

**INCONCEIVABLE**

"Pilot"

Written by

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"If it means interfering in an ensconced, outdated system, to help just one woman, man, or child... I'm willing to accept the consequences."

- Wonder Woman, #170

OVER BLACK:

MUSIC CUE: "Psycho Killer" by Talking Heads.

TALKING HEADS (V.O.)  
*I can't seem to face up to the  
 facts... I'm tense and nervous, and  
 I can't relax...*

**INT./EXT. TESLA (MOVING) - NIGHT**

A tense and NERVOUS WOMAN (we'll get to her in a hot minute) focuses intently on the road. She wears YELLOW KITCHEN GLOVES and a FUGLY HAND-KNIT SKI MASK. Her DIRTY BLONDE TRESSES poke out every which way.

She anxiously checks her rearview mirror, then quickly scans the speedometer and speed limit sign -- both **35 mph**. *Whew!*

Nervous Woman looks over to the passenger side at a DEAD LADY (we'll get to her in a hot minute, too), wrapped in PAINTER'S PLASTIC, propped up against the passenger side door.

Dead Lady's eyes are W I D E open in a perpetual state of shock, and her neck has a shit ton of BLOODY STAB WOUNDS.

NERVOUS WOMAN  
 (to camera/us)  
 Normally, I'm so not a violent  
 person.

The car drives over a pothole. Dead Lady topples over to the side, onto Nervous Woman.

WOMAN  
 (swerving the car)  
 Oh, God. No, no, no...

Nervous Woman struggles to get the dead weight (literally) back to the passenger side, then slows down the car to PUKE out the window.

TALKING HEADS (V.O.)  
*Psycho Killer. Qu'est-ce que c'est?  
 Fa-fa-fa-fa, fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa...*

**INT./EXT. TESLA / SECLUDED ROAD - MINUTES LATER**

Nervous Woman parks on the side of the road. She loosens her grasp of the wheel and studies her SHAKING HANDS.

**SERIES OF SHOTS**

Nervous Woman...

-- ROLLS DOWN the windows.

-- Dumps NAIL POLISH REMOVER all over Dead Lady, who's still inside the car.

-- Saturates a few t-shirts with nail polish remover and tosses them into the backseat.

-- Picks up a MASON JAR filled to the brim with DRYER LINT and a mound of DUCT TAPE.

-- LIGHTS A MATCH, remembers something, then BLOWS IT OUT.

-- Searches for something inside the plastic surrounding Dead Lady. She COUGHS, overcome by the nail polish remover fumes.

-- Holds SOMETHING SHINY in her left hand as she scampers away from the car.

-- LIGHTS A MATCH and IGNITES the contents of the mason jar. She hurls it through the open back seat window.

**END SERIES OF SHOTS****MOMENTS LATER**

In motherlovin' slow motion, Nervous Woman walks away as FLAMES RISE and engulf the Tesla behind her.

Picture Ripley during the climax of *Aliens* -- then picture a winded, out-of-shape grade school teacher who's no stranger to the bottle.

Nervous Woman peels off her kitchen gloves in badass slo-mo fashion as the music swells.

TALKING HEADS (V.O.)

*Run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run  
away...*

**MAIN TITLES**

CHYRON: **THREE WEEKS EARLIER**

**EXT. ELKHART, INDIANA - DAY**

It's a balmy spring day in "The City with a Heart."

**VARIOUS ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF ELKHART**

-- The city's WELCOME SIGN with **RV Capital of the World** emblazoned across it.

-- The ELKHART WATER TOWER with faded lettering and the city symbol: an elk's head inside a heart.

-- And a sprawling nineteenth-century farmhouse that, in its heyday, was a flourishing farm but is now a reclaimed wood collector's wet dream... and the Sumner home.

**INT. SUMNER HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

In her flannel pj's, a groggy Lily Sumner (late 30s, dirty blonde tresses -- yup, that "Nervous Woman" from earlier) studies her expressionless reflection in the mirror as if she's trying to recognize herself.

She robotically grabs her Midwestern "uniform" from the closet -- plaid shirt, khakis, and Timberland booties.

As Lily dresses, she notices a VISION BOARD that holds pride of place on her dresser. It's plastered with BABY IMAGES from magazines -- babies in strollers, swaddled babies, blissful couples playing with laughing babies...

LILY

(to us)

Have you ever experienced one of those Oprah "aha moments"? You know, a "come-to-Jesus-even-though-you-don't-believe-in-Jesus" kind of moment? I've had two...

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**INT. BRAMMELL HOUSE - DAY**

YOUNG LILY (6) sits on the sofa with gleeful anticipation, like Charlie waiting to enter the Chocolate Factory.

LILY (V.O.)

One was when I held a baby for the very first time.

Young Lily's foster parents, THE BRAMMELLS (late 20s, good-natured), hand her their NEWBORN.

LILY (V.O.)

I was living with the Brammells, my third and favorite foster family.

Young Lily handles the baby like Imperial Glass, as Tom and Lydia look on warmly.

LILY (V.O.)  
A lot of children treat babies like dolls. Not me -- I had a mother's instinct from the start.

There's an exchange of love and light between the eyes of Young Lily and the Newborn.

LILY (V.O.)  
The second "aha moment"...

YOUNG LILY  
(to us)  
That's what this story's all about.

**INT. MEDICAL EXAM ROOM - DAY**

A pair of legs are in MEDICAL STIRRUPS.

LILY (O.S.)  
(whistling)  
Fweet! Eyes up here.

Lily nervously chews on her nails as her husband, GREG SUMNER (40s, a big softy, likes to fix things), approaches.

GREG  
(kissing Lily's belly)  
It's always been my fantasy to ravage you in a sterile examination room with the oh-so-intoxicating stench of alcohol in the air.

LILY  
(smiling)  
Greg -- this is all kinds of wrong...

Greg moves in for a passionate kiss, and possibly more, when their fertility doctor, DR. JAMESON (50s, cockblocker, all business), strides in, unfazed.

DR. JAMESON  
Are you two ready to hear your baby's heartbeat?

LILY  
(pulling away)  
Yes.

GREG  
(bolting upright)  
Absolutely.

Dr. Jameson prepares the TRANSDUCER for a transvaginal ultrasound -- he slips on a LATEX SHEATH and coats it in GEL.

DR. JAMESON  
Okay, let's do this.

Greg clutches Lily's hand.

DR. JAMESON (CONT'D)  
(inserting the transducer)  
Here we go.  
(then)  
What we're looking for is a tiny rhythmic flicker of light.  
(beat)  
Let's see...  
(beat)  
It's a wily sucker... just a second...  
(long beat, worried)  
Come on...  
(sotto)  
Come on.

Movement slows as Greg's face falls. He releases Lily's hand.

Dr. Jameson looks grimly at Lily as he stops searching.

**BACK TO:**

**INT. SUMNER HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)**

Lily stares at the vision board, her eyes filled with tears.

**INT. ELMS ACADEMY - LILY'S CLASSROOM - DAY**

Lily sits in an empty classroom, grading a MATH TEST -- 100%.

LILY  
(to us)  
I used to be a gold star junkie.  
This week... it's Wonder Woman.

She places a WONDER WOMAN STICKER on the test.

LILY (CONT'D)  
(to us)  
I need her strength.

GREG (PRE-LAP)

Lily?

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**INT. DR. JAMESON'S OFFICE - DAY**

An emotionally shattered Lily turns to Greg and Dr. Jameson.

DR. JAMESON

I was asking how you'd prefer to resolve the miscarriage. I can either perform emergency surgery to remove the fetus -- what we call a D&C -- or prescribe medication again, like last time.

LILY

I want to go home.

DR. JAMESON

I know how discouraging this must be for you both, but I hope you'll consider another round of IVF when you're ready. It took one of my patients seven rounds before --

GREG

(curtly)

-- No.

(then)

Thank you, Doc, but we've completed our three rounds. We really can't afford to do any --

LILY

(to Greg, softly)

-- We could refinance the house.

GREG

Lily...

DR. JAMESON

You might want to consider our payment plan.

GREG

You might want to consider the *massive fucking loss* we've just experienced.

Lily and Dr. Jameson are taken aback by Greg's retort.



DR. JAMESON  
I'll call in the prescription.

GREG  
Thank you.

Greg rises.

GREG (CONT'D)  
(gently)  
Lily?

**INT./EXT. SUMNER SUBARU (MOVING) - DAY**

Greg searches for the right words that never come while Lily looks out the passenger-side window, quietly sobbing.

**BACK TO:**

**INT. ELMS ACADEMY - LILY'S CLASSROOM - DAY - (PRESENT DAY)**

Lily stares out the window at STUDENTS as they flood the school entrance.

LILY  
(to us)  
What do New Zealand, India, and the Philippines all have in common? They provide paid miscarriage bereavement leave. But in the U.S., you can go fuck yourself.

*ANNOUNCER (PRE-LAP)*  
*Vivid-Blue pregnancy tests give precise results in seconds...*

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**INT. SUMNER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

As the television drones, an exhausted Lily sits on the sofa with her dog, BENNY (10, a rescue, pure love), who wears a HAND-KNIT SWEATER.

ON TV: A commercial plays -- a SICKENINGLY HAPPY COUPLE (20s) discover they're pregnant.

LILY  
(sotto)  
You gotta be kidding me.

GREG (O.S.)  
Can I get you something to eat?

Lily turns to discover Greg.

LILY  
No -- the medication makes me  
nauseous.

GREG  
Oh, yeah, that's right.  
(then)  
There's this great new crime  
documentary we could --

LILY  
-- No, I'm good.

GREG  
I could draw you a bath --

LILY  
-- There's nothing you can fix  
here, Greg.  
(then)  
I just need to get through this.

GREG  
(kissing Lily's forehead)  
Is there anything else you need?

LILY  
(in a demonic voice)  
*I need to be a fucking mother!*

Let's try that again... back to reality.

GREG  
(kissing Lily's forehead)  
Is there anything else you need?

Lily smiles warmly at Greg and shakes her head. He goes. Lily drops her smile.

**BATHROOM - TWILIGHT**

Lily enters and locks the door behind her.

**GREG'S MAN CAVE - SAME**

Greg enters and locks the door behind him.

**INTERCUT BATHROOM/GREG'S MAN CAVE**

-- An ashen Lily sits on the toilet in obvious pain.

-- At his desk, Greg stares at a small, unopened BOX.

-- Devoid of emotion and utterly still, Lily stands looking at the toilet's contents: a conglomeration of RED/BLACK BLOOD CLOTS, GREY EMBRYONIC TISSUE, and TOILET PAPER.

-- Greg opens the box with his SWISS ARMY KNIFE.

INSIDE THE BOX: a sterling silver BABY RATTLE with the inscription -- **We love you, Bean! Heart, Mommy & Daddy.**

Greg breaks down crying, overcome by the loss.

--Lily approaches the sink as a wave of raw emotion overtakes her. A GUTTURAL SOUND erupts -- Lily stifles it with both hands over her mouth. She bolts out of the bathroom to...

**THE BACKYARD**

Lily flies out the screen door and unleashes a PRIMITIVE WAIL.

In the gloaming, Lily appears minuscule set against the vast barren landscape surrounding the Sumner house.

BRENDAN (PRE-LAP)  
*Mrs. Sumner?*

**BACK TO:**

**INT. ELMS ACADEMY - LILY'S CLASSROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)**

Lily moves away from the window as her student, BRENDAN (6), approaches with a WILTED ROSE.

BRENDAN  
Good morning.

Lily looks at us -- *Aww.*

LILY  
(accepting it)  
Thank you, Brendan.

FIRST-GRADE STUDENTS (6) file in with backpacks larger than they are.

TOMMY runs to his desk. Lily spots him and slams her hand on the desk to get his attention. It scares the crap out of him.

LILY (CONT'D)  
 No running, Tommy! You know the rules.  
 (to us)  
 It's always best if your students are a little scared of you.

Another student, KYLIE, walks in tentatively. She has a couple of BAND-AIDS on the left side of her face.

LILY (CONT'D)  
 Good morning, Kylie.  
 (re: the band-aids)  
 What happened, sweetie?

KYLIE  
 I fell.

LILY  
 Again? That's like the third time this month.

Kylie looks down and doesn't respond.

LILY (CONT'D)  
 Well, be careful, okay?

Lily looks at us -- *Weird*.

**LATER**

Lily passes out an assignment.

LILY  
 This Sunday is a very special day.  
 Does anyone know why?

EMILY and CAITLIN raise their hands enthusiastically.

LILY (CONT'D)  
 Yes, Emily.

EMILY  
 The NBA Playoffs?

LILY  
 Well, those are mighty important, too... but, no.  
 (then)  
 Caitlin?

CAITLIN  
It's Mother's Day!

LILY  
Yes, that is correct.  
(to us)  
The profound irony isn't lost on me  
either.  
(to the class)  
Each of you will make a beautiful  
card for your mother to let her  
know how much you love her.  
(then)  
Any questions?

ANDREW and ZACHARY raise their hands.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Andrew.

ANDREW  
What if you don't have a mommy?

LILY  
But you *do* have a mommy.

ANDREW  
But what if you *don't* have one?

LILY  
Then you'll make one for whoever is  
most like a mommy to you.  
(then)  
Zachary.

ZACHARY  
What if your mom is super angry  
because you fed your dog hot fudge?

LILY  
Then you better make yours  
*especially* nice.

The class erupts in GIGGLES.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN ELKHART - DAY**

Rows of shops line Main Street, reminiscent of a Norman  
Rockwell painting.

A WOODEN BLADE SIGN hangs in front of a shop. ON THE SIGN:  
**Father Time Clock Repair.**

**INT. GREG'S CLOCK SHOP - DAY**

Greg finishes repairing an ANTONIA MANTEL CLOCK. He puts the hands back on, winds the hour hand forward until it chimes, sets the time, and replaces the cover.

Greg places the clock on a shelf filled with other relics.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Greg eats a piled-high bologna sandwich as he reads an article on his laptop.

ON THE DISPLAY: **Seven Tools for Surviving a Miscarriage.**

Greg scrolls down -- ***Tool #3: Taking time off from work or planning a vacation is an excellent way to process the loss and reconnect as a couple.***

**INT. ELMS ACADEMY - LILY'S CLASSROOM - DAY**

Lily walks around the class, observing her students' work. Kylie raises her hand.

LILY  
How's it going, Kylie?

Kylie hands her card to Lily. ON THE FRONT: a drawn picture of a woman and child holding hands. Lily opens it.

MESSAGE INSIDE: **Happy Mother's Day, Mrs. Sumner. I luve yoo!**

LILY (CONT'D)  
(moved)  
Thank you.

Lily gets distracted by a flash of color on Kylie's wrist.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Was that part of the fall, sweetie?

Kylie doesn't answer and quickly covers her left wrist with her sweater sleeve.

LILY (CONT'D)  
(kneeling)  
Can I see your wrist?

Kylie shakes her head no.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Pretty please.

Kylie reluctantly shows her wrist, which has BRUISING in the shape of fingerprints. Lily's eyes register this.

*MAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)*  
*I'm so sick of your bullshit!*

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**INT. CLARKE HOME - FOUR-YEAR-OLD LILY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

A set of EYES ablaze in the dark.

SMACK! Plates CRASH, a door SLAMS, and a car SKIDS off.

The closet door opens to reveal FOUR-YEAR-OLD LILY. She crawls out and runs into...

**THE KITCHEN**

Her mother, TAMMY CLARKE (20s, a frail soul), weeps as she struggles to stand. Tammy feebly picks up a fallen chair and sits. She notices her daughter, scoops her onto her lap, and hugs her tightly.

TAMMY  
It's okay, Lil. Mommy's just a  
little sad, is all.

Four-Year-Old Lily notices BRUISING in the shape of fingerprints on Tammy's arm.

*KYLIE (PRE-LAP)*  
*Do you like it?*

**BACK TO:**

**INT. ELMS ACADEMY - LILY'S CLASSROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)**

Lily snaps out of it as Kylie waits for an answer.

LILY  
(referencing the card)  
I love it.

**BEGIN FANTASY SEQUENCE**

Caitlin, in a DETECTIVE OUTFIT, stands in front of the class.

CAITLIN  
 (calling out)  
 Okay, ladies and gents, tell me  
 what you know!

Lily scans the room -- all of her students are dressed like detectives. The chalkboard is now a CRAZY WALL. Lily looks at us -- *What the what?*

ANDREW  
 Kylie's parents are divorced, and  
 her father isn't in the picture.

TOMMY  
 Apparently, he's a stand-up guy who  
 lost Kylie in a heated custody  
 battle.

EMILY  
 So it's probably her mother who's  
 abusing her.

ZACHARY  
 Right, but here's the thing...

PRE-LAP MUSIC CUE: **"The Bitch is Back" by Elton John**

**INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - EXAGGERATED SHOTS OF SUPERBITCH  
 - DAY (FANTASY)**

**CITY STREET** -- Kylie's mother, SUPERBITCH (30s, obnoxiously self-assured, imagine a grown-up Tracy Flick) struts down the street wearing a power suit with MASSIVE SHOULDER PADS.

ZACHARY (V.O.)  
 Kylie's mother, Superbitch, is one  
 of the most powerful women in town.

**COURTROOM** -- Superbitch, mid-closing statement, points accusingly at the DEFENDANT (40s, male).

ZACHARY (V.O.)  
 She's not only a fierce lawyer...

The JURY sneaks glances at one another, impressed.

**CONFERENCE ROOM** -- A meeting with SCHOOL BOARD MEMBERS (30s-50s) is in full swing.

ZACHARY (V.O.)  
 She's one of the school's primary  
 donors and sits on the goddamn  
 school board.



Superbitch looks at us and flashes a million-dollar smile.

END MUSIC CUE

**INT. ELMS ACADEMY - LILY'S CLASSROOM - DAY (FANTASY)**

CAITLIN

So -- what's the plan of action?

LILY

(raising her hand)

Report it to the principal?

The kid detectives react: "Definitely" -- "No Way" -- "Yup."

BRENDAN

(to Lily)

I hate to point out the obvious,  
but you just had a miscarriage.

(then)

Go home. And, for the love of  
Christ, please put my rose in some  
water.

The school bell RINGS.

**END FANTASY SEQUENCE**

Lily snaps out of it. She looks at us, confused, then out at her class -- a bunch of normal-looking six-year-olds.

LILY

Uh... see you on Monday.

(then)

Don't forget your cards!

Lily looks at us, then plops Brendan's rose in some water.

Students leave in a mad rush, but Kylie lingers behind. Lily and Kylie share a look -- there's an exchange of love and light between them.

**INT. GREG'S CLOCK SHOP - DAY**

Greg stares at his laptop. ON THE DISPLAY: an ITINERARY TO IRELAND.

The computer cursor hovers over a PURCHASE BUTTON. Greg hesitates, then CLICKS it.

**INT. ELMS ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY**

Lily walks toward the exit, then stops in front of a door -- **PRINCIPLE HARRIS** is on the nameplate.

**PRINCIPAL HARRIS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

PRINCIPAL PHIL HARRIS (50s, a grown-up Screech) sits at his desk. He opens a CANDY JAR. Lily sits opposite him.

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
Kylie Hinsdale?

LILY  
That's right.

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
That's a damn shame.  
(offering the jar)  
Salted caramel? They're delicious --  
made with all-natural sea salt.

LILY  
(unimpressed)  
No, thanks.

Principal Harris grabs one for himself and unwraps it loudly. Lily looks at us -- *Really?*

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
You're aware of who her mother is,  
right?

LILY  
Of course -- doesn't mean she's not  
abusing her child.

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
(chomping on a caramel)  
Mm-hmm. Well, you've definitely  
done the right thing. Here at Elms  
Academy, we take every abuse  
allegation seriously.

LILY  
Good.

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
(picking his teeth)  
I'll be sure to look into it.  
(then)  
But I suggest we remain discreet  
about this until we know for sure.

LILY  
Absolutely.

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
Don't worry -- I got this.

Principal Harris rips opens another caramel.

**INT. SUMNER HOUSE - FOYER - DAY**

A worn-out Lily tosses her keys down and hangs her bag.

**KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

The fridge door opens. Lily rummages for a snack but comes across a slew of FERTILITY DRUGS.

**MEMORY FLASH**

Lily pinches her belly covered in PINPRICKS and BRUISES as Greg administers a shot.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Lily's hand abruptly sweeps the fertility drugs off the shelf into a TRASH CAN-- then grabs a bottle of ROSÉ.

**INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY**

Greg approaches the counter with BRAND-SPANKING-NEW LUGGAGE. The SALESLADY (30s, upbeat in an annoying way) greets Greg and proceeds to ring him up.

SALESLADY  
Great choice! Where are you off to?

GREG  
Ireland -- I've planned a surprise  
getaway for my wife and myself.

SALESLADY  
Escaping your kids, huh?

*Way to spoil the mood, Saleslady.*

GREG  
No... we don't have kids.

SALESLADY  
Lucky you -- you want some of mine?  
(laughing, then)  
(MORE)

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

I swear, I think I've only had sex with my husband six times since we've been married. Guess how many rugrats we have?

Greg avoids answering by wiping a smudge off the luggage.

SALESLADY (CONT'D)

Guess!

GREG

Si --

SALESLADY

-- Six, that's right.

(then)

Did you ever want kids?

GREG

Yup -- we tried.

SALESLADY

Ah well, giving birth is highly overrated. It's like enduring a root canal on every single tooth while a slow-moving missile *rips* through your hoo-haw --

GREG

-- How much do I owe you?

Saleslady gets the drift.

#### **INT. SUMNER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A SONOGRAM, GLUE STICK, and SCRAPBOOK LETTERING are spread out on the kitchen table.

Lily takes a sip of her wine, then opens a SCRAPBOOK. She lands on a page with a sonogram. **Grace - 12 Weeks** is written beside it in scrapbook lettering.

Lily flips to another page... **Jack - 24 Weeks**. And another... **Bean - 10 Weeks**.

MUSIC CUE: "**Concerto for 2 Violins in D Minor, 2nd Movement**" by **Johann Sebastian Bach**.

#### **MEMORY FLASHES - LILY'S PREGNANCIES**

-- Lily plays the same classical tune on her phone and holds it inches from her belly. The baby kicks -- Lily's startled but in a good way.

-- Lily watches Greg as he installs an ANIMAL MOBILE above a crib. They kiss as the mobile rotates and the animals dance.

-- Lily and Greg hear their baby's HEARTBEAT for the first time. The heartbeat takes over as THE MUSIC FADES.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Lily glues a sonogram to a new page with some lettering --  
**Bean II - 9 weeks.**

GREG (O.S.)

Hey.

LILY

Fuck!

GREG

Sorry.

LILY

I didn't hear you come in.

GREG

Yup, I'm stealthy like that.  
 (noticing the scrapbook)  
 How was your day?

LILY

Uneventful. Yours?

GREG

I kept busy.

Greg hands Lily an envelope.

LILY

What's this?

GREG

Open it.

Lily sees the itinerary.

GREG (CONT'D)

(rolling in the luggage)  
 Surprise! Let's get the hell out of here. What do you say?  
 (in a bad Irish accent)  
 After a long day of hiking along the Great South Wall, we'll stuff our faces with Irish stew, chased down by swigs of Guinness.

Beat.

LILY

We have money for this, but we don't have money for in vitro?

GREG

My parents are helping out --

LILY

-- Why can't they help out with another IVF?

GREG

Lily...

LILY

(re: the scrapbook)

I look at this, and I see so much possibility --

GREG

-- They're *miscarriages*, Lily.

LILY

But if we keep trying --

GREG

-- I can't do it anymore!  
(then, gently)  
I'm done, Lily.

Lily looks at Greg with disbelief but realizes his resolve and dissolves into tears.

GREG (CONT'D)

(kneeling to her)

Babe, you're my world. Just you.  
You're enough for me.

Greg goes to embrace her, but Lily swats him away. Greg takes his cue and leaves. A shattered Lily clutches the scrapbook.

PRE-LAP MUSIC CUE: **"Who Will Sing Me Lullabies" by Kate Rusby.**

**MONTAGE BEGINS**

**INT. ELMS ACADEMY - FACULTY ROOM - DAY**

TEACHERS devour their lunches as Lily, sitting alone, finishes an email to Principal Harris on her laptop. ON THE DISPLAY: **Any progress?**

**INT. SUMNER HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Lily and Greg sleep on opposite sides of the bed.

**KITCHEN - DAY**

Lily checks her inbox on her laptop, but there's nothing from Principal Harris.

**INT. ELMS ACADEMY - LILY'S CLASSROOM - DAY**

Lily greets STUDENTS. Kylie LIMPS IN wearing an ANKLE BRACE. Lily's livid.

**HALLWAY**

Lily knocks on Principal Harris' office door -- no answer.

**INT./EXT. LILY'S CAMRY / ELMS ACADEMY - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Lily makes a call over Bluetooth -- RING. An OPERATOR (40s) picks up.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Elkhart Child Protective Services --  
do you have something to report?

**INT. SUMNER HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Lily sleeps on her side of the bed while Benny (their dog) snores loudly on Greg's side.

**GREG'S MAN CAVE**

Greg's asleep on the sofa.

THE MUSIC FADES as **MONTAGE ENDS.**

**KITCHEN - DAY**

Lily finishes her coffee as Greg enters and heads to the fridge.

GREG  
Morning.  
(beat, then)  
  
(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)  
 Hey, how about we discuss Ireland  
 tonight? I'll make some dinner...

Greg turns around -- Lily's gone.

**INT. ELMS ACADEMY - LILY'S CLASSROOM - DAY**

As Lily's class settles in, Principal Harris appears.

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
 (to Lily, quietly)  
 I need to see you after school.

The class reacts: "Uh-oh" -- "Oooh" -- "You're in trouble."  
 Lily looks at us -- *Shit*.

**PRINCIPAL HARRIS' OFFICE - LATER**

Lily sits opposite a none-too-pleased Principle Harris.

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
 You reported Kylie's mother to  
 Child Protective Services?  
 (then)  
 She's pissed, Lily. Do you know  
 what this could mean to our school?

LILY  
 The new tetherball courts might  
 have to wait?

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
 Lily --

LILY  
 -- What happened to "I got this?"

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
 I conducted a full investigation,  
 Lily -- it's a nothingburger.  
 (then)  
 Kylie suffers from ITP.

LILY  
 What is that?

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
 It's a blood disorder in children.  
 That's why Kylie bruises easily.

LILY  
 Who told you that?



PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
Her mother brought --

LILY  
-- Oh my God, of course, she's --

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
-- I saw the *medical records*, Lily.  
(then)  
Look, Child Protective Services has  
closed the investigation so--

LILY  
-- Closed it?

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
I explained your state of mind.

Beat.

LILY  
Wait -- what are you talking about?

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
You've been through a lot, Lily.

LILY  
(to us)  
Motherfucker.  
(to Principal Harris)  
This has nothing to do with that.

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
Maybe you could use a sabbatical. I  
can certainly arrange one for you.

LILY  
(absorbing his threat)  
No, thanks, I'm good.

PRINCIPAL HARRIS  
So you'll stop this?

Lily nods to Principal Harris, then...

LILY  
(to us, shaking her head)  
Game on.

**PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

Lily makes a beeline for her car when she hears...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 (calling)  
 Mrs. Sumner!

Lily turns around -- it's Superbitch. Lily looks at us. *Fuck.*

SUPERBITCH  
 Hi. Candace Hinsdale -- Kylie's  
 mother. We met briefly at the  
 parent-teacher conference in  
 October. Gosh, time flies.  
 (then)  
 Anyway... I imagine it must've been  
 very upsetting seeing those bruises  
 on Kylie. I'm sure Principal Harris  
 filled you in on her condition...

Lily notices a "KYLIE" NECKLACE around Superbitch's neck.

SUPERBITCH (CONT'D)  
 He also filled me in on *your*  
 situation. I'm so sorry to hear  
 about your miscarriage. I  
 understand you've had a few of  
 them? Ugh, so sad.

Lily looks at us, confused -- *Do I have this all wrong?*

SUPERBITCH (CONT'D)  
 (drawing closer to Lily)  
 However badly you wish to be a  
 mother, though...  
 (tapping her necklace)  
 Kylie already has one.

LILY  
 (to us)  
 Heartless cunt.

SUPERBITCH  
 So nice running into you.

Lily doesn't break eye contact as Superbitch strides off.

**INT./EXT. LILY'S CAMRY (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER**

At a red light, an enraged Lily SCREAMS and SLAMS the steering wheel. An ELDERLY MALE DRIVER (70s) in the car next to her stares aghast. Lily rolls up her car window.

**INT. SUMNER HOME - KITCHEN - LATER**

Greg prepares dinner as an exhausted Lily enters.

GREG  
I thought I'd try my hand at some  
Irish cooking, but...

Greg lifts a sad, flat soda bread.

LILY  
I'm not going.

GREG  
(stopping)  
What?

LILY  
I'm not going to Ireland. I've  
thought about it a lot, and I could  
use some time to myself.

GREG  
Lily, please --

LILY  
-- I want you to go. It'll be good  
for you... for us.

This lands on Greg.

GREG  
Should I be worried?

LILY  
(emphatically)  
No.

Lily looks at us -- *Maybe*.

**EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - TWILIGHT**

A sea of McMansions. An incognito Lily wears sunglasses, a baseball cap, and a black hoodie. She walks Benny.

The silhouette of trees and fading orange-lavender sky contrast with the stark lights turning on in people's homes.

LILY (V.O.)  
I love twilight -- it's that  
magical time of day when lightness  
and darkness intersect.

In the distance, a LITTLE GIRL rides a bike in her driveway.

A porch light turns on at the Little Girl's house -- it catches Lily's eye. A WOMAN (30s) appears at the front door.

LILY (V.O.)  
 You get to see the little worlds  
 within each home.

Lily tucks behind a bush. At close range, the Woman is Superbitch, and on the bike, it's Kylie.

SUPERBITCH  
 (yelling)  
 Kylie, come inside!

Kylie runs inside. Lily looks at us.

**INT./EXT. SUMNER SUBARU / AIRPORT - DAY**

Lily watches Greg walk toward the terminal. Greg turns back to wave, but Lily's already gone.

**INT./EXT. SUPERBITCH'S TESLA / ELMS ACADEMY - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Amidst CARPOOL chaos, Superbitch picks up Kylie. As she heads out of the parking lot...

**INT./EXT. LILY'S CAMRY (MOVING) - SAME**

Lily pulls out to follow Superbitch.

**INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY**

Superbitch darts around the store with Kylie in tow.

**EXT. SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

Superbitch strides toward her car with a bag of groceries as Kylie stops at a KIDDIE RIDE.

SUPERBITCH  
 Kylie, get over here right now! We  
 have to go.

Kylie, mesmerized, climbs atop the kiddie ride.

SUPERBITCH (CONT'D)

Kylie!

LILY (V.O.)

People always reveal themselves.

Superbitch marches over to Kylie and yanks her off the ride.

SUPERBITCH

I said we have to go!

Superbitch, fuming, heads to her car with Kylie beside her.

**INT./EXT. SUPERBITCH'S TESLA / SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT -  
MOMENTS LATER**

As Superbitch opens the car door for Kylie, she searches the parking lot -- the coast is clear.

LILY (V.O.)

They take down the mask for a brief moment because that mask is fucking exhausting.

Superbitch grabs Kylie by the hair and wrenches her head back. Kylie's legs buckle.

SUPERBITCH

Next time, listen to me!

LILY (V.O.)

And there it is, in plain view -- their true inner monster.

Lily's revealed, ducked in-between two cars, watching it all.

A MAN (40s) passes by Superbitch -- she smiles at him.

SUPERBITCH

(covering, kindly)

Get into your car seat, sweet pea.

Kylie cries in the backseat as Superbitch climbs into the driver's seat.

Superbitch turns around and SMACKS Kylie a few times in rapid succession.

LILY (V.O.)

Why the fuck does she get a kid?

CRASH! An EMPTY SODA CAN strikes Superbitch's windshield. Startled, Superbitch looks out.

Lily stands in front of Superbitch's car in plain sight.  
 Superbitch, furious, gets out of her car... but Lily's gone.

**INT./EXT. LILY'S CAMRY / SUMNER HOUSE - DAY**

Parked in her driveway, Lily shoots off a text to Principal Harris -- **We need to talk ASAP.**

**INT. SUMNER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Lily heads straight to the fridge and pulls out some ROSÉ.

LILY  
 (to us)  
 I knew it.

**LIVING ROOM - TWILIGHT**

Lily drinks her rosé and KNITS.

**MEMORY FLASHES**

-- Kylie cries in the backseat of her mom's Tesla.

-- FLASHING SIREN LIGHTS reflect onto Young Lily's tearful face. A FEMALE DETECTIVE (40s) sits beside an inconsolable Young Lily in the backseat of a police car.

*PRE-LAP: KNOCK!*

**BACK TO SCENE**

Lily snaps out it. Lily looks at us -- *Who the fuck is that?*

**INT./EXT. FOYER / PORCH - TWILIGHT**

Holding her knitting, Lily heads to the door and peeks through the peephole. It's Superbitch! *Fuckity Fuck Fuck.*

Lily ducks and tries to walk away from the door.

SUPERBITCH (O.S.)  
 I see you!

Lily looks at us -- *Shit.* Reluctantly, she opens the door.

SUPERBITCH (CONT'D)  
 You're *stalking* me now?

LILY  
Not exactly --

SUPERBITCH  
-- We have an opportunity here to dial this thing back, and it starts with you. I don't give a shit what you *think* you saw -- if you say a goddamn word, I'll destroy you.

LILY  
(to us)  
She has a way with words.

SUPERBITCH  
(rapid-fire)  
I'll slap a restraining order on you so fast it'll make your fucking head spin. Principal Harris will, of course, fire your crazy ass, and, with my connections, you'll never teach in Indiana again. You sad. Infertile. Freak.

Lily impulsively STABS Superbitch in the shoulder with her knitting.

Superbitch and Lily, both in shock, look down at the NEEDLES, the DANGLING KNITTING, and the BLOOD starting to pour out from the wound.

SUPERBITCH (CONT'D)  
What the FUCK?

Lily, at the sight of the blood, PUKES all over Superbitch.

SUPERBITCH (CONT'D)  
Oh my God!

A nauseated Superbitch, starts to run. As she bolts, she VOMITS off to the side and continues running.

Lily chases Superbitch, but slips in the vomit and falls. Lily struggles to her feet and resumes the chase onto...

### **THE DRIVEWAY**

Superbitch runs toward her car, but Lily catches up to her, grabbing the back of her shirt.

LILY  
Wait!

Superbitch DIGS HER NAILS into Lily's hand.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Ow! Stop that.

Lily lets go -- Superbitch runs past her car, SCREAMING.

LILY (CONT'D)  
(chasing Superbitch)  
Come back! Let's talk this out!

SUPERBITCH  
(running)  
No fucking way, psycho!

Superbitch pulls the knitting needles out of her own shoulder and tosses them to the ground.

SUPERBITCH (CONT'D)  
(wincing in pain)  
Aaahhhh!

Lily catches up to Superbitch and topples her to the ground. They clumsily wrestle until Superbitch pins Lily to the ground. Superbitch doesn't quite know what to do -- then begins thwacking Lily's boobs.

LILY  
Ow! Fuck.

The adrenaline boost helps Lily roll Superbitch over and pin her face down into the ground.

SUPERBITCH  
(yelling unintelligibly)  
Mmmmmnnnnbbbbddddd.

LILY  
Calm down. Shhh -- it's okay.

Superbitch continues to thrash.

LILY (CONT'D)  
I don't want to hurt you.

Beat. Superbitch stops fighting and goes limp.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Truce?

SUPERBITCH  
Dwwbs.

Lily catches her breath.



LILY  
 (emotional)  
 You don't know how lucky you are to  
 be a mother.  
 (then)  
 How can you hurt your own child?

SUPERBITCH  
 Bbbbddddwww.

LILY  
 Wait, hold on...

Lily lets up on the pressure a bit to allow her to speak.

Like a veritable ninja, Superbitch spots a ROCK, grabs it, rolls over, and smashes it into Lily's face.

Lily collapses to the ground, writhing in pain.

SUPERBITCH  
 Get used to wearing orange, bitch!

Lily helplessly watches Superbitch run toward her Tesla.

As Lily tries to recover...

#### **QUICK MEMORY FLASHES**

- Superbitch pulls Kylie off the kiddie ride.
- Lily's "babies" in the scrapbook.
- Kylie gets slapped by Superbitch in the backseat.
- Greg's face drops as he realizes there's no heartbeat.
- Superbitch's smug face after wrenching Kylie's head back.

Lily's rage unleashes -- she rises, picks up a knitting needle from the ground, and runs toward Superbitch.

As Superbitch reaches her car, Lily grabs her by the hair and wrenches her head back. Lily repeatedly stabs the side of Superbitch's neck. BLOOD spurts everywhere.

Lily looks at us with the eyes of an exhilarated wild animal.

LILY  
 (to us)  
 My second "aha moment."

MUSIC CUE: "Hold On" by Adele plays throughout the following scenes and end credits.

**INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT**

At the bar, Greg soaks up the local color. He watches an OLD MARRIED COUPLE (70s, giggling like teenagers, still clearly in love) as they nurse their drinks.

LILY (V.O.)

I was worried I'd be plagued with regret. But... it didn't happen.

They catch Greg's stare and lift their drinks to him. *Cheers.* Greg lifts his Guinness, then drowns his sorrows.

**EXT. SUMNER HOUSE - SAME**

Lily lays out a long stretch of PAINTER'S PLASTIC and struggles to roll Superbitch up like a spicy tuna roll.

**EXT. SECLUDED ROAD - NIGHT**

A reprise... in badass motherfucking slo-mo, Lily sheds her kitchen gloves as Superbitch's Tesla erupts in flames.

LILY (V.O.)

I've never felt more alive.

**INT. SUMNER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The TV drones as Lily flips through the "baby" scrapbook, searching for a BLANK PAGE.

On TV, a NEWSCASTER (30s) appears.

NEWSCASTER

This morning, a charred vehicle was discovered on Maryland Street...

Lily looks up.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

A body was found inside the vehicle. The identity has not yet been released pending notification of the family. Sergeant Pfisher of the Elkhart PD gave a press conference...

SGT. BILL PFISHER (50s, no-nonsense gruff exterior, still cares way too much), appears.

SGT. PFISHER

This is highly unusual for Elkhart.  
Unfortunately, we can't provide any  
details at this time. Rest assured,  
we will get to the bottom of this.

**MINUTES LATER**

Lily places the final SCRAPBOOK LETTER on the page to spell:

**K Y L I E**

Lily tucks Superbitch's "Kylie" necklace under the plastic  
film alongside a PHOTO of Kylie.

LILY (V.O.)

I finally have a purpose.

**FANTASY FLASH**

Like an acid trip, kaleidoscope colors fill LILY'S CLASSROOM.  
Lily looks out the window to see Kylie in a PRINCESS DRESS  
with BIRDS AND BUTTERFLIES dancing around her. Kylie runs  
into her FATHER'S arms -- he lifts her off the ground and  
spins her. Kylie LAUGHS raucously -- she's a different child.

NEWSCASTER (PRE-LAP)

*In other local news, there's been a  
distressing development in the  
Becky Delper case...*

**END FANTASY FLASH**

Lily's ears perk up. ON TV: a photo of BECKY DELPER (8).

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

Defendant Kurt Pylanski, a repeat  
sex offender, was released this  
morning after the judge in the case  
called for a mistrial...

A MUG SHOT of KURT PYLANSKI (40s) takes over the screen.

LILY (V.O.)

If you hurt an innocent child, it  
is my right and moral imperative to  
take you out.

Lily looks at us and smiles.

SMASH TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE**