

The Inside

"Skin and Bone"

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## [THE INSIDE]

"Skin and Bone"

TEASER

1 INT. V.C.U. - KITCHEN/BULLPEN/WAR ROOM - DAY 1

Monday morning. DANNY, MEL and PAUL are getting coffee/donuts in the kitchen. Mel sips her coffee doubtfully.

MEL

You're sure it's not decaf?

DANNY

I made it with my own hands.

PAUL

Not the only thing you did with 'em. There's fingerprints on the doughnuts.

DANNY

They put the jellies on the bottom. I rummaged.

MEL

(to Paul)

If there's a bearclaw in there, I'll split it with you.

(then)

I'm still not feeling the caf, guys.

DANNY

(to Mel)

What's up with you anyway? Big date this weekend?

MEL

I wish. Dog got sick at three a.m. I wake up to this sound. Like hyuh, hyughh--

Paul looks up from searching in a drawer.

PAUL

Stop that.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Then I won't tell you what my nephew did Saturday, right in front of this girl I've been working on. Good thing she's got a strong stomach.

(beat)

Pretty strong thighs, too.

MEL

Ewww.

PAUL

So, are we totally out of plastic knives?

Mel finds a plastic knife and hands it to Paul as she says:

MEL

All's I have to pitch is a couple dead prostitutes. If I don't have energy, I don't think I can sell it.

DANNY

Too bad. I got a good one. Surgeon at Cedar's with a death rate, like five times all the others. Low-risk cases, too. Could be twisted.

Paul is trying to cut a bear claw in two.

PAUL

Maybe he's just incompetent.

He hands Mel a badly mangled half-bearclaw. She looks at it.

MEL

(pointedly)

Some people are.

They exit the kitchen and head into the bullpen, still talking:

DANNY

(to Paul)

How's Karen? You have a weekend of domestic cozitude?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

PAUL

We had a nice dinner out. Saw a movie. Space western.

DANNY

(elaborate yawn)

Sounds great.

As they arrive in the --

2 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

2

-- and set themselves up around the table.

MEL

(to Paul)

What's your pitch?

PAUL

There's a guy in federal lock-up, says he killed three more girls than he was convicted for. Thought we could confirm--

WEB (O.S.)

That's bookkeeping.

The agents look up as Web enters from his connecting office door. Moves to his end of the table.

WEB (CONT'D)

I prefer fresh bodies.

(noticing)

Where's Locke?

They look around. No Rebecca. Not here, not at her desk...

PAUL

(realizing)

She's usually in here waiting for us.

DANNY

Monday. Maybe she had a date last night.

WEB

I don't think so.

PAUL

I'm sure she'll be here soon.

(CONTINUED)

WEB

Fine. We'll start when she arrives.

MEL

Know what? Maybe I should call her. She's not really Robotgirl. She is human, you know. She's probably just having a hard time getting out of bed.

Web sits, smiles one of those icy smiles.

WEB

That's all right. You can tell me about your weekends while we wait.

They all look at him, frozen in horror. Rebecca cannot get here fast enough.

Close on Rebecca, eyes closed, head on pillow. A little smile on her face, like she's having a pleasant dream.

WIDER to reveal her bedroom. Bookshelves, dried flowers, framed art prints on the walls. It's sunny, welcoming, a little Midwestern even, as a quilt serves as the bedspread. The quilt is moving now -- more than it should. Someone else is under those covers. Making Rebecca smile.

A head emerges from under the quilt. It's COREY! He looks down at Rebecca. Kisses her, lowers himself onto her. They simmer.

REBECCA

Mmm. I have to get up. I'm going to be late.

COREY

News for you. You're already late.

He kisses her shoulder...

REBECCA

I have a case to pitch today.  
There are girls...

He captures her lips in a kiss, cutting her off.

COREY

You and your girls. There's always  
some girls.

REBECCA

Isn't that supposed to be me saying  
that?

COREY

Not for a while now. You're all  
the girls I need.

He's kissing down her neck now, head disappearing back under  
the quilt.

REBECCA

No. Really. Listen. Hear it?  
The alarm is going.

She's right. A faint BUZZING, just audible. It gets louder.  
We realize it's the BUZZ of an alarm clock. And it seems  
like it keeps getting louder. Weird. Corey's head appears  
again:

COREY

Turn it off. Stay with me today.  
I'll make breakfast. You know you  
love my juevos--

She tries to get up, but he's not moving. His weight holds  
her down. She laughs.

REBECCA

I have to go.

The alarm is really LOUD now. It erases her smile. They  
struggle to talk over it.

COREY

Turn it off. It's too loud.

Rebecca looks confused. She's starting to realize  
something's wrong with this scene.

REBECCA

It hurts...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

It does. That might be because it's not an alarm clock that's BUZZING, but in fact...

4 INT. GARAGE - MAKESHIFT PRISON CELL - DAY

4

...the BUZZING is coming from the DOG SHOCK COLLAR that's around Rebecca's neck. The searing pain pushes her into consciousness.

Now we see that she's lying on a damp, cement floor. She's curled up in a fetal position. She's wearing civilian clothes. There is blood on the floor near her head. She blinks, raises her head, like us -- disoriented.

MALE VOICE

Time to get up.

Rebecca manages to sit up, taking in her surroundings... a makeshift prison cell in what might be somebody's converted garage.

REBECCA

(under her breath)

Ugh. You gotta be kidding me.

Hello Monday morning.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

5 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY

5

CARTER enters the bullpen from the elevator hallway. He's got a fast-food bag in hand, and he's sipping from a soda. He finds Mel, Danny and Web standing around Paul, who sits at his desk, phone in hand.

CARTER

Still? You're kidding me.

Mel shrugs at him.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Think she just quit and went to Hawaii to open a surf shop?

MEL

Not really.

DANNY

But now we know where to find you when you don't show up.

CARTER

Let me know if you need me.

Carter moves off toward the tech room as Paul hangs up.

PAUL

Her machine again. I want to go over there. Make sure everything's all right.

Paul's expecting an argument from Web, just for the sake of being contrary. But:

WEB

I agree. Call me.

And Web is out, heading for his office. Paul grabs his jacket, badge. He notes Mel grabbing her badge too.

PAUL

You coming with?

MEL

Yeah, well, I'm worried too.

(then)

And I gotta say, I've always kind of wondered about her place.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



5

CONTINUED:

5

MEL (CONT'D)

Think she has normal stuff, or  
like, a serial killers of the world  
doll collection?

PAUL

If you want to come, hurry up.

Paul and Mel head for the door. Danny hurries to catch up.  
The other two look at him, surprised.

DANNY

If we walk in on her getting some,  
this is so not my fault.

They're hitting the hall door now.

MEL

So... where does she live, again?

It hits them all at the same time. They stop. Turn back.

PAUL

Carter?!

6

INT. GARAGE - MAKESHIFT PRISON CELL - DAY

6

Rebecca in her prison. Trying to orient herself. She tries  
to get the collar off. It won't come off. She finds out why  
when her hand finds... a padlock. The collar is padlocked.

She looks around, clearly has no idea where she is. And we  
can't be sure, either.

The cell is set up in the middle of someone's garage. Bars.  
Outside those bars, a large door that presumably leads into a  
house. A snake-like spy-cam-style SECURITY CAMERA is in the  
high corner outside the bars looking down her (the wire of it  
disappears into a drilled hole in the floor). A weird chute  
of what looks to be made of aluminum metal ducting angles  
from the wall near the door, its mouth aimed at the floor not  
far from the cage. She rattles the cage door. No go.

She sees an intercom speaker built into the wall -- the  
source of the VOICE. She shouts into it.

REBECCA

Who are you?

She waits. Nothing.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Talk to me! Or I close your eyes!

(CONTINUED)

Again nothing.

Fine. If that's the way he wants it. She takes off her denim jacket, reaches through the bars and tries to get to the camera, reaching up for the lens... trying to toss the jacket over it... She's almost there...

BUZZZ

She falls to the ground, to her knees, clutching at the dog shock collar which gives her a sharp JOLT.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
(through gritted teeth)  
Go to hell --

She forces herself to her feet, is going to make another attempt at that camera. BUZZZT! She's driven down to the floor again. Not giving up yet. Starts to rise -- BUZZZZZT! And again. And again. After a period of this, she ends up cheek-to-floor, unconsciousness again...

We're in the dining room / living room part of the apartment now. Rebecca and Corey sit across from each other, finishing off breakfast. Sunshine fills the room, making the cut-glass pitcher of orange juice and the champagne bottle and the glasses and the plates sparkle. Fresh flowers in vases manage to sparkle too. Blue curtains flutter in the breeze.

Corey stands to take their plates, but Rebecca grabs hers back to finish the last bite of omelette. Corey laughs.

COREY  
Almost took my hand off that time.

REBECCA  
It's so good and I'm so hungry.

COREY  
Wanna help me with the dishes?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Later. Let them crust up.

COREY

Consider them crusty. Want to go out? Go to the beach?

Rebecca adjusts some things: moves a pillow, turns a plant toward the window...

REBECCA

No. I like it inside. People look at you on the beach.

COREY

Right. Okay.

He goes to her, embraces her, kisses her lightly.

COREY (CONT'D)

Aren't you glad you took the day off? You don't get kisses like this at work.

REBECCA

I sure don't. Danny's too rough.

COREY

(laughing)

Hey!

REBECCA

And Paul feels too guilty and Web's all tongue. Mel eats garlic--

Corey kisses her again. When they break, the mood has changed. Rebecca seems a little melancholy.

(CONTINUED)

COREY

Hey... what's wrong?

Her big bright smile is back.

REBECCA

Nothing! It's all perfect! I just  
don't like that it's not real.

COREY

It's as real as you believe it is.

REBECCA

I know, I know. But sometimes it's  
hard to believe.

COREY

Maybe I'm not who should be here.  
I could change...

REBECCA

(low grade panic)  
What? No... don't go...

HARD CUT TO:

8 INT. GARAGE - MAKESHIFT PRISON CELL - DAY

8

Quick moment of Rebecca still mostly out, wincing on the  
cement floor, muttering.

REBECCA

No... Don't go... don't go...

9 INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - DAY - REALITY

9

A young LANDLORD lets Paul and Mel into Rebecca's apartment. It's the same physical space as Rebecca's fantasy, but without the STUFF. There are no rugs on the wood floors, white walls. A desk with a computer on it, a table, a television -- modern, corporate... and totally devoid of any personal touch.

PAUL  
(to the landlord)  
You can go, thanks.

The landlord exits and the two agents look around.

MEL  
(off the emptiness)  
Ohmygod -- you think she was  
robbed?

Paul looks at her.

PAUL  
And what? They took all her fuzzy  
stuffed animals but left her  
computer?

MEL  
Right. Guess this is about what I  
expected.

Now Paul spots... in the corner, a pile of packed bags and boxes.

PAUL  
Or not... Look at this. She was  
packed. Maybe getting ready to go  
someplace?

Mel joins him, kneels down -- opens a flap. Notices:

MEL  
Dust. She wasn't packing. Paul --  
I don't think she's ever unpacked.

PAUL  
Living out of boxes and suitcases  
after six months?

(CONTINUED)

MEL

Maybe she is Robotgirl.

(moving off)

I'm gonna check the rest of the place. If there's nothing but batteries in the kitchen, we'll know.

Paul moves to the lonely little computer desk. Crime and reference books stacked up nearby. Post-its on the computer, the desk. A notepad there. He examines them, frowning.

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

Delivery Thai food in the fridge.  
You know, she owns one plate? One!

Now Danny enters the front door.

DANNY

Checked the garage. Her car's gone. Maybe someone carjacked her, took her along?

(now sees the place)

Wow. This is homey.

Paul has taken a Post-it from the desk, and the note pad. Danny clocks his interest. Now Mel reappears with a:

MEL

Gun case. Open on her bed. Empty.

DANNY

Too small for her issued weapon.  
Might be an ankle holster piece.

MEL

And this, I found in the bathroom --

She holds up a flat white case:

MEL (CONT'D)

Only personal thing in the whole damn place. Luckily, it's real personal. Birth control pills. She took Saturday's pill. Never made it to Sunday.

PAUL

So she went somewhere Saturday, expected to be back by the next day.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

So she does have sex...

Mel sees the notepad/Post-its in Paul's hand.

MEL

Anything there?

PAUL

Notes. Bits and pieces.

(reading)

"Fragile Flower." "sweetdeath."

DANNY

What's it mean?

As Paul unplugs her computer cpu, preparing it for transport:

PAUL

What's any of it mean?

Rebecca on the floor of her cell. Her eyes open, but she doesn't budge -- trying to steal a moment that her keeper might not be aware of, trying to gauge if she's still alone.

She takes a chance. Surreptitiously pulls up her pant leg, revealing her ankle holster... a little higher. No gun. Empty. Damn.

MALE VOICE

Yeah. I took that. Pretty rude to bring a firearm to someone's home.

She sits up, looks toward the camera.

REBECCA

Where's Fragile Flower? Where's sweetdeath?

Nothing but some STATIC over the speaker. Then, a strange SOUND that makes her tense up. Not coming from the speaker. She stands and turns, trying to locate it. It is a mechanical WHINE, coming from outside the sealed door. Growing louder as whatever creates it is coming closer.

We hear the VOICE again, not through the intercom this time, but from right outside the door...

(CONTINUED)

MALE VOICE  
(cheerful)  
Lunch!

A RATTLING in that duct work chute contraption. Items sliding down the interior of it... now, out of the mouth of the thing: FOOD drops through. Snack cakes, bags of chips, packets of jelly... high calorie, high fat, yummy products spill onto the garage floor within reaching distance from the bars.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
Mmmmmmm. Delicious.

REBECCA  
You sick bastard --

The only response is a cherubic chuckle...

MALE VOICE  
Eat up!

Then that ELECTRONIC WHINE again, growing fainter.

11 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - DAY 11

Rebecca's home computer is now sitting in front of Carter. Web has joined the rest of the team. (So it's Web, Carter, Mel, Paul and Danny.)

PAUL  
How hard was it to break in?

CARTER  
Hard. Until I guessed her password.

DANNY  
I was sitting right here, watching. It was the weirdest thing.

CARTER  
There's a novel by Ken Follett...

WEB  
"The Key to Rebecca."

(CONTINUED)



CARTER

Right. The key to Rebecca's computer? "Follett."

WEB

Interesting.

MEL

Not childhood pet's name, or her first love. No. It's a puzzle that reveals nothing about her. Perfect.

CARTER

Hard part was sifting through the volume of stuff she has on here.

DANNY

Apparently the way she unwinds after a day slaving over a hot deathboard -- is to go home and scour missing person databases.

MEL

She goes home and works. Exactly what I'd've expected.

PAUL

Not just on anything. Missing people. Maybe 'cause she was one.

MEL

I'm still not shocked here.

DANNY

You will be.

They look at him, expectantly.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh. I might've oversold that. You ever hear of pro-ana web sites?

(CONTINUED)

MEL

Pro-anorexia. Girls egging each other on to go farther, lose more weight. They share tips on how to live in their disease.

CARTER

How to stay hydrated, how to dangle the candy for a little flavor, and yank it back out...

WEB

They teach each other how to keep secrets...

(then)

How many of these sites did she visit?

CARTER

Over fifty. But she seems to have made a home on one in particular...

DANNY

Made some friends there, too.

PAUL

Friends with screen names like "Fragile Flower?"

DANNY

And "sweetdeath." Yeah.

MEL

She's not exactly fat... you think maybe..?

WEB

She made friends.

(therefore)

She was prepping a case.

DANNY

That's what we're thinking, too. We found this.

(CONTINUED)

Carter hits a button, opening a folder on the computer. Photos pop up, fill the screen. Thin young women's faces.

CARTER

She'd pulled out these photos from the reports. No one ever linked them before.

DANNY

They went missing over the last few years. Most were thought to be runaways. But they're all in their twenties, and... look at 'em.

MEL

Svelt...

DANNY

They were never officially diagnosed as anorexic. But they're all clearly underweight. I think Rebecca was tying them together into a case.

MEL

To pitch this morning.

WEB

She just pitched it. And it sold. Drop everything else. We're working this.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

12 INT. GARAGE - MAKESHIFT PRISON CELL - DAY

12

The pile of spilled Twinkies and junk food still lays on the cement floor, untouched. Rebecca sits against the bars of her cell, still looking around the garage, looking for a way out.

MALE VOICE

You haven't touched your snacks.

REBECCA

I don't want snacks. Where are the others? Show them to me.

MALE VOICE

No! You don't make the rules here! You are a GUEST. Do you even understand what that MEANS? It's NOT POLITE to refuse what is offered by your HOST!

(calms himself)

Now. IF you can show me that you know how to behave like a GUEST, you'll be allowed to join us in the big house. Eat.

She stares at the unblinking eye of the spy camera. Looks to the fallen snack items. Has to get down on her stomach and reach her arm through the bars to get to the items. It's one more position of humiliation.

She paws at them, gets a handful, pulls them back into the cell with her. Sits against the bars, looks at the junk, then back to the camera. She tears open a package. Regards the crap. Takes a resentful bite.

CUT TO:

13 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - DAY

13

DANNY and MEL are at the table looking over some papers. Web sits at the head as PAUL enters. He's met immediately by CARTER who hands him the same papers.

PAUL

What's this?

CARTER

Your script.

(CONTINUED)

Paul squints at him, confused, then looks over at Web.

WEB  
They're chat logs from Rebecca's computer. Her conversations with the girls from the Pro-Ana site. We're going to read them out loud.

DANNY  
(unhappy)  
And when he says "we?" He means "us."

MEL  
Yeah. We're puttin' on a show. And I got the lead. "Becky93."

WEB  
Paul, you'll read "sweetdeath." Carter, "Little Willow." Danny's "Fragile Flower."

Mel snorts at that. Then tries to sober as Danny glares.

DANNY  
Swell.

PAUL  
And what are you playing?

WEB  
I'm listening.  
(off Paul's skeptical look)  
Humor me.

(CONTINUED)

Paul and Carter take their places at the table.

WEB (CONT'D)  
Start with the one dated August  
2nd. With sweetdeath.

They share a look of discomfort, then Paul dives in.

PAUL  
(reading)  
"Cut myself again today. I get so  
wicked stressed at work. You ever  
take to the knife, Becky?"

MEL  
(reading)  
"I used to..."

INTERCUT WITH:

14 INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 14

ON REBECCA, typing away at her computer as we hear MEL'S  
VOICE narrating.

MEL (V.O.)  
"Sometimes it was the only way I  
could deal, when I felt ugly and  
useless. Then I realized the only  
thing I got from the cutting was  
more scars."

ON THE COMPUTER MONITOR as FRAGILE FLOWER'S words appear in  
the chatbox. NOTE: The word "why" is typed as "y."

DANNY (V.O.)  
"That's why I burn myself..."

15 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - PRESENT 15

CARTER  
(reading)  
"I once gave myself second degree  
burns in chem class.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

CARTER (CONT'D)

It was so easy to pretend it was an  
accident. High lasted for days."

(to himself, wiggled)

Damn.

ON WEB, sitting back, his eyes closed.

WEB

Don't embellish. I need to hear  
everything exactly as it played  
out.

Carter looks chagrined. Mel looks down to continue...

16

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

16

Another night, Rebecca's wearing different clothes. Types:

MEL (V.O.)

"It's so great to talk about this  
stuff with others who understand."

ON MONITOR, Fragile Flower responds. The word "you" is "U."

DANNY (V.O.)

"Your family give you grief like  
mine?"

MEL (V.O.)

"We don't speak much since I moved  
to L.A. And it's not like I have  
any friends here. Not real ones,  
anyway."

ON MONITOR, sweetdeath's words appear:

PAUL (V.O.)

"What about your co-workers?"

17 OMITTED 17

18 INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK 18

As Rebecca types:

MEL (V.O.)

"I've been at my job for almost six months and the people I work with are still strangers to me."

ON MONITOR as LITTLE WILLOW's words appear:

CARTER (V.O.)

"Aren't there any women you could bond with?"

MEL (V.O.)

"There is one. I like her..."

19 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - PRESENT 19

ON MEL, pleased to read this, until:

MEL

"But she's one of those women who makes inappropriate jokes all the time. Uses humor as a defense. And you wouldn't believe how much she eats..."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



19

CONTINUED:

19

MEL (CONT'D)  
(reacting, as she reads)  
"Guess she doesn't care what she  
looks like -- !?"

Mel looks up to see Danny suppressing a grin. Mel looks back  
at the pages...

MEL (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
"There's this other guy. Not a  
real deep thinker."

Danny smiles toward an uncomfortable Paul. But that smile  
fades when:

MEL (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
"Former Marine. Kind of a less  
socially aware Rambo."

20

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

20

Evening of the previous flashback. Her hair's pulled back.  
She types...

MEL (V.O.)  
"The one I work closest with...  
he's nice. But he makes me  
uncomfortable..."

21

INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - PRESENT

21

ON PAUL, reacting to that.

MEL  
(reading)  
"Sometimes I catch him looking at  
me."

DANNY  
(eyes on Paul)  
"Is he cute?"

MEL  
"He's married."

(CONTINUED)

DANNY  
"That's not what I asked."

PAUL  
"Is he happily married?"

MEL  
"I guess. I don't know... Not  
sure he even knows."

22 INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 22  
Same night. Rebecca types:

MEL (V.O.)  
"Not like he talks to me about it.  
Nobody here really talks. Not  
about anything personal. They've  
all got these walls up around  
themselves."

23 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - PRESENT 23  
ON PAUL, eyeing MEL/REBECCA almost accusingly.

PAUL  
"Maybe you're the one with the  
walls."

MEL  
"Maybe."

24 INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 24  
Yet a different night, Rebecca in night clothes, her hair  
pulled back. Her emotions are visible as she types:

MEL (V.O.)  
"When I was eleven... Other kids  
looked at me like I was a freak.  
Then one day, some girls invited me  
to sit with them at lunch. For the  
first time in my life I thought I'd  
made real friends. Until I found  
out my older brother had paid them  
to do it."

25 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - PRESENT 25

ON WEB, listening.

MEL  
(reading)  
"So I got trust issues."

CARTER  
(reading)  
"I don't have any friends, either,  
Becky. Except you guys. You're  
the only ones I feel safe with."

DANNY  
(reading)  
"Ditto."

PAUL  
(reading)  
"Maybe we should get together --  
the four of us."

ON WEB, opening his eyes on that.

26 INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 26

Same night, as Rebecca reads:

REBECCA  
(under her breath)  
Yes...

ON MONITOR:

CARTER (V.O.)  
"I'd love to!!!"

DANNY (V.O.)  
"It'd have to be in the evening. I  
work til six at the mall."

Rebecca types:

MEL (V.O.)  
"Where should we do this?"

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (V.O.)  
"We can meet at my parents' house  
on Sunday. They'll be out of town.  
How's eight o'clock?"

CARTER (V.O.)  
"Good for me."

DANNY (V.O.)  
"Me, too."

MEL (V.O.)  
"What's the address?"

Rebecca waits expectantly.

ON THE MONITOR -- after a beat, sweetdeath answers:

PAUL (V.O.)  
"I'll get you the address later..."

PAUL  
"Can't wait to meet you guys."

DANNY  
"Me, too. G2G?"

CARTER  
(interpreting)  
Got to go.

MEL  
"See you there."

She flips through the pages.

MEL (CONT'D)  
That's all.

DANNY  
So she set off to infiltrate the  
Binge and Purge club.

ON WEB, leaning in, as he puts forth:

WEB  
That's what she thought. They were  
infiltrating her. Setting her up.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

WEB (CONT'D)  
She should've seen it.  
(looking at the others)  
It was a trap.

28 EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 28

Rebecca's car comes to a stop in front of a house in a quiet unassuming neighborhood. There are other cars parked out front and in the driveway.

REBECCA checks her reflection in her rearview mirror, then steps out of the car. (She's wearing the clothes we found her wearing in the garage prison.) She readies herself, then crosses up to the front walkway to the house.

She arrives at an enclosed porch, the walls of which are thick, cloudy, plastic sheeting. There's a doorbell by the door and she RINGS it. After a moment, there's a loud buzz indicating the door can be opened. She pulls the porch door and enters...

29 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - VESTIBULE/ENCLOSED PORCH - CONTINUOUS 29

As the door behind swings shut, Rebecca glances around, before approaching the front door. She KNOCKS. There's no answer. After a beat, she takes the door knob in hand, turns it and -- ouch! -- she winces, drawing in a sharp breath as she yanks her hand back. She looks down to see...

INSERT HER HAND -- a small trickle of blood from a tiny pin prick between her thumb and forefinger. She bends down closer to the knob to get a look at the needle mechanism rigged there. As she examines it... HER POV begins to blur.

She suddenly appears a little unsteady on her feet.

REBECCA  
(realizing she's been  
doped)  
...no --

And that's when she hears: The strange mechanical WHINING sound we heard earlier, getting louder as it approaches, on the other side of the door.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

REBECCA rises up and attempts to back away from the encroaching sound. She turns to open the outer porch door, fumbling with the handle. But it's locked. She struggles with it, but loses her balance and drops to her knees.

She looks back as she hears the front door being unbolted from the inside. Her breathing becomes shallow, and her head lolls as she collapses to the ground, fighting a losing battle to remain conscious.

CLOSE ON HER FACE, as she just manages to see...

HER POV - UNFOCUSED - THE FRONT DOOR slowly opens with a loud CREAK. What lies beyond remains a mystery as Rebecca passes out.

REVERSE ANGLE - as we hear the WHINE again and we slowly creep in to Rebecca's prone body. The WHINE comes to a stop.

Suddenly, TWO LARGE MEAT HOOKS on poles reach out, like some kind of insect's legs, and hook Rebecca under her arms. The WHINE starts up again as Rebecca's body is dragged back toward the front door and over the threshold...

30

INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - A BIT LATER

30

Web's now looking through the hard copy of the chat logs, totally focused on the visual now instead of the aural.

PAUL

Are you saying these other girls  
are somehow working with the UNSUB?

WEB

Maybe there aren't any other girls.  
Maybe they don't exist.

DANNY

(strangely disappointed)  
Not even Fragile Flower?

(CONTINUED)

WEB

On-line chatters generally fall into the same patterns as one another. They'll use the same abbreviations... Yet each of these remain consistently different from the other... Different fonts. Slang... Fragile Flower uses the letter "U" instead of writing out the word. "G2G" for "Got to go"... Little Willow uses emoticons. Smiling faces. Frowning. The others don't.

DANNY

You lost me.

WEB

Someone was trying too hard to give each of these characters her own distinctive voice. I think Rebecca was conversing with one person this whole time.

PAUL

(finishing his thought)  
The UNSUB.

Web nods. As the others take that in...

CUT TO:

31 INT. GARAGE - MAKESHIFT PRISON CELL - DAY

31

Rebecca is sitting on the floor, just finishing a snack cake. Wrappers are strewn around her and she looks sick.

She swallows and looks defiantly toward the camera.

REBECCA

There. I ate it. Now where are the others. Show them to me.

We HEAR the mechanical WHINE again. Getting closer.

(CONTINUED)

Rebecca looks to the door, anticipating.

It opens... revealing darkness. Then, into the light rolls...

A HIDEOUS SIGHT:

A 900 pound creature poured into a motorized recliner. He is RONALD EWING. He gestures regarding himself with his balloonish hands:

RONALD EWING  
We're all right here...

Off that --

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

32 INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FANTASY

32

We're back in Rebecca's fantasy bedroom. Lovely silver moonlight lies across the bright quilt. Corey and Rebecca's faces shine like pale reflections of the moon.

COREY

You're not asleep.

REBECCA

Yes I am.

COREY

I have reason to think otherwise.

REBECCA

I'm talking in my sleep.

Corey shifts over, holds her.

COREY

You're cold! And you're shaking.

REBECCA

I'm sick.

COREY

You're scared. Why are you scared?

REBECCA

I don't know.

Her voice is shaking, but she's keeping it together. He sits up, and pulls her onto his lap. He strokes her hair.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I'm scared I'm going to disappear.

COREY

You won't disappear. I've got you.

REBECCA

You're not real.

(CONTINUED)

COREY

Don't rub it in. Why would you disappear?

REBECCA

Sometimes... I can't feel me. In my head. I try to find the part of me that's me. And it's not there. And I'm just going to turn to dust and fall through your arms.

COREY

Just try to relax. Try to breathe.

REBECCA

I'm scared of him.

A DROP of water hits the bed. Neither of them notice.

COREY

Who? Web?

Another drop, unseen.

REBECCA

No. Web's okay. Why would you say Web?

A drop hits Rebecca. She looks up. Is the ceiling leaking?

REBECCA (CONT'D)

What was that?

COREY

Who are you scared of?

Another drop onto Rebecca.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA  
Something's leaking. We need to  
call someone.

COREY  
No, no. It's okay. It's just him.

SMASH CUT TO:

33 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - DAY

33

CLOSE ON REBECCA'S FACE. Another DROP hits her face.

WIDER TO REVEAL she's still in someone's lap (or as close to her position in the previous scene as possible). But this time her partner in the embrace is RONALD EWING. A drop of DROOL hangs on his lip. He cocks his head, it fills, wobbles, falls...

Rebecca recoils, scrambles backward, finds that she's woozy. Horrified, staring at the thing in front of her. He sees her horrified stare, assumes she's reacting to something near or around him -- never him.

RONALD EWING  
(looking around)  
What? What's the matter?

She tries to get up, her knees buckle. More horrified staring. Ronald chuckles, understanding...

RONALD EWING (CONT'D)  
Oh. It's the snack cakes. I put a little something in them. Well, drugs. It's just until you learn your house-manners.

At his mention of the "house," she realizes she's in a new place. She takes in her surroundings: the house is a nightmare, like something out of "Seven." Filthy, patchwork, stacked with trash and junk and dirty plates.

Behind Fat Guy is his DEN: multi screens with CNN, sitcoms, old movies, the weather channel, the travel channel, and the monitors that are connected to his in-home surveillance cameras which are trained not only on her former cell, but the hall, outside, and a room at the back of the house.

She sees that the front door is barred and bolted shut from inside. Bars on the windows. No light coming in from outside. A tomb.

(CONTINUED)

Even in her weakened state, she tries to make a break for it. She gets to her feet, lunges for the hallway.

He hits the shock control. She can't contain her GASP as she sinks to her knees, clutching at the collar.

RONALD EWING (CONT'D)

There is no way out. I promise you. So don't waste our time or my batteries.

She notes on his blubbery wrist a thick rubber-band "bracelet" with a jangling assortment of keys.

REBECCA

Who are you?

RONALD EWING

You know who I am. I'm three of your best girlfriends, Becky93. Or I was. And now I'm Ronald.

REBECCA

Ronald... What do you want, Ronald?

RONALD EWING

You know that, too. I want what you want.

REBECCA

I want to leave.

(CONTINUED)

RONALD EWING

That's not what you told us before. You said "I want a friend who understands. I want someone who doesn't judge, who just wants to be near me. I want to not be alone. I want CONTACT." I can give you that, Becky93.

REBECCA

Where are the others?

RONALD EWING

Sweetdeath? Fragile Flower? Little Willow? I told you. They're here. They're all in me.

REBECCA

I don't mean the ones you made up. 12 missing women, Ronald... real people. Christina Noxon and Tracy Weinstein and Helena Mar--

RONALD EWING

Oh. Them. Well. Guess you could say... they're all in me too.

Rebecca stares, the full, er, weight of the implication sinking in now... Ronald reaches a chubby hand into a bag of CHIPS. Munches.

RONALD EWING (CONT'D)

I tried with them, Becky93. Each and every one. They were invited. They were guests. We were going to be together. We needed to be together. I understood it, even if they didn't. But they took advantage. They... said things. They didn't know their house manners. They didn't work out. I hope you will...

34 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY

34

Paul on the move through the larger bullpen area, holding some printouts. Danny is emerging from the tech room, falls in step with Paul as they head toward their desk area --

PAUL

So? Web's hunch pan out?

DANNY

Carter's knocking his massive brain against it now... If all three screen names live in the same computer, he'll find it.

(off Paul's printouts)

What's that?

PAUL

There were 12 missing girls in Rebecca's possibles file. Most of them were reported as runaways. All of them had their own cars.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY  
(catching on to the line  
of thinking)  
-- none of which were probably ever  
reported stolen...

PAUL  
Exactly. So no one's been looking  
for them.

They have arrived at their desks. Danny takes a copy of the  
list, moves to his computer with:

DANNY  
Someone is now.

Mel is at Rebecca's desk, reading off Rebecca's computer.  
She looks over at the guys.

MEL  
Someone always is. Looking for  
her, I mean.

PAUL  
Hey, don't be bitter about what she  
said in the chat room. She was  
working a case.

MEL  
I'm not bitter. It's just, she's  
always working a case and she's  
always getting taken.

PAUL  
Mel--

MEL  
I'm just saying, "Girl to Grab"  
isn't just volume 4 of the  
encyclopedia. It's Rebecca's life.  
She gets taken. Like it's a hobby.

DANNY

It is kind of on the freaky side of often.

PAUL

She's a young agent. She doesn't know when to lay back yet. And do you think now's really the time to be..?

DANNY

(cuts him off)

...profilng a possible vic?

That stops Paul. Shit.

(CONTINUED)



MEL

We know she had one key defining thing happen to her, when she was ten. I'm not sure she knows any other way to live. Maybe all the times she's free, she's... sort of... waiting? Like life's just what happens between abductions.

DANNY

Huh.

PAUL

That's crazy.

MEL

Only clinically. Could explain why she's such an emotional shut-in.

35 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - DAY

35

Rebecca cowers on the floor as Ronald, in turns, maneuvers his chair around her and snacks on chips.

RONALD EWING

This isn't a cage, Becky93. It may look that way to you now, but it's not. It's a fortress. I've made a place for us here. A place where no one will ever bother us. I'm not shutting us in -- I'm shutting the world out. We've got everything we need. And what we don't have, we can order.

REBECCA

This is a mistake, Ronald. People are going to be looking for me...

RONALD EWING

They all say that, Becky93. It's never true.

REBECCA

It is true.

RONALD EWING

No. No one ever comes looking. And you were careful. Just like the others. Careful to cover your tracks. Weren't you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RONALD EWING (CONT'D)

If I thought you'd been careless...  
...if I thought someone was going  
to come knocking on our door... I'd  
have to do something about that...  
You understand that, don't you?

REBECCA

I was careful...

RONALD EWING

(smiles)

I know you were. Because I know  
you, Becky93. To the bone. I know  
you to the bone.

Rebecca turns away from him, starts to quietly weep.

REBECCA

I know you do... which is why I  
don't believe you... You say you  
want me, but how could you? How  
could anyone? I'm disgusting...

Ronald reacts to that, a little jarred by the sudden self  
loathing. He's probably used to his captured prey having a  
quite opposite response.

RONALD EWING

What? No. Don't say that about  
yourself.

REBECCA

I've been saying it online to you  
for weeks. And now you can see  
with your own eyes it's true.

RONALD EWING

Oh, what's "truth?" Anyway, I  
don't think you're disgusting.

She ventures a weepy eyed look back at him, wants to believe  
it, but finally turns away with:

REBECCA

Stop it.

RONALD EWING

No, I mean it.

REBECCA

Liar.

(CONTINUED)

RONALD EWING

I'm not lying. I don't care what other people see when they look at you. I see what's on the inside.

REBECCA

So... you don't... think I'm fat?

She turns and looks right at him on that last thought. He looks a little caught.

RONALD EWING

Let's just say -- I don't care about that.

REBECCA

You're just making fun of me. You think it's a big joke to make me think someone would want me...

RONALD EWING

No...

REBECCA

I'm repulsive. Don't you think I know that? Why would anyone want to look at me? Or touch me?

That near invitation hangs there for a moment, then...

RONALD EWING

(gulp)  
I'll touch you.

Now she looks at him again, "hopeful."

RONALD EWING (CONT'D)

I want to touch you.

REBECCA

You do?

RONALD EWING

Very much.

She almost seems drawn to him, but then won't let herself believe this dream come true, turns away from him again.

REBECCA

No. You say that... you don't mean it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

What if you do and it's too gross  
for you? What then? I don't want  
to try.

RONALD EWING

Trust me, Becky93.

He's driving his chair toward her. Quivering with anticipation. She's turned away, silently weeping, full of shame and self loathing. He reaches out a blubbery hand -- the one with the keys dangling on the rubber band bracelet... He's close enough now to reach out for her head. He strokes her hair. It's like watching a cocker spaniel being pet with a ham. She raises her eyes to his... A beautiful moment of human connection.

AND BITES HIM, clamping down on the flesh between his thumb and fingers with all of her strength. He SCREAMS and tries to pull back.

RONALD EWING (CONT'D)

Aaaaaa! Bitch!

Blood seeping out of the corners of her mouth, she gets her hand under the key-and-rubber band bracelet, but there's no way to get it over his fat, flailing hand.

Just as she releases his mangled hand, the rubber band BREAKS. Keys fly. He's clutching his hand and yelling. She's grabbing as many keys as she can and SPRINTING FOR THE HALL.

He drives his cumbersome chair in her direction, pounding on the shock collar controls as he does:

RONALD EWING (CONT'D)

You made a big mistake!

A36 OMITTED

A36

B36 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - THE BATHROOM - DAY

B36

Rebecca dashes into this cramped room and SLAMS the door behind her. She leans against it.

BZZT. She flinches from the shock collar. Drops the meager handful of keys (there are 10 or so). She falls to her knees, grabs the first one she sees. She tries to fit it into the padlock.

(CONTINUED)

B36

CONTINUED:

B36

BZZZT. Flinch. The key doesn't fit. She THROWS it in disgust. Tries another.

BZZZZT. She grabs another key. Doesn't fit. Grabs a third one. Surely the third one will work!

BZZZZT. That jolt almost took her out. And the key doesn't work. She grabs another one. This one works. She takes the collar off.

She takes a breath, looks toward where there used to be a window. But it's sealed now (bricks or tarpaper or sheetrock... whatever).

She's just in a smaller cage.

36

OMITTED

36

37 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - DAY

37

Carter at his computer. Web looming. Paul and Mel there as well.

CARTER

I've traced all three IP addresses to the same service provider.

WEB

Same user?

CARTER

Don't know yet. But I can tell you this provider services Woodland Hills and some of the surrounding areas.

Carter pulls up a map on the large screen, it zeros in on Woodland Hills and the surrounding areas. Web studies it.

WEB

Woodland Hills...

Danny enters, holding an issue of "CAR TRADER".

DANNY

Here's an item of interest. Online reports were a bust, so I went low tech. Sorry, Carter. Check it out.

(CONTINUED)

He holds up the paper for the others to look at.

PAUL  
(reads)  
2004 Prius, excellent condition.

DANNY  
VIN number's a match to a Valerie  
Karras' car. One of the women on  
Locke's list.

MEL  
It's for sale at a used car lot in  
Winnetka.

PAUL  
Where the hell is Winnetka?

Web points to the left edge of the map screen.

WEB  
Right next to Woodland Hills...

A38 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - DEN - DAY A38

Ronald, furious, wrapping a cloth around his hand, rolls his  
chair to the video console.

RONALD EWING  
(to himself)  
Stupid fat thing. Stupid,  
revolting, fat pig!

Of course he ain't talking about himself. He reaches under  
the console, TUGS... With a CLANG, he produces... a SHOTGUN.

RONALD EWING (CONT'D)  
(calling)  
You're making me do this!

B38 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - BATHROOM - DAY B38

We get our first good look at the bathroom as Rebecca looks  
for anything she can use as a weapon. She takes note: all  
the mirrors have been smashed and cleared away (maybe a few  
harmless shards left, but that's it), and the medicine  
cabinet and any drawers are empty -- no lovely forgotten  
razor blades. There isn't even soap.

(CONTINUED)



B38

CONTINUED:

B38

Finally, her attention is caught by something: rotting, moldy floorboards near the tub, where the ancient linoleum has worn away.

C38

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

C38

With his gun balanced across the arms of his chair, Ronald rolls to the mouth of the hallway that looks toward the bathroom. And now we understand why he didn't immediately just follow Rebecca. The chair itself might fit down the hall, just barely. But his flesh overflows the chair substantially. There's no way he can get into the hall. He's got a pillow in his lap now, too.

RONALD EWING

You got about two seconds to get  
the ~~H-E-DOUBLE-TOOTHPICKS~~ OUT OF MY  
BATHROOM!

\*

D38

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

D38

Rebecca tries prying a board up for a weapon.

REBECCA

(calling back)

You're in more trouble than you  
know, Ronald! And I did lie to  
you. I'm an FBI Agent!

It snaps, brittle. She looks, surprised, at what's underneath (but the CAMERA DOESN'T REVEAL WHAT IT IS).

E38

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

E38

Ronald is still sitting in his chair at the mouth of the hall leading to the bathroom containing Rebecca, his prey. He has to content himself with yelling. And LOADING HIS SHOTGUN.

RONALD EWING

Oh, that is just sad! Am I  
supposed to believe that? Paris  
Hilton would be more credible as a  
Fed than you, chubby! Your lies  
and threats won't work. And you  
can't stay in there forever!

He's still loading, loading...

F38 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - BATHROOM - DAY F38

She grabs another moldy plank, strains against it, trying to open the hole farther...

38 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY 38

Ronald has the gun ready now. It's a straight shot to the bathroom door.

RONALD EWING

You're going to get hungry, you know. Anyone could see that about you, you pig. Sooner or later you're going to open that door and your little snotty snout's going to come sticking out, all wet and quivering, looking for some slop. And when you do -- ?

He's got the shotgun up, the pillow wrapped around the barrel as a makeshift silencer -- still, kinda loud (and an explosion of pillow stuffing) as he fires --

BATHROOM DOOR

peppered with shot, flies open. Revealing... an empty bathroom. A black jagged area on the floor represents the hole she disappeared into.

RONALD

Stares at the empty room. The girl's Houdini. He squints -- where'd she go?

A39 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - UNDER THE FLOOR - DAY A39

Rebecca crouches in the dark in the crawl space under the bathroom.

After a beat, she starts crawling. (She's headed toward the kitchen, by the way.)

She comes across something. A little bone. Then more bones. Lots of them. Mostly clean. Here are the twelve missing women.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

39 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - UNDER THE FLOOR - DAY

39

She pushes through the boneyard as best she can.

Then, she HEARS the WHINE of Ronald's chair. Directly above her. The floor above her BOWS as Ronald "paces" in his chair. She freezes, afraid to make a noise.

His voice filters down to her:

RONALD EWING (V.O.)

I know you're under the house,  
Becky<sup>93</sup>. But there's no way out  
under there. You really screwed  
up. We could've been happy  
together. That's all I really  
wanted...

\*

CREEAK-WHINE... his chair rolls over her head...

RONALD EWING (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But you were too stupid to see  
that. You were too damn stupid to  
do what I told you. So now you're  
going to die alone. Your deepest  
fear. Do you remember telling me  
that? On the computer. When I was  
your girlfriend. "I'm terrified  
that I'm going to be alone until I  
die, and then I'll die alone."  
That's what you said.

Rebecca pushes on. Finds something. A CINDERBLOCK WALL.  
The edge of the foundation. No way out.

Rebecca scans her prospects. She's not in a bathroom. On  
the other hand, she's trapped in a crawlspace. Except...  
She sees light, off to her right. Thin shafts of light  
cutting through the dust from above.

She heads toward the light.

40 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - DAY

40

Carter approaches from the tech room toward the bullpen,  
where Paul and Web are hunched over Paul's cluttered desk.  
Carter waves a printout.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

You were spot on. All three IP addresses, one account, no waiting. Billed to a JP Molina.

Paul is already shrugging on his jacket.

PAUL

Where does he live?

CARTER

Good question. Bills go straight to a business. A mechanics garage. Molina's Transmission and Body Shop.

WEB

In Woodland Hills?

CARTER

That's it.

Web grabs the printout. He and Paul are already on the move to the corridor:

WEB

Contact Danny and Mel in Winnetka. Have them meet us there.

(CONTINUED)

Paul and Web are gone. Carter peels off to do that.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - UNDER THE FLOOR - DAY \*

Rebecca right under the point of light we saw her crawling toward. In the deep background, WE SEE the FLOORBOARDS groaning under the weight of Ronald. Not near her. Light and possible freedom spilling onto her face as she works at a grate above. Hasn't opened in a long time, it starts to give. Fueled with new hope, she shoves... \*

41 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - UNDER THE FLOOR - DAY 41

Rebecca emerges from the floor grate, blinks, her eyes adjust to the not-too-bright light... she's back in: \*

THE GARAGE \*

At least this time she's on the outside of the cage. \*

RONALD EWING (V.O.)

Find your playmates down there yet, Becky? See what happens to lying liars who don't know their house manners? \*

Rebecca moves around the space, checking for any possible way out. Not finding one. She moves a tarp and discovers... boxes and boxes of stored items and junk. \*

RONALD EWING (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm giving you one last chance, Becky. One last chance. Come back up, and we'll discuss it. \*

42-43 OMITTED 42-43

44 INT. MOLINA AUTO REPAIR - DAY 44

A more-or-less legit business. The owner, JP MOLINA is smiling and joking as he calls instructions to one of his WORKERS.

JP MOLINA

(in Spanish)

*I'm heading out for something to eat. Tell the guys if that Chevy's not off the lot by then--*

(CONTINUED)

His attraction is diverted by something that can't be good. Four people in suits pulling badges as they approach: Web, Paul, Danny and Mel. JP puts on a smile...

JP MOLINA (CONT'D)

Hey there, folks. Can I help you with something?

PAUL

We're FBI, from the L.A. Violent Crime Unit. We've got some questions about a computer account in your name?

JP MOLINA

Did someone hack my account, put some terrorist threat on a website or something? Because that's not me.

WEB

It's not a terrorist threat.

JP MOLINA

Okay, good--

WEB

It's twelve dead women and a missing federal agent.

That hits JP. He notices that some of the workers are looking over at the exchange, curious.

JP MOLINA

(called to workers, in Spanish)

*Eyes on your work.*

(then, to agents, English)

Guy I know, he uses my account.

MEL

What's his name?

JP MOLINA

Ronald Ewing.

DANNY

Why would you let him do that? You that good of a friend?

(CONTINUED)

JP MOLINA

I felt bad for him. He can't get out, so I cash his disability checks for him, he steers some work my way... Symbiosis, you know.

PAUL

How's a guy that can't get out come across symbiotic auto body work to steer your way?

JP MOLINA

It's not much work, really.

Danny has been looking up at a car on a lift. He nods to Mel. She hits the control, lowering the car.

JP MOLINA (CONT'D)

Hey, you shouldn't touch that, really.

The car is lowered now. A CIVIC. Web looks in the windshield.

WEB

In the future, you might want to steer clear of cars with official FBI IDs clipped to the visors.

JP deflates.

JP MOLINA

It was abandoned. My guy, he called, said someone left it in front of his place, never came back.

PAUL

This happen a lot? Cars get abandoned right there?

JP shrugs... sometimes.

MEL

Give us this guy's address and things will go better for you.

JP MOLINA

Like... I won't be arrested?

DANNY

Oh, you're gonna be arrested.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED: (3)

44

MEL

We'll just use the nicer cuffs.

45

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - GARAGE - DAY

45

Rebecca in the garage where she started. She tears through boxes and looking on shelves, scattering things around her like a burglar looking for drugs. \*

She opens an old shoebox to find old photos of Ronald and his fat family. Photos of when he was a lithe 350 pounds. He wasn't always this big. He's pictured in it with FAT DAD, FAT MOM and SKINNY SISTER. The shots are chronological from earliest to most recent and at some point, the sister is no longer there.

Rebecca flips back to an earlier photo, looks at the sister.

REBECCA

Where'd you go, little girl?

She sets the box aside and her eye is caught by a pile of books: self help books ("Be Your Own Best Buddy") and "creative visualization" books. And cookbooks. Lots of cookbooks ("Roasts and Chops on a Budget"). And finally...

She finds books on cannibalism. Titles something like "Cannibal Tribes of the Pacific," "Urban Cannibal, One Man's Depraved Journey," "The Donner Party: Truth and Fiction," "Cannibalism, The Ultimate Rite," stuff like that.

RONALD EWING (O.S.)

Becky! Beeekkkkeeeee! Come out of the floor! Don't make me come down there! \*

REBECCA

(mutters to herself) \*

Pffft. Like you could. \*

She half turns back on that, and in doing so brushes the stack of books. Several fall loudly to the floor. She freezes. \*

A46

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - DAY

A46

RONALD, at the mouth of the hallway, his shotgun still in hand, freezes, too. He turns his ropey neck back toward the garage. \*

(CONTINUED)



A46

CONTINUED:

A46

Then he's hitting the controls on his chair, WHHRRR!, GRIND!, WHIRRRR!, making a three point turn, wheeling back toward the garage.

\*  
\*  
\*

B46

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - GARAGE - SAME TIME

B46

The WHINE of the chair can be heard now. Rebecca looks around frantically. Is there time to hide? Her eye falls on a TARP folded against the wall.

C46

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - TOP OF RAMP TO GARAGE - DAY

C46

Ronald enters, surveys garage. He almost turns back, but then he notices the tarp. Unfolded, draped over a Rebecca-sized shape. He rolls to it, aims the gun at what he thinks is her head. Pulls away the tarp like a magician. Books and boxes. She got away again.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - UNDER THE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

\*

Rebecca, elbows and knees, crawling as fast as she can back the way she came...

\*  
\*

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

\*

Ronald sees that his personal stuff has been pawed. He lets out an animal like "REEEEEEEE!" screech.

\*  
\*

D46

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - BATHROOM / DEN - DAY

D46 \*

Rebecca emerges from the bathroom. She looks down the hall -- all clear. She bolts down the hall, as --

\*  
\*

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

\*

Ronald making another one of those cumbersome three point turns, furious, as --

\*  
\*

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - DEN - CONTINUOUS

\*

Rebecca races into Ronald's control den. She grabs the phone, dials quickly.... 911...

\*

As she waits, she yanks open drawers, still searching for something to use as a weapon.

(CONTINUED)

MACHINE VOICE FROM PHONE  
... to make a call please dial the  
appropriate outgoing code...

Rebecca finds something in a drawer... it's her gun (her  
ankle-holster piece). She grabs it as she slams the phone  
down.

The WHINE of the chair closes in again. She snaps open the  
chamber -- no bullets. Shit. WHINE getting CLOSER. She  
looks back frantically to the desk console. Rummages a lot  
more. Finally finds her ammo, scoops it up. But maybe she  
sees the business end of the shot emerging as Ronald  
approaches. She takes her firearm and handful of bullets and  
bolts through -- \*

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - RONALD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS \*

Clearly his bedroom. Doorway remodeled extra wide. But a  
smaller doorway that opens into -- \*

E46 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - BACK BEDROOM - DAY E46

Rebecca, still out of breath and frantic, ducks into the back  
bedroom. More junk and storage. Clearly no one's been back  
here for many pounds. It's dark in here, too. \*

She sees movement in front of herself, brings up the gun.  
But it's a full-length mirror. The first mirror she's seen  
in this place. She stares at it.

RONALD EWING (V.O.)  
I know where you are, cow. I heard  
you running...

F46 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - MOUTH OF HALLWAY - DAY F46

Ronald is back at the lip of the hallway again, shotgun at  
the ready:

RONALD EWING  
I could feel the house shaking! I  
know what you did! You got your  
dirty hooves all over my private  
stuff! You have the WORST house  
manners I've ever seen! \*

G46 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - BACK BEDROOM/HALLWAY - DAY

G46 \*

Rebecca is forming a plan. She's clearing debris away from the mirror that leans against the wall. As she does she calls back to him with:

REBECCA

I may be a bad house guest, but you're a morbidly obese cannibal serial killer. So excuse me if I'm having a little trouble getting it up for your etiquette lesson.

Ronald sputters and fumes. The nerve!

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You weren't always like this, were you Ronald? I don't mean a narcissistic anti-social deviant with a weight problem. You've always been that, but you weren't always alone. Little sis was the first to go, wasn't she? Did mommy and daddy know that Ronnie Jr. ate her?

RONALD EWING

Shut up, you! SHUT YOUR MOUTH!

REBECCA

If you'd shut yours every once in a while and pushed your plate away, maybe you wouldn't be stuck in that chair. Or this house.

RONALD EWING

I said SHUT UP!

REBECCA

There was a time when you could move. Back when you were building this trap for your victims. Sealing it up tight. Probably drooling and planning. But by the time you'd finished, you were too big to bathe, and there was no one left here to hose you down. You got stuck in your own trap, Ronald. Like some huge, bloated spider.

H46 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - MOUTH OF HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS H46

Ronald is so mad he's sputtering, spitting, thrashing in his chair.

RONALD EWING  
Shut up bitch!

REBECCA  
The girls that you lure here -- you know what they see? You probably don't. You removed all the mirrors in the house when you could still fit through the doors -- when's the last time you saw yourself, Ronald?

RONALD EWING  
You're the fat one! They were all fat!

REBECCA  
You turned them into fat, Ronald. When you ate them. Wanna see what they look like now?

J46 The full length mirror EMERGES into the hallway, pushed by J46 Rebecca. Ronald sees himself, overflowing the chair, for the first time in years.

With a ROAR and a horrible RIPPING NOISE, he RISES to his balloominous legs.

He SHOVES HIMSELF INTO THE HALLWAY. It's like a grotesque parody of birth as he wedges himself between the walls. He's too winded to talk, but his GRUNTS and ROARS are bad enough.

He gets half-way down the hall -- and gets stuck between the wall and built-in shelving unit. He ROARS.

Rebecca appears from the back bedroom door. Ronald, still stuck, fumbles with his shotgun. Rebecca raises her gun. Fires. Ronald reacts, hit. Then he keeps coming. Shelving and plaster and wood and knick knacks go flying. Rebecca is stunned by that. His fat acting like body armor.

He's got the shotgun up -- Rebecca dives out of the way just as he fires. Ronald's reflection is hit. The mirror shatters, as --

K46 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - BACK BEDROOM - DAY

K46

Rebecca lands on the floor, wincing.

\*

ANGLE: HER LEG

\*

A jagged piece of exploded mirror wedged in there. She pulls it out. Her gun has fallen and skittered across the floor. She drags herself toward it, as --

\*

\*

\*

-- a foaming Ronald appears in the doorway. He charges -- but again, gets stuck in the doorway, which is even smaller than the hallway. He is stuck here like a cork.

\*

\*

Rebecca scurries backwards, because that cork's about to...

\*

POP! Ronald shoots out of the doorway. 900 pounds and a shotgun coming right at her. She grabs the shotgun, they tussle.

Finally she grabs it like a trapeze bar and DROPS herself to the ground at his feet, letting her own weight yank the gun from his hands.

But he's still coming, falling, actually. She spins the shotgun up as a wedge against him, it jams into his flesh... and it goes off, MUFFLED shot. He keeps falling, and she rolls out of the way as his full dead weight hits the floor. Dust billows up.

Rebecca, breathing heavily, rises to her feet. Looks at the dead blob:

REBECCA

How credible do you find me now?

L46 INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - DAY L46

Rebecca, now stained with blood, enters, limping, and calmly begins picking up keys off the floor (scattered there when she pulled them off his wrist).

46 EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - DAY 46

Paul and Web are walking from their parked bu-car. Mel and Danny are walking from theirs, heading toward the house. They're keeping low in case someone's looking from the window, and they're moving fast.

DANNY

I'm gonna go around--

WEB

(eye on the house)

Wait.

PAUL

I see it. The door.

The agents all draw their guns (Web first), and wait.

ANGLE ON: THE DOOR as it opens slowly.

Rebecca, looking dirty, bloody and exhausted, emerges into the sunlight, blinking. She focuses on the group.

REBECCA

Oh. Hey.

47 INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 47

Rebecca is at home in her bare little apartment. It's as it was before: boxes in the corner. She's hooking her computer back up. The doorbell RINGS. She crosses to the door. (Not limping.)

She opens the door to find Paul standing there.

REBECCA

Oh. Paul. Hi.

PAUL

Is this an okay time?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

I guess so. C'mon in.

Paul enters, and then Rebecca sees who else is with him:  
Carter, Danny and Mel.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Oh, my. People.

MEL

We wanted to stop by...

CARTER

...make sure the techs brought your  
computer back.

MEL

Also it's been a few days, wanted  
to make sure you weren't, you know,  
kidnapped or something.

DANNY

And we thought we'd bring  
something.

They don't seem to have anything... but now WEB appears at  
the doorway. Rebecca is surprised to see him here. He's  
carrying a small potted plant -- not unlike the one Donna  
Burton had in the pilot.

WEB

It's a plant.

Rebecca looks at it, then at them, genuinely moved, but  
having no idea how to show it.

REBECCA

It's wonderful. I can put it...

She looks around. Puts it on the pile of boxes.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

It's wonderful. Thank you.

And she SMILES.

WEB

Welcome to L.A.

END OF EPISODE