walk up the front walk to the door.

She knocks. Waits for a long moment, but no one answers. She knocks again and waits.

Nothing.

Sarah glances back at the driveway, where Emma's car is parked. Turns and peeks in through the front window.

Then she kneels down and lifts up a FLOWER POT on the stoop.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - FRONT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The front hall and living room beyond are quiet.

Click... Click.

The front door opens and Sarah steps inside brandishing the spare key. She stands in the front hall and looks around the living room.

SARAH
Hello? Emma? Liz?

No response. The silence in the house is creepy. Until --

Aaron begins to wail upstairs. Sarah turns that way and looks up the staircase.

She begins to climb up.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah reaches the second floor. She looks down the hall to Aaron's open bedroom doorway. His cries louder up here.

She starts down the hall, through the afternoon shadows and past the open doorway into the master bedroom --

She reaches Aaron's room and steps inside.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Sarah walks up to Aaron's crib and looks down at the crying baby. She reaches down and lifts him up. Cradles him, her face covered in concern.

SARAH
Aaron. Aw, it's okay, baby boy. Aunt Sarah's here. Are you all alone? Who left you all alone?

As she rocks Aaron back and forth, trying to comfort his cries, she never senses --

Emma step into the doorway behind her. The MEAT TENDERIZER clutched tightly in her hand.

INT. SYSTCO PHARMACEUTICAL - DOUG'S CUBICLE - EVENING

Doug's at his cubicle, desk phone glued to his ear. He finishes up his call, hangs up and glances at the time.

4:37

He picks up his cell and looks at the missed calls. Nothing new from Sarah.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - NIGHT

Liz's car pulls into the driveway. She gets out and makes her way up the front walk to the door.

As she reaches for the knob, she pauses.

The flower pot that covers the hidden key is moved. The dirt around it misplaced.

Liz looks at it, curious. She opens the front door and enters the house.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - LATER

Doug is focused on the street as he listens to the *RING-RING-RING* on his phone. No one is picking up. Finally --

SARAH (O.S.)
Hi, you've reached Sarah, sorry I couldn't answer your --

Doug hangs up, concerned. This wasn't his first call.

He hits his blinker to turn onto his street and his breath immediately catches in his throat.

Blue and red EMERGENCY LIGHTS flash through the dark.

An AMBULANCE and FIRE TRUCK light up the night <u>right in front of the Weston house</u>.

Doug hits the gas and accelerates up the street.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Doug's car screeches to a stop right at the curb.

Doug jumps out and sprints under the glow of blue and red, across the lawn to the ambulance where a young PARAMEDIC is ushering a fragile Liz up into the back.

A FIRE FIGHTER steps up to stop Doug, but Doug pushes right through him.

DOUG
That's my wife. Liz!

Liz hears Doug's voice and turns towards him. Her eyes are filled with pure fear.

That's when Doug sees --

The paramedic cradling AARON in his arms. Sticking a breathing instrument deep into his throat.

LIZ
Doug! Oh God, Doug, he's not breathing!

The paramedics let him up into the back of the ambulance and quickly pull the doors shut.

INT. BACK OF AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Doug looks down in horror as the EMT calmly and mechanically goes about pumping oxygen down Aaron's throat. The baby's face is an alarming shade of deep blue.

Doug looks to his panicked wife.

DOUG
What happened? Liz, what happened?

LIZ
I don't know. I... I got home and Emma was trying to resuscitate him. She said she just found him like this in his crib.

DOUG
(to EMT)
He's going to be okay, right?

EMT
We're doing our best.

DOUG
What does that mean?

EMT
His air flow is stabilizing. We're trying to keep it that way.

Doug wraps Liz in his arms. He glances out the ambulance's back windows as it begins to pull away from the house.

He spots EMMA across the yard. She SOBS as she talks animatedly to an emergency responder.

As the ambulance starts off down the street, Emma glances right towards Doug.

They lock eyes through the window.

He doesn't break his gaze from hers as she fades further and further into the night, awash in blue and red.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A couple people sit just outside the emergency room exit, cigarette smoke wafting in and out of the glow of a lamppost into the night sky.

INT. HOSPITAL - ER WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Doug and Liz sit close in the quiet lobby. Both of them on edge, watching the nursing staff go about their late night busy work.

The sliding glass door behind the receptionist desk swooshes open and a frazzled ER DOCTOR comes pacing towards them.

Doug and Liz quickly stand and meet him halfway.

LIZ
Is he okay?

ER DOCTOR
Aaron's going to be fine.

Doug and Liz both go weak at the knees with relief.

ER DOCTOR (CONT'D)
He's breathing on his own, but we'd like to keep him the night for observation. Just to be cautious.

LIZ
Oh thank God.

DOUG
Do you know what happened?

ER DOCTOR
He suffered a severe reaction to something, which constricted his airway, limiting the amount of oxygen getting to his lungs. We've already run a few tests, and will have to continue to do so to try to identify what caused the reaction.
(beat)
Would you like to come back to the room to see him?

DOUG
Please.

LIZ
God, yes.

INT. HOSPITAL - AARON'S ROOM - LATER

The soft *beeping* of medical machinery is unnerving in the otherwise silent room. Aaron sleeps soundly in a small bed made for an infant.

Doug and Liz are on a small couch overlooking their son. Liz doses, safe in Doug's arms.

But he's wide awake. Staring at Aaron. So much love and concern in his tired eyes.

Liz stirs awake in his arms.

DOUG
Hey. You okay?

Liz groans and stretches her neck, stiff.

LIZ
What time is it?

DOUG
Just past midnight.

LIZ
Is he okay?

DOUG
Yeah. He's sleeping.
(beat)
(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)
Did you hear from your sister yesterday?

LIZ
Sarah? No. Why?

DOUG
Nothing. She had mentioned something to me about possibly coming by for a visit. Just wondering if she'd talked to you.

LIZ
I haven't spoke to her in a couple of days.

A moment passes as Doug thinks.

DOUG
I think I'm gonna go home and put a bag together for the morning. Do you want me to bring anything back?

Liz shakes her head. Still groggy.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Okay. I'll be back in less than an hour. I promise.

He gives her a kiss and gets up.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

The house is dark and deathly silent. Shadows cover the front door, the hall, the staircase up to the second floor.

We hear Doug's key scraping away in the lock. The door swings open and moonlight spills inside, making Doug a ghostly silhouette.

He steps inside and clicks on a small lamp on the side table.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

The small light from the front hall spills into the living room, throwing long shadows across the dark space.

We see the room from a brand new angle --

Looking out at the room from atop the coffee table.

Doug moves into the room. Heads for the kitchen, but stops.

He stares right back at us. Wondering what we're doing here.

He walks over to us. Kneels down and looks right into the camera's lens. And when he does --

We see Emma standing in the shadows on the stairs behind him.

After a moment, Doug stands back up and we lose sight of her behind him. When he turns back towards the kitchen --

The staircase behind him is empty.

Doug disappears into the kitchen. The light comes on and spills into the living room for a short moment.

Then it clicks off and Doug quickly walks back through the room towards the staircase, a fresh baby bottle in hand.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door swings open and Doug steps into the dark bedroom.

He leaves the door open.

Doug moves through the shadows to the lamp next to the bed and clicks it on.

The room is empty.

He looks to the CLOSED CLOSET DOOR across the room.

He walks around the bed. Reaches for the door.

Yanks it open --

And looks into the full closet. Dark shadows surround a lot of hanging clothes. Some folded on shelves.

Doug leans down and reaches into the shadows. Feels around --

And pulls out an empty duffel bag.

He grabs a handful of clothes and stuffs them in the bag.

Creaaak.

Behind him. Doug SPINS around --

Nothing. The room's empty. But his eyes linger on --

The bedroom door. It's now halfway closed.

Doug moves across the room and glances out the door.

The hallway is dark and empty.

On edge, Doug tosses the duffel bag on to the bed. Heads for the BATHROOM where darkness looms within the open doorway.

He steps through the door and hits the light switch --

And stops dead in his tracks. His wide eyes looking at the wall-length mirror.

In the center, scrawled in Liz's lipstick --

BABY KILLER

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

We just barely catch the front door SWING CLOSED in the shadows of the front hall.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - LATER

Haggard, Doug drops into the car. He pulls out his phone and checks the time.

1:27.

He opens a new text message. Addresses it to Sarah.

Is everything okay? Need to do something about the nanny now. Gonna need your help w Liz. Will call you first thing in the morning

Doug reads over the text. Hits send.

INT. HOSPITAL - AARON'S ROOM - MORNING

Soft sunlight falls through the blinds into the bleak hospital room.

Doug sits on the couch. His ragged, bloodshot eyes glued to his son. He hasn't slept a wink. Liz is sound asleep, curled up with her head resting in Doug's lap.

ER NURSE (O.S.)
Mr. Weston?

Doug turns to see a NURSE standing in the door.

ER NURSE (CONT'D)
The doctor is on his way with some results from last night's tests.

DOUG
Great. Thank you.

Doug gently shakes Liz awake.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Honey. The doctor's on his way.
He's going to give us some answers.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Liz BURSTS out of the Emergency Room into a mild rain, rushing away from the hospital with a just-discharged Aaron in her arms.

Doug chases her outside, trying to keep pace.

DOUG
Liz --

LIZ
No! I told you, God, how many times did I tell you not to keep those in the house, Doug?

DOUG
You're blaming me?

LIZ
It was your goddamn pills! Make the leap to a logical conclusion!

They've stopped on the sidewalk, right at the edge of the parking lot. Passersby slow to watch this unfolding scene.

DOUG
Liz, I count them every morning. I knew some were gone yesterday.
(beat, accusatory)
I knew, Liz.

LIZ
What're you... You're accusing me?

DOUG
You need help. And that's okay. Let me help you.

LIZ
I didn't take any of your pills.

DOUG
I want to help you, Liz. That's all I want. Let me do that.

LIZ
I'm fine. I thought we'd gotten past this.
(beat, emotional)
But we haven't. We let our son trick us into thinking that we had. But it's just the same as before. Even with Aaron, it's the same as before.

Doug shakes his head. No.

DOUG
You know that's not true.

LIZ
Do I? You don't trust me, Doug.
(beat)
And I don't know if I trust you.

Liz turns around and starts off through the parking lot.

DOUG
Don't let Emma in the house, Liz! Please. Don't let her near Aaron!

LIZ
Fuck you!

Doug doesn't chase her. He just watches her go.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Doug falls into the driver's seat and SLAMS the door shut.

He sits there a long moment. Breathing hard. And then FREAKS OUT on the steering wheel. He lets off a lot of steam.

When he's done he sits back. Catches his breath. Wracking his mind for how to handle it all.

INT. LIZ'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Liz drives through their neighborhood. She tries to keep her composure as best she can, one eye on Aaron asleep in the baby seat in back.

The house comes into view and Liz is surprised to see Emma's car in the driveway.

As she pulls in next to it, she spots Emma sitting on the front stoop in the slow rain.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Liz steps out of the car and walks around to get Aaron. Emma gets up from the stoop and starts down the front walk.

LIZ
Emma. What're you doing sitting in the rain?

EMMA
It's not so bad. Warm, at least. I think a storm's coming.
(beat)
I couldn't wait to see him.

Liz gently pulls him from the car, careful not to wake him.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Liz looks back at Emma. Unsure of the answer.

BOOM!

An EXPLOSIVE clap of THUNDER from the clouds above.

Liz and Emma both jump and look up as the sky opens up.

It starts to POUR.

LIZ
Shit.

Liz cradles Aaron close to her chest and hurries towards the house with Emma close in tow.

EXT. SYSTCO PHARMACEUTICAL - AFTERNOON

Doug holds an old newspaper above his head to shield the rain as he sprints from his car to the office building.

INT. SYSTCO PHARMACEUTICAL - DOUG'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Doug sits at his desk, damp but thankfully not soaked. He stares at his computer screen. Works something over and over in his mind.

Suddenly he jumps into action. Reaches for his desk phone and dials. Waits as it rings.

DOUG
(into phone)
Jeff! Doug Weston, long time no talk, man. How's things?
(beat)
Good, good. Listen, I was wondering if you could do me a favor. Do you still have access to information from when we were at Fleischer? Specifically cases of complications of pregnancy from anything we sold?
(beat)
I know it's old news. It's just, yeah, it's a personal thing.
(beat)
No, that's great. Yeah, if you could e-mail it... Yeah, I'll wait.

Doug hangs up. Goes to his computer and opens his e-mail.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON'S ROOM - AFTERNOON - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Liz is dripping wet as she puts Aaron down in his crib.

She stands there a long moment. Stares down at her son, an incredible amount of love -- and concern -- in her eyes.

LIZ
Sleep safe, my sweet boy.

She lingers a second more then turns and exits the room.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Liz cracks the door open and slips inside the room.

Emma sits on the edge of the bed, soaked to the bone. Her tight shirt clings to her wet skin. Her hands shiver as she rubs her dripping hair with a small towel.

LIZ
So much for being warm, huh?

EMMA
He still sleeping?

LIZ
(nods)
I was so scared, Emma.

EMMA
I know. So was I. Where's Doug?

A beat passes. It feels very long.

LIZ
You can use our shower, if you want to warm up. I can get you some dry clothes.

EMMA
Thanks, Liz.

Emma gets up and moves to the bathroom. She steps inside and swings the door closed behind her --

But it stays open a few inches.

Liz doesn't move right away. She stares at that crack in the doorway, where she can see Emma in the bathroom mirror. Liz watches as she turns on the shower. Readies a towel.

And pulls her wet shirt over her head.

Liz's breath catches. Standing there in her bra, Emma is a sight straight out of a men's magazine. She unbuttons her pants and starts to slip them down her legs --

Liz turns away. She looks to the closet.

She walks over, trying to regain composure, and opens the closet door. Leans in and shuffles through some clothes. Comes up with a pair of jeans and a fresh shirt.

Liz turns back around and JUMPS at the sight of --

EMMA standing by the bed in her bra and underwear.

LIZ
Oh! You scared me.
(beat)
Is everything okay? Do you need help with the shower?

Liz stands perfectly still as Emma crosses the room to her.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Emma...

Before Liz can get out another word, Emma reaches for her --

And KISSES her passionately on the lips.

EMMA
I know you feel the same thing. You don't need to be afraid.

Liz pulls back. Just a tiny bit, to look at Emma. Deep into her eyes.

And then she LUNGES for her mouth. Kissing hungrily.

Their hands are quickly all over each other. Emma pulls Liz's shirt over her head as she leads her to the empty bed.

INT. SYSTCO PHARMACEUTICAL - DOUG'S CUBICLE - AFTERNOON

Doug sits on the edge of his seat, clicking the refresh button on his e-mail.

Click. Nothing.

Click. A new e-mail. From Jeff Denham. Doug opens it.

A spreadsheet listing noted cases of pregnancy complications from different types of medications.

A list of names on one side. Drug type next to the names, with type of complications on the other side. Below that, a note on the outcome of each situation.

Doug moves down the list quickly. Scanning the names.

Down the list. Further.

His heart stops. Three quarters of the way down the list he sees Emma's name. Next to it --

Proplax (anti-depressant/prescribed) - Miscarriage

And the note below --

Ms. Greenbrook brought a suit against Fleischer Drugs, Inc. but was unsuccessful.

Doug licks his lips. *Jesus.*

He sits there a moment longer. Lets the information settle.

Then he jumps out of his seat and flies out of the cubicle.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Liz's clothes are strewn on the floor. The sounds of kissing and soft moans lead us up to the bed.

There's a hesitance to Liz's kisses. Her movements.

But Emma's actions burst with passion. She leads Liz along expertly, her hands and lips giving no choice but to follow.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Doug pulls out of the Systco parking lot and speeds off towards the highway through the rain.

He pulls his phone out, his face clenched with concern.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Liz's moans have grown in intensity. Her hands clutch the bedsheets as Emma kisses down her body. Over her neck. Her chest. Her stomach.

As Emma moves even lower, Liz closes her eyes in ecstacy. Her head whips across the pillow. Her eyes flutter open, and stare right at --

The baby monitor on the side table, sitting right next to a framed photo.

The PHOTO of Doug and Liz on vacation. A portrait of a happy, loving couple.

Liz's eyes stay locked on that picture for a long moment.

LIZ
Emma. Emma, stop.

Emma looks up, surprised. Liz pushes herself away.

EMMA
What's wrong?

LIZ
I can't do this.

EMMA
But Liz --

LIZ
No. I --

EMMA
What did I do wrong?

LIZ
It's not you, Emma. It's me. This isn't me.

Liz gets out of the bed. She pulls the sheet with her, wrapping it around her naked body.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I think... I think you should go.

EMMA
Liz, no. Please. Please don't do this.

Liz looks at Emma. Can see now that she looks like a sad, scared child. And Liz hates herself for it.

LIZ
I'm sorry.

Liz puts her head down, grabs her clothes and walks into the bathroom. The door closes with finality.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Liz stands in the middle of the large bathroom. She looks at her reflection in the mirror. Barely recognizes the woman staring back at her.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Emma lies on the bed and stares at that closed door. The look of sadness turning into one of anger.

Bzzz... Bzzz...

The sound of Liz's iPhone. Emma crawls to the side of the bed and looks down at the floor.

The iPhone rings and rings.

The caller ID tells her it's DOUG.

Bzzz... Bzzz...

INT. DOUG'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Doug's face falls as the call goes to voice mail.

DOUG
Goddammit.
(beat)
Liz, it's me. Listen, call me as soon as you get this. Do not let Emma in the house, Liz. Do you hear me? I understand everything now. I'll explain when I get home.

He hangs up and pushes the gas pedal harder.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

The bathroom door cracks open and Liz hesitantly steps back into the bedroom, freshly dressed.

It's empty. No sign of Emma.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The soft pad of Liz's footsteps descending the stairs is the only sound in the empty living room. The house feels quiet.

LIZ
Emma?

Silence.

Liz moves to the front windows and peeks out.

Emma's car is gone. Liz lets out a sigh. Can't be sure if it's relief or disappointment.

In the living room behind her --

The television lights up.

Liz steps away from the windows and turns around.

She stops when she sees the bright blue holding screen on the television. Confused.

Then she notices --

The open LAPTOP on the coffee table. A cable connects it to the TV. A post-it note sticks to the laptop's screen.

Spacebar

Liz walks up to the laptop. Unsure, she slowly sits on the couch in front of the coffee table. Stares at the post-it.

She reaches a nervous hand out and taps the spacebar.

The television goes black. A short moment later --

The image of an ULTRASOUND lights up the screen. The clear shape of a healthy, growing baby. Late term.

Liz looks at that image curiously. Before she can do much more than register it --

The image on the television CUTS TO --

Emma. A few years younger. She stands in an empty bedroom, the only piece of furniture a brand new CRIB in the corner. The walls are wet with fresh paint. An impressive mural of a beautiful blue sky.

ON THE SCREEN: Emma looks at the camera with a smirk. The way she smiles here -- she's <u>really</u> happy. Vibrant and alive. And we realize the Emma we've known this whole time has been nothing but a cheap replica. A put-on facade.

EMMA (ON THE TV)
Well? Don't keep me waiting! What do you think?

A woman's voice replies -- the woman holding the camera.

WOMAN (ON THE TV)
What do I think? Hmmm...

EMMA (ON THE TV)
Oh my God. Come out with it, woman!

Emma reaches down for a PAINT BRUSH and flicks paint at the camera. Playful.

WOMAN (ON THE TV)
Okay okay! You know what I think? I think he's gonna love it. I think he's gonna be the luckiest baby in the world.

Emma melts at those words. She looks past the camera with such love in her eyes. She walks towards us, pushes the camera out of the way -- It settles on the CRIB in the corner as we hear soft, loving kisses.

BACK ON LIZ --

She watches the TV with wide eyes. Trying to understand what she's seeing. And why.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - SAME

Doug drives along, focused on the road. His phone back to his ear, he listens to endless ringing.

SARAH (O.S.)
Hi, this is Sarah, unfortunately --

Doug hangs up. More frustrated -- and worried -- than ever.

Beep.

A text message. Doug sees it's from Liz and quickly opens it.

Check the nanny cams now. Hurry.

Doug's brow furrows. He hits the brakes and pulls over.

He opens the nanny cam app. Concern quickly turns to horror.

ON THE SCREEN: The nanny cam in the living room -- Giving Doug a perfect view of Liz as she watches the footage on the television.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Liz's hand hovers over her mouth. Her eyes wide and unblinking as she watches --

NANNY CAM FOOTAGE of Doug sitting in the kitchen late at night. His laptop open on the table in front of him, playing the video of Emma making a move on Liz.

Liz realizes --

Doug's known this whole time.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - SAME

Doug feels like he's going to be sick as he watches. He can't take the look on Liz's face and exits out of the app.

He drops the phone on the passenger seat. Pulls back out onto the road with determination.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Liz hasn't moved a muscle. Her eyes glued to the television screen as --

It SNAPS OFF.

EMMA (O.S.)
This was supposed to be so simple.

Liz spins around and sees Emma standing in the front hall.

LIZ
Emma... I'm kind of playing catch up here. What, what's going on?

EMMA
Your husband is a murderer. Did you know that?

Liz slowly stands on shaky legs as Emma walks across the room to her.

LIZ
What? Whatever it is you think Doug did --

EMMA
He's a drug dealer, Liz! He sells poison for a living!

Liz glances back at the TV. The ultrasound. The baby room.

LIZ
Oh my God. You lost a baby. Emma, I'm, Jesus, I'm so sorry. Because of something you were taking?

EMMA
Fucking shit. I took them because they made me feel better. They made me a better person. They weren't supposed to... I didn't know they were gonna...

Emma can't finish the sentence. She's coming dangerously unhinged.

LIX
I'm so sorry.

EMMA
Did you know Rebecca left me because of it, too?
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
She said that I, that I was lost afterwards. That she couldn't find me, that it was just too much distance. Now I'm alone.

LIZ
Listen. Emma. I can help you. Let's figure this out together, okay?

EMMA
I thought it was simple. I'd come in, and do to Doug what his poison did to me. Ruin his life. Destroy his family. Everything he loves.
(beat)
But then I met you.

LIZ
Wh... What?

EMMA
We're the same, Liz. You and me. I watch you with Aaron, and I know you live for him. Every breath you take, is for him.
(beat)
I'm in love with you, Liz. And I know you feel something for me. I know. We could be happy. You, me and Aaron. Don't you think so?

Liz takes half a step back. A subtle movement. But there's an immediate change in Emma's eyes.

Liz sees it and stops. Just a second's hesitation.

LIZ
Yes. I... I do. I've been, I've been thinking about it since you started working for us.

Emma examines Liz. She takes her hand.

EMMA
You're shaking.

LIZ
I'm just nervous.

EMMA
That's all?

Liz swallows. Nods. She takes a step back and pulls her hand away from Emma's.

LIZ
Let me go get Aaron, and then we can... We can go somewhere.

EMMA
Good idea. Go get Aaron.

Liz doesn't move. Paralyzed by Emma's intense eyes. They stare at each other for an excruciatingly long moment before Liz forces herself into action.

She takes a step around Emma --

Lightning fast, Emma reaches out and GRABS a handful of Liz's hair. Before Liz can even react, Emma YANKS Liz back with all her strength and THROWS her towards the ground --

Right through the glass coffee table. It SHATTERS as Liz hits the floor in a shower of broken glass.

She gasps for breath and looks up at Emma with huge eyes. A scream catches in her throat as Emma pull a familiar BUTCHER KNIFE from her waist.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You lying <u>bitch</u>. I thought you were better than that.

LIZ
No, Emma, please no --

As Emma comes down with the knife --

EXT. HIGHWAY - EVENING

The highway is crowded with rush hour traffic as Doug's car moves slowly along under the setting sun.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - SAME

Doug tries to keep his calm as he angrily pulls his iPhone away from his ear. Looks at it and dials again.

DOUG
Come on... Come on...

Beep.

Doug pulls the phone away and looks at it. The nanny cam app has popped up.

Doug opens it and looks at the screen --

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING - NANNY CAM POV

We're back in the master bedroom, looking at the room from on top of the bureau next to the closet. The lights are off, but candles on the night stands yield a bouncy, flickering glow.

There's someone sprawled on the bed. Face covered in long, pretty brown hair.

A KNIFE buried deep in their chest. Up to the handle.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - SAME

Doug looks at that image on his phone. All the color drained from his face.

DOUG
(sotto)
No...

Before the phone can drop away from his trembling hands --

Beep.

Another feed pops up.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING - NANNY CAM POV

Aaron sits in front of us, propped up on the kitchen table. He looks all around the room with wide eyes, then back to just behind the camera. Reaches out for the person there.

AARON
Em-ma.

Several of Aaron's alphabet building blocks are on the table in front of him. They spell out an important message.

NO COPS

The screen cuts to black. The feed gone.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - SAME

Doug swallows hard. Stifles a sob at the sight of his son.

He drops his phone. Looks out the windshield at the evening sky. The light of day almost completely gone.

Doug hits his blinker and takes the next exit.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - NIGHT

The Weston house is dark and deathly silent under the starry night sky.

Doug's car slowly works its way up the street and pulls into the driveway next to Liz's.

INT. DOUG'S CAR - SAME

Doug sits very still for a moment. Stares out the windshield.

The house looms in front of him. Foreboding in its silence.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is deathly still and quiet. Long shadows stretch across the floor from moonlight that floats in through the front windows.

Click... Click.

The front door swishes open and Doug steps into the darkness of the front hall. He stands there in the shadows a moment, then moves into the living room.

His eyes clock the damage in front of him.

The broken coffee table. The shattered glass glistening all over the floor.

Then his eyes land on the TELEVISION --

Where the glow of a SCREEN SAVER is the lone brightness in the dark.

It's a slide show of Weston family photos. But in every one, Doug has been cropped out. Leaving Liz and Aaron alone.

Emma even appears in a few of them. Part of the family.

Doug turns to the staircase behind him. Knows he has to go up there but desperately doesn't want to.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Doug stares down the hallway. The glow of Aaron's night light spills out his open door, the only source of light.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - AARON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NANNY CAM POV

Doug steps into the doorway. Silhouetted in the night light's soft glow.

He looks at the empty room. The empty crib.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Doug steps up to the closed master bedroom door. He doesn't want to open it. Doesn't want to see what he knows is waiting inside the room.

He takes a deep breath.

And forces himself to open the door --

INT. WESTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doug steps into the room. The flickering light of the candles has petered down to almost nothing.

He swallows. Steels himself and looks to the bed --

The body still lays there. A pool of blood leaks from where the knife is buried up to its handle.

Doug lets out a stifled cry and falls to his knees. Reaches out and gently brushes the long brown hair away --

To reveal SARAH. Her glassy eyes stare through the ceiling.

DOUG
Oh my God...

Doug can't believe his eyes. Doesn't want to.

And then he hears it.

A soft *whimpering.*

Doug whips his head around the room. He's alone.

But he sees the BABY MONITOR on the night stand across the bed. Its bright red light blinks on and off in rhythm with the sounds of Liz's frightened whimpers.

Doug looks at the baby monitor. Thinking.

He pulls out his iPhone once again. Opens the nanny cam app.

ON THE SCREEN: Aaron's room is <u>empty</u>.

Doug switches from Aaron's room to the living room.

ON THE SCREEN: The living room is dark and quiet.

He switches to the kitchen --

ON THE SCREEN: The alphabet blocks on the table have been rearranged to spell a different message.

BABY KILLER

DOUG (CONT'D)
Where the hell are you?

Doug switches again --

ON THE SCREEN: We see Liz TIED to a folding chair, a rag tied around her mouth as a gag. Lit by a single bulb swinging just over her head, she's sweaty and frightened. <u>The basement</u>.

Doug doesn't hesitate. He's out the bedroom door in a second.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER - <u>NANNY CAM POV</u>

Liz's head hangs forward, lolling on her neck as she quietly cries, the sound muffled by the thick rag in her mouth.

Her head lifts at the sound of pounding footsteps. The FEAR in her eyes turns to hope and elation. She tries to scream but can only manage several disturbing, high pitched squeals.

<u>NON-NANNY CAM POV</u>

Our first good look at the basement. It's an unfinished, dungeon-like space. Piles of boxes and junk covered in dust line the jagged stone walls. The lone light bulb weakly illuminates the center of the room, leaving the perimeter shrouded in long shadows.

Doug hits the bottom of the stairs and sees his wife.

DOUG
Jesus Christ.

He flies across the basement and kneels in front of her. He removes the rag from her mouth and covers her in relieved kisses. He starts untying the rope wrapped around the chair.

LIZ
Doug! Oh God --

DOUG
It's okay. It's okay, baby, it's gonna be okay.

LIZ
Aaron! She has Aaron! And Sarah, oh God, Doug, she killed Sarah --

Liz begins to cry again. Doug cups her face and shushes her.

DOUG
I'm sorry, baby. I'm so sorry. But we need to focus right now. Where is she? Do you know where she is?

Just then Liz's panicked eyes dart over his shoulder and widen. Doug spins around --

To see Emma standing at the bottom of the stairs.

She unscrews the cap of a GAS CAN.

EMMA
Welcome home, Doug.

DOUG
Whoa. Whoa-whoa-whoa. Careful, Emma. We can talk about this.

EMMA
Why bother? Give me one reason why I shouldn't burn us all to ashes right now. Huh? My life was ruined a long time ago.

Emma tips the gas can. Spills some onto the basement floor.

DOUG
Stop! Emma, I'm sorry for what happened to you. I am. But it wasn't my fault. These drugs, they have side effects. And sometimes, things can go wrong, and it's not fair. You should have never been taking them when you were pregnant. Your doctor should have known that. What happened, it wasn't my fault, and it wasn't Liz's fault, and it certainly wasn't Aaron's fault.

EMMA
Of course it wasn't your fault! It never is!
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
Was it your fault when your wife was so unhappy that she was medicating herself halfway to the grave? On drugs you gave her?
(beat)
You live in a bubble, Doug. You don't care about other people.

DOUG
That's not true. I care about my wife. I care about my son. Please don't take them from me, Emma.

EMMA
Why not?! Huh? What is there left for me? What?!

Doug looks at Emma. And his heart breaks for her. This sad little girl standing in front of him.

DOUG
I wish I could give you your baby back, Emma. I'd do anything to give you that. You deserve that. You're a great mother. Be that to Aaron, right now. Please, Emma.

EMMA
It doesn't matter anymore.
(to Liz)
I'm sorry.

She tips the gas can again --

And SPILLS the gas all over. She makes her way around the basement, splashing it all around the walls.

DOUG
No-no-no, stop!

Emma reaches a hand into her pocket and pulls out a LIGHTER.

Doug sees and DIVES FORWARD --

Emma FLICKS the lighter. It SPARKS as she tosses it --

Doug tackles Emma HARD as the basement GOES UP IN FLAMES.

The fire spreads quickly. Engulfing the basement.

As he grapples with Emma on the ground, Doug sees Liz struggling to finish untying her bindings.

He looks back to Emma. Sees FEAR in her eyes as she looks at the flames. Her creation.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Go get Aaron! Get him out of here!

He picks Emma up and shoves her towards the stairs. He rushes to his wife.

The flames quickly surround them. Moving closer.

Doug's hands work frantically to untie the tight knots in the thick rope. Liz watches the fire move in on them.

LIZ
Hurry!

DOUG
Almost there...

Done. Doug tears the rope away and pull Liz out of the seat.

They spin towards the stairs --

To see their path completely engulfed in flames. The fire travels up the staircase and into the living room above.

LIZ
What do we do?

Doug looks around. The room is becoming dark with smoke. It's hard to see and even harder to breathe.

And then Doug spots one of the ground level windows. They're short, but just maybe...

Doug puts a protective arm around Liz and, staying low to the ground, they rush to the closest window.

There's a stack of old boxes pushed against the wall.

Doug covers his nose and mouth and uses the boxes as a boost to step up into the billowing smoke. It burns his eyes, forcing them shut.

Doug feels the window. Cocks his arm back.

And ELBOWS the glass. It breaks easily.

Doug turns back to see Liz choking on the ground.

Holding his breath, he hops off the boxes and gently takes her in his arms. He steps back up on the boxes, and using all the strength he has in his body, lifts her up to the window.

DOUG
Go! You have to crawl through!

Liz musters the strength and pulls herself through.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Liz collapses into the yard and starts coughing. A violent fit that she fights to get under control.

DOUG (O.S.)
Liz!

She turns towards the sound of Doug's voice --

And sees his arms sticking through the broken window.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Liz, I need your help!

She grabs onto his hands and PULLS with all her strength.

Doug slips through the window into the backyard. He collapses onto the grass next to Liz, who looks at the flames now wildly engulfing the entire house.

LIZ
Oh God... Oh God, Doug, Aaron...

Doug pushes himself up. Forces himself to stand and jogs to the front yard.

There's no sign of Emma or Aaron. But concerned neighbors have begun to spill out of their houses.

Doug looks at the flames. And gets an idea.

He feels his pockets. Finds his phone and pulls it out. He quickly opens the nanny cam app.

He frantically checks each feed.

ON THE SCREEN: Aaron's room and the master bedroom are both ablaze, but empty. Sarah's motionless body burns on the bed.

Doug switches feeds again.

ON THE SCREEN: The living room is engulfed. And on the floor in the center of the room -- Emma sits with Aaron in her arms. She murmurs a soft lullaby to him as he screams at the top of his lungs.

Doug drops his phone to the grass and sprints for the house.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Doug!

DOUG
Stay here! Stay out here, Liz!

As soon as Doug reaches the front stoop, the heat hits him like a wall. It's immediate and intense. Beats him back.

But only for a moment.

He ducks his head down, keeps low, and SPRINTS for the door.

Several NEIGHBORS reach Liz on the lawn. She pays them no mind as she watches Doug disappear into the fire.

INT. WESTON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The front door, barely hanging by a hinge, EXPLODES inwards as Doug hits it full speed.

He crashes through the opening and rolls into the front hall.

The entire first floor is engulfed in flames. The bright orange light mixes with deathly black smoke. It's nearly impossible to see.

Doug stays on his stomach and rapidly crawls into the living room. Hardly noticing the incredible heat in here.

DOUG
Emma! Aaron! Emma!

Suddenly, through the crackling fire, he hears Aaron. The terrified screams of his son.

Doug follows the sound and shimmies deeper into the house. Careful to avoid the flames reaching out to him like arms.

And then he comes upon them.

Emma lays out on the carpet, coughing and choking, her face singed black. She holds Aaron tightly to her chest.

Doug hurries over to them.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Give him to me!

Emma doesn't respond. She can't.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Emma, we have to get out of here!

She squeezes Aaron tighter against her chest. Doesn't move.

Doug reaches out and grabs a hold of his crying son.

DOUG (CONT'D)
He's a baby, Emma. He didn't do anything to you. I know you love him. Don't punish him for something that I did.

Through the fire and the smoke, Emma's eyes meet Doug's. There's undeniable hatred in that look.

But her arms loosen. She lets go of baby Aaron.

Doug grabs his son and turns around.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - NIGHT

There's a huge crowd now on the Weston's front lawn and in the street. The lights of an approaching fire truck light up the night.

Liz stands close to the house. Watches the front door. Flames block her view of anything inside.

The fire truck pulls up to the curb and several firefighters quickly jump off onto the lawn. They rush towards Liz.

Just then --

A SHAPE appears through the fire.

Doug BURSTS out of the house. Flames dance on his back and shoulders, but he cradles Aaron protectively against his chest.

LIZ
Doug!

Liz rushes forward. Sprinting with everything she has, she meets him halfway across the lawn and takes Aaron from him. A perfect hand off.

Doug falls to the grass.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Help him! Someone help him!

While Liz frantically checks Aaron for injury, the firefighters rush to Doug's side with emergency blankets. They extinguish the flames on his back.

Liz drops to her knees at his side, still holding Aaron.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Are you okay? Please be okay. Oh God, Doug, please. I need you.

Doug coughs and chokes. Finally manages to speak.

DOUG
I'm not going anywhere.

Utter relief consumes Liz as she falls into his arms.

It hurts, but Doug holds her. Squeezes her and Aaron tight.

EXT. WESTON HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The firefighters are still in front of the Weston home as the early light of dusk plays in the morning sky.

The fire has been contained and mostly extinguished, but they continue to douse some weaker rogue flames.

The house itself is mostly ash. Burned to its foundation.

INT. HOSPITAL - DOUG'S ROOM - MORNING

Doug lays in a hospital bed, gazing out the window at the cloudy day. He hears footsteps and turns to see Liz in the doorway, clutching her phone. Her face is cut and bruised, her eyes puffy from crying.

DOUG
Did you call your parents?

LIZ
(nods)
They're on their way.

Liz walks into the room. Takes a hesitant seat next to Doug.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Doug... I... I don't even know --

DOUG
Shhh. Not now. We'll have plenty of time to... To sort things out. But not right now.

She meets his eyes. Grateful.

LIZ
Okay. I... I love you.

Doug reaches out his open hand. Liz takes it. Squeezes.

DOUG
I love you too. So much.

And we...

FADE TO BLACK. *