Cassie reaches the gate.

CASSIE
Doug?

She ducks under. Sees Nora. Cal. Medical equipment. Then Doug.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
What the hell did you do?

Doug almost smiles. Familiar territory.

DOUG
Nothing.

Cassie looks around.

CASSIE
Then why am I in a group called "Doug the Asshole" at two in the morning?

DOUG
It's not two.

CASSIE
Doug.

DOUG
I panicked.

CASSIE
You panicked?

That actually worries her.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

Doug doesn't answer. Nora does.

NORA
We're trying to figure that out.

Cassie looks at Doug.

CASSIE
You high?

Doug points immediately toward the back.

DOUG
Deke gave it to me.

Nora looks at Cal. Jesus. Doug will apparently throw Deke under as many buses as necessary.

CASSIE
Deke?

DOUG
Yes, Deke.

CASSIE
You're a fucking idiot.

DOUG
That's helping.

Another set of HEADLIGHTS crosses the front. Doug sees them. His expression changes again. Cassie turns. Through the gate-- BRANDI crosses the parking lot toward them. Doug barely breathes--

DOUG (CONT'D)
She's here.

Cassie looks. Sees Brandi.

CASSIE
Oh, you motherfucker.

DOUG
Cass--

Cassie hears that. Steps toward the gate.

MIKE
Cass.

CASSIE
I'm not going back there.

Mike studies her. Lifts the gate just enough.

MIKE
Front only. Don't touch anything.

INT. VACANT SUITE - FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Cassie ducks under. The body is completely hidden around the dogleg.

All she gets is Doug's little life: floor mattress, cheap dresser, a rinsed takeout tray drying on a paper towel.

She straightens the pillow without thinking, then stops when she realizes.

CASSIE
He's rinsing dishes now.

Almost a laugh. Her eyes move around the room.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Twenty-two years.

A beat.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
I don't know a single thing in this room.

Nora has nothing useful to give her. Cassie looks toward the back.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Who else did he text?

Nora looks through the gate.

NORA
Everybody, apparently.

EXT. PRAIRIE RIDGE PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Cassie comes out. Nora and Cal follow. Brandi looks at Nora.

CASSIE
He's dead.

Not a question. Nora nods. Brandi turns away. Covers her mouth. Ray looks back toward his pickup. Engine still warm.

RAY
He texted me a couple hours ago.
Tammy, still in the coat she threw over her nightgown, stands beside her SUV:

TAMMY
Me too.

Mike looks around.

MIKE
Everybody here get a text from Doug?

A few hands. More nods. Across the lot, a car arrives with its hazards still blinking. A man holds an infant carrier he never meant to bring here. Nobody is proud of having come.

Cassie spots Brandi lingering at the edge of the group.

CASSIE
Brandi.

BRANDI
I didn't come here for this.

CASSIE

Why'd you come?

BRANDI
He owes me money.

CASSIE
Get in line.

BRANDI
I almost didn't come. We lost connection a while ago.

Nora's eyes lift. Across the lot, Cal heard it too. They look at each other. Cassie hasn't noticed.

CASSIE
That's one way to say it.

Brandi laughs. Cassie joins her before either can stop. For half a second, they're on the same side.