

DON'T LOOK BEHIND YOU

Written by

J.W. Wagner & Robert Lind

Inspired by the Largest  
Haunting in American History

Agency for the Performing Arts (APA)  
Ryan Levee  
(310) 888 - 4200  
rlevee@apa-agency.com

Madhouse Entertainment  
Kendrick Tan  
(310) 587 - 2200  
kendrick@madhouseent.net

Lev Ginsburg, Esq.  
(310) 274 - 3210  
lginsburg@gd-llp.com

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT**

A quaint tree-lined street.

An upper-middle class suburban home with a red door.

Silence.

Beat.

The front door. The doorknob begins shaking, twisting left and right.

It shakes more. Violently.

It opens.

It slams shut.

Beat.

Pounding. The door shakes.

It stops.

A high-pitched scream, quickly cutting out.

Silence.

Another scream deeper in the house.

Glass shatters.

A third scream. Prolonged and ear shattering.

It stops.

Silence abounds.

Holding on the house...

After a long, tense beat, gradually distant sirens can be heard.

CUT TO:

**SLIDE SHOW**

A grainy photo of DEAD WOMAN'S FACE (40s) in a foyer, glass shards protruding from it.

-- CLICK.

A BOY (10) on a bed, his neck slit open.

-- CLICK.

TWO CHILDREN (7 & 8) lying side by side in a bedroom, hacked up, blood pooled around them.

-- CLICK.

A MAN (40s), in a blood covered bathroom, hangs from a rope, attached to the shower curtain rod, tied around his neck.

CUT TO:

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

Pulling back from the image on a large screen, the lights snap on.

The packed courtroom remains silent.

Spectators in the gallery look on, awe-struck and shocked.

Behind the bench, the JUDGE lowers his eyes.

Someone coughs.

A few members of the JURY cry, others remain stern.

A LAWYER (40s), facing the jury, lowers the remote in her hand.

Beat.

LAWYER

As made clear by these images,  
things deteriorated quickly at the  
Johnson house.

The Lawyer turns from the jury and eyes the witness stand.

SARAH LEWIS (30s), weary yet fresh-faced, sits on the witness stand next to the screen, unable to look at the screen.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Isn't that correct, Ms. Lewis?

VOICE (O.S.)

-- Objection.

JUDGE (O.S.)

-- Overruled.

SARAH  
Every case is... complex.

LAWYER  
Complexity can certainly play a part, but this case, according to the experts we've already heard from, was considered fairly straightforward.

SARAH  
Everybody has an opinion.

LAWYER  
Right. Whether complex or straightforward, isn't it your job to navigate the case and preserve the lives of those involved, void of all distraction?

SARAH  
Yes, well --

LAWYER  
-- And in failing to do so lead to the deaths of every member of the Johnson family.

VOICE (O.S.)  
-- Objection, speculative.

JUDGE (O.S.)  
-- Sustained.

LAWYER  
Ms. Lewis, for the majority of time in which you worked with the Johnsons, things reportedly were going very well. Is that right?

SARAH  
Yes.

LAWYER  
And in your last written report before the incident, you concluded that, quote, the Johnsons are making excellent through roads but I recommend two more months of weekly check-ins at minimum, unquote.

Sarah, growing more weary.

SARAH

Yes.

LAWYER

But something changed. An internal investigation concluded that, a month before the Johnsons' deaths, you stopped visiting the family.

Sarah glares at the Lawyer.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Your daughter, Lacey. She died around the same time, is that correct?

SARAH

... Yes.

LAWYER

Around the same time your visits with the Johnsons stopped, correct?

SARAH

Yes.

LAWYER

Her death must have been quite the distraction, wasn't it?

VOICE (O.S.)

-- Objection.

JUDGE (O.S.)

-- Overruled.

Beat.

LAWYER

Ms. Lewis?

SARAH

... Yes.

The Lawyer turns to the Jury.

LAWYER

Negligence. Not witch craft. Not internal strife. Negligence led to the untimely deaths of the Johnson family. A straightforward case marred by one Child Services agent's lack of attention due to her own distractions.

(MORE)

LAWYER (CONT'D)

A situation that could have been remedied by her or by an Agency appointed replacement. But it was not. And of the gruesome outcome, you've all borne witness... The prosecution rests.

The Lawyer turns from the jury back to her table, as Sarah watches, trying to remain strong, her eyes welling...

**EXT. CHILD SERVICES BUILDING - MORNING**

A cruiser labeled "GARY POLICE" drives past the weather worn, brick building.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

PRE-LAP: A distant office phone rings.

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, SARAH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Sarah, tired behind the eyes, blankly looks over the case file of a young African-American girl of about nine.

As she continues, she fiddles with the BRIGHT BLUE NECKLACE around her neck.

-- A knock.

Sarah looks up to see her boss, ED KINGSLEY (50s), standing in the doorway, a file in hand.

ED

Henderson just placed them in rooms one-oh-one and one-oh-two... You alright?

Sarah smiles and nods.

ED (CONT'D)

Good...

Approaching, Ed holds out the file.

ED (CONT'D)

... Here's a copy of the older brother's interview for reference.

Sarah takes the file, opens it, and briefly looks it over.

Ed remains, eyeing her sitting at the simple, cheap desk in her claustrophobic, disheveled office.

His eyes lower.

ED (CONT'D)  
She's in one-oh-two.

Ed turns as Sarah looks up, watching him leave.

Sarah glances at the image of the girl attached to her file.

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Sarah, file and clipboard in hand, reaches interview room 102.

She puts her hand on the knob, takes a deep breath, and enters...

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, INTERVIEW ROOM 102 - CONTINUOUS**

A bright welcoming room containing assorted children's toys.

Sarah enters to see BREYANN WALKER (9), the girl from the file, sitting at a small wooden table, covered in coloring books.

SARAH  
Good to see you, Breyann.

Breyann remains silent, eyeing the books, as Sarah approaches.

Reaching the table, Sarah sits, meticulously placing her clipboard and Breyann's file before her.

Finished, she looks up, smiling.

A moment as Sarah examines Breyann still looking down.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
So... how's it been?

Silence.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
... Marcus says the foster family  
treated you well. Is that true?

Breyann turns and stares out the adjacent window.

Sarah, examining, jots something down on her clipboard.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Having your brothers is great, but  
I imagine it must have been hard  
without your mother...

Looking up:

SARAH (CONT'D)  
... You must be excited.

Breyann turns from the window and stares at Sarah.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Marcus says she played a lot of  
games with you, is that right?

After a moment, Breyann nods her head "yes".

Sarah smiles.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
That's fun. I still remember the  
games I played with my mother as a  
girl.

A slight smile forms on Breyann's face.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Were you playing games that night?

Again, Breyann nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
But then your father came home.

Breyann, her smile fading, forlornly nods.

Sarah eyes her, concerned.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Were you scared?

Breyann stares at her.

She nods.

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, HALLWAY - LATER**

Exiting the interview room, Breyann immediately heads for  
MARCUS WALKER (14), smiling, and takes his hand.

Sarah leans against the interview room doorway, watching.

Accompanied by a WORKER, Marcus and Breyann head down the hallway as, in tow, JAMIE WALKER (7) seemingly talks to himself, jovial.

Ed approaches. Sarah notices.

SARAH  
Still said nothing.

ED  
Would you -- take a look at this?

Sarah looks as Ed holds out a piece of construction paper.

ED (CONT'D)  
The youngest one drew it.

Sarah takes the sheet.

On it: an image of Jamie, Breyann, and Marcus, along with a third boy, all labeled with their names.

Sarah motions to the third boy, labeled "Jigs":

SARAH  
Who's this?

ED  
His friend, apparently. Said he was  
in the room with us.

Sarah looks up and exchanges a look with Ed, then returns her gaze to the departing children as they're greeted by...

TONYA (O.S.)  
-- My babies!

TONYA WALKER (30s) appears at the end of the hallway, her arms wide, her smile even wider, and gathers Marcus and Jamie into a big hug as Breyann hangs back a bit.

Looking to Breyann:

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Brey?

After a moment, reluctantly, Breyann moves into her mother's arms and Tonya hugs her.

Kissing them all over, she stands and corrals them towards the exit.

Ed eyes Sarah as she watches the family.

ED  
You sure you can handle this?

SARAH  
Yes. I'm ready.

ED  
You better be.

Sarah briefly glances at Ed as he turns and leaves.

Returning her attention the departing group, Sarah remains, watching, keen.

**EXT. WALKER HOME - LATE MORNING**

Birds chirp on the warm, late summer day.

A small, derelict one-story brick home.

-- The sound of rusty brakes.

Across the overgrown and yellowing front yard, Tonya's rusted out station wagon, packed with boxes, comes to a stop.

The car doors fling open...

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

Inside, a shabby pilling couch in a large furnished living room rests beneath a wide, grimy front window.

Following the blemish riddled carpet across the room, an old grandfather clock stands next to an archaic color television.

Adjacent to the clock, a large opening leads to the kitchen beside another hallway jutting off to the bedrooms.

The front door, paint chipped and weathered, opens.

Tonya, struggling to carry a large box, enters.

Pausing, she sets the box down.

TONYA  
See, it ain't so bad --

-- Marcus and Jamie burst past her:

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Hold it, you two! Come back here  
and help.

As Marcus and Jamie run off to explore the house, Tonya turns back to Breyann, timidly standing just outside the door.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Come on, baby. Someone wants to see  
you.

Breyann looks to her, unsure, then enters and Tonya leads her towards the kitchen.

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

The paint on the screen door to the backyard is peeling while the cabinets are dated and worn, and the tiled counter-tops show grime in the caulking.

Tonya enters with a smile on her face, looking...

TONYA  
-- There you are.

Heading for a corner of the kitchen, she leans down, and picks up... a tabby cat, MR. WHISKERS.

Breyann, entering, seeing, smiles wide.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
He missed you.

Mr. Whiskers meows as Breyann takes him, holding him tight.

Tonya eyes her, happy.

Breyann then turns and departs without looking back.

Watching her go, Tonya's smile slowly fades...

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - LATER**

With the sound of the kids periodically rumbling overhead, Tonya, sweaty, carries a box down the staircase.

Reaching the bottom, cobwebs cover the musty shelving that stand, lining the concrete and dirt riddled floor.

At the far end, a doorway leads into a laundry room.

Pausing, Tonya flips the light switch.

A single unlit light bulb dangles in the center of the room.

She tries the switch a few more times.

Still nothing.

Tonya moves to the already occupied shelves just past the staircase and stretches to set the box on the top shelf.

Setting down the box, she feels something.

A curious look on her face, she pulls back her arm and looks down to the item in her hand.

After a beat, she smiles.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - AT THE SAME TIME**

On the far wall opposite the two beds, a closet splits them.

Breyann sits on one of the beds, petting Mr. Whiskers as he stares intently in the direction of the closet.

-- Jamie and Marcus rush in and hop up onto the other bed, bouncing and jostling playfully.

JAMIE

-- I call this one!

MARCUS

Nice try. It's mine, get off!

JAMIE

Nuh-uh! Mama said so, it's mine!

MARCUS

-- Hey, looks who's back!

Marcus, noticing Mr. Whiskers, springs off of his bed and onto Breyann's.

His gaze unbroken, Mr. Whiskers, startled, hisses, jumps off the bed, and sprints out of the room.

JAMIE

Good job, you scared him!

Marcus, his face falling, turns to Breyann visibly upset.

MARCUS

I'm sorry, Brey. I didn't mean to --

TONYA (O.S.)

-- Sorry about what?

The children look to see Tonya in the doorway.

JAMIE  
Marcus scared Mr. Whiskers.

MARCUS  
-- I didn't mean to!

Eyeing Breyann:

TONYA  
I found something that might cheer  
you up.

Tonya holds up an OLD GLASSY-EYED DOLL.

Breyann looks at it, unsure.

Jamie bouncing:

JAMIE  
Wow, cool!

Tonya smiles, holding out the doll further.

TONYA  
Breyann?

After a moment, Breyann gets off the bed, approaches Tonya, and takes it.

As Breyann returns to her bed and begins stroking the dolls hair, Tonya smiles.

**INT. WALKER HOME, TONYA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

In a small, frilly decorated master, Tonya unpacks a box on the bed.

In it, on top of an array of old children's clothing and toys, is a framed photo of her and the children, happy.

She takes it out, looking at it for a beat.

She sets it on the bed then closes the box back up, turns, and takes the box to her closet.

As Tonya sets the box on the top shelf, she notices a small tin hidden in a corner, near the back.

She grabs it and opens the lid.

Inside, she finds a stack of photographs, the first: A faded photo of a haggard looking woman surrounded by an array of children in front of the Walkers' new house.

Tonya flips it over to see, on the back, written in pen:  
Wells Home for Orphans - 1958.

Tonya eyes it, curious.

MARCUS (O.S.)

-- Mama...

Tonya turns to see Marcus in the doorway.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

... Have you seen Mr. Whiskers?

TONYA

No baby, I haven't.

MARCUS

Breyann's upset. She's been looking  
for him everywhere.

Tonya briefly glances at the photo.

TONYA

Alright, let's go take a look.

She puts the lid on the tin and sets it on the bed.

She looks at it, unsure, before turning and approaching  
Marcus smirking.

MARCUS

Nice try with the doll.

Reaching him, she smiles and puts her arm around him.

TONYA

Come on.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jamie, alone, sits Indian style on the floor before the open  
closet.

JAMIE

Mama says we'll make new friends.

He looks into the closet, listening.

Jamie smiles.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

That could be fun...

As Marcus and Tonya pass by in the hallway, Tonya stops and pokes her head in.

TONYA  
-- Who you talking to?

Jamie looks to Tonya.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Jigs?

Jamie doesn't respond, looking back to the closet.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Well, tell him you can play later.  
Come help your sister.

He remains for a moment, then stands and heads for the door.

Tonya guides him out.

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

Tonya, moving through the kitchen, opens every cabinet, peering into each one.

TONYA  
Mr. Whiskers. Mr. Whiskers, where  
are you?

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME**

As Breyann leans up against the window, longingly looking out, Jamie pulls up the couch cushions, searching.

JAMIE  
Whiskers... Mr. Whiskers?

Leaning up, he turns to Breyann now looking at him with a sly smile, eyebrow raised.

Jamie giggles.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - AT THE SAME TIME**

Marcus shuffles through shelving in the basement, looking.

Pulling aside a few boxes:

MARCUS  
Mr. Whiskers!

He pauses, peering through the boxes at...

Behind the shelving, a boarded up CRAWL SPACE.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
... Mr. Whiskers?

He stares for a beat before turning back.

**EXT. WALKER HOME, FRONT YARD - LATER**

Breyann, her arms crossed, stands eyeing the road.

A number of cars drive past in both directions at speed.

She looks away, disheartened.

**EXT. WALKER HOME, BACKYARD - AT THE SAME TIME**

A tall fence surrounds the weed-infested lawn. Dying plants form a garden beside a rusting clothesline in the back.

Tonya stands near the back door, scanning.

TONYA  
Mr. Whiskers!

She stops, almost to herself:

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Where are you...

A moment later, Breyann appears from the side of the house.

Noticing, Tonya turns:

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Any luck?

Breyann shakes her head "no".

TONYA (CONT'D)  
He'll turn up, baby. A new house  
can be full of surprises, he's  
probably just exploring.

Breyann scans the backyard, unsure.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
How bout we play a game to take our  
mind off of it. Huh, how does that  
sound?

After a moment, Breyann smiles and nods.

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATER**

With the curtains drawn and all three children lined up, Tonya stands before them, a VELVET SACK OF MARBLES and a FLASHLIGHT in her hands.

Marcus eyes Breyann not looking too eager.

MARCUS  
I don't know, Mama.

TONYA  
You kids always loved Don't Look  
Behind You -- Isn't that right,  
Jamie?

Jamie, bouncing with excitement, nods fervently.

Smiling, Tonya spills the marbles from the sack onto the floor as Marcus turns to Breyann, softly:

MARCUS  
Okay?

Breyann, with some hesitance, nods.

TONYA  
-- Who wants to go first?

JAMIE  
Me, me, me!

TONYA  
Okay.

Tonya hands Jamie the flashlight.

As all three children turn back and face the wall, Tonya goes across the room and flips off the lights.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Go ahead, baby.

Jamie closes his eyes, smiling.

Beat.

JAMIE  
I want to play a game. I will count  
to ten before I turn around. When I  
turn around, you must freeze.  
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
You may only move when I am not  
looking. The game ends when the  
light comes or when you touch my  
right shoulder.

Joyous, eager energy flowing through him:

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
One. Two. Three...

Slowly, Tonya begins walking towards him, shuffling the  
marbles.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
... Four. Five. Six...

Tonya reaches him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
... Seven --

-- Tonya grabs his right shoulder.

-- Jamie squeals.

-- Marcus and Breyann scream, and, with everyone swinging  
around, Jamie turns on the flashlight, looking, the light  
shining on Tonya.

Beat.

They all breakout into laughter, even Breyann...

CUT TO:

**INT. WALKER HOME, FRONT DOOR - LATE DAY**

Tonya hands some bills to the PIZZA DELIVERY MAN and he  
surrenders two pizzas.

TONYA  
Thank you.

As the Delivery Man departs, Tonya turns back.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Pizza's here!

Gleeful excitement erupts in the kitchen as Tonya heads that  
way.

**INT. WALKER HOME, KITCHEN - LATER**

With the pizza boxes set before them, the entire family sits around the table, eating, happy.

Tonya pauses and looks her children over, content...

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

As Marcus and Jamie lie on opposite sides of their bed, with Jamie eyeing it, Breyann clutches the glassy-eyed doll, looking up at Tonya, who sits on the edge of her bed.

TONYA

You know Mama loves you, right?

Tonya glances at the two boys.

TONYA (CONT'D)

All of you. You know that, right?

Marcus and Jamie nod.

Tonya smiles and returns her attention to Breyann.

After a beat.

TONYA (CONT'D)

Brey... Talk to me...

Breyann, staring at her Mother, clutches the doll tighter.

Gazing at Breyann, Tonya holds back tears.

She forces a smile.

She then gets up and heads for the door.

At it, she stops, glancing back:

TONYA (CONT'D)

... Sleep tight, babies.

She turns and exits the room, closing the door as she goes.

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT**

With the grandfather clock's pendulum swinging, the ticking sounds throughout the house.

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

Empty pizza boxes remain on the table as dirty dishes stack up in the sink.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The closet door slightly ajar, the children sleep, quiet, calm, with Breyann clutching the glassy-eyed doll.

**INT. WALKER HOME, TONYA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

As a DARK SHADOW seemingly growing in the corner of her room, Tonya, undisturbed, sleeps soundly in her bed.

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

The clock's pendulum -- STOPS, AT FORTY FIVE DEGREES.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The door to the closet remains slightly ajar.

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

After a moment, the basement door begins rattling.

-- Scratching.

The scratching continues. Increasing.

The rattle turns into a violent shake...

-- It stops.

Silence.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

... THE CLOSET DOOR SLOWLY CREAKS OPEN.

Beat.

-- FAINT GIGGLES CREEP OUT.

Breyann, shivering, pulls her covers tight.

She begins to stir. MORE GIGGLES.

Breyann tosses over, mumbling.

-- GIGGLES.

Tossing and turning, Breyann -- SPRINGS UP, awake.

Startled, she looks to the boys' bed.

Marcus and Jamie continue to sleep soundly.

Breyann looks from them, scanning the room, confused, and eyes the closet door, ONCE AGAIN SLIGHTLY AJAR.

Looking down, Breyann, her eyes widening with fear, stares at...

Before the closet, set upright on the floor, THE GLASSY-EYED DOLL, its eyes peering at her.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING**

An old two-story apartment building on the outskirts of Gary.

**INT. SARAH'S BATHROOM - MORNING**

Dressed in pajamas, Sarah stands at a sink, washing her face.

Finished, she looks up at herself in the mirror.

She fondles the bright blue necklace around her neck...

Breaking her gaze, she turns back and exits the room.

**INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

As Sarah quickly moves out of her bedroom, resting atop a dresser near the door is a framed photo of a smiling little girl, LACEY (7), wearing the BRIGHT BLUE NECKLACE.

**INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Moving through her genteel but well decorated living room, Sarah makes her way past an overstuffed couch and through a large opening into the kitchen.

**INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Entering, before her, on the table is her Ragdoll cat, BARON.

He meows at her. She smiles:

SARAH  
I know, I know.

He watches as Sarah moves past him, goes into a cabinet, and takes out a tin of wet cat food and a plate.

Turning back to Baron, Sarah opens and empties the tin onto the plate.

She sets the plate on the table before him.

He digs in eagerly.

She smiles.

Beat.

Her expression changing, she looks to the wall past the table.

Covering it: Reports, family photos, crime scene photos, court documents, all regarding the Johnson case.

Sarah approaches and stands before it.

After a beat, with a breathy sigh, Sarah moves forward and begins taking everything down.

#### **INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN - LATER**

On the stove, steam oozes out of the quiet tea kettle.

Sarah stands before the now blank wall.

After a beat, she looks down to a picture in her hand.

Looking from it, she moves forward and tacks it on the wall.

Stepping back, she picks up a mug from the table beside her.

Eyes locked on the image, Sarah takes a sip of her tea.

The photo: Tonya, Marcus, Breyann, Jamie, and RONALD WALKER (40s), all smiling.

#### **INT. WALKER HOME, BEDROOM HALLWAY - DAY**

Tonya, sweaty, emerges from her bedroom, sidestepping a few boxes, and makes her way down the hallway towards the kitchen.

As she passes the bathroom, Marcus pops his head out.

MARCUS  
-- Mama, the sink's not working.

Tonya stops and, passing Marcus, enters:

TONYA  
What's going on?

**INT. WALKER HOME, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

MARCUS  
-- Look.

Marcus turns on the faucet.

It sputters, shaking violently.

Tonya watches as, after a moment, the water runs brown.

With a sigh, she puts her arm around Marcus.

TONYA  
It ain't ever easy, huh.

He looks up at her and shrugs.

Tonya smiles and he makes to exit.

**EXT. WALKER HOME, BACKYARD - AT THE SAME TIME**

Birds chirp as a slight wind blows through.

Breyann, alone by the clothesline, looks back at the house.

After a moment, she looks back down at the glassy-eyed doll in her hands.

Beat.

Breyann -- throws the doll deep into a patch of shrubby bushes by the back fence.

She holds, eyeing the bushes...

-- The back door screeches open.

MARCUS (O.S.)  
-- Brey...

Breyann turns back to see Marcus standing in the doorway.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
... Everything okay?

A smile forms on Breyann's face and she nods.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Come get some lunch.

He turns and heads back inside.

Breyann follows, glancing back at the bushes as she goes.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BATHROOM - LATER**

Find Tonya lying underneath the sink, a small tool box at her side, rooting around.

After a moment, she stands and wipes sweat from her brow.

She turns on the faucet.

It runs clear.

**INT. WALKER HOME, TONYA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Tonya gets dressed in a powder blue, one-piece factory uniform as the kids play loudly somewhere outside.

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

Entering, Tonya joins Marcus at the back door watching his siblings outside.

TONYA  
Sink's fixed... How is she?

MARCUS  
She's still worried, but Jamie's keeping her distracted.

TONYA  
He'll turn up.

Beat.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
I'll be at work till about eight.  
Keep an eye on her. -- And don't let Jamie make a mess.

MARCUS

Okay.

TONYA

Alright well, be good. You know I appreciate your help, right?

Marcus smiles at her.

MARCUS

I know.

Tonya smiles back, leans down and smothers him with kisses.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

-- Alright, alright, cut it out.

She straightens.

TONYA

Dinner's in the fridge.

She turns and makes to leave.

MARCUS

-- I'm glad to have you back, Mama.

Tonya turns back.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

We all are.

She smiles.

TONYA

... Me too, baby.

After a moment, she departs.

**EXT. WALKER HOME, STREET - CONTINUOUS**

From across the street, Tonya exits the front door and heads for her car.

As she enters her station wagon, parked across the street in her archaic sedan, Sarah sits, watching.

As Tonya's station wagon begins driving off, Sarah glances briefly at the house before looking forward and pulling away.

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATE DAY**

Marcus and Breyann sit on the floor before the television, watching cartoons.

Breyann smiles as one of the characters does something silly.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - AT THE SAME TIME**

Jamie sits Indian style before the open closet door.

Dejectedly plucking at the carpet:

JAMIE

I'm okay...

He looks into the closet:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

No. I just...

Jamie returns to plucking the carpet.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

...You think Mama will kill us too?

Jamie -- looks up. A smile on his face:

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Really? But what about Marcus and Breyann?

Jamie listens, his smile widening.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Okay.

Jamie gets to his feet and WALKS INTO THE DARK CLOSET.

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

Marcus and Breyann continue watching television.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The room remains empty. The closet door open.

An eerie silence engulfs the room.

Beat.

-- A creak.

Jamie, holding the GLASSY-EYED DOLL, emerges from the closet.

Looking at it, he smiles then moves to exit the room.

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

As light from the television dances across Marcus and Breyann, Jamie passes by, entering the kitchen.

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

Jamie, still holding the doll, goes to the basement door.

He eyes it for a moment.

Reaching, he opens it then enters.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Jamie descends the staircase into the dark basement.

Coming to the base of the stairs, he heads for a shelf and sets the doll on it.

He then, reaching, retrieves an OLD SHOEBOX.

Opening it, he takes out the velvet sack and flashlight.

Glancing at the doll, he smiles and sets the shoebox down and heads for the center of the room.

Once there, he spills the marbles onto the floor then approaches the far wall.

He eyes the doll for a beat, its glassy eyes ever staring.

With a grin, he turns to face the wall, closing his eyes:

JAMIE

I want to play a game. I will count  
to ten before I turn around. When I  
turn around, you must freeze. You  
may only move when I am not  
looking. The game ends when the  
light comes or when you touch my  
right shoulder.

Beat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
One. Two. Three. Four. Five...

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

Hearing Jamie's distant voice, Marcus and Breyann break their gaze from the television and look at each other.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

As Jamie continues to count, he shakes with excitement.

JAMIE  
... Six. Seven. Eight. Nine --

-- A marble rattles.

-- Jamie turns on the flashlight.

He swings around. Looking. Excited yet mildly frightened.

He stops, holding the flashlight still.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
... Mary?

Before him, on the shelf, THE DOLL IS GONE.

He heads over to it.

He looks over the boxes, scanning with the flashlight.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Mary?

As he continues to look, Jamie sees...

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
-- There you are!

Fallen back behind the shelf, the doll lies on a box.

With glee, Jamie picks the doll up.

-- Shuffling marbles.

Jamie whips around to face the center of the room.

Beat.

A BROAD, TOOTHLESS GRIN FORMS ON JAMIE'S FACE.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Hi. I'm Jamie. Who are you?

Beat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Do you want to play, too?

In the center of the room, surrounded by a circle of marbles, a weathered FACELESS ROBOT ACTION FIGURE sits facing Jamie...

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Tonya, her work uniform greasy and soot-covered, enters through the front door.

Turning to close and lock the door, she exhales deeply.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

With the door open a crack, Tonya peers in.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Inside, the children all sleep soundly in their beds with Jamie holding the action figure.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BEDROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Relieved, Tonya smiles and quietly closes the door...

**INT. WALKER HOME, KITCHEN - LATER**

Apart from a soft steady ticking, the house is deathly quiet.

The basement door remains engulfed in darkness.

-- The lights flip on as Tonya, freshened up, enters.

Dressed in nightwear, she carries her work uniform, a flashlight in her other hand, and opens the basement door.

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

The grandfather clock's pendulum swings freely, ticking, as through the adjacent opening, Tonya enters the stairwell.

**INT. WALKER HOME, LAUNDRY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

A dim bulb illuminates the laundry room.

Tonya loads her clothing into the washing machine and pours in some detergent.

She closes the washing machine door and makes to turn it on -- She stops.

Beat.

She turns back, peering through the doorway into the dark basement.

-- The sound of whistling wind.

Tonya perks up, cocking her head.

She grabs the flashlight and moves to head into the main basement space.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

A DARK SHADOW in the corner of the room, growing larger and larger, the flashlight lit, as Tonya enters further, scanning, the sound increases.

She notices it coming from behind the shelves.

Cautiously, curiously, she continues towards it.

The whistling intensifies.

Getting on her haunches, Tonya pushes her way through boxes past the shelving, in search of the source.

CUT TO:

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME**

The pendulum -- STOPS AT FORTY-FIVE DEGREES.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

As the children sleep, tranquil, the door to the closet begins to slowly creak open.

-- GIGGLES SOFTLY OOZE OUT.

Breyann tosses and turns.

MORE GIGGLES.

Awakened, turning over, Breyann, opening her eyes...

-- Her eyes widen, the color leaving her face, to see...

-- The closet door fully open, THE GLASSY-EYED DOLL SITTING INSIDE, STARING OUT.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - AT THE SAME TIME**

Past the shelving, Tonya discovers boards, once covering the crawl space, lying discarded before it.

She eyes them, then lowers further and peers in, shining the flashlight into the space.

-- The whistling stops.

-- Tonya, gasping, jumps back, her eyes widened in terror, as the flashlight catches...

-- MR. WHISKERS, GUTTED AND QUARTERED, LYING DEAD INSIDE.

-- A DEATHLY HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM RINGS OUT FROM UPSTAIRS.

Shock already engulfing her face, Tonya reels in the direction of the noise.

CUT TO:

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Tonya, frantic -- bursts into the children's bedroom to find Marcus holding Breyann, no longer screaming but breathing heavily with seemingly FRESH SCRATCH MARKS on her face and Jamie on the other bed staring at the closet.

Tonya rushes over to Breyann:

TONYA

Baby! Baby, what happened?

Breyann remains silent, catatonic, as Tonya reaches her.

TONYA (CONT'D)

Brey, baby?

After a moment, Breyann, trembling, eyes-widening, points past the edge of the bed towards the SLIGHTLY AJAR CLOSET.

Turning, Tonya looks.

Quickly, she gets up, goes to the closet, and pulls it open.

Peers in.

Beat.

Before her, in the closet, is... NOTHING.

Turning back to Breyann, tenderly:

TONYA (CONT'D)  
It was just a bad dream.

Breyann, eyes still fixed, doesn't seem so sure.

Tonya returns to Breyann's bed and gets on, wrapping her arms around Marcus and Breyann, rocking them:

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. Mama's here. Mama's  
got you. It's okay. We're okay...

Jamie remains, his blank gaze locked on the closet.

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

The pendulum swings again.

**EXT. WALKER HOME - MORNING**

Birds chirp as the wind rustles the late summer leaves.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - MORNING**

A fresh light bulb comes to life as Tonya screws it in.

She descends the short, three rung step ladder and moves to return the ladder to its place.

Setting it down, she looks towards...

-- The crawl space, fresh boards nailed in place.

She stares at it, wary...

SARAH (PRE-LAP)  
So, tell me how it's going...

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING**

Find Sarah, wearing her bright blue necklace, sitting across the table from Marcus.

SARAH  
... Are you liking the new house?

Marcus stares off out the window.

MARCUS  
I like the yard.

Sarah jots something down on her clipboard.

SARAH  
That's good.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING**

Across from Sarah, Jamie bounces in his chair, peering around.

JAMIE  
We've been making friends, too!  
Danny. He's really cool.

SARAH  
That's good. And how are things  
with mom?

CUT TO:

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING**

Before Sarah, Breyann, with dark circles under her eyes, fidgets with crayons on a coloring book.

SARAH  
Everything okay?

Breyann breaks her gaze and looks out the window, fidgeting, covering her arms.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
You know, you remind me of my  
daughter. She was shy, too.

Breyann glances at Sarah, calming slightly.

Softly:

SARAH (CONT'D)  
It can help to talk things out.

Breyann look back out the window, silent.

Breaking her gaze, Sarah marks down a note.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING**

Across from Jamie, Sarah stares at him, hesitant.

SARAH  
Jamie... I want to talk to you  
about your sister.

Jamie, still distracted, glances around the room.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
How's she doing with your mom?

JAMIE  
We're not suppose to talk about  
that.

SARAH  
Did mom tell you that?

JAMIE  
No. Danny.

Sarah eyes Jamie, unsure.

SARAH  
Who's Danny?

CUT TO:

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING**

Marcus's eyes lower.

MARCUS  
That's Jamie's friend.

SARAH  
Where did they meet?

CUT TO:

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING**

JAMIE  
In the basement!

Jamie, eyeing the crafts table nearby, pops up out of his chair and rushes over.

SARAH  
The basement? Your basement? What was he doing down there?

Jamie peruses the items on the table.

JAMIE  
That's where I found him. Can I have this?

Jamie turns holding a stack of construction paper.

Sarah eyes him, examining. She then forces a grin:

SARAH  
Sure.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING**

Sarah eyes Breyann still looking out the window.

SARAH  
School starts in a week, that should be fun.

Breyann still fidgeting, shrugs.

She remains silent as Sarah looks at her, waiting.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Have you been making friends?

Breyann stops fidgeting and turns from the window, looking directly at Sarah, blank.

Sarah noticing:

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Jamie was telling me about Danny. Do you see him too?

Breyann looks away, again fidgeting.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
He also mentioned a Mary.

Breyann fidgets with the crayon quicker, becoming afraid.  
Sarah notices.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Breyann? Are you okay?

Breyann fidgets more. Quicker. Her eyes darting.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Breyann?

Sarah stares at her, concerned...

Breyann, her eyes still darting, continues to fidget...

**EXT. CHILD SERVICES BUILDING - DAY**

Sarah stands outside, near the front door, watching as Tonya's station wagon pulls past, departing.

As it drive past, Breyann eyes Sarah from the backseat.

Sarah watches apprehensively, toying with her necklace.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Tonya sits upright in Breyann's bed, closely surrounded by all three children as she reads from a book:

TONYA  
... All the other houses in the street were so new and so neat, with large window panes and smooth walls, one could easily see that they would have nothing to do with the old house: they certainly thought, "How long is that old decayed thing to stand here as a spectacle in the street? And then the projecting windows stand --

-- The sound of glass breaking from somewhere within the house.

Tonya, pausing, along with the children, looks up towards the doorway.

After a beat, Tonya gets off the bed and moves to exit the room.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
I'll be right back.

She pauses, glancing back to the kids:

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Stay here.

And exits the room.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BEDROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Tonya, looking, cautiously makes her way down the hallway, headed towards...

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

The window over the sink open, Tonya enters, looking...

Before her, a glass lies shattered on the floor next to the table.

Noticing the open window, she lets out a sigh of relief.

She approaches it and closes it shut.

Turning back, she goes over to the glass shards and begins cleaning them up...

-- The basement door rattles.

-- Tonya jumps.

It continues to rattle, wind whistling through the cracks.

Standing, Tonya takes a step back, watching, apprehensive.

-- The rattling and whistling stops.

Tonya stares, uncertain.

JAMIE (O.S.)  
-- Mama?

-- Tonya reeling, quickly turns to see her three children standing in the entrance of the kitchen.

TONYA  
... It was just the wind, baby.

The three children stare at her.

PRE-LAP: The distant sound of a vacuum cleaner.

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, SARAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

As the janitor passes by, vacuuming around the empty cubicles, find Sarah in her office looking over a case file.

Closing the file, she pauses a moment, thinking...

She reaches into a stack of other files and, finding the one she's looking for, pulls it.

Opening it, she thumbs through multiple witness statements before flipping them over to a crime scene photo of Ronald Walker lying dead on the ground, congealed blood pooled around him with a revolver curiously placed nearby.

**INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT**

The door opening, Sarah, carrying a file, enters and makes her way toward the kitchen.

**INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN - LATER**

Standing at the wall, Sarah finishes tacking something up.

Lowering her arm, she takes a step back and eyes it.

On it: Multiple photos and documents from the Walker case with Ronald Walker's crime scene photo at the forefront.

**INT. WALKER HOME, KITCHEN - LATE MORNING**

As Tonya, in her work uniform, stands at the sink, washing dishes, Jamie, alone, sits at the table, coloring on a piece of construction paper.

JAMIE

-- No.

Beat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Because, Mama said not today.

Tonya, hearing, glances back:

TONYA  
What won't Mama let you do?

JAMIE  
He wants to go to the park.

TONYA  
That's right. Not today.

Glancing up from his drawing:

JAMIE  
See.

Beat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
... Fine, I'll ask.

Looking to Tonya:

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Mama, will we ever go to the park.

Tonya turns off the sink, walks over, and tenderly caresses Jamie's chin:

TONYA  
Mama has to go to work today, but  
if you're good, we'll go this  
weekend. How's that sound?

Jamie smiles.

JAMIE  
Promise?

TONYA  
Pinky-swear.

She holds out her pinky and he takes it with his.

Releasing, he turns from her, glancing across the table to the faceless robot action figure before continuing to color.

Tonya eyes him queerly before checking her watch and heading to...

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

Tonya enters to find Marcus, sitting on the floor, transfixed on the old television.

TONYA

Marcus.

Marcus continues staring at the television.

TONYA (CONT'D)

-- Marcus!

Marcus looks from the television to her, blank-faced.

TONYA (CONT'D)

I have to go to work. You're in  
charge again... okay?

Marcus continues to stare.

Tonya approaches, eyebrow raised.

TONYA (CONT'D)

Everything alright?

Beat.

Marcus smiles and nods.

Tonya eyes him for a moment then checks her watch.

TONYA (CONT'D)

I shouldn't be later than nine.  
Mama loves you.

She kisses him and heads for the door, calling back:

TONYA (CONT'D)

Bye, babies!

As Tonya departs, Marcus follows her with his eyes, his smile fading.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - LATER**

Marcus enters to find Breyann, sitting on the bed, intently watching as Jamie lies on the floor, drawing on a piece of construction paper.

As Jamie continues to draw, Marcus stands, arms crossed, watching, examining Jamie's work.

A small smirk forms on his face.

On the paper: A drawing of a woman, dead.

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, SARAH'S OFFICE - DUSK**

As people pass by, leaving for the day, find Sarah in her office looking over Ronald Walker's coroner's report.

Flipping it over, she looks at multiple crime scene photos.

-- The bottom of Ronald Walker's chin, a bloody bullet hole wound in it.

-- The top of his head, showing the exit wound.

-- A blood trail.

-- Bloody footprints.

-- The gun along with, beneath it, a fingerprint card labeled TONYA WALKER.

Eyeing the report, Sarah leans back in her chair, thinking.

**EXT. WALKER HOME - NIGHT**

Tonya's station wagon pulls up outside the house, parking.

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Tonya enters through the front door.

As she closes and locks the door -- GIGGLES EMIT OUT FROM THE BASEMENT.

Tonya snaps her attention to the basement door, open a crack.

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

Entering the kitchen, Tonya goes to the basement door.

She pulls it open and peers down into the darkness below.

TONYA

Babies?

No response.

After a moment, she enters and descends.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

With light shining through the open doorway, Tonya carefully descends the creaky staircase down to the dark basement.

At the base of the stairs, she flips the light switch on.

Nothing happens.

She tries the switch a few more times to no avail.

Squinting into the darkness, softly:

TONYA

Jamie? Marcus? Breyann?

She peers forward for a beat.

-- THE SOUND OF BREATHING...

Tonya perks up, mildly frightened.

A long beat as Tonya continues to stare into the darkness.

TONYA (CONT'D)

Babies --

JAMIE

-- Boo!

Jamie, right next to Tonya, pops up, turning on the flashlight under his face.

-- Tonya yelps sharply.

The other two children emerge before her, giggling.

TONYA

Damn it! Upstairs. Now!

As the two youngest, still laughing, rush past her and romp up the stairs, Marcus remains.

MARCUS

I told them it was a bad idea.

Tonya, breathing heavily, stern:

TONYA

Get upstairs, I don't want y'all down here.

Marcus briskly makes his way upstairs.

Tonya remains in the basement, scanning, before she too turns and heads up the stairs.

As she goes, sitting on a shelf is the action figure.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - LATER**

With all three of the children now in bed, Tonya sits on the edge of the boys' bed, tucking Jamie in.

Gently:

TONYA  
What were you doing down there?

Innocent and wide-eyed as ever:

JAMIE  
Playing Don't Look Behind You with  
my friend.

TONYA  
Jigs?

JAMIE  
No. Danny.

TONYA  
I thought Jigs was your friend.

JAMIE  
Jigs is gone.

Tonya stares at him for a beat.

TONYA  
Well, tell Danny if he wants to  
play, he'll just have to come up. I  
don't want you down there, it's  
dangerous. Understand?

Jamie nods.

She glances at the other two:

TONYA (CONT'D)  
That goes for all of you. Got it?

The kids nod in unison.

Softening again, Tonya runs her hand over Jamie's forehead:

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Now get some sleep.

She stands and moves to leave, the children watching her go.

**EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING**

The cloudy sky casts intermittent shadows over the grounds.

**EXT. GRAVE SITE - MORNING**

Sarah, wearing the BLUE NECKLACE, stands before a headstone.

It reads: "Lacey Lewis February 19, 2006 - June 15, 2013"

Beneath, it reads: "Gone but never forgotten."

After a moment, FATHER BRUCE ADAMS (30s), a broad, yet mousy looking fellow, approaches.

Sensing his approach:

SARAH  
We could only afford the one line.

Reaching her:

FATHER ADAMS  
She was a girl of simple needs. It would be enough for her.

A moment of silence.

SARAH  
... I want to thank you for being so supportive. I have to admit, I surprised myself. Finding my way into a church.

FATHER ADAMS  
God works in mysterious ways.

Changing gears:

SARAH  
I have a new case. A difficult one. The father died in front of his children.

FATHER ADAMS  
How did he die?

SARAH  
Gunshot.

FATHER ADAMS  
Suicide?

SARAH  
According to the report.

Eyeing the headstone, Sarah subconsciously fingers the necklace around her neck.

Father Adams watches her.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
... The boys are showing signs of  
post traumatic stress and the  
daughter... she hasn't spoken  
since.

Noticing his gaze, she stops fidgeting.

Joining her, Father Adams looks to the headstone.

A moment:

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I see her everywhere.

FATHER ADAMS  
A year is not a long time,  
certainly for a loss this familiar.

Tenderness turning to conviction:

SARAH  
I don't know what to do.

FATHER ADAMS  
... Why don't you pray on it. God  
will guide your way.

Sarah ponders the response.

SARAH  
Right...

They turn to each other and Sarah smiles:

SARAH (CONT'D)  
... Thank you, Father Adams.

He returns the smile:

FATHER ADAMS

Of course.

After a beat, Sarah turns to leave.

As she goes, Father Adams, remaining at the grave site, watches her go.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Dressed in her powder blue work uniform, Tonya prepares Breyann and Jamie for school:

TONYA

... It's going to be great. I  
always loved my first day...

She helps Jamie put on a fresh shirt:

TONYA (CONT'D)

... You get to meet the teachers  
and make new friends --

Pulling the shirt down Jamie's right arm, she -- freezes.

Pausing a moment, looking, unsure, she rolls his sleeve up and examines his whole arm, COVERED IN BRUISES.

Jamie looks at her, BLANK.

Tonya then looks to Breyann.

She moves over to Breyann and, inspecting her, finds a similar set of BRUISES.

TONYA (CONT'D)

-- Who did this?

Breyann stares at her, BLANK.

Tonya leans back, looking between the pair.

-- A CREAK behind her. -- She whips around.

Marcus stands in the bedroom doorway.

MARCUS

Come on. It's time for school.

Briefly glancing at their mother, Jamie and Breyann turn and walk past Marcus out of the room.

Tonya locks eyes with Marcus for a moment, before he turns and follows them.

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Standing by the window, Tonya watches as the children board the school bus.

Once the bus departs -- she turns and heads for...

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Find Tonya rooting through the children's room, unsure of what she's looking for.

She gets on her hands and knees and scours under the beds.

With nothing under Breyann's, she moves to the boys' bed.

-- She freezes.

Tonya reaches under the boys' bed and pulls out...

-- The GLASSY-EYED DOLL.

Peering at the doll, her gaze breaks as she notices something more.

Reaching back under the boys' bed, Tonya retrieves a stack of colored construction paper.

On them: A series of crayon drawings of three happy children, two boys and a girl, accompanied by a dead woman due to various causes: hanging, fire, decapitation, etc. ALL LABELED "MAMA".

Tonya, shock overcoming her, looks between them...

CUT TO:

**EXT. WALKER HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

At the sidewalk, Tonya removes the trash can lid and tosses the papers in, followed by the doll.

She replaces the lid and heads to her car, stealing a glance at the trash can as she goes.

**INT. SCHOOL BUS - AT THE SAME TIME**

As the children ride the busy bus to school, a larger, OLDER BOY leans over the seat-back behind Breyann, poking, prodding, and pulling at her hair.

Breyann remains quiet, ignoring the Boy, as Marcus sits next to her, his rage boiling over...

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY**

A group of school kids in a circle, surrounding...

-- Marcus, veins popping, STOMPING at the Older Boy's face.

**EXT. SCHOOL YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

A handful of teachers urgently part the sea of rabidly cheering students.

Reaching the center of the circle, one of the teachers grabs Marcus and rips him off the Older Boy, who lies bloody and motionless on the hard asphalt.

CUT TO:

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

The front door -- flings open.

Through it, Tonya drags Marcus, his lip bloodied, towards the bedroom hallway as Jamie and Breyann enter behind.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BEDROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Tonya yanks Marcus down the hallway to his room.

Reaching it, she thrusts him inside.

TONYA

Stay in here and think about what  
you did.

Tonya turns and makes to close the door as Marcus, with a primal scream -- charges at her.

Tonya quickly slams the door shut.

She desperately holds the door as Marcus pounds at it.

After a few more moments, the pounding stops.

Letting go of the knob, Tonya steps back and stares at it, holding back the tears beginning to well in her eyes.

Recouped, she turns to see Breyann staring at her and Jamie gaping, wide-eyed.

PRE-LAP: Distant sound of cartoons playing on an old TV.

**INT. WALKER HOME, KITCHEN - LATE DAY**

The house phone in one hand and Sarah's business card in the other, Tonya hovers over the sink.

She fingers the corner of Sarah's card, thinking.

Turning her head, she eyes the happy photo of her and the kids now taped to the refrigerator.

Shoulders falling, Tonya lowers the phone.

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Breyann and Jamie sit in front of the television, the action figure in Jamie's lap, as Tonya enters.

TONYA

Alright, Mama has to go back to work. I'll be home in a few hours.

Jamie turns, an uncertain look on his face.

TONYA (CONT'D)

I'm trusting you both, please don't let me down.

JAMIE

Okay, Mama.

TONYA

Thank you, baby...

Looking to Breyann still staring forward:

TONYA (CONT'D)

... Breyann?

After a moment, Breyann looks to Tonya, hardened.

Beat.

With a depleted sigh, Tonya turns and heads for the door.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BEDROOM HALLWAY - DUSK**

The door to the children's bedroom slowly creaks open.

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Breyann and Jamie look up as Marcus enters from the hallway.

Marcus, pausing, locks eyes with Breyann.

Beat.

They share a smile.

Jamie eyes them both, holding the action figure tight.

Beside the kitchen entrance, the clock's pendulum -- STOPS.

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

The BASEMENT DOOR -- RATTLES, softly but ever increasing.

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

Hearing the noise, the three children look.

After a moment, Breyann stands, joining Marcus, and the pair head for the kitchen.

Jamie looks to his action figure, then stands and follows.

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

The door continues to rattle, louder, violent.

Approaching, Jamie pauses, standing with Breyann and Marcus, watching, unsure.

-- The rattling stops.

Jamie breaks from the door and looks to Marcus and Breyann staring at him.

MARCUS  
Don't be scared.

Jamie returns his gaze to the door.

Beat.

... The doorknob turns and...

Slowly, the door creaks open.

As Marcus and Breyann approach, Jamie stares wide-eyed, apprehensive.

At the door, the pair look back at Jamie.

Jamie, swallowing hard, holds for a moment then follows.

CUT TO:

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Tonya enters through the front door, rubbing her neck.

She puts down her purse and makes for...

PRE-LAP: Running sink.

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

At the sink, Tonya fills a glass with water from the tap.

Taking a sip -- GIGGLES EMIT OUT FROM THE BASEMENT.

Tonya snaps her attention to the basement door, open a crack.

Her eyes narrowing, she lowers the glass and approaches the basement door.

At it, she pauses, listening...

She quickly pulls open the basement door.

TONYA  
-- Get up here.

Beat. Nothing.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Now!

After a moment of waiting, she enters and descends.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

With light shining through the open doorway, Tonya descends.

TONYA

Did you not hear me? Now, I said!

At the base of the stairs, she pauses, squinting into the darkness as next to her...

In the corner beside her THE DARK SHADOW GROWS.

TONYA (CONT'D)

Come out here! I said --

Tonya freezes as she sees -- MR. WHISKERS'S DECAYING CORPSE IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM.

-- A creak.

-- Tonya turns back to see --

-- At the top the stairs, THE SILHOUETTES OF THE THREE CHILDREN STARING DOWN AT HER, STONY.

Beat.

-- Jamie reaches for the door...

JAMIE

One... Two...

... And begins inching it closed.

Tonya's eyes widen, terror overcoming her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

... Three... Four...

-- From the dark shadow behind her, A GHOSTLY WHITE HAND REACHES OUT FOR HER SHOULDER.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

... Five --

-- The door SLAMS SHUT, leaving the basement in darkness.

**BLACK**

PRE-LAP: Knocking on a door.

**EXT. WALKER HOME - MORNING**

Sarah, clipboard in her hand, stands on the front stoop of the Walkers', shielding her eyes from the sun, scanning the neighborhood.

With her back to it, the door unlocks and opens.

TONYA (O.S.)  
-- Miss Lewis.

Lowering her arm, Sarah turns back to Tonya smiling widely.

Shaking hands:

SARAH  
Hello, Ms. Walker.

TONYA  
Please. Come in, come in.

Sarah enters.

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

Tonya closes the door behind Sarah as Sarah surveys the room.

With the exception of the grandfather clock which looks to be broken as THE PENDULUM REMAINS MOTIONLESS AT A FORTY-FIVE DEGREE ANGLE, the room looks immaculate.

TONYA (O.S.)  
-- Shall we?

Sarah snaps from her gaze as Tonya makes her way further into the house, seemingly keeping an eye out for something.

After a moment, Sarah follows.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BEDROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Followed by Tonya, her head on a swivel, find Sarah peeking into the bathroom as she inspects the house.

SARAH  
... After three weeks, it looks  
like you're making good progress.

Tonya's eyes dart towards the children's bedroom door.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
How's it been?

TONYA  
Needs a lot of work.

SARAH  
With the kids I mean.

Tonya snaps from her gaze.

TONYA  
Oh... Couldn't ask for more. Happy  
to have them back.

Sarah nods and writes something down on her clipboard.

**INT. WALKER HOME, KITCHEN - LATER**

Through the back door, Tonya stares out at an unearthed patch of grass as, behind her, Sarah, inspecting the kitchen, eyes the full liquor cabinet above the stove.

After a moment, she turns and looks to Tonya:

SARAH  
Ms. Walker, I understand Marcus and  
Jamie were present during the night  
of your husband's death.

Tonya still staring out, lowers her eyes.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
With instances like that... There  
are often signs of depression,  
anxiety. Trouble socializing...

TONYA  
... They're good. Kids being kids.

SARAH  
Any progress with Breyann?

Tonya looks to Sarah, wary.

TONYA  
No.

Sarah eyes Tonya for a beat before writing another note on her clipboard.

SARAH  
Losing your husband in that manner  
couldn't have been easy.

With Tonya remaining silent, Sarah looks to her.

Lowering her pen:

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I took a look over the file from  
that night, and I must say, I'm a  
bit confused...

Tonya returns her gaze to the backyard.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
... Based on the coroner's report,  
your husband's death was deemed a  
suicide. This was corroborated by  
you and your children's statements.  
But according to the *police* report,  
there were signs of a struggle. And  
your fingerprints were found on the  
gun --

Tonya snaps to Sarah.

TONYA  
-- Take them.

SARAH  
... Excuse me?

TONYA  
The kids. You have to take them.

Sarah pauses.

SARAH  
Ms. Walker --

Growing frantic:

TONYA  
-- Ever since we moved into this  
house.... They aren't themselves.  
Something's wrong with them.  
Something is hurting them --

JAMIE (O.S.)  
-- Mama?

Quickly, Tonya looks, wide-eyed, to see Jamie standing at the  
kitchen entrance.

Tonya stares for a moment.

Her demeanor shifts:

TONYA  
Miss Lewis will be right in, baby.

Jamie eyes them both for a moment then turns and disappears back down the hallway.

SARAH  
... Ms. Walker --

Tonya, smiling and motioning to the hallway:

TONYA  
-- They're waiting for you just  
through there.

Sarah examines Tonya.

She turns and makes for the hallway.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BEDROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Sarah reaches the children's bedroom door and pauses.

Running everything over in her head, she looks down the hallway, then back to the door.

She knocks, then grabs the knob and opens the door to discover...

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The children quietly sitting on the boys' bed, seemingly fine.

Entering, Sarah notices they're all staring at the ground.

Sarah looks them over and quickly sees a number of scratches and bruises on Marcus's neck and wrist.

Eyeing him:

SARAH  
Who did this?

He remains silent.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Marcus?

No response.

Sarah, looking over the other children, notices more marks on both Jamie and Breyann.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Alright. This is very serious and  
you have to tell me the truth. Who  
did this?

She turns her attention to Breyann.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Breyann?

MARCUS  
-- It was Danny!

JAMIE  
-- No it wasn't!

MARCUS  
Yes it was! But Margaret stopped  
him.

SARAH  
Margaret? Who's she?

Jamie looks up at Sarah:

JAMIE  
... She lives in the basement. With  
the others.

Sarah leans back, a look of suspicion on her face.

SARAH  
Show me.

All three kids look up, eyeing Sarah...

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

The children lead Sarah through the open basement door.

As the kids descend, Sarah pauses, looking through the back window at Tonya outside, her back to the house.

Sarah remains for a moment, then looks forward and descends.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Coming to the base of the stairs, Sarah discovers Marcus laying out marbles as Jamie grabs his action figure from a shelf.

Turning back to Sarah, holding up his action figure:

JAMIE  
This is Danny.

Glancing around:

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Mary's missing...

Looking to Breyann:

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
... Breyann lost her.

Sarah eyes him.

She turns her attention to Marcus as he finishes and Jamie sets his toy back on the shelf.

Jamie grabs the flashlight.

Finished, the three children turn back to her.

Jamie comes over and takes Sarah's hand.

With Breyann following, Jamie leads her over to the far wall.

Releasing her hand, he stares at her, innocent as ever.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
First, we turn off the lights. Then we turn around and you say: I want to play a game. I will count to ten before I turn around. When I turn around you must freeze. You may only move when I am not looking. The game ends when the light comes or when you touch my right shoulder... Then you count to ten and turn on the light.

He hands her the flashlight.

SARAH  
Then what?

With Jamie seemingly ignoring her, Sarah stares, hesitant and concerned.

JAMIE

-- Ready?

Sarah nods slightly.

Marcus joins the other two as they turn, facing the wall.

Sarah remains for a moment, looking over the room. Then she too faces the wall.

Sarah takes a deep breath, then:

SARAH

I want to play a game. I will count to ten before I turn around. When I turn around you must freeze...

She briefly glances at the children then continues:

SARAH (CONT'D)

You may only move when I am not looking. The game ends when the light comes or when you touch my right shoulder.

Sarah turns off the flashlight. Darkness engulfs them.

SARAH (CONT'D)

One... Two... Three... Four.

Sarah pauses, thinking she heard something. Continuing:

SARAH (CONT'D)

Five... Six... Seven --

-- THE MARBLES SHUFFLE.

Sarah whips around, flashlight lit, scanning...

Jamie erupts with glee:

JAMIE

-- Did you see her? Did you see her...

Sarah eyes him, dumbstruck.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

... Did you see Margaret?

She turns back, scanning the basement.

Glancing at Jamie, noticing his eager gaze, she forces a smile.

Looking back to the room and toys, her smile fades, unnerved.

**EXT. WALKER HOME - LATER**

Sarah stands near her car parked on the street.

Putting her phone to her ear, she glances back to the house:

SARAH  
-- Ed. We have a problem.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, HALLWAY - LATE DAY**

Through the interview room window, Ed sits across the table from Marcus, as Sarah stands in the hallway, watching.

Turning, she looks down the hallway towards Tonya sitting in a chair next to the other two children.

Sarah looks back to the interview.

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

ED  
... Marcus, can you tell me who  
hurt you?

Marcus stares at Ed, blank.

After a moment:

ED (CONT'D)  
I want you to know this is a safe  
place. I'm here to help. Okay, pal?

Ed looks Marcus over, flat:

ED (CONT'D)  
Marcus, was it your mama?

Beat.

Marcus continues to stare, expressionless.

ED (CONT'D)  
How bout one of mama's friends? A  
neighbor?

Marcus remains emotionless.

Ed leans back in his chair letting out a breathy sigh.

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, HALLWAY - LATER**

As Tonya reunites with Marcus down the hallway, Sarah,  
remaining by the interview room, watches.

As Tonya and the children make to leave:

ED (O.S.)  
-- He said she didn't do it.

Sarah looks to see Ed as he emerges from the room.

ED (CONT'D)  
Outside of a few cuts and bruises --

Sarah makes to interject.

ED (CONT'D)  
-- Which he said he got from a  
fight at school, there's nothing I  
saw that would indicate abuse.

SARAH  
What about the other two?

Ed shrugs:

ED  
Chalk it up to kids being kids.

Sarah stares daggers at him.

SARAH  
You cannot seriously believe that.  
She told me to take them.

Ed looks her over, probing.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
-- What?

ED  
You said you were past this, that  
you were ready.

Sarah's face twists.

SARAH  
I am ready.

Softening:

ED  
I'm just saying, no one would blame  
you if you needed to pull back a  
bit. If you needed time --

SARAH  
-- I don't need time, Ed. I need to  
protect these kids.

ED  
-- And I need to protect this  
Agency.

Ed eyes her, thinking.

ED (CONT'D)  
... Listen. I don't know if the  
bruises will be enough, but if  
it'll keep you on track, I'll start  
the court petition paperwork.

SARAH  
Ed --

ED  
-- Don't push it. It's the best I  
can do.

She glares at him.

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Entering, Tonya unlocks and opens the front door with the  
children in tow.

Stepping in, she notices the basement door SWINGING LIGHTLY.

She charges towards it...

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

-- And slams it shut.

Beat.

-- GIGGLES ERUPT FROM BEHIND HER.

Tonya reels towards the noise, seeing...

-- The children, stone-faced, staring at her, standing in a line in the kitchen entrance.

Tonya looks at them, unsure.

Beat.

JAMIE

What's the matter, Mama?

Tonya looks them over, uneasy.

She forces a smile.

TONYA

... Nothing.

They continue to stare at her.

Beat.

The children, in unison, turn and make their way down the bedroom hallway.

-- The front door slams closed.

Tonya melts into the wall behind her, terrified, shaking.

**INT. WALKER HOME, TONYA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT**

As Tonya, tossing and turning, tries to sleep, find THE DARK SHADOW growing in the corner behind her.

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME**

Silence. The pendulum still frozen...

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - AT THE SAME TIME**

The wind rustles outside the children's window, as the room stands empty.

**INT. WALKER HOME, TONYA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

As THE DARK SHADOW grows large, goose pimples sprout along Tonya's arms. -- She shivers.

She stirs, trying to find a comfortable position as the goose pimples spread.

A floorboard creaks. -- She stirs more.

Tossing and turning, as she rolls over to the edge of the bed, behind her, from THE DARK SHADOW -- THE SILHOUETTE OF A GHOULISH LONG-HAIRED WOMAN EMERGES.

-- Tonya opens her eyes to see...

-- HER THREE CHILDREN, STANDING IN A ROW BEFORE HER.

Tonya, eyes widening, makes to scream as...

-- SHE IS LIFTED AND VIOLENTLY SLAMMED REPEATEDLY BETWEEN THE BED AND THE CEILING.

The children remain motionless, their eyes tracking her.

As Tonya cries out in terror...

**INT. WALKER HOME, BEDROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

-- THE DOOR TO HER ROOM SLAMS SHUT.

**EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

Surrounded by patchy, overgrown yellow grass, six large stained glass windows adorn the weathered brick facade, while a cracked white-grey cement path leads to the front door.

**INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY**

Sarah sits across from Father Adams at his desk.

FATHER ADAMS

... So, you're saying she killed  
her husband?

SARAH

Yes, and now she's convincing her  
children that something is hurting  
them.

FATHER ADAMS

I see... Is she religious?

SARAH

Not that I'm aware of.

FATHER ADAMS

Well then, I don't see what it  
would help --

Getting to the point:

SARAH

-- Father, I need you to talk to  
her, give her some guidance.  
Whatever it would take to help me  
get to the bottom of this and move  
past it.

Father Adams nods understandingly and forces a smile:

FATHER ADAMS

I'll see what I can do.

**EXT. WALKER HOME - NIGHT**

A heavy mist lies atop the ground as Father Adams, donning a  
coat draped over his clerical clothing, a bag at his side,  
stands before the Walkers'.

He holds for a moment, eyeing the house, as Sarah approaches.

PRE-LAP: Old cartoons playing on the crummy television.

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Find Sarah, Father Adams, and Tonya standing just inside.

Father Adams scans the space.

The three children sit on the floor fixed to the old  
television, blank-faced.

Before them, THE PENDULUM REMAINS FROZEN; Father Adams eyes  
it queerly.

After a moment, Tonya leads Sarah and Father Adams into the  
kitchen.

As they go, the children simultaneously shift their gaze to  
the departing group.

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

FATHER ADAMS

... And when did it begin?

TONYA

Four weeks ago, shortly after we  
moved in.

FATHER ADAMS

I see... I'd like to see the rest  
of the house.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BEDROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Father Adams leads, followed by Tonya, then Sarah.

In the hallway, Father Adams notices the picture frames on  
the ground leaning against the wall.

FATHER ADAMS

And these?

TONYA

Every time I hang them up,  
something knocks them down.

Father Adams nods as they reach the bedrooms.

He opens the door to the children's room...

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Father Adams peers in through the doorway.

In the dark room, all seems normal.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BEDROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Father Adams returns to the hallway and closes the door.

He turns and moves to Tonya's door.

Reaching for it, he stops.

To Tonya:

FATHER ADAMS

May I?

She nods.

He opens the door and enters.

**INT. WALKER HOME, TONYA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Father Adams surveys the room.

Noticing the weathered tin on the dresser, he approaches as, behind him, in the corner of the room, THE DARK SHADOW GROWS.

Reaching it, he examines it.

After a moment, he picks it up and removes the lid.

Looking inside, he takes out the photo of the haggard looking woman surrounded by the array of children in front of the Walkers' home.

He looks at it, curious, as THE DARK SHADOW GROWS LARGER.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BEDROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Father Adams reemerges from Tonya's bedroom.

FATHER ADAMS  
You said there's been some activity  
in the basement?

TONYA  
Yes. This way.

Father Adams and Sarah follow Tonya towards the kitchen.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Father Adams reaches the bottom of the stairs.

He moves around the space carefully.

Surveying, a sense of dread overcomes him.

Fingering the cross around his neck, under his breath:

FATHER ADAMS  
Visit this house, we beg Thee,  
Lord.

-- A light rumble comes from the shelves.

Father Adams stops, scanning, concerned.

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

With the kids now playing outside, Tonya stands beside Sarah.

Under her breath:

TONYA  
-- Take them.

Sarah looks at Tonya caustically.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Take them. Please...

Tonya approaches Sarah, rambling softly:

TONYA (CONT'D)  
I love my children, but ... Those  
aren't my children anymore...  
Something is inside them. It's not  
safe here...

Tonya looks past Sarah out the window at the children  
outside, taking a breath, then back to Sarah, pleading:

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Why won't you take them?

-- The stairs creak.

Their gaze breaks to see Father Adams emerging from the  
basement.

He approaches Tonya. Stopping before her:

FATHER ADAMS  
Tonya, do you believe in God?

Tonya looks at him, anxious.

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)  
You should. Because he clearly  
believes in you.

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Droplets of holy water litter the wall beside the ticking  
grandfather clock.

THE CLOCK'S PENDULUM SWINGS FREELY.

Find Father Adams standing at the window, bible in hand,  
marking it with oil in the sign of the cross.

FATHER ADAMS  
... May Thy holy angels dwell here  
to keep us in peace, and may Thy  
blessings be always upon us.  
Through our Lord. Amen.

**EXT. WALKER HOME, FRONT YARD - LATER**

Exiting the Walkers', Father Adams and Sarah come to a stop:

FATHER ADAMS  
This is bad... I will need approval  
from the diocese, but I believe the  
house requires an exorcism --

SARAH  
-- I brought you here to put a stop  
to this, not perpetuate it.

Sarah makes to leave.

FATHER ADAMS  
-- Sarah, wait.

Sarah stops and turns back, glaring at him.

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)  
I've never felt evil like that  
before. Don't mistake it. Something  
terrible happened here. Something  
awful.

Softening, Sarah stares at him for a beat, then turns and  
heads for her car.

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

Through the window, Father Adams remains on the front lawn  
for a moment, watching Sarah go, then does the same.

Retreating from the window, Tonya pulls the blinds closed.

Beat.

Behind her -- The back door squeaks closed.

Tonya swings around to see Marcus standing in the kitchen  
entrance.

Beat.

His eye water on the verge of tears.

Seeing, Tonya follows suit, her face softening as she rushes to him:

TONYA  
Oh, baby.

Reaching him they embrace.

MARCUS  
Mama, I'm scared.

TONYA  
Everything will be alright, Mama's here. Mama's here...

#### **INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT**

Baron greets her as Sarah enters her apartment.

Deep in thought, she pauses a moment running everything over in her mind, then quickly moves to...

#### **INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT**

With the array of documents and photos on the wall behind her grown sizably, Sarah, her laptop open before her, sits at her kitchen table, scrolling through various articles pertaining to previous occupants of the Walkers' house.

The current headline, dated October 28th, 1992: "YOUNG TWINS DISAPPEAR AFTER SLAYING SINGLE MOTHER."

Taking notes as she reads, Sarah clicks on the next article.

The headline, dated July 9th, 2001: "ARMED, VIOLENT YOUNG BOY KILLED BY OFFICERS RESPONDING TO MURDERS OF BOY'S PARENTS."

Sarah, reading the article, notices something and jots it down on the note pad. She circles it.

She stares at the screen, reading.

Again, Sarah clicks on an article dated January 18th, 2011.

Accompanying a photo of two children, the headline: "YOUNG SIBLINGS SHOOT MOTHER WITH GUN THEY CLAIM WAS GIVEN TO THEM BY UNKNOWN FORCES."

Sarah reads intently: "... After claiming a paranormal force provided the weapon, the siblings were sentence to Logansport State Hospital for a stay of indefinite length..."

Sarah leans back in her chair, thinking...

**EXT. LOGANSPORT STATE HOSPITAL - DAY**

Overhead cloud cover lends the institution an ominous gloom.

**INT. LOGANSPORT STATE HOSPITAL, ROOM - DAY**

Find Sarah sitting with the pair of teenagers from the photo: DAISY RAQUEL "D.R." MURPHY (13) and her brother, DRAYMOND MURPHY (15).

Sarah jots down notes as they recount their story:

DRAYMOND

... Mom worked a lot, and it was tough for us to make friends. We were always alone.

SARAH

And you blamed her for moving you there. Putting you in that situation --

DRAYMOND

-- No. Never. Mom loved us. And we loved her.

A long awkward beat as Sarah thinks of what to say.

Then:

SARAH

So, where'd you get the gun?  
Someone at school?

D.R.

It was that game --

DRAYMOND

-- No it wasn't D.R.

D.R.

-- Yes, it was.

Sarah smiles and nods, ushering D.R. to continue:

D.R. (CONT'D)

The game was something exciting.  
Something we could do, just us.  
Then, they showed up --

Draymond glares at D.R.

DRAYMOND  
-- Shut it.

D.R.  
What?

DRAYMOND  
That shit's what landed us in here.

D.R.  
It's the truth.

Eyeing Draymond:

SARAH  
Please, Draymond...

To D.R.:

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Continue.

D.R.  
We were in the basement playing the  
game... When we turned on the  
light, we saw them.

SARAH  
Saw who?

DRAYMOND  
The children.

D.R.  
That's when they showed us the gun.

Sarah's ears perk up.

D.R. (CONT'D)  
They led us to a crawl space. It  
was right there. Sitting in a  
shoebox --

DRAYMOND  
-- Just stop it, D.R! She ain't  
gonna believe us. They all think  
we're crazy.

D.R. eyes the ground.

SARAH

I don't think you're crazy. Tell me about the other children. Did they have names?

D.R.

Danny, Mary, and Wilson.

SARAH

Wilson?

D.R.

He was the oldest. He was okay. Danny and Mary could be mean though...

D.R. looks up:

D.R. (CONT'D)

... But not Margaret.

Sarah, giving pause, looks up from her notes.

Feigning ignorance:

SARAH

Margaret?

D.R. and Draymond lock eyes:

DRAYMOND

... Margaret's the one who told us Mom had to die.

Beat.

D.R.

... I miss Margaret.

DRAYMOND

Me too.

A sad pain overcoming them, Sarah lowers her pen.

After a moment, D.R. looks to her:

D.R.

Miss Sarah, if you see Margaret, can you tell her we miss her? Tell her to come and get us.

Looking the pair over, Sarah forces a smile.

**INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT**

In the dark, Sarah sits at the table, a number of case files strewn before her, notes attached to each one.

On the notes attached to each file, the name "MARGARET" stands out, underlined and circled.

Sarah sits back in her chair, chewing on the end of her pen, as she eyes the paperwork, thinking.

Beat.

Lowering the pen, she stands and goes to a cabinet.

Opening it, she digs out a flashlight.

Looking at it, a flash of uncertainty crosses her face.

She shakes her head.

Beat. Thinking...

-- She closes her eyes.

SARAH

I want to play a game. I will count to ten before I turn around. When I turn you must freeze. You may only move when I am not looking. The game ends when the light comes or when you touch my right shoulder...

Beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)

... One, two, three, four...

Her hand tightens around the flashlight:

SARAH (CONT'D)

... Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

-- Sarah opens her eyes and, turning on the flashlight, quickly turns around, motionless, staring.

Silence.

A moment.

She lets out a sigh and begins to turn back...

-- A TUG ON HER SHIRT.

-- Sarah whips around, flashlight shining, scanning the room, breathing heavily, staring at...

NOTHING.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Tonya, preparing Jamie for school, helps Jamie put on a fresh shirt over his unblemished skin:

TONYA  
... And four plus five?

His shirt down, Jamie thinks about it.

Tonya waits for an answer.

JAMIE  
... Nine?

Tonya smiles:

TONYA  
Yes! Good.

Jamie smiles, as, sitting on the other bed, so does Breyann, watching them.

-- A CREAK.

Tonya looks.

Marcus stands in the bedroom doorway with a smile.

MARCUS  
Bus is waiting.

As Marcus turns back, Tonya stands and gives both Jamie and Breyann a kiss on their heads before patting Jamie on the butt, following them out of the room.

**INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

As the three kids whip by from bedroom hallway to the front door, Tonya, smiling, emerges after them.

With Marcus opening the door, the trio race to the waiting school bus at the curb and board.

The bus takes off down the street.

Beat.

Back inside, Tonya, after a moment, turns and heads for the kitchen.

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

Entering, Tonya freezes, her face twisting, staring at...

DOZENS OF CRAYON DRAWINGS HANGING ALL OVER THE KITCHEN, DEPICTING HER DEAD, as the ACTION FIGURE rests on the table.

Tonya stares, terrified.

-- Quickly, she moves forward and begins ripping them down.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WALKER HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

Tonya dumps the crayon drawings into the trash followed by the faceless robot action figure.

Turning back, she makes for the house.

-- She pauses.

Returning to the bin, she retrieves one of the drawings.

**INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Sarah groggily rises from bed and heads for the bathroom.

**INT. SARAH'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Going to the sink, she turns on the faucet and washes her face with cold water.

She grabs a hand towel, dries her face, and turns off the faucet.

She looks in the mirror and her face falls.

-- On her shoulder is A LARGE DEEP BLUE WELT.

Concerned, Sarah eyes it and, turning, notices more bruises running along her arm and back.

Running her fingers over them, she winces.

**INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY**

Find Sarah sitting across the desk from Father Adams.

SARAH  
I feel like I'm losing it.

FATHER ADAMS  
I don't believe that is the case.

SARAH  
Then what, what is happening to me?

Hesitantly:

FATHER ADAMS  
Sometimes when coming in contact  
with things, entities, they have a  
way of...

Sarah's eyes drift, pondering.

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)  
... Of attaching themselves. To  
people --

Sarah looks at him.

SARAH  
-- So you're saying I'm haunted?

Father Adams remains silent, eyeing her.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
No. No, I can't believe that.

FATHER ADAMS  
You're not alone in this.

Sarah lowers her eyes.

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)  
Sarah, this is real.

SARAH  
What about the bruises?

FATHER ADAMS  
In the past, bruises have sometimes  
been considered a tell tail sign of  
demonic possession.

Sarah's eyes dart to him.

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)  
-- *Which*, based on what I can tell,  
you're not experiencing.

SARAH  
*How do you know?*

FATHER ADAMS  
Because. You're in a church.

She, looks off, thinking, running a finger over her necklace.

**EXT. CHURCH - LATER**

Leading Sarah out of the church, Father Adams turns back.

FATHER ADAMS  
I spoke with the diocese. They're  
not permitting the exorcism.

Sarah, distracted, remains unresponsive.

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)  
-- Sarah. They need help.

Sarah eyes him, searching.

His eyes lower as she turns to leave.

Looking up, he watches her go.

**INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sarah, exhausted and wary, enters through the front door.

Immediately, Baron runs up, greeting her.

Pausing, she smiles, looking down at him.

Her smile fades, deep in thought.

After a moment, she heads to the bedroom.

**INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT**

Sarah sleeps in her bed.

**INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Beside the couch, a small analog clock sits on a side table.

The second hand -- STOPS.

**INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sarah shivers.

She scowls and stirs.

**INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

-- THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY FLICKER ON AND OFF.

-- THE TELEVISION TURNS ON. STATIC CRACKLES.

**INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

As Sarah stirs more, LACEY'S NECKLACE falls from the dresser to the floor...

**INT. SARAH'S BATHROOM - MORNING**

Sarah slowly makes her way to the sink, sore and shaking.

Reaching it, she examines herself in the mirror.

Beat.

Aching, she removes her shirt, revealing DOZENS OF DARK BRUISES covering her back and shoulders.

Noticing them, Sarah angles herself to get a better look and runs her fingers over the marks, wincing, increasingly worried.

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

Tonya, anxious, stands at the stove, cooking breakfast.

Hearing the children's bedroom door open, she freezes.

Slowly, their careful footsteps approach.

They stop as the sound of eggs sizzling overwhelms.

Beat.

Slowly, Tonya turns back.

Standing in the entrance to the kitchen are all three children, staring at her.

TONYA  
Do ya'll want some breakfast --

JAMIE  
-- Where's Danny?

Tonya shakes uncontrollably, frozen.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Where's Danny!?

-- She notices the clock on the microwave flashing on and off.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
WHERE'S DANNY!?

Looking like she'll be sick from fright, she glances back to the kids as goose pimples line her arms and neck.

Slowly, Marcus and Breyann turn and depart as Jamie continues to stare at her, his eyes glaring.

-- The eggs burn in the pan, smoke rising.

Tonya, noticing, briefly glances at them.

She looks back to Jamie still glaring at her.

Tender and childlike:

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, Margaret will find him. Just like she found Mary.

He turns to leave.

Tonya watches him go, staring, terrified.

**INT. SARAH'S BATHROOM, SHOWER - LATE MORNING**

Her eyes closed, Sarah washes her hair under the hot stream.

After a moment -- the sound of glass breaking.

Pausing, Sarah opens her eyes, tilting her head to the sound.

**INT. SARAH'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The water turns off.

Sarah, wet, pulls open the shower curtain, looking.

Grabbing her robe off the hook, she steps out.

**INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

With her robe on and her hair still wet, Sarah cautiously emerges from her bathroom, peering.

She notices on the floor Lacey's necklace.

She goes over to it and picks it up.

She looks at it in her hand, caressing it tenderly.

-- Glass jingling.

-- Sarah looks up.

Setting down the necklace, she turns back and walks over to her nightstand, opens the drawer, and retrieves... A SNUB-NOSED REVOLVER.

**INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Pointed snub-nosed revolver in hand, Sarah cautiously heads towards the kitchen.

**INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Entering -- she pauses.

She scans around and sees...

Before her, a glass, shattered to pieces, lies on the floor surrounded by water.

As she looks at it, Baron appears. He rubs against her legs.

Calming, Sarah briefly glances to the documents pertaining to the Walkers' and their house now almost entirely covering the wall before setting the revolver down on the table, and moving to clean up the glass.

Beat.

-- A floorboard creaks behind her.

-- Sarah leans up, swinging around, looking.

She stares, eyes darting...

Not seeing anything, she turns back, returning to clean up the glass.

As she picks up the pieces, she pauses, thinking...

Feeling foolish, she shakes her head. Under her breath:

SARAH

Stupid.

Then, taking a breath, she stands and turns around.

Closing her eyes:

SARAH (CONT'D)

I want to play a game. I will count to ten before I turn around. When I turn you must freeze. You may only move when I'm not looking.

Beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight --

-- Glass crunching.

-- Sarah opens her eyes and slowly turns around.

-- She gasps, covering her mouth, tears immediately beginning to form.

BEFORE HER STANDS THE GHOSTLY FIGURE OF LACEY BATHED IN THE MORNING LIGHT.

Overwhelmed, Sarah begins sobbing.

She drops to her knee, hyperventilating, hysterical.

Lacey continues to stand before her.

Sarah continues to sob, closing her eyes.

**EXT. CHILD SERVICES BUILDING - DAY**

PRE-LAP: Mildly bustling office activity.

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, HALLWAY - DAY**

Sarah, hollow and ghostly pale, makes her way down the hallway.

Reaching a door, she opens it and enters...

**INT. CHILD SERVICES, SARAH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Entering, Sarah finds Tonya, sitting by her desk, looking like she hasn't slept in days.

Sarah pauses.

Tonya looks at her. Calmly:

TONYA  
I need help.

Sarah, glances over the room, then shuts the door.

SARAH  
Ms. Walker, you can't --

TONYA  
-- The kids, they're going to kill me.

Sarah, rage building, takes a few steps forward.

SARAH  
Ms. Walker --

TONYA  
-- Look.

Tonya holds out Jamie's drawings for Sarah to see.

Sarah looks from the drawings to Tonya.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
... Please.

SARAH  
Get out of my office.

Tonya eyes Sarah. She makes to speak --

SARAH (CONT'D)  
-- We're petitioning the court for removal, but I won't have you bringing this nonsense into my place of work.

Eyes welling as her anger begins to subside:

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Now. I need you to leave... Please.

Their eyes locked, after a moment, Tonya breaks and stands.

TONYA  
Can't say I didn't try.

Sarah follows Tonya with her eyes as she passes and makes for the door.

Under her breath:

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Bitch thinks she can take my kids.  
I'm gonna get my babies back...

Exiting and closing the door behind her:

TONYA (CONT'D)  
... Fucking bitch. Margaret.

Perked, Sarah stares at the door intensely.

Turning back, she eyes the files and their notes on her desk.

She goes over to them and looks them over, thumbing through.

Beat.

Sarah turns, glancing towards the door.

#### **INT. LIBRARY - LATE DAY**

Sitting in a dark section of the library, Sarah looks through newspaper articles from the 1950s on a microfiche reader.

She scrolls through them, going back in time.

She stops.

On the screen, an article accompanied by a photo: GARY  
INDIANA - BOY, 10, RECOVERED AFTER PARENTS FOUND BLUDGEON TO  
DEATH. SEARCH UNDERWAY.

She looks at it.

Scrolls again.

Stops.

-- DEMON HOUSE OF GARY AGAIN GOES UP FOR SALE.

She scrolls further back.

-- PARENTS FOUND DEAD. GIRL, 8, MISSING FROM HOME IN GARY, INDIANA.

Scrolls more.

-- BODY OF FORMER FOSTER MOTHER GOES MISSING FROM MORGUE.

She scrolls.

-- SATANIC ARTIFACTS FOUND AT THE HOME OF FORMER FOSTER MOTHER, MARGARET WELLS.

Her eyes widening, Sarah continues to scroll.

-- MARGARET WELLS FOUND DEAD. FOSTER CHILDREN MISSING.

Scrolling more...

-- Sarah freezes, her face draining of color...

#### **INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Sarah, exhausted but filled with adrenaline, stands next to a printer as copies of the articles roll out.

Finished printing, she grabs the sizable stack from the tray and quickly makes to leave.

#### **INT. SARAH'S CAR - NIGHT**

Sarah, head on a swivel, urgently approaches the church.

#### **INT. CHURCH OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Father Adams, sitting behind his desk, looks up, somewhat startled as -- Sarah rushes in, holding the files.

SARAH

-- The mother...

She tosses the article onto his desk headlined: AFTER THE DEATH OF HER CHILDREN, NEIGHBORHOOD ANGEL, MARGARET WELLS, OPENS HER HOME TO ORPHANS OF SLAIN PARENTS.

SARAH (CONT'D)

... It was the mother, the foster mother, Margaret Wells...

Father Adams examines the article containing an old photo of a woman and a handful of children standing before -- THE WALKERS' HOME.

Sarah spreads the other articles and files before him:

SARAH (CONT'D)  
... The orphans she took in, each  
one of their parents was murdered.

With Father Adams showing shock as he looks over the files.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
She was killing them, Father.

FATHER ADAMS  
Why?

SARAH  
After her own children, Mary,  
Danny, and Wilson died...

She pushes forward a photo of Margaret and her children.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
... Margaret started an orphanage.  
The foster kids, she would secretly  
kill their parents and take them  
in. She took in dozens of them.  
After she died, they discovered  
some sort of ritual. Look.

She shows him a photo of a pentagram with candles and, in the background, what are clearly the ACTION FIGURE, the GLASSY-EYED DOLL, and a KOBE DOLL.

FATHER ADAMS  
... Don't Look Behind You. I've  
seen this before.

SARAH  
The game?

FATHER ADAMS  
It wasn't always a game...

As Sarah follows him with her eyes, Father Adams gets up and grabs an old book from a shelf.

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)  
... In the eighteenth century,  
witches used it as a way to summon  
spirits in order to take  
possession...

Returning, he opens the book up, finding a page.

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)  
... The souls of these spirits were  
tethered to places or items.

Sarah eyes the depiction of witches circling a fire  
surrounded by small items as a spirit rises from the flames.

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)  
Ring Around the Rosie, Bloody Mary,  
Light as a Feather Stiff as a  
Board, Three Kings. They all  
originated somewhere.

A realization overcoming her face:

SARAH  
-- She was using the game to summon  
her children.

They stare at each other.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
She just wanted to see them again.

Sarah breaks her gaze, almost to herself...

SARAH (CONT'D)  
... Tonya was telling the truth.

Father Adams eyes her, uncertain, anxious.

Understanding, Sarah and Father Adams lock eyes...

CUT TO:

**INT. TONYA'S CAR - LATE NIGHT**

Tonya sits in her car.

With tears coming to her eyes:

TONYA  
God, I need your help. I know we've  
never talked, but my family has  
been through so much. I'm not  
asking for a miracle. I'm just  
asking for your help. Protect us. I  
know I haven't always been the best  
mother, but I'm trying. You see  
that, I know you do.  
(MORE)

TONYA (CONT'D)  
So please, God, give me the  
strength. Give me the strength to  
save my family.

Tonya looks up, staring at...

Her house, eerie in the ghostly light.

As her frailty turns to determination, she glances down.

In her hands, she caresses a BASEBALL BAT...

**EXT. WALKER HOME - NIGHT**

Tonya, carrying the bat, exits her car and heads for the front door.

At the door, she pauses, readying herself, bat raised.

Beat.

She opens the door.

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

Entering, Tonya's face turns to horror as she finds...

-- FACING THE WALL WITH THE CHILDREN IS THE GHOULISH WOMAN,  
MARGARET, WITH GREY SORE-RIDDLED SKIN.

In a deep, throat scarred voice:

MARGARET  
... Three... Four... Five...

Hesitant, Tonya begins walking towards them, bat ready.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
... Six... Seven... Eight...

Reaching them, Tonya slowly raises the bat --

-- Margaret SNAPS her head around, staring directly at Tonya  
with her sharp white eyes and her black teeth bared.

Tonya freezes as the bat -- rips out from her hands, FLYING  
ACROSS THE ROOM.

She reels.

The children turn back, EYES STARK WHITE, glaring blank-faced  
at Tonya.

Tonya's face engulfs in terror.

-- Marcus begins towards her.

Tonya turns back to run.

-- THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT BEFORE HER.

**EXT. WALKER HOME - CONTINUOUS**

The front door rattles with the sound of Tonya desperately trying to get out, pounding at it, screaming...

-- SILENCE.

**INT. SARAH'S CAR - LATE NIGHT**

With a clear sense of urgency on their faces, Sarah and Father Adams rapidly approach the Walkers'.

**EXT. WALKER HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Reaching it, Sarah slams on the brakes and jams the car in park.

Hopping out, she races from the car to the front door, with Father Adams shortly behind.

At the door, Sarah pounds on it with her fist:

SARAH

Tonya! Tonya! It's Sarah! Open up!

Father Adams reaches the front door.

Continuing to pound.

FATHER ADAMS

Tonya!

SARAH

Tonya!

-- A scream from inside.

Hearing, Sarah -- perks up.

She takes a step back, pulls out her revolver, and -- shoots the lock.

She kicks the door open.

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

Entering, anxious and ready, the pair discover...

The room empty.

Sarah, scanning, notices the clock pendulum, FROZEN AT FORTY-FIVE DEGREES.

-- The house RUMBLES DEEPLY.

Sarah and Father Adam freeze, looking around wide-eyed, as -- EVERYTHING BEGINS SHAKING: The furniture, paintings, lights. The house itself.

And just as soon as it started -- IT STOPS.

SARAH

-- Tonya!

No answer comes.

Moving forward with her gun ready, the pair head for the bedroom hallway.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BEDROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Coming to the children's bedroom:

SARAH

Tonya!

FATHER ADAMS

Children!

They enter the children's bedroom...

**INT. WALKER HOME, CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The pair freeze in their tracks, staring wide-eyed at...

Covering the walls are crayon drawings, ALL OF TONYA DEAD.

As they eye the drawings in shock and awe -- a scream from within the house.

-- Sarah breaks her gaze, turns back and rushes out of the room with Father Adams close behind...

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

Entering the kitchen -- THE BASEMENT DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

Sarah runs to it, desperately pulling at the knob, but it won't budge.

Pounding at it:

SARAH

Tonya! Open the door. Open the door!

-- More screams.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Tonya!

She takes a step back and -- shoots the lock.

She rips the door open.

The pair, with Sarah leading, rush in.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Sarah and Father Adams, on edge, hurriedly descend into the dark basement.

SARAH

Tonya?

Reaching the bottom of the staircase, fear overcoming them, they discover...

TONYA, GRUESOMELY BLOODIED, TIED TO A CHAIR IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM, SCREAMING, WITH ALL THREE CHILDREN, WHITE-EYED, REPEATEDLY STABBING HER WITH SCREWDRIVERS.

-- Sarah screams.

Father Adams immediately reaches to his chest and pulls out the cross around his neck.

-- He points it in the direction of the children.

FATHER ADAMS

In the Name of Jesus Christ, our God and Lord, strengthened by the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God...

-- The children, dropping their screwdrivers, let out DEEP GUTTURAL DEMONIC SCREAMS.

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)  
 ... Of Blessed Michael the  
 Archangel, of the Blessed Apostles  
 Peter and Paul and all the  
 Saints...

As Father Adams continues, moving forward towards the children who continue to scream and back away, Sarah rushes over to Tonya and begins untying her wrists.

Crying out:

TONYA  
 Please, God. Help me.

FATHER ADAMS  
 ... Behold the Cross of the Lord,  
 flee bands of enemies. The Lion of  
 the tribe of Juda, the offspring of  
 David, hath conquered.

-- Father Adams stops.

-- Sarah turns back to find...

-- THE CHILDREN GONE.

Sarah scans the basement.

Spotting it, she grabs the flashlight from the floor and shines it over the room.

To Father Adams, staring at the empty basement.

SARAH  
 Help her!

Father Adams snaps from his gaze and begins to help Tonya up as...

Sarah -- hears GIGGLES -- She looks.

Following the giggles, she rushes towards the shelves.

She begins rapidly pulling down boxes.

Desperate, she pushes the shelf out of the way, revealing...

An opening to the crawl space, CLAWED OUT PLANKS BEFORE IT.

On her haunches, shining the flashlight in, she sees the tail end of the kids crawling away.

-- She goes after them.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS**

Crawling, Sarah, passing intermittent openings above her, makes her way through the crawl space after the kids as they disappear into a room at the end.

Reaching it, she enters...

**INT. WALKER HOME, SECRET ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Getting to her feet, Sarah finds herself in a small dirt floored room -- the children seemingly disappeared.

She scans the room, shining the flashlight over it.

Her eyes widen as she sees...

-- DOZENS, IF NOT HUNDREDS, OF OLD TOYS.

Turning, she sees, staked into the ground -- THREE CROSSES. One labeled "Danny". Another one "Mary". And a third, "Wilson".

-- SCRATCHING AND GIGGLES BEHIND HER.

-- Sarah swings around, shining the flashlight into the crawl space.

-- In the crawl space, the children, giggling, scurry along the ceiling and disappear up into one of the openings.

Quickly, she dives back into the crawl space after them.

**INT. WALKER HOME, CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS**

In the crawl space, Sarah shines her flashlight into the opening to see the kids clawing their way up the walls.

SARAH

-- They're moving upstairs!

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Quickly, Sarah emerges from the crawl space, getting to her feet, as Father Adams puts Tonya's arm over his shoulder.

Sarah moves to run up the staircase.

FATHER ADAMS  
-- Sarah, wait!

But she doesn't listen.

Father Adams tries to quickly follow with Tonya, as Sarah disappears up the stairs.

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

Sarah bursts into the kitchen, her revolver pointed.

Behind her -- THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Father Adams, seeing the door slam shut, picks up the pace.

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

Sarah turns her attention from the basement door back to the house.

-- GIGGLES. They sound close.

Sarah looks around.

-- More giggles. GETTING CLOSER.

SARAH  
They're in the walls!

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

FATHER ADAMS  
-- Sarah!

**INT. WALKER HOME, BEDROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Following the giggles, Sarah runs from the kitchen into the bedroom hallway.

She approaches Tonya's bedroom.

**INT. WALKER HOME, TONYA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Entering, she pauses, looking.

The giggles move away.

She turns and runs out.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - AT THE SAME TIME**

With Tonya's arm around his shoulder, Father Adams helps her slowly up the stairs.

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

Sarah enters.

She stops.

Scans.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - AT THE SAME TIME**

Father Adams and Tonya make it to the top of the staircase.

He desperately tries to open the door.

It doesn't budge.

He begins bashing his shoulder into it.

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

With the sound of Father Adams bashing at the door, Sarah, her revolver pointed, continues to scan, ready.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - AT THE SAME TIME**

Father Adams, using his shoulder, bashes at the door. Again and again.

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

As Sarah continues to look -- A REALIZATION OVERCOMES HER FACE.

Glancing down, she briefly fingers LACEY'S NECKLACE around her neck.

Closing her eyes:

SARAH

I want to play a game. I will count to ten before I turn around. When I turn you must freeze. You may only move when I am not looking.

Beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)

One. Two. Three --

-- She opens her eyes. Turns around to find...

Nothing.

Beat.

Sarah, eyes widening, slowly turns to see...

-- THE THREE WALKER CHILDREN POISED BEHIND HER.

-- They rush her.

Sarah, pointing her revolver, unable to bring herself to fire on them -- YELLS.

**INT. WALKER HOME, BASEMENT - AT THE SAME TIME**

Hearing Sarah's yell -- Father Adams pauses, looking.

FATHER ADAMS

-- Sarah!

-- He slams his shoulder into the door harder...

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

-- The door busts open and Father Adams and Tonya fall into the kitchen.

As the commotion continues, Father Adams quickly pushes himself up and runs into the living room...

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

Entering, Father Adams, his face filling with shock, finds...

Sarah on the floor with the children attacking her: HITTING HER, STOMPING AT HER, PULLING HER HAIR.

Sarah flails, trying to fight back.

Father Adams, pausing a moment, takes out his small bible, finds the page, and begins reading from it:

FATHER ADAMS  
Christ, God's Word made flesh,  
commands you; He who to save our  
race outdone through your envy,  
"humbled Himself, becoming obedient  
even unto death"...

The children REEL, turning on Father Adams.

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)  
... He who has built His Church on  
the firm rock and declared that the  
gates of hell shall not prevail  
against Her...

As the children converge on Father Adams, he backs away:

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)  
... Because He will dwell with Her  
"all days even to the end of the  
world."

SARAH  
-- Burn it! Burn it!

FATHER ADAMS  
The sacred Sign of the Cross  
commands you, as does also the  
power of the mysteries of the  
Christian Faith.

Behind them, Sarah pushes herself up. She charges...

-- The children snap to her.

-- Sarah freezes.

-- HER NECK BECOMES TAUT, CHOKING HER.

-- The room RUMBLES AND SHAKES VIOLENTLY.

Father Adams, pausing, looks from the bible to Sarah, his eyes engulfed in fear.

With a breathy wail:

SARAH  
Burn it! --

-- SHE LIFTS TO THE CEILING, PINNED.

Father Adams looks back to the bible:

FATHER ADAMS  
Begone, Satan, inventor and master  
of all deceit, enemy of man's  
salvation.

THE CHILDREN SNAP TO HIM.

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

Tonya, weak, crawls her way towards the stove.

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

With the children converging and becoming weaker:

FATHER ADAMS  
God of heaven, God of earth,  
God of Angels, God of Archangels,  
God of Patriarchs, God of  
Prophets...

As Father Adams continues, Sarah, pinned to the ceiling,  
writhes, her eyes bulging and throat strained.

-- LACEY'S BLUE NECKLACE BREAKS LOOSE FROM HER NECK AND FALLS  
TO THE FLOOR BELOW.

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

Reaching the stove, Tonya pulls herself up.

She ignites the burner, then snatches a LIQUOR BOTTLE from  
the cabinet above -- bottles fall all around her, shattering.

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

Still stepping back:

FATHER ADAMS  
... And we beseech Thee to deliver  
us by Thy power from all the  
tyranny of the infernal spirits,  
from their snares, their lies and  
their furious wickedness...

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

Shaking and barely able to move, Tonya uncorks the liquor bottle, takes a DISH RAG from the counter, and STUFFS IT IN.

She LIGHTS THE RAG on the stove and begins moving towards the living room.

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

With Sarah still pinned to the ceiling and the children coming ever closer:

FATHER ADAMS

... Design, O Lord, to grant us Thy  
powerful protection and to keep us  
safe and sound.

-- The children freeze, their bodies being lifted off the ground by some invisible force.

His back to the kitchen, Father Adams stops.

Beat.

Their faces to the ceiling, Breyann's straining voice escapes her in a high-pitched cry as BLOOD BEGINS OOZING FROM ALL THREE CHILDREN'S EYES AND STREAMS DOWN THEIR FACES:

BREYANN

HELP ME! ... HELP ME!

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

Burning bottle in hand, hearing Breyann's pleas, Tonya pauses, looking, wide-eyed.

-- She moves to race in.

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

In a BOOMING VOICE:

FATHER ADAMS

Margaret Wells!

-- MARGARET, BLACKENED TEETH BARED, STANDS BEFORE FATHER ADAMS, SHRIEKING.

FATHER ADAMS (CONT'D)  
 -- We beseech Thee through Jesus  
 Christ Our Lord. Amen.

-- The room's rumbling and shaking CEASES.

Margaret SCREECHES --

-- SARAH DROPS FROM THE CEILING.

-- AS THEY SCREAM AND BLOOD CONTINUES TO OOZES FROM THE  
 CHILDREN'S EYES -- THEIR SCREAMS CEASE.

-- THE CHILDREN FALL TO THE FLOOR, UNCONSCIOUS.

-- FATHER ADAMS FALLS TO HIS KNEES DEPLETED.

-- TONYA, BEHIND HIM, EMERGES, BURNING BOTTLE READIED.

TONYA  
 -- MARGARET!

Snapping to Tonya, Margaret howls.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
 Burn in hell.

Father Adams dives out of the way as Tonya LAUNCHES THE  
 BOTTLE, SMASHING IT AT MARGARET'S FEET.

Quickly, she goes up in flames.

Father Adams staggers to his feet.

THE FIRE SPREADS RAPIDLY.

As Tonya remains, watching, Sarah, recovering, seeing,  
 quickly gets up and begins grabbing the children.

SARAH  
 -- Tonya!

#### **EXT. WALKER HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

With Father Adams holding Jamie, he and Sarah drag Marcus and  
 Breyann out onto the grass.

As he lowers to check them, Father Adams turns back:

FATHER ADAMS  
 Get Tonya!

Sarah quickly turns and rushes back in.

Moments later, flames growing, she staggers out holding up Tonya, soot-covered and coughing.

Seeing her unconscious children, Tonya screams and rushes over to them:

TONYA  
My babies!

Hearing the words, Sarah pauses.

Turning back, looking, she -- rushes back into the house as Tonya collapses over Breyann and desperately wipes the blood from her face and tries to shake her awake.

TONYA (CONT'D)  
Brey, baby? Brey! Breyann!

With Breyann not waking, nor the other children, Tonya pulls her up into her arms, sobbing.

#### **INT. WALKER HOME, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

With no sign of Margaret to be seen and flames whipping around, Sarah, desperate, scanning, sees what she needs...

LACEY'S BLUE NECKLACE rests in the center of the room surrounded by flames.

Falling to her knees, Sarah reaches for it, struggling.

-- The necklace ignites.

Looking from it, tears come to her eyes as she sees...

Across the room -- LACEY, fully formed.

Sarah stares as Lacey calmly motions to the door.

Sarah won't go. She can't go.

Tears streaming down her face, Sarah continues to stare as flames envelope Lacey and the bubbling necklace.

#### **INT. WALKER HOME, SECRET ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME**

As flames cover the ceiling and creep down the walls...

-- Find the GLASSY-EYED DOLL and ACTION FIGURE, among the dozens of other toys, yet to be touched by flames.

**EXT. WALKER HOME - DAWN**

With neighbors having come out of their homes, watching, and the distant sound of sirens, Sarah emerges from the house.

Before her, Father Adams stares as Marcus lies unconscious next to Tonya holding Jamie and Breyann in her arms, sobbing.

Sarah, tears on her cheeks, eyes them, hopeless, as the house behind her lets out a deep demonic groan...

FADE TO BLACK

**NEWS SEGMENT #1**

A FEMALE ANCHOR (40s) with the photo of the Walkers' home on screen and the title "House of 200 Demons":

FEMALE ANCHOR

... Perhaps even more disturbing tonight, a report out of Indiana, you may have seen this, wait till you hear where we're taking this story. The report suggests that demons took over a family and their home.

CUT TO:

**EXT. NEWS SEGMENT #2, STREET OUTSIDE WALKER HOME - DUSK**

A NEIGHBOR (50s), with a microphone pressed in his face by an off-camera ON-SITE NEWS REPORTER (30s):

NEIGHBOR

... Yes, ma'am. That's right. My wife and I have lived here for twenty years and on more than one occasion, we heard strange things coming from that house.

ON-SITE REPORTER (O.S.)

What kinds of things?

NEIGHBOR

Moans, groans, screams. All sorts of things.

ON-SITE REPORTER (O.S.)

And you believe those sounds were the results of demons?

NEIGHBOR  
Yes ma'am, I do.

**NEWS SEGMENT #3**

A MALE ANCHOR (50s) split screened with an EXPERT (30s):

MALE ANCHOR  
... And you believe all of this?

EXPERT  
It's not my job to believe. It's my job to report facts and let other people come to their own conclusions.

MALE ANCHOR  
Okay, it's not your job, but I'm asking you, what do you think? You personally. Do you believe that there were actual, real-life demons in that house? Did you interview the Child Services case worker who witnessed these things?

EXPERT  
Yes, I did.

MALE ANCHOR  
-- And based on her testimony?

EXPERT  
Like I said, it's not my job, but based on the facts, on everything I've seen and been told? Yes, yes I do believe there was something inside that house.

**EXT. NEWS SEGMENT #2, STREET OUTSIDE WALKER HOME - DUSK**

The On-Site Reporter turns back from another witness:

ON-SITE REPORTER  
Well there you have it. According to some reports, paranormal experts have already placed a bid into buying the property. We'll see if that happens, and if does, we'll have to wait and see what they find. Back to you, Bill.

CUT TO: BLACK

FADE UP:

**EXT. WALKERS' NEW HOUSE - DAY**

A quaint tree-lined street.

Birds chirp.

A one-story suburban home.

**INT. WALKERS' NEW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The door opens.

Tonya and Sarah, both carrying boxes, enter.

Moving further inside, they set down their boxes.

Standing, Sarah takes in the space.

Beat.

She turns to Tonya:

SARAH

I just want to say, I'm sorry. For everything.

Tonya eyes her.

A thin sad smile forms on her face.

-- Marcus, Jamie, and Breyann rush in through the front door and into the house.

BREYANN

I call dibs on rooms!

TONYA

I don't think so! Come back here and help.

Sarah, watching, smiles.

**EXT. WALKER HOME - DAY**

The house sits an empty shell. Faded police tape surrounds it.

A SMALL BOY (10) parks his bike and crosses under the police tape, entering.

He kicks around the ashes and rubble.

After a moment, seeing something, he stops.

Shifting a wooden board, he leans down and picks up...

-- A SOOT-COVERED SHOEBOX.

He wipes off the top and opens it, looking inside.

He smiles.

Closing the lid, he peers around.

Taking it, the Boy crosses back under the police tape, gets back on his bike, and rides off down the street.

**EXT. WALKERS' NEW HOUSE - LATE DAY**

Find Sarah leaving the Walkers' new house, moving to her car parked on the street.

Getting to her car, she opens the driver's door.

-- She pauses.

She looks down to her hand, holding a KOBE DOLL.

Looking up, she turns to see...

In the front window, Marcus standing, staring at her.

Staring back for a beat, Sarah smiles.

He returns it.

**INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Baron lies serenely on the arm of Sarah's couch, watching...

Sarah stokes a fire in the fire place.

Satisfied, she leans back, looking it over.

Standing, she turns and heads for her bedroom, petting Baron along the way.

**INT. SMALL BOY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

In the darkened room, the shoebox lies open on the bed.

Scattered on the floor are dozens of marbles.

Past them, find the Small Boy, facing a wall.

SMALL BOY

I want to play a game. I will count  
to ten before I turn around...

A flashlight clutched tightly in his eager hands.

SMALL BOY (CONT'D)

... When I turn you must freeze...

PRE-LAP: Water pattering in a shower.

**INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN - AT THE SAME TIME**

The wall beyond the table is empty, tack holes littering it.

**INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

As Sarah showers in the adjacent bathroom, the photo of Lacey rests atop the dresser.

SMALL BOY (V.O.)

... You may only move when I am not  
looking...

**INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Soothed by the sound of Sarah's distant shower, Baron dozes on the arm of the couch.

The fire crackles lightly.

SMALL BOY (V.O.)

... The game ends when the light  
comes or when you touch my right  
shoulder.

A loud -- POP snaps out from the fire. Baron looks.

In the fire, beginning to char, the KOBE DOLL becomes engulfed in flames.

SMALL BOY (V.O.)

One... Two...

-- CRACK. The fire picks up its intensity as a piece of the smoldering Kobe doll shoots out from the fire.

The Kobe doll's body burns further. The paint bubbling.

SMALL BOY (V.O.)  
... Three... Four...

After a moment, smoke begins to build around the fireplace.

Baron, noticing, perks up.

Quickly, he turns and hops off the couch.

**INT. SMALL BOY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Small Boy continues, shaking with excitement:

SMALL BOY  
... Five. Six. Seven. Eight...

Behind him, as the marbles just seemingly begin to QUIVER...

SMALL BOY (CONT'D)  
... Nine --

-- From the darkness, A DARK CLAWED HAND REACHES OUT FOR HIS RIGHT SHOULDER.

-- EYES WIDENING, THE SMALL BOY GASPS AS...

CUT TO: BLACK