

Untitled

by
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

TIGHT ON a static image of a YOUNG WOMAN, early 20s, angelic with haunting eyes.

N/D FEMALE VOICE

... The local woman disappeared one week before her wedding. At first, authorities believed they had a runaway bride on their hands...

SLOWLY PULL BACK to see the Young Woman's PHOTO is on a TV. As it retracts into the upper right hand corner of the screen, we see the N/D voice belongs to a peppy MORNING HOST from "Good Morning, San Diego," a daily news and gossip hour. As she reports, we PULL BACK FURTHER INTO:

INT. COLLINS' HOME/KITCHEN - DAY

FIND MOLLY COLLINS, late 30s, an independent, strong-minded, multi-tasker whose morning routine is choreographed like a domestic ballet. Simultaneously, she fills out a grocery list, empties the dishwasher, prepares bagged-lunches for herself and her kids, and keeps one eye on the TV, interested in this news story.

MORNING HOST

... but with the discovery of her abandoned vehicle -- cell phone, purse, and wedding dress inside -- they now suspect foul play...

Making PB&J, Molly scrapes the last bit of Skippy from the jar. She tosses it into the recycling bin, shuts the lid with her knee, and scribbles *Peanut Butter* on the growing grocery list. As she reaches for a bag of cookies, she glances at the clock -- it's 7:28. She calls down a hallway --

MOLLY

Two minutes and counting!

She presses peanut butter into jelly, cuts off the crust, slices on the diagonal, and places the sandwich into a lunch bag labeled *BEN*, beside two other lunch bags, *LISA* and *MOM*.

MORNING HOST

... Chelsea Kettner was last seen leaving Belisima Bridal in Hillcrest. Anyone with information is asked to call the number on your screen.

ANGLE ON: TV SCREEN -- An 800 number flashes.

MORNING HOST (CONT'D)

... When we return, Evelyn Sanchez, our fashion and beauty expert, will share her secret recipe for age-defying skin, and you have all the ingredients in your fridge.

As Molly places a cookie into each lunch bag, she catches her reflection on the mirrored side of the toaster. She focuses on her crows feet and brow line. She's not happy. With her thumb and index finger, she stretches away the lines.

BEN (O.S.)

Whatchya you doing?

BEN, 10, a cute ball of endless energy, approaches.

MOLLY

You think some Cholula could fix my wrinkles?

BEN

I think it would hurt.

He grabs his lunch bag, peers inside -- unhappy.

BEN (CONT'D)

PB&J, again?

Molly shuts off the TV.

MOLLY

It's your favorite.

BEN

That was like last week, Mom.

MOLLY

How 'bout turkey?

BEN

(excited)
Gobble, gobble.

As Molly swaps her lunch bag with his, her husband, GAVIN COLLINS, 40, aging-frat-boy, enters with LISA, 8, in his arms.

GAVIN

Look who I found under our covers.

LISA

Mom, if ghosts can walk through walls, why don't they fall through floors?

Molly eyes Gavin, who shrugs.

MOLLY

That's... a really good question.
If I ever see a ghost, I'll be sure
to ask him.

BEN

Or *her*.

MOLLY

(smiles)
Or *her*.

GAVIN

Alright, let's get a move on.

MOLLY

Kisses.

Molly and Gavin kiss each child, who then race out.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(calling after them)
Hold hands 'til you're --

BEN

On the bus. We know!

As the door shuts --

GAVIN

Nice dodge...
(off her look)
On the ghost question.

MOLLY

(smiles)
Yesterday, she asked if Siamese twins
share the same legs, do they buy one
movie ticket or two?

GAVIN

And you said -- ?

MOLLY

One tush, one ticket.
(then)
So, what's on today's agenda?

Gavin knows what she's really asking. He's defensive.

GAVIN

I'll call Rita this afternoon.

MOLLY

(dubious)
She's doing us a favor.
(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(then)

I know the job's not exactly right,
but it's a foot in the door --

GAVIN

(emphatic)

I said I'd call.

As Molly begins to wipe down the counter, she quickly changes subjects.

MOLLY

Grocery list is by your wallet. And
good news, I got us half-price tickets
to the game on Sunday, right at the
fifty. My mom can baby-sit.

Gavin watches her with more intensity than one would expect
in this situation. A beat, then --

GAVIN

Molly, there's something I need to
say --

MOLLY

Just go for the interview. You're
smart, you're charming, in six months
you'll be running the place --

GAVIN

It's not about work...

Molly now gives him her full attention.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Look, the thing is... I've been
thinking...

MOLLY

(concerned)

What's going on, Gavin?

GAVIN

(steels himself)

I want a divorce.

Molly steadies herself, the wind knocked out of her. *Did he
just really say that?*

MOLLY

What...?

He nods. She heard him correctly. Then, for the first time
since we've met Molly, she sits down. S/FX: HER PAGER BEEPS.
As she reads a text, Gavin knows what's coming --

GAVIN

You need to go.

MOLLY

(fighting to keep it
together)

Yes, I know. When I get home we'll
talk about... this. Okay?

Under the above, she methodically removes a KEY from her purse. With her back to Gavin, and tears in her eyes that he can't see, she stands up and unlocks a DRAWER. As she turns to look back at Gavin, he's already left the room.

Numb, she slides the drawer open to REVEAL: A GUN --

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON -- THE SAN DIEGO UNION-TRIBUNE (LOCAL NEWSPAPER)

HEADLINE reads: *LOCAL BRIDE STILL MISSING*, accompanied by another photo of Chelsea Kettner. PULL BACK TO:

INT. BROOKE KROSS' TOWNHOUSE/BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

We FIND BROOKE KROSS, 28, stunning, book smart and an over-thinker. She lives in her head -- second guessing decisions and calculating opportunity costs at every turn. Brooke's perspective on life can be summed up with two of Socrates' most famous quotations: "*The unexamined life is not worth living*" and "*Wisdom begins in wonder.*" While Brooke is both intellectual and clinical, she's also a closeted romantic who embraces her femininity and connects with her inner girly-girl. As she sips grape juice, she reads the newspaper.

From behind, ANDREW LANGE, 30, *Clark Kent-ish*, approaches. He's an academic at heart, and despite his good looks, he's more comfortable with a book than with people. In fact, he doesn't have many guy friends. He and Brooke finish each other's sentences, have great sex, and can talk about the "mathematical beauty of string theory" for hours. They've never had a fight and rarely disagree. Wet from a shower and wearing only a towel, Andrew kisses her neck.

ANDREW

I've got an hour before work.

BROOKE

(wish she could, but --)

I've got... the dry cleaners, post office and the bank.

ANDREW

You know, I read a study that women who have sex before work are more productive during the day.

BROOKE

(laughs)

I suppose that research was conducted by men.

ANDREW

The *empirical data* was quite convincing.

BROOKE

Well, I *am* a girl who can't say no to empirical data.

Brooke yields to Andrew. As they get hot and heavy, Andrew cradles Brooke's head in his hands and looks into her eyes --

ANDREW

Brooke, I'm happy.

BROOKE

So am I.

ANDREW

I mean really happy.

As he kisses her shoulder, Brooke gets clinical, which is her comfort zone. Their scientific banter is foreplay.

BROOKE

I had this psychology professor -- said happiness is 50% genetic, 40% volition and 10% circumstantial. But don't you think she under-valued volition?

ANDREW

(amused; then serious)

I want it to always be like this.

BROOKE

(excited)

Me too, which totally proves my point.

(off his look)

We've achieved our happiness through volition.

Andrew is enchanted by this woman. Her brains, beauty, and quirks are an intoxicating combination.

ANDREW

Let's get married.

Brooke is taken by surprise. *Did he just propose? Is he serious?* Before she can say anything, S/FX: HER PAGER BEEPS. She eyes the text message.

BROOKE

I... I have to go.

Brooke crosses to the wall of overflowing bookshelves, reaches behind several mystery novels and grabs a GUN. Then, she heads for the door. A beat. On second thought, she returns to Andrew, looks him in the eyes, and gives him a soft kiss on the lips. Before he can say anything else, she exits --

CUT TO:

EXT. CORONADO SAND DUNES - MORNING

A desolate stretch of beach, dotted by pickle weed and verbena. In the b.g., several SDPD secure a scene -- unfurling YELLOW TAPE around something we can't yet see.

CAMERA FINDS Molly, leaning against her Subaru Outback, parked at the edge of a fire road, abutting the sand. Her 40 caliber Glock holstered over her shoulder and a DETECTIVE BADGE clipped to her belt. A Ford Fusion pulls up beside Molly. Brooke emerges, wearing her Glock and badge on her hip. (We now realize they're both Detectives.) On the move --

BROOKE

Is it Chelsea?

MOLLY

(doesn't know)

I was waiting for you.

BROOKE

You'll never believe my morning.

MOLLY

Mine either.

Before Molly can elaborate, Brooke jumps back in --

BROOKE

Andrew proposed.

MOLLY

Wow. Congrats... Wait. What did you say?

BROOKE

I didn't. We got the call out and --

Brooke interrupts herself, points to Molly's left ear --

BROOKE (CONT'D)

You're missing an earring.

Molly touches her earlobe, winces as she recalls her morning. She wants to confide in her partner, but this isn't the time or place -- especially given Brooke's news.

As they cross under the yellow tape, all their focus goes to the case.

Brooke photogs the female d.b, wearing only a bra and underwear, and facing away from CAMERA. Molly grabs disposable latex gloves from her pocket, bends down, and gently turns the face to reveal --

MOLLY

It's her.

(a beat, then)

M.E. better hurry up. Dune weevils are going to town.

She indicates the vic's legs, covered in dusty-black insects. LIEUTENANT ("LOO") HENRY ENRIQUEZ, 40s, a former NY Detective with a prominent Brooklyn accent, hurries onto the scene.

BROOKE

Lieutenant --

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

I hate the beach.

BROOKE

The fresh air or the ocean breeze?

Molly sees him shaking sand off his shiny leather oxfords.

MOLLY

The sand. Dispatcher should've called for flip flops. Huh, Loo?

He eyes the body without a hint of emotion --

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

Mayor's not gonna be happy. Dead brides go national.

(then)

I'll issue a short statement. Send all reporters to the PIO.

Brooke notices something peculiar on the body.

BROOKE

She disappeared a week *before* her wedding?

MOLLY

That's right.

BROOKE

Then why is she wearing a wedding ring?

An excellent question --

CUT TO:

INT. SDPD/CORONER'S LAB - DAY

HIGH TECH LAB. On one wall -- a floor to ceiling LIGHT BOX, which allows for a full body X-RAY of the victim. The FULL BODY X-RAY stands beside a FULL BODY pre-autopsy PHOTO, digitized on a floor to ceiling computer screen. (It's like nothing we've seen before.)

DR. SCOTT CRAWFORD, 40s, weekend warrior type, stands over the Y-incisioned body. He's flanked by Molly and Brooke.

DR. CRAWFORD

... Dead for approximately 48 hours.

MOLLY

She was abducted a week ago, so she was held captive for five days.

DR. CRAWFORD

(nods)

C.O.D is traumatic asphyxiation, confirmed by petechial hemorrhaging.

Under the above, Dr. Crawford peels back an eyelid to REVEAL:
E/CU - Eyeball is spotted with red blood clots.

DR. CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Oddly, no defensive wounds.

(then)

There's residue from tape adhesive around her mouth and nose.

Brooke crosses to the FULL BODY pre-autopsy photo. She's literally eye-to-eye with the victim.

BROOKE

She's wearing make-up. Was her foundation over or under the adhesive residue?

With a LASER WAND, Crawford OUTLINES the victim's face on the pre-autopsy photo. Then, he presses a few buttons on a nearby keyboard, and the "face" appears on a CEILING MOUNTED MONITOR. Crawford isolates and magnifies the nose and mouth -- which ENLARGE to FULL SCREEN. He studies the image.

ON THE MONITOR -- Bits of adhesive residue are coated in foundation. (Think: Snow capped mountains and valleys.)

DR. CRAWFORD

The make-up was applied over the residue, which suggests --

BROOKE

The killer applied it. If the tape caused the asphyxiation, then the foundation was put on after she was already dead.

As the creepiness sets in --

MOLLY

Any evidence of sexual trauma?

DR. CRAWFORD

(nods)

Significant vaginal bruising and semen. Sent the contribution to the lab, along with a blood sample for Tox.

(a beat, then)

When you find out who did this, I hope you --

MOLLY

String him up by the balls, beat him with a pitch fork, and feed him to sharks?

DR. CRAWFORD

That's a good start.

CUT TO:

INT. SDDP/BULLPEN - DAY

Pick up Molly and Brooke as they head toward their offices --

MOLLY

... So Andrew asks "Will you marry me?" And you say --

BROOKE

I have to go to work.

MOLLY

You've been crazy about him since your first date and when he pops the question, you bail?

BROOKE

(annoyed)

I had to go --

MOLLY

To work. I heard you.

A beat. Molly knows there's more. And here it comes --

BROOKE

Why can't we just be happy with the way things are?

MOLLY

Because that's not you.

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You're uber-rational and God knows you think things through more than anyone I know. But you also pull pages from bridal magazines and fantasize about a three-tiered cherry vanilla wedding cake with cream cheese frosting.

(re: Brooke's head)

So what's really going on in there?

BROOKE

(freaking)

I want the dress. I want the cake. It's the whole 'what comes after' that makes no sense.

MOLLY

What are you talking about?

BROOKE

The social construct of marriage goes back to when women couldn't take care of themselves. When men had to hunt and bring home the meat. And I'm perfectly capable of getting my own meat.

MOLLY

(overly defensive)

So am I, but I still got married. And now I've got Ben and Lisa and --

BROOKE

Whoa, we're so not talking about you.

Molly realizes she's over-reacted, given her personal situation. She refocuses on Brooke.

MOLLY

Right. So what you're saying is -- this isn't about Andrew, it's about your independence. Or your fear of losing it.

BROOKE

You know how I say you sometimes talk to me more like a shrink than a partner?

MOLLY

Yeah?

BROOKE

Don't ever stop.

Molly smiles. Tension is diffused. As Brooke says her last line, she tugs on Molly's sweater sleeve.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Hey, is this my sweater?

MOLLY
Maybe.

BROOKE
I left it in your car --

MOLLY
Over a year ago, so statute of
limitations makes it mine.

Now Brooke smiles. The Lieutenant heads toward them --

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ
Detectives, vic's fiancé is in the
conference room. He's been briefed
but with none of the particulars.

As they power ahead toward --

CUT TO:

INT. SDPD/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Windows face WEST, over the cityscape, toward the ocean.
TIGHT ON LEO HOLTZ, 30s, broad shoulders, sympathetic.

LEO HOLTZ
... She was this amazing woman, who
would want to hurt her?

PULL BACK to include Molly and Brooke.

BROOKE
Mr. Holtz, we're so sorry. We're
going to do everything we can, but
right now we need your help.
(off his nod)
Can you identify this ring?

Brooke pulls a photo from her file of the wedding band.

LEO HOLTZ
No. Why?

MOLLY
It was on Chelsea's finger.
(off his confusion)
Where were you when Chelsea went
missing?

LEO HOLTZ
Home. By myself.

BROOKE

Would you consent to a DNA sample?

LEO HOLTZ

You think... I'm a suspect?

BROOKE

It's protocol to eliminate you. If you wouldn't mind opening your mouth.

As Leo reluctantly complies, Brooke swabs his inner cheek.

LEO HOLTZ

I realize that Chelsea's murder is just another day at the office for you, but she was everything to me. She was a medical student, did you know that? She volunteered with special needs kids and right now, I have four dogs at my house because she fostered strays --

Under the above, Brooke focuses on his pant leg. *We don't yet see what she sees.* She gets down on her knees to inspect.

BROOKE

There's sand on your pants.

LEO HOLTZ

I was at the beach.

Brooke lifts each shoe. Spotting something probative in his right sole, she scrapes a groove with her fingernail.

LEO HOLTZ (CONT'D)

What's going on?

BROOKE

(to Molly; pointedly)

Dune weevil. Stuck to the sole of his left shoe.

As Brooke places the insect into a small evidence envelope.

LEO HOLTZ

I came down to help, but I want to go, now.

MOLLY

You're welcome to leave, sir. We got what we need.

Off a determined Molly and Brooke, they have a suspect --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN DIEGO SKYLINE - LATE MORNING

CAMERA FLIES OVER the Pacific toward the roller coasters and surf shops of Mission Beach. Then, HEADS further inland TO:

INT. SDPD/MOLLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Windows overlook the city. A LAPTOP on her desk and a flat screen on the wall. The screen is an audio/visual intercom connected to other offices as well as the interrogation room. CAMERA PASSES several photos of Ben and Lisa, landing on a wedding photo of Molly and Gavin. RACK FOCUS TO:

Molly, as she enters. She tosses "Ben's" lunch bag into a small fridge and sits at her desk. Her eye catches her wedding photo. It stings. She takes a beat, exhales, grabs her cell and scrolls through the names -- PRESSES GAVIN. A PHOTO of Gavin appears on her cell's screen.

GAVIN (O.S.)

You've reached Gavin. Leave your info and I'll get back to you.

Molly hesitates. *Should she leave a message?* Then --

MOLLY

Hey, it's me. I've been thinking about you... about us. I wish we could... I'm not mad. I hope you're not mad. I know you're going through some things right now, but --

Without knocking, the Lieutenant swings in. Molly quickly finishes her call.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Alright, I got to go. We'll talk... I love you.

Molly hangs up hastily.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

You and Gavin have a fight?

MOLLY

Why would you...?

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

(pointedly)

"I love you."

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ (CONT'D)

(off her look)

It's either your anniversary or a rough morning.

(off Molly)

Right now, his demons are uglier than yours, so maybe cut him some slack.

Molly bites her tongue and gets back to the case --

MOLLY

I spoke with the lab. The fiancé's DNA's not a match to the perp's semen.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

(digesting the info)

Okay. Moving on. War room in five --

The Lieutenant exits. We hold on Molly, shaken but stoic.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON -- a photo of CHELSEA KETTER. PULL BACK INTO:

INT. SDDP/WAR ROOM - DAY

A HIGH TECH COMMAND POST dedicated exclusively to this case. Lieutenant controls the room, with Molly, Brooke, and a dozen UNIFORMS. As the Lieutenant runs the "timeline," he indicates a digital map with specific highlighted locations --

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

On the day Chelsea disappeared, she left her home in La Jolla at approximately 8AM. She attended a microbiology class on the UCSD campus, followed by a study group session at Starbucks. She then headed over to Belisima Bridal, to pick up her gown.

(then)

Officer Detton --

OFFICER DETTON, late 20s, sitting in front of the computer, activates a wall monitor next to the Lieutenant.

OFFICER DETTON

Parking lot surveillance of Ms. Kettner exiting the shop. Time stamp is 3:42PM.

ANGLE ON -- Surveillance footage of Chelsea, carrying her gown, exiting the bridal shop and heading for her car. (Note: She's wearing a pink strapless top and jeans.)

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

She gets into her car and disappears.

Under the above, Andrew, wearing a coat and tie, enters.
Seeing Andrew at PD is a surprise to us, but not to Brooke,
 who shoots him a smile.

MOLLY

Until her body is discovered at the
 Coronado Dunes, seven days later.

Brooke focuses on the monitor, now in freeze frame.

BROOKE

Chelsea's wearing a strapless top,
 but in the crime scene photos, she's
 wearing a bra with straps.

ANDREW

Which means the killer likely
 redressed his victim, consistent
 with the make-up he applied over the
 adhesive tape on the victim's mouth
 and nose, per Detective Kross'
 observation.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

(re: Andrew)

I asked Dr. Lange to assist with our
 suspect profile.

ANDREW

We're looking for a male in his
 twenties or thirties. Above average
 in intelligence and physical stature.
 Dressing the victim, putting on her
 make-up -- they're acts of intimacy,
 which he failed to achieve in his
 daily life. Good bet he suffered
 severe anxiety around women due to a
 traumatic rejection.

He playfully eyes Brooke on "rejection" and then turns his
 attention to a photo of the wedding band, posted on a board.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

He placed the wedding ring on the
 victim's finger as a symbol of
 consummation.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

(eyes Chelsea's photo)

He finally found a woman who couldn't
 say no.

ANDREW

Exactly. He asphyxiated his victim
 with tape, not his hands, which is
 unusual.

(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

It suggests remorse as he distanced himself from the physical act of murder. Or just as likely, he was disinterested in the act of killing since it was anticlimactic.

Even for veteran cops, this weighs on them. Then, S/FX --
MOLLY'S PAGER BEEPS. She eyes the text; turns to Lieutenant.

MOLLY

Loo, crime lab needs us.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

Alright, I've ordered a PSU. O.T is approved. We have units stationed at the bridal shop and body drop. Anyone who can help connect the dots between here...

(indicates bridal shop)

And here...

(indicates body dump)

Is a person of interest.

As they disperse --

CUT TO:

INT. SDPD/BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Molly and Brooke head toward the Crime Lab. Andrew catches up with Brooke.

ANDREW

Hey, we need to talk.

BROOKE

Ah, we're headed to --

ANDREW

I'll walk with you.

Brooke eyes Molly, who knows she needs privacy. Molly quickens her pace --

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You left kinda quickly this morning.

BROOKE

It was an 11-46 call out.

ANDREW

I proposed, Brooke.

BROOKE

(lightly)

Really, 'cuz it felt off the cuff.
Like the idea just kinda popped into
your head.

ANDREW

It was spontaneous, but I meant it.

They stop. She takes his hands.

BROOKE

Andrew, the reason wedding proposals
are steeped in rituals, like buying
a ring and getting down on one knee,
is because a woman wants to know
that a guy has thought it through.
Proposing in the throes of passion
is like... impulse buying.

(tries to explain)

I don't need a new purse, but in
that moment I have to have it.

ANDREW

That's not fair.

BROOKE

You're right. But how much blood
was really circulating through your
cerebral cortex?

(off his killer smile)

Andy, I realize I can be odd --

ANDREW

(correcting her)

Unique.

They share a smile --

BROOKE

Another reason I love you. Just a
little time, okay?

With that, Brooke races ahead to catch up with Molly.

CUT TO:

INT. SDPD/CRIME LAB - DAY

Molly and Brooke pass through the lab and enter a door with
the NAME PLATE -- "CALVIN NELSON, CRIME LAB, SDPD LIAISON."
CALVIN, early 30s, is a guy's guy; a consummate cad. He
works with scientists but he's not one of them. Truth be
told, he's not smart enough to be a scientist, but he
compensates with charisma and charm. Although he's overly
confident with a nicely sized... "ego," he's impossible not
to like. He reads DNA results, on a WALL MOUNTED LIGHT BOX.

MOLLY

Cal --

CALVIN

Ladies.

(then, eyes Brooke)

You've had a busy morning.

BROOKE

What do you got?

CALVIN

When the semen didn't match the fiancé, we ran it through CODIS. Got a hit off the military registry, Brian Hess, a former midshipman with the U.S. Navy --

MOLLY

You have an address?

CALVIN

-- I crossed-checked Brian's name through county databases. Turns out, your victim and Brian applied for a marriage license, 'bout three years ago.

(off their surprise)

They never tied the knot and that license expired after 90 days.

Under the above, Brooke notices that Cal is focusing a bit too much on her. *We don't know why.*

BROOKE

Okay, so maybe Chelsea dumped Brian, consistent with Andrew's hypothesis that he was rejected.

MOLLY

Brian hoped she'd change her mind and come back to him. But with her engagement to someone else, reality set in.

CALVIN

(to Molly)

I have an address. Two miles from the body dump.

MOLLY

(takes address)

Thanks, Cal.

As they exit, Calvin calls after Brooke --

CALVIN
Brooke, you got a sec?

MOLLY
(aside, to Brooke)
Popular.

BROOKE
(aside, to Molly)
Shut it.

As Molly exits, Brooke returns to Calvin --

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Okay. How do you know?

CALVIN
Know what?

BROOKE
Come on.

CALVIN
Alright, I also know you didn't say
"yes."

BROOKE
And I didn't say "no."

CALVIN
Does your hesitation have anything
to do with --

Calvin points to himself.

BROOKE
Wow. I did not see this coming.

CALVIN
What? I've been thinking about you
and the way things ended with us.
It was always unclear.

She looks him square in the eyes, then --

BROOKE
It was perfectly clear, and you're a
baboon.

CALVIN
What?

BROOKE
A male baboon can lose all interest
in a female baboon until she pairs
off with another mate. Cal, you're
a baboon and I gotta go.

With that, Brooke heads out of his office.

PRELAP -- CLINT BLACK'S "LIKE THE RAIN."

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. GASLAMP QUARTER/BROOKE'S CAR (DRIVING) - DAY

Brooke behind the wheel. Molly in the passenger seat.

BROOKE

What's going on with you?

MOLLY

What?

BROOKE

In the six years we've worked together, first thing you do when you get in my car is change the station to anything not country.

MOLLY

It's fine. I'm fine.

BROOKE

(doesn't buy it)

You've been off all day. Cal wanted to talk to me in private and you haven't asked why, and since when do you forget an earring? Anyone else, means nothing, with you something's wrong.

MOLLY

Gavin wants a divorce.

BROOKE

(sympathetic)

Oh --

(realizes)

And with Andrew and me, that's why you didn't say anything.

MOLLY

Marriage can be amazing and just because I'm having problems is no reason for you to --

(starts again)

My marriage is not a reflection of marriage as an institution.

BROOKE

Don't you think I know that?

(then)

I'm so sorry, Mol. But at least you weren't blind-sided, right?

MOLLY

What?

BROOKE

I mean, you've been having problems since he lost his job.

MOLLY

Marriages have problems. And if you end up with Andrew, you'll have your share. But it doesn't mean you throw in the towel.

BROOKE

Of course.

MOLLY

Our anniversary is coming up and I bought him this Fender guitar, the kind he sold when I got pregnant with Ben.

BROOKE

The one he never shuts up about.

MOLLY

(smiles at the memories)

Yeah. It's been in the trunk of my car for a month; I couldn't wait to give it to him.

BROOKE

What are you gonna do?

MOLLY

We'll talk tonight. Maybe he'll agree to therapy.

BROOKE

Yeah, right.

MOLLY

Thanks for your support.

BROOKE

Sweetie, he doesn't like talking on the phone. He's not gonna open up to a complete stranger.

MOLLY

(nods, then)

So, you gonna tell me what Cal wanted?

BROOKE

I think... he wanted me.

MOLLY

Baboon.

BROOKE

(smiles)

Baboon.

As Molly switches the radio station to anything "not country" --

CUT TO:

EXT. GASLAMP QUARTER/BROWNSTONE UNIT - DAY

Molly, flanked by Brooke, knocks. Door opens to reveal BRIAN HESS, early 30s, in a wife-beater and military tats, walking the line between menacing and totally hot.

BRIAN HESS

What's up, Ladies?

MOLLY

I'm Detective Collins, this is Detective Kross. We're here about Chelsea Kettner...

Brian indicates that they should come in.

INT. GASLAMP QUARTER/BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER

Brian sits on a sofa across from Molly. Brooke stands.

BRIAN HESS

... I heard it on the news. I cared about Chelsea. I would never hurt her.

MOLLY

(trying to incite)
But love hurts. Doesn't it, Brian?

BRIAN HESS

What?

MOLLY

You two were engaged. She broke your heart and when you heard she was gonna marry someone else, you couldn't handle it.

BRIAN HESS

No --

MOLLY

Then how do you explain your DNA in her vagina?

BRIAN HESS
It's not what it seems.

MOLLY
Said the coyote with a cat in his
mouth.

BRIAN HESS
(irritated)
The only reason she didn't marry me
is because I won't have kids. After
my tour in Afghanistan, no way could
I bring more people into this world.

BROOKE
You haven't explained --

BRIAN HESS
A week ago, she showed up here. She
wanted to talk, to see if she still
had any feelings for me, you know?

BROOKE
Before she got married?

BRIAN HESS
Yeah. One thing led to another and,
well, it was like old times.
Afterwards, she took off. Next day,
I heard she was missing.

MOLLY
Why didn't you call the authorities?

BRIAN HESS
And say what? We had one for the
road.

MOLLY
(not buying it)
Mr. Hess, I need you to stand, face
the wall, hands behind your back.

BRIAN HESS
Oh, damn, come on. I'm telling you
the truth.

MOLLY
Now!

As Brian reluctantly complies --

CUT TO:

S/FX -- BLUE GLOWING MICROBES swim in a sea of CRIMSON AGAR.
PULL BACK INTO:

INT. SDPD/CRIME LAB/CALVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Calvin studies the live feed image on his computer. Molly and Brooke swing in --

MOLLY

Got your page, what's up and...
(re: computer screen)
What's that?

CALVIN

A tech found glowing microbes in
Chelsea's bloodstream.

MOLLY

What kind of microbes?

CALVIN

No idea. Sent a sample to the CDC.

BROOKE

Did her tox screen come back?

CALVIN

(nods)
Positive for Benazepril.

MOLLY

Heart medication, would've made her
extremely drowsy. Explains the lack
of defensive wounds... Thanks, Cal.

As they turn to leave --

CALVIN

You're always in such a hurry to
leave me.

MOLLY

What else you got?

CALVIN

(drops a bomb)
DNA sent the semen sample to Trace;
they isolated latex particulates
from a condom.

BROOKE

Maybe Brian raped Chelsea with a
condom, but the condom broke...

MOLLY

(troubled)
Or he and Chelsea had consensual
sex.

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

She left his house and was abducted by someone else, who wore a condom -- *which is consistent with Brian's account.*

BROOKE

The DA won't press charges with multiple theories, and given that Brian's account is not inconsistent with the physical evidence, we gotta go back to the fiancé.

CALVIN

Right. Why?

MOLLY

Because if he found out Chelsea cheated, one week before their wedding, I think he'd cancel the honeymoon.

(pointedly)

Jealousy is a messy emotion, isn't it, Cal?

Off Cal, knowing Molly is talking about more than the case.

CUT TO:

INT. SDPD/INTERROGATION - DAY

Leo Holtz, defensive, faces off with Molly and Brooke.

LEO HOLTZ

... She would never cheat on me. We were in love. We were getting married.

MOLLY

Your anger would be understandable. If I caught my husband with another woman, I don't know what I'd do.

LEO HOLTZ

(eyes Molly's ring)

You're married.

MOLLY

That's right.

LEO HOLTZ

Do you love him? Your husband.

Brooke eyes Molly, who's fine with answering the question.

MOLLY

I do.

LEO HOLTZ

Then you know, no matter what he did, you could never hurt him.

MOLLY

What I know, is that people kill their loved ones everyday.

BROOKE

Mr. Holtz, have you heard of the "heat of the moment"? When your anger, your animalistic rage, trumps all logic and reason.

LEO HOLTZ

I guess.

BROOKE

We have no doubt you loved Chelsea. In fact, we think that's why you may've snapped, *in the heat of the moment*.

With Brooke's accusation, Leo falls silent. Then, the door opens to reveal the Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

Detectives --

As he motions them outside, Molly and Brooke exchange a look --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. SDDP/BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

MOLLY

What's going on, Loo?

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

I don't think he did it.

BROOKE

What? Why?

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

Another bride's gone missing, a week before her wedding.

Off Molly and Brooke, they did not see that one coming.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

TIGHT on a DIGITIZED PHOTO of a YOUNG ASIAN WOMAN, KATHY LIM, instantly sympathetic.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Kathy Lim was expected home for dinner
at 6PM last night...

PULL BACK TO:

INT. SDDP/WAR ROOM - DAY

Lieutenant flanks the photo. He's addressing Molly, Brooke, Andrew and a half dozen UNIFORMS.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ
She never arrived and her vehicle
was found three blocks from where we
found Chelsea's abandoned car.

MOLLY
(to Andrew)
Have you started the Venn Diagram?

ANDREW
(nods)
Prelim data shows the women have
little in common --

BROOKE
Other than their impending weddings.

ANDREW
(nods)
Chelsea's from a wealthy family and
grew up locally. Kathy, an elementary
school teacher, is from Boston. She
moved here a few years back.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ
The suspect kept Chelsea alive for
five days. If we hope to find Kathy
alive --

MOLLY
(eyes Brooke)
We need to find the commonalities
and use them to help ID the killer.
(to Brooke)
Divide and conquer.

Off Brooke's nod --

CUT TO:

INT. SDPD/INTERROGATION ROOM A - DAY

TIGHT ON an irritated LEO HOLTZ --

LEO HOLTZ

First you accuse me of killing Chelsea
and now you want to chit chat?

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Brooke. There is a small NETBOOK (Think:
Ultra thin laptop) in front of her.

BROOKE

I'm sorry, sir. It was an unfortunate
mis-step, but I really need your
assistance.

LEO HOLTZ

(exasperated)

Okay.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SDPD/INTERROGATION ROOM B - DAY

NICK LEE, 28, chiseled, strong jaw. Understandably wrought
over his fiancée's well-being. He sits across from Molly.
A NETBOOK in front of her.

NICK LEE

... We rent an apartment, downtown.
Kathy usually takes the bus to work,
but on the day she disappeared, she
was driving my car.

On the Netbook, Molly types "BUS" and "DOWNTOWN."

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SDPD/INTERROGATION ROOM A - CONTINUOUS

On Brooke's Netbook the words "BUS" and "DOWNTOWN" appear.
Brooke regards them. Then, she asks --

BROOKE

Do you or Chelsea ever take public
transportation, like the bus?

LEO HOLTZ

No.

BROOKE

Did Chelsea spend any time downtown?

LEO HOLTZ

No. Wait. Yes, she took a yoga
class at 17th and Market.

As the pace escalates, Brooke types "YOGA" into her netbook --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SDPD/INTERROGATION ROOM B - CONTINUOUS

-- which appears in front of Molly. She eyes the word "YOGA."

MOLLY

Did Kathy practice Yoga?

NICK LEE

No. That wasn't her thing.

MOLLY

Did she have any hobbies?

NICK LEE

She loved to cook. She was taking a class at Cafe Provencal.

Molly types "COOKING CLASS."

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SDPD/INTERROGATION ROOM A - CONTINUOUS

Brooke eyes the word "COOKING CLASS."

BROOKE

Did Chelsea like to cook?

LEO HOLTZ

She didn't have time to cook. We ordered in most nights.

BROOKE

Any other interests or hobbies?

LEO HOLTZ

Her life was her work. She spent most of her free time studying, but...

BROOKE

What?

LEO HOLTZ

Not sure it's what you're looking for -- she loved the ocean. For our honeymoon, we were going to sail the Caribbean. She held her bachelorette party on a harbor cruise.

Brooke types "LOVES OCEAN" and "BACHELORETTE HARBOR CRUISE."

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SDPD/INTERROGATION ROOM B - CONTINUOUS

Molly eyes "LOVES OCEAN" and "BACHELORETTE HARBOR CRUISE"

MOLLY

Did Kathy spend any time at the beach?

NICK LEE

No. She's a city girl, through and through.

MOLLY

What about the harbor? Has she ever taken one of those cruises?

NICK LEE

Yeah. Actually, for her bachelorette party. Hornblower Cruises. She had a blast, but I was respectful, didn't ask for details.

Molly types in "HORNBLOWER CRUISES."

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SDPD/INTERROGATION ROOM A - CONTINUOUS

Brooke eyes "HORNBLOWER CRUISES."

BROOKE

What was the name of the cruise ship company that she used for her bachelorette party?

LEO HOLTZ

Um... I'm not sure.

BROOKE

Was it Hornblower?

LEO HOLTZ

Yeah, that's it. Definitely.

Brooke stands, heading for the exit --

BROOKE

Sir, you've been a big help. An officer will be right in.

Off Brooke, excited about this new lead --

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO SKYLINE - LATE AFTERNOON

CAMERA speeds over the PACIFIC COAST, taking refuge in the gracefully curved HARBOR, where the setting sun reflects off

the hundreds of sail boats, slicing through the calm water.
CAMERA FINDS an oceanside storefront for HORNBLOWER CRUISES --

INT. HORNBLOWER CRUISES - LATE AFTERNOON

Molly and Brooke push inside. JONAS RENDELL, mid 30s, lanky, likable, sits behind a desk. DOUG MERRILL, mid 20s, solid build, a face like a bulldog, affixes snapshots of happy people on harbor cruises onto a bulletin board.

JONAS

Good afternoon, Ladies. I'm Jonas,
how can I help you?

MOLLY

I'm Detective Collins, this is
Detective Kross. We have a few
questions about two of your customers,
Chelsea Kettner and Kathy Lim.

Doug overhears and turns --

DOUG

(concerned)
Is Kathy dead, too?
(off their looks)
We heard about Chelsea on the news,
so sad.

BROOKE

Did either of you know her?

JONAS

No, bachelorette parties are usually
organized by the maid of honor, and
that's who we dealt with...

DOUG

The Kettner party rented *The Sierra*
Bonita and Lim took *The Little*
Princess.

Under the above, Jonas thumbs through a file cabinet and pulls out two files, KETTNER and LIM -- hands them to Brooke. Brooke then hands one to Molly. As they both purview --

MOLLY

Chelsea's party -- 100 guests, five
course meal, live music.

BROOKE

Kathy had 25 guests, wine, cheese,
and... popcorn. Nothing about music.

MOLLY

(to Jonas)

Is there any overlap between the crews on the two boats?

JONAS

No. None at all.

MOLLY

(re: photos on wall)

Do you have any photos from either party?

JONAS

We have all the photos from both parties. Doug --

DOUG

On it.

Doug crosses to a stack of paperback "Photo Albums" --

JONAS

We give the guests disposable cameras. They snap pictures and then we post them for sale on-line.

DOUG

We comp the brides a complete set. Here you go -- Kettner and Lim.

Molly and Brooke start turning pages. Chelsea's photos are staged -- women posed and poised. Kathy's are a lot more fun and candid.

JONAS

So is Kathy Lim missing or is she...?

BROOKE

We're hoping for the best.

Suddenly, Molly spots something in common between the two albums. She points to a hot SHIRTLESS GUY --

MOLLY

I assume he's the stripper?

JONAS

He prefers "erotic dancer."

MOLLY

He was at both parties.

JONAS

(realizing)

That's right. Independently hired, but he won't be allowed back.

BROOKE

Why's that?

JONAS

After Kathy's event, we got a complaint. He made a move on a guest. She turned him down; he got a rough.

BROOKE

Do you know his name?

JONAS

Roger Hanson. Got his business card.

Jonas reaches into a rolodex and hands them a business card.

JONAS (CONT'D)

(re: card)

See, erotic dancer. Go figure.

Off Jonas, providing us with our next suspect --

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. RANCH HOME - SPRING CITY - EVENING

Blue collar neighborhood. CAMERA PANS from a SWAT VAN to the DRIVEWAY, where Molly and Brooke, wearing POINT BLANK BODY ARMOR, meet up with FOUR SWAT OFFICERS.

LEAD SWAT OFFICER

You get a warrant?

On the move toward the front door --

MOLLY

("don't need one")

Probable cause a felony's in progress. Victim could be inside and alive.

LEAD SWAT OFFICER

Giddy up.

As the LEAD SWAT OFFICER preps the door-breaching 12 GAUGE MASTER KEY, Molly checks the door. To her surprise, it's UNLOCKED. She exchanges a look with SWAT and quietly opens the door. SWAT, followed by Molly and Brooke, stream into --

INT. RANCH HOME - CONTINUOUS

A FLURRY of ORGANIZED CHAOS as SWAT FANS OUT. LEAD SWAT OFFICER returns from the LIVING ROOM. In hushed tones --

LEAD SWAT OFFICER

Clear.

SWAT OFFICER #2 returns from the adjacent DINING ROOM.

SWAT OFFICER #2

Clear.

Gun drawn, Molly enters the KITCHEN. At the stove, she spots a muscular SHIRTLESS MAN, back to her. She levels her gun.

MOLLY

Hands up. Now.
(calls back)
In the kitchen.

The Man doesn't comply. Seemingly oblivious, he dumps a handful of pasta into boiling water. SWAT races inside.

Molly realizes the Man's listening to his I-POD, which is blasting. As SWAT surrounds him and tension mounts, he LOOKS UP, surprised to find six guns pointed at him.

As Molly pulls the I-POD cord from his ears, he slowly lifts his hands in the air. He reacts, terrified --

ROGER HANSON

What the hell?

MOLLY

Where is she?

ROGER HANSON

What? Who?

MOLLY

You're Roger Hanson, right?

ROGER HANSON

Yes, but I --

MOLLY

(demands)
Where's Kathy? Where is she!?

BROOKE (O.S.)

Detective Collins --

They turn to see Brooke, flanking a HANDSOME GUY, 25, in cotton shorts and a T-shirt.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

This man was upstairs, in bed. Claims he's Roger's boyfriend.

HANDSOME GUY

I *said* domestic partner. There's a difference. What's going on, Rog!?

As Molly wraps her head around this strange turn of events --

MOLLY
(to Roger)
You're gay?

ROGER HANSON
Far as I know, not a crime.

The pasta starts to boil over.

ROGER HANSON (CONT'D)
Can I turn down the stove?

Molly nods and Roger reduces the heat.

MOLLY
(still confused)
You assaulted a woman on a Hornblower
cruise, isn't that right?

ROGER HANSON
The chick was wasted. She came on
to me, and when I turned her down,
she wiggled out. Is that why you're
here?

MOLLY
Not exactly.

ROGER HANSON
Whatever you think I did, I didn't
do it.

Off Molly and Brooke, with the serial killer still at large,
they crash full speed into a dead end.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN DIEGO SKYLINE/SUBURBS - NIGHT

CAMERA glides over the sparkling city. We FLY past downtown, TO Balboa Park, and then TOWARD the suburbs where we FIND --

INT. COLLINS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Quiet. The front door opens to REVEAL Molly. After Gavin's morning announcement, nothing looks quite the same. Family photos, Gavin's coat on the sofa, the stack of mail -- topped with a party invite to **Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Collins**, all remind her that her life is in flux. She heads toward --

INT. COLLINS' HOUSE/BEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Molly enters. Ben is fast asleep, one leg shooting out from under the blankets and hanging off the bed. She smiles, crosses to the bed, kisses her son, and gently places his wayward leg under the covers. She exits and heads into --

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE/LISA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa is also fast asleep. Molly bends down and kisses her. As she heads toward the door, Lisa stirs --

LISA

Mom --

MOLLY

Yeah, Sweetie?

LISA

(half asleep)

When lightning hits the ocean, do the fish get fried?

MOLLY

Are you worried about the fish?

LISA

Just the dolphins.

With that, Lisa falls back to sleep. Molly smiles and exits.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She enters to find Gavin, in bed, watching ESPN. He's wearing a SAN DIEGO CHARGERS T-shirt.

GAVIN

Hey --

MOLLY

Hi.
 (eyes TV)
 Can we talk?

Gavin turns off the TV. A beat as he lets Molly go first.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I know the last year has been rough
 and that you're not happy with...

Molly hesitates. She doesn't want to sound callous or cruel --

GAVIN

With my life. It's okay. You can
 say it. Forty years old and I can't
 get a job.

MOLLY

A lot of people are out of work and --

GAVIN

It's not just that.

MOLLY

You have two beautiful children, a
 wife who adores you. We can fix
 whatever's wrong.

GAVIN

You mean you can fix it?

MOLLY

What?

GAVIN

You're a "fixer," Molly. Anything
 goes wrong with me, with the kids,
 you jump in and take care it. And
 it's a good quality, it's just not
 what I need --

MOLLY

Tell me what you need.

GAVIN

(a beat, then)
 Every morning, I wake up at 4AM in a
 cold sweat --

MOLLY

I... I didn't know. Gavin --

GAVIN

I lie in bed with my mind racing,
 trying to fall back to sleep, but I
 just can't.

Molly takes a breath. She sits down next to Gavin. She takes his hand and looks him in the eye, suppresses her tears, and gives the marriage everything she's got --

MOLLY

Gav, please, it's me.

(smiles, as she recalls)

The same girl who ticketed your Ducati when you parked in the red zone and then you parked there again just so you could ask me out.

(touching his Chargers T-shirt)

The same girl who learned to love the Chargers because anything that brings you so much joy must be worth it. The same woman who needs you now, like I always have.

Gavin gently removes his hand from Molly's.

GAVIN

You don't need me, Molly. You need someone to get the groceries and clean out the gutters --

MOLLY

That's not fair and --

GAVIN

(resolved)

I can't be "that guy" anymore.

A beat, as Molly considers her last resort --

MOLLY

Can we try couples counseling?

(off his cold look)

It's worth a shot. Come on, what do we have to lose?

GAVIN

Time.

MOLLY

Huh?

GAVIN

We lose *more* time.

(grabs pillow)

I'll sleep on the sofa.

With that, Gavin exits. Molly sits down, devastated.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Quiet. The front door opens to REVEAL Brooke. Something on the floor catches her eye -- a big frosted CUPCAKE. Curious, she bends down to pick it up and then notices a second and third. It's a trail of cupcakes that she follows to her --

INT. BROOKE'S TOWNHOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

She enters to find Andrew waiting for her. Dozens of brightly colored cupcakes decorate the room -- on the bookshelves, on the bureau, on her desk. On the bed -- rose pedals, in the shape of the heart.

BROOKE

What's going on?

ANDREW

I shouldn't have asked you to marry me.

(off Brooke's concern)

What I mean is, I shouldn't have asked you like that. You're right about ritual. It's important.

BROOKE

Andrew, why are there cupcakes...?

ANDREW

In ancient China, the proposal *ritual* was quite elaborate. The prospective groom's family would make dozens of small cakes that would be delivered to the bride. If the bride said "yes," she'd distribute those small cakes to her friends and family, as an announcement of her wedding.

(off her look)

I read it in one of your books.

He regards an overflowing bookshelves. Brooke is touched.

BROOKE

(then, re: rose petals)

What about the --

ANDREW

Rose petals. A more classic, Westernized, romantic gesture. In case you preferred a lower carb *ritual*.

Overwhelmed and nervous, Brooke starts rambling.

BROOKE

You know, rose petals are extremely toxic. The outer petals, which are covered in pesticides, are plucked from the buds and placed into plastic bags where the chemicals react and --

As she continues to ramble, Andrew gets down on one knee. He takes her hand --

ANDREW

Brooke, I love you for who you are. I don't want to control you or change you; I just wanna grow old with you. Will you marry me?

From his pocket, he removes a ring. Off Brooke, who now falls very quiet --

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO SKYLINE - NIGHT

As NIGHT turns into DAY, and the sleepy city wakes up --

INT. SDPD/BULLPEN - MORNING - DAY #2

TIGHT on a box of cupcakes. PULL WIDE to INCLUDE Brooke, with a big smile, handing them out to Detectives, Officers and Office Personnel. She pushes into --

INT. SDPD/WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brooke finds Molly focusing on the MAIN WALL, which lists everything we know about Chelsea and Kathy.

BROOKE

Good morning.

Molly is all business. Without even looking at Brooke --

MOLLY

I've been wondering how the maids of honor found out about Hornblower.

Brooke puts down the cupcakes, returns her focus to the case.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

The brides come from completely different backgrounds, so how did their best friends end up picking the same cruise line?

BROOKE

I'll call 'em.

MOLLY

Loo's on it.

BROOKE

(a beat, then)

How'd it go with Gavin?

MOLLY

(too raw to discuss)

He was asleep when I got home.

(changing subjects)

What's with the cupcakes?

BROOKE

I accepted Andrew's proposal.

Given Brooke's prior ambivalence, Molly is shocked. She stops in her tracks.

MOLLY

Really?

(off Brooke's nod)

Why?

BROOKE

(confused)

Mol, this is where you congratulate me. Be my girlfriend. Maybe scream a little?

MOLLY

Yesterday, you were terrified to commit and now, all of sudden, marriage is a storybook to you? Why the change of heart?

BROOKE

Why are you doing this?

MOLLY

The first time Andrew forgets your birthday or cancels a vacation or tells you not to buy that expensive lipstick, you're gonna freak out. You ready for that?

BROOKE

Just because your marriage blew up in your face doesn't mean no one gets to be happy.

That stings. Gloves are off --

MOLLY

You really think your relationship is gonna be all that different from
(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 mine? Gavin was a prince, just like
 Andrew. I was his whole world. And
 look at us now.

Brooke takes a breath, unsure how to fight back. Then --

BROOKE
 You're wearing my blouse.

MOLLY
 What?

BROOKE
 I loaned it to you last winter. I'd
 like it back.

MOLLY
 Fine -- take it.

Molly strips off the blouse and throws it at Brooke. Then,
while standing in her bra --

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ (O.S.)
 Detectives.

Molly and Brooke turn to the video monitor, where the
 Lieutenant is trying to get their attention.

MOLLY
 What's up, Loo?

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ
 (re: Molly)
 You okay?

MOLLY
 What do you got?

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ
 Both brides received email
 advertisements for Hornblower's
 bachelorette party package. They
 forwarded the emails to their maids
 of honor, who made the arrangements.

Molly crosses to a closet and puts on an SDPD jacket.

BROOKE
 So how did Hornblower acquire our
 vic's email addresses?

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ
 Good question. Keep me posted.

The monitor goes black. Calvin enters --

CALVIN
Morning... Oh, cupcakes.

BROOKE
(eyes on Molly)
Help yourself.... Orange ones have
raisins.

Calvin makes a face and grabs a white one.

CALVIN
Got an update on our mystery microbe.

MOLLY
(heads for exit)
You can download Detective Kross.

Brooke's unsure why Molly's leaving. She refocuses on Calvin --

BROOKE
Let's hear it.

CALVIN
Pseudomonas, a bacterium that thrives
in moist soil and enters through the
feet. CDC says there's an outbreak
in Solana Beach, 'bout a half hour
from where you found the vic.

BROOKE
Was Chelsea's infection recent?

CALVIN
Couple days at most.

BROOKE
Which means she was infected after
she was abducted.

CALVIN
Yeah.
(then)
Hey, for what it's worth, I'm sorry
about before. When I said I've been
thinking about you, it's just --

BROOKE
-- I said "yes." To Andrew.

CALVIN
(feigns a smile)
Okay. Well then, I'm happy for you.
For both of you.

As Calvin exits, we HOLD ON Brooke, who shakes her head in amusement, not unlike Jane Goodall observing a baboon.

CUT TO:

INT. SDDP/LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Molly enters to find the Lieutenant playing video poker at his desk. His office is a shrine to NY city. Framed photographs of iconic sites and a Mike Piazza jersey adorn the walls. She gets his attention, then --

MOLLY

I realize I may be out of line, but
I assume you've heard about me and
Gavin?

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

Yeah. Sucks. I'm sorry.

MOLLY

(as if rehearsed)

You can't make these kind of decisions
when you're in his state of mind.
He won't listen to me, Loo. I'm
thinking, maybe if you talked to him --

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

(uncomfortable)

About your *divorce*?

MOLLY

About my marriage. Yes. You're
friends.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

(not really friends)

We play poker and drink beer.

(then)

Divorce rate for cops is 75%. You
know that.

MOLLY

I'm not a statistic.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

Yeah, well, that's what I thought
all *three* times.

(off her look)

Come on, Molly. I left Brooklyn for
Carol. I was sure she was the one
and six months later, she left me.

MOLLY

(taken aback)

'Cuz you cheated on her, Loo.

Molly stiffens and then, with all the fortitude she can muster --

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Do you think I'm a good person?

(off his look)

I don't mean a good detective, but a woman -- a mother, a wife. You think Gavin has done okay or do you think he can do better?

(eyes glisten, emphatic)

Call it what you want, but Gavin respects you. And I need to know --

Molly, unencumbered by ego that defines younger women, has spoken her mind to her boss, despite the costs -- emotionally and professionally. Molly is too choked up to continue; Loo is too shell-shocked to respond.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I shouldn't have bothered you.

Molly turns to leave, but the Lieutenant calls after her --

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

No promises. But I'll talk to him. And for what it's worth, I think he's damn lucky.

Off Molly's satisfied smile --

CUT TO:

INT. SDPD/BULLPEN - DAY

TRACK Brooke as she approaches Molly's office. She pokes inside, to find Molly on the phone. Molly motions her in.

MOLLY

(on the phone)

... Can you have them email the list to me? Great. Thank you.

Brooke waits uncomfortably. Molly hangs up --

BROOKE

(steels herself)

We gonna finish what we started?

MOLLY

Not now.

(all business)

That was the owner of Hornblower. They use an advertising firm to promote their bachelorette parties. That firm made a deal with a dating website called make-a-match.com.

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

When a member cancels, the website
sells them their personal information.

BROOKE

Both Chelsea and Kathy are former
members?

MOLLY

Yeah. Make-a-match is sending us a
list of members who've been in contact
with both our victims.

Off Molly, excited about the lead --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. SDDP/WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

C/U -- LARGE COMPUTER MONITOR. On the MONITOR -- **a database
with member profiles from make-a-match.com.**

MOLLY

Thirty-seven men contacted both
Chelsea and Kathy.

PULL BACK to include Brooke, the Lieutenant and Andrew.

ANDREW

Do they all live in the county?

MOLLY

All but two.

ANDREW

Eliminate those profiles.

As Molly scrolls down the list and eliminates the outliers --

BROOKE

What about Solana Beach? We believe
she was held captive in that vicinity.

MOLLY

Two men from Solana Beach.

Andrew eyes Brooke's hand; he notices she's not wearing her
engagement ring.

ANDREW

(under his breath)
Where's your ring?

Before Brooke can respond --

MOLLY

Oh God --

BROOKE

What?

MOLLY

One of the two is Jonas Rendell,
manager of Hornblower.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

He claimed he never met them.

BROOKE

Maybe they rejected him on-line.
Then he saw their bachelorette photo
albums and snapped.

ANDREW

(eyes Brooke)

The wedding band on Chelsea's finger
would be consistent with that theory.

MOLLY

He got the girl in death that he
couldn't get in life.

(then)

I've got his address.

HARD CUT TO:

A MOVING 3D THERMAL X-RAY OF A BEACHSIDE BUNGALOW. PULL
BACK TO:

EXT. SOLANA BEACH/FLETCHER COVE - DAY

Molly, peering inside Jonas Rendell's home via INFRARED FLIR
GOGGLES. As she continues to seek out "heat signatures"
(evidence of live people), SDPD fan out around the house.

She's flanked by Brooke. Her BLUETOOTH rings.

BROOKE

Detective Kross.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SDPD/WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANDREW

(pacing)

It's me. In building the suspect's
profile, I dug into Rendell's
background. Make-a-match canceled
his membership because several women
complained about harassing messages.
Two days later, Chelsea Kettner held
her bachelorette party.

BROOKE
Thanks... Andrew?

ANDREW
Yeah?

BROOKE
I'll be wearing the ring tomorrow.

ANDREW
(a smile)
Good. Be safe.

As Brooke clicks off, Molly turns to her.

MOLLY
Lights are on, but no one's home.

BROOKE
I'll send in a unit. And CSU's
already on its way.

As they approach the house, OFFICER ELLIS, 20s, who was
investigating the backyard, races up to them. With urgency --

OFFICER ELLIS
Detectives, back here.

Molly and Brooke follow him around the back of the house.
As they step through mud, Brooke points out --

BROOKE
Ground's muddy. Perfect for the
bacterium found in Chelsea's blood.

Molly nods, spots something in the mud.

MOLLY
Fresh tire impressions.

BROOKE
(yells out)
Officers, watch your step. This
crime scene is hot.

MOLLY
Two sets of two, with a wide track,
suggesting a truck.
(then, curiously notes)
And a second set of two, right next
to each other.

BROOKE
A boat... If it were hitched to the
truck, that could explain the pattern.

They're led to an OLD SHED, several officers have gathered around it. (Think: Jaycee Dugard compound.)

INT. OLD SHED - CONTINUOUS

Molly and Brooke push inside. On the ground, amongst various detritus -- a PINK BLOUSE and JEANS.

MOLLY

Chelsea's blouse. The one she was wearing in the surveillance footage.

BROOKE

(updating their theory)
So Rendell brings his victims back here. Sedates them, redresses them, and then takes them to a more secure location.

Officer Ellis sticks his head inside.

OFFICER ELLIS

Detectives, CHP spotted Rendell heading south on Black Mountain, just past Ridgecrest.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO SKYLINE - LATE AFTERNOON

CAMERA LEAVES SOLANA BEACH and FLIES South-East PAST DEL MAR HEIGHTS and OVER the chaparral and sage covered hills TO --

EXT. BLACK MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Two lane canyon road -- bumpy, potholes. CAMERA FINDS Jonas Rendell, driving a pick-up, hitched to his 16 foot Mono fishing boat. Suddenly, SIRENS catch his attention. He looks in the rear-view mirror and sees a phalanx of squad cars converging behind him. Shit! He guns it --

MOLLY (V.O.)

All units, approach with restraint.
Potential hostage in the passenger compartment...

The cavalcade of law enforcement is led by Brooke and Molly. Blue-and-reds flash from their grille and rear-view mirror.

INT./EXT BROOKE'S CAR (DRIVING)- CONTINUOUS

We FIND Molly, in the passage seat, broadcasting orders. As they begin to ascend up a HILL --

MOLLY

Air support unit is three minutes out. CHP has shut down all access roads for the next ten miles.

We PAN to Brooke, driving, on her bluetooth --

BROOKE

... Alright. Makes sense. Thanks.

(turns to Molly)

The owner of Hornblower mentioned your phone call to Rendell. Rendell must've panicked and fled.

MOLLY

He tried to stay off our radar by taking the canyon road. Nice try.

As they get closer to Rendell --

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. JONAS RENDELL'S TRUCK (DRIVING) - CONTINUOUS

Rendell eyes their approaching vehicle in his rear-view mirror. Desperate, he reaches for his EMERGENCY TOW RELEASE. CAMERA FLIES OUT HIS REAR WINDOW to the WINCH, where the truck DISENGAGES from the boat and begins to FREE FALL DOWN THE SLOPED ROAD TOWARD --

INT./EXT. BROOKE'S CAR (DRIVING) - DAY

Brooke sees the boat coming toward them.

BROOKE

Oh God!

As the boat is about to COLLIDE with them, the STERN hits a pothole. Given the boat's velocity, the IMPACT with the pothole UPENDS the boat, PROPELLING it into the AIR.

Seeing the boat go airborne, Brooke SPEEDS FORWARD, driving underneath the boat, which SMASHES onto the road, missing their car by inches! Breathless, they remain in pursuit.

S/FX -- The unmistakable sound of a helicopter's propeller.

Molly looks up to see a Bell-12 rise over the bluff. Molly talks into her radio.

MOLLY

ASU, we have a visual. How long 'til you're ready?

CAMERA ANGLES up to the HELICOPTER. And we PUSH INTO --

INTERCUT CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BELL-12 HELICOPTER - DAY

The HELICOPTER PILOT communicates via radio. (Note: They're all on the same frequency.)

HELICOPTER PILOT
ASU is in place.

MOLLY
Attention all units. Reduce speed.
I repeat, reduce speed and fall back,
now.

The squadron of law enforcement slows down as the helicopter continues to hover, just ahead of Rendell's truck.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
ASU, you're good to go.

ANGLE ON HELICOPTER -- **AS IT RELEASES SEVERAL SPIKE STRIPS ONTO THE ROAD, IN FRONT OF RENDELL'S PICK UP.**

STAY with Rendell as he swerves to avoid the strips, but his LEFT TIRES are PIERCED. Out of control, the truck crashes against the guard rail, grinding to a stop. Law enforcement circles the disabled pick-up and emerge from their vehicles.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
(on megaphone)
Put your hands on your head, and
slowly come out of the vehicle.

As tension mounts, the door opens and he emerges. Brooke, gun drawn, throws him against the truck, and cuffs him.

BROOKE
Jonas Rendell, you're under arrest.

Molly approaches. She eyes the passenger compartment, which is empty. Angry and demanding --

MOLLY
Where is she?! Kathy Lim. Where
the hell is she?

Rendell smiles, as if taunting: *"Wouldn't you like to know?"*

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. SDPD INTERROGATION - EVENING

Brooke sits across from a defiant Jonas Rendell.

BROOKE

If we find Kathy before you start
talking, you're looking at the Chair.
But if you tell me where she's at,
it could go a long way with the D.A...

He just smiles back at her. Offers nothing.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SDPD VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Molly observes through the two way mirror. (Note: There's also a closed circuit recording of the interrogation being broadcast in this room.) Brooke tries another approach --

BROOKE

Jonas, have you ever heard of Barbara
Harrison?

(off his look)

Barbara was the state's first female
homicide Detective. In 1978.

Under the above, the Lieutenant enters the viewing room. He holds a file. He turns his attention to the interrogation.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

... Before Barbara, if a woman wanted
to make detective, she was considered
crazy, mad, *deviant*. All words that
people will use to describe you.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

(to Molly)

The press and the Chief are breathing
down my neck and "*Smiley's*" been
mute for over an hour.

MOLLY

Give her time. She's trying to
connect.

BROOKE

... So in some ways, you and I aren't
all that different. And if you start
talking to me, I can help you.

He remains stone-face. The Lieutenant turns to Molly --

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

(re: file)

Got his medical records. What're you looking for?

MOLLY

(purviews file)

Chelsea was drugged with Benazepril. I'm checking for a prescription.

(then)

And here it is. He had a leaky heart valve a few years back.

As Molly reads, something else catches her attention. She grows excited. Hands the file back to the Lieutenant.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I have to go.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

Where? What are you doing?

Molly exits without an answer. Off the Lieutenant's confusion --

CUT TO:

INT. SDPD/MOLLY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The RENDELL INTERROGATION broadcasts on her MONITOR as Molly enters and crosses to her fridge. She finds "Ben's" lunch bag, from the day before. She pulls out the peanut butter and jelly sandwich. As she pries the slices of bread apart --

CUT TO:

INT. SDPD INTERROGATION - MOMENTS LATER

BROOKE

... You know, you could be a hero in all this. If Kathy's alive, you tell me where she's at, you save her life.

Finally, Jonas leans forward --

JONAS

You think I'm an idiot? I tell you where she's at -- you're the hero. Lady, that ain't gonna happen.

As he stares her down, Molly enters with two cups of coffee. Brooke looks up at her, unsure why she's entered --

BROOKE

Detective Collins --

MOLLY

(offers)

Coffee. It's gonna be a long night.

Molly hands each of them a cup. Jonas takes a sip, then another. A small smile creeps over Molly's face as she begins to pace. She addresses Jonas --

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Too bad you didn't cooperate with my partner. She's the nice one. She tells good stories. She follows the rules. Not me. I'm older. I got less *time*.

Brooke is unsure of Molly's tactic.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You ever think about time, Jonas? Just last night, someone was talking to me about *losing time*. Sounds terrible, right? *Losing time*.

(off his look)

Anyway, I was in the other room, watching my partner talk to you --

As she paces, she deliberately brushes her leg against the outlet, which connects to the closed circuit camera cord, disconnecting it. As she does, she looks directly at the two-way mirror. Follow her POV --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- To the Lieutenant. As the CAMERA is unplugged, the MONITOR goes dark. The Lieutenant's confused but trusts Molly.

MOLLY

-- And I started thinking, maybe I can help speed things along. Save us all some time.

Jonas suddenly gags loudly, as if something is caught deep in his throat. He tries to clear it.

JONAS

I need some water.

MOLLY

You got coffee.

Jonas takes another sip. Gasps again.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

It's good, right?

Jonas gasps for air.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Used my secret ingredient, a spoonful
of peanut butter.

Jonas eyes go wide.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Oh, right... I read your medical
records, and in big red letters, it
says you have a "severe allergy to
peanuts." Even the smallest amount
will constrict your airway.

Jonas eyes Brooke and Molly catches it. Molly reaches into
her pocket and takes out an epi-pen.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm all you got. And without
an injection of adrenaline, you're
gonna die.

Jonas lunges at Molly, but he's cuffed to the chair, which
is fixed to the floor.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Tell me where you hid Kathy or don't.
Either way, it's a win-win.

Again, he eyes Brooke for support. But Brooke jumps on board
with Molly.

BROOKE

Tick tock.

Brooke slides the pad and paper toward him. A beat. Finally,
he grips the pen and starts writing. Off Molly's relief --

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH COUNTY - NIGHT

Molly, Brooke, the Lieutenant (all with MAG LIGHTS) and dozens
of law enforcement personnel sweep across a forested patch
of land high above the Pacific. Helicopters, with flood
lights, circle above.

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ

... There are thirteen miles of
unmarked, underground bunkers -- was
he anymore specific?

MOLLY

North-East quadrant. That's all he
wrote.

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 (to Lieutenant)
 Loo, we cool with how I...?

LIEUTENANT ENRIQUEZ
 Remind me to tape down the camera
 cord so no one trips. It's a hazard.
 (off Molly's smile)
 You know, the Feds spent a fortune
 building these bunkers during World
 War II and now won't give the city a
 dime to secure 'em. Last month, we
 found an underground meth lab less
 than a mile from here.

Brooke's Mag light has picked up something. She races several
 yards ahead. Her light reveals --

BROOKE
 The underbrush has been cut.

With help from Molly and the Lieutenant, she quickly clears
 the disarticulated shrubbery. Finally, they find what they're
 looking for: a latch to a door, in the dirt. It's PADLOCKED.

MOLLY
 Stand back.

Molly unholsters her gun. She calls out --

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 Friendly fire!

As Molly screams out "friendly fire," the nearby officers
 repeat the line -- letting all the law enforcement know that
 it's "friendly fire" and they're not under attack.

Molly SHOOTS her gun and the pad lock BLOWS APART. Molly
 pulls open the latch to reveal stairs leading down into
 darkness. With Brooke, she descends. Mag lights reveal a
 trove of trash -- old beer cans, cigarette butts, broken
 bottles, a shopping cart, food wrappers, etc...

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 Kathy!

BROOKE
 Kathy!

No response and no sign of the victim. Then, they hear a
 muffled cry and follow the sounds with their Mag Lights,
 which fall on Kathy -- bound and gagged. They race to her.
 Molly removes the gag. And Brooke unties the binds.

MOLLY
 You're safe, now. You're safe.

Tears stream down Kathy's face. As she falls into Molly's arms, Molly and Brooke share a silent moment of victory.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLINS' HOME - NIGHT

Molly pulls into the driveway. As she walks toward the house, Gavin exits their front door. She brightens, hoping he's come out to greet her --

MOLLY

Hey.

GAVIN

Hi.

MOLLY

It's late...
(hopeful)
You waiting up for me?

GAVIN

(hesitates, then)
Molly, I've been thinking. What's best for us, and the kids, is for you to move out.

MOLLY

What!?

GAVIN

(angry)
You talked to Loo about us.

MOLLY

So what?

GAVIN

You asked him to intervene.

MOLLY

I'm trying to save our marriage.

GAVIN

You worked him, to get to me.

MOLLY

It's not like that.

GAVIN

I don't have a job, right now. I can take care of the kids. It's past midnight and you're just getting home.

MOLLY

You can't do this to me, to our family. Let me in and we'll talk --

GAVIN

I'm not doing this to hurt you. I just think it's best to make a clean break.

MOLLY

(raising her voice)

I won't leave our kids, you know that.

BEN (O.S.)

What's going on?

They turn to see both Ben and Lisa, in the doorway. As Molly crosses to them --

MOLLY

Did we wake you up, Sweetie?

BEN

Why're you yelling?

Molly gets down to Ben's level --

MOLLY

We're just talking. Go back to sleep, okay?

GAVIN

Mommy has to go away for a few days.

Molly shoots him a look.

BEN

Who's going to make lunch? Cuz I don't like PB&J.

LISA

Me either.

Molly backs away from the kids and whispers to her husband.

MOLLY

I don't want to fight in front of the kids.

GAVIN

(defiant)

Then don't.

Out of options, Molly crosses back to Ben and Lisa --

MOLLY
 (holds back tears)
 Aunt Brooke needs me, but I'll be
 back, real soon. Listen to your
 dad, okay?
 (off their nods)
 Who loves you more than the whole
 world?

BEN/LISA
 You do!

MOLLY
 That's right. Come here.

Molly kisses her children. Then, she sidles up to Gavin.
 In a hushed, controlled voice --

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 I won't fight in front of them, but
 I will fight. And you will lose.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Brooke sits on her sofa drinking a glass of grape juice.
 She crosses to a drawer and pulls out the engagement ring.
 She puts it on her finger, and smiles.

S/FX -- KNOCK at the door.

Brooke eyes the peephole and opens the door to reveal Molly,
 with a bottle of champagne.

MOLLY
 (meekly)
 Surprise.

BROOKE
 What are you doing here?

MOLLY
 (blurts it all out)
 I should've jumped up and down.
 Thrown confetti. Andrew isn't Gavin.
 My relationship isn't yours. I want
 you guys to be crazy, silly, happy.
 And --
 (a breath)
 I want to help you register.

BROOKE
 (smiles)
 Thank you.

Brooke takes the champagne. For the first time, their roles
 reverse and Brooke "mothers" Molly. A beat, then --

MOLLY

Gavin said "no way" to therapy.
 (choked up)
 And he kinda kicked me out.

BROOKE

(dread)
 Oh --

Then, Molly finally lets it all out --

MOLLY

He stopped asking about my day.
 Hardly looked at me when I came home
 from a shift. And don't get me
 started on our sex life. But I still
 believed everything would be okay.
 (a beat, then)
 I gotta figure out what I'm gonna
 do.

BROOKE

We can figure it out together, but
 not tonight.
 (smiles; gets an idea)
 You still have that guitar in your
 trunk? The one you bought for him?

Off Molly's look --

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKE'S TOWNHOUSE/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

TIGHT on the GUITAR, which is on the driveway in front of
 the town home. Brooke stands near the guitar. Molly is
 behind the wheel of her car. She calls out of her window.

MOLLY

You really think I should do this?

BROOKE

Can you get your money back?

MOLLY

No returns.

BROOKE

Gun it!

Molly drives full speed ahead. She runs over the guitar
 with a SMASH! Then, she stops the car and, with Brooke, she
 inspects the heap of splintered wood and wire.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Feel any better?

MOLLY

I don't feel worse.

(tries to make light)

Hey, one marriage ends, another begins, right? There's balance in the universe.

BROOKE

(plays along)

That could be Newton's Second Law...
The Conservation of Energy and
Matrimony.

Molly smiles. Brooke puts her arm around Molly's shoulder.
And as they head back toward the front door --

BROOKE (CONT'D)

How about a drink?

MOLLY

Just one?

BROOKE

It's a start.

Then, Molly turns back toward the decimated guitar. The
"mother" in her can't help but say --

MOLLY

Wait. I should really go clean that
up.

BROOKE

Why? Tomorrow, we're settin' it on
fire.

Molly musters a laugh, and as they disappear inside, we SLOWLY --

FADE OUT:

THE END