

# DEADLY ILLUSIONS

by  
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1

**EXT. SMALL TOWN, BOOKSTORE - SUNRISE**

1

FOG THAT LINGERS. MORNING LIGHT BREAKS. From high above we float down, through a SEA OF TREES to a quaint CITY STREET.

We pass DOZENS OF EAGER PATRONS eagerly waiting in line to enter a QUAINT and CHARMING BOOKSTORE. As CUSTOMERS enter and exit we land on a CENTER TABLE featuring a COLLECTION of BESTSELLING BOOKS.

On the table, a SIGN -- "MUST READ SERIES' OF THE DECADE"

One SERIES stands out from the others:

**"MARY MORRISON, NEW YORK TIMES BEST SELLING AUTHOR. MILLIONS SOLD WORLDWIDE. Passion, sex, lies, betrayal."**

CUSTOMERS peruse the array of books, picking up Morrison's more than the others.

One by one, Mary's books disappear from off the table.

As CUSTOMERS move back and forth, the camera pans over to reveal the last book of the SERIES: a PHOTO of a WOMAN'S HAND with a KNIFE behind her back, BLOOD DRIPPING to the floor.

The book entitled: **DELIRIUM, DARK PLACES.**

**CUT TO BLACK.**

1A

**MAIN TITLE: GRACE**

1A

2

**INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - MORNING**

2

SCRAMBLED EGGS. BROWN PAPER LUNCH SACKS. A WOMAN'S HANDS move briskly, accomplishing numerous tasks at once for the morning's routine -- BACON, DISHES, FRESH FRUIT. A BLENDER turns round and round blending GREENS into a HEALTH SHAKE.

HOMEMADE BREAD is cut into slices with a BREAD KNIFE.

Suddenly a KNICK of the finger -- a small drop of BLOOD.

WOMAN

Damn it.

(yelling upstairs)

Sam! Alex!

The WOMAN tends to the WOUND, sucking her finger.

Upper-middle class home, restoration style, minimalist lines with touches of femininity. Up-to-date kitchen, modern hardware -- all proof of a bestselling novelist's income.

This is MARY MORRISON (47) living her second best life as a stay-at-home mom. Intelligent yet restless. Mary enjoys her new chapter but sometimes finds herself not engaged in the task at hand, quietly suffering from a lack of stimulation.

She double checks the LUNCHES to ensure they're packed right.

TOAST pops up. ORGANIC BUTTER spread over top with GOLD PLATED SILVERWARE. Mary grabs a PEN, jotting down HANDWRITTEN NOTES for her TWO CHILDREN as if she were a CEO of a corporation needing to come up with something eloquent.

Just then her TWINS (6) enter.

Mary tucks the HANDWRITTEN NOTES in their Lunches.

SAM

Mom, do we have to go to recital  
tonight?

ALEX

Yeah, can't we skip just this once?

ALEX (CONT'D)

Pleeeeease.

SAM

Pleeeeease.

SAMUEL, a boy and ALEXANDRA, a girl -- are FRATERNAL TWINS. Both bright and smart, unaware of their privilege.

MARY

No, we can not.  
(Beat)

Because we have to see things  
through. Kids in impoverished  
countries wish they had the same  
problems you did. Now sit and eat  
or we'll be late.

SAM

But we're never late.

MARY

Exactly.

The TWINS eat.

TOM MORRISON (40), dressed in an IMPECCABLE SUIT AND TIE enters, kissing his wife on the lips while playfully touching her bum without the Twins noticing.

Tom, handsome and YOUNGER than his successful partner, is eager to succeed, evident through his palpable focus and intense energy.

TOM  
Anything going on today?

Mary shakes her head, nothing. Then remembers --

MARY  
Oh, Elaine wants to know if we can attend that fundraising dinner?  
(Beat)  
We really should. She's been coordinating it for months.

Tom grabs a handful of BACON, gulping down his SHAKE.

TOM  
As long as she knows we won't be bidding. Every time we attend one of these things it ends up being a waste. I'd rather just hand over the donation.

MARY  
I'm sure we can find something worthwhile. I'll let her know.

Tom kisses the Children goodbye, BRIEFCASE in hand. Mary watches as her attractive husband leaves, winking at her.

MARY (CONT'D)  
(to Alex and Sam)  
Alright you two.

3           **EXT. MORRISON HOME, DRIVEWAY - DAY**

3

Mary pulls out of the driveway in her SILVER MERCEDES SUV.

4           **EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, DROP OFF AREA - NEXT MOMENT**

4

A LONG STRETCH of CARS. SCHOOL CHILDREN exit vehicles and enter the school. Mary, near the front of the line, in her SUV, notices a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN chatting with ANOTHER MOM.

As the TWINS exit, Mary gives each child their own special hand-shake. Both a little annoyed with the morning ritual but secretly appreciative of their mother's doting ways.

ALEX  
Bye mom. Love you.

MARY  
Love you too.

SAM  
Bye mom.

MARY  
Bye buddy. Have a good day.

Just then the WOMAN approaches. Mary rolls down her window.

ELAINE  
This fundraiser is going to be the death of me.  
(Beat)  
Coffee? I don't have to be in the office until noon.

MARY  
I wish. I have that thing this morning ...

ELAINE  
Oh that's right. How could I forget. Today's the day I get my hot mess of a friend back!

ELAINE (40) dressed in SLIGHTLY RIPPED JEANS, HIGH HEELS and TRENDY HAT -- is a good mother but not as doting as Mary. A free spirit. A friend you drink mimosas with on a Tuesday afternoon. Voluptuous, sassy style, and wicked smart.

MARY  
Ha. I'm retired, remember?

ELAINE  
Retired my ass. You and I both know what that means.  
(Beat)  
Every woman needs her own thing Mary.

MARY  
I only agreed to the meeting to ensure my residuals keep coming in.

ELAINE  
Decide on what you're wearing yet?

Elaine looks down at Mary in her SILK ROBE and SLIPPERS.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Better not be a pantsuit. You know how I feel about you and suits.  
(MORE)

ELAINE (CONT'D)

(Beat)

The Chairman of the Board is giving  
you a house visit -- sex it up mama  
and show them who's boss.

Mary smiles at her friend's teasing ways.

MARY

Not gonna happen.

ELAINE

After your new deal closes we need  
to plan a girls trip. A tropical  
island somewhere. No kids and zero  
husbands.

MARY

You have others stashed away I  
don't know about?

Elaine laughs at her clever friend, nodding for her to go.  
Mary zooms out of the parking lot and into ...

5 EXT. MORRISON HOME, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

5

The driveway, quickly running inside.

6 INT. MASTER BEDROOM, WALK-IN CLOSET - NEXT MOMENT

6

The SILK ROBE falls to the floor. Mary puts on her TUMMY  
TUCKING UNDERGARMENT then examines her SEXIER OPTIONS,  
eventually opting for a traditional PANTSUIT.

She opens a drawer filled of JEWELRY, choosing her favorite  
DIAMOND EAR RINGS, putting them on. Her skin glowing, Mary  
examines her eyes in the mirror -- subtle wrinkles. Aging has  
been kind to her, better than most. She sighs, forgetting it.

Throwing it all together: LIPSTICK, HAIR, PERFUME, Mary  
reaches up to grab her favorite CHANEL BAG and dusts it off.  
Her collection of DESIGNER SHOES, PURSES, and COATS is the  
kind of CLOSET most women pin but could never own. A POWER  
TRENCH COAT hangs nearby.

She slips on a pair of worn HIGH-END HEELS and exits.

7 INT. MORRISON HOME, COURTYARD - NEXT MOMENT

7

Mary walks down the walkway, ready for an important meeting.

7A           **EXT. MORRISON HOME, DRIVE WAY - NEXT MOMENT**           7A

TWO ASSOCIATES exit their SEDAN and walk towards the MAIN FRONT DOOR. Mary spots them as they approach.

7B           **INT. MORRISON HOME, COURTYARD FRONT DOOR- NEXT MOMENT**           7B

She OPENS THE FRONT DOOR, welcoming them --

MARY  
Kioki, so good to see you!

An ASIAN MAN (35), wide-eyed and handsome, kisses Mary on the cheek. This is KIOKI MITSUTASHI, hard working and respectable -- longs to be the hero but caves to the bottom line.

KIOKI  
Mary, dazzling as ever. I brought my new associate, Darlene.

MARY  
Nice to meet you. Please come in.

8           **INT. MORRISON HOME, COURTYARD SEATING AREA - CONTINUOUS**           8

Mary escorts them to her FRONT SEATING AREA.

MARY  
Please, have a seat. Let me grab us something to drink.

KIOKI  
Looks as though you're keeping busy.

MARY (O.S.)  
Very. You know how it goes. Between school committees, the twins schedules and managing the house -- I barely have time for myself these days.

KIOKI  
Thank you again Mary for making the time to meet with us. We won't take long.

Kioki and DARLENE (30's) look around in awe as Mary grabs GLASSES OF WATER from the kitchen.

A VAST OPEN AREA with SUNLIGHT hitting a rectangular shaped WATER FEATURE, surrounded by GRASS and BIRCH TREES in the corners. MARBLE LIKE FLOORS, CHANDELIER LIGHT FIXTURES reminiscent of a popular furniture magazine.

Mary enters, holding THREE GLASSES and a bottle of PELLEGRINO WATER. She sits down and POURS EACH OF THEM WATER then slips on her DARK RIMMED GLASSES, her NOTEBOOK in front of her --

MARY

Shall we?

The two watch as Mary drinks her GLASS OF WATER readily.

KIOKI

Yes, of course. We've had a spectacular quarter. "Delirium" as you know, is still our bestselling series ...

MARY

You want to do a spin-off, hire a ghost writer? Go for it. You know how I feel about this.

KIOKI

Right. Well actually ... along those lines ... we thought ... we sort of had this idea you see ...

Finally, Darlene interjects --

DARLENE

We're struggling Mary. The publishing landscape has changed. We're in the middle of a massive transition, and could use your help.

DEAD SILENCE.

MARY

What is this?

KIOKI

We have an offer for you, one I think --

Kioki opens a PORTFOLIO FOLDER, taking out an ENVELOPE.

DARLENE

The numbers, they make sense. One more book in the series can put us over the edge, help us get through the transition.

KIOKI

And we think there's enough here to make it worthwhile for you.

Mary refuses, not looking at it.

MARY

Stop. Right there.

Mary breathes in, finding composure.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. This was a mistake. I should have never agreed to have you come here. I thought this was going to be something else Kioki. You misled me.

KIOKI

Mary, I --

MARY

You will find a way, I'm sure. We've been through this before.

Kioki and Darlene attempt to interject but it's no use.

Mary gets up, leading them out.

KIOKI

My apologies.

9

**INT/EXT. MORRISON HOME, COURTYARD FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS 9**

Kioki kisses Mary on the cheek, then before exiting --

KIOKI (CONT'D)

(in her ear)

Your check will continue to arrive every quarter.

He smiles and leaves, walking to his CAR. Darlene cordially shakes Mary's hand, then pauses to step closer --

DARLENE

Must be nice.

MARY

Pardon?

DARLENE

Not having to worry about your children, whether or not they'll have a roof over their heads or a good school to attend. You're Mary Morrison, the "bestselling author".

(Beat)

Yet there was a time when Mary couldn't even get one publisher to read her work -- so she resorted to writing salacious stories -- and now gets to sit back and rake in the residuals with no thought of how she got there or who put her there.

Beat.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

I am right, aren't I?

MARY

This is absurd. You have no idea what you're talking about. You know nothing about me. And should be fired.

Mary shuts the door on her, shocked by the audacity.

10

**INT. MORRISON HOME, COURTYARD FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

10

Mary stands motionless, upset. She replays the moment with Darlene, whom she never met before. She shakes it off, resuming to house duties then spots the ENVELOPE and grabs it taking it inside to the main house.

11

**INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT**

11

MUSIC PLAYS from a RECORD PLAYER as Mary prepares dinner in the kitchen. Dressed in her favorite WORN APRON she dances to the beat as Sam and Alex do HOMEWORK at the kitchen island.

Just then Tom enters from work.

MARY

Hey babe!

(Beat)

Made your favorite.

Tom drops his things and immediately says hello to his wife, kissing her adoringly. He BREATHES in the food, tasting it. Mary, pleased to see him happy. As she sets the table, Tom says hello to the Twins then notices something ...

## On Mary's DESK --

The ENVELOPE. He picks it up, curious.

Mystified, he slowly walks over to Mary, still reading.

Mary looks up, confused. Spotting the BOLD LETTERING at the top of the SHEET OF PAPER, realizing ...

13 INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - NEXT MOMENT 13

Tom looks at Mary in dismay.

TOM  
Were you not going to tell me?

MARY  
They asked if they could come by to  
meet. I didn't want to bother you  
with it. It was only supposed to be  
--

TOM

Not that.

(Beat)

This. Were you going to tell me about the offer?

Mary, confused, grabs the PAPER, reading. On the paper, "An advancement of TWO MILLION DOLLARS." She covers her mouth.

TOM (CONT'D)  
That's more up front than all your other books *combined*.

Mary shakes her head.

No words. She replays Kioki's nervousness in the meeting, shuddering at the thought of writing another book. Suddenly the WATER in the POT begins to BOIL OVER --

MARY

We should eat.  
(to kids)  
Dinner is ready.

Sam and Alex sit down at the table. Mary joins. Tom stands motionless, thinking. Mary gets up, realizing his puzzlement and approaches him from behind.

MARY (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
I'm sorry. I had no idea. I wasn't trying to hide anything from you.  
This executive, she must have slipped it on my desk when they visited today ...

TOM  
(whispering)  
Never mind that.  
(lovingly)  
Mary, you have to seriously consider.

Mary, not wanting to --

Nods.

Tom kisses his wife ravenously, addicted to her in more ways than one. The Morrison's sit down to eat -- a happy family.

14

**INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

14

Under the covers, Tom pleases his wife with his hand while LICKING her, moving from her groin up to her navel -- resting his chin on her stomach, pausing to look at her.

A moment. They kiss again, both naked and completely open. Genuine love-making.

Tom continues to pleasure her. Mary enters ecstasy. She attempts to stop him, wanting to pleasure him first.

But he refuses.

Tom grabs ahold of her arms, holding them up above her head against the pillow, FORCING her to remain there until he finishes the job.

HANDS CLENCHED in FISTS, Mary begins to CLIMAX.

After ORGASMING Mary ravenously goes for Tom's groin to return the FAVOR. Like a wildcat in the Sahara desert determined to pounce back, she begins SUCKING ...

Tom, now in ecstasy.

*The room, dark and indistinguishable. Our eyes strain to see what is happening but Tom's face tells it all.*

As he CLIMAXES, she finishes strong. Lying on the bed, Tom holds her, caressing her.

TOM

Mary, there's something I need to tell you.

Mary kisses him, then gets out of bed, grabbing something from out of her NIGHT STAND. Tom watches as her naked body is covered up by a ROBE and exits onto the BALCONY.

15

**EXT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER PRIVATE PATIO - NEXT MOMENT**

15

A CIGAR is lit. Mary puffs, looking out at their vast backyard. Tom joins, kissing her shoulder. He takes the CIGAR and puffs, giving it back. She looks into him, curious.

Tom struggles to find the words. Mary speculates, having no idea what he's about to say.

TOM

I messed up.

Avoiding her eyes, he finally looks up --

TOM paces back and forth, explaining.

TOM (CONT'D)

Barry ... he kept taunting me to go in with him ... convinced me it was the perfect opportunity ... so I did ... realized we were in over our heads ... we jumped too soon. The plan was to earn it all back before --

MARY

When?

Tom, confused. Her eyes watering.

MARY (CONT'D)

When did you make the trade?

Beat.

TOM

Six months ago.

MARY

God damn you Tom. You've waited six months to tell me this?

Tom tries to touch her, but she pushes him away.

MARY (CONT'D)

How much?

TOM

Nearly half.

MARY

Are you fucking kidding me?! You dipped into the reserves?

He nods. Then goes to touch her again, but she refuses.

MARY (CONT'D)

You promised. You said you would be more careful from here on out.

TOM

I know.

Seeing the anger in her eyes, he concedes and leaves her alone on the private patio and heads back inside.

Mary attempts to remain composed but is unable. A tear falls. As she continues puffing, she thinks about what they're up against, knowing all too well what this means, that she will have to take the offer from her Publisher.

She finishes the CIGAR, then picks up the ALUMINUM COMPACT containing SIX SKINNY CIGARS inside, and shuts it CLOSED.

16

INT. SPA, STEAM ROOM - NEXT DAY

16

Mary and Elaine lie NAKED on the bench looking up at the TILE CEILING. STEAM fills the room. OTHER WOMEN come and go. As they chat we follow the curvature of their legs, along their thighs, to their stomachs, up to their lips.

ELAINE

You are taking the offer love.

MARY

Ha. But you've never seen what I'm like while writing.

ELAINE

What does it matter? After you finish everything goes back to normal, right?

Elaine gets up, looking at her friend still lying down.

Mary thinks --

MARY

I become a different person.

The two get up, exiting.

17

**INT. SPA, WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS**

17

As they exit, both grab CLEAN TOWELS from off a SHELF and walk naked towards the SHOWERS passing MORE WOMEN along the way, also naked. A POSH LOCKER ROOM feel, more of a high-end spa for the super confident. Strong and uninhibited women.

***NOTHING QUITE VISIBLE, everything carefully BLOCKED and implied.\*\*\****

18

**INT. SPA, SHOWERS - CONTINUOUS**

18

We follow them as they enter TWO DIFFERENT STALLS side by side, talking to each other over the wall.

**CROSS CUT**

MARY

I told myself, after having the twins, I'd never go back -- that I would never put myself in that position again. If I were to write it would only be for what I wanted to write.

ELAINE

I hear you. But in the five years that I've known you, have you put anything down? This might be the perfect thing -- to kick your ass out the door.

Mary shuts off the shower, thinking. Both of them DRYING off.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Think of it as momentum to enter a new chapter.

(MORE)

ELAINE (CONT'D)

To get you where you really want to be, so you can create what you really want to create.

EXITING the STALLS, they walk back to the LOCKERS, their hair and bodies wrapped in TOWELS.

19

**INT. SPA, LOCKER AREA - CONTINUOUS**

19

NUMEROUS WOMEN get ready. All shapes, ethnicities and sizes. Ambitious energy that is contagious. The type of locker room seen in movies where the men are having a good time -- *except this is with WOMEN*. Slipping on their bras and panties --

ELAINE

You know what you need? A full-time sitter.

MARY

You mean to say a nanny.

(Beat)

I didn't spend thousands of dollars to conceive these two children, only to spend thousands more and pay someone else to take care of them.

ELAINE

This client of mine, she's like a headhunter for sitters.

Searching her PURSE.

MARY

Here.

Mary looks at the WORN BUSINESS CARD.

MARY (CONT'D)

If she's so great then why aren't you using her?

ELAINE

Out of my price range. Plus, she only takes on certain clients --

Mary slips on a dress, turning around for Elaine to zip her.

MARY

Oh hell no. Those kids always end up with problems.

## ELAINE

I only work three days a week at the clinic but if I had to work full-time this is what I'd do for childcare. The girls she has -- they're different. They attend Ivy leagues, are fluent in at least two languages. Cook, clean, run errands, everything. She recruits the best and rewards them with full-ride scholarships for excellent work. I'm telling you, this is exactly what you need to get through Mary.

Mary analyzes the HIGH END NANNY SERVICE, thinking. Elaine begins blow-drying her hair at the VANITY, chatting with ANOTHER WOMAN beside her who is also getting ready.

20           **EXT. BUSY BOULEVARD, PARKING SPOT - LATER THAT WEEK**           20

Mary parks, checking the address. She looks down at the BUSINESS CARD then back up again. She checks again.

Confused, she enters.

21           **INT. CORPORATE BUILDING, ELEVATOR - NEXT MOMENT**           21

Mary pauses at a sign listing VARIOUS COMPANIES. DOCTOR OFFICES, FINANCIAL FIRMS, etc. Her eyes keep scanning until landing on -- HUNTSMAN ENTERPRISES, LLC. Room 201.

She presses the button, taking the elevator up.

22           **INT. ELEVATOR, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**           22

Mary rounds the corner, walking down a long hallway. Ahead of her, TWO YOUNG WOMEN, deep in conversation. Both dressed fashionably in STYLISH SHOES, DESIGNER JEANS and PURSES.

## YOUNG WOMAN #1

(softly)

What was I supposed to do? I had to say something. I told her, "I think your son needs speech therapy."

## YOUNG WOMAN #2

(softly)

Oh my god, what did she say? I would have been so afraid she would have fired me on the spot.

YOUNG WOMAN #1  
Just the opposite. If anything she  
trusts me more now.

YOUNG WOMAN #2  
Get out.

MARY  
Excuse me --

One of the YOUNG WOMEN looks up, realizing.

YOUNG WOMAN #1

Wait.

(Beat)

You're Mary Morrison, the famous  
writer. I've read every single one  
of your books! You're like one of  
my biggest inspirations right now.

MARY  
That's so nice, thank you.  
(Beat)  
I'm looking for Huntsman  
Enterprises. Either of you familiar  
--

YOUNG WOMAN #2  
(whispering)  
Oh around the corner, straight down  
the hall.

MARY  
Thanks so much.

YOUNG WOMAN #1  
Hard to believe that's where it is,  
but that is where it is.

MARY  
Thanks again.

As Mary walks towards Room 201, the Young Women quietly freak out over their sudden run in with the famous author. Mary reaches ROOM 201. On the GLASS DOOR, HUNTSMAN ENTERPRISES.

Mary enters to find a FRONT DESK with a SIGN IN SHEET.

## OFFICE MANAGER

Welcome Ms. Morrison. Angela will be with you shortly. Please, have a seat.

## MARY

Thank you.

She signs then sits down, waiting. As she waits, a YOUNG BOY appears from behind SMALL GLASS BARRIER, his nose pressed against the GLASS. Mary smiles back, realizing he is happy.

A WOMAN appears, dressed sharp.

## ANGELA HUNTSMAN

Mary, so nice to meet you. Please, follow me this way.

23A

**INT. HUNTSMAN ENTERPRISES, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

23A

Mary follows Angela back to her office. As they walk, Angela pauses. Mary looks through GLASS WINDOWS to find CHILDREN of ALL AGES playing. A GLASS BARRIER between her and the play area prevents anyone from entering. Each child with one CAREGIVER, similar to the Young Women in the hall.

Awestruck by what she sees, Mary watches sweet moments between the CHILDREN and their PERSONAL NANNIES.

-- Resting on a PILE OF PILLOWS, under a TENT, a YOUNG WOMAN helps A BOY READ A BOOK. Motherly.

-- In another corner, a YOUNG WOMAN teaches a YOUNG GIRL to TIE HER SHOE, then exuberantly congratulates her.

-- At a TABLE, TWO YOUNG WOMEN sit with A GROUP OF CHILDREN, singing a NURSERY RHYME as they all PREP FOOD to cook.

Mary analyzes the BULLET PROOF GLASS BARRIER. Along the SEALED SEAMS her eyes travel to the MASSIVE LOCK that is only openable through code, key or eye-scan -- the room nearly impenetrable. SAFER than a government building.

24

**INT. HUNTSMAN ENTERPRISES, ANGELA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

24

ANGELA HUNTSMAN (40), a clever business woman -- savvy yet also warm, is a pro at juggling children and corporatism.

Mary sits as Angela examines her SCREEN, reviewing Mary's info. The office, warm and inviting, is decked out with LEATHER CHAIRS, BOOKSHELVES, COMFY FURNITURE and PLANTS. A GLASS WINDOW on one wall reveals the PLAYROOM.

MARY

I must confess I'm not sure I want  
this sort of thing. You see --

ANGELA

Nobody knows what they want until  
they can't live without it.

(Beat)

Sam and Alex, tell me more about  
them?

MARY

Oh, they're good kids. Fraternal  
twins. Just turned six. Get along  
fairly well. Excellent readers.  
Sam, he sometimes gets overwhelmed,  
so I have ways, techniques you  
know, to calm him down. Alex, she's  
a tomboy -- thinks she can do  
anything her brother can.

ANGELA

Which she can.

MARY

Of course, which she can.

ANGELA

What are some of the techniques you  
use to calm Sam down?

MARY

Mainly distraction. Take him  
outside to play. Art projects. That  
sort of thing.

ANGELA

Any extracurriculars?

MARY

Both are in piano and soccer. I  
mean, I don't believe in  
overwhelming children too much --  
so we have a lot of playdates  
instead.

ANGELA

Totally agree. I think you will be  
pleasantly surprised with what we  
can offer you Mary.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Our young women come from impeccable backgrounds -- Many attend prestigious schools and are looking for creative ways to pay tuition. We provide them with scholarships based on performance.

MARY

Performance?

ANGELA

We check in with our parents to make sure they're satisfied and getting the results they want. If they are, we have a reward system in place.

(Beat)

We accept donations from our parents as well, to make sure each of our girls are taken care of financially.

MARY

I see.

ANGELA

This also prevents any nonsense from happening ... we pride ourselves on placing caregivers who carry the highest moral standards -- plus we're not blind to what can happen, so we ensure the girls are incentivized to say no if ever placed in a compromising position.

MARY

Compromising. That's a good word.

Mary looks over through the glass at the Children playing.

MARY (CONT'D)

And this room?

ANGELA

Most parents prefer to have help in the home but if you need to go out of town and want supervision, we provide it.

MARY

I see.

ANGELA

How about I send over a few potentials for you to meet with? If none of them work for you, we can revisit and go from there?

Mary, hesitant.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

No need to commit to anything just yet. I want to make sure we find the best fit for you and your family.

Mary looks out the window at the CAREGIVERS being warm and caring with the children.

MARY

Okay, why not.

ANGELA

Great. I just need you to fill out a few more forms.

Angela gathers the FORMS for MARY. As she does, Mary pretends to enjoy the process, but is secretly skeptical.

25

**INT. MORRISON HOME, COURTYARD FRONT DOOR - DAY**

25

Mary gets up, straightening her outfit, then OPENS the DOOR. One by One the POTENTIAL CAREGIVERS enter and shake her hand.

25A

**INT. MORRISON HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

25A

-- The first candidate pulls out HAND SANITIZER and WIPES HER HANDS CLEAN before shaking Mary's.

-- Another enters and sits down. In the midst of Mary asking questions, she secretly CHECKS HER PHONE numerous times.

-- Another TALKS NON-STOP. Mary tries to give the hint by yawning, then gets up to stretch in order to wake herself up. The potential Caregiver has no clue and keeps talking.

-- Another looks at the FRAMED PHOTOS on the BOOKSHELVES behind Mary and ASKS INVADING QUESTIONS, one after another.

-- Another DRESSES SEDUCTIVELY, crossing her legs, not paying attention to her rising and open SHORTS. Mary kindly stops the interview and tells her the position has been filled.

25B      **INT. MORRISON HOME - COURTYARD FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**      25B

THE FRONT DOOR SHUTS as Mary says goodbye to her last POTENTIAL CANDIDATE. She looks out the WINDOW, realizing everyone has come and gone. Then sits down and sighs, making a call with her EAR BUDS in, resting back in a LOUNGE CHAIR.

**CROSS CUT**

26      **INT. DOWNTOWN BUILDING, ELEVATOR - SAME MOMENT**      26

MEN AND WOMEN, DRESSED PROFESSIONALLY, walk back and forth. Tom walks through the open space ...

TOM

Hey hun. Any luck with the interviews?

MARY

No one impressive yet. Nice girls though.

Tom enters the ELEVATOR and GOES UP.

TOM

Not one?

(Beat)

Think you're being a little too hard on them?

MARY

I don't know Tom. Maybe this isn't a good idea. Can't we get one of your coworker's daughter's, or what about one of those nice girls from church? Have them fill in for a few hours here and there --

27      **INT. DOWNTOWN BUILDING, CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**      27

Tom enters, walking towards a window for privacy as OTHER EXECUTIVES ARRIVE, prepping for their morning meeting.

TOM

Mary. You're feeling anxious and apprehensive. You and I both know if you don't have someone to take care of the menial stuff it will absolutely kill you. Why not take a break for once, especially when we can afford it this time around?

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)  
Plus, it could be good for the  
kids.

MARY  
I just can't see anyone else taking  
care of them better than me.

TOM  
This isn't easy for me either.  
You're the best mother. No one can  
replace you.

**CROSS CUT**

28      **EXT. MORRISON HOME, COURTYARD FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**      28

Mary smiles. In her peripheral, she notices someone standing  
on the doorstep, waiting.

MARY  
Oh wait, another girl is here.

TOM  
Give this one a chance okay? Love  
you.

MARY  
K, love you too. Bye.

28A     **INT. DOWNTOWN BUILDING, CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**     28A

Tom hangs up and looks out. Eyes worried, he thinks.

28B     **EXT. MORRISON HOME, COURTYARD FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**     28B

Mary hangs up with Tom and opens the door to find a MODEST  
YOUNG WOMAN smiling innocently back at her.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Is this --

MARY  
Huntsman Enterprises?

YOUNG WOMAN  
Yes.

MARY  
Please, come in.

29

**INT. MORRISON HOME, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

29

The Young Woman follows Mary to the main living area. Mary gestures for her to sit.

MARY

(from the kitchen)

Would you like some tea? My apologies, I've been at this all afternoon and need a little pick me up.

YOUNG WOMAN

That would be lovely. Thank you.

30

**INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - SAME MOMENT**

30

As Mary makes TEA, she secretly watches the Young Woman.

Her eyes scan her alluring body: WHITE TENNIS SHOES that are dirty and worn. Legs well-defined. Posture that is poised. A WHITE FLOWING skirt, modest and simple. A YELLOW BUTTON-UP SWEATER over a WHITE COLLARED SHIRT -- all evidence of an unassuming candidate.

30A

**INT. MORRISON HOME, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

30A

The Young Woman's hand delicately reaches into her BAG and pulls out a BOOK, picking up where she left off. Mary watches as she reads. Wisps of hair float down around her face from a CROWN BRAID. Natural blonde. PURE INNOCENCE. As kitchen sounds can be heard, the Young Woman continues reading, enraptured in another world. Awe-inspiring to see.

30B

**INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

30B

Mary watches the Young Woman as she turns the page, still reading. The teapot SCREAMS, startling her. Mary pours the HOT WATER then brings out a TRAY with TEA, COOKIES and HONEY.

31

**INT. MORRISON HOME, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

31

The Young Woman closes the Book, placing it back in her Bag.

MARY

Read often?

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh yeah, sorry. Whenever I can.

(Beat)

(MORE)

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
But don't worry, I would never with  
the children.

MARY  
Why not? It would be good for them  
to see a young person reading an  
actual book. Lord knows we need  
more of that these days.

The Young Woman smiles, drinking her TEA.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Thank you. It was starting to rain  
a little so this is nice.

Grace notices Mary's looking at her Book Bag.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
"Laddie" by Gene --

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D) Stratton-Porter MARY Stratton-Porter.

MARY (CONT'D)  
"A Girl of the Limberlost" I read  
eons ago. Never "Laddie". Just as  
good?

YOUNG WOMAN  
Considering this is my third time  
... yes. Porter has this  
extraordinary knowledge and passion  
for nature -- coupled with the rich  
girl/poor boy romance set in the  
countryside of the nineteenth  
century? Well, I might be a little  
obsessed.

(Beat)  
There's this quote, the mother of  
the main character, she hangs it up  
in their home ... has nothing to do  
with the plot really.

(looking at a spot above)  
"The way to be happy is to be  
good."

Mary looks at the spot and smiles.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I realized I never  
introduced myself.

The Young Woman reaches her hand out.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I'm Grace.

As their hands touch, a *surge of energy*. Mary ignores it.

MARY  
Nice to meet you Grace. I'm Mary Morrison. Thank you for still showing up despite the rain. Tell me, where are you from?

GRACE  
I grew up in a small town ... probably never heard of it, River Springs? Just outside the city about two hours or so. Anyway, grew up there in a large family.

MARY  
Public school?

GRACE  
Homeschooled actually.

MARY  
Wow, and how was that?

GRACE  
For the most part, good. I think? I guess the fact I don't know anything different is not so good? But we studied Latin and Hebrew. The classics. Music. I play the flute. Learned more than most kids so I can't complain.

MARY  
Impressive.  
(Beat)  
So no make-out sessions in the backseat of your boyfriend's car then?

Grace confused.

GRACE  
Right. No boyfriends.

Just then a phone call.

MARY  
Excuse me dear, will you?

Grace nods.

Mary gets up, taking the call in the kitchen. Grace overhears as she looks across the way at the MYRIAD OF BOOKS behind the desk, her eyes spotting FAMILIAR CLASSICS but also new TITLES and recent BESTSELLERS. Grace gets up to study closer.

MARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Wonderful news.  
 (Beat)  
 I'm fine with all those conditions.  
 (Beat)  
 Go ahead and send it over and I'll sign. Once the wire comes in I'll get started. Thanks for all your hard work on this. Appreciate it.

Just then the TWINS come running in. Grace looks over to find Elaine checking to make sure she can leave them safely there.

SAM

Mom!! Alex is being mean to me!!

ALEX

No I'm not. You're just being a big baby!

Grace jumps in to help.

GRACE

How is Sam being mean to you?

Alex and Sam look over, startled to see Grace standing there.

SAM

Who are you?

Grace walks over then bends down to their level.

GRACE

I'm Grace, a friend of your mom's.

ALEX

Mom!!!

Grace urges them to be quiet.

GRACE

Hey buddy. You're mom is on an important phone call.  
 (Beat)  
 Is that a drawing you have there?

Sam looks down at his DRAWING then hands it over to Grace. Grace looks at it, trying to figure out what it is.

32

**INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN HALLWAY - SAME MOMENT**

32

Mary hangs up, exiting the hallway area to find --

GRACE (CONT'D)

And then the elephant said to the  
zookeeper, how dare you throw mud  
on me like that?! The elephant  
didn't like that very much so in  
one gigantic breath he BLEW as hard  
as he could -- drenching the  
zookeeper in water!

The Children LAUGH at Grace's impersonation of an elephant.

MARY

Alright you two, head upstairs so  
Grace and I can finish our meeting?

The Twins run down the hall to their room. Grace stands up,  
holding the book she was examining, "Forever" by Judy Blume.

Mary notices.

GRACE

Didn't realize Blume wrote other  
stories. If this were a library I'd  
check it out.

MARY

If you love that, then you'll love  
this.

Mary leads Grace to her PRIVATE OFFICE near her bedroom.

32A

**INT. MORRISON HOME, PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

32A

A makeshift office. BOOKCASES overflowing. Fancy yet simple,  
a desk overloaded with PAPERWORK and FOLDERS to be organized.

Grace examines the shelf filled with different titles: "Fear  
of Flying" by Erica Jong, "Rubyfruit Jungle" by Rita Mae  
Brown, "The Awakening" by Kate Chopin, "The Virgins" by P.  
Evans. Mary watches Grace as she examines the TITLES.

A look of motherly love. Her eyes follow down the bridge of  
her nose to her cheekbones, to her neck. Mary notices a DIRT  
RING around her collar. A FEW HOLES in the sweater.

Just then Grace puts it together.

GRACE

Wait, you're a writer? These are  
your books?

MARY

Haven't written in a long time  
though.

GRACE

Wow. I can't believe I'm standing  
in the home of an actual writer!!

Grace puts the Book back she was holding and examines Mary's  
PUBLISHED BOOKS.

MARY

You know Grace I'm not sure I need  
someone full-time but if you're up  
for it, I do need someone next  
week? I have a new book I'm  
starting.

GRACE

Seriously? That would be  
incredible!

MARY

If you need to be looking for  
something more full-time though, I  
completely understand --

GRACE

No, no. Are you kidding? This is  
perfect! Your children are adorable  
and I'd love to help you with  
whatever I can. Organizing,  
cleaning, research -- whatever you  
need. Thank you. Thank you so so  
much!

Grace hugs Mary, clinging to her. Mary, touched.

MARY

Okay, great. We'll start Monday.

Grace gathers her things.

32B

**EXT. MORRISON HOME, COURTYARD FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

32B

Mary opens the door for Grace as she exits. Grace WAVES back  
before getting on her BIKE.

Mary shuts the door, watching Grace ride along, her skirt flying in the wind.

33

**INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING ROOM - DAY**

33

Elaine helps lift DUSTY FURNITURE out of the LARGE SPACE.

The backyard, spacious. A LAWN and TREES at one end, a POOL in the center, the WRITING ROOM looking out at the vast view. The women set down the FURNITURE then look up at their CHILDREN sitting with Grace, having a picnic.

ELAINE

She can't be real.

Mary grabs more things. Elaine keeps watching. Grace, dressed in a SUMMER DRESS, has a LARGE PICNIC BLANKET set out for the Children. Using her BASKET she takes ITEMS out, surprising them.

Carrying BOXES, Mary sets them down then wipes the sweat from her brow. She pauses to observe Elaine still mesmerized.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Need to get me one of these.

MARY

Don't get too excited. She's only here for the week.

Just then Elaine's son JOSEPH (5) runs up to them.

JOSEPH

Mom! Can we go swimming?! Please?! Please?!

The other Children, not far behind --

CHILDREN

Yes, can we!? Please!

Joseph stares at his mother with pleading eyes. Grace reaches the group, interjecting.

GRACE

I can take them if you like? I don't mind.

The Mothers hesitant. Elaine nods.

MARY

Oh alright.

CHEERS! The Children run inside to change.

MARY (CONT'D)  
I have something you can borrow  
Grace. I'll meet you inside.

GRACE  
Okay great.

Grace follows the Children inside to help. Mary stands with Elaine who is speechless. Mary thinks while Elaine arranges more things in the WRITING ROOM, clearing things out.

34

**INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT MOMENT**

34

Mary enters her closet, grabbing a HANDFUL OF SWIMSUITS. Grace enters as Mary sets them out on the bed. She looks around the room in awe of the FANCY THINGS.

After setting them out, Grace is hesitant. Mary realizes.

MARY  
You know, I have a one-piece in  
here somewhere.

Mary goes back into her closet, searching. Grace touches a couple of the TWO-PIECE SUITS on the bed. Then watches Mary search, mesmerized by the dream closet.

GRACE  
Your home. It's so beautiful.

MARY  
Oh thanks. Sort of a mess right  
now. Need to get organized.  
(Beat)  
Here it is.

Mary retrieves the ONE-PIECE SWIMSUIT, handing it to her.

MARY (CONT'D)  
You can change in here if you like.

With the door partially open, Mary watches Grace undress, seeing only her legs and feet in the reflection of the mirror. She looks away, slightly ashamed -- but curious.

Grace comes around the door, shy and inhibited. The ONE-PIECE SWIM SUIT, more revealing than anything she has ever worn.

Mary picks up on her apprehension.

MARY (CONT'D)  
 I have a cover up you can throw  
 over. How's this?

Grace puts it on readily.

GRACE  
 Perfect. Thank you.

35           **EXT. MORRISON HOME, POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS**

35

Grace, in the POOL with the Children and no longer wearing the cover-up, teaches them a GAME in a clever way. The Children laugh, loving her as if she were one of them.

35A          **INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

35A

Elaine and Mary clean out the WRITING AREA. As Mary wipes the WINDOW PANES she observes Grace in the reflection. Her body, youthful and vibrant.

ELAINE  
 The only one-piece you have -- and  
 it happens to be from the cover of  
 a playboy swimsuit magazine?

Mary laughs, then stands up to tell her something.

MARY  
 The girl is a prude. Would barely  
 put it on.

ELAINE  
 Yeah, and you know what they say  
 about prudes.

35B          **EXT. MORRISON HOME, POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS**

35B

Grace turns, facing them. Her breasts -- sweetly seductive. The suit flattering to her body in a way that is startling.

35C          **INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

35C

MARY  
 I have nothing to worry about with  
 her. If anything, she needs my  
 help.

Just then Tom enters the backyard, home from work.

33.

35D **EXT. MORRISON HOME, POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS**

35D

SAM

Dad!!

ALEX

Dad, watch this!

The Women watch from a distance as Grace shakes Tom's hand from in the pool. Tom, cordial, is pleased to meet her.

36 **INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

36

Tom, in the kitchen, opens a BOTTLE OF WINE while Mary says goodbye to Elaine and her Children at the front door. Mary enters the kitchen, joining him.

MARY

What's this about?

Tom looks out at their Children still playing in the backyard with Grace. Grace, wearing the COVER UP, is teaching them how to play a GAME OF CARDS on the LAWN.

Tom pulls her in, kissing her.

TOM

(whispering)

When is the last time we did it in  
the afternoon?

Mary smiles. Tom grabs ahold of her, taking her into ...

37 **INT. MORRISON HOME, PANTRY - NEXT MOMENT**

37

Yanking down her PANTIES, Mary unbuckles his PANTS. In control, Tom turns her around and takes her from behind. Mary shuts the door, wanting it.

37A **EXT. MORRISON HOME, POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS**

37A

As the SOUNDS are heard, we slowly push in on Grace's innocence outside with the Children. Angelic. Both exit.

38 **INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - DAY**

38

Tom pours more WINE as Mary slips on her PANTIES. Just then Grace enters with the Children, wrapped in towels.

GRACE

If you don't mind, I'd like to get them in the bath and ready for bed?

MARY

Oh that's okay dear. I can --

TOM

That would be great.

Mary concedes. Grace takes the Twins upstairs.

TOM (CONT'D)

(holding Mary)

I feel like I'm getting my old girlfriend back. You have to admit, this is a little fun?

Mary cracks a smile.

39

**INT. MORRISON HOME, GAME ROOM BATHROOM - NEXT MOMENT**

39

Water runs from the shower. Grace plays make-believe with the Twins, helping them get washed up and dried off.

40

**INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

40

Mary sits at the kitchen table with a GLASS OF WINE, watching Tom cook happily, dressed in his WORN APRON. Goofy antics. She laughs. Grace appears, grabbing her things to leave.

TOM

Oh Grace, would you like to join us for dinner?

GRACE

That's so kind of you but I'm a firm believer this is important family time. They're up there playing, ready for bed. Today was so fun.

(to Mary)

See you first thing in the morning?

MARY

Yes. Thank you hun. See you.

Grace exits. Tom dishes up food for Mary, giving her a look.

MARY (CONT'D)

What?

41

**INT. MORRISON HOME, TWINS BEDROOM - NIGHT**

41

Mary, reading a CHILDREN'S BOOK, is full of energy. Not tired or worn out. Finishing, she tucks them in for bed.

ALEX

Mom, is Grace coming back tomorrow?

MARY

Yes she'll be here, helping me with things.

SAM

Will she be here when we get home from school?

ALEX

What about next week?

MARY

You two like her huh?

Both nod.

MARY (CONT'D)

Yes, she will be here when you get home from school but after this week I'm not so sure ...

ALEX

But why!

SAM

We want her to stay for longer.

MARY

Alright, time for bed.

Mary kisses them good night, standing at the door.

MARY (CONT'D)

Love you.

ALEX

Love you too.

SAM

Love you too.

Shutting the door, Mary pauses, thinking.

42

**INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - NEXT MOMENT**

42

Mary enters the kitchen to find Tom at the nearby DESK AREA, CRUNCHING NUMBERS on his LAPTOP, slightly stressed. She observes him then enters, massaging his shoulders.

MARY  
It'll be fine.

She sits in his lap, straddling him. He smiles, enjoying his new fun-loving wife. Mary begins kissing him on the neck.

43

**INT. MORRISON HOME, LIVING ROOM - ONE WEEK LATER**

43

Tom and Mary sit with the Twins on the couch.

TOM  
Now that mommy is starting her new book Grace is going to be here more, helping us out.

Cheers!

SAM  
Just for today?

ALEX  
No, like forever dummy.

TOM  
Hey.

SAM  
Really?!

TOM  
For awhile. We don't know how long yet.

More cheers!

TOM (CONT'D)  
In the meantime you two are going to start helping around the house more. Grace, nor your mother and I, are responsible for your messes. You're growing up so we'll be expecting a lot more from both of you. Understood?

Alex and Sam agree, not wanting to ruin the deal.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Now give your mom a hug. She has a lot of work in front of her.

Alex and Sam hug their mom tightly. Mary takes in the moment.

SAM  
Thank you thank you!

ALEX  
Yes, thank you mom!

44

**INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING ROOM - NEXT DAY**

44

Mary places TWO PILLOWS on a COUCH then stands back to look at her finished space. LINEN FABRICS. BEAUTIFUL LIGHTING. An ANTIQUE DESK in the center near the FIREPLACE, a SMALL BAR CART in another. WOOD FLOORS painted white. Cozy yet sophisticated.

Mary dives onto the couch, exhausted, then looks up at the ceiling, thinking. Grace enters with a TRAY OF GOODIES.

MARY  
Oh Grace, you didn't have to do that.

Grace sets the TRAY down on the SMALL TABLE near the couch.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Really, you don't have to take care of me and the children.

GRACE  
But I like to. Please let me.

Mary smiles, fixing her TEA and SIPS.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Goal today is the kitchen.  
Tomorrow, the front office.

MARY  
You're a godsend.

Mary watches Grace walk back to the kitchen.

Then lays back down, her eyes wandering over to the Desk. A STACK OF PLAIN PAPER, along with a PEN await her. She sighs, sipping Tea with no desire to write.

45

**INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

45

DISHES, GLASSES, PANS and OTHER ITEMS are strung all over the COUNTER as Grace cleans each cupboard immaculately, placing the DISHES back in a regimented manner. Eyeing perfection.

Just then a cry for HELP!

Grace pauses, running through the house to find ...

46

INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER BATH - CONTINUOUS

46

Mary, standing by the BATHTUB with a towel around her body -- BLOOD DRIPPING from her foot.

MARY

The candle. It fell and broke.  
Didn't realize glass went  
everywhere.

GRACE

Oh dear.

Grace quickly turns on the BATH and grabs a WASHCLOTH to help Mary with her foot. BLOOD FLOWS down the drain. Mary sits on the edge of the TUB as Grace examines her.

MARY

I can't believe I did that.

Grace finds a SHARD OF GLASS and pulls it out.

MARY (CONT'D)

Ouch.

BLOOD DROPS on the WHITE PENNY TILES.

MARY (CONT'D)

Sometimes a bath helps get the ideas flowing. I usually don't take one at eleven in morning but figured what the heck. Ugh. What a mess.

Grace wipes the BLOOD up.

GRACE

I think that's all of it.

Holding a BANDAID in her mouth, Grace applies OINTMENT on the wound, then affixes the bandage. As she mends the cut, Mary can't help but see down Grace's bosom. Her breasts, youthful.

She watches as the sweet young woman tends to her foot -- sending chills through her body.

Just then Mary notices Grace's TATTERED BRA.

MARY

You know what we should do today?  
(Beat)  
Play hooky.

Grace, concerned.

GRACE  
But what about --

MARY  
It'll be here when we get back.

47 OMIT

47

48 INT. LINGERIE STORE, FRONT AREA - DAY

48

Walking with BAGS OF NEWLY PURCHASED CLOTHES, Grace stands beside Mary, looking at her.

GRACE  
This is too much. Really.

Mary is on a mission and approaches the COUNTER.

MARY  
My friend here, she needs to be fitted for a new bra.

STORE CLERK  
No problem. Follow me this way.

Grace follows the Store Clerk, Mary behind.

49 INT. LINGERIE STORE, DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

49

In a closed DRESSING ROOM, the Store Clerk measures Grace's BUST, her shirt up. Mary sits in the corner, watching. The Store Patron leaves to fetch BRAS. Moments later ...

The Store Clerk enters with a DOZEN BRAS, organizing them.

STORE CLERK  
Let me know if you need anything else.

GRACE  
Thank you.

Grace takes off her OLD BRA, hanging it on the rack while using her other hand to cover her BREASTS. Facing the corner she quickly places the BRA on. Mary helps standing behind her, both looking in the mirror.

MARY  
How's it feel?

GRACE  
A little tight. But good.

Mary adjusts it more.

MARY  
How's that?

GRACE  
Better.

MARY  
Cute.

Mary grabs another BRA.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Here, lets try this one.

Grace UNSNAPS -- this time leaving her BREASTS exposed as Mary pre-adjusts the Bra. Mary notices the change.

MARY (CONT'D)  
I remember when mine used to look like that.

Grace, feeling awkward, doesn't know what to say.

GRACE  
I never understood why women would want to go bigger? I can barely keep these in order.

Mary laughs, helping her slip on the Bra.

Grace, unsure of how to fasten it, looks to Mary for help. Mary fastens it in the front, standing behind her, her fingers in between her BREASTS.

MARY  
At this age these suckers are an asset -- don't be afraid to use them. One day you'll be my age and wish you utilized them more.

Mary finishes fastening. Both of them examine the SECOND BRA, her BREASTS FULLER. Mary makes another adjustment. As she does, Grace grabs a hold of Mary's hand, placing it on her.

GRACE  
In case you wanted to remember.

Mary, unsure of what is happening, goes with it. She swallows. A feeling she's never felt before.

Grace closes her eyes. Knock. Knock.

STORE CLERK (O.S.)  
How you ladies doing in there?

Both snap out of it. Mary goes back to keeping busy.

MARY  
Great. A few of these are going to work.

STORE CLERK  
Good to hear.

Grace takes off the Bra and tries another.

MARY  
I'm going to run to the ladies room real quick. Meet you at the register?

Grace nods. Mary exits. Grace examines the fit of the next Bra in the mirror, as if nothing happened between them.

50           **INT. LINGERIE STORE, NEAR REGISTER - CONTINUOUS**           50

Mary walks briskly, passing the REGISTER to ...

51           **INT. LINGERIE STORE, RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS**           51

A PRIVATE RESTROOM. Locking the door, she BREATHES IN. TURNING THE LIGHT OFF, she UNBUTTONS her PANTS. In the dark -- unable to see, we hear Mary. Her AROUSAL at its peak ...

MARY  
(quietly)  
Ahhhhh!

Outside the restroom a YOUNG FAMILY waits, unable to hear what's going on inside. A FEW LOUD THUMPS. Curious. Mary exits, not making eye contact. The family enters, the HUSBAND confused as to why the LIGHTS ARE OFF.

52           **INT. LINGERIE STORE, REGISTER - CONTINUOUS**           52

Mary hands over CASH to the Store Clerk. Grace, feeling overwhelmed, throws her arms around Mary.

GRACE  
Oh Mary, thank you!

MARY  
Forget it. You deserve this.

Mary grabs a handful of UNDERWEAR from a nearby TABLE,  
placing them on the counter.

MARY (CONT'D)  
These as well.

The Store Clerk nods and smiles, handing MARY the RECEIPT.  
Grace grabs the BAG filled with NEW BRAS and PANTIES.

GRACE  
You've spent more on me in one day  
than I make in an entire month!

MARY  
Thanks for playing hooky with me.  
That was fun.

GRACE  
Seriously. Way too much.

53      INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER CLOSET - DAY

53

Mary enters her room to find Grace trying on her NEW THINGS  
in front of the MIRROR. She walks over to her VANITY and  
opens a DRAWER revealing a LARGE MAKE-UP COLLECTION.

She gestures for Grace to play dress up. Grace smiles,  
sitting down in front of the VANITY MIRROR in awe.

MARY  
And here.

Mary grabs CLOTHES from her CLOSET, throwing them on the bed.  
Grace peruses the NUMEROUS SKIN CARE ITEMS, LOTIONS,  
LIPSTICKS and FRAGRANCES while Mary digs through her clothes.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Too bad I don't wear any of this  
anymore.

GRACE  
Why not?

MARY  
Try them on and see if anything  
fits?

Grace, awestruck at the gesture, attempts to say thank you  
but just as she does, Mary is already gone.

54

**INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING AREA - NEXT MOMENT**

54

Sitting at her desk, Mary laments over the BLANK PAGES in front of her. Nothing. She sets down her PEN.

Frustrated, she pulls our her CIGAR COMPACT and lights up. Sitting back in the chair with her feet up, she thinks.

Then decides to ...

54A

**EXT. MORRISON HOME, BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS**

54A

Get fresh air. Mary walks through the backyard and notices the GATE OPEN to the MASTER PRIVATE PATIO. She enters and sits down next to the water fountain, noticing Grace trying on her new clothes. She smiles at the scene. Then shuts the gate, walking back.

54B

**INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

54B

BLANK PAGES stare back at her.

Mary looks back out the WINDOW, PUFFING. Thinking. A LINEN CURTAIN ripples in the wind from a slight breeze ...

TIME PASSES. The CIGAR, shorter now, is set in an ASHTRAY on the desk. PAN UP to reveal Mary still thinking but no words on the page. Just then from outside --

SAM (O.S.)

Mom!

Mary quickly sets the CIGAR outside the window, hiding it. Sam enters, arriving home from school.

SAM (CONT'D)

What's that smell?

MARY

How was your day buddy?

Mary gives him a BIG WARM HUG, ruffling his hair.

SAM

Good.

MARY

I missed you.

SAM

Wait, have you started writing?

MARY  
Yep.

Alex eyes the BLANK PAGES.

SAM  
But there's nothing on the paper?  
(Beat)  
When are you going to start?

MARY  
I suppose when I have something to say.

Sam looks over at a table, discovering her OTHER BOOKS in the series OPEN and MARKED UP. On a BULLETIN BOARD, various IMAGES and NOTES -- tracking a CHARACTER throughout.

MARY (CONT'D)  
What do you think? Any ideas?

SAM  
I think ... this is ... boring. Can I go play my video game now?

MARY  
Of course you can. But only after your homework is complete.

Just then Grace enters the backyard, spotting Sam.

GRACE  
Sam! Come inside, your snack is ready!

MARY  
Go ahead, love.

Mary affectionately ushers him out. Sam, excited to eat. After Sam exits, Mary leans back, breathing in -- the BLANK PAGES still haunting her -- the WALL OF IDEAS going nowhere.

Tom in bed, reads his iPAD. Mary exits the bathroom dressed in a SEXY NIGHTIE.

MARY  
Tom. What do you think of women who get surgery?

TOM  
You mean fake boobs?  
(Beat)  
I mean ...

She laughs.

MARY  
Or ... other things.

TOM  
Like what? A fake butt?

They both laugh. He grabs her ass.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I love your ass.

MARY  
No, come on. Should I consider  
getting work done? I'm not thirty-  
five anymore you know. Maybe a  
little pinch here, tuck there.  
(pointing to her face )  
What do you think?

Tom turns off his iPad and moves closer -- looking into her.

TOM  
Listen. You want to know what gets  
me off -- what makes me most  
excited? Your brilliance. The fact  
you are not only hot, and perfect,  
and the most amazing mother to our  
children -- but you have the most  
creative and intuitive mind I've  
ever interacted with -- and I get  
to take pleasure in living with  
this mind every day of my life.

MARY  
Really?

Picking up his iPad again.

TOM  
Yes, really.

Mary, appreciative of his loving manner, is still unsure as to why he has no desire to jump her. She shows MORE LEG, attempting to turn him on when ...

Mary can feel someone watching them. She quickly turns over to find Grace, standing outside their door. THROUGH A CRACK.

GRACE

Sorry, don't mean to interrupt.  
Just wanted to let you know Mary,  
I'll be in late tomorrow. I have a  
doctor's appointment. The kids are  
in bed, asleep.

MARY

Alright. Thanks luv. Goodnight.

GRACE

Night.

Mary and Tom look at each other. Mary keeps her sexual frustration to herself and rolls over, turning off the light.

MARY

Love you.

TOM

Love you more.

56

**INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER CLOSET - NEXT MORNING**

56

Having just gotten out of the shower and wearing only a TOWEL, Mary frantically searches for something. Unable to find it she runs out ...

57

**INT. MORRISON HOME, LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

57

In the LAUNDRY ROOM Mary digs through the DRYER as WATER DRIPS down her leg, her hair still wet from the shower. Grace appears, setting down her things to help.

GRACE

This?

MARY

Yes!

Grace opens the TUMMY FLATTENING GARMENT for Mary to step into. Taken back, Mary takes the offer. She FASTENS THE CLIPS -- near her GROIN. Mary, not expecting Grace to continue assisting, lets her -- afraid of hurting her feelings if she rejects the help. Unable to see the details, Grace's face tells us what is happening. With her fingers barely touching Mary ... she struggles to fasten the last CLIP. Mary watches.

GRACE

One more.

Grace fastens the last CLIP then notices water dripping down Mary's legs. She grabs the Towel and gently DRIES her off.

Innocently.

Mary watches as Grace dries her. SHOCK WAVES run through her body. She closes her eyes, the feeling overwhelming.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
There, that should do it.

Grace stands up. Mary exits the LAUNDRY ROOM.

MARY  
Thank you!

GRACE  
Anything else I can do to help get you out the door?!

MARY (O.S.)  
I'm good! Thanks again dear!

Grace turns back around, looking at the PILES OF CLOTHES that need to be folded and begins FOLDING them.

58

**INT. MORRISON HOME, COURTYARD - LATER**

58

Mary sits across from Kioki, Darlene and ANOTHER EXECUTIVE. Kioki rambles on about something -- his voice indistinguishable. Lost in thought, Mary is unable to shake the feeling of what recently happened with Grace.

KIOKI  
Mary, what do you think?

MARY  
I'm sorry?

DARLENE  
Of the mother being the killer in the end?

MARY  
You want our main character, to be the villain?

Blank faces.

MARY (CONT'D)  
That's your idea for the twist?  
(Beat)  
Okay.

DARLENE

It's on point with where everything  
is headed right now, don't you  
think?

KIOKI

Yes. Take this woman, who we made  
into a hero --

DARLENE

And flip it. Make her the anti-  
hero.

MARY

That's not exactly how it works,  
but --

DARLENE

I like it.

KIOKI

Just a thought. You're the  
professional. We trust you. You'll  
come up with something. Always do.

She sighs.

KIOKI (CONT'D)

Any other notes we want to give  
Mary while we're here?

The OTHER EXECUTIVE jumps in eagerly. Mary listens to him carry on, his words fading. All she can think about is the prior incident with Grace.

OTHER EXECUTIVE

I love how you paint the  
characters, your descriptions, the  
world ... you're excellent at this  
Mary. I just think there's an  
opportunity for you to show her  
darker side, that she is longing  
for something more. Your words are  
so vivid on the page – it's  
different from anything else you've  
ever written. If you can weave this  
into her back story, I believe  
we'll have something truly special.

**FLASH OF GRACE:**

58A      **INT. MORRISON HOME, LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY**      58A

Her hands ... Near her groin ...

Her gentle touch ... Sweet and seductive.

**END FLASH.**

58B      **INT. MORRISON HOME, COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS**      58B

Mary's lips quench for THIRST. Her eyes wander to across the room to the WATER FEATURE ... to find YOUTHFUL and vibrant Grace walking naked along the grass. All that is visible is her bareback. She looks back at Mary. As she does, a gentle rain falls on her skin ... the snowlike angel glistening in the golden light. Mary comes out of it.

She reaches for her GLASS OF WATER, attempting to drink more but finds it empty. Her thirst, unquenched. Was Grace tempting her? Did she know what she was doing? Or was it all in her imagination?

Unable to shake the feeling, Mary exits her TRANCELIKE state and stands up, cordially walking her guests to the front door -- the meeting now over. She bids everyone farewell, shutting the door after them, deep in thought.

59      **EXT. MORRISON HOME, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**      59

Kioki and the OTHER TWO walk to their CAR, wondering if their GOLDEN GOOSE is okay.

DARLENE  
She's fine. She's in process.

60      **INT. GYM, WORK-OUT ROOM - NEXT DAY**      60

Elaine and Mary exercise in the middle of the ROOM, both sweating and feeling the burn. A TRAINING INSTRUCTOR (35), a man, stands nearby, coaches them along.

ELAINE  
Have you ever been attracted to a woman?

Mary shakes her head no.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Are you sure? Think about it.  
(Beat)  
(MORE)

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Then it could be all in your head.  
A subconscious fantasy.

MARY

In one instance it feels like she's  
this sweet innocent child -- in  
another -- a master seductress and  
I'm a lap dog waiting for the next  
hit.

The TRAINER assists, giving them both WORKOUT BALLS.

ELAINE

(to the Instructor)

Thank you.

(to Mary)

A lap dog? Better than being a son-  
of-a-bitch.

Mary's bursts into laughter. BOTH DO AB WORK on the BALLS,  
whispering to each other.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Honestly, you're probably just sex  
starved.

MARY

But that's just it. Tom is great. I  
mean fucking fantastic. No  
complaints.

Elaine looks at her. The Trainer can't help but smile as he  
walks away to do something.

MARY (CONT'D)

(leaning in to whisper)

In this strange sort of sexual  
servant way -- I feel like she  
would do whatever I asked her to  
do. Is it bad of me to think that?

ELAINE

(whispering back)

Be careful love.

(Beat)

Maybe it's her plan. Get you hooked  
on her so she can overthrow your  
kingdom and take everything in it.

MARY

You think?

ELAINE

No! Kidding.

MARY  
 I told you, strange things happen  
 when I write.

ELAINE  
 I'll say.

Elaine finishes her last rep then DRINKS WATER. Mary follows behind, DRINKING too. Both WOMEN stand beside each other, grabbing FRESH TOWELS, wiping off their SWEAT.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
 Make her your muse then.  
 (Beat)  
 Use her, this thing that's going on, and write about it. You said you're having writer's block right? You're already paying her -- might as well get the most bang for your buck.

They both exit, waving bye to their Trainer.

61      INT. GYM, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

61

As they walk --

ELAINE  
 Mary.  
 (Beat)  
 Just make sure she's not doing the same thing to Tom.

MARY  
 What? No way.  
 (whispering)  
 The poor thing -- she'd be mortified to see a ball sack hang next to a soft dick. Wouldn't even know what to do with it!

They continue walking, giggling.

62      INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

62

Home from her WORKOUT, Mary enters the kitchen to find Tom and Grace visiting outside on the patio, the FIRE LIT. Mary spots an OPEN WINE BOTTLE on the COUNTER. Grace on a LOUNGE CHAIR, has a BOOK in her lap, her legs curled up close to her. The Twins play a YARD GAME on the Lawn further back.

Skeptical, Mary slowly approaches.

62A EXT. MORRISON HOME, MAIN BACK PATIO - SAME MOMENT

62A

Tom, looking at Grace.

TOM

That is one crazy story. What a  
tough kid you were.

GRACE

As my grandpa used to say -- she's  
the grandson I always wished I had,  
and finally got.

Tom notices Mary.

TOM

Oh hey hun.

Mary comes through the SLIDING DOOR spotting ONE GLASS OF  
WINE for Tom. He sips.

GRACE

How was your work out?

MARY

Good. Sore.

Grace notices the Children getting into an argument and  
immediately she gets up to help them resolve it. Mary leans  
down to Tom, kissing him seductively.

TOM

Whoa. Instructor turn you on again?

MARY

We should go out tonight.

TOM

(teasing)

You mean, attend a fundraising  
dinner?

MARY

Oh shit.

(sitting in his lap)

That's tonight. How could I forget?  
Totally forgot to book a sitter.

Grace walks over, overhearing.

GRACE

I'm not doing anything -- if you  
need me to stay late, I can?

Tom looks at Mary, satisfied with this solution.

63

**INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER CLOSET - NIGHT**

63

Mary exits her CLOSET in a COCKTAIL DRESS, HAIR UP. She leans towards the mirror, applying LIPSTICK. Grace secretly watches from the SIDE ROOM AREA as she folds LAUNDRY.

MARY

Grace could you help me with this?

Mary sits down beside her. Grace helps Mary with a NECKLACE.

GRACE

Stunning.

MARY

Really?

Grace nods.

TOM (O.S.)

(from downstairs)

Hey, we're gonna be late if we  
don't leave now!

MARY

(yelling back)

Coming!

Mary grabs her PURSE. Grace attempts to say something.

MARY (CONT'D)

What is it Grace?

GRACE

(eyes watering)

I ... I wanted to say thank you.  
This job -- you, Tom, the kids --  
it means the world to me Mary.

Grace hugs Mary tightly. Motherly. She looks into Grace,  
moving hair from out of her eyes, touching her CHEEK.

MARY

You're a special young lady, and  
we're grateful to have you.

Mary exits, walking downstairs.

64

**INT. MORRISON HOME, HALLWAY TO GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

64

Tom and Mary look to Grace who is watching them leave.

MARY

Thanks again dear. We'll be back  
around midnight!

GRACE

No problem. Have fun!

Tom and Mary exit into the garage.

65

**INT. MORRISON HOME, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

65

As Tom unlocks the SUV, he walks over to Mary's door, opening it for her. Mary smiles at her GENTLEMAN OF A HUSBAND.

TOM

Did you know she is one of eight  
children?

MARY

(shaking her head)

Knew she was homeschooled though.

66

**EXT. GARAGE, SUV - CONTINUOUS**

66

Shutting the doors, Tom turns on the car and backs out.

TOM

So odd. I don't know what her whole story is but from what I gather, I think she doesn't have anyone else but us babe.

(Beat)

You think we should make her more apart of the family?

MARY

Isn't she already? I hear you but we need our time too, right?

Mary caresses Tom's neck lovingly with her hand.

TOM

You're right.

MARY

Giving her a job is the best thing we could have done. Women need their own thing -- their own money.

67           **INT. MORRISON HOME, TWINS BEDROOM - SAME MOMENT**           67

As they drive away, Grace SINGS A LULLABY to Alex as she sleeps, caressing her brow.

68           **INT. FUNDRAISING DINNER, RESTAURANT - NIGHT**           68

Entering the fancy restaurant, Mary and Tom find Elaine and her husband, RICK (40) already seated. The TWO LAUGH, having a good time. Rick, a self starter and entrepreneur, loves his wife more than anything.

ELAINE

There you guys are!

Elaine welcomes Tom with a hug and a kiss, then Mary. Rick shakes Tom's hand then hugs Mary. The space, calm and soothing with subtle light on the tables, illuminating them.

MARY

(holding up a glass)

To the woman in charge -- and who looks fabulous while doing it!

Cheers! Everyone looks to Elaine.

ELAINE

Every seat, filled. Tonight, alone, will bring in more than the other fundraisers, combined.

MARY

That-a-baby!

RICK

How's the writing going Mary? I hear you're in the midst of adding another book to the series? All I can say is, finally.

Mary tries to hide her look of disdain.

ELAINE

Oh Rick, leave her alone. That's the last thing she wants to talk about tonight.

Elaine kisses him. The couple, affectionate.

**QUICK SHOTS:**

-- The MARRIED COUPLES EAT, enjoying their FIVE COURSE MEAL.

-- A BAND prepares to play. Elaine notices.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Live music is a rarity.

Tom takes the invite, standing up to join Elaine on the small dance floor. MUSIC PLAYS. The TWO DANCE.

MARY  
To answer your question, yes, I am adding another book in the series.  
(Beat)  
But one slight problem ...

Rick leans in.

MARY (CONT'D)  
I have no desire to write it.

They laugh. Rick pours her more WINE.

RICK  
Book four has to be my favorite.

MARY  
Of course it is. You and everyone else. Wrote it during one of the darkest time's of my life.  
(Beat)  
Now, not so easy.

RICK  
I love the twists and turns --  
couldn't figure out who the killer was until the very end.

Mary looks over at Tom in a drunken stupor, still dancing.

RICK (CONT'D)  
If you don't mind me saying Mary ... lean into the dark. That's where your best stuff is.

Mary cracks a smile, drinking up.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Shall we?

Mary, feeling reluctant, joins the others to dance.

69

**EXT. MORRISON HOME, POOL AREA - DAY**

69

Mary lays out by the pool, smoking a CIGAR while jotting down notes in her NOTEBOOK. With her BIKINI TOP off, MUSIC PLAYS in her EAR BUDS. She takes a SIP from her GLASS OF WHISKEY.

Grace exits the house with a TRAY OF SNACKS, setting them down beside her. As she heads back in, Mary looks up.

MARY

(holding out Sunscreen)

Grace, would you be a doll?

Grace sits down behind Mary on the LOUNGE CHAIR, rubbing SUNSCREEN all over her back. Mary remains in an alternate universe, jotting down ideas. Grace watches, curious.

As she continues rubbing, Grace's hands slowly reach around, under her BREASTS. Mary lifts up her arms to assist, closing her eyes -- caught off guard by the erotic massage.

Grace continues rubbing the lotion ... gently. SEDUCTIVELY.

Just then Mary opens her eyes and stands up, JUMPING INTO THE POOL! Grace laughs as Mary comes back up for air.

MARY (CONT'D)

Hate it when that happens.

Mary lifts her BIKINI BOTTOMS up, setting them on the edge.

MARY (CONT'D)

Gotta say, feels so good to just  
let it all hang out!

Mary swims naked, feeling ALIVE. Grace eyes the TWO-PIECE SUIT beside her. Mary notices.

MARY (CONT'D)

Well?!

(Beat)

Go ahead. Give it a try. No one can  
see you back here.

Grace, hesitant, decides to go for it.

She grabs the TWO-PIECE and walks behind a PILLAR, undressing. Mary, treading water in the DEEP END, secretly watches Grace through the bushes. Grace steps out of the water in the BIKINI. Slightly inhibited she walks over to the SLIDING GLASS DOOR to see her REFLECTION.

Her body, young and beautiful.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Goddess!

GRACE  
Really?

Mary nods. Grace cracks a smile, then turns around to JUMP IN! Laughter. The two swim innocently in the pool. Women acting as GIRLS. Mary steps out naked, grabbing a TOWEL.

Grace observes Mary's audacity and zero inhibition.

Mary throws a COVER-UP on over her naked body. She picks up her CIGAR, relights it, then sits down and PUFFS as Grace swims.

MARY  
Broke the story. Through the woods.

GRACE  
That's amazing! We should celebrate right?

MARY  
Not yet.  
(Beat)  
Oh, maybe a little. Why not?

Grace steps out. Mary hands her a towel.

MARY (CONT'D)  
For the both of us.

70

**INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING ROOM - NEXT MOMENT**

70

Mary, still naked under her FLOWING COVER-UP, fixes TWO DRINKS at the BAR CART. Grace joins with a TOWEL around her.

MARY  
Whiskey and Ginger?

Grace shrugs her shoulders, pretending to know. Mary MIXES then hands it to her.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Wait. You're old enough?

Grace nods, eagerly taking the drink. Cheers. Grace reacts to the WHISKEY. Mary laughs. Mary pulls out a VINYL RECORD, placing it on the RECORD PLAYER. "Joey" by Concrete Blonde from the album "Bloodletting" begins to play.

Mary moves to the beat as she sips her DRINK. Grace watches as Mary opens up in her element -- *letting go*. She reaches her hand out to Grace, encouraging her to dance with her. Grace sets down the DRINK, joining.

The two act as TEENAGERS, living in the moment.

Moving to the beat and in harmony with each other, Grace starts to come *alive*, letting loose even more.

Mary sings the lyrics loudly.

MARY (CONT'D)  
I was obsessed with this song when  
I was your age!!

They dance, connected -- despite age, time and space.

Mary sits down, tired. Grace joins, sitting beside her.

WARM SUNS RAYS hit their faces. CALMING.

Grace's eyes well up with tears. Mary noticing.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Grace?

Tears began to flow.

GRACE  
I've never felt more at home, more  
loved, more apart of anything --  
than being here with you.  
(more tears falling)  
Please, don't ever let go of me.

Mary holds her.

MARY  
You have nothing to worry about.  
We'll always be here for you, I'll  
always take care of you.  
(looking into her eyes)  
I am so grateful for you Grace. Did  
you know you are the reason I broke  
my writer's block?

GRACE  
(through the sniffles)  
Really?

Mary nods. Grace rests her head on Mary's bosom. Peaceful WIND BLOWS through the LINEN CURTAINS.

70A **EXT. MORRISON HOME, POOL AREA - SAME MOMENT** 70A

PAGES from the NOTEBOOK ripple in the wind. TIME PASSES.

71 **INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 71

Mary awakens to being aroused. Her eyes closed, she INDULGES. The sucking sensation on her chest -- passionate and relentless. Thinking it is Tom, she opens her eyes to find ... Grace.

For a moment Mary lets go, thinking it is a dream. But then opens her eyes, realizing ...

But Grace is gone. She sits up. No sign of her anywhere. Mary, unsure if it was real, sits down at her desk and begins writing in a steady rhythm, her PEN not stopping.

72 **INT. PIANO RECITAL, STAGE - NEXT DAY** 72

Mary sits next to Tom, both watching Alex and Sam perform on STAGE for their RECITAL. PAN OVER to reveal Grace sitting down next to Mary, eagerly watching on. A SMALL GROUP OF PARENTS watching on.

The CHEMISTRY between the Women, palpable. Mary, unable to deny it, swallows -- her lips PARCHED. The TWINS finish, a grande finale. Cheers!! All three stand up, applauding.

Grace hugs Mary. Mary feels the brevity of the situation and is hesitant. As the AUDIENCE disperses, the TWINS run up to their parents.

GRACE  
Here, let me take a picture of you  
altogether!

Tom and Mary, along with Alex and Sam, gather together as Grace takes their picture. CLICK.

ALEX  
Now Grace, take one with us!

Grace shakes her head no.

ALEX (CONT'D)	SAM
Yeah, please!	Please Grace!

Tom ushers Grace along, encouraging her to take a picture with them. CLICK. Grace stands next to Mary, the Twins in front of them. Mary's smile unsure.

Grace congratulates the Twins.

Mary watches as her Children look up to her. Her angst dissipates, realizing what matters most are her kids. Both of them hug Grace, adoring on her. Mary looks over at Elaine who is talking with Tom. She speculates the visual -- both a bit too FLIRTATIOUS. She continues watching. Mary turns to see Grace observing too. Grace looks at her.

Beat.

MARY  
Can we have a little chat outside  
in the hall?

GRACE  
Sure.

Grace and Mary exit, leaving the Twins inside with Tom.

73           **INT. PIANO RECITAL, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

73

Grace, concerned. Mary finds the courage to speak.

GRACE  
Is something wrong? Did I do  
something --

MARY  
No, no. Nothing like that.  
(Beat)  
It's just, what happened the other  
day, it can never happen again. We  
can never speak of it Grace.

Grace, playing confused --

GRACE  
What happened? I have no idea what  
you're talking about.

Mary, relieved, hugs her. Together they walk back in.

74           **INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER BATH - DAY**

74

Mary runs a HOT BATH. STEAM RISES. Feeling good about her progress, she sinks into the soothing water. Just then a SMALL KNOCK at the door.

MARY  
Come in.

Grace enters with a TRAY OF GOODIES: HOT TEA, FLOWERS, WARM MILK and CANDLES. Mary, a bit bothered at first, realizes it is innocent enough and relaxes.

GRACE  
I've been waiting for this moment.  
May I?

Mary curious, nods. Grace POURS WARM MILK into the water. Then sprinkles EPSOM SALT and FLOWER PETALS all around her. Like a dance, Mary falls into a trance. Letting go, she watches the Young Beauty pamper her -- addicted to her alluring innocence.

Mary breathes in the FRAGRANCE of the FLOWER PETALS. She CLOSES HER EYES. Grace bends down to WHISPER in her ear.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Open your mouth.

Mary, unsure, opens. Grace slowly feeds her a SPOONFUL OF HONEY. As the spoon releases from her lips, Grace runs her fingers over Mary's forehead, around her temples, down her nose -- along her neck. Mary attempts to stop her but Grace takes her hand and gently sets it back in the water.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Let me make you happy. All I want  
to do is to make you happy.

Mary's view, now BLURRY. A *daydream*. Grace continues the massage, running her fingers down Mary's BOSOM, to her breasts, around her NIPPLES ...

FURTHER DOWN. The water, MILKY. Obstructing our view ...

Unable to see clearly, Mary GASPS for air -- the feeling overwhelming -- the WHITES OF HER KNUCKLES GRIP the side of the TUB. Grace knowing exactly what to do.

Satisfying Mary under the MILKY WATER, Grace watches Mary's face -- her eyes still closed. ONE HAND PENETRATES her while the other grabs ahold of her hand on the tub's edge.

Transfixed on success, Mary hangs on. Until ...

MARY  
Ahhhhh!!

And releases. The SOUND OF A DOOR SHUTTING. Mary OPENS HER EYES -- relieved. *Only a daydream.*

But then looks down to discover ... *FLOWERS PETALS* and *MILKY WATER* floating around her.

75

**INT. MORRISON BACKYARD, WRITING BUNGALOW - DAY**

75

Mary escapes. Zoning everything out, she focuses on the task at hand, entering the world on paper. A FAN BLOWS in the corner, a small relief from the heat. NUMEROUS NOTECARDS pinned to the BOARD. Various NOTATIONS. LIES. DECEIT. MURDER. Plot points and ideas.

Just then Tom enters with ICE WATER.

Mary, in the midst of a writing, tries not to pay attention to him SOFTLY KISSING her neck ... then LICKING her.

TOM  
(whispering in her ear)  
You're so hot.

With his hand, he slowly reaches down her bosom hoping to arouse her. For a moment Mary takes the bate but then ...

Stops him.

MARY  
I can't.

He kisses her sweetly on the head, understanding. And leaves.

75A

**INT. MORRISON BACKYARD, WRITING ROOM - TIME PASSAGE**

75A

## SERIES of MARY - SEASON CHANGES TO FALL

Mary pauses, the SIDE OF HER HAND COVERED IN INK, HAIR DISHEVELED. For a moment she breathes a sigh of relief, then dives back in -- trying to keep up with the images flowing from her mind.

-- She stands up to stretch, moving NOTE CARDS around.

-- AFTERNOON SUN turns into SUMMER MOONLIGHT.

-- SUMMER MOONLIGHT turns into A SUMMER HARVEST.

-- The STACK OF BLANK PAPER grows smaller.

Mary leans back, satisfied. She kicks up her feet on the Desk dressed in her old BLACK BOOTS, a LONG FLOWING CAPE, and DARKER MAKE-UP. PUFFING ON A CIGAR she eyes her MASTERPIECE.

*The stack of handwritten pages sitting before her.*

Fishing through her LEATHER BAG, she retrieves a LAPTOP and opens it -- REWRITING from PAGE ONE. A sigh.

Time for a break.

76

**INT. MORRISON HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

76

Sam peers out the SLIDING DOOR, curious to see how his mother is doing. Waiting for his moment to escape, he takes it only to be pulled back by Grace sharply.

SAM

Ouch! That hurts!

GRACE

You are not allowed to disturb her Sam.

Unbeknownst to Grace, Tom stands over them, having watched.

TOM

Grace is right.

SAM

But Dad.

Tom bends down.

TOM

I know you're missing her but listen bud, we have to support your mom by letting her do her work, okay? When she's done, you'll be able to bug her all you want.

SAM

Okay.

Sam walks back to the kitchen table, defeated.

GRACE

Oh no, have we made you late?

TOM

No, no. Taking the day off.

(Beat)

How about we drop the kids off at school and grab something to eat? I think both of us could use the break.

Grace eyes the DISHES and MESS in the kitchen.

GRACE

I would but --

TOM

(his hand on her shoulder)

You need a break Grace, and I could  
use the company.

Reluctantly, she cracks a smile and agrees.

77

**INT. SUBURBAN STREET, SUV - NEXT MOMENT**

77

Tom drives. Grace in the PASSENGER SEAT. Tom cranks the RADIO up as the Twins rock out with him. A fun family moment. Grace rocks out too but remains slightly reserved.

78

**EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, SUV - CONTINUOUS**

78

The Twins exit and head into school. Elaine notices Tom and Grace driving out of the parking lot flirting and having fun.

79

**INT. SUBURBAN STREET, SUV - CONTINUOUS**

79

Cranking up the MUSIC louder Tom plays the DRUMS on his DASH.

TOM

It's okay to let loose you know!

Tom reaches over, grabbing Grace's knee. She tries not to giggle from his touch. Tom continues doing whatever he can to get Grace to laugh and have fun. Finally she breaks loose, rolling down her window. She sticks her head out and --

GRACE

Wooo hoooo!!!!

Like TWO KIDS in the middle of their own private ROCK CONCERT, Tom pulls into the parking lot of a RESTAURANT.

80

**EXT. PARKING LOT, FRENCH BISTRO - NEXT MOMENT**

80

Stepping out of the SUV, Grace dances to the beat. Tom picks her up and swings her around, then places her back down. Grace feeling fancy free. Meanwhile ...

Across the street, Elaine sits in her car -- having watched the whole scene. She TEXTS MARY, "Call me ASAP."

81           **INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING ROOM - SAME MOMENT**           81

Mary notices her phone BUZZING but turns it over, ignoring it, enraptured in her work. PAN DOWN to reveal the STACK OF PAPERS being turned over one at a time.

She continues TYPING on her Laptop vigorously.

81A          **EXT. PARKING LOT, FRENCH BISTRO - NEXT MOMENT**        81A

Elaine crosses the street, following them.

82          **INT. FRENCH BISTRO, WINDOW TABLE - CONTINUOUS**        82

Tom and Grace are seated. A FEMALE SERVER approaches.

GRACE  
I'll have a slice of quiche and a mimosa.

SERVER  
Sure thing.

Tom, surprised.

TOM  
I'll have the same.

The Waiter takes the menus, walking away. Elaine, still outside, stays hidden.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Never seen this side of you.

GRACE  
What do you mean?

Her voice, more mature. Her posture, more astute.

TOM  
Something about you is different.  
Not sure what it is but I like it.

Tom gazes into her. Her OVERSIZED SWEATSHIRT revealing her bare shoulder.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Apparently we need to let you out more, give you a break from the monsters.

GRACE

They're good kids.

TOM

They are. But so are you! Anyone would go mad without a break.

GRACE

Hey, I'm no kid.

MIMOSAS and QUICHE are delivered. They drink.

TOM

How old are you anyway?

GRACE

How old do you think?

TOM

Last week I would have said twenty.

(teasing)

Today, more like forty.

Grace throws a rolled up STRAW WRAPPER at him from her GLASS OF WATER. Grace stretches, revealing her BELLY BUTTON.

Tom shakes his head.

GRACE

What?

Just then Grace feels someone watching them. She turns to look -- But no one is there.

83

**EXT. PARKING LOT, FRENCH BISTRO - SAME MOMENT**

83

Elaine calls MARY in her SUV. No ANSWER.

84

**INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING ROOM - SAME MOMENT**

84

At the bottom of a page Mary writes, "*She grabs the scissors and plunges them into her neck,*" then sets down her Pen and leans back, basking in the morning sunlight. SATISFIED.

85

**EXT. MORRISON HOME, DRIVEWAY - LATER**

85

Mary, wearing a SUNDRESS and looking REFRESHED, smiles at her NEW BIKE leaning against the wall. Grace exits from the house carrying a BROWN LUNCH SACK.

GRACE  
Hope you like sprouts on your sandwich!

Grace places the SACK in her BIKE BASKET as Mary sets OTHER THINGS in hers. Both get on and ride off.

MARY  
Yipppeeeee!!

Grace laughs, following along.

86      **EXT. NATURE AREA, BIKE PATH - DAY**

86

A FUN BIKE RIDE through a picturesque and peaceful PATH. Trees hang overhead as light dances above them. Mary, wearing a FLOPPY HAT, looks back at Grace.

MARY  
What could be better than this!?

GRACE  
Nothing!

SIDE BY SIDE the women ride with the wind in their faces, the feeling of being free and ALIVE. Grace passes Mary with GLEE, sticking her feet out. She looks back at Mary and laughs. Mary catches up, a playful race.

87      **EXT. NATURE AREA, BIKE SPOT - CONTINUOUS**

87

Reaching a RESTING SPOT they park near a TRAIL. Mary grabs her things from the BASKET; POETRY BOOK, NOTEBOOK, A BOTTLE OF WINE and leads the way. Grace, holding the BROWN LUNCH SACK, follows behind.

88      **EXT. NATURE AREA, RIVER - SUNSET**

88

Mary lays a BLANKET down on the soft ground.

MARY  
How about here?

Grace catches up, in awe of the view.

GRACE  
Perfect.

WATER TRICKLES by. LEAVES DANCE in the wind.

A beautiful nature setting. Together they sit on the Blanket. Mary SKIPS A ROCK on the water's surface then grabs the BOTTLE OF WINE and opens it with the WINE OPENER.

MARY  
(eyeing the river)  
Never know how I'll get to the  
other side yet somehow I always do.

She pours. A TOAST.

GRACE  
To an incredible woman and a  
brilliant writer on her first  
draft.

Mary, touched.

MARY  
Awww, you're so sweet. To the best  
partner a girl could ask for.

Cheers.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Couldn't have gotten this far  
without you Grace. Truly.

Both of them lie down, looking up at the CLOUDS. TEENAGERS walk by, creating noise. Both look over, ignoring it.

Mary opens her BOOK OF POETRY, "Devotions" by Mary Oliver. She turns to the poem, "The Gift".

Grace, curious, leans closer -- their heads touching.

MARY (CONT'D)  
First time I discovered Oliver was  
around your age.

Grace closes her eyes, listening.

MARY (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
Be still, my soul, and steadfast.  
Earth and heaven both are still  
watching though time is draining  
from the clock and your walk, that  
was confident and quick, has become  
slow. So, be slow if you must, but  
let the heart still play its true  
part.

As she reads, Grace slowly moves her hand closer to Mary, hovering over the WINE OPENER, to her waist, running her fingers up her arm, to her neck, and around her lips.

MARY (CONT'D)

(reading)

Love still as once you loved,  
deeply and without patience. Let  
God and the world know you are  
grateful. That the gift has been  
given.

Mary turns to look at Grace.

MARY (CONT'D)

Grace.

Grace hushes her with her finger.

Then SLIPS HER FINGER into her mouth. Mary sucks, staring back at her.

Grace slips it out then back in again, back and forth ... the women closing their eyes, enjoying the sensation.

Leaning in closer, Grace touches her lips to Mary's ... gently. Lips barely touching.

Grace takes her hand and travels it down Mary's breasts, along her stomach to underneath her dress. Just as she begins to enter ...

Mary stops her.

Refusing to make eye contact, she sits up.

Watching the RIVER FLOW, she shakes her head solemnly.

Just then Mary turns to Grace, holding her face in her hands ...

And *kisses her passionately*.

Then releases.

MARY (CONT'D)

When I look into you, I see so much  
of myself. God, you're a vision.

Mary touches her cheek, perplexed by the Woman before her.

Grace leans in for more but Mary pulls away.

GRACE  
Did I -- ?

MARY  
No, no. You are perfect Grace.  
(looking into her)  
Simply perfect.

The two gather their things and walk back to the BIKE SPOT.

89      **EXT. NATURE AREA, BIKE SPOT - CONTINUOUS**

89

Grace catches up to find Mary in DISMAY. Not understanding, she looks down to discover ... their TIRES SLASHED.

MARY  
Fucking punks.

GRACE  
Who would do such a thing?

Mary shakes her head, calling Tom. NO ANSWER. They walk back, pushing their Bikes, chatting and laughing along the way.

90      **EXT. MORRISON HOME, DRIVEWAY - EVENING**

90

Mary and Grace push their BIKES up the driveway to find Tom and Elaine in an intense discussion.

MARY  
Tried calling you. Where've you been?

Elaine and Tom abruptly step away from each other.

TOM  
I'm sorry.  
(checking his pockets)  
Must have left my phone in the house.

MARY  
Wanted to get out, get some fresh air and --

Tom notices the FLAT TIRES. He bends down to examine.

TOM  
Jeez.  
(Beat)  
Where'd you go?

GRACE  
To this magnificent place by the river. It was extraordinary.

MARY  
You know that wooded path, the one we found awhile back?

TOM  
Oh yeah. On the walk we took nearly two years ago.

MARY  
Finally got around to exploring it today.

TOM  
I guess you'll have to take me sometime.

MARY  
Frustrating we had to walk all the way back though.  
(Beat)  
What have you two been up to?

Elaine and Tom look at each other. Tom kisses his wife on the lips. Elaine eyes Mary as if to say, "We need to talk." As Elaine pulls Mary aside, Grace explains to Tom where they went and what it was like. Mary confused.

ELAINE  
It's probably nothing.  
(she sighs)  
Mary. I have reason to believe ...

Mary looks over at Grace, mesmerized by her.

Elaine hesitates, noticing her friend enraptured in her muse. Grace smiles at her.

MARY  
What is it? Tell me.

Elaine encourages her to walk.

Reaching her car, Elaine gets in.

ELAINE  
When is the last time you and Tom were intimate?

MARY

Before I started writing ... I  
don't know ... maybe two months  
ago? Why?

Elaine gives her a doubtful eye.

ELAINE

You know what they say, if he's not  
getting it from you then where is  
he getting it from?

MARY

Come on. You honestly think Tom  
would ...

(Beat)

Oh I get what this is.

(Beat)

You're jealous.

ELAINE

What?

MARY

Can't believe I haven't figured it  
out until now.

ELAINE

Don't be absurd Mary. That's not  
what this is about.

MARY

(interrupting)

It's not? Are you sure about that?  
The way you've been looking at him -  
- flirting with him every time  
we're altogether -- and then just  
now, who knows what you two were  
talking about.

ELAINE

Stop it.

(Beat)

I came here to talk to him about  
you, alright?

MARY

Me? What about me?

Grace suddenly appears, watching. Elaine notices.

ELAINE

Let's talk when we can be in  
private.

(MORE)

ELAINE (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Listen. I love you. I only want  
what's best for you. You have to  
know that.

Elaine drives off. Mary, confused.

GRACE

Something wrong?

92

**INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER BATH - LATER THAT NIGHT**

92

Mary turns on the shower. Undressing, she locks the bathroom door, wanting to take her mind off everything. Stepping into the HOT WATER, the stress washes away as the STEAM RISES. Shampooing her hair, she thinks. Turning off the shower, she opens the GLASS DOOR to GRAB a TOWEL and --

GRACE (CONT'D)

Warmed these up for you.

Grace holds out TWO PERFECTLY FOLDED TOWELS.

MARY

For the love of God Grace you can't  
just come in here without knocking!

Mary takes the TOWELS.

MARY (CONT'D)

Even Tom isn't allowed to do that.

GRACE

I'm sorry, I thought --

MARY

It's fine.

Encouraging her to go, Grace exits. Mary dries off looking at herself in the mirror, feeling bad.

93

**INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

93

Grace chops TOMATOES on a CUTTING BOARD as Mary enters dressed in her SILK BATH ROBE and SLIPPERS. Her HAIR DRY, Grace notices her natural glow.

MARY

Wow, smells good.

GRACE

One of my family's secret recipes.  
Something my Aunt used to make.

Mary looks in the POT to find CHILI, simmering.

MARY  
Tom and the twins are?

GRACE  
On a walk I think.

Grace grabs an AVOCADO and begins SLICING it open. Mary notices her clinching the KNIFE tightly, unsafely.

MARY  
Here, let me help you.

Mary takes the KNIFE out of Grace's hand and shows her how to cut the AVOCADO correctly. Finishing, she STABS the PIT then holds it up to Grace's eyes -- the KNIFE pointed upwards.

MARY (CONT'D)  
See. Now, no ER visits.

Grace smiles as Mary spreads the AVOCADO on the SALAD. She takes a SPOONFUL OF SOUP from the pot and blows on it, feeding it to Mary.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Mmm. That is good.

GRACE  
You're so beautiful, you know that?

MARY  
Tomorrow is Tom and I's anniversary.

GRACE  
When I'm older I hope I look as good as you.

MARY  
Ten years.

Grace eyes Mary, TOUCHING HER SIDE.

GRACE  
Did you hear me Mary?

MARY  
Got a new dress. Black, short -- very sexy. Open back.

Mary washes her hands, trying to ignore her advances. Grace moves closer, her hand entering through her ROBE.

GRACE

Mary.

Mary closes her eyes, wanting it but then steps away, drying off her hands. Grace walks over, attempting again.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(in her ear)

Please, you deserve this.

Suddenly everything becomes a BLUR for Mary. Feeling faint Mary is unable to articulate words. Grace drops out of view.

Numerous SHADES OF PINK go in and out of focus. PINK PEONIES in a VASE, resting on the COUNTER, stare back at her.

*Knees buckle.* She GRIPS THE COUNTER, holding on. Nearly reaching ecstasy ...

Until ... Tom and the Twins enter through the front door! Grace pops up, wiping her mouth. Mary recovers, standing upright.

TOM

What's for dinner? Smells delicious.

Tom opens the fridge, grabbing a PRE-MADE SHAKE then kisses his wife on the lips.

ALEX

Yeah, I'm starving.

SAM

Me too.

MARY

Suddenly not feeling well. Think I need to go lie down.

Tom quickly grabs a GLASS OF WATER.

94

**INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

94

Mary lies down on the couch, her LIPS PARCHED. Tom enters, handing her the GLASS OF WATER. She drinks, setting it down beside her. Tom pulls a BLANKET over her.

Mary grabs his hand, kissing it.

MARY

Love you.

TOM  
Love you more.

Tom kisses her on the forehead.

MARY  
Tom?

But before she can say anything her eyes have fallen closed.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

SOUNDS from the other room, incoherent ... GROWING LOUDER.

95           **INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - LATER**

95

Asleep on the bed, Mary begins to awake.

GRACE (O.S.)  
I said harder you idiot!

Not sure what is going on Mary finds the strength to get up.

GRACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Do I have to do everything myself?

95A           **INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

95A

THWACK. Mustering her way over, Mary finds refuge behind the EDGE OF THE HALLWAY. Through the CRACK she peers through to find Grace sitting on the Counter in a BLACK SLINKY DRESS -- the same one Mary described earlier for her anniversary. With a SPATULA in hand, Grace THWACKS Tom again. HARDER.

Tom, BLINDFOLDED, has his hands TIED behind his back.

TOM  
Damn you! Enough.

Mary covers her mouth in SHOCK, remaining quiet. But continues watching. Her eyes follow down Grace's back ... Discovering Grace's legs propped up on the other side of the counter as Tom penetrates her.

GRACE  
I say when enough is enough!  
(Beat)  
Slower. There. That's it.

**Unable to see clearly** -- SOUNDS OF GRACE in ecstasy pierce Mary's ears like nails on a chalkboard.

She covers them and slides to the floor wishing for the sound to stop. Grace grabs ahold of Tom's head, forcing him down on her.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Now.

As he satisfies her, Grace picks up a CIGAR and PUFFS.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
That's a good boy.

Feeling Mary watching her, Grace turns around to give Mary a DEVIL EYE look, smiling slyly.

Mary, beside herself, nearly VOMITS.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
(to Tom)  
Who's in charge?

GRABBING HIS HEAD to look up at her.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I said, who's in charge and will  
always be in charge!?

Mary FAINTS. Startled, Tom stands up. Grace PUFFS.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, she won't remember any  
of this.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

96

**INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

96

Mary awakens from a deep sleep. She sits up abruptly, taken back.

96A

**INT. MORRISON HOME, DINING ROOM - NEXT MOMENT**

96A

Walking though the kitchen she finds the TABLE SET, everything ready for dinner. No sign of her nightmare. Tom washes dishes at the sink while Grace puts final touches on the table. Mary dumbfounded.

TOM  
Feeling better?

MARY  
Sort of. Had a horrible dream.

Mary sits down at the table.

GRACE  
As long as you survived, that's all  
that matters.

MARY  
(under her breath)  
Yet to be seen.

TOM  
(yelling downstairs)  
Alex! Sam! Time to eat!

The Twins appear from the basement.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Hey, no more video games after  
dinner.

The Twins nod. Sitting at the table, CHILI is passed around.

MARY  
Grace, I remember you saying this  
was special family time?

Tom and Grace look up at her.

MARY (CONT'D)  
If that's the case then what the  
hell are you still doing here?

TOM  
Mary? For the love of God, what has  
gotten into you?

GRACE  
She's right.

Grace gets up to leave but the Twins plead for her to stay.  
Tom urges her to sit. Mary, in an altered state of DELIRIUM.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Must have been a pretty awful  
dream.

SAM  
Teacher says a bad dream is  
actually a nightmare.

MARY  
You and my husband were fucking.  
Right there. On the counter.

TOM  
(slamming the table)  
Damn it Mary?!

MARY  
Felt so real.  
(looking at Grace)  
And you. You were *different* ...  
like you were somebody else.

Grace GULPS, not knowing what to say.

ALEX  
Daddy, mommy is scaring me.

TOM  
Mommy isn't feeling well you guys.  
(Beat.)  
Mary, you're overtired. You need  
rest.

MARY  
(to the Twins)  
I'm sorry you two. Sometimes when  
mommy writes, the things she writes  
about are so vivid in her mind --  
she can't figure out what's  
imaginary and what's real.

The Twins argue as Mary eats. Mary looks at Grace, wanting to  
pounce her in anger.

SAM  
This is the real world!

ALEX  
How do you know? It could be  
imaginary!

SAM  
I know because of this.

She PINCHES HIM.

ALEX  
Hey, that hurt!!!

SAM  
See. If it weren't real, that  
wouldn't hurt.

TOM

Alright, that's enough. Enjoy the dinner Grace so graciously prepared for us.

Awkward silence as everyone eats. Mary stares into Grace.

97

**INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

97

Tom in bed, watches Mary as she gets ready for bed.

TOM

What happened to you down there?

MARY

(shaking her head)

I don't know. I'm not sure to be honest.

He pats the bed, encouraging her to join him. Just as she's about to, she stops herself.

MARY (CONT'D)

Actually I do know. That nightmare is how I feel about you, about us -- about everything.

Slowly pacing.

MARY (CONT'D)

For the longest time I've taken the back seat and let you drive. I've supported you in everything you've wanted to do Tom. I've dedicated my life, my talents -- all of it, to you and the kids, to this house -- so we could build something together. And what do I get for it?

(Beat)

Oh god. What do I get for it.

(shaking her head in between tears)

Fucking screwed. You ... you betrayed me Tom! Crashed us into a fucking brick wall -- and expected me to pick up the pieces and make it all better!

He reaches for her. She pulls away.

MARY (CONT'D)

No.

(Beat)

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)  
 No, you do not get to be the hero  
 right now.

Mary's eyes well up with tears. Tom sees her anguish.

TOM  
 Mary.

He reaches out to hold her again. She relinquishes.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry Mary. Come here.  
 (in between her tears)  
 I'm an imperfect man. I fucked up.  
 I know that.  
 (filled with anguish and  
 guilt)  
 You are my world, my everything.  
 You and the twins.  
 (looking into her with  
 teared filled eyes)  
 I'm going to find a way to make it  
 up to you. I promise. And you're  
 right, we're never going back to  
 the way it was before.

Wiping away her tears.

MARY  
 Damn straight we aren't.

TOM  
 You know I love you more than  
 anything?

She nods. He kisses her on the forehead.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 You're almost through. Let's not  
 let this thing kill us on the way  
 out, alright?

She nods again. They get into bed. Tom turns the off the LIGHT then snuggles up to Mary, SPOONING her. As Tom falls asleep, Mary thinks. Snoring, she gets out of bed and grabs her CIGAR CASE.

Opening the CIGAR CASE, she discovers it empty. She thinks back to the last time she opened it.

**FLASHBACKS:**

99           **INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING ROOM - DAY**           99

Opening the CASE, Mary notices ONE LEFT then shuts it close.

99A           **INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT**           99A

The IMAGE of Grace PUFFING ON A CIGAR as Tom satisfies her on the counter -- HAUNTS HER MIND. She shakes the thought.

**END FLASHBACKS.**

100           **EXT. MORRISON HOME, MAIN BACK PATIO - NIGHT**           100

Mary looks up to discover the LIGHT ON in her writing room. Curious, she heads over to investigate.

101           **INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**           101

Through the bedroom ... Tom turns over, wanting to hold her. But she is not there. He opens his eyes to make sure. He glances at the CLOCK. 1:10 AM. And falls back asleep.

102           **INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING ROOM - SAME MOMENT**           102

Mary stands in the Bungalow looking around. No sign of entry. She shuts the WINDOWS then grabs her STACK OF HANDWRITTEN PAGES from the Desk, taking them with her.

She turns the light OFF, closes up, and exits.

103           **INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING**           103

Mary rolls over, arousing Tom. Tom awakens, kissing her.

TOM  
Happy Anniversary babe.

Mary smiles.

MARY  
Happy Anniversary.

TOM  
(sighing)  
I have to go in early today.  
Rendezvous tonight?

Tom kisses her sweetly then gets up to SHOWER. Mary thinks.

104      **INT. MORRISON HOME, HALLWAY TO GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**      104

In her robe Mary stands in the hallway area as Grace ushers the Twins out the door for school.

GRACE

Let's go kiddos, don't want to be late.

Mary runs downstairs to kiss them goodbye, reaching her hand out for their SPECIAL HANDSHAKE.

ALEX

Mom I have a new one, with Grace.

MARY

Oh, right.

Sam approaches, giving her the HANDSHAKE.

SAM

Bye Mom.

MARY

Bye sweetie.

Mary watches them leave, restless.

105      **INT. MORRISON HOME, PRIVATE OFFICE AREA - MORNING**      105

Dressed for the day, Mary sits in front of her COMPUTER combing through MAIL and BILLS. Grace cleans in the kitchen behind her. Looking through her CHECKBOOK Mary spots something. She picks up her PHONE and calls --

MARY

(softly)

Hi. This is Mary Morrison. Calling to make sure you received the check I sent in awhile ago? Looks like it hasn't been deposited yet.

105A      **INT. HUNTSMAN ENTERPRISES, FRONT AREA - SAME MOMENT**      105A

The Office Manager answers.

**CROSS CUT**

OFFICE MANAGER

Oh, hi Ms. Morrison. Been meaning to call you. Yes, I have it right here. Was waiting to hear which caregiver you wanted to go with?

Mary glances down the hallway at Grace still working.

MARY  
Pardon?

OFFICE MANAGER  
I should have called you sooner.  
We've been terribly busy --

Mary moves to the corner of the room to whisper.

MARY  
(mumbling)  
Grace. You have a Grace right?

OFFICE MANAGER  
What was the last name?  
(Beat)  
Sorry, we don't have anybody by  
that name.  
(Beat)  
Mary?

Mary, having already hung up, pretends to still be on.

MARY  
Alright, thanks for letting me know  
it will be deposited soon. Goodbye.

Mary turns around, STARTLED to find Grace standing *there*.

GRACE  
Was thinking of changing your  
master bedroom sheets -- since it's  
your anniversary?

MARY  
Good idea.

Grace walks past carrying FRESH SHEETS.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Grace, I want to apologize about  
last night. Not sure what came over  
me.

GRACE  
I understand. Nightmares can feel  
so real sometimes.

Mary sits back down in her chair, thinking. Her eyes fall on  
the BOOK ON THE SHELF.

**FLASHBACK:**

106      INT. MORRISON HOME, LIVING ROOM OFFICE - DAY      106

Mary watches as Grace holds "Forever" by Judy Blume.

GRACE  
If this were a library, I'd check  
it out.

**END FLASHBACK.**

107      INT. MORRISON HOME, PRIVATE OFFICE AREA - NEXT MOMENT      107

Mary immediately grabs her things to leave: Trench Coat,  
Leather Gloves, and Sunglasses.

MARY  
(yelling down the hall)  
Have a few errands to run. Be back  
in a bit!

GRACE (O.S.)  
Okay!

107A     INT. MORRISON HOME, GARAGE - NEXT MOMENT      107A

Grace watches Mary as the GARAGE DOOR SHUTS.

108      INT. LIBRARY, CHECK-OUT AREA - LATER      108

Frantically entering, Mary stands in line to speak with a  
LIBRARIAN then approaches.

MARY  
Hi there, wondering if you can help  
me with something? You see, my best  
friend, it's her birthday coming up  
and I wanted to get her something  
special, you know, make it a  
surprise -- a book she hasn't read  
yet.

LIBRARIAN  
I'm sorry, we're not at liberty to  
share our patrons records if that's  
what you're getting at.

MARY  
It would make her day, year even. I  
don't need a print out. Just a  
glance, to check?

Mary slips her a ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL. The Librarian stares at it and thinks, then takes it.

LIBRARIAN

Name?

MARY

Grace.

LIBRARIAN

Last?

Mary thinks.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

She's your best friend and you  
don't know her last name?

MARY

She checked out a book recently,  
"Laddie" by Gene Stratton-Porter?

The LIBRARIAN searches.

LIBRARIAN

The only person to check out  
"Laddie" in the last three months --

Mary leans over to read. A list of BOOKS with the name,  
"GRACE TAYLOR" at the top.

MARY

Nope. The one I'm thinking of, she  
hasn't read yet. Great, this is  
just what I needed.

Mary scribbles on a PIECE OF PAPER and exits.

109

**EXT. LIBRARY, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

109

Mary looks down at her PAPER. "533 Peach Tree Lane, River Springs."

Trembling, she calls Elaine.

MARY

Elaine call me. We need to talk.

Mary continues REDIALING as she gets into her car.

110 INT. PARKING LOT, SUV - CONTINUOUS 110

Pulling out of the parking lot Mary leaves another message.

MARY

Where are you? I don't know what came over me yesterday. Can't make heads or tails of anything lately. Call me as soon as you can okay?

Mary hangs up, driving frantically to ...

111 EXT. QUANT OFFICE BUILDING, ENTRANCE - NEXT MOMENT 111

COURTYARD in the middle. A CALMING WATER FOUNTAIN surrounded by GREENERY and PLANTS. Mary walks through the Courtyard.

INT. QUANT OFFICE BUILDING, BRIDGE PATHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Then Mary walks along a BRIDGE PATHWAY ...

INT. OUAINT OFFICE BUILDING. ELAINE'S WAITING ROOM

PRESSING a BUTTON outside the DOOR. No response.

She keeps PRESSING. On the door, a PLACARD reads: "DR. Elaine Fuller, PsyD".

No answer. Finally, Mary tries the door, surprised to find it UNLOCKED. Slowly, she opens it and discovers ...

113A INT. QUANT OFFICE BUILDING. ELAINE'S OFFICE - DAY 113A

Elaine sitting at her DESK with her back to Mary, her LAPTOP OPEN in front of her.

MARY  
There you are. Thank God.  
(shutting the door)  
You're never going to believe --

As Mary walks closer ... BLOOD DRIPS TO THE FLOOR.

She covers her mouth, turning the chair around to find ...  
**SCISSORS PLUNGED THROUGH HER FRIEND'S NECK.** Mary backs up in  
HORROR. Shaking she CALLS --

MARY (CONT'D)  
My friend ... she's been murdered.

114      **EXT. QUAIN'T OFFICE BUILDING, COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER**      114

Visibly shaken, Mary sits on a bench with a BLANKET around her as POLICE OFFICERS and FORENSICS tape off the area. Mary watches as Elaine'S BODY is taken out on a STRETCHER, wrapped in a BODY BAG. A DETECTIVE approaches.

DETECTIVE #1

Mrs. Morrison would you mind coming down to the station, answer a few questions for us?

MARY

Sure, whatever you need.

DETECTIVE #1

You're husband will meet us there.

Mary nods, agreeing to go.

115      **INT. POLICE STATION, QUESTIONING ROOM - LATER**      115

Mary sits at a table, alone, waiting.

116      **INT. POLICE STATION, BEHIND GLASS - SAME MOMENT**      116

A DETECTIVE watches Mary from behind the GLASS. A FOLDER is handed to him. He opens it, reviewing.

DETECTIVE #2

Pretty much an open and shut case.

DETECTIVE DAVID NEWHEART (50) a simple yet wise man tries to find the good in everyone despite their flaws. A firm believer in facts over feelings. He looks at Mary and sighs.

117      **INT. POLICE STATION, QUESTIONING ROOM - NEXT MOMENT**      117

Detective Newheart sits down across from Mary as she wipes her eyes with a TISSUE soaked in tears.

DETECTIVE NEWHEART

A writer then?

MARY

Something like that. Is my husband here yet? Would like to see him.

DETECTIVE NEWHEART

He's on his way Mrs. Morrison. In the meantime, you want to tell me what medications you're taking? Any psychosis you may have been diagnosed with?

MARY

Excuse me? What is this?

DETECTIVE NEWHEART

We have footage of you Mary, early this morning, around one am, driving to the location of the deceased.

MARY

You mean to say my best friend, and her name is Elaine.

DETECTIVE NEWHEART

We also have a witness, a neighbor of yours, saying you and Elaine were in some sort of argument yesterday evening outside your home.

MARY

Do I need my lawyer present? I thought this was going to be about me answering a few questions to help with the investigation?

DETECTIVE NEWHEART

And we have your fingerprints on the murder weapon -- the scissors Elaine was stabbed with.

MARY

What? That's impossible.

DETECTIVE NEWHEART

Mary. All the evidence is pointing one way. You either tell me something I don't know, or I'll lay it out for you.

The Detective #2 enters holding an iPAD, showing Mary the FOOTAGE of a woman in a Trench Coat and Sunglasses, entering Elaine's Office.

MARY

Play it again.

117A EXT. OUAINT OFFICE BUILDING, COURTYARD - NIGHT 117A

## **VIDEO SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE**

-- A Slender Woman, dressed in a Trench Coat and Sunglasses walks through the Courtyard.

-- Minutes later, she exits, headed away from the building.

117B INT. POLICE STATION, QUESTIONING ROOM - DAY 117B

Mary shakes her head.

MARY

That could be anyone! You can't even see my eyes.

Detective Newheart motions to Detective #2. She hands him a FOLDER.

DETECTIVE NEWHEART

We found this too, among your belongings, hidden in your bedroom.

Mary watches as Detective Newheart opens the folder, revealing her HANDWRITTEN PAGES, tagged and marked. Shocked, she looks at her work, mangled. He flips to the page, "*She grabs the scissors and plunges them into her neck.*"

DETECTIVE NEWHEART (CONT'D)

Too many similarities between this made-up story and the one going on in real life, wouldn't you say?

Mary speechless, begins to tear up.

MARY

This doesn't make any sense.

## DETECTIVE NEWHEART

Anyone else have access to your work Mrs. Morrison?

Mary thinks, her mind racing.

## **FLASHES:**

118 INT. GOTHAM PUBLISHING, BOARD ROOM - DAY 118

Darlene, who confronted Mary at her DOORSTEP, reads PAGES at a LONG TABLE. Riveted, she keeps turning.

MARY (V.O.)  
My publisher. They have a copy.

119      **INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING ROOM - DAY**      119

Mary, in the midst of writing, tries not to pay attention to Tom SOFTLY KISSING her neck as he massages her. He looks over her shoulder, reading the PAGES.

MARY (V.O.)  
My husband.

120      **INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING ROOM - DAY**      120

Grace, in the midst of cleaning Mary's writing room, stumbles upon the PAGES and stops to read. Riveted, she keeps turning.

MARY (V.O.)  
And our nanny, Grace.

121      **INT. PIANO RECITAL, BACKSTAGE - DAY**      121

Mary affixes a LARGE BOW on ALEXANDRA. She grabs a PAIR OF SCISSORS from off the VANITY TABLE to TRIM THE RIBBON then sets them back down.

**END FLASHES.**

122      **INT. POLICE STATION, QUESTIONING ROOM - PRESENT MOMENT**      122

Shaking her head in disbelief she looks up at the Detective. He looks back at her.

DETECTIVE NEWHEART  
Give me something, anything, to point me in another direction Mary.

Suddenly the door SWINGS open. Tom with their LAWYER enter.

TOM  
Mary, don't say another word.

Mary gets up, hugging Tom. He holds her close as the LAWYER (40) distinguished and expensive, briefs the Detective as he escorts his clients out of the room.

123

**INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

123

Tom and Mary sit down at a BENCH. The LAWYER speaks with Detective Newheart and Detective #1 and Detective #2 in the background.

MARY

Tom.

Shaking her head.

TOM

It's alright. We're going to figure this out.

MARY

Rick?

TOM

In shock. Doesn't believe you did it either.

MARY

Am I really the main suspect?

Tom shakes his head.

TOM

They don't have enough evidence to hold you.

MARY

But the fingerprints ...

TOM

Mine are on them too.

Mary looks at him confused.

MARY

How can that be?

Tom shakes his head, not knowing.

TOM

Mary, last night. Where were you?

MARY

(realizing he woke up and found her not there)

I was on the balcony. I saw a light on ... in the bungalow ... so I went downstairs to check.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)  
 Nobody was there. Locked it up then  
 came back up to bed.

Mary sees the confusion in Tom's face.

TOM  
 You didn't go anywhere after that?  
 After you checked on the bungalow?  
 (Beat)  
 Mary, you were gone for nearly  
 three hours.

MARY  
 I came right back to you. Tom, you  
 believe me don't you?

Tom nods yes but Mary senses doubt.

MARY (CONT'D)  
 What is it?

TOM  
 (reluctant)  
 The tires that were slashed? They  
 found a Swiss Army Knife in the  
 garage. Apparently the blade  
 markings match the bikes' tires ...  
 and Mary, only your finger prints  
 are on the knife.

Mary thinks back to the BIKE RIDE.

**FLASHBACK:**

124      **EXT. NATURE AREA, RIVER AREA - DAY**

124

-- Mary slashes the TIRES with the SWISS ARMY KNIFE as Grace approaches from the RIVER, catching up.

-- Wearing GLOVES, Grace slashes the TIRES with a SWISS ARMY KNIFE as Mary heads towards the river.

**END FLASHBACK.**

125      **INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - PRESENT MOMENT**

125

Mary looks up at Tom in dismay. He holds her tight. She looks back down at her hands. *Trembling*. She shudders at the thought of what she may have done.

TOM  
 When is the last time you met with  
 Elaine for a session?

Mary looks at him, puzzled.

MARY  
 Years ago.

TOM  
 They found some sort of scribbled  
 note in her office.

126      **INT. POLICE STATION, QUESTIONING ROOM - EARLIER**

126

The Detective #2 shows the Lawyer and Tom a COPY OF THE NOTE.

TOM (V.O.)  
 A diagnosis of some kind. They  
 think it's outlining what you have.

The word, "Mary" is underlined. "10 AM" beside it. Scribbled  
 below, "Out of body experiences. Memory gaps. Time loss.  
 Possible PTSD."

127      **INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - NEXT MOMENT**

127

Mary looks at Tom.

MARY  
 That's the time we met up at the  
 gym! And those notes ... they could  
 be for anyone!

TOM  
 I know, I know.

Shaking her head, her mind wanders to the possibility of  
*herself* being the MURDERER.

#### **FLASHES OF MARY:**

127A     **INT. PIANO RECITAL, BACKSTAGE - DAY**

127A

-- After trimming the RIBBON on ALEXANDRA'S BOW, Mary places  
 the SCISSORS in her purse.

127B **EXT. NATURE AREA, NEAR RIVER - DAY** 127B

-- Mary grabs the WINE BOTTLE OPENER from the BASKET then leads the way to the RIVER as Grace follows behind.

127C **INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT** 127C

-- Slicing the AVOCADO, Mary holds the KNIFE up in front of Grace's eyes, the BLADE in front of their faces.

128D **EXT. NATURE AREA, NEAR RIVER - DAY** 128D

-- Mary acts in dismay at what she sees. Grace catches up, shocked to find their tires SLASHED.

127E **EXT. QUAIN OFFICE BUILDING, COURTYARD - NIGHT** 127E

-- Wearing her TRENCH COAT, Mary arrives at Elaine's office at NIGHT, walking through the Courtyard.

127F **INT. MORRISON HOME, WRITING ROOM - DAY** 127F

-- PUFFING on a CIGAR and leaning back in her chair, Mary looks at her WALL OF NOTES, the PLOT laid out before her.

127G **INT. QUAIN OFFICE BUILDING, ELAINE'S OFFICE - NIGHT** 127G

-- Elaine, in a THERAPY SESSION with a PATIENT, scribbles down thoughts, thinking.

**END FLASHES.**

129H **INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - NEXT MOMENT** 129H

Mary shakes her head, not believing it. An idea.

MARY  
I have to use the restroom.

Tom attempts to stop her then nods, reluctantly letting her go as the Lawyer approaches.

128 **EXT. POLICE STATION, DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS** 128

Mary exits the Small Station, quickly walking.

128A EXT. POLICE STATION, PARKING LOT - DAY 128A

The tire of her SUV PEELING OUT.

128A

129 EXT. SUV, HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS 129

Driving fast, her mind wanders to the possibility of Grace being the MURDERER.

## **FLASHES OF GRACE:**

**129A INT. PIANO RECITAL - DAY**      **129A**

-- Grace, wearing GLOVES, picks up the SCISSORS from off the table and places them in a BAGGIE inside her PURSE without anyone noticing. She then joins Mary in the AUDIENCE.

**129B EXT. NATURE AREA - RIVER - DAY** 129B

-- Grace's hand hovers over the WINE BOTTLE OPENER. She grabs ahold of it then lets it go, setting it back down. Her hand continues traveling over to Mary.

129C INT. MORRISON KITCHEN 129C

-- Making CHILI, Grace slices an AVOCADO with a KNIFE, holding the KNIFE fiercely. Mary stops her to teach her how to cut it properly.

129D EXT. NATURE AREA - NEAR RIVER - DAY 129D

-- Wearing GLOVES, Grace SLASHES the tires on their BIKES while Mary leads the way towards the RIVER.

129E INT. MORRISON MASTER BEDROOM - DAY 129E

-- Wearing the ANNIVERSARY GOWN, Grace takes the LAST CIGAR out of Mary's COMPACT and smiles slyly as she lights up and PUFFS.

**END FLASHES.**

**129F EXT. HIGHWAY, SUV - CONTINUOUS**      **129F**

A CELL PHONE rings breaking Mary's train of thought. A VOICEMAIL. She listens.

130      **INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - MOMENTS EARLIER**                  130

Tom paces at the end of the hall, quietly leaving a message. The Detective Newheart, Detective #2, and Detective #1 look over at Tom, pacing, then back to each other.

TOM

I told them you went home to rest.  
They're on my ass, wanting to speak  
with you again. Where are you?

(getting emotional)

Hun, if you need something, if  
you're in trouble ... I love you.  
We can get you help. Meet you at  
home?

131      **EXT. HIGHWAY, SUV - PRESENT MOMENT**                  131

Mary sets the phone aside, remaining in a state of DELIRIUM -- focused on her goal. She looks at the PIECE OF PAPER in her hand with Grace's ADDRESS, speeding down the highway.

132      **EXT. STREET, NEIGHBORHOOD - A WHILE LATER**                  132

Turning down a street, Mary eyes her surroundings. LOW-END HOUSING. BARS ON WINDOWS. RUN-DOWN PROPERTIES.

133      **EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - NEXT MOMENT**                  133

Mary drives into the driveway and gets out, walking to the front door and KNOCKS, peering in. An OLD WOMAN, sitting in front of a TELEVISION SCREEN watches TV.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

I ain't buying anything so no point  
in you standing there!

MARY

Not here to sell you anything  
ma'am. Wondering if I can speak  
with you a moment -- about Grace  
Taylor?

Beat.

OLD WOMAN

Yeah. What about her? I'm her Aunt.

Grace's Aunt gets up, curious.

MARY

May I come in? Drove three hours  
and could really use the ladies  
room?

GRACE'S AUNT (60) examines Mary from behind the SCREEN. A HEAVIER SET WOMAN with AWKWARD EYES and THICK GLASSES -- hasn't showered in days -- evident by the RINGS OF DIRT around her neck and GREASY HAIR. She spots the Mercedes in the driveway and lets Mary in.

134      **INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE, LIVING ROOM/HALL - CONTINUOUS**      134

Mary walks down the hall. Along the way she notices FRAMED PHOTOS of the TAYLOR FAMILY. TWELVE CHILDREN. A PHOTO OF GRACE with her AUNT as a teenager.

134A      **INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**      134A

She enters the bathroom and sits on the TOILET, overhearing.

GRACE'S AUNT (O.S.)  
I don't know what she wants.  
Something about Grace.

OLD MAN (O.S.)  
Then what the hell did you let her  
in for?! For heaven's sake.

Mary quickly washes her hands and exits, joining them.

134B      **INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE, LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN**      134B

Mary exits to find Grace's Aunt waiting for her.

MARY  
Terribly sorry for showing up like  
this. You see Grace works for me,  
watches my children. I was  
wondering if you could answer a few  
questions about her?

Mary looks around for the OLD MAN.

GRACE'S AUNT  
Bloody hell! You ain't from around  
here are you?

Mary shakes her head no. Grace's Aunt gets up to fetch something from the KITCHEN.

OLD MAN (O.S.)  
Oh Christ, here we go again.

Mary leans over to see the Old Man. *But he is not there.*

Grace's Aunt opens a CABINET DRAWER and pulls out ARTICLES from the internet and CLIPPINGS from their LOCAL PAPER. Mary enters the kitchen and sits down at the kitchen table.

GRACE'S AUNT

Grace was the oldest. After her parents were sent to prison -- for nearly starving their children to death and God knows whatever else they did to those kids -- she came to live here with me. The other children, scattered all over the place.

Mary looks at the CLIPPINGS. IMAGES of the large family altogether, 8 CHILDREN and their PARENTS all in matching POLO SHIRTS and BROWN KHAKIS. Grace stands solemnly in the photo, barely smiling. Mary scans the HEADLINES. *"Parents starve children as a form of discipline. Children chained to beds. REAL LIFE HOUSE OF HORRORS."*

GRACE'S AUNT (CONT'D)

Once Grace turned eighteen she left. Last I heard she got a job at one of those hoity toity fitness clubs in the city.

Just then a DOG enters.

GRACE'S AUNT (CONT'D)  
(to the dog)  
I said no you idiot. Get back in there!

The Dog turns his ears down, frail and hungry. The Old Woman sighs, walking to the kitchen.

GRACE'S AUNT (CONT'D)  
Dumb dog.

The Old Woman feeds the Dog a small amount of FOOD then kicks him away.

GRACE'S AUNT (CONT'D)  
That's a good boy.

Mary, lost in thought at the gym comment, remembers back to her NIGHTMARE.

**FLASHBACK:**

135      **INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - DAY**

135

Mary watches Grace on the counter having sex with Tom, from the edge of the hallway.

GRACE

That's a good boy.

**END FLASHBACK.**

136      **INT. DILAPIDATED HOME, LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - SAME MOMENT 136**

Snapping out of it, Mary looks at Grace's Aunt.

MARY

Would it be alright if I keep  
these?

Beat. Mary realizes. She reaches into her purse, throwing down a FEW HUNDRED BILLS.

GRACE'S AUNT

Sure.

137      **EXT. HIGHWAY, SUV - NEXT MOMENT**

137

Mary drives quickly. Her eyes glance down at the STACK OF CLIPPINGS on the driver's seat, her mind racing.

**FLASHBACK:**

138      **INT. SPA, SHOWER AREA - DAY**

138

Mary and Elaine shower as Grace picks up towels outside the stalls, dressed in a CLEANING UNIFORM. Grace overhears them talk over the SHOWER STALLS.

139      **INT. SPA, LOCKER AREA - NEXT MOMENT**

139

As Mary and Elaine get dressed, Grace continues to eavesdrops. CLEANING around them, she glances at the card Elaine gave Mary and snaps a picture with her PHONE.

*Mary and Grace make eye contact for a brief moment.*

**END FLASHBACK.**

140      **EXT. HIGHWAY, SUV - CONTINUOUS**

140

Mary calls --

MARY

Tom, I'm headed back. Whatever you do, do not let Grace in the house! I've learned some things about her ... she could be very dangerous ... Listen to me, whatever you do --

But the CALL DROPS.

She TEXTS rapidly, eyeing the road. *NO SERVICE.*

MARY (CONT'D)

Damn it.

She keeps thinking.

**FLASH.**

141      **INT. HUNTSMAN ENTERPRISES, ANGELA'S OFFICE - BEFORE**

141

Grace sits across from Angela at her desk.

ANGELA

You have a lot going for you Grace.  
Many talents.

Grace smiles, anxious as Angela examines her RESUME.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Unfortunately ...

Just then Angela notices an AUTISTIC CHILD in the Playroom needing help and exits, leaving Grace alone in her office. Grace finds Mary's INFORMATION near the TOP OF THE PILE, and quickly jots it down in her BOOK. Angela re-enters.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

As I was saying, you are a delightful and talented young woman. Unfortunately we aren't taking on any new caregivers at the moment. We'll be sure to keep you in mind for the future though.

Grace gulps.

GRACE  
I really need this job.

Angela stands up to let her out.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
What is it, I'm not fancy enough?  
Didn't go to the right school?  
(looking through the  
glass)  
I'm over-qualified compared to  
those brats!

Angela stands up to let her out.

ANGELA  
I'm sure you'll find a nice family  
who needs you. Plenty of them  
exist.

As Grace stands up to leave --

GRACE  
Bitch.

END FLASH.

141A   **EXT. HIGHWAY, SUV - CONTINUOUS**

141A

Mary shakes her head in disbelief, playing the possible scenario differently.

**REWIND the scene.**

**FLASH.**

141B   **INT. HUNTSMAN ENTERPRISES, ANGELA'S OFFICE - BEFORE**

141B

ANGELA  
We'll be sure to keep you in mind  
for the future though.

GRACE  
Thank you so much. I really  
appreciate you seeing me so soon.

As Grace stands to leave, she reaches her hand out to shake. Angela shakes back -- a surge of energy runs through her.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
 If you need anything at all, help  
 in the office, cleaning, whatever.

ANGELA  
 You're at the top of my list.

Angela lets her out. Grace exits.

**END FLASH.**

142 **EXT. HIGHWAY, SUV - CONTINUOUS**

142

Mary continues driving, dialing a PHONE NUMBER from off DETECTIVE NEWHEART'S BUSINESS CARD.

MARY  
 Detective, please do a search on  
 The Taylor family from River  
 Springs! Grace, the oldest, is our  
 nanny and I have reason to believe  
 she is the one who killed Elaine.

Mary hangs up. Her mind racing again.

**FLASHBACK:**

143 **INT. SPA, STEAM ROOM - DAY**

143

Mary and Elaine chat on the benches.

ELAINE  
 After you finish everything goes  
 back to normal, right?

MARY  
 I become a different person.

**END FLASHBACK.**

144 **EXT. HIGHWAY, SUV - CONTINUOUS**

144

HONK!! Mary nearly hits a car heading straight towards her from oncoming traffic. She SWERVES back into her lane, STARTLED. Regaining focus, she continues speeding.

145 **INT. MORRISON HOME, GAME ROOM - NIGHT**

145

A CHAIR is LODGED UNDER THE DOORKNOB.

The Twins, inside the game room, play a VIDEO GAME, not knowing they're being locked in.

145A      **INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER BATH SHOWER - NIGHT**      145A

Tom turns on the SHOWER. Then checks his PHONE for a message from Mary. Nothing. And undresses.

145B      **INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT**      145B

A WOMAN'S HAND grabs a KNIFE from the BUTCHER BLOCK.

145C      **INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER BATH SHOWER - NIGHT**      145C

Tom gets in the shower. Wearing a TRENCH COAT and HEELS, the Woman walks in -- the KNIFE at her side.

Tom, in the shower, hears nothing. Standing at the BATHROOM DOOR with the knife behind her back, the WOMAN waits to enter. (SAME IMAGE FROM THE BOOK.) The BATHROOM DOOR swings OPEN. HEELS walk in. Only visible is the BOTTOM OF THE TRENCH COAT and the KNIFE at her side.

The WOMAN slowly approaches the SHOWER. Tom SHUTS OFF the WATER. Reaching for his TOWEL ...

He feels someone watching him.

TOM  
Babe, is that you?

WIPING THE STEAM FROM OFF THE GLASS DOOR ...

**He finds GRACE standing there -- staring back at him.**

GRACE  
Yep. It's me.

Taken back, Tom catches himself, spotting the KNIFE. Grace, dressed in Mary's lingerie, opens her coat to show off what's in store.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I thought maybe we could have a  
little playtime?

TOM  
Grace. I told you already, I don't  
want to play these games with you  
anymore.

GRACE

You told me you loved games. All  
men love games.

Tom speculates the situation, realizing she might not be kidding around with the KNIFE.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You've been a terrible boy Tom. And  
it's time for you to pay. Are you  
sure you don't want to reconsider?

Grace lifts the KNIFE up at him, swinging it around carelessly as if it were a toy.

Tom backs away from her, the towel around his waist.

TOM

Now, listen ...

GRACE

No, you listen damn it! You'll do  
exactly what I say -- or suffer  
the consequences.

She eyes his groin, smiling.

TOM

Now, wait a minute! Are you fucking  
insane?

GRACE

One thing you need to know about me  
Tom is I'm completely insane. And --  
I always get what I want.

In his peripheral, Tom spots a SMALL POTTED SUCCULENT PLANT. As Grace slowly walk towards him ... He THROWS it at her! She quickly ducks, missing. Tom awestruck at her reflexes.

Her pupils, nearly BLACK.

TOM

I don't want to hurt you but if I  
have to, I will.

GRACE

Ha, you hurt me? That's hilarious.

She LUNGES at him with KNIFE, SLICING his stomach. He touches the WOUND, looking down at the BLOOD. Then fights for the KNIFE. Holding it tightly in her hand, Grace finds a way to maneuver out of his grasp, SLICING him again.

And again. And again.

Light headed, Tom stumbles down to the floor. BLOOD EVERYWHERE. Grace watches in satisfaction.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
See, I told you. I always get what  
I want.

Just then a SOUND from downstairs.

MARY (O.S.)  
Tom?! Kids?!

Mary, back home. Tom watches on in horror as the MONSTER WOMAN before him changes back in her childlike self -- her demeanor, voice and body language all returning to normal.

GRACE  
Here! Coming.

Tom, sitting against the wall, holds on for dear life.

TOM  
(attempting to yell out)  
Mary.

146      INT. MORRISON HOME, FRONT DOOR AREA - CONTINUOUS

146

Mary enters, startled to run into Grace, now in MODEST CLOTHING and no longer in the COAT.

GRACE  
Oh, Mary I'm so glad you're here.

MARY  
Where are the twins? Where's Tom?

GRACE  
In the game room, safe. Tom ...

Mary pushes past her to run and find them.

But, Grace yanks her back.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You don't want to go in there. It's  
a mess. I'll grab some rags to  
clean it up.

Mary, confused, pushes past her -- nearly knocking her down.

MARY  
Tom?!

TOM (O.S.)  
In here.

147

INT. MORRISON HOME, MASTER BATH - CONTINUOUS

147

Mary enters to find Tom holding his WOUND, the color from his face fading -- bleeding to death.

MARY  
Oh my god! Tom!

Mary runs to his side.

TOM  
Mary.

MARY  
Tom. Stay with me.

Mary frantically rips CLOTHS to tie around his WOUND.

TOM  
(softly)  
You have to believe me Mary ... she seduced ...

MARY  
It's okay. You don't have to talk.

Tom grabs ahold of Mary's hand, looking into her eyes.

TOM  
(softly)  
Mary. Please. Believe me ... I never meant ...

His eyes filled with anguish and remorse --

MARY  
I believe you Tom! I believe you!  
Now stay with me.

Barely hanging on, Mary finishes tying the CLOTH. Mary notices Tom looking at something behind her. She slowly turns around to find ... Grace, standing there, holding RAGS and CLEANING SUPPLIES. She begins cleaning up the BLOOD.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Grace.

GRACE  
I'm so sorry for the mess.

MARY  
I need you to call 911.

Trembling, Grace stops and grabs Tom's PHONE to call.

Tom and Mary watch in disbelief.

GRACE  
(practically in tears)  
We need an ambulance. There's been  
a horrible accident. A man, he's  
dying. He's been stabbed and will  
bleed to death if you don't hurry!  
Please hurry.

Grace hangs up.

MARY  
Grace, who did this?

Grace shakes her head, not knowing. Then begins to cry.

GRACE  
I tried to stop her. I told her you  
were good people and could help us.

MARY  
Who Grace? Who did you try to stop?

Grace slowly backs out of the bathroom, shaking her head.

Beat.

Her hand grabs something ... from in the HALLWAY. Suddenly,  
Grace's EYES SWITCH OVER.

GRACE  
Me, you cunt.

*To the other personality.*

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Margaret.

MARGARET lunges towards Mary! Mary quickly reacts, protecting  
Tom. The KNIFE close to her face --

GRACE/MARGARET  
(two personalities  
switching back and forth)  
Kill her bitch! I don't want to.  
(MORE)

GRACE/MARGARET (CONT'D)  
*Please don't make me. I said kill her! She betrayed you. She doesn't really love you. Shut up! Yes she does. She does love me.*

MARY  
 Grace?

Grace, in tears, looks longingly at Mary.

Mary sees her anguish.

GRACE  
 Mary, I can't stop her. RUN!!

Mary bolts past, out of the bathroom.

148      **INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

148

To the kitchen. Just as she's about to grab a KNIFE, Margaret shoves her, knocking her to the floor. Mary gets up, stunned, touching the GASH on her head. Margaret lunges again, but Mary moves out of the way.

A STRUGGLE.

**CUT TO:**

149      **INT. MORRISON HOME, GAME ROOM DOOR - SAME MOMENT**

149

The GAME ROOM DOOR tries to open as sounds of WOMEN FIGHTING above can be heard. The Twins yell for someone to let them out, not knowing what is going on.

**CUT BACK TO:**

150      **INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - SAME MOMENT**

150

Mary holds Grace down, her head hanging over the counter. DIGGING her nails into her arm, the KNIFE FALLS to the floor. Grace SMACKS her! Mary SWINGS A PUNCH back! Grace recovers, leaning against the counter to catch her breath.

Mary lunges again, this time grabbing her neck, CHOKING her to death against the counter. As Grace fights to survive, Mary spots something on the COUNTER.

She FLIPS the SWITCH. Just then Grace's hair, hanging in a BLENDER ...

BECOMES SUCKED IN ... And is RIPPED OUT OF HER SCALP!!

GRACE/MARGARET

Ahhhh!!!

Screaming in pain, Mary watches in HORROR as Grace touches her bare SCALP -- BLOOD OOZING. Half her hair, gone.

GRACE

Mary, how could you!?

Grace, wailing in pain crawls on the floor in agony. Mary walks towards her, feeling badly. Helping her ... Grace switches back into Margaret.

MARGARET

You bitch!

And THWACKS Mary on the SHINS!

MARY

Owwwwwie!!

Grace GRABS HER BY THE HAIR, pulling her along the WOOD FLOOR to the living room.

MARY (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh!

Mary fights back. Another STRUGGLE. Grace THWACKS Mary across the face. Mary falls to the floor, barely conscious. Grace, standing over her, smiles gleefully.

MARGARET

*Too bad so sad. Grace was actually starting to like you. Thought she could get rid of me, replace me with you ...*

*(back and forth between characters)*

I did get rid of you! Leave me alone!

*(Margaret)*

*Well, we know that can never happen now don't we? How would we ever get along in this world if it weren't for me?*

FLASHBACK.

YOUNGER GRACE (12) chained to her bed is reading a BOOK as her OLDER BROTHER (19) enters. Her room, sparse and stale, has the feeling of a warped fairytale.

Dirty edges with pink shades of yesteryear. PILES OF BOOKS. Grace, having not showered in weeks, ignores her Brother lying next to her.

MARGARET (V.O.)  
*I'm the survivor.*

OLDER BROTHER  
 Scratch my back will you.

GRACE  
 Not now Adam.

OLDER BROTHER  
 Please.

Adam reveals a PACKAGE OF CRACKERS, teasing her. Grace eyes it with hunger.

MARGARET (V.O.)  
*I'm the one who got us through hell.*

Grace tickles Adam's back. As he closes his eyes, he holds her DOLL, rubbing it.

ADAM  
 (whispering)  
 Can we play our game?

Grace attempts to grab the SNACK but he yanks it away.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 You be Margaret.

Grace looks at her Doll then the Snack, and concedes. As she eats ravenously, Adam begins touching her like the Doll. She ignores him, famished.

**END FLASHBACK.**

152

**INT. MORRISON HOME, KITCHEN - SAME MOMENT**

152

Grace, still standing over Mary, fights Margaret internally.

MARGARET  
*And this whore thinks she can waltz  
 in and erase me now? Because of  
 love?*  
 (laughter)  
*Shut up. This isn't love. Shut the  
 hell up!! All people want is to use  
 you ...*  
 (MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
*eat you up and spit you out Grace  
... until their's absolutely  
nothing left of you. That's not  
true! And we can't let that happen  
now can we Grace? Go away! You know  
I'm right. Stop this. The bitch  
must die. No, this is wrong. It's  
the only way. I said stoooop!!*

Mary, now being CHOKED to DEATH, grabs a HEAVY PORCELAIN BOWL and smashes it on Grace's head. Grace tries to maintain her balance but falls to the floor. Lying there, Mary stands over her like a WARRIOR having just won the end of a major battle.

Barely conscious Grace looks up at her with tender eyes. Mary, full of disdain and hate, sees the true Grace come out. She bends down, holding her in her arms.

GRACE  
Mary, I'm so sorry. I tried to make  
her go away. I thought I could  
escape her ...

MARY  
Shhh, shhh, it's okay.

Mary, anguished by the sick girl before her, caresses her.

GRACE  
Please don't give up on me ...  
please.  
(Beat)  
I love you Mary.

Grace's eyes fall closed. Tears fall down Mary's cheeks.

MARY  
I love you too sweet girl.

SIRENS in the distance grow louder.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER**

**FADE IN:**

Tom, having mended from his wounds, kicks a SOCCER BALL around with Sam and Alex on the lawn. From the Bungalow, Mary watches, smiling at the sight. She finishes writing something down then joins them.

Altogether, the FOUR PLAY Soccer -- a happy family again.

154      **INT. HUNTSMAN ENTERPRISES, FRONT AREA - ONE YEAR LATER**      154

Mary signs in at the COUNTER as her Twins play with the OTHER CHILDREN and CARETAKERS in the PLAYROOM. The Office Manager quickly hides a BOOK she is reading -- not wanting Mary to know she is obsessed with her SERIES.

OFFICE MANAGER

Working on a new book in the series  
Ms. Morrison?

Mary turns before exiting.

MARY

Actually no. Working on something  
I've been wanting to start for a  
long time.

155      **EXT. GRAVESITE, PLACARD - DAY**      155

Mary places a TROPICAL LEI on Elaine'S GRAVE.

MARY

Finally finished it. You were  
right. Just needed to get my ass  
kicked out the door.

Then sets down a COPY OF HER NEW MANUSCRIPT, "For Elaine".

MARY (CONT'D)

All thanks to you.

156      **INT. HOSPITAL FACILITY, ENTRANCE - DAY**      156

Mary enters carrying FLOWERS ...

156A      **INT. HOSPITAL FACILITY, HALLWAY - DAY**      156A

Mary continues walking down the hall, reaching a PATIENT'S ROOM and enters.

157      **INT. HOSPITAL FACILITY, ROOM - CONTINUOUS**      157

Mary discards OLD FLOWERS from a VASE, replacing them with NEW ONE'S she brought. She turns to join the PATIENT who is sitting on the floor, playing a GAME OF CARDS by herself.

MARY  
Deal me in?

Grace looks up, realizing it is Mary. She throws her arms around her as best she can -- her hands SHACKLED to the wall.

GRACE  
Mary! I've missed you!!

MARY  
Brought you something.

Mary pulls out a HANDFUL OF BOOKS from a BOOK BAG.

GRACE  
Oh, you're the best. Simply the best!

Mary smiles as Grace examines the ARRAY OF CLASSICS.

Together they play CARDS. Mary enjoys being with the innocent side of Grace, the Grace she fell in love with a year ago.

As they play we MOVE BACK out of the room ..

Down the hall ... Through the front doors ...

To the front of the facility ...

Passing one FENCE, then another.

GUARDS on standby. A SIGN on the LAWN reads:

157A      **EXT. CLAREMONT PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DUSK**      157A

Pan up to reveal the SUN RAYS, then back down again to Mary, dressed in her TRENCH COAT, GLOVES and SUNGLASSES, exiting the facility.

*Or is it?*

**THE END.**