

THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THE STREET

by
David Loucka

Based on a story
by
Jonathan Mostow

June 20, 2008

FADE ININT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A barefoot TEENAGE GIRL in a white nightgown wanders along a DARK HALLWAY walking in her sleep. Her long dark hair veils her face, but she appears to be about 14 or 15.

She feels her way along the wall in awkward fits and starts, MUMBLING to herself as though she doesn't know where she is. She BANGS into a side table and lets out a little WHIMPER.

INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM

Her FATHER stirs and wakes. Nudges her MOTHER beside him.

FATHER
Christ she's up again.

MOTHER
(rousing herself from
sleep)
Alright, alright.

The MOTHER gets up. Pulls on a nightgown.

FATHER
You've got to do something about
this. She can't be up wandering
around every night. I'm not
getting any sleep.

MOTHER
I know. She just has bad dreams.

The MOTHER crosses to the door and opens it. The GIRL is standing there, head down, swaying slightly.

MOTHER
Come on, Mary Jane, let's go back
to --

A HAMMER BLURS in the dark -- PUNCTURES the mother's forehead. She reels back. A SECOND BLOW CRUSHES her cheekbone. She pitches to the floor as the father sits up. The HAMMER CRATERS HIS SKULL!

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT (WINTER)

Mary Jane grips the hammer and turns circles on the snowy lawn, barefoot. She lifts her face to catch falling FLAKES.

She startles at the SOUND OF A TOWN SNOW PLOW lumbering down the street. She watches it approach. Then turns and runs.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Mary Jane flees through the woods, her white nightgown flowing behind her, a blur in the falling snow... vanishing.

CUT TO:

TITLES PLAY OVER:

INT/EXT. CAR (TRAVELING) - INTERSTATE - DAWN

ELISSA DONNELLY (15) sleeps in the back seat under a blanket, her head resting on a fuzzy purple animal pillow.

OUT THE WINDOW... the struts of a rusted bridge flash by as we cross a river, the smokestacks of silent Pennsylvania steel mills in the near distance.

AT THE WHEEL... is Elissa's mother SARAH. She wears torn jeans and a T-shirt -- tattoos peeking out from bare skin. Her hair is tied back. She's strong and sexy without trying. A working class, single mom. Her face is set and determined.

ANGLE THE CAR... pulling a slightly lop-sided, budget rental trailer.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST-STOP - MORNING

Sarah and Elissa have a take-out breakfast at a picnic table as tractor-trailers ROAR by on the Interstate. Elissa's a natural beauty, with a sexy figure she's only half aware of. She dresses in her own quirky-cool style.

HIGHWAY REST-STOP - LATER

Sarah kicks the tire of the trailer and curses herself for renting the cheap one. She calls to Elissa --

-- who's kneeling to pet and play with a bulldog beside a picnic table of THREE BIKER-TYPES who happily chat her up.

Elissa hears her mother calling, gets up and runs back to their car, the GUYS watching her every jigglings step of the way. Sarah makes a face.

INT. SARAH'S CAR (TRAVELING) - DAY

The sun behind them, head East across P-A. Rolling countryside. Farms. Elissa sits up front, playing a guitar and SINGING OLD BEATLE SONGS. She has a beautiful voice. It helps Sarah feel better, stronger. Sarah joins in.

INT. MOTEL 6 - NIGHT

Elissa brushes her teeth in the bathroom. Finishes and comes out. The TVs on but Sarah's already asleep in her clothes, sprawled on the queen-size bed. Elissa turns off the TV. Eases her mother to one side and climbs in beside her.

INT/EXT. SARAH'S CAR - INTERSTATE - DAY

Sarah drinks take-out coffee. Elissa consults a map. Up ahead a 'Welcome to Connecticut' sign floats into view and Sarah LEANS ON THE HORN. Elissa leans over and HONKS THE HORN some more. They high five.

TITLES END:INT/EXT. SARAH'S CAR (TRAVELING) - COUNTRYSIDE - TWILIGHT

A winding two-lane road. Woods everywhere. Elissa scans the radio dial, but gets only STATIC. Up ahead a sign: *Welcome to Woodshire. Est. 1750.*

ELISSA
That explains it. Seventeen fifty.
Radio hasn't been invented yet.

Elissa clicks it off.

INT/EXT. SARAH'S CAR (TRAVELING) - WOODSHIRE - NIGHT

Sarah drives down the main street. Freshly painted upscale stores in renovated colonial-era buildings. Flower boxes in the windows. Spotless sidewalks. No cars. No people. An eerie, empty feeling. All the stores closed.

SARAH
Everything's so clean.

ELISSA
Yeah, 'cause there're no people.

SARAH
Well, it's late.

ELISSA
Mom, it's nine.

They pass a VILLAGE GREEN with colonial-era covered well and a centuries-old oak tree.

ELISSA
Oh, cool. I bet that's where they
burn the witches.

SARAH
(deadpan)
That'll be fun, won't it?

Elissa does a double-take and cracks up.

ELISSA
Good one, Mom.

SARAH
I have my moments.

EXT. SYCAMORE LANE - WOODSHIRE - NIGHT

The lights of homes set back from the road, flicker through the woods. Sarah turns up the drive of a modest white colonial. Elissa's wide-eyed.

ELISSA
Ohmygod, Mom, it's like a real house.

SARAH
It is a real house, baby.

Sarah looks in a big flowerpot on the porch.

SARAH
Keys are supposed to be...
(retrieving them)
Here they are. Would you do the honors?

She tosses the keys and Elissa quickly opens the front door.

INT. THEIR NEW HOUSE

Elissa and Sarah enter. It's simply furnished. Nothing too fancy, but comfortable. Elissa rushes from room to room.

ELISSA
This is awesome. It's ginormous!

SARAH
And you get your own bedroom. And your own bathroom.

ELISSA
Mom, I love you.

Suddenly Elissa gives her mom a big hug. Sarah couldn't be happier.

EXT. DONNELLY HOUSE - BACK DECK - NIGHT

Sarah and Elissa step out through sliding glass doors. A lawn slopes to a stonewall and then NOTHING BUT WOODS.

ELISSA

Whoa. Where're all the other houses? Where's the bodega? Where am I gonna score my forty?

SARAH

Ha-ha. That's all State Park. Pretty good back yard, huh.

ELISSA

Hey, we can see Mister and Missus dead people's house.

SARAH

Don't say that.

ELISSA

Nobody lives there, right?

THEIR POV THROUGH WOODS - THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR (THE CRAWLEY'S)

The one we saw in the opening. It's about fifty yards away and partially screened by trees.

SARAH

That house is why we can afford to rent this house. Apparently a double murder is kind of a drag on the real estate market.

ELISSA

Hey, people got shot on our block. Nobody ever cut our rent.

EXT. DONNELLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah and Elissa work side by side unloading the trailer.

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Elissa has made pasta. She serves her mother. Sarah wears old pajamas. Elissa wears an extra-large rock band T-shirt.

SARAH

If I can eat this without falling face first into my plate I'll be very impressed with myself.

ELISSA

Daddy taught me how to make this.

SARAH
 (sarcastically)
 No kidding? The whole boil the
 water, throw in the spaghetti, open
 the jar thing?
 (off Elissa's hurt look)
 Sorry, baby... It's delicious.

A beat.

ELISSA
 Don't you miss Daddy?

SARAH
 Sure. Sometimes. But I missed him
 when we were married and he was on
 the road nine months every year.
 Now, he gets to write songs about
 me and I get you. So I see him
 everyday.

Elissa smiles sadly. A beat, they eat in silence.

ELISSA
 You know eating this late -- it all
 goes straight to your butt.

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sits in bed, reading an Radiology textbook. It's dog-eared and underlined. This book is her ticket out of the rust belt. She glances at the clock. It's 3:10 a.m.

SARAH
 Oh, Christ. What am I doing up?

She puts away the textbook and turns off the light. The country sounds outside her window -- WIND, RUSTLING LEAVES and CRICKETS -- make her smile. She's drifting off when she HEARS A CAR OUTSIDE and sits up.

SARAH'S POV THE CRAWLEY HOUSE... as a CAR comes up the drive. The garage door opens automatically and a light comes on inside. The car enters. The door closes and the light is extinguished.

SARAH... looks concerned. Apparently someone does live there. She lies back down and in a moment is asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A bright, sunny morning. An interior door opens and RYAN CRAWLEY (19) emerges from the cellar. He locks the door with a key, crosses to the sink, fills a glass with water and drains it, really parched. Fills another.

Ryan's clean-shaven with fine features. He's lean, not big, but strong. He opens the refrigerator, takes out eggs and bacon, starts making breakfast, then suddenly stops, tenses -- he's heard something.

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - BACK STEPS

Ryan steps outside, disturbed. Faintly he hears the sound of Elissa playing guitar and singing... lovely, plaintive.

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - FRONT YARD

Ryan hurries around the house and across the lawn.

RYAN'S POV THE DONNELLY'S HOUSE... The car and rental trailer are in the driveway. Sarah emerges from the house carrying flattened moving boxes and dumps them in the trash. She doesn't see Ryan watching her.

RYAN... is stunned. No one told him people were moving in. He hurries back the way he came.

CUT TO:

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - SAME TIME

Elissa lies on living room couch, playing her guitar. In the kitchen doorway, Sarah cups the phone and calls to her.

SARAH
Lis, I'm on the phone.

Elissa plays softer. Sarah returns to her conversation.

SARAH
(into phone)
No, it's just that I saw someone go
in there at three in the morning.

RENTAL AGENT (MALE / PHONE FILTER)
That'd be Ryan Crawley, the son.

SARAH
You see, I thought the house was
empty. So I was just checking...

A beat.

RENTAL AGENT (PHONE FILTER)
No, the son is still living there.
Is that a problem?

SARAH
No, of course not.

RENTAL AGENT (PHONE FILTER)
We do have a signed lease.

SARAH
Yes.

RENTAL AGENT (PHONE FILTER)
Is there anything else? How's the
hot water? Electric?

SARAH
Everything's fine. Thank you.

RENTAL AGENT (PHONE FILTER)
You have a good day.

Sarah hangs up. Elissa looks at her.

SARAH
I guess we have a neighbor.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE REYNOLDS' HOUSE - POOL AND PATIO - DAY

KERRI REYNOLDS (40s), out-going, trim and stylish, escorts Sarah and Elissa down a broad lawn to a neighborhood barbecue where a half-dozen HUSBANDS and WIVES chat, drink and nibble snacks. KIDS play in the pool.

Sarah carries a covered salad bowl. She and Elissa are self-conscious. The Reynold's house is easily twice the size of theirs. Kerri introduces them ---

KERRI REYNOLDS
Look who I found. This is Sarah
Donnelly. And Elissa. Our new
neighbors. They're renting the
Reed's house.

The group responds - *ad lib hellos and intros.*

SARAH
(handing Kerri the bowl)
I made some potato salad.

KERRI REYNOLDS

Isn't that sweet.
 (handing off the bowl)
 Ben... My husband, Ben.

BEN REYNOLDS (50s) smiling and friendly, tries to find a place for the bowl on the overflowing buffet table.

KERRI REYNOLDS

Hope you brought your suits. Ben
 has the pool up to ninety-five.
 It's like Aruba.

A handsome, sleek teenager TYLER REYNOLDS (16) executes a perfect double somersault off the diving board.

KERRI REYNOLDS

Tyler's captain of the swim team.
 Even though he's just a junior.
 (to Elissa)
 You're a junior, too, aren't you?
 (Elissa nods)
 Terrific. Tyler will show you
 around. He's student council,
 honor roll. Oh, and Tyler and his
 friends started an after-school
 club for Famine Relief and raised
 over a thousand dollars last years.
 Where was it for, Ben? Africa or
 Tibet or one of those starving
 places.

Ben smiles and gestures 'zip it.' Kerri looks insulted.

CUT TO:

ANGLE THE GRILL AND BUFFET TABLE - LATER

Everyone files past Ben at the biggest outdoor grill you've ever seen, holding plates out for hamburgers, chicken, steak. Tyler sidles up next to Elissa.

TYLER

Sorry about my mom. I saw her
 giving you the full treatment.

ELISSA

Don't sweat it. Moms're like that.
 (deadpan)
 I'm sure you're really a total
 loser.

Tyler's surprised. Laughs. Likes her already.

THE REYNOLD'S PATIO - LATER

Sarah and Elissa eat at a table under a big umbrella with the Reynolds and another neighborhood couple JENNY and DAN GIFFORD (40s).

TYLER

So have you seen your next door neighbor?

ELISSA

We just found out someone was even living there. Is he coming today?

KERRI REYNOLDS

Here?!

Tyler stifles a laugh.

BEN REYNOLDS

(to his wife, goofing)

Gee, honey, did you forget to get that invite out in time?

KERRI REYNOLDS

Oh, stoppit.

(more tactfully to Sarah and Elissa)

Ryan Crawley pretty much keeps to himself.

JENNY GIFFORD

Thank god. Somebody should burn that house down.

KERRI REYNOLDS

(scolding)

Jenny.

JENNY GIFFORD

I didn't say Ryan Crawley had to be in it.

Elissa and Sarah exchange a look.

DAN GIFFORD

It's driving down all our home values.

BEN REYNOLDS

The town tried to buy the house. We would've torn it down and donated the land to the state park.

SARAH

It does seem a little strange that
he'd want to stay in the house
after...

JENNY GIFFORD

Where his parents were murdered.
Hel-lo. Maybe he's more than a
little like his crazy sister.

DAN GIFFORD

Oh, please.

*

JENNY GIFFORD

What? Nobody's heard of genetics?

A beat.

ELISSA

What exactly happened again?

Everyone falls silent.

SARAH

(softly, embarrassed)
Sweetie, I told you.

TYLER

The daughter, Mary Jane, killed
both her parents.

ELISSA

That part I know. But where was
Ryan?

TYLER

At boarding school. Ryan didn't
find the bodies until a week later
when he came home Christmas break.

ELISSA

And what happened to Mary Jane?

DAN GIFFORD

Disappeared. Police never found
her.

JENNY GIFFORD

(lowering her voice)
She had severe mental retardation.

DAN GIFFORD

She was a schizophrenic, Jen.

JENNY GIFFORD

Oh, excuse me Doctor Dan. And when did you examine the patient?

BEN REYNOLDS

Well, whatever it was, that kid was out of control. She'd have these horrible screaming fits. You could hear her all the way over here. Unbelievable.

JENNY GIFFORD

We heard them, too. We'd close our windows and turn on the A.C.

ELISSA

Why wasn't she in a hospital?

BEN REYNOLDS

They were supposedly home schooling her.

JENNY GIFFORD

(sarcastic)

Right. I think they basically kept her tied to a radiator.

KERRI REYNOLDS

That is not true. Mary Crawley was devoted to that poor thing. She did everything she possibly could.

DAN GIFFORD

And look what it got her -- a hammer in the skull.

JENNY GIFFORD

That's parenting in a nutshell.

KERRI REYNOLDS

Enough. Please. Can we change the subject?

SARAH

I agree. If you don't mind....

Everyone falls silent. Eating. A beat.

TYLER

Hey, Mom, the shrimp puffs are off the hook.

Elissa shoots Tyler a darkly ironic look.

CUT TO:

EXT. SYCAMORE LANE - NIGHT

Elissa and Sarah walk home with their empty salad bowl. The CICADAS SING in the woods all around them.

SARAH

So did that freak you out a little?

ELISSA

Totally.

(a beat)

Our neighbors suck.

(paraphrasing)

"Maybe we should burn his house down?" Real nice. I wonder where they keep the torches and pitchforks?

Sarah says nothing. They turn up their driveway. Next door the Crawley house is DARK.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE AND DRIVE - DAY

Elissa walks up the driveway. As she gets closer, she sees that the shades are all lowered. She climbs the porch steps and RINGS the doorbell.

She hears it CHIMING inside. Waits a moment, then RINGS again. Suddenly a TAPPING BEHIND HER and she spins around.

It's just a BRANCH KNOCKING against the railing in the wind. Elissa laughs at her skittish reaction. She turns away and --

SLAM CUT TO:

POV FROM INSIDE... through a slit in the blinds, watching Elissa go down the front steps.

CLOSE RYAN... standing behind the blinds. He moves to another window to keep her in view as she walks down the driveway.

CUT TO:

EXT. DONNELLY HOUSE - THE FOLLOWING DAY

Morning. Elissa exits, swinging on a backpack and eating toast as Sarah opens the car door about to get in.

ELISSA

Ohmygod, mom, is that your uniform?

Sarah opens her coat, voguing a white hospital uniform underneath.

ELISSA
It totally rocks.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. SARAH'S CAR / WOODSHIRE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Sarah and Elissa pull up front. Lawns, trees and covered walkways connect low slung buildings. Everything spotless.

SARAH
Well, this doesn't suck.

ELISSA
Sure this isn't the country club?

SARAH
No, this is free.

ELISSA
Yeah. All they want is your soul.

SARAH
Right. I'd rather kill myself than go back to high school.

ELISSA
Thanks, mom. Real good pep talk.

SARAH
I do my best.

Elissa gets out. Sarah watches her go. Elissa turns and waves. Sarah smiles and waves back. Then Elissa is lost in the sea of students.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. SARAH'S CAR - WOODSHIRE HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Sarah sits with the motor off. Checks herself in the mirror, adjusts her collar to hide a tattoo. The Radiology text book is on the seat and she lays her hand on it for a moment as if it's the Holy Bible. Finally, she takes a deep breath, gets out and heads inside for her first day.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LAWN - DAY

Elissa and Tyler sit under a tree, eating lunch.

TYLER

We're having the first meeting of our Famine Relief Group after school today. You wanna come? It's not as geeky as my Mom made it sound.

ELISSA

It actually sounded kinda cool.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODSHIRE HOSPITAL - RADIOLOGY DEPT. - DAY

Sarah's at a computer. Behind her an X-Ray machine, lightboards, etc. She's on her cell with Elissa. A smug supervisor, DR. ADAM KOHLER, keeps glancing at Sarah with too-friendly interest as he reviews files nearby.

SARAH

(into phone)

I was just going to call you, sweetie. Your soul intact?

ELISSA (PHONE FILTER)

Relatively. How 'bout you?

SARAH

(lowering her voice,
glancing at Dr. Kohler)

Okay. Except they're sticking me with all these ridiculous late-night shifts.

ELISSA (PHONE FILTER)

(disappointed)

So you're gonna end up with the same stupid hours as bartending.

SARAH

No. I'm not. I just can't say 'no' the first day. I'm not going to be out of here until ten.

ELISSA (PHONE FILTER)

That's okay. Tyler asked me to go to that Famine Relief thing with him. His mom can give us a ride.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODSHIRE HIGH SCHOOL - STUDENT PARKING LOT

Elissa sits on the back of Tyler's DIRT BIKE as they rocket past the line of school buses, then cut off-road into --

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Tyler and Elissa BLAST down a trail. A middle-aged woman walking her old, GOLDEN LAB, pulls the dog aside and scowls as they race past. Tyler laughs. Elissa, shouts back --

ELISSA

Sorry.

EXT. TUDOR-STYLE HOUSE - DAY

Tyler's dirt bike roars up a long, driveway.

INT. TUDOR-STYLE HOUSE (CAITLIN'S) - KITCHEN

Tyler and Elissa enter. A sub-zero refrigerator is wide open as CAITLIN and her boyfriend, ZAK, stoned and famished, stuff their faces. Caitlin gives Tyler big hugs and kisses. Zak bumps fists. Tyler's clearly top dog here.

TYLER

Caitlin... Zak... This is Elissa.

CAITLIN

What's good, girl?

ZAK

Ready to help make a difference?

PARTY MUSIC, SMOKE and LAUGHTER spill from the living room where kids do bong hits and "play Grand Theft Auto."

ELISSA

Okay... This is famine relief?

TYLER

Hell, yeah. Last year we gave twelve hundred dollars to Stop Hunger Now. It just came straight off my Dad's Optima Card instead of having to beg people for change in the supermarket parking lot.

CAITLIN

It was all Tyler's brilliant idea. Whoever's house is parent-free hosts the "meeting".

She makes little quote marks in the air.

TYLER

We can party no hassles and put it down as community service on our college apps.

ELISSA

A certain smarmy brilliance.

Tyler grins proudly. SPENCER (17) and his girlfriend PAIGE (16) hail him from the living room. Spencer holds up a bong.

SPENCER

Packing it up for you, brah.

Tyler heads into the living room and does a big hit. Caitlin touches Elissa's arm, whispers confidently --

CAITLIN

FYI. Tyler thinks you're hot.

Tyler exhales. Waves Elissa in. Spencer refills the bowl.

ELISSA

No thanks.

TYLER

Awww, come on. You don't party?

ELISSA

I'm doing X and DMT. Don't wanna blow my buzz.

Tyler is nonplused, unsure if she's goofing or not (she is).

CUT TO:

INT. CAITLIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tyler and Elissa play Wii "Guitar Hero." Elissa wins her guitar battle in a noisy, distorted finale. Tyler bows down to her in mock submission. Elissa laughs.

Then notices that all the kids have paired off. Spencer is making out with Paige. Caitlin is leading Zak upstairs.

ELISSA

Tyler, I think I should go.

TYLER

Noooooooo.

ELISSA

Yessssss. Can't end world hunger in one day. Call your mom, okay?

INT. BATHROOM

Elissa opens the door. JILLIAN (16) is hunched over the toilet, retching. She looks up pathetically.

JILLIAN

Sorry...

ELISSA

It's okay.

Elissa kneels beside her and holds Jillian's hair out of the line of fire. She grabs a towel and helps clean her up.

ELISSA

Do you need a ride home?

JILLIAN

No, I'm fine.

Jillian curls up on the tiles and is fast asleep. Elissa looks around, wondering what to do for her. She folds up a towels and slips it under Jillian's head. Then sits on the toilet to pee as Jillian begins to snore.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

Elissa exits the bathroom and collides with Tyler. He holds his breath and talks rapid-fire --

TYLER

Sorry-my-mom's-running-late-we're-gonna-have-to-hang-awhile.

-- exhales a big bong hit.

TYLER

Let's get comfortable and discuss our *relief* efforts, shall we?

He swings open a door to a bedroom and playfully falls onto a king-size bed, pulling Elissa with him. She wriggles free.

ELISSA

Tyler, you're wasted.

TYLER

And pitifully horny. Where's your humanitarian spirit?

(as he cups her breast)

Ahhh, here it is.

Elissa shoves him away, gets up and takes out her cell.

TYLER

(teasing baby voice)

Awww... Calling mommy.

ELISSA

Yeah, to get a ride, assrash.

Tyler snags her phone. Holding it out of her reach.

ELISSA
Give it back.

TYLER
Make me.

Elissa knees him in the balls. Tyler cries in pain.

TYLER
AWWW! FUCKING BITCH!

ELISSA
Give me my phone, Tyler!

Elissa lunges for it and accidentally knocks over an antique lamp. It SMASHES on the floor. Elissa's mortified --

TYLER
Ooooo, nice one.

A moment later, Caitlin, alerted by the sound, barges in, followed by Zak, their clothes in disarray.

CAITLIN
Oh, shit. My Dad's gonna kill me.
Who did that?

Tyler points to Elissa with a weasely smile.

ELISSA
I'm really sorry.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAITLIN'S DRIVEWAY & WOODED ROAD - NIGHT

Elissa runs down the driveway not stopping until she reaches the road. There's no sidewalk. No streetlights. Just woods and DARKNESS. She has no idea how to get home.

ELISSA
Snap!
(looking left and right
trying to chose)
Eeny-meeny-miney -- damn!

She bangs a left.

EXT. SUBURBAN COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Elissa walks along the dark road, singing to herself. A car approaches and Elissa turns and sticks out her thumb.

A suburban couple give her a dirty look from the comfort of their Lexus as it passes.

EXT. ANOTHER STRETCH OF SUBURBAN COUNTRY ROAD

HEADLIGHTS suddenly blind Elissa as a CAR rushes toward her. She jumps to the shoulder. The car passes, then swings a U-turn. It comes back, stopping alongside her.

Elissa's on-guard as the passenger window rolls down. A YOUNG MAN leans across the seat, his face in shadows.

YOUNG MAN

Hi.

Elissa warily peers in, but keeps her distance.

ELISSA

Hi.

YOUNG MAN

You're ten miles from your house.
And you're going in the wrong
direction.

Elissa's inner alarm goes off --

ELISSA

Nope. I'm fine. This is my
driveway right up here.

-- and she walks quickly towards a mail box at the next drive. The car creeps alongside her...

YOUNG MAN

That's not your driveway. You just
moved in on Sycamore Lane. I live
next door.

The passenger door opens and the interior light reveals Ryan.

ELISSA

You're Ryan Crawley?

RYAN

I didn't mean to scare you. I
guess I should've said that first.

ELISSA

Ye-ah. I almost peed myself.

RYAN

Sorry... So you want a ride? You
really are about ten miles away.

Elissa considers one last moment, then gets in. The car drives off... RED TAILLIGHTS vanishing around a corner.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S CAR (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

Ryan drives. Elissa beside him.

ELISSA

I'm Elissa.

She extends her hand to him. He hesitates -- as though not use to such common courtesies -- then he shakes.

RYAN

Elissa Donnelly. I saw your mom painting your mailbox.

They ride in silence. Elissa glances at him, waiting for him to say something, but he doesn't. And she can't think of what to say either. They drive on, Elissa's self-consciousness growing. Then finally she blurts out --

ELISSA

Your parents got killed.

Ryan looks at her totally taken aback. Elissa regrets it.

ELISSA

Sorry. My brain's in sideways.

RYAN

It's okay. You just said what you were thinking. That's all anybody can ever think about around me.

ELISSA

That kinda bites.

Ryan shrugs. They drive in silence again.

RYAN

I heard you singing.

ELISSA

You can hear me all the way from your house?

RYAN

I liked it. What kind of music do you call that?

ELISSA

I don't know -- alternative, new folk. I'm not into labels. It's just music, right?

RYAN

I don't listen to music much. Are you in a band or anything?

ELISSA

I was gonna be. These guys in this ace hard-core band in P.A. -- that's where we moved from -- asked me to join. But then the bass player got busted with weed in his van and my mom went bitchcakes and was like -- "Ohmygod, I've got to get my precious child away from these corrupting influences," and blah, blah, blah and other parental over-reactions like that -- although, of course my dad was a rocker and my mom was a bartender -- until she went back to school -- so it's really just my mom projecting all her old crazy shit on me.

RYAN

You sound like a shrink.

ELISSA

(pleased)

Yeah? I was thinking I might be a psychiatrist. You know, singer slash psychiatrist.

(looking out the window)

Hey, you just past my house.

Ryan's already turning up his driveway. He stops in front of his garage. The automatic door opens.

ELISSA

Ryan...? Earth to Ryan...?

Ryan turns to her. Laughs.

RYAN

Sorry. Habit.

He puts the car in reverse and backs down his driveway.

EXT. DONNELLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ryan's car stops. Elissa jumps out and comes up the walk. The front door opens and Sarah steps out. She shields her eyes against the headlight glare as the car backs away.

SARAH
Is that Tyler's mom? I wanted to say hi.

ELISSA
It's Ryan Crawley.

Elissa breezes past Sarah inside. Taken aback, Sarah stands in the doorway, watching Ryan's car turn up his drive.

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - KITCHEN

Sarah finds Elissa in front of the refrigerator.

SARAH
You want to tell me how you ended up getting a ride with Ryan Crawley?

ELISSA
I left the stupid meeting early. He saw me walking and gave me a ride.

SARAH
And you just got into some stranger's car?

ELISSA
He's our neighbor. And he's really nice, by the way.

SARAH
Why didn't you stay for the whole meeting?

ELISSA
It was kind of boring. And Tyler's a jerk.

SARAH
Because he works hard in school and wants to get into a good college?

ELISSA
Yeah, that's it.

Elissa takes a handful of grapes and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - SARAH'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sarah stands at the window, troubled, gazing at Ryan's house.

SARAH'S POV THE CRAWLEY HOUSE... A LIGHT burns on the first floor in the back.

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - ELISSA'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Elissa lays back on her bed playing her guitar. After a moment, she gets up and opens a window. She resumes playing a little louder this time. And then, begins SINGING.

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - SARAH'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Sarah hears Elissa's singing. Smiles. Always loves to hear her. Then a darker thought occurs to her and she turns back to the window to see --

SARAH'S POV THE CRAWLEY HOUSE... The silhouette of Ryan appears in a first floor window.

SARAH... does not look happy.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Ryan stands at the window, a tiny smile on his face, listening to Elissa. He hears a SPLAT behind him. A pot of soup is BOILING OVER on the stove. He quickly turns it off.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - HALL

Ryan carries his dinner tray. Balances it while he unlocks a HEAVY WOODEN DOOR. Goes through. Locks the door behind him.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - DARK BEDROOM

Ryan turns on a desk lamp. A partially assembled puzzle of a thousand pieces -- fragmented images of dragons and unicorns -- covers a card table. Ryan moves pieces aside to make room for the tray.

He sets out the soup, hot dogs and three Malomar cookies. All the dishes and cutlery are plastic. He sits and starts working on the puzzle, then speaks to someone O.S.

RYAN

Come on, sleepy head. Dinner time.

Ryan leans over to a narrow bed and nudges a SLEEPING FIGURE covered in blankets.

RYAN
You've been sleeping all day, you
know. Wake up.

The figure doesn't stir. Suddenly Ryan's scared. He shakes the sleeping figure. They're limp, lifeless.

RYAN
Mary Jane, wake up! What's wrong?

He yanks back the covers and --

-- A TEENAGE GIRL EXPLODES OFF THE BED! SCREECHING! CLAWING AT HIS FACE!

With surprising strength, Ryan throws her in a restraining hold and lowers her to the floor. She struggles and WAILS piteously. Ryan is gentle, but totally in command.

RYAN
Easy. Easy. Shhh.

He pulls a syringe from his pocket and quickly injects her, continuing to hold her as she gradually calms. MARY JANE (17) has an angular, twisted body of skin and bones. Long, wild hair covers her face. Her flesh is mottled with self-inflicted cuts and bruises.

RYAN
Why do you do this...? Don't I
take care of you? Don't I...?

Ryan brushes tangled hair from her face and the first thing we notice are her bright, piercing BLUE EYES. They soon close as she slips from consciousness.

Ryan lifts Mary Jane and lays her on the bed. He draws up the covers and sadly kisses her brow.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODSHIRE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A bright, sunny morning. Young, fresh-faced students getting off the buses. Heading to class.

Tyler and his little posse of dirt bike buddies ROAR past Elissa. Tyler shoots her a smarmy smile. Paige rides with Spencer. Caitlin with Zak. They stop and Caitlin tosses Elissa her backpack.

CAITLIN

That lamp you threw at Tyler cost like three thousand dollars. Maybe if you got a little you wouldn't be such a bitch, bitch!

Zak and Caitlin peel off.

EXT. WOODSHIRE HIGH SCHOOL - WALKWAY - DAY

Students fill the walkways. Jillian (the girl who got sick at Caitlin's) falls in steps with Elissa.

JILLIAN

Thanks for tucking me in yesterday.

ELISSA

Anytime.

JILLIAN

Tyler dumped me.

ELISSA

And you were celebrating. I get it. I dumped him, too. And we weren't even going out. But it felt real good.

Jillian laughs at Elissa's little riff.

ELISSA

He's a dillhole.

JILLIAN

Buttmunch.

Jillian laughs. They high five. Instant friends.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODSHIRE HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

The E.R. doors fly open and an EMT team rushes in a gurney with an injured middle-aged man. They're followed by the man's WIFE and a policeman -- BILL WEAVER (late 30s). Sarah stands by as Dr. Kohler and a Nurse examine the patient.

Weaver talks with the wife, taking notes. He sees Sarah and nods hello. Weaver's good-looking, down-to-earth, comfortable with himself. He grew up in Woodshire.

The preliminary exam completed, Sarah confers with Dr. Kohler then whisks the patient off to Radiology.

INT. WOODSHIRE HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER

Sarah hands the X-rays to Dr. Kohler who hurries off down a hall. Weaver signs papers for the E.R. Nurse then exits.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Sarah catches up with Weaver by his squad car. He smiles.

WEAVER

Did I forget to sign something?

SARAH

No. I wanted to ask you something.
I'm Sarah Donnelly, by the way.

WEAVER

Bill Weaver.
(they shake)
How you liking it here?

SARAH

Besides the crazy hours. It's
good.

WEAVER

So what's up?

SARAH

Well, my daughter and I -- she's
fifteen -- just moved in on
Sycamore Lane.

WEAVER

And you wanted to ask me if I
thought it possible that you could
have a fifteen year old daughter.
I would have to say no.

Sarah blushes slightly, his flirting so obvious.

SARAH

It's about Ryan Crawley actually.

WEAVER

(his expression darkening)
Okay.

SARAH

Ryan gave Elissa a ride a couple
nights ago when she was walking
home. And... well, my neighbors
seem to take a pretty dim view of
him and I wondered whether --

WEAVER

Whether he's dangerous.

SARAH

I guess that sounds ridiculous.
But it's hard to imagine going
through what he did without some
lingering... problems.

WEAVER

Well, he sure as hell did. They
had the kid on suicide watch for
weeks after it happened and in my
opinion it's pretty goddamn amazing
he didn't just go off the deep end
entirely. You'd think people might
have a little sympathy. And to
answer your question -- I've never
had any trouble with him. And no
one else has as far as I know. But
people sure as hell like to bitch
about him and their property
values, don't they?

Sarah looks chastened. Contrite.

SARAH

I guess they do.

WEAVER

Sorry. I didn't mean to dump on
you. I just know the Town Board's
been trying to get him out of that
house for years and it pisses me
off. He has every right to be
there. That's still his home.

SARAH

Of course. Thank you, Officer.

WEAVER

(apologetic, fears he's
blown it with her)

Oh jeez -- 'Bill,' okay? I'm not
always such an opinionated jerk.

Weaver gets in his squad car with a sheepish smile.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Ryan unpacks grocery bags. Dozens of cans of soup. Jumbo size bags of frozen hotdogs, etc. He takes out a bottle of rose-colored nail polish just as --

-- Elissa TAPS at the glass-paned back door.

ELISSA

Hey, it's me. Elissa. I made you
a mix tape.

She holds up a CD in a purple plastic case and pushes at the door to enter. A hook and eye lock catches with a JERK.

Ryan has palmed the nail polish before Elissa's seen it and now surreptitiously drops it in a drawer and opens the door. Elissa enters, animated by curiosity and nervous excitement.

ELISSA

Whoa, stocking up the old fall-out
shelter?

Ryan's confused a moment, then realizes she's talking about the enormous amount of groceries on the counter.

RYAN

I don't like to go into town more
than I have to.

ELISSA

Gotcha.

An awkward beat. She hands him the CD.

ELISSA

Oh, so anyway. There's a lot of
cool stuff on this. Well, I mean --
stuff I like.

RYAN

Thanks.

Elissa spots something on the counter.

ELISSA

Ohmygod!

Ryan's head snaps round to see what she's seen --

ELISSA

Malomars. I love Malomars.

RYAN

Do you want one?

ELISSA

God - that was like such a total pig, wasn't it?

RYAN

Go ahead.

He tears open the bag. She takes one. Then another.

ELISSA

My mom never gets these anymore.

Ryan watches Elissa intently as she bops around the kitchen, eating Malomars and checking things out. Not so subtly trying to see into the rest of the house.

ELISSA

Hey, let's put on the tape.

She plucks the CD from Ryan's hands.

ELISSA

Where's your sound system?

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - DINING ROOM

The shades are drawn. Ryan follows Elissa who runs her finger along the dining room table, drawing a line in the dust as she passes. *

ELISSA

Guess you don't entertain much?

RYAN

(missing the sarcasm)

No. Not really.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The shades are drawn here, too. The decor is frozen in the late 80s -- two big maroon faux leather Barca loungers, ceramic lamps, abstract 'modern art.'

On the mantle is a WEDDING PHOTO of John and Mary Crawley (early 20s) smiling with bland earnestness. Mary has bright blue eyes.

Elissa opens the media cabinet -- a VHS player, a big boxy TV and a long out-dated stereo system and CD player.

ELISSA

No offense or anything, but this is like the home entertainment system of the ancient Egyptians.

(MORE)

ELISSA (CONT'D)

You ever want to upgrade to something 21st century, let me know. I'm kind of a techno geek.

Ryan watches Elissa hit 'play' and the dusty mausoleum of a room is drenched in lush 12-string guitar and a melancholy female vocal.

They stand a distance apart -- the music speaking of loneliness and longing. Neither one moves.

Elissa tries to read Ryan's eyes -- does he like this music that she loves? Slowly, she can see it's reaching him. A light comes on in his eyes.

And then suddenly, Elissa feels it's too much. Too corny. Or maybe too real. Elissa clicks OFF THE MUSIC.

ELISSA

Well, anyway you can listen whenever you want.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - FRONT ENTRY HALL

Ryan watches Elissa explore the house, intrigued and excited by her presence.

ELISSA

It's nothing like what I imagined.

RYAN

What did you imagine?

ELISSA

I don't know... I guess more like a... forget it.

RYAN

Like a haunted house.

ELISSA

Yeah, I guess... sort of.

RYAN

(joking, but with an edge)
Well, maybe I should charge admission on Halloween? Five dollars to get in. Ten dollars to see where it happened.

Elissa falls silent.

RYAN

Come on, it's worth ten dollars,
don't you think? That's what
they'd really want to see.

Ryan starts up the stairs to the second floor. Stops
halfway, partially in shadow now.

RYAN

That's what you want to see, too,
isn't it? Where it happened..?

ELISSA

No...

RYAN

Yes, you do. Come on, I'll show
you.

Elissa is getting really weirded out. Can't tell if he's
really angry with her.

ELISSA

No, it's okay. Maybe I should go.

RYAN

You chicken?

Elissa looks at him. He smiles slyly. She takes the
challenge. Climbs the stairs.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Elissa stands beside Ryan as he unlocks a heavy wooden door.

ELISSA

Why do you keep it locked?

RYAN

I don't know. I just do.

He pushes open the door. The room is DARK. He's standing
right behind her so that she can't back up.

ELISSA

You're not gonna turn on the
lights?

RYAN

They're broken.

ELISSA

You liar --

-- and she steps into the room, feeling for the light switch.

CLOSE - HER HAND SLIDING UP AND DOWN THE WALL

She can't find it. Her hand moves faster, more frantic.

RYAN

The switch is on this side.

And he TURNS ON THE LIGHTS and Elissa sees --

JOHN AND MARY CRAWLEY'S BEDROOM (SEEN IN THE OPENING)

BLOOD STAINS blackened with age stipple the king-size mattress. There are BLOOD SPLATTERS on the headboard and walls. More CRISSCROSS the carpet. The gruesome reality of it hits Elissa and suddenly her adrenaline is pumping --

ELISSA

Okay -- that's really freaky.

And she steps back out into --

THE UPSTAIRS HALL

Ryan is gone.

ELISSA

Ryan...?

Then she sees him standing a short distance away in the shadows, arms wrapped tight around himself, head down, breathing heavily -- still traumatized by the memories.

He inches back to the room, reaches in without crossing the threshold and turns off the lights. He locks the door.

RYAN

I never go in there.

Elissa looks at Ryan with pity.

ELISSA

Ryan, why do you stay in this house?

RYAN

I wanted to be here if Mary Jane ever came home.

ELISSA

But it's been like two years, right?

Ryan nods and shrugs... 'Yeah, it's hopeless.'

RYAN
This was her room.

INT. BARE ROOM (MARY JANE'S OLD ROOM)

The door swings open and Ryan and Elissa step in. The walls are painted with colorful circles and rainbow designs.

RYAN
I gave her stuff to Salvation Army.
I couldn't look at.

Elissa eyes the childish designs on the walls.

ELISSA
I thought she was fifteen. This looks like a little kid's room.

RYAN
She had brain damage.

INT. ATTIC / RYAN'S ROOM

Elissa follows Ryan up steep stairs to a small bedroom with a narrow bed and desk. She sees a framed photo on his bureau. *

ELISSA'S POV CRAWLEY FAMILY PHOTO... JOHN and MARY CRAWLEY (30s) are smiling on either side of a bubbly and bright-eyed MARY JANE (5) at a backyard picnic table. RYAN (7), pale and serious, is off to the side. *

ELISSA
Awww, Ryan, you're so cute. And that's Mary Jane...? Wow, what amazing blue eyes. *

RYAN
Everyone said that. *

ELISSA
Your parents look pretty cool. *

RYAN
They liked to party a lot. *

ELISSA
Do you miss them?

He turns and looks at her, nonplused a moment, then --

RYAN
Of course. Why would you ask that?

ELISSA

I don't know. Not everybody likes their parents.

RYAN

I guess my sister didn't.

A beat. And then Ryan cracks a smile and Elissa LAUGHS OUT LOUD at the total deadpan darkness of it.

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN

Ryan stands on the back steps, watching Elissa walk back to her house. She turns and waves.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - DARK BEDROOM

Illuminated by a desk lamp Ryan carefully clips and paints Mary Jane's nails. She is subdued with anti-psychotics. She speaks with difficulty, slurring words.

MARY JANE

Who wuzhere? I herred sumwonn.

RYAN

Don't move, Mary Jane.

MARY JANE

Whowas? TEL-ME!

RYAN

Shh! Keep still. It was the girl from next door. She and her mom moved into the Reed's house.

MARY JANE

Wushername?

Ryan hesitates. Mary Jane tilts her head, a bright blue eye peering at him maliciously through her hair.

MARY JANE

Wushername?!

RYAN

Her name is Elissa. And you are going to leave her alone, do you understand me?

Mary Jane lowers her head, eyes disappearing behind her hair.

MARY JANE
(softer, secretive)
Lissa...

CUT TO:

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Elissa is getting undressed to take a shower. Sarah collects dirty laundry to do a wash.

ELISSA
He's really sweet... and sad and kinda lonely all at the same time. And he's all by himself in this giant house with all the shades drawn.

SARAH
Do you have any other whites?

ELISSA
(tossing her a T-shirt)
This... And everybody treats him like a freak because of what his sister did.

SARAH
Yeah... people can be pretty mean.

ELISSA
And he has like the smallest bedroom you can imagine, almost like he doesn't deserve to have anything bigger.

Sarah eyes Elissa. A beat. Elissa turns on the shower.

SARAH
Okay... and what were you doing in his bedroom, may I ask?

Elissa stares at her mother a beat.

ELISSA
We dropped some shrooms and had unprotected sex for his porno web site -- whadda ya think we were doing?

SARAH
Alright already. I'm just asking. You don't have to go ballistic.

ELISSA

'Cause you're so totally old school. All you ever think I'm doing is sneaking off to get high or to have sex. Can't you come up with anything else?

SARAH

Sure. Sometimes I think you're sneaking off to get high and have sex.

Elissa rolls her eyes. Slips in the shower.

ELISSA

Ryan's just really sad, Mom. I feel bad for him.

SARAH

You have a big heart, kiddo. But he's not a stray puppy and you're not eight years-old.

ELISSA

I know. I know. God!

Sarah exits. Elissa stands under the shower spray, the stall filled with steam. Daydreaming, she begins doodling in the condensation on the glass wall, writing an "R."

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Ryan charges through a thicket, his face and arms scratched with pricklers.

EXT. DONNELLY HOUSE - BACK DECK

Mary Jane scrambles up the wooden steps. The house is dark. She BANGS on the sliding glass doors. Peers in. MOANING. Agitated. She tries to open the doors. Isn't sure what to push or pull.

EXT. DONNELLY HOUSE - BACK LAWN

Ryan stumbles from the woods, pulling pricklers off his sleeves. He sees Mary Jane twenty yards away on the deck. Calls to her in loud whisper.

RYAN

No! Mary Jane, no!

He sprints up the lawn her as she pulls open a sliding door.

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - KITCHEN

Elissa stands in a bathrobe, watching a countertop TV and waiting for water to boil for tea. She HEARS a sound from the living room. Freezes. Listens.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Elissa enters. The drapes are blowing in the wind --

ELISSA

Mom... is that you?

She sees the open sliding door and cautiously crosses to it.

EXT. BACK DECK

Elissa steps outside. The woods and nights sounds of CRICKETS and rustling leaves.

EXTREME LOW ANGLE - ELISSA - UP THROUGH THE DECK FLOORING

As she looks around.

ON RYAN... lying in the dirt under the deck. He pins Mary Jane in his arms, a hand clamped over her mouth. He looks up through the flooring --

-- as Elissa go back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - DARK ROOM

Ryan straps MJ in her bed with canvas restraining belts. She struggles futilely.

RYAN

Stoppit. It's your own fault. You haven't changed a bit, have you?

Sound upcut -- DING DONG --

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Ryan opens the front door.

SARAH

Hi, I'm Sarah Donnelly. Elissa's mom. You must be Ryan.

RYAN
Yes... Hello.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

Elissa and Jillian, with school backpacks, walk home on a park trail. The sky is DARK, threatening to RAIN.

ELISSA
It's such classic PTSD.
(explaining to Jillian)
Post-traumatic-stress --

JILLIAN
Hey, I know what it is. I watch TV.

ELISSA
He's isolating. His life's on hold. He can't move on or let go. He has like really low self-image.
(off Jillian's look)
I've read about it, okay? And the thing is, I know he wants help.

JILLIAN
He wants in your pants.

ELISSA
No. He's ready now. He showed me where it happened.

JILLIAN
Ohmygod.

ELISSA
Because he wants to... deal with it. He has to share it, to talk about it, to take away the hold it has on him.

JILLIAN
(dubious, sarcastic)
Okay... and have you read up on people who have like a major death wish? You're lucky he didn't turn you into a lamp shade.

ELISSA
Gross. He's not like that. He's just kinda quiet and shy.

JILLIAN
Hel-lo. That's the ones that do
all the weird fucked-up shit.
(cocking her head)
Shhh!

A sudden RUSTLE OF LEAVES behind them like someone running.
They stop. Listen. SOMETHING IS RUSHING TOWARDS THEM! IT
BURSTS FROM THE UNDERBRUSH. They both SCREAM as --

-- the old, fat Golden Lab jumps up, wagging its tail.

ELISSA
That scared the crap out of me.

JILLIAN
Lucy, go home. Go home! The
Schneiders never keep her tied up.

Elissa kneels and pets Lucy. Lucy licks her face.

ELISSA
Oh, she's so cute.

JILLIAN
Don't do that -- she'll never
leave.
(chasing off the dog)
Go Lucy. Get out of here.

Lucy lopes off the way she came. On a CRACK OF THUNDER --

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - A ROCKY HILLSIDE

SCREAMING AND LAUGHING and getting drenched, Elissa and
Jillian take shelter from a sudden downpour beneath a rock
overhang. They settle in to wait out the storm.

JILLIAN
You want a little of my psychiatric
insight?

ELISSA
Sure.

JILLIAN
You are blind for Ryan Crawley.

ELISSA
Shut up.

Suddenly the RUSTLE OF BRANCHES.

JILLIAN

Damnit! Lucy, go home. You stupid dog.

The girls look out through a CURTAIN OF RAIN as --

-- A FIGURE in a white dress long dark hair hiding her face, scurries past, and vanishes into a thicket of pines.

JILLIAN

Ohmygod, ohmygod! Did you see her?
It was the Ax Girl.

ELISSA

The what?

Jillian stares at Elissa wide-eyed, adrenaline pumping.

JILLIAN

The police never found Mary Jane
Crawley, right? I think that was
her.

ELISSA

Oh, come on.

JILLIAN

No, seriously. People have seen
her before. She lives in the
woods. She breaks into people's
houses and steals food or like digs
around in their garbage cans.

Both girls are looking out through the rain, eyes locked on
the pine thicket.

JILLIAN

She killed her parents with an ax.
That's why they call her --

"MARY JANE'S" HEAD POKES THROUGH THE CURTAIN OF RAIN --

"MARY JANE"

Actually it was a hammer.

-- Elissa and Jillian SHRIEK.

"MARY JANE"

But 'Hammer Girl' just doesn't cut
it.

Up close, "Mary Jane" is quite clearly a TEENAGE DUDE in a
wig and dress.

JILLIAN
You asshole.

JAKE
I got you so good, gooftard.

He's joined by another kid in Viking costume with a giant rubber battle ax. They high-five. They're JAKE (18) Jillian's brother, and his friend, ROBBIE (17).

JILLIAN
The cross-dresser is my latent homosexual brother, Jake.

VIKING / ROBBIE
And I am Viking Warrior Dude.

JAKE
We just hit up the Costume Shop in Bridgeport. Halloween's only thirty-eight days away.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Elissa, Jillian, Jake and Robbie walk together. Robbie gravitates towards Elissa. He's sweet, slightly geeky.

ROBBIE
Jilly, said you sing. I play drums. Jake's bass. You any good?

ELISSA
Are you?

JILLIAN
They're awesome.

ROBBIE
You should check us out sometime.

ELISSA
Only if you're truly awesome.

Robbie smiles. Likes her. Elissa starts off on her own.

JAKE
Watch out for Ax Girl.

CUT TO:

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Elissa enters from the back deck, carrying her backpack, wet and bedraggled looking. Sarah steps from the kitchen.

SARAH
I invited Ryan Crawley for dinner
tonight. You might want to change.

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - ELISSA'S ROOM

Elissa frantically tries on different outfits in front of a mirror. Rejected clothes litter her bed and floor.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah, Elissa and Ryan have dinner. Ryan wears chinos and a dress shirt, hair neatly combed. Elissa looks cool and sexy. Sarah notes the effort her daughter made to look good.

RYAN
I go part-time to Bridgeport
Community. It's not the greatest
school in the world, but I'm
getting my credits together to
apply for pre-med.

SARAH
That's very admirable.

RYAN
It was really hard watching my
sister go through what she did.

ELISSA
So maybe you'll find a cure for...
well, whatever she had.

RYAN
There isn't exactly a cure. She
fell off the swing when she was
five and hit her head. She almost
died, but she just kinda went crazy
instead.

ELISSA
Trauma-induced psychosis. That's
what they call it. I read a lot of
that stuff.

SARAH
That must've been so hard for your
whole family.

Ryan looks down at his plate. Sarah and Elissa have nothing to say. What can you say? A long, awkward beat.

RYAN

I go to see a shrink a couple times a week at the hospital here.

(looking at Sarah)

I guess that's something you'd want to know about me. I'm supposed to be working through these different stages of grief and stuff.

ELISSA

Ryan, that's really good. I mean, I'm glad you're doing that. My mom went to therapy for a long time after she broke up with my dad.

Sarah shoots a tight smile at Elissa, but rolls with it --

SARAH

It definitely helped me.

RYAN

(a sly joke)

Yeah, you seem pretty normal.

ELISSA

My mom? It's all a facade.

SARAH

No one's normal. What's normal?

Ryan smiles. Sarah offers the platter of chicken.

SARAH

Would you like some more?

He smiles and takes a piece.

RYAN

You're actually the first people to invite me over since it happened.

Sarah and Elissa exchange a look.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Elissa finishes removing the dinner dishes and returns to the table as her mom prepares dessert in the kitchen.

ELISSA

Ryan, can I ask you something?

RYAN

Sure...

ELISSA

There were these kids from school
who were talking about Mary Jane.

Ryan's expression darkens, on guard now.

ELISSA

And... I guess this sounds really
crazy, but they were saying that
people have seen her in the woods
around here.

Ryan stares at her a beat, disturbed. Shakes his head.

RYAN

Mary Jane would just die out there.
Starve to death. She couldn't
survive on her own. She needed
constant care. My dad wanted to
put her in a home, but Mom wouldn't
let him.

(a beat)

That's why they sent me to boarding
school. You know, to get me out of
their hair.

ELISSA

That kinda sucks.

RYAN

They had to.

Elissa slides her hand across the table and touches Ryan's
hand. Ryan is quietly jolted, but can't bring himself to
look at her. Elissa gently strokes a finger.

SARAH (O.S.)

Here we go, strawberries and home-
made whipped cream.

Sara enters from the kitchen with a tray of desserts. Ryan
pulls his hand away, but Sarah's caught the little moment
between them.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Sarah, Elissa and Ryan have dessert. Sarah looks anxious.

ELISSA

Uh-oh. She's got that parental
look. What, Mom?

Sarah gives a tight smile and puts down her fork.

SARAH

I want to say this to both of you.
Elissa is just getting started in a
new school. I want her to do well.
It's one of the reasons we moved
here.

ELISSA

Mom... what is your point?

Sarah is really addressing Ryan. Her eyes don't leave him.

SARAH

She's a high school junior. She's
sixteen. And you're in college.
And you're...

RYAN

Nineteen.

SARAH

That's a big age difference.

ELISSA

Mom, come on. This is ridiculous.

SARAH

No, it isn't. Ryan knows what I'm
saying. We're neighbors and we
should be friends. But I'm asking
that you respect this rule. I
don't want the two of you to be
alone in your house or in this
house when I'm not here.

ELISSA

But you're never here!

SARAH

I'm here now.
(to Ryan)
You'll respect that?

RYAN

Yes.

ELISSA

No! Why should we? It's totally
unfair.

RYAN

Elissa, it's okay. She's right.
She's your mother.

SARAH
Thank you, Ryan.

Ryan abruptly stands, clenching his napkin.

ELISSA
Ryan, where are you going?

RYAN
You're lucky you have a mother that
cares about you.

SARAH
Ryan, please sit down. I didn't
mean you have to go. We can all be
friends.

RYAN
(overlapping, embarrassed)
Thank you very much for dinner.

And he walks out.

EXT. DONNELLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Elissa shouts from the steps as Ryan strides off.

ELISSA
Ryan -- !

He disappears in the dark. Elissa wheels on Sarah.

ELISSA
You invited him over just so you
could throw him out?!

SARAH
I didn't throw him out. He left.
Because he knew I was onto him.

ELISSA
"Onto him?!" Ohmygod -- what're
you talking about?

SARAH
I don't care how sweet and
misunderstood you think he is,
he's nineteen years old. Do you
think all he's going to want is to
hold hands and listen to you play
the guitar?

*

Elissa is beside herself with anger and frustration.

ELISSA

Just because you were some major
slut in high school doesn't mean I
am!

Elissa runs upstairs. Sarah hears her SLAM her bedroom door.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ryan bursts in, upset, humiliated. He rips off the 'nice'
shirt he'd worn for the dinner and throws it in the garbage.
Punches it down with his fist.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODSHIRE HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA PATIO - DAY

Tables outside on landscaped grounds for the hospital
workers. Sarah has lunch with the town cop, Weaver.

SARAH

So I pretty much blew it. Elissa's
not talking to me. And I'm sure
Ryan thinks I'm against like the
rest of the town.

WEAVER

Ryan's not stupid. I'm sure he got
it.

Sarah smiles. Appreciates Weaver's calm.

SARAH

It's just... I could see where it
was going... Elissa has a big
heart. And he was going to turn
into a project for her. She was
going to save him. She's always
been like that. Bringing home
stray cats and dogs. When we were
in Cape Cod one year and Elissa --
I guess she was seven -- found out
that the lobsters in the tank at
the restaurant we not just to look
at but were going to get eaten..

WEAVER

(anticipating)

Uh-oh.

SARAH
 (nods, smiling)
 ..she was so completely heartbroken
 we had to buy her one to take to
 the beach and set free.

WEAVER
 Hope she took the little pegs out
 of the claws.

SARAH
 Oh, she did. Then when she hit
 high school, it wasn't kitty cats
 and lobsters she had to save, it
 was some misunderstood punk rock
 loner with substance abuse
 problems. She has this special
 radar for the needy.

WEAVER
 Well, you've definitely got a
 problem. You raised a good, caring
 kid. In a mean, messed up world.
 And as if that wasn't bad enough,
 she's turning out as pretty as her
 mom.

Sarah gives Weaver a dubious look.

SARAH
 Relax, Weaver. I plan on living
 here for awhile.

*
*
*
*

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODSHIRE VILLAGE GREEN - DAY

Kids hang here after school. Gather on benches. Skateboard
 around the Revolutionary War monument. Elissa and Jillian
 are at a pay phone, looking up a number.

ELISSA
 Here it is. "John Crawley. One
 four nine Sycamore Lane."

Elissa taps the number into her cell phone speed dial.

JILLIAN
 Ooo, straight into speed dial.

ELISSA
 I'm just going to apologize for
 psycho mom.

JILLIAN

Then what...?

Elissa is nonplused. Hesitates.

JILLIAN

C'mon, Okay, obviously you're really sweating him, right?

Elissa shrugs. Jillian playfully grabs Elissa's wrist. She's doodled a little "R C" on her hand with black ink.

JILLIAN

Excuse me -- don't even.

ELISSA

Okay, so I like him. No big.

JILLIAN

Like? Or like-like?

Jillian digs in her backpack. Hands Elissa a mints tin. She opens it. Inside -- a joint, matches and a condom.

JILLIAN

He's in college, Barbie. He might have certain sexexpectations.

Elissa hands it back.

ELISSA

I'm just gonna call him.

JILLIAN

Be like that. You can always give him a blow job.

Elissa punches Jillian in the arm. Turns away and calls.

RECORDED PHONE MESSAGE

The number you have dialed has been changed or disconnected. There is no other information at this time.

Elissa clicks off, disappointed. Jillian puts an arm around her. Suddenly the CLATTER of skateboards and Tyler, Spencer and Zach swoop around the girls.

TYLER

Hey, carpet munchers.

(to his buds)

Didn't I tell you - lesbos.

Tyler snaps a cellphone photo of the girls together.

JILLIAN
Bite me. Leave us alone.

TYLER
Chill. We're just playing.

Tyler gets off his board. Addresses Elissa. Contrite.

TYLER
I wanted to make sure you were
okay. You know, our little
misunderstanding at Caitlin's.

ELISSA
There wasn't a misunderstanding.

TYLER
Cool.

ELISSA
They call it date rape, asswipe.
And if you come near me again, I go
to the cops. And you can put that
on your college application.

Nearby, Spencer and Zak, overhear and "OOOOOO" in mock fear.

ELISSA
And the same goes for your little
butt monkeys. Bye for now.

Elissa and Jillian stride off and walk into the safety of the
closest store, leaving Tyler and his posse dissed.

INT. UPSCALE TOY AND GIFT SHOP

Inside the door, Jillian and Elissa laugh and high five their
successful put down. Then Jillian gasps. Elbows Elissa.

THEIR POV... across the shop, Ryan stands at the counter,
talking to the shop owner.

CLOSER RYAN... examining a two-thousand piece, fantasy-themed
puzzle of castles and unicorns, a far-away look in his eyes.

SHOP OWNER
I set this aside for you. Thought
you'd like it.

Ryan hands him a credit card.

ELISSA (O.S.)
Hi.

For a split-second Ryan doesn't seem to recognize her.

RYAN

Hello.

ELISSA

I really, really, really wanted to apologize for my mom last night.

RYAN

That's okay.

ELISSA

I hope you didn't take her too seriously. It was just like, you know, classic parentnoia... Oh, this is my friend, Jillian.

JILLIAN

Hi.

Jillian sees the fantasy puzzle and rolls her eyes at Elissa.

JILLIAN

You're into puzzles?

RYAN

(a nervous laugh)

Oh... This is for my aunt. She's turning ninety.

An awkward silence. Ryan gets his receipt from the clerk.

ELISSA

So uh... we were wondering if you could give us a ride to the mall? We have to get some... notebooks. For school. Do you mind?

RYAN

We're not supposed to do that, remember?

ELISSA

No, my mom said she didn't want us alone. We're not alone.

Elissa puts her arm around Jillian, who doesn't look too thrilled.

JILLIAN

I got my notebook already.

ELISSA

No, you didn't.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. RYAN'S CAR - (TRAVELING) - MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Ryan glances at Elissa beside him, then Jillian in the rear-view. He's nervous, trying to hide his excitement.

RYAN

Where should I let you guys off?

They pass a Circuit City with banners announcing a SALE.

ELISSA

Ryan, you get that new sound system yet? C'mon. Let me hook you up with something awesome.

Ryan smiles, tempted. Jillian leans over the seat.

JILLIAN

Go for it, dude.

CUT TO:

INT. CIRCUIT CITY

The double electric doors swing open and Ryan walks in with two cuties on his arm. The bored SALESMAN look up.

INT. HOME ENTERTAINMENT SECTION

Ryan, Elissa and Jillian check out the giant flat panel TVs and surround-sound systems in a glass-enclosed section. The girls begin dancing to a MUSIC VIDEO playing simultaneously on all the screens, while Ryan stands a bit stiffly.

SID (60), a salesman with a comb-over, approaches Ryan and smiles. The girls are pretty much doing Sid's job for him.

SID

You got your helpers today.

All the other salesmen in the place are watching, too.

INT. CIRCUIT CITY - CHECK OUT REGISTER - LATER

Sid is totals the purchases as Elissa, Ryan and Jillian look on. The digital display reads: \$6,698.78. The girls eyes go wide. Sid swipes Ryan's card. The register BEEPS HARSHLY. Sid reads the screen.

SID

Says we gotta call your card company.

Sid dials. Elissa and Jillian look at each other. Maybe this whole thing is a bust. Sid thrusts the phone at Ryan.

SID
They wanna talk to you.

Ryan hesitates then takes the phone.

RYAN
(into phone)
Oh... sure... My mother's maiden
name was Mary Jane Brower.

Elissa and Jillian glance at each other, a bit creeped by the mention of the name. But Sid swipes the card again and this time the register PINGS HAPPILY.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. RYAN'S CAR - MALL PARKING LOT

Ryan drives off with Elissa and Jillian. The seats are filled with boxes. A flat screen box sticks from the trunk.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. RYAN'S CAR - IDLING AT JILLIAN'S DRIVEWAY

Ryan lets Jillian off at the end of her driveway.

ELISSA
Jill, wait. Do you have that...?

Jillian eyes Elissa meaningfully and slips her the mint tin, then runs up her driveway. Elissa turns to Ryan, but he doesn't put the car in gear. They look at each other a beat.

RYAN
We're not supposed to be alone.

Suddenly Elissa's cell SHRILLS. They both start.

ELISSA
(into phone)
Hey, mom.

INT. WOODSHIRE HOSPITAL - RADIOLOGY DEPT. - SAME TIME

Sarah on the phone with Elissa.

SARAH
Where are you?

INT. RYAN'S CAR - IDLING AT JILLIAN'S DRIVEWAY

Ryan, anxious, listens to the Elissa on the cell.

ELISSA
I'm in the kitchen doing my
homework. Can't you see me on the
surveillance camera? I'm waving.

SARAH
Ha-ha. They hit me with another
late shift. I won't be home 'til
eleven. You gonna be okay?

ELISSA
Yes.

SARAH
And you remember our agreement?

ELISSA
Yes! Don't you trust me at all?

INT. WOODSHIRE HOSPITAL - RADIOLOGY DEPT.

Sarah on the phone.

SARAH
Of course I do.

Elissa clicks off. Sarah feels a little sad. Uneasy.

INT. RYAN'S CAR - IDLING AT JILLIAN'S DRIVEWAY

Ryan and Elissa.

RYAN
She really believes you're home?

ELISSA
I set the home phone to forward
calls to my cell.

RYAN
You're kinda devious.

ELISSA
(wryly)
I'm only trying to protect her.

Ryan puts the car in gear and they drive off.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS across the empty Circuit City boxes and the
tangle of cords and cables, amps and speakers to the big flat
panel plasma TV where "Terminator 3" plays.

The two Barca Loungers are positioned side by side and Ryan and Elissa pass the joint back and forth in the flickering glow of the movie. They're relaxed together.

RYAN

Why are you being so nice to me?

ELISSA

Because you need someone to be nice to you. I don't think your parents were very nice.

Ryan is taken aback.

RYAN

Why do you say that?

ELISSA

Well, it sounds like everything was always about Mary Jane. About taking care of her.

RYAN

That wasn't her fault.

ELISSA

Of course it wasn't. But it sounds like they just totally ignored Ryan.

Ryan is held by her words. Maybe no one's ever cared about him like this. Elissa leans forward and kisses him. Her touch is electric to him and he pulls away.

ELISSA

I'm not very good, am I?

RYAN

(shaking his head)

No... that's not...

Elissa quickly kisses him again. Puts more into it. Ryan is overwhelmed. Wildly turned on. Tries to hold back, afraid of losing control. But Elissa is giggling and climbing on top of him, her body against his and all at once --

-- he grabs her wrists very hard. So tight she can't move. And he kisses her. She kisses back. And as it heats up, he relaxes his grip. And their hands move over each other, kissing and caressing. Then as they shift positions --

-- they accidentally topple out of the lounge onto the floor. Ryan looks embarrassed but Elissa just CRACKS UP. And then Ryan LAUGHS, too -- it's okay. Elissa scoots away. Ryan scrambles after her.

*

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - ALL OVER

A wild, stoned chase through the DARK. Elissa rushing ahead, sliding around corners, LAUGHING. She bounds upstairs.

ON A DARK LANDING

Elissa flattens against the wall out of sight, heart pounding. Hears Ryan's FOOTSTEPS.

ON RYAN

coming up the stairs. A FAINT STEADY TAPPING SOUND comes from somewhere in the house.

RYAN

Elissa...?

ON THE DARK LANDING

Elissa, a stoned grin on her face, begins unbuttoning her blouse, trembling with anticipation.

ON RYAN

halfway up the stairs, the TAPPING LOUDER, more insistent. Realizing with a sudden jolt --

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. MARY JANE'S ROOM

Mary Jane stands in the corner, BANGING on a pipe with her plastic dinner plate. She looks up to the ceiling, mumbles..

MARY JANE

Lissaaaa....

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRS BETWEEN FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR

Elissa hears the TAPPING SOUND now, too. Steps from the shadows, startling Ryan as he hurries away down the stairs.

ELISSA

What is that?

RYAN

The water heater. It overflows sometimes. I have to check it.

He disappears into the dark.

TRACK WITH RYAN

-- careening through the dining room and living room into the kitchen. He almost collides with a door. Unlocks it. Slips through into the cellar and locks it behind him.

BACK ON ELISSA

Coming down the stairs, following the sound of the TAPPING to the radiator pipes.

ON RYAN

Somewhere in the CELLAR, yanking open a refrigerator. Pulling out a drug vial. Grabbing a syringe from a shelf.

ON ELISSA

Upstairs in the living room, listening at the radiator. TAP. TAP-TAP. TAP-TAP-TAP. Then SILENCE.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. MARY JANE'S ROOM (SOMEWHERE IN THE CELLAR)

Ryan wrestles Mary Jane away from the pipe.

MARY JANE

Lissa's here...I wunu seeyer. I
WUNU SEEYER!

RYAN

Shhh. Shhhh! Be quiet.

He pins her on the bed with one hand while trying to ready a syringe with the other. She's out-of-control, SPITTING!

RYAN

Mary Jane, stoppit. Stoppit!

Mary Jane jerks up and BITES HIM! He CRIES OUT and STABS the needle through her sleeve. Mary Jane squirms --

ECU - BENEATH MARY JANE'S SHIRT... the needle comes out of her flesh and when Ryan depresses the plunger the liquid drug dribbles down her arm.

Ryan keeps Mary Jane pinned as she pretends to lose consciousness. Faintly, he hears, calling from upstairs.

ELISSA (O.S.)

Ryan...? Is everything okay...?

Ryan quickly checks Mary Jane. Thinks she's out. He turns off the overheads, leaving on a PINK NIGHT LIGHT, and exits.

HOLD ON MARY JANE... as Ryan closes her bedroom door behind him, she silently springs up, gently catches the door knob and stops the lock from catching.

Mary Jane cocks her head, a wild blue eye glinting from behind tangled hair as RYAN'S FOOTSTEPS FADE AWAY. Trembling with excitement, she pushes at the door. IT SWINGS OPENS.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR

Ryan returns to the ENTRY WAY where he'd left Elissa.

RYAN
Sorry about that.

He looks up the stairs. No sign of Elissa.

RYAN
Elissa...? Where are you?

ELISSA (O.S.)
Find me!

Ryan chuckles. Turns circles, trying to guess where her voice came from.

ON ELISSA IN THE DINING ROOM

padding through the dark, searching for another hiding place.

CUT TO:

MARY JANE ON THE CELLAR STAIRS

slowly climbing the CELLAR STAIRS (towards the kitchen.) Her slippers shuffle clumsily on the wooden steps.

ON ELISSA

creeping into the kitchen, still looking for a place to hide. She sees a door. TURNS the knob.

MARY JANE

STARTLES as the door knob TURNS at the top of the stairs.

BACK WITH ELISSA

on the other side of the cellar door. It's locked. She lets go of the door knob and scurries out of the room to find another place to hide.

MARY JANE

freezes for a long, beat. Then cautiously, continues up.

CUT TO:

RYAN - MOVING DOWN THE UPSTAIRS HALL

Checking rooms, calling out --

RYAN

Elissa, come on. Give me a hint.

ELISSA - IN THE DARK BACK OF A CLOSET

Huddled among coats and jackets. Trying not to giggle.

RYAN (O.S.)

Hot or cold?

ELISSA

COLD!

RYAN - SPINS AROUND

And barrels back down the front stairs.

MARY JANE - PUSHES THROUGH THE CELLAR DOOR

Into the kitchen. She begins opening drawers, looking for something.

RYAN - STANDS IN THE ENTRY HALL

with a view down the center hall into part of the kitchen. He hears SOUNDS there and smiles, assuming it's Elissa.

RYAN

Am I getting warmer?

ELISSA - IN THE DARK CLOSET

Covers her mouth to keep from laughing as Ryan gets closer.

RYAN (O.S.)

Warmer....?

RYAN - RUSHES DOWN THE HALL

thinking he's going to surprise Elissa, when a COAT CLOSET DOOR suddenly flies open in his path --

ELISSA

BOO!

-- and Elissa jumps out into his arms. Ryan's staggered.
Elissa LAUGHS and kisses him, just as --

RYAN'S POV OVER ELISSA'S SHOULDER... Mary Jane appears in the
kitchen doorway down the hall. She grips a CARVING KNIFE.

RYAN
(prying Elissa loose)
Let go of me!

ELISSA
What's the matter?

Ryan drags Elissa down the hall before she's seen Mary Jane,
flings open the front door and virtually throws her out.

ELISSA
Ryan, I'm sorry. What did I do?

RYAN
You're not supposed to be here. Go
home! GO - !

Ryan SLAMS the door. Spins around to see --

-- Mary Jane is gone.

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Bewildered, tearful, Elissa buttons up her blouse and flees
home across the lawn.

INT/EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN

Ryan charges in. Looks out the back door and catches sight
of Mary Jane plunging into the woods. He grabs a flashlight.
Flies down the back steps in pursuit.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

RUN WITH MARY JANE... blindly slashing at branches.

ON RYAN... searching the trails. Cursing. Then a SPLASH.

RYAN'S POV MARY JANE... staggering through a stream.

BACK ON RYAN... sprinting full-out.

RYAN
Mary Jane!

ON MARY JANE... clambering over a stone wall, then sliding
down a steep embankment out onto --

EXT. WOODED COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

No houses in view. Mary Jane stands in the middle of the road, clutching the knife. The SOUND OF A CAR in the distance. It's headlights sweep the woods as it takes a turn, just about to illuminate her when --

-- RYAN ERUPTS FROM THE DARK and plows Mary Jane off the road into a ditch a second before she's seen. He pins her down in the weeds as the car closes the distance.

MARY JANE
Hellllppppppppp!!!!

And then there's a ROCK in Ryan's hand and he's pleading --

RYAN
Quiet! Please....

-- but she won't shut-up and he SMASHES IN HER FACE, silencing her. He covers her with his body in the ditch as the car passes by a few feet away.

Ryan waits until its engine fades away. Then he lifts his head, gazing down at Mary Jane's bloodied face, appalled.

EXT. DRAIN CULVERT - BENEATH THE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan SOBS as he stuffs Mary Jane's body inside until it is completely hidden. He must stop and hide as other cars pass.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Ryan runs home on a trail. Tears now replaced with fear.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. DONNELLY HOUSE - ELISSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elissa is on the phone with Jillian, teary, distraught.

ELISSA
(into phone)
I don't know what happened. We were having so much fun. Then he just totally freaked.

JILLIAN (PHONE FILTER)
That so sucks. Maybe he's, you know, gay or something.

Elissa hears a CAR and hurries to the window. Ryan drives down his driveway and turns up the street.

ELISSA

Now he's going out somewhere.

JILLIAN

That's so weird. Where can you go
at eleven o'clock in Woodshire?

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN COUNTRY ROAD

Ryan's car idles on the side of the road. He lifts Mary Jane's body and dumps it in the trunk. Slams it shut.

INT. RYAN'S CAR (TRAVELING)

Ryan looks almost catatonic as he drives.

CUT TO:

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - ELISSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elissa jumps up from the bed at the sound of a CAR.

HER POV THE CRAWLEY HOUSE... the remote-controlled garage door GRINDS OPEN. Ryan drives in. The garage door closes.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY GARAGE - NIGHT

Ryan opens the trunk and looks at Mary Jane, emotionless. He puts on a pair of LATEX GLOVES. He clips a work light to the trunk lid, shines it on Mary Jane's face and bends over her.

He pulls back her eyelid and plucks out A BLUE-TINTED CONTACT LENS. He carefully places it a lens case. Removes the second contact. Puts the lens case in a green tackle box.

Next, Ryan uses pliers to remove a DENTAL PLATE of even, white teeth from Mary Jane's mouth. He places these in a plastic case and these too go in the tackle box.

EXT. CRAWLEY GARAGE - SAME TIME

Elissa approaches the garage, unsure of what she's going to do or say. She hears SOUNDS and tries to peek in, but the garage door windows are BLACKED OUT WITH PAINT.

INT. CRAWLEY GARAGE - SAME TIME

Bent over the trunk, Ryan carefully peels away a WIG glued to Mary Jane's shaved scalp. He fluffs out the long, dark hair.

It's a beautiful, professionally-made wig of human hair and Ryan's GESTURES tell us he knows how to handle it properly. He notices some strands clotted together by blood splatters --

RYAN
(angry, under his breath)
Stupid bitch.

Suddenly a KNOCK on the garage door and Ryan freezes, still holding the wig.

ELISSA (O.S.)
(quavering with emotion)
Ryan...? It's me, Elissa.

Ryan doesn't move a muscle, veins pulsing in his neck.

EXT. CRAWLEY GARAGE - SAME TIME

Elissa stands by the door...

ELISSA
I know you don't want to talk to me right now and that's okay. I just want you to know that I really like you. And I'm sorry if I did something wrong... Ryan...?

Elissa waits, hoping for some response. Finally, she turns away and runs down the driveway.

PUSH IN ON A BLACKENED WINDOW... Ryan's EYE appears in a tiny corner where paint has flaked away. He watches her go.

CUT TO:

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Elissa slips in from the back deck. She pads across the living room. A VOICE startles her.

SARAH (O.S.)
Hey, kiddo. Did I wake you?

Elissa rounds the corner into the kitchen. Sarah, still in her hospital uniform, fixes a late dinner.

ELISSA
Yeah.

SARAH
You're still in your clothes.

ELISSA

I fell asleep on the covers. I'm going back to bed. I'm beat.

SARAH

C'mere for a sec. Something's been bothering me.

ELISSA

Mom, it's too late to get yelled at.

SARAH

I'm not going to yell at you, baby. I wanted to apologize for the way I handled things with Ryan.

ELISSA

It's okay. Forget it.

SARAH

I'm just trying to take care of you. You know that, don't you?

ELISSA

(annoyed)

Yes. Can I go now?

SARAH

And I wish that sometimes you'd let me help you... that you could tell me things.

ELISSA

Okay. Fine. I will.

Elissa runs upstairs.

INT. ELISSA'S BEDROOM

Elissa flings herself on her bed, completely miserable.

INT. DONNELLY KITCHEN

Sarah eats her late dinner alone, sadly aware of the distance between her and her daughter.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - WINDOWLESS ROOM

Ryan painstakingly removes blood stains from the wig with a cleaner, then blow-dries it. He slowly brushes it out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT/EXT. RYAN'S NEW CAR (TRAVELING) - THE INTERSTATE - DAY

Ryan drives, lost in a psychotic fugue state. Beside him on the seat is a leather tool bag. He unzips it, feels around inside - gaffers tape, handcuffs, syringes.

RYAN'S MOVING POV... Highway signs float past in a series of DISSOLVES... *Welcome to Massachusetts... Entering New Hampshire... Maine, Vacationland...*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RYAN'S CAR (TRAVELING) - PORTLAND, MAINE - NIGHT

Creeping through the streets as Ryan hunts.

RYAN'S MOVING POV... a MONTAGE OF TEENAGE GIRLS... Outside bars... in mall parking lots... leaving multiplexes... A hallucinatory blur of DISSOLVES and JUMP CUTS jumble NIGHT and DAY as Ryan searches for a new 'Mary Jane.'

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODSHIRE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A crisp, sunny autumn day. Students head to class, laughing, shouting to friends. Jillian walks with Elissa.

JILLIAN

He could've at least called. The guy's obviously a total jerk. Besides being exceedingly creepy. So, I don't know, why don't you give your mom a thrill and hook up with, you know some dude from school. My brother's pretty pathetic, maybe you could save him.

Elissa gives Jillian a dirty look. Jillian shrugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SYCAMORE LANE, WOODSHIRE - DAY

Elissa approaches Ryan's driveway, checks the street, then quickly takes a note from her pocket and opens his mailbox. Mail spills from the over-stuffed box. He's been gone for days. Elissa jams the mail back in the box and runs home.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODSHIRE HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Elissa eats lunch with Jillian. Robbie (the Viking guy) comes over and sits down. His false bravado comes across more charming than obnoxious.

ROBBIE

Thought you might want to check out
our set list before you came to the
audition.

Robbie hands Elissa a homemade CD.

ROBBIE

Oh, and wear something hot.

Robbie walks off before Elissa can object. She turns to Jillian with an accusatory look.

JILLIAN

Wanna tell me a better way to get
out of the breakdown lane.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE - PORTLAND, MAINE - LATE AFTERNOON

Ryan pays for coffee and a slice of chocolate cake. He sits at a table. A beat. Then slides the cake to--

-- a PRETTY 15 YEAR OLD GIRL who resembles Mary Jane. She happily digs into the cake. Ryan looks at her fondly.

RYAN

You remind me of my sister.

PRETTY GIRL

Yeah? Like how?

RYAN

She loves chocolate cake, too.

PRETTY GIRL

Hel-lo -- who doesn't like
chocolate?

RYAN

I don't.

PRETTY GIRL

Okay -- you're weird.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S CAR (TRAVELING) RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Ryan gives the Pretty Girl a ride home. The tool bag is between them. The radio plays ROCK. He eases to the curb.

PRETTY GIRL

It's a little further up... mine's
the green one at the end.

Ryan turns to her smiling. He speaks softly and sincerely.

RYAN

Mary Jane...

PRETTY GIRL

(giggling)

What did you call me? My name's --

RYAN

(overlapping)

... it's time to come home.

Ryan stabs her arm with a syringe. The Pretty Girl CRIES OUT - eyes flashing panic - and reaches for the door handle.

THOWK! All the car doors lock. And as she SCREAMS, Ryan cranks the RADIO FULL VOLUME --

-- cross-fading with a SINGLE DISTORTED GUITAR CHORD as we --

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. BARN REHEARSAL SPACE - JILLIAN'S BACK YARD - DAY

Elissa's Stratocaster FEEDS BACK as she adjusts her amp. Jillian claps and whoops.

ELISSA

This might totally suck, guys.

Robbie, on DRUMS, kicks off the song, followed by Jake's BASS. Then Elissa. HIGH DECIBEL CHAOS. For a moment it sounds like crap, then the three musicians settle down, find their groove -- not bad. Jillian grins, starts dancing.

Elissa steps to the mic and starts to SING -- and now Robbie and Jake break into big shit-eating grins. She's awesome.

EXT. JAKE AND JILLIAN'S BACK YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

Elissa, Robbie and Jake lie on the grass, taking a break. Elissa looks happier than we've seen her in awhile.

JAKE

Of course, we're ready. How ready to you have to be for a frickin' high school battle of the bands?

ELISSA

It's next week, dude. You're crazy.

JAKE

You only play three songs. And we just did like ten.

ELISSA

Robbie, what do you think?

ROBBIE

I think the only other problem is that you're way better than us.

ELISSA

Shut up.

ROBBIE

And when you go major label they're gonna make you dump us.

(a beat, to Elissa)

You have no idea how awesome you are, do you?

Jake and Jillian "Oooo..." It feels like love. Elissa's cell rings. She checks caller ID -- doesn't recognize it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY REST-STOP - SAME TIME

RAIN. Deserted. Ryan is a lone figure at a pay phone. He's drained and exhausted, speaks haltingly.

RYAN

(into phone)

Elissa... it's me.

ELISSA (PHONE FILTER)

Ryan? Where are you?

Ryan looks around -- he doesn't know where he is. His car is parked nearby. There is no one visible inside.

RYAN

I'm coming home... I had a family emergency...

ELISSA
Is everything okay?

RYAN
My aunt died. You know the one who
liked puzzles.

ELISSA
I'm sorry...

EXT. JAKE AND JILLIAN'S BACK YARD - SAME TIME

Elissa has moved off, disturbed and excited by the call.

RYAN (PHONE FILTER)
I miss you. I want to see you...

Jake and Robbie head back to the barn. Robbie looks bummed.

JAKE
C'mon, we gonna play or what?

RYAN (PHONE FILTER)
So can I, Elissa? Can I see you?

ELISSA
(into phone)
Yes.

Elissa clicks off. Jillian gives Elissa a disapproving look -
- knows who she's been talking to.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - SAME TIME

Ryan hangs up. No other cars. Only RAIN and the DRONE of
the highway a distance off. He opens the car trunk. Pulls
back a blanket. The Pretty Girl lies bound and gagged.

Ryan checks her pulse at the carotid artery. Gives her
another injection. SLAMS the trunk.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - ELISSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elissa bolts up at the sound of a CAR. Rushes to her window.

ELISSA'S POV THE CRAWLEY HOUSE.. Ryan's car pulls into his
garage.

ELISSA... falls back on her bed. clutching a pillow, eyes
bright with nervous excitement.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS BEHIND THE DONNELLY HOUSE - DAWN

MIST hangs in the air. Elissa, in jeans and T-shirt, but barefoot, pads along the leafy ground. A whisper --

RYAN (O.S.)

Lissa...

She stops. Ryan steps from behind a tree.

RYAN

I want to explain what happened at the house yesterday.

ELISSA

You mean last week.

RYAN

Right... Last week. Why I made you leave.

Ryan looks down, this is very difficult...

ELISSA

It's okay, Ryan... whatever it is.

RYAN

I got scared. About what was happening. What we were doing.

ELISSA

You mean... The sex part. We don't have to, you know... do anything.

RYAN

No, that's not it. I was scared because of what I wanted to do.

He glances at her, then looks down again.

RYAN

I've never done that with anyone.

ELISSA

I haven't either.

She steps closer. Gently, she takes his hand.

RYAN

I have things I want to tell you...

ELISSA

I want you to.

Elissa hears the BANG OF A POT. Through the trees, Sarah is visible in the kitchen window, making her morning coffee.

ELISSA

Ohmygod, my mom's up.

Elissa gives Ryan a quick hug and kiss and runs back to her house, circling wide to sneak in the front.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODSHIRE HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

Jillian is helping with decorations for the Battle of the Bands. Elissa's told her about Ryan's return.

JILLIAN

And you just took him back?

ELISSA

What do you mean 'took him back?'
We're not even, you know,
officially anything.

JILLIAN

But you bought the aunt's funeral
story.

ELISSA

Why would he make that up?

JILLIAN

Hel-lo? Another girlfriend. What
kind of funeral takes seven days?

Elissa is silent a moment, processing Jillian's opinion.

ELISSA

You're wrong. He was so sweet.
And... he needs me.

JILLIAN

Whatever. I'm just going to say it
one more time. Robbie's a great
guy and he's crazy about you.

Elissa feels badly.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY JANE'S ROOM

Ryan sets a tray on the table beside the unopened puzzle.

RYAN

Wake up, sleepy hand.

Ryan clicks on the night table light and nudges Mary Jane. She GROANS. He helps her sit up on the edge of the bed.

He pulls back her night dress, swabs her skin and gives her an injection. She watches, too out of it to comprehend.

RYAN

How about some breakfast?

Ryan helps Mary Jane up. She shuffles across the small, windowless room. There is a MIRROR on a dresser and as she catches sight of herself --

-- we get our first good look at her. The Pretty Girl from Portland has been transformed with wig, contacts, dental insert, etc. into Ryan's new Mary Jane.

She's horrified by what she sees in the mirror and begins to grow agitated, WHIMPERING with fear.

RYAN

Shhhh, Mary Jane. Eat. You'll feel better.

He guides her into her seat and slides the tray in front of her. Firmly puts a plastic fork in her hand. She looks up, bewildered, as the drugs blur her consciousness.

RYAN

Go on...

Ryan smiles encouragingly and slowly Mary Jane begins to eat.

RYAN

There you go. That wasn't so hard.

Ryan wipes a dribble of egg off her chin with his napkin.

RYAN

I wish Mom could see you.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODSHIRE HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Cavernous and DARK. Mobbed. Elissa, Jake and Robbie PLAY on a stage beneath the backboard. The crowd is into them.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - STUDENT PARKING LOT

Students congregate in the open exits and we hear the BAND inside. Others kids hang by their cars, sneaking beers or passing joints. There's a ripple through the crowd as --

TRACK WITH RYAN... walking towards the gym.

HIS MOVING POV THE CURIOUS STUDENTS... heads turning, gawking at him. Jostling their friends 'Look, who's here.'

INT. GYMNASIUM

ON STAGE... Elissa and the band are on fire. Elissa and Robbie shoot each other pumped looks - totally into it. Then she steps to the mic and sees --

-- the crowd parting to let Ryan pass. He climbs a bleacher and sits. Elissa's thrown for a moment, then smiles, glade Ryan came. Robbie doesn't feel the same way. Jealous, he looks away from Elissa, concentrates on drumming.

IN THE BLEACHERS... Ryan's attracted the attention of Tyler and his buds Zak and Spencer. They take seats around him encircling him.

TYLER

Yo, this must be our new exchange student from Asswipe-i-stan.

ZAK

I heard retardo hooked up with the new girl.

Tyler lasciviously eyes Elissa on stage.

TYLER

For real? You tapping that?

Tyler elbows Ryan. Ryan catches his arm in a powerful grip.

TYLER

Don't fucking touch me, loser.

Ryan doesn't want trouble. He gets up and moves. They follow.

ON STAGE... Elissa's seen Tyler and his buddies hassling Ryan. She messes up a verse in the song.

ELISSA'S POV RYAN... embarrassed, getting up again and loping down the bleachers and disappearing in the crowd.

ON STAGE... Jake joins Elissa at the mic, singing with her, trying to get her head back in the show.

ELISSA'S POV RYAN.. striding from the gym, head down. Tyler, Zak and Spencer tail him. Smelling a fight, more kids tag along.

ELISSA... stops singing. She's pissed and scared for Ryan. The band stumbles to the end of the song. The crowd thinks they're messing up. BOOS and CATCALLS.

Elissa strips off her guitar and jumps from the stage. Shoves through the crowd. Jake and Robbie are stunned.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELDS - WOODSHIRE H.S. - NIGHT

Ryan stalks off across the DARK FIELD headed for the woods. Tyler and the taunting pack following.

TYLER

Hey, faggot, don't leave. Elissa was telling everybody how much she wanted to suck your dick. And she's a truly excellent cock sucker as I think everyone here can testify.

Ryan turns, enraged. Someone throws a ROCK. It strikes his head. He staggers and falls to one knee. Blood flows from his scalp. Tyler and the pack move in like hyenas on a wounded lion. Ryan's dizzy, bent over.

TYLER

Yo, sport -- you okay?

ZACK

I think he's gonna chunk it.

They take turns throwing undefended punches and kicks that drives Ryan to hands and knees. The crowds HOOTS and cheers them on.

Tyler charges Ryan, about to drop kick him in the face. Ryan surges up, grabs Tyler's foot and SMACKS him to the ground.

Ryan's face is streaked with blood. He looks quite thoroughly insane. He wrenches Tyler's foot. Tyler YOWLS.

TYLER

Alright! I give! Fuck!

EXT. GYMNASIUM - AT THE EXIT DOOR

A few TEACHERS step outside to see what's going on, but the fight is so far across the field they don't really see much of anything. They shrug and go back inside.

Elissa almost collides with them as she bursts out. Sees the circle of kids far across the field and breaks into a run.

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD

Ryan still has Tyler pinned. Zak and Spencer advance cautiously to help their buddy.

ZAK

Hey, take it easy, man.

SPENCER

C'mon, dude, let him go.

RYAN

(to Tyler, softly)

Don't ever say those things about Elissa again, okay?

TYLER

Yeah, yeah. Definitely.

Ryan BREAKS Tyler's ankle with a hideous POP AND SNAP. Tyler HOWLS. Zak and Spencer stumble back in horror.

Ryan rise, wipes blood from his brow. Then calmly STOMPS on the ankle again! Another GRISLY CRACK. Tyler gags, vomits!

Ryan walks off -- the crowd backing away -- and disappears across the DARK FIELD.

ON ELISSA... as she pushes through the circle of kids, thinking it's Ryan on the ground.

ELISSA

Ryan!

Stunned to see Tyler. He's shaking. Going into shock.

SPENCER

Look what your fucking boyfriend did!

Zak, Spencer and the other on-lookers glare hatred at Elissa.

ELISSA... breaks from the circle and runs.

EXT. WOODS BEHIND WOODSHIRE HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Ryan sits on a tumbledown stone wall, cradling his head in his hands. In the DARK Elissa doesn't notice the blood from his head wound right away.

RYAN

Was that kid hurt?

Elissa looks at Ryan in disbelief.

ELISSA

Yes.

RYAN

(moaning in fear)

Oh, no... no..

(pathetically)

I didn't mean to hurt anybody.

They were saying disgusting things
about you. I couldn't stand it.

He looks at her and now she sees the BLOOD streaks his face.

ELISSA

Ohmygod. Ryan, you're bleeding.

What did they do to you?

Elissa examines his head. There's a DEEP GASH in his scalp.
The WHOOP OF A SIREN and they look out from the woods as --

-- an AMBULANCE swings into the gym parking lot. Teachers
point the way. The ambulance jumps the curb and drives onto
the athletic field.

ELISSA

There's an ambulance. Come on.

RYAN

No.

Now Weaver's SQUAD CAR angles across the dark field, LIGHTS
FLASHING, driving out to the circle of kids.

ELISSA

We have to go to the hospital. You
need stitches.

RYAN

No. I have to go home.

Ryan stands, woozy. He tries to walk. Stumbles. Steadies
himself on a tree trunk. Elissa takes his arm.

RYAN

Where's my car? You've gotta get
my car.

He digs out car keys.

ELISSA

Ryan, I can't drive.

RYAN

Just pull it out of the lot. I'll meet you by the exit over there. Please, Lissa.

Elissa takes his car keys.

EXT. GYM PARKING LOT

Another band is playing inside the gym now. The doors are closed. There's a second SQUAD CAR parked there, DOME LIGHT FLASHING. Another OFFICER talks with some of the TEACHERS.

Elissa runs up. Sees her friends loading band equipment in Jake's old van. Elissa takes a deep breath and walks over.

ELISSA

Guys, I'm really sorry....

Jake and Jillian, just stare reproachfully. Robbie, wounded, hands Elissa her guitar case.

ROBBIE

We would've won, you know.

ELISSA

Yeah.

JAKE

Thanks for nothing. Our last singer sucked, but at least he stayed on stage.

Elissa runs off. Unlocks Ryan's car and gets behind the wheel. Jake, Jillian and Robbie watch in disbelief.

JILLIAN

Lissa, what the hell're you doing?

Elissa starts the car, clumsily pulls from the lot with fits and starts, then turns onto the school circle. She jerks to a stop at the exit. Ryan materializes from the dark and gets behind the wheel as she slides over. They drive off.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODSHIRE HOSPITAL - RADIOLOGY DEPT. - NIGHT

Dr. Kohler strides past Sarah's station.

DR. KOHLER

EMT's are coming in with a broken leg.

Sarah jumps up, hurrying down the hall with him.

DR. KOHLER
Eighteen year old male. There was
a fight at the high school dance.

Sarah's face shows worry as they turn a corner into --

INT. WOODSHIRE HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM

The electric doors part and EMTs wheel in Tyler. He's
moaning in pain, partially sedated. Weaver follows.

In a curtained EXAMINING AREA a NURSE begins cutting open the
pant leg as Dr. Kohler and Sarah arrive.

DR. KOHLER
How you doing there, buddy?

TYLER
Fucking not good, a-hole!

DR. KOHLER
We'll get you something for the
pain.
(to the nurse)
A hundred m.g. Demorol.

Sarah watches as the pant leg is stripped away. Has to stop
herself from GASPING. Tyler's foot is bent at an impossible
angle, splinters of shattered bone poking through the skin.

ANGLE THE E.R. ENTRANCE

-- as Tyler's parents, Kerri and Ben Reynolds, burst in,
frantic with worry.

KERRI
Where is he? Where's my Tyler?

They push past Sarah. Kerri sees Tyler's leg and SHRIEKS --

KERRI
OH LORD - !!

INT. WOODSHIRE HOSPITAL - X-RAY ROOM

Quiet. Dim light. Tyler lies on his back. Sarah places a
lead apron over his groin and positions the x-ray tube.

SARAH
Tyler, I need you to hold very,
still.

TYLER
You know who did this?

SARAH
Shh. Don't try to talk.

TYLER
Ryan Crawley. Your daughter's
fucking insane boyfriend.

Sarah is staggered, but says nothing.

INT. X-RAY OPERATOR'S BOOTH

Sarah stands with a video view of Tyler as the machinery hums, her mind flooding with anxiety. She startles as a door flies open and Dr. Kohler pokes his head in.

DR. KOHLER
Where's my film? Come on!

SARAH
Five minutes.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Sarah runs down the hall with the X-ray prints under her arm while she calls Elissa on her cell.

CUT TO:

INT. QUIK STOP MARKET - SAME TIME

Elissa runs up and down the aisles, finds what she's looking for. Grabs First Aid bandages, antiseptic, gauze, etc. Her cell RINGS. She checks caller ID. Curses under her breath. Stuffs the phone back in her pocket.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Sarah hurrying down the hall.

SARAH
(into phone)
Elissa, I have to talk to you right
away. Call me as soon as you get
this.

EXT. QUIK STOP MARKET - SAME TIME

Elissa comes out to the car with her purchases. Gets in beside Ryan. They drive off.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODSHIRE HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM

The X-rays of Tyler's leg are on a light board. Sarah, Dr. Kohler and the E.R. Nurse are shaken by the level of damage.

DR. KOHLER

(sotte voce)

Jesus -- somebody went nuts on this kid.

Across the room, Weaver talks with Tyler's parents, Kerri and Ben Reynolds. Kerri is beside herself.

KERRI

I want him arrested now.

WEAVER

Let's calm down a little. Ryan's not going anywhere. And we're still trying to find out exactly what happened.

KERRI

Ryan Crawley almost killed my son -- that's what happened.

WEAVER

Kerri, listen to me. We've got eye witnesses -- there were a gang of boys attacking Ryan. He didn't start the fight. And he didn't throw the first punch.

KERRI

Oh, and that gives him the right to break Tyler's leg?!

WEAVER

Of course not. But nobody's expected to stand still when somebody else punches them in the face. And frankly, Tyler is just as likely to end up with assault charges as Ryan.

BEN

(under his breath to Kerri)

That'd look great on his application to Princeton.

*
*
*

Kerri shoots her husband a dirty look, then sees Sarah with the group of doctors.

KERRI

Sarah! My God, I forgot you were here. Is Elissa alright?

SARAH

(taken aback)

I think so, yes. I've been trying to get her on the phone.

KERRI

(to Weaver)

I'm sure Sarah wants this monster put away more than any of us.

(back to Sarah)

What a nightmare having him date your daughter

SARAH

Excuse me? Elissa's not dating Ryan Crawley.

Kerri and Ben exchange a knowing look.

KERRI

Excuse me. That's what this whole thing is about. Ryan's been following Elissa, harassing her. And when Tyler tries to do something about it --

(pointedly to Weaver)

-- look at the thanks he gets.

Sarah is stunned and embarrassed, fear rising.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Sarah has pulled Dr. Kohler aside to speak in private.

SARAH

Doctor Kohler, I know this is a bad time, but I've really got to leave.

DR. KOHLER

Are you crazy? They're prepping the kid in the O.R., the orthopedic surgeon's on her way and she'll probably want an MRI.

SARAH

Isn't there someone else?

DR. KOHLER

No. There isn't. This is your job. Christ! Do not leave.

He walks off. Sarah takes out her cell phone, punches numbers. Weaver appears around the corner.

WEAVER

You okay?

SARAH

No. I'm totally not okay.

(into phone)

Elissa, call me! Where the hell are you?!

(clicks off, back to Weaver)

I think my daughter's been lying to me and I'm furious.

WEAVER

I understand. But take everything Kerri Reynolds says with a big grain of salt. Her son's a spoiled, little shit. And the idea that he'd stand up to Ryan Crawley for some noble reason could only occur in the mind of his mother.

*
*
*

Sarah manages a laugh, but is far from cheered up.

SARAH

I know Ryan's been through a lot. And he's in therapy and back in school... that's all great. But you didn't see what Ryan did to Tyler's leg.

*
*
*
*

Sarah's cell phone RINGS. She opens it, sees caller ID --

SARAH

(into phone)

Elissa, thank God. Are you okay?

ELISSA (PHONE FILTER)

I'm fine. How's Tyler's doing -- not that I should give a blank?

SARAH

Did Ryan do that to him?

ELISSA (PHONE FILTER)

Ryan was attacked by like ten guys who were beating him up.

(MORE)

ELISSA (PHONE FILTER) (CONT'D)
All he did was fight back... Did
you hear me?

SARAH
We'll talk about this later. Where
are you?

ELISSA (PHONE FILTER)
At home.

SARAH
I don't believe you.

ELISSA (PHONE FILTER)
So call me.

Elissa hangs up.

SARAH
Damnit.

Sarah hits speed dial.

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

The phone on the wall RINGS once then stops.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Elissa answers (the forwarded call on) her cell.

ELISSA
Believe me now?

SARAH (PHONE FILTER)
Is Ryan there?

ELISSA
No.

SARAH (PHONE FILTER)
Stay in the house and do not let
him in. Do you understand me? And
lock the doors.

ELISSA
Mom, you're really losing it.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Weaver nudges Sarah. Dr. Kohler and the surgeon, a white-
haired woman in her 50s, DR. HAGSTROM, come down the hall.
Hagstrom has Tyler's X-rays.

*
*

SARAH
 (quickly into phone)
 Lissa, I gotta go. I love you.

Sarah starts off to join them. Weaver gently catches her sleeve. She smiles.

SARAH
 I'll be okay.

WEAVER
 Good. But I wanted to tell you...
 Ryan's not in therapy or in
 college. I tried to get him to do
 both. But he refused.

Weaver shakes his head. Sarah is troubled.

DR. KOHLER
 Sarah, are you with us?

Sarah pulls herself together, falls in step with the doctors.

DR. HAGSTROM
 X-rays caught multiple fractures.
 But I need an MRI to assess
 ligament damage.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Elissa stands above Ryan who sits at the table. She cleans his head wound the best she can. Ryan's sick with worry.

RYAN
 Does she know if they're going to
 arrest me?

ELISSA
 Stop. They're not going to.

RYAN
 You told her I was fighting back,
 right?

ELISSA
 You heard me.

RYAN
 And that's what you're going to
 tell the police. You'll tell them
 that.

ELISSA
Of course I will.

Ryan is trembling. Elissa puts a bandage over the wound.

RYAN
I can't go to jail.

ELISSA
You're not going to. Take it easy.

Ryan looks up at her, relieved. She bends down and sweetly kisses his brow. Out of nowhere --

-- THE CRASH OF SHATTERING GLASS!

Elissa screams in alarm. Ryan bolts up. A ROCK skitters across the floor.

ANOTHER CRASH! And ANOTHER! Two more ROCKS PUNCTURE WINDOWS in the living room.

ELISSA AND RYAN'S POV OUT KITCHEN WINDOW... as a pack of BOYS ON DIRT BIKES -- including Spencer and Zak roar around the house and yard.

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - YARD

Ryan and Elissa run down the back stairs and around the side of the house. WHITE STREAMERS of toilet paper hang from tree branches. Zak sprays lighter fluid in the trash cans and lights them. They FLARE UP in FLAMES. Spencer tips them over, the metal cans banging loudly on the pavement, spewing burning garbage across the driveway and lawn.

Elissa charges them fearlessly!

ELISSA
Assholes! Get out of here. We're calling the cops!

She wheels on Ryan, who stands by passively watching it all.

ELISSA
Aren't you going to do something?!

RYAN
And get in more trouble?

Elissa picks up a rock and throws it. It BANGS off Zak's dirt bike.

ELISSA
Motherfuckers!

Zak gives her the finger. And he and Spencer and the rest of the Dirt Bikers ROAR off into the woods.

Elissa and Ryan survey the damage. They stomp out the little trash fires burning here and there.

ELISSA

God, I hate this fricking town!

Ryan starts picking up the trash cans. Throwing bags of trash back in.

ELISSA

Ryan, why do you stay here?

RYAN

What do you mean? I live here.

ELISSA

But why? People treat you like shit. Why don't you get away from here? You could live anywhere you wanted.

RYAN

I have to take care of the house.

Elissa looks at him oddly. He starts picking up the overturned trash cans.

ELISSA

What do you mean? Get rid of the house. Sell it. Burn it down. I mean, my God -- what fond memories could you possibly have of this place?

Ryan doesn't know what to say. A beat. Then --

RYAN

It's not just my house, it's my si--

He stops himself but it's too late.

ELISSA

Your what? Your sister's house?
Is that why you're still here,
Ryan? You think she's coming back?

RYAN

(defensive)
No, I don't think that.

ELISSA

That's it, isn't it? You don't really think she's dead. You're waiting for Mary Jane.

Ryan looks at Elissa, wary, frightened.

ELISSA

Is that one of the things you wanted to tell me?

Elissa sees a strange little flicker in Ryan's eyes. Not sure what it means. Just then the SOUND OF A ENGINE --

-- as Weaver's squad car comes down Sycamore Lane.

RYAN

You better go home.

Elissa darts into the bushes out of sight. The squad car turns up the drive. Ryan walks over as Weaver gets out.

RYAN

Hello, Mister Weaver.

Weaver surveys the trashed yard. Shakes his head.

WEAVER

Jesus. You know who did this?

RYAN

No, sir.

WEAVER

(eyeing Weaver's bandaged head)

How 'bout the head. Know who did that?

ANGLE ELISSA - HIDING IN THE BUSHES

She can hear Weaver and Ryan's VOICES but can't make out what they're saying. Something catches her eye on the dark lawn --

-- a piece of trash from an overturned can. It looks like a perfume bottle. Elissa wriggles out and snags it.

It's an empty bottle of rose-colored NAIL POLISH. Elissa's stares at it riveted -- mind racing.

She scans the lawn again and sees a small, black plastic bag, tied at the top, but torn open. The nail polish must have spilled from here. She squints at the bag in the half-light. The glint of a tiny GLASS VIALS. She's got to get to it.

She checks on Ryan and Weaver. They're finishing their conversation and for a moment are turned away.

Elissa dashes out -- snags the bag -- turns and runs. This time, she cuts across the dark back lawn and into the woods.

BACK ON RYAN AND WEAVER IN THE DRIVEWAY

Weaver opens his car door.

WEAVER

I'm not gonna make you go down to arraignment tonight. We can take care of it in the morning. I'll pick you at eight. *

RYAN

Thank you, sir.

Weaver gets in his squad car and drives off. Ryan waves.

CUT TO:

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elissa slips in, breathless, clutching the nail polish and the black plastic bag. She starts upstairs when --

-- the DOORBELL RINGS. She freezes. It RINGS AGAIN.

EXT. DONNELLY HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Elissa opens the door to Weaver.

WEAVER

Your mom asked me to check on you. Everything okay?

ELISSA

I'm fine.

WEAVER

Good. Since I'm here, would you mind giving me a statement about the incident tonight at school?

CUT TO:

INT. ELISSA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Elissa watches Weaver drive off, then turns back to her desk and tears open the black plastic bag she found. Out spills --

-- syringes, dirty cotton balls, a dozen small, glass drug vials and an empty box of TAMPAX.

Elissa lurches up as if she's seen a ghost! With shaking hands, she picks up a vial. Reads the label: Phenobarbital.

Among the refuse is a PINK COMB. Broken. Dark knots of HAIR are tangled in the teeth. She pulls at one. Frees --

-- a long strand of hair.

CUT TO:

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sarah drinks coffee. She looks exhausted. Elissa is dressed for school.

SARAH

Can you imagine how upset I was last night?

ELISSA

Mom, I'm sorry. Ryan was just trying to do something -- you know -- totally normal. Just to come hear me play. Nobody lets him just do things like that.

Elissa hears a car next door and crosses to the window.

ELISSA'S POV CRAWLEY HOUSE... as Weaver's squad car pulls up. Ryan comes out in suit and tie for court.

ELISSA

I can't believe the Reynolds are pressing charges.

She watches Weaver and Ryan drive off.

SARAH

I was talking to Bill Weaver last night. I found out Ryan is not in therapy and is not going to the community college. He lied to us.

Elissa looks disturbed. Sarah opens an envelope and slides several color photocopies onto the kitchen table.

SARAH

I wanted you to see these.

Elissa looks down.

ELISSA

Oh -- gross!

They're pictures of Tyler's mangled leg. Elissa looks away.

ELISSA
Why're you showing me these?

SARAH
I'm trying to scare you a little.
I know your intentions are good.
But mad dogs bite.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. SARAH'S CAR - WOODSHIRE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Sarah stops in front of the curb. Elissa gets out.

SARAH
Hold on. I'm picking you up after
school. Right here. Do you
understand? Do not be late.

Elissa watches Sarah drive away.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODSHIRE HIGH SCHOOL - BACK LAWN

CLASS BELLS RING across campus as Elissa, wearing her
backpack, runs across a lawn and disappears into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Elissa runs home on a trail.

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Elissa stands at the edge of the woods, checking out the
house. The sun beats down. Everything is still.

She crosses the lawn and mounts the back steps. The kitchen
door is locked. She walks around the side of the house and
spots a broken window covered with black plastic.

Elissa dumps her backpack amidst the shrubs and begins to
tear away the plastic.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elissa reaches in through shattered glass and unlocks the
window. She opens it and climbs in. Looks around.

Although the day is bright, all the blinds are drawn and
inside it is nighttime. Splinters of sunlight penetrate here
and there. Somewhere a clock TICKS LOUDLY.

ELISSA
Hello...? Mary Jane...?

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

Elissa works her way along the SHADOWY passageway, knocking on each door.

ELISSA

Mary Jane? Are you here?

INT. ATTIC STAIRS

Elissa climbs the narrow, twisting stairs. The house is unnaturally still. Elissa's footsteps the only sound.

ELISSA

Mary Jane...?

INT. RYAN'S ROOM

On the desk, Elissa finds a dog-eared PDR (Physician's Desk Reference). It's stuffed with bookmarks. She opens it.

CLOSE - THE PAGES

Underlined and filled with handwritten notes. Information about medications, dosages, anti-psychotics, anti-convulsants, tranquilizers.

INT. KITCHEN

Elissa is back where she started. Frustrated. Nowhere else to look. Then she sees the door where she'd tried to hide in her game with Ryan. It's still locked. She tugs at it. Determined to get in this time.

She looks around for a key might. Feels one above the door frame and takes it down. She unlocks the door and steps in.

INT. CELLAR

Elissa turns on the lights and descends into the murky space.

ELISSA

Mary Jane...?

Dusty shelves, old paint cans, Christmas ornaments, a washer and dryer. Nothing unusual. No place for someone to hide.

Elissa starts back up the stairs, then out of the corner of her eye --

-- a flash of pink. She stops. Looks down. The other half of the BROKEN PINK COMB lies on the floor beneath the dryer.

And now she notices the dryer has been moved slightly to one side. She thinks a moment, then puts her shoulder against it and shoves. She steps back. GASPS!

There is a trap door with an iron handle in the cement floor.

Elissa stares at it a long beat as if wishing it weren't there. Then she summons up her courage, grasps the handle and pulls. HINGES CREAK as it opens, exposing --

-- A METAL LADDER in a cinder block shaft. She peers down. It's too dark to see to the bottom.

ELISSA

Mary Jane?

She listens, not moving a muscle. And now rising from below, the faint, muffled fragments of a GIRL'S VOICE.

Elissa lurches up in shock. She glances up the cellar stairs, the door still open at the top -- her escape route. But she doesn't let herself run.

There is a light switch at the top of the shaft. Elissa bends down and clicks it ON. Now she can see that the ladder ends about twelve feet down.

ELISSA

(softly, frightened)

Mary Jane, where are you? I can't see. Are you down there?

The VOICE RISES AGAIN. Unintelligible. Desperate.

Elissa does a gut check and starts climbing down.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT ROOM

Elissa steps from the ladder into the windowless room we've glimpsed earlier. There is a sink. Shelves with make-up, lotions, nail scissors, eye-liner, etc. Another shelf holds syringes, alcohol swabs, cotton balls. Another has towels, toilet paper, Tampax. There is a small refrigerator.

And there is a METAL DOOR with a PEEP HOLE. And from behind it the AWFUL, AGITATED, MUMBLING OF MARY JANE.

For a moment, Elissa feels leaden, unable to move. Then she forces herself forward and puts her eye to the peephole.

ELISSA'S PEEPHOLE POV... a distorted and terrifying glimpse of Mary Jane inches away as she throws herself against the door.

ELISSA... rears back as a HAND DROPS ON HER SHOULDER!

RYAN (O.S.)
What are you doing here?!

Elissa SCREAMS and spins around. Ryan still wears his suit and tie from court.

RYAN
Go back upstairs.

Elissa catches her breath. Steels herself --

ELISSA
No.

Mary Jane is MEWLING and BANGING on her side of the door.

RYAN
GET OUT OF HERE!

Elissa steps away, but doesn't back down.

ELISSA
Open the door. I want to see her.

RYAN
Listen to her. That's what you've done already.

ELISSA
Open it, Ryan!

RYAN
I was going to tell you...

ELISSA
OPEN IT! NOW!

Ryan stares at her a beat. Then takes out a set of keys.

RYAN
You have to give us a minute. Mary Jane's not used to people.

Ryan unlocks the door, but keeps his shoulder against it, slips inside and locks it behind him.

Elissa is left alone in the windowless room trembling with fear and anticipation. After a long beat, the door opens.

RYAN (O.S.)
Elissa. You can come in now.

Elissa hesitates, then crosses the threshold.

INT. MARY JANE'S ROOM

Elissa enters, shocked to see a perfectly normal-looking girl's bedroom. The walls and ceiling are painted exactly like Mary Jane's old room upstairs with brightly-colored balloons and rainbows. There are dolls and stuffed animals.

Puzzle pieces are spread out on a card table. On the walls, completed puzzles -- fantasy worlds of unicorns, castles and dragons -- are laminated and framed like paintings.

Ryan sits on the bed, his arm around Mary Jane as if comforting an elderly relative in a nursing home. Mary Jane is heavily sedated again.

RYAN

Look, Mary Jane, we have a visitor.

Mary Jane lifts her head, long hair veiling her face. She seems to move in slow motion.

RYAN

This is Elissa. Remember I told you about her?

Ryan brushes aside hair. Mary Jane's eyes search the room.

RYAN

Her medication makes her groggy.

Elissa approaches and kneels at eye-level with Mary Jane.

ELISSA

Hi, Mary Jane...

RYAN

Say, hi, Mary Jane.

Mary Jane's bright, blue eyes finally find Elissa's. She struggles to hold her in focus and slowly reaches for Elissa. Elissa responds by gently shaking Mary Jane's hand.

ELISSA

I'm very glad to meet you.

Mary Jane doesn't let go. Elissa looks around at the framed puzzles on the walls.

ELISSA

Did you make all these puzzles, Mary Jane? They're beautiful.

MARY JANE

Noooo... I didnnnn....

Ryan chuckles.

RYAN

I helped her some. But she's really good. We're working on a giant one right now, aren't we, Mary Jane?

(then remembering his white lie to Elissa)

It wasn't really a present for my aunt.

Mary Jane seems mesmerized by Elissa's hand, pulling at her fingers, extending two of them. Elissa gives Ryan a look.

ELISSA

What is she doing?

RYAN

(cajoling)

Mary Jane, what are you ---

Suddenly, Mary Jane yanks at Elissa's hand and pokes her fingers inside her mouth to feel a dental retainer that locks her jaw together.

RYAN

No, Mary Jane. No!

Ryan yanks Mary Jane away, clamping his hand over her mouth.

ELISSA

(frightened, bewildered)

What was that?

RYAN

She was trying to bite you.

MARY JANE

Nooooo....

Mary Jane goes berserk, slapping and kicking at Ryan, ghastly choked SCREAMS forced through her pinioned mouth. Ryan holds her in a bear hug and shouts at Elissa

RYAN

You've gotta leave now. Go back upstairs. Go! Go!

Backing away in horror, Elissa stares at the pathetic, out-of-control girl, then turns runs out.

Ryan keeps his grip on Mary Jane until he sees Elissa disappear up the ladder, then he kicks the bedroom door shut.

Ryan slams Mary Jane down on the bed, almost breaking it. He seizes her throat with one hand, choking her.

RYAN
(hissing, furious)
Stupid bitch.

She gags. Her face going WHITE. With his free hand, Ryan pulls hidden leather straps from behind the bed posts and ties her down. She shoves a gag in her mouth, then rises.

RYAN
You are in big trouble, missy!

He stalks out. Slams the door and locks it.

HOLD ON MARY JANE AND PUSH IN TIGHT

as a strand of hair slips from her face, revealing her eyes. The left eye is bright blue. The right eye is brown. One of her colored contacts has fallen out during the struggle.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Elissa stands, trembling, mind reeling at what she's seen. Ryan locks the cellar door behind him. Turns to her.

ELISSA
What was that thing in her mouth?

RYAN
It keeps her from biting people. I only put it in to protect you.

ELISSA
Ryan, you can't do this. You can't keep her down there like that.

RYAN
I can't let people find her. They'll take her away.

ELISSA
But she needs to be in a hospital.

RYAN
You mean prison. They'd put her in prison.

ELISSA
No, they wouldn't. She's sick. She needs to be taken care of.

RYAN

I am taking care of her.

ELISSA

You're not a doctor! I saw that medical books upstairs. You don't really know what you're doing. You can't shoot her up with whatever drugs you can get your hands on. You'll end up killing her.

Ryan glares at Elissa - she's touched a nerve.

RYAN

I would never do that!

ELISSA

I don't mean on purpose, Ryan. And what about you? You can't take care of her forever. Don't you deserve your own life?

RYAN

No.

Ryan turns away, staring out the window. His eyes well up.

RYAN

I made her like this.

ELISSA

What do you mean?

RYAN'S POV OUT THE WINDOW - THE BACK YARD - (FLASHBACK)

SEVEN YEAR-OLD RYAN and FIVE YEAR-OLD MARY JANE wander across a patio littered with bottles and cigarette butts. CHEESY MUSIC, LAUGHTER and DRUNKEN VOICES come from the house.

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - BACK YARD - (FLASHBACK)

Mary Jane runs across the lawn to a swing set. Ryan follows and gets on beside her. They start pumping -- a competition to see who can go highest. They shout: "Mommy look. Look!"

RYAN'S POV FROM THE SWING... Mary Crawley, drink in hand, appears in an upstairs bedroom window. She looks down and waves. A BLACK MAN appears behind her. She snorts coke off his fist. The blinds go down.

BACK ON THE SWING SET... Ryan and Mary Jane flying higher and higher. They try to join hands, but the swings are out of sync and they keep missing. Mary Jane screams with delight.

Ryan leans dangerously far over and seizes his sister's hand. The sudden movement jerks her swing and at the top of the arc, she falls off -- SMACKS her head on the ground.

Ryan jumps off the swing. Mary Jane lies motionless on her back, eyes wide open, unblinking.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - (FLASHBACK)

Seven year-old Ryan bursts in the back door, CRYING.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - - (FLASHBACK)

Seven Year-Old Ryan BANGS on his parents' bedroom door SHOUTING "MOMMY! -- DADDY!" From inside the SOUNDS OF LOUD SEX -- primitive, frightening. Ryan backs away.

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - BACK YARD -NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Ryan sits beneath the swings, holding Mary Jane's hand. She lies exactly where she fell. From inside the house, the PARTY MUSIC continues.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - (PRESENT)

Ryan still staring out the window Elissa near him.

ELISSA
Ryan, that's so horrible. But it wasn't your fault. You were seven years old.

RYAN
It was. That's why I was punished.

ELISSA
(astounded)
Your parents punished you for that?

Ryan turns to look at her. His eyes dark, disturbing.

RYAN
You have to promise not to tell anybody about Mary Jane.

Elissa doesn't say anything.

RYAN
Promise me.

ELISSA
I can't, Ryan.

Ryan's eyes burn for moment, then his face goes blank.
Elissa takes his hand.

ELISSA

Ryan, I know you're trying to help her, but you're not. This isn't good for her. Or you. You can't live like this. There're people to help. There really are. And I'll help you. I swear. You're not alone. But you have to let us.

Ryan lowers his head against her, a shudder of emotion rippling through him as though he's begun to cry. Elissa strokes his shoulder.

ELISSA

It's gonna be okay...

And now we see something Elissa can't. Ryan's head is bowed, but his eyes are dry and he's shaking with fury not regret.

ELISSA

Shhhh...

Then suddenly Elissa stops stroking his shoulder. Clinging to the fabric there is -- a small BRIGHT BLUE CIRCLE.

ELISSA

(plucking it off)

What is this?

Ryan turns. And she Elissa realizes -- it's a BLUE CONTACT LENS -- but her mind is still one step behind.

ELISSA

Do you wear contacts?

Ryan takes the contact from her, watching her eyes for the realization to hit her. And it comes -- a look of horror she can't hide.

ELISSA

(her voice faint, dry)

That's not Mary Jane down there.

Ryan looks at the floor.

RYAN

Mary Jane died.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. CRAWLEY YARD - DAWN - (FLASHBACK)

TRACK WITH MARY CRAWLEY weaving across the lawn to the swings. Ryan still sits holding Mary Jane's hand. Mary SCREAMS and falls to her knees, shakes the lifeless child.

RYAN (V.O.)

They didn't come out until morning.

Ryan tries to get up, but Mary Jane's hand has stiffened with rigor mortis and he can't pull free.

EXT. CRAWLEY BACK YARD - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Mary Crawley, virtually catatonic, sits on a patio chair, Ryan beside her, as John Crawley returns from the woods carrying a shovel.

RYAN (V.O.)

And by then it was too late to report it to the police.

INT. MARY JANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Little Ryan lies in Mary Jane's bed. Mary Crawley, eyes hollow with grief, strokes his hair. As she adjusts the covers we see that Ryan wears his sister's nightgown.

RYAN (V.O.)

That's when it started.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - MARY JANE'S BEDROOM - (FLASHBACK)

Mary Crawley sits at a small kid's table, happily painting Mary Jane's fingernails. CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal the TWELVE YEAR-OLD RYAN is dressed as Mary Jane.

RYAN (V.O.)

And it never stopped...

INT. JOHN AND MARY CRAWLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The door swings open. John and Mary sound asleep in their king-size bed. Silhouetted in the doorway, the outline of Mary Jane -- who we now see is the FIFTEEN YEAR-OLD RYAN in wig and dress -- a HAMMER clenched in one hand.

RYAN (V.O.)

... until I stopped it.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN - (THE PRESENT)

Ryan stares at the floor. Elissa's staggered.

ELISSA

But you were away at school.

RYAN

Everybody snuck in and out of that place all the time. I took my chem teacher's car. Three hours here. Three hours back.

ELISSA

You killed them...

Ryan lifts his eyes to Elissa.

ELISSA

(terrified)

Then who is that downstairs?

RYAN

Just someone I found... before you.

Elissa bolts for the back door and grabs the knob just as Ryan yanks her back inside and hurls her across the room.

Elissa crashes against the kitchen table, splintering a chair and sending breakfast dishes SMASHING to the floor.

Elissa lies on the linoleum, dazed. She blinks, room spinning above her as Ryan LOCKS the back door.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODSHIRE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

End of the school day. Students swarm towards buses at the curb. Sarah leans on her car, waiting for Elissa. The buses close their doors and begin to drive off. Sarah hits speed dial on her cell. Gets Elissa's voice mail.

SARAH

(into phone, annoyed)

Elissa, where are you? I'm out front. It's three twenty.

There are still students here and there on the grounds. Sarah starts down a walkway. She sees Jillian walking with Jake and Robbie.

SARAH
Jillian, hi. Have you seen Elissa?
(off Jillian's reluctant
look)
Please, tell me. It's very
important.

JILLIAN
She uh... she wasn't in school
today.

Sarah's furious... and scared.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - WINDOWLESS SUB-BASEMENT ROOM

Ryan emerges from Mary Jane's room, leaving the door open.
He is breathing heavily, sweaty, his face streaked with dirt.
He washes his face and hands in the sink.

Elissa is bound to a chair in the same manner as the abducted
girl before her, stripped down to tank top and panties. She
can see into Mary Jane's room. It's empty.

ELISSA
Where is she? Ryan, where is she?!

Ryan goes back into Mary Jane's room and returns with his
green TACKLE BOX and Mary Jane's wig on its stand.

ELISSA
(freaked)
What did you do to her?

RYAN
She went to sleep.

He tosses two empty syringes in the garbage. Then clicks on
a BRIGHT MAKE-UP LIGHT, blinding Elissa.

ELISSA
Ryan, please... please don't...

Ryan tightens leather straps so that she can't move her head.

RYAN
(gently)
Shhhh.... You're going to be the
best one yet.

He squirts contact lens solution in her eyes, then inserts
the BRIGHT BLUE CONTACTS. He regards her affectionately.

RYAN
Oh, you're beautiful.

ELISSA
Ryan, please stop.

Tears flow down her cheeks. Ryan turns away. BZZZZZZZZ. He turns back to her, holding the electric hair clippers.

ELISSA
RYAN!

Ryan jams a gag in her mouth.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. SARAH'S CAR - SYCAMORE LANE - DAY

Sarah turns up her driveway, then suddenly stops. She shifts into reverse, backs down - and speeds up Ryan's driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - WINDOWLESS SUB-BASEMENT ROOM

Elissa's eyes bulge in terror as Ryan sweeps the electric clippers across the side of her head. Tufts of hair flutter down to the floor. Ryan smiles and cuts another track.

DING-DONG. Ryan freezes. DING-DONG. DING-DONG. DING-DONG.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - FRONT PORCH

Sarah punches the bell again and again. Pulls at the door. Suddenly, it opens --

RYAN
The bell definitely works.

SARAH
Where's Elissa?

RYAN
Isn't she at school?

SARAH
No, I think she's here.

Sarah pushes past Ryan. His face flashes anger.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah marches through the downstairs, Ryan following.

SARAH
Elissa?! Elissa, where are you?
Answer me!

RYAN
(calmly)
Why don't you try her cell phone?

SARAH
I have!

RYAN
She's not here, Missus Donnelly.

SARAH
I know she comes over here, Ryan.
Despite what I asked you. Despite
what you promised me. So there is
nothing you could tell me right now
that I would believe.

Sarah returns to the front hall. And climbs the stairs.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - CONTINUOUS

Sarah stands at the end of the dark hall.

SARAH
Elissa?!

Ryan rises on the stairs behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM

Elissa is alone, bound to the chair in the glare of the
bright light. One side of her head is shaved.

She strains against her bonds, but she can't move a thing,
except her feet. She jerks them from side to side. Her left
foot hits the light stand -- it wobbles.

Elissa squints into the glare. The high-powered bulb is
bare... hot. She begins twisting her left foot back and
forth, trying to pull the light stand towards her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - FRONT PORCH

Ryan watches Sarah, angry and frustrated, walk down the front
steps. She turns on him.

SARAH

Let me leave you with this, Ryan.
A nineteen year-old having
relations with a fifteen year-old
is called statutory rape. A
felony. And I won't hesitate for
one second to press charges.

Sarah walks back to her car.

RYAN

I hope you find her.

Sarah begins to back down the driveway. Suddenly, she stops
and for a moment Ryan thinks she's coming back --

ON SARAH IN HER CAR... she's spotted Elissa's backpack in the
bushes -- at an angle Ryan cannot see from the front porch.

Her eyes sweep back to Ryan. He's watching her intently.
She continues backing down the drive.

ON RYAN... watching Sarah's car backs out onto Sycamore Lane,
then go up her own drive and park. Ryan goes back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM

CLOSE ELISSA'S BARE FOOT straining against the wobbling lamp
stand, pulling it towards her until --

-- the lamp topples over onto her.

The HOT BULB lands on her bare arm, BURNING HER BARE SKIN.
She clenches her teeth in pain.

But the BULB is also touching the restraining strap -- a WISP
OF SMOKE RISES. The strap begins to FRAY.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR

Ryan locks the cellar door behind him and hurries down the
stairs. He pushes aside the dryer.

CUT TO:

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM

Elissa pulls against the fraying strap. The BURNING FLESH ON
HER ARM is excruciating. Elissa SCREAMS through her gag.

Then the strap breaks. With her freed right hand she shoves the toppled lamp off her. It crashes to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR

Ryan opens the trap door in the floor and clicks on the light in the shaft. He starts down, pulling the trap door shut.

CUT TO:

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM

Elissa pulls her other hand loose. Undoes the gag in her mouth and unties the head straps. She frees her legs and is trying to stand when she hears --

-- RYAN coming down the ladder!

One foot is still bound and she drags the chair with her as she lunges to the workbench and grabs the hair clippers --

Ryan drops to the floor on the other side of the room.

Elissa hurls the clippers -- SMASHING the overhead light. The ROOM GOES BLACK as Ryan charges her.

She dodges him. He crashes into the chair. Her bound foot is yanked out from under her and she sprawls on the floor.

Now the only illumination comes from the PINK UNICORN NIGHT LIGHT through the open door to Mary Jane's room.

In the shadows, Elissa frees her leg from the broken chair and folds herself into the darkest corner.

Ryan picks himself up and feels along the workbench to the refrigerator and opens the door. A bar of light falls across the room, catches Elissa. She dashes into Mary Jane's room.

RYAN

Don't be scared, Lissa.

Ryan takes a vial from the refrigerator, fills a syringe.

INT. MARY JANE'S ROOM

Elissa crawls in the half-light. Knocks against the card table. STARTLES as puzzle pieces rain down on her.

RYAN (O.S.)

You'll like it here.

Elissa's panicked eyes sweep the room -- catches the GLINT OF BRASS HANDLE of a small door. A cupboard? A storage space?

She pulls out the night light and yanks open the door as --
-- Ryan enters the DARK, back-lit by the refrigerator light.

RYAN

Tell me, Lissa - hot or cold?

No answer. Ryan clicks on the bedside lamp. Elissa's gone.

CLOSE ELISSA IN DARKNESS

On the other side of the little door, now outlined in light by the lamp from Mary Jane's room. It's not a cupboard --

-- the floor and walls are DIRT. The little door opens and Ryan peeks in.

RYAN

Warmer...?

Elissa GASPS and scrambles back into a TUNNEL carved through rock and dirt, walls and ceiling supported by boards.

Ryan, in his good suit and tie, doesn't enter. Instead, he turns on a string of dim bare bulbs illuminating the low, claustrophobic, branching tunnel and --

-- Elissa twenty feet in, cowering like a cornered animal.

RYAN

Mary Jane, come out of there.
You're gonna be a filthy mess.

ELISSA

I'm not Mary Jane!

RYAN

I think I know my own sister.

Elissa wriggles down another tunnel out of Ryan's sight.

RYAN

Fine. Stay there. It's straight
into the tub when you come out.

Ryan slams the little door shut and locks it.

CUT TO:

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Sarah opens the front door to Weaver. It's RAINING.

SARAH
Bill, thanks for coming.

WEAVER
Not a problem.

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - KITCHEN

Weaver listens to Sarah's anxiety spilling out. Through the RAIN and WOODS the lights of the Crawley house flicker faintly.

SARAH
I saw her backpack over there in the bushes. Why would she leave it there? I didn't want to confront him again without you. But I want to search that house.

WEAVER
I don't have a warrant. But we can talk to him.

Sarah considers a beat. Nods. Let's do it.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL BENEATH THE CRAWLEY HOUSE

Elissa, in tank-top and panties, shivers in the cold, listens for Ryan. Finally, she decides to chance it and crawls back towards the door. Disoriented, she takes a wrong turn, the dead-end passage stuffed with a LARGE BLACK PLASTIC LEAF BAG.

Elissa GAGS at the stench. The corner of the bag is eaten away and visible inside is --

-- A DECOMPOSING HAND! Elissa chokes on bile rising in her gorge. Backs down the tunnel, bumping into --

-- another bag, tearing it -- revealing the SHAVED HEAD AND CRUSHED FACE of the "Mary Jane" Ryan clubbed to death.

Elissa retches. Backpedals. Curls up, hugging her knees, afraid to move. She is in a graveyard of "Mary Janes."

Then something moves beneath her. Elissa SCREAMS and twists round, stares at the LUMPY BLACK BAG she was unwittingly leaning against. It's still. She just imagined it.

Then it MOVES AGAIN!

Elissa steels herself and rips open the black plastic.

A HAND FLIES UP AND SEIZES HER WRIST! Elissa GASPS.

VOICE FROM THE BAG
Hlllllp meeeeeee....

Shaking with fear, Elissa tears away more plastic exposing the pale, shaved head of the Pretty Girl from Maine -- the "Mary Jane" Elissa had just met. Her voice is dry, raspy.

THE GIRL
He ptttt mmmme...too...sleeeeeeep...

Elissa sees the bruised veins in her arm.

THE GIRL
Btttt... nnnnot...enufff.

Just then, the FAINT STRUM OF THE DOORBELL from the monitor in Mary Jane's room.

Elissa starts towards the sound, but the girl clings to her.

ELISSA
Let go. Someone's upstairs -- !

THE GIRL
Nnnnnn..dnnnt leev mm -

ELISSA
I won't. I'll be back. Let go.

She pries loose The Girl's fingers then claws through the dirt, following the sound of the doorbell through the tunnel as it RINGS a few more times.

Elissa reaches the little door. BANGS on it. SCREAMS --

ELISSA
HELP!!! HELP!!!

REVERSE ANGLE THE TUNNEL DOOR - FROM THE OTHER SIDE

A dresser blocks it. Elissa's screams are audible, but muffled. (SFX) CAMERA RUSHES BACK

-- THROUGH MARY JANE'S BEDROOM.

-- BACKWARDS THROUGH THE PEEP HOLE IN THE DOOR.

-- UP THE LADDER IN THE SHAFT.

-- THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR.

-- ACROSS THE CELLAR AND UP THE STAIRS.

-- THROUGH THE CELLAR DOOR AND INTO THE KITCHEN. Where we hear the RAIN... and RYAN'S VOICE...

RYAN (O.S.)
Like I told Missus Donnelly, I
haven't seen Elissa since last
night at the school.

INT/EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Ryan faces Weaver. Sarah stands behind Weaver on the porch.
RAIN streams down. THUNDER RUMBLES. Weaver shows Ryan
Elissa's backpack, retrieved from the bushes.

RYAN
I have no idea how that got here.

WEAVER
Well, I'm thinking maybe Elissa
left it and climbed in that broken
window. She might be inside and
you don't even know it.

RYAN
Mister Weaver, I really don't
understand what you want me to do.

WEAVER
First, we just want you to be
straight with us.

RYAN
I am.

WEAVER
Good. And then I'd like you to let
me come in and look around. I
don't have a warrant so legally
you're not obligated to --

RYAN
You can come in. Jesus, I'm not
lying to you. She's not here.

Ryan steps aside and Weaver enters. Sarah follows. Ryan
glances at her then looks away.

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - FOYER

Weaver shouts into the house as Sarah and Ryan look on.

WEAVER

Elissa..? This is Officer Weaver.
Your mom's about to file a Missing
Persons on you and nobody's going
to be very happy about that if
you're playing hide and seek on
us... Are you here Elissa?!

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS BENEATH THE CRAWLEY HOUSE - SAME TIME

Elissa has returned to The Girl who sits propped up against
the tunnel wall, too weak to move.

ELISSA

Is there another way out of here?

THE GIRL

Dnnn know. Swww hmm buryyy a girl.

ELISSA

So there're tools down here.

The Girl nods, points. Elissa crawls off to look.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Weaver and Sarah enter, followed by Ryan. Weaver notes the
new flat-screen TV and the side by side Barca Loungers.

WEAVER

Cozy.

Sarah shoots Ryan a look, but holds her tongue.

WIND and RAIN SLAP at the torn plastic where Elissa climbed
in. Weaver shuts the window. Looks at Ryan.

WEAVER

You didn't notice that before?

RYAN

No, sir. I went upstairs to change
as soon as I got home.

Sarah turns to Weaver, more convinced then ever.

SARAH

She's here.

Ryan's getting a bit edgy. Weaver notices.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS BENEATH THE CRAWLEY HOUSE - SAME TIME

Elissa finds a cache of tools. Takes a pick ax and shovel and crawls back to the Girl. Down one of the branching tunnels she see a small section of exposed concrete.

ELISSA

What is this?

The Girl shakes her head. Elissa scrapes away dirt. It's a concrete cylinder about eighteen inches wide, angling up.

ELISSA

It's some kind of pipe. Maybe a storm drain.

Elissa smashes at it with the CRACKS through. It's HOLLOW. She widens the hole until she can she can stick her head in. Too dark to see. She unfastens electric cord from the ceiling and pokes a bulb into the hole.

ELISSA'S POV UP THE CONCRETE PIPE... twenty feet above is the grate of a storm drain and the distant FLICKER OF LIGHTNING.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL

Weaver and Sarah have looked in all the rooms except Ryan's parents' bedroom. Weaver eyes Ryan curiously as he unlocks the door. Ryan's hands tremble slightly.

RYAN

I don't see how Elissa could've gotten in here. I've got the only key.

WEAVER

You always keep this locked?

RYAN

Yes, sir. I don't go in here.

Ryan swings open the door to the grisly crime scene. Sarah steps back in shock. Ryan turns away too, still traumatized. Sarah notices his reaction. Weaver enters alone.

JOHN AND MARY CRAWLEY'S BEDROOM

Weaver steps around the old blood splatters. Looks in the bathroom. The closets. No one.

UPSTAIRS HALL

Sarah and Ryan wait. Sarah looks up the attic stairs.

SARAH
What's up here?

RYAN
My room.

Sarah starts up the stairs without his permission. Ryan strides down the hall after her. Sarah stops halfway up.

SARAH
Is there a problem?

Ryan shakes his head. Back down the hall, Weaver emerges from his parents' bedroom and starts back downstairs.

RYAN
Where're you going?

Ryan runs after him, freaked by the invasion of his house.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNELS BENEATH THE CRAWLEYS - SAME TIME

The Girl watches Elissa HAMMER at the concrete pipe, widening the hole until. Her panic rises when the hole is finally big enough for Elissa to fit through.

THE GIRL
Yerrrr gnnnnnn to levvvv me.

She can't help herself and begins to CRY. Elissa takes both her hands in hers.

ELISSA
Look at me. I promise I will come back for you.

This calms the Girl slightly. Elissa climbs inside the pipe.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN

Weaver enters followed by Ryan. Weaver's foot accidentally kicks a broken piece of dinner plate across the linoleum. Weaver bends and picks it up.

RYAN
I broke a plate this morning. I was kinda nervous about court.

WEAVER

Sure thing.

Weaver tosses the shard in the garbage and sees more broken china and splintered pieces of the chair.

WEAVER

Must've been real nervous, Ryan.
You fall out of your chair, too?

Weaver turns to him, smiling. Ryan has opened a kitchen drawer. Weaver looks almost puzzled as --

-- Ryan thrusts out his arm and STABS WEAVER IN THE CHEST.
He yanks out the blade just as ---

-- Sarah enters. Weaver, still standing grips the countertop. Tries to speak. BLOOD TRICKLES from his mouth.

SARAH

(bewildered)

Bill, What happened?!

Weaver crashes to the floor.

SARAH

Ohmygod!

Sarah rushes to him, feels for a pulse.

SARAH

Call 911!

Only then does she see --

-- Ryan calmly return the KNIFE to the drawer.

She stares, incredulous -- trying to make sense of this.

SARAH

What did you do?!

Ryan has gone into his fuque state -- distant, remote.

RYAN

Too many questions.

Sarah looks at him aghast. She opens her cell. Punches 911.
Ryan smacks the phone out of her hand --

SARAH

No! He'll die.

Ryan roughly shoves her away from Weaver's body. He kneels
unsnaps Weaver's holster and takes out the gun.

Sarah rises, backs away -- fearful but also furious.

SARAH
Where is Elissa! WHERE IS MY
DAUGHTER?!

Ryan ignores her, eyes on the gun. He clicks off the safety.

RYAN
I've never used one of these.

Sarah grabs a broken chair leg from the garbage and attacks!

Ryan blocks her swing with his forearm. But the chair leg
CRACKS the bone hard and he CRIES OUT!

He slugs Sarah with the gun butt and she crumples into a
corner. Staggered up in time to see --

-- Ryan point the gun straight down at Weaver's head.

SARAH
NO -- !

Ryan FIRES! BLOOD SPLATTERS across the floor. Sarah SCREAMS
and runs towards the living room as --

-- Ryan spins around, FIRING BLINDLY into the dark room until
she's vanished.

CUT TO:

INT. STORM DRAIN - SAME TIME

Elissa drags herself up the pipe as GUNSHOTS echo from above,
then fade into the SOUND OF RAIN. Rainwater courses around
her, the drain slick and muddy, hard to grip. A LIGHTNING
FLASH illuminates the storm grate fifteen feet above.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE

Holding Weaver's gun, Ryan threads his way across the dark
living room into the hall. He sees something on the floor
that makes him smile. BLOOD DROPS. He's hit Sarah.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

Sarah drags herself down the hall, leaving a smear of BLOOD.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS FRONT HALL

Ryan tracks THE BLOOD DROPS up the front stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE across the lawn. POURING RAIN. RUMBLING THUNDER. A storm grate RISES a few inches, then falls with a CLANG.

INT. STORM DRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Elissa braces herself against the inner walls, leverages the pick ax against the grate and straining, inches it aside.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL

Ryan follows the BLOOD SMEAR to his parents' room. The door is ajar. He forgot to lock it. The trail goes inside.

RYAN

You're not allowed in there.

Furious, he kicks open the door, but doesn't enter.

RYAN

Get out!

Without crossing the threshold, Ryan FIRES WILDLY into the room - BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! He stops. Silence. RAIN.

CUT TO:

EXT. STORM DRAIN

Elissa hears GUNSHOTS ECHO from the house as she rises out of the hole. She's streaked with mud, tank-top plastered to her body by the POURING RAIN. Her head is partially shaved, the rest of her hair wild, drenched. She grips the pick ax.

From INSIDE THE HOUSE another SERIES OF SHOTS. Then nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN AND MARY CRAWLEY'S BEDROOM

Ryan, shaking with fear and rage, steps across the threshold into his parents' room. He scans the floor --

RYAN'S POV FOLLOWING A FRESH BLOOD STAIN...across the room where it merges with the BLOODS STAINS of years ago. CAMERA RUSHES up the side of the king-size bed where --

-- JOHN CRAWLEY SITS UP, HIS SKULL CAVED IN!

JOHN CRAWLEY

Get the hell out of our room!

Ryan SHOOTs THE APPARITION. The gun BOOMS.

He stares bewildered at the fresh bullet hole in the bare mattress. His eyes sweep to the side --

RYAN'S POV FOLLOWING ANOTHER BLOOD STAIN... snaking across the floor as the bathroom door opens and --

-- MARY CRAWLEY EMERGES IN HER NIGHTGOWN, HER FACE CRATERED WITH BLOODLESS HAMMER BLOWS.

MARY CRAWLEY

Did you have a nightmare, Mary Jane?

Ryan SHOOTs AGAIN! The gun BOOMS. And the apparition vanishes. Ryan stares bewildered at a BULLET HOLE punched in the bathroom door as --

-- louvered doors beneath a vanity fly open and Sarah bursts from her hiding place and dashes for the door on her wounded leg -- CRYING OUT IN PAIN!

Ryan swings round -- SHOOTs! -- bangs against the metal bed frame and falls to the carpet.

He can see Sarah sprawled on the hall floor and still grips Weaver's gun and is about to rise when --

RYAN

Mary Jane...?

-- THE 15-YEAR OLD MARY JANE STANDS OVER HIM, HOLDING A BLOODY HAMMER.

RYAN

What are you doing here?

MARY JANE SWINGS THE HAMMER --

MATCH CUT TO:

ELISSA... planting the PICK AX IN RYAN'S NECK!

She SOBS IN HORROR and backs away as Ryan topples over.

Elissa turns and rushes to her mother.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

Elissa embraces Sarah. Then slowly helps her up.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

RAIN. Elissa binds Sarah's leg with a towel. Sarah is on her cell phone to 911 --

SARAH

One four nine Sycamore Lane. We need an ambulance. And the police.

Elissa starts down the porch. She's found a length of rope.

SARAH

Where are you going?

ELISSA

I have to get someone.

Sarah watches Elissa run across the lawn through the RAIN.

INT. STORM DRAIN

A ROPE falls from above and The Girl ties it around her waist and grips it tightly as --

EXT. CRAWLEY LAWN

Elissa hunches over, pulling her up. She helps the traumatized girl out of the hole into the night and the rain.

ANGLE SARAH ON THE PORCH

Tears in her eyes as she watches her daughter's bravery.

ON ELISSA IN THE RAIN

Holding the crying Girl. Elissa sees her mother watching her and is proud. In the distance, SIRENS....

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CRAWLEY HOUSE & SYCAMORE LANE - DAY

The street is sealed off and filled with FBI, State Police and Medial Examiner vehicles. Dozens of FBI AGENTS and FORENSIC EXAMINERS swarm the Crawley house and yard.

The yard is excavated like an archeological dig exposing the tunnels. Remains are removed in BODY BAGS.

EXT. CRAWLEY BACK YARD - DAY

The FBI AGENTS and FORENSIC TEAMS stop what they're doing. Look towards the woods. After a moment, a FEMALE FORENSIC DETECTIVE emerges, carrying a small body bag in her arms - the remains of Mary Jane Crawley. Everyone is silent as she climbs the lawn towards the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SYCAMORE LANE - TWILIGHT - WINTER

The first dusting of snow. More SNOW FALLS. A few strands of yellow crime scene tape flap in the wind at the Crawley's. Sarah and Elissa watch from their yard. NEIGHBORS watch from the street as a BULLDOZER GRINDS across the lawn and plows into the house. Slowly, it knocks it down.

CUT TO:

INT. DONNELLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah rests with her injured leg up on the couch, encased in a soft cast. She watches Elissa putting ornaments on the Christmas tree. The doorbell RINGS.

INT/EXT. DONNELLY HOUSE

Elissa opens the door. It's The Girl, her MOTHER and FATHER. Her hair has grown back in as has Elissa's. She and Elissa embrace. Elissa welcomes them in to the warm, cozy house. She closes the door and we --

CUT TO:

BLACK

Then gradually FADING IN...

A GRAINY HOME MOVIE of a cake with "Happy Birthday Mary Jane" written in icing. Seven candles burn on top and Mary Jane, in a pretty party dress, leans into frame to blow them out.

MARY CRAWLEY

Make a wish, baby.

Mary Jane blows out the candles and as she sits back, the CAMERA ANGLE shifts slight so that we can see clearly that it is Ryan in a wig, dressed up to be his sister.

MARY CRAWLEY

Did you make a wish?

Ryan/"Mary Jane" looks up his mother piteously. Then starts to take off his wig.

MARY CRAWLEY
What are you doing?

RYAN/"MARY JANE"
(voice quavering)
I'm not Mary Jane...

Mary Crawley SLAPS RYAN ACROSS THE FACE WITH SHOCKING
SUDDENNESS.

MARY CRAWLEY
Don't you start with me, young
lady! Don't you ever, ever take
that off!

Mary Crawley jams the wig back on the little boy's head.

BLACK OUT.

THE END

USA