

MALIGNANT

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INT. MITCHELL HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

A BABY MOBILE GENTLY TURNS as it's hung above the crib. PULL BACK TO REVEAL MADISON MITCHELL, 30s, sweet, as she finishes hanging the mobile. There are unopened PRESENTS piled on the dresser, the bounty from a recent baby shower.

Madison stands back, admiring her work. She HUMS a lullaby, rubbing her small belly, happy. Content.

A SHADOW passes over the room, like an eclipse.

DEREK

What the hell are you doing?

Madison JUMPS, turning -- her husband, DEREK MITCHELL, 50s, stands in the doorway. He holds a gym bag, agitated. Immediately there's tension. Madison cowers, trying to make herself smaller. Her hands cover her belly, protective.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Are you coming to bed?

MADISON

I must have lost track of the time--

Derek storms over to her. Madison stays put -- she knows better than to move. She looks down, not making eye contact.

DEREK

This is what you'd rather be doing
than spending time with me?

MADISON

It's for the baby.
(off his look)
I just -- I wanted to put it up.

DEREK

It's up.

MADISON

I'm coming. Sorry.

She tries to move but he stands there, blocking her, towering over her. Enjoying her fear.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Derek, you can't do this. The
doctor said the baby's not
developing like she should. I don't
think stress is good--

Derek tenses, eyeing her, offended.

DEREK

You think this is my fault?

Madison instantly knows she's overstepped, back-peddles...

MADISON
I just-- I just meant.

But it's too late. Derek has already gone from zero to rage. He violently POKES her in her stomach.

DEREK
This. Is. Not. My. Fault.
Whatever's wrong with it is because
of you.

The abuse against her abdomen incites Madison's anger. The LIGHTS FLICKER. Derek notices, just as Madison PUSHES him.

MADISON
DON'T TOUCH HER--

Derek comes back, SLAMMING the back of Madison's head against the wall. Madison slides to the floor, dazed. Derek SLAPS her. Madison's hands protect her stomach.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Please! Just stop! Derek, the
baby!

DEREK
Fuckin' sleep here for all I care.

Derek leaves Madison crumpled on the floor.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - SHOWER - NIGHT

Madison sits in the tub, cradling herself as water cascades over her from the shower.

She silently cries to herself, her back is filled with SCARS and BRUISES, a lattice-work of pain. (*Note: the scars will later be revealed to be surgical, but we shouldn't know that now.*) There's a bit of BLOOD flowing down her back, from a wound in her head. *

INT. MITCHELL HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - LATER

Madison sits at her vanity, holding a wet towel to the back of her head. She looks in the mirror. The image of a battered woman. She can't bring herself to even look herself in the eyes. *

VOICE
(whispers)
MADISON.

Madison STARTLES. Whips around. She's alone. Then she finds --

Derek standing in the doorway. He looks forlorn, his eyes wet with tears. He steps in, sheepish, apologetic.

DEREK
Are you mad at me?

Madison shakes her head. This isn't the first time she's seen him like this. It's the pattern.

DEREK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me.

Madison nods, going along with it.

DEREK (CONT'D)
I'm gonna do better. For you. For the baby. I love you, you know that.

MADISON
I love you too.

Derek kisses her forehead. For a moment they look like a happy, normal couple.

EXT. MITCHELL HOME - NIGHT - LATER

The house sits in a quiet neighborhood. All the houselights are off, save for the porch light.

A breeze rustles through the trees, and dead leaves skitter across the driveway. The porch light starts to zap intermittently.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Derek is dead asleep.

Madison sleeps on her side, cradling her baby. She pulls the covers over her head, burying herself in darkness.

ON DEREK. O.S. there's a NOISE. Derek stirs. In the hallway, the floorboards CREAK, like footsteps moving away. Derek glances to the other side of the bed. His wife is a lump buried under the covers. O.S. there's another NOISE. The STAIRS are creaking. Someone is in the house. Derek gets up to investigate.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Derek comes down the stairs. He walks down the hall. Peering around corners, into the darkness. From the KITCHEN, a loud sound whirs on.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Derek steps in. The electric mixer is going. Derek looks around, confused. He turns it off. Silence again.

Suddenly, a light source is thrown across Derek's back. He turns around and sees the fridge door is creaking open.

DEREK
What the hell?

He looks around the kitchen. Sees no one. *What's going on?* He slowly paces up to the fridge, and shuts the door.

Derek stands by the fridge, feeling unnerved, when suddenly --
-- the sound of a TV bursting on, catches him off guard. He storms out of the kitchen and into --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- the living room where the TV is switching frantically between channels of infomercials, at full volume.

Derek is confused and mystified. And then he sees something.

The glow of the TV illuminates a DARK FIGURE seated on a couch. Watching the TV.

Derek startles.

DEREK
Who the fuck are you??! What are
you doing in my house --

The TV goes static, blaring white noise. Then the TV switches off, plunging the whole room into darkness.

Derek immediately reaches out for the light switch, finds it, flicks on the light --

-- and the figure is gone.

Derek scans around the room. Nothing.

The compressed cushion of the couch, where the figure was sitting on, slowly lifts. As though someone just got off it.

ON DEREK

A SHADOW passes behind him. He turns --

SMACK!

INT. MITCHELL HOME - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

O.S. we hear him CRY OUT. There's a loud THUD as his body HITS the floor. We hear the repeated CRACK of Derek's head against the floor. BLOOD pools across the floor, reaching the hallway.

INT. HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Madison stirs, coming from under the covers. She awakes with a pounding headache, rubbing the back of her head where Derek had slammed it against the wall. Her nose is bleeding. Madison wipes the blood away. She sees Derek is gone.

MADISON

Derek?

Silence. Madison throws the covers off, gets up.

INT. HOME - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Madison steps into the hallway, looking around. Turns on the light. Sees blood on the floor. Her mouth drops open, trying to process.

MADISON

Derek?

A DARK FIGURE steps out of the living room into the hallway. This is THE KILLER. We do not see the Killer's's face, only a menacing SILHOUETTE that's almost shapeless, like the inverse of a human being. The Killer is holding a curved, viciously sharp AMPUTATION KNIFE. *

ON MADISON

Frozen in terror as she sees the FIGURE. She steps back. The Killer steps forward. Madison BOLTS. The Killer gives chase, as Madison runs into -- *

INT. MITCHELL HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Madison slams the door shut, puts all her weight against the door, just as the Killer POUNDS INTO IT. Madison yelps, bracing the door. *

SMASH -- The door flies open, knocking Madison onto the floor. She cries out in pain, and rolls onto her side to look at the door. The Killer stands there. Very still. *

Madison scrambles, helplessly, into the closet, shutting the doors.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - NURSERY - CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

She cowers deep into the closet, frightened beyond belief.

The Killer steps into the room. Madison hears his footsteps. Heavy. Slow. Deliberate. *

The Killer is taking his time, knowing she's got no where to go. Madison pinches her eyes shut, fighting back tears and the urge to scream. The Killer stands before the closet door. He slowly runs his finger down the slats... *

Click.

Click.

Click.

Madison SHAKES, panic and terror taking hold. Just as she can't take the torment any more the CLOSET DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

As Madison SCREAMS everything SMASHES TO BLACK--

EXT. MITCHELL HOME - DRIVEWAY - LATER

The yard is abuzz with UNIFORMED COPS and EMTS. Worried NEIGHBORS watching from their yards.

DETECTIVE ERIK SHAW, 30s, Asian-Hawaiian descent, square-jawed boy scout, and his partner, REGINA MOSS, 50s, African American, fast approaching "too old for this shit," make their way inside. *

INT. MITCHELL HOME - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

POLICE TAPE blocks off the front door. Uniformed cops and CRIME TECHNICIANS catalogue the CRIME SCENE. Erik and Regina step through. An OFFICER meets them, fills them in. *

REGINA
What we got? *

OFFICER
Home invasion. Dead body in the kitchen.

Erik and Regina follow the officer into the -- *

INT. MITCHELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Derek's body lies face up, revealing the full effect of his attack. His face has been butchered, the nose and lips sliced off, eyes cut out.

Erik and Regina take in the body. It's disturbing to say the least. *

REGINA
God damn. Who do you think he pissed off. *

ERIK
Any signs of forced entry?

OFFICER
Not that we've seen.

Erik sees Derek's wedding ring.

ERIK
(re: wedding ring)
Wife? Husband?

OFFICER
Wife. She was found upstairs, unconscious, hiding in a closet.

INT. HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Officer leads Erik and Regina in. The closet door is destroyed, ripped off the hinges. Madison is gone.

*

ERIK
Has anything been taken from the house?

OFFICER
We won't know anything for sure until we talk to the wife, but she was still unconscious in the ambulance. Doubt she'll be talking tonight.

*
*
*
*

Erik glances out the nursery window.

ERIK
Check in with the hospital. Let me know when she's awake.

*
*
*

The office nods.

*

REGINA
You finish here. I'll go to the neighbors.

*
*
*

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Private. Sterile. Madison lies in bed, unconscious. There's a bruise above her eye.

Next to her bed, asleep in a chair, is SYDNEY LAKE, late 20s, Madison's sister. Opposites in every way, the two look nothing alike. Sydney holds Madison's hand.

Madison wakes up. She looks around, confused. Sees her sister.

MADISON
Sydney?

Sydney snaps to. She's relieved to see her sister awake, hugging Madison.

SYDNEY
Oh thank God. You're okay.

Madison starts panicking, even in her drowsy state.

MADISON
What's going on?? Where am I??

SYDNEY
It's okay, calm down. You're in a hospital --

MADISON

Where's Derek?

(remembering)

Oh my God. There was so much blood
on the floor.

Sydney pulls away, holds Madison's hand. Not quite sure how
to say it.

SYDNEY

Madison. Someone broke into your
house... And Derek was attacked.

Madison can tell by Sydney's look that Derek is dead. She
covers her mouth in horror.

MADISON

Oh God -- Derek -- I should've
helped him.

She begins crying.

SYDNEY

There was nothing you could do,
Madi.

MADISON

I was thinking of the baby.

It hits her. Madison's hands go to her stomach. She raises
her gown, sees the SURGICAL scar above her belly button. Her
stomach is flat. Wait..??

MADISON (CONT'D)

(calmly in shock)

Syd. Where is she...

SYDNEY

Madi--

Sydney tries her best to comfort her sister and break the
news.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

The doctor said the trauma caused a
rupture in your placenta. They had
to operate.

(off her look)

They called me. I got here as fast
as I could but by then -- it was
either you or the baby.

Madison's whole world comes crashing down. Rocked with
emotion, she begins crying hysterically and fights to get out
of bed. Sydney struggles to hold her sister down as she
yells for help.

Nurses pour into the room and administer sedative into her IV drip, as the CAMERA pulls back into the hall, and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Next morning.

Erik enters, stops at the nurse's station, checking in with the CHARGE NURSE. Erik shows his badge. She nods, POINTING down the hall.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Madison is seated up in bed, staring out the window. Blank expression on her pale face. Almost catatonic. She has spent the whole night crying, now she's spent.

Erik enters, sees Madison, and carefully approaches her.

ERIK
Mrs. Mitchell, I'm detective Erik Shaw. Sorry to bother you, but I'd like to ask you some questions about what happened last night.

Madison doesn't turn to look at Erik, or answer him.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Mrs. Mitchell?

Still no answer. Erik gives it a beat or two, then tries again.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Please Mrs. Mitchell. We need your assistance --

SYDNEY (O.C.)
May I help you?

Erik turns to see Sydney entering the room carrying a plate of food, which she sets next to Madison.

ERIK
Oh, hi. Umm, I'm Detective Erik Shaw. Got a few questions I need to ask.

SYDNEY
Can we do this later? She just woke up.

ERIK
I promise I won't take too much time. Just need to get an idea of what we're dealing with.

SYDNEY

She's been pumped full of sedative,
she's barely lucid. You're not gonna
get much --

MADISON (O.C.)

It's okay, Sydney.

Erik and Sydney both turn to Madison who slowly looks to
Erik, and speaks in a labored manner. Still heavily drugged.

MADISON (CONT'D)

I don't know how much help I'll be.
But I'll answer whatever I can...

ERIK

Thank you.

Erik pulls up a chair, and sits close to Madison. Produces a
notepad.

ERIK (CONT'D)

I know this is sensitive, so I'll
get straight to it -- did you see
what happened to your husband? Did
you see the attack?

MADISON

I didn't see the attack. I heard a
noise, it woke me up. By the time I
got downstairs Derek was already --

Madison tenses, remembering the blood on the floor. Sydney
gives her a reassuring squeeze.

SYDNEY

You don't have to do this right now,
Madison.

Madison gestures that she's OK.

MADISON

I was in the hallway, and I saw
blood on the floor from the living
room. He -- the intruder stepped
out -- and I ran back upstairs.

ERIK

Into the nursery?

MADISON

Yes. I tried to hold the door
closed, but he was too strong. He
forced the door open, and then -- he
just stood there --
(getting scared)
So I hid in the closet.

Erik writes into his notepad.

ERIK

Why did you run upstairs instead of running out of the house?

SYDNEY

Because she was scared to death and didn't know what to do for fuck's sake!

ERIK

I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name--

SYDNEY

Sydney. I'm her sister.

ERIK

Ma'am, I know this is a stressful time but I'm trying to find the guy who did this. There were no signs of forced entry, which means it may have been someone you or your husband knew or at least someone who had access to your house.

This hits Madison.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Do you know of anyone who'd want to hurt you or your husband, Mrs. Mitchell?

Madison shakes her head.

MADISON

We kept to ourselves. He liked his privacy.

(more to herself)

I barely even see my family anymore.

Erik catches Sydney and Madison exchanging a look. *One of guilt, perhaps?* Sydney gazes up at Erik, wants to say something, but doesn't. Interesting. Erik writes this down.

ERIK

What time would you say the attack took place?

MADISON

I don't know.

ERIK

Do you know if anything was stolen?

MADISON

I don't know.

ERIK

Did you get a good look at the perpetrator?

MADISON
No. It was dark.

Madison is getting flustered with emotion.

SYDNEY
Look, she just lost her husband and
her baby. My sister needs rest, not
an interrogation.

Erik looks surprised.

ERIK
I didn't know about the child. I'm
sorry to hear that, Mrs. Mitchell.

Erik knows he's done asking questions for the time being. He
closes his notepad. He pulls out his card.

ERIK (CONT'D)
We will catch this person.
(holds out the card)
If you remember anything else, or
need any help, please call me.

Madison takes the card. Erik leaves.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Spacious. Sterile. Lit by harsh fluorescent lights. *
Derek's body lies on the steel table, a Y incision in his *
chest. Regina stands with the CORONER, female, been there, *
done that attitude. *

Erik enters, carrying two cups of coffee and a bagel. He *
hands a coffee to Regina and the bagel to the coroner. *

ERIK *
Sorry I'm late. *

REGINA *
Get anything from the widow? *

ERIK *
She's still in shock. Doesn't *
remember much. She was pregnant *
though. Lost the kid. *

REGINA *
Jesus. *

Erik's eyes fall on Derek's body. *

ERIK *
What's he told you? *

The coroner bites into her bagel, looks over her notes. *

CORONER

Cause of death was severe blunt
force trauma to the back of his
head.

REGINA

Really? Wow.
(to Erik)
Did you know that?

ERIK

I mean... his brains were on the
floor when we came in, but cause of
death could have been anything
really.

CORONER

Fuck the both of you. Look, it
takes a lot of force to crack open a
human's skull like this. A lot.
Skull fractures are a dime a dozen,
but to break the skull open takes
force.

REGINA

Weapon?

CORONER

None. See here, the indentions on
the edges? Finger imprints.

The coroner places her fingers over the imprints. Pantomimes
bashing Derek's head in.

CORONER (CONT'D)

Whoever did this used their hands
and a lot of strength and
determination.
(re: face)
Then the party started.

REGINA

Got any idea what the party favor
was?

The coroner points them over Derek's mutilated face.

CORONER

The cuts are super clean. Precise.
Killer used a straight edge,
possibly some kind of surgical tool.
I've seen cuts like this from an
amputation blade.

ERIK

That's all you got?

CORONER
That's all I got.
(re: bagel)
Thanks for breakfast, detective.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Erik and Regina walk and talk.

REGINA
We got as much out of that report as
we had before. Nothing.

ERIK
Forensics come back with anything?

REGINA
Came back with jack and shit. No
fingerprints, hair, nada. But I did
get something very interesting from
one of their neighbors.

ERIK
Someone saw what happened?

REGINA
No one saw a damn thing, but get
this --

Regina stops walking. Erik stops too, faces his partner.

REGINA (CONT'D)
-- their closest neighbor had this
to say about the husband...
Apparently "Mr. Mitchell routinely
roughed up Mrs. Mitchell. And
that's putting it politely."

ERIK
(surprised)
He beat her?

REGINA
She didn't mention that?

ERIK
No.

REGINA
You know what that means, right? No
forced entry. An abusive husband.

Erik leans back. Sees where his partner is going with this.

REGINA (CONT'D)
Motive.

Off Erik's look.

EXT. MITCHELL HOME - DAY

Sydney's car pulls into the driveway of Madison's house.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Madison looks warily at her house. Sydney picks up on her sister's discomfort.

SYDNEY

You don't have to stay here.

MADISON

Where else would I go? Your couch?

SYDNEY

Yes, you can crash with me for awhile. Or at mom's. I know she would love to have you.

Madison snorts a small, but derisive chuckle. Thinks for a beat. She shouldn't say this, but says it anyway:

MADISON

I bet she's happy Derek's finally out of my life.

SYDNEY

Don't say that. Mom didn't like Derek, but she didn't want this. No one did.

MADISON

She stopped talking to me after the wedding.

SYDNEY

Can you blame her, Madi? You walked down the aisle with a black eye. She couldn't bear to see you like that.

Madison tears up, embarrassed, ashamed.

MADISON

I'm so stupid...

SYDNEY

None of this is your fault.

Sydney sighs. Looks around.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Listen, let me stay here with you for a few days --

MADISON

No. I'll be fine. You should go.

SYDNEY
You shouldn't be alone right now.

MADISON
This is my home, Syd. I'm not gonna
let this be taken away from me too.
I'll be OK, I promise.

Sydney relents.

SYDNEY
Call me if you need anything.

They embrace.

MADISON
Thank you. I love you.

SYDNEY
I love you too, sis.

Madison gets out of the car. Sydney drives off.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - DAY

Madison enters. She takes in the house. It feels cold and empty.

She moves slowly through the house. Stops, and stares at the floor. The spot where her husband died. Thankfully, it's been cleaned. She fights back emotion, moving on.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Madison ascends the stairs, making her way to the master bedroom. She passes the nursery, stops. Madison stands at the threshold, unable to enter.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - DINING ROOM - LATER

Madison sits alone at the dining table. An untouched microwaved dinner and an opened laptop before her.

She stares blankly into space. Quiet. Somber. Then --

-- reaches out and shuts her laptop, but not before we catch a glimpse of headlines on the internet browser: *"Dealing with miscarriage"*, *"Surviving traumas"*, etc.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Independent, local grocery. It's late. The EMPLOYEES are closing up for the night.

UNKNOWN POV: at the end of the candy aisle. The POV PEEKS around the corner. There's a beautiful woman, 45, at the dairy case, deciding which almond milk she prefers. Let's call her JANE DOE for now.

*
*
*
*
*

STORE P.A. (V.O.)
 The store will be closing in ten
 minutes. Please finish all
 transactions. Thank you.

UNKNOWN POV: watching as Jane Doe makes a selection, hurrying
 to the CEREAL aisle.

POV FOLLOWS, methodically stalking Jane Doe. She heads down
 the aisle, perusing the granola. POV SLIPS into the next
 aisle, peering through the shelves from a discreet distance.

Even still. Jane Doe senses eyes on her. She looks around,
 trying to find where this uneasy feeling is coming from.

STORE P.A. (V.O.)
 We will be closing in five minutes.
 Please finish all transactions.

UNKNOWN POV: Jane Doe shakes off the feeling. She grabs a
 bag of organic granola, a pack of protein bars and rushes to
 the counter.

After a beat the POV follows, watching her check out from the
 edge of the aisle, hidden. Unseen. Jane Doe pays, leaving.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The parking lot is quite empty.

Jane Doe carries her grocery bags to her car, opens the
 trunk. Her back to us.

The POV seizes this opportunity and moves rapidly in on her,
 ATTACKING Jane Doe from behind, knocking her out with a hard
 punch to the head. She's thrown into the opened trunk. The
 trunk door slams down.

A GLOVED HAND picks up her keys off the ground. The driver's
 door opens, and the POV steps into the driver's seat of Jane
 Doe's car, a Ford Sedan, and fires up the engine.

The car pulls away without anyone noticing what just
 happened.

EXT. MITCHELL HOME - NIGHT

Darkness surrounds Madison's house. Only one window on the
 second floor is lit.

Directly across the street from Madison's house is a street
 lamp. A car idles up into the pool of light. It's the FORD
 SEDAN we just saw.

The DRIVER, whom we never see, watches the house silently.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Madison comes out of the bathroom in a robe, drying her hair with a towel. Just showered.

She stops, and stares at her husband's side of the bed. A mixed feeling of melancholy and relief. And now she feels guilty for feeling relief -- pushes on and turns the bed down for the evening.

Behind her, out the window, the street lamp flickers off and then back on. Madison looks over her shoulder.

She steps up to the window, peering down at the street below. The only light is from the lamp across the street, illuminating no further than the pool of light. THE FORD SEDAN IS GONE.

She can't seem to shake the feeling that she's being watched.

The street lamp begins flickering, then the light cuts out completely. Now it's dark. She stares, expecting a figure to be standing there when the light comes back on.

After what feels like an eternity, the light zaps back on. But no one there. Feeling unease, Madison draws the curtains shut.

INT. ENTRANCE - NIGHT

She goes to the front door, and peeks out the eyehole, checking. No one outside. She locks the door.

INT LIVING ROOM

She looks out the window of the living room, feeling paranoid. Draws the curtains.

INT. KITCHEN

She locks the back door, then quickly backs away from it, afraid that someone might appear in the window of the door.

She scans around her quiet, dark house, feeling like a stranger in her own home.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Madison shuts the door to her bedroom, and locks it, something she has never done before.

She downs a few sleeping pills with a glass of water on her night stand, and climbs into bed. Lets be serious, this is the only way she's going to be able to get any sleep.

She reaches out to the side lamp and hesitantly clicks off the light.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Madison sleeps on her back. Tossing. Turning. Restless. She's finding no peace in her dreams.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME - INTERCUT

The front door is ajar. The UNKNOWN POV stands in the doorway. It moves... slowly, methodically, through the living room.

Madison flips over onto her side, curling into a ball. Her head presses into the pillow. She's agitated.

The UNKNOWN POV moves into the kitchen. Standing over the spot where Derek died.

A TEAR pools in Madison's eyes. She's crying in her sleep.

The UNKNOWN POV moves out of the kitchen, into the --

HALLWAY

It slowly ascends the stairs. *Oh fuck.*

It's coming for Madison.

Madison clenches her jaw, her fingernails digging into her arm. As if she's trying to wake herself.

The POV comes to the bedroom door. It's OPEN.

But didn't Madison lock it?

The UNKNOWN POV stands in the doorway, watching Madison asleep in bed. It creeps forward, until it's standing right over Madison --

MADISON SNAPS AWAKE.

She's sweaty, panicked, breathing heavily. *Was it a dream?* She looks to the bedroom door, wide open. Pitch darkness yawns in the hallway outside. Madison is frozen in fear.

She finally wills her limbs to move, turning on her bedside lamp. She stares at the darkness beyond the door. Anticipating someone stepping out of the dark. Are they approaching? There's nothing but silence from the house.

She jumps out of bed, rushes to the door and slams the it shut. Terrified. She locks it. AGAIN. She takes a beat, calms down.

MADISON

(sotto)

There's nothing there. There's nothing there. It was a bad dream. It's in your head. It's all in your head.

But then, from the other side of the door, the Killer taunts her in a disturbing sing-song...

THE KILLER (O.S.)
MADISON. COME OUT AND PLAY.

Her blood runs cold. Madison backs away from the door, all the way to the other side of her bed. There's a gentle KNOCKING on the door.

THE KILLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME FOREVER.

She's frightened out of her wits. Madison's eyes fall on her night-stand. Erik's card. She quickly SNATCHES it, grabbing her cell phone. There's a LAUGH from the other side of the door. Mocking.

THE KILLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
HE CAN'T HELP YOU. NO ONE CAN.

MADISON
 LEAVE ME ALONE! YOU'D BETTER GET
 THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE! I'M
 CALLING THE COPS! THEY'LL BE HERE
 ANY MINUTE!

The Killer laughs. And keeps laughing. Madison grips her phone for dear life.

ERIK
 (sleepy, over the
 phone)
 Hello?

MADISON
 Detective, he's here! He's in my
 home!

The Killer laughs harder. Louder.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 LEAVE ME ALONE!!!

EXT. MITCHELL HOME - NIGHT

Erik's car pulls into the driveway. He gets out, wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt, carrying his badge and a gun. He checks the front door. It's locked. He BANGS.

ERIK
 MRS. MITCHELL! IT'S DETECTIVE SHAW!

No answer. The house is dark. Erik pulls a flashlight from his car. He moves around the house, heading to the back.

EXT. MITCHELL HOME - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Erik carefully makes his way around, gun in hand. He comes into the back yard. He hears to the patio door.

ERIK
Mrs. Mitchell!

MADISON
DETECTIVE SHAW!

Erik looks up. Madison, panicked, terrified, peers out from her bedroom window on the second floor.

MADISON (CONT'D)
He's in the hallway!

ERIK
I'm coming in!

Erik SHOOTs the lock off the patio door. He enters.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Flashlight aimed over his gun, Erik makes his way through the house. He moves through the kitchen.

ERIK
THIS IS THE POLICE. ANYONE INSIDE
NEEDS TO COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS
UP.

There's no answer. He does a quick sweep of the --

KITCHEN, moving to the --

LIVING ROOM. Nothing.

Erik carefully heads up the stairs.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Erik lands at the top. The hallway is empty.

ERIK
Mrs. Mitchell I'm in the hallway.

He checks the nursery. The bathroom. All empty. Erik reaches the master bedroom door.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Mrs. Mitchell. It's safe to come
out now.

A beat. Madison slowly opens the door, peering out through the crack.

ERIK (CONT'D)
There's no one here.

She opens the door, throwing her arms around him. She's beyond relieved.

*
*

EXT. MITCHELL HOME - DAY

*

Sydney's car pulls into the driveway. Sydney gets out, carrying a casserole. She heads to the front door.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - NURSERY - DAY

Madison stands in the nursery, gently clutching her abdomen. Her now-empty womb. She takes in the room, what will never be. Sydney finds her.

SYDNEY

Hey.

Madison JUMPS.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Sorry. You didn't answer the door, so I used my key.

(re: casserole)

Mom made this for you.

(off her look)

You okay?

Madison considers the question. Doesn't want Sydney to know that she's NOT alright to be alone after all, brushes it off and starts putting baby items/toys into a box.

MADISON

Yeah, I'm cool. Working through it in my own way. I was just-- I need to take this stuff down.

SYDNEY

Now?

*

MADISON

If not now when? It's not like I'm going to be a mom.

SYDNEY

That's bullshit. You can still have kids. Only next time it won't be with an abusive asshole.

Sydney can't believe she just blurted that out. It hangs in the air.

MADISON

Well, there you go. Must be good to finally say it out loud.

SYDNEY

Jesus. I'm sorry, Madi.

Madison stares at the mobile.

MADISON

Don't be...

(reflective)

Once I got pregnant. I thought he'd really change. I was a fool.

(beat)

You know the night he died, he smashed my head against the wall.

SYDNEY

What??!

Sydney looks horrified.

MADISON

You know the reason I wanted her was because I thought, that if there was anything good that could come from all this pain it would be her. She was my little flame that kept me going. And finally I would be --

Madison cuts herself off before she says too much.

SYDNEY

Would be what?

MADISON

Would be biologically connected.

Sydney furrows her brow, confused.

SYDNEY

What does that even mean?

MADISON

I mean my baby and I would've been related by blood.

SYDNEY

I'm sorry, Madi, you've lost me --

Madison agonizes over whether to spill the bean. Fuck it.

MADISON

I promised mom when we were young that I wouldn't tell you this, but -- you and I are not related by blood.

(beat)

I'm -- adopted.

It hangs in the air. Sydney is taken aback.

SYDNEY

Wait what --

Madison nods.

MADISON

Your parents took me in when I was eight. I've no memories of my biological family before that. Mom and dad didn't know either. It was a blind adoption.

Sydney's trying to process this. Off her dumbfounded look.

EXT. JEANNE'S HOME - DAY

Sydney's car pulls up to an old house situated on a big parcel of land. Overgrown and unkempt.

We find JEANNE LAKE, late 60s, sitting in her wheelchair on the porch. She's breathing through an oxygen mask, attached to a tank. She smiles as she sees Sydney approaches.

JEANNE

Sydney! I was hoping to see you.
Did you give Madi the casserole?

SYDNEY

I did.

JEANNE

I'll have to get her more food.
With all this stress I don't want
her to forget to eat.

SYDNEY

Mom. Why didn't you ever tell me
Madison was adopted?

Jeanne's smile drops. Knew this day would come.

JEANNE

Because your father and I didn't
think it mattered. She's still your
sister.

SYDNEY

Of course she's still my sister, but
it matters to Madison! That was the
only reason why she stuck around
Derek -- to have a kid and have some
kind of biological connection.

Jeanne bristles. Sydney thinks, realizing something --

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Oh God, I'm thinking about all those
times I've thrown tantrums and told
her that mom and dad loved me more
than her. Or that I was the better
daughter with more awards and
accolades.

Sydney laughs at the absurdity of it. Slaps her forehead.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Fuck, I didn't know. Christ. What
a little shit I must have been.
Can't even imagine how she must've
felt.

Shame sets in. Sydney feels awful. Turns to mom.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Why didn't you ever tell me the
truth?

Jeanne takes a deep breath.

JEANNE
Your father and I had wanted a child
more than anything. We tried for
the longest part, but after the
third miscarriage, we decided to
adopt.
(smiling)
When Madison came along, it was
everything we had ever hoped for.
She was the most incredible thing.
(beat)
But behind that beautiful, sweet
smile, was a really sick kid.
Before we took her in, she was under
constant medical supervision.
Practically grew up in a hospital or
medical facility. So you can
imagine what a difficult time she
had adjusting to a normal life. It
was rough.
(looks at Sydney)
But then you came along, and it
changed everything. She adored you
from the moment she set eyes on you,
and for the first time, it snapped
her out of the funk she was in.

Jeanne leans back and inhales a deep breath from her oxygen
mask.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
And so Dad and I decided it was best
to not bring up her troubled past.
Let sleeping dogs lie.

SYDNEY
How was she sick?

JEANNE
We never really asked.

SYDNEY
How could you not want to know about
the health of the child you were
adopting?

JEANNE

Because we wanted Madison so badly
we just accepted her the way she
was. We finally had a family, and
nothing was going to change that.

Sydney processes all this, taking it in.

SYDNEY

What do you know about her
biological parents?

JEANNE

Not much. The only thing the
adoption agency told us was that her
mother had Madison when she was very
young.

INT. LOFT SPACE - DAY

CLOSE ON Jane Doe. Her eyes FLUTTER open. She comes to,
blinking, trying to get her bearings. Confused, she looks
around. She's in a tight, pitched space. The loft is filled
with BOXES, a hint this is more of a storage space than
living quarters. At the end of the bed is a bedpan. A few
bottles of water. Her almond milk, granola and protein bars
are still in their bag, on the floor. *

To her horror she realizes her arms and legs are TIED DOWN to
an old rusty bed. *

Now she starts to panic. *

She tries to scream, but it's muffled. Her mouth is GAGGED. *

THE KILLER (O.S.) *

DON'T BOTHER. *

Her eyes whips around, terrified. Her kidnapper, our Killer,
emerges from the shadow in the corner. Wearing leather
gloves and a hoodie the Killer's face is hidden by hair.
(Note: unless otherwise stated the Killer's face is always
obscured by hair, "The Ring"-style). He crouches before her. *

THE KILLER (CONT'D) *

**EVEN IF YOU COULD SCREAM. NO ONE
WOULD HEAR YOU.** *

The Killer pulls out his AMPUTATION KNIFE. As the coroner
guessed, the blade and the handle have been modified to make
it an even more sharp, vicious weapon. *

THE KILLER (CONT'D) *

**I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW LONG I'VE
WAITED FOR THIS. AFTER ALL, YOU WHO
STARTED IT.** *

Jane Doe shakes her head. No idea what he's talking about.
The Killer runs the tip of the blade gently across Jane Doe's
cheek. She winces, whimpering. *

THE KILLER (CONT'D)
 BUT I MUST WAIT A LITTLE WHILE
 LONGER. NOW IS NOT YOUR TIME.

Tears are streaming down her face. She's SHAKING. Jane Doe tries to talk, tries to beg for her life, but nothing comes through the gag.

THE KILLER (CONT'D)
 IT'S DOCTOR WEAVER'S.

Jane Doe's eyes go WIDE at the mention on the name.

THE KILLER (CONT'D)
 YOU REMEMBER THE GOOD DOCTOR. GOOD.
 DR. WEAVER. SO KIND. SO CARING.
 SO EAGER TO HELP. I'D LIKE TO PAY
 HER BACK. WHERE WOULD ONE FIND DR.
 WEAVER AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?

The killer places the tip of the blade underneath the Jane Doe's right eye. A gentle, threatening poke.

She better have an answer...

EXT. UPSCALE HOUSE - DAY

An upscale home in an affluent neighborhood. We're looking through a window at a woman working on a computer.

INT. UPSCALE HOME - OFFICE - SAME TIME

The woman, DR. FLORENCE WEAVER, 60s, sits at her computer, making notes in a medical research paper.

Her computer CHIMES a notification telling her she's got an URGENT email. Dr. Weaver clicks over to her EMAIL PAGE. The message at the top of her unopened emails says URGENT. There is no sender. Curious, she opens it.

Dr. Weaver reads, furrowing her brow.

DR. WEAVER
 "Hello, doc. Been a while. But now
 I've found you. I owe you one.
 Can't wait to see you again and show
 you what I've become."

That's weird. Maybe it's just spam. She deletes it. She clicks back over to her research paper.

She makes notes, but after a beat she looks up. She feels like she's being watched. She looks outside, through the window across the yard. Nobody around.

Huh. She goes back to work.

EXT. MITCHELL HOME - NIGHT

We're back watching Madison's house from across the street. Again, that damn street lamp begins to flicker.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Madison is gathering strewn clothing and throwing them into a laundry basket.

She's lost in her thoughts when the LIGHTS AROUND HER FLICKER. Madison looks around, baffled. The flickering gives her a slight, tingling headache.

Then the flickering stops. Everything back to normal. Making nothing of it, she leaves the room with her laundry.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Madison paces down the hallway to the stairs. Adjusting the laundry basket to her side so she can see the steps.

As she looks down to navigate the steps, A FIGURE CROSSES HER PATH AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS walking into the living room.

Madison looks up, startled. She halts halfway down the flight of stairs. *Did someone just walked into the living room?*

INT. MITCHELL HOME - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She steps down into the hallway downstairs, and makes her way to the living room. On guard. Slowly, peering around the corner. Sees no one. Checks around. Empty of another soul.

Blood drips onto her clothing in the laundry basket she's holding. Her nose is bleeding.

MADISON

Shit.

She grabs a hand towel from the basket, and wipes her nose. She hurries off.

INT. LAUNDRY - CONTINUOUS

She enters the laundry room, opens the front-loading washer and throws the bloodied towel in. Then, she stuffs the rest of her laundry into the machine.

Her headache returns, but tries not to let it distract her from her chore, but then --

-- Something catches her attention, something moving through the glass of the washer door. She looks and sees --

THE FACE OF A TERRIFIED WOMAN, on the other side of the glass door. Eyes brimming with fear. SHE SCREAMS A BLOODCURDLING SCREAM.

Madison yelps in fright, falls back, scuttling backwards out of the laundry room. Madison freaks out.

We recognize this woman. It's DR. WEAVER.

DR. WEAVER
What are you doing in my house?! HOW
DID YOU GET IN MY HOUSE.

From BESIDE MADISON a DARK FIGURE steps forward, as if he emerged from thin air. It's the Killer. The same figure who killed Madison's husband. We don't see his face. But Dr. Weaver does and she's FUCKING TERRIFIED. *

Madison wants to run, but she's FROZEN in place. Something in her is too scared to move. *

Rooted to the spot CAMERA PANS around Madison. The scene changing from the interior of her house to the interior of DR. WEAVER'S OFFICE. It's like Madison's been transported. *

Dr. Weaver sits at her desk, utterly shocked by what she's looking at. *

DR. WEAVER (CONT'D)
How? *

Madison watches, helpless, as the Killer ATTACKS, LUNGING for Dr. Weaver, grabbing her by her neck. With inhuman strength he LIFTS Dr. Weaver out of her chair like she weighed nothing. Dr. Weaver KICKS, her feet trying to find purchase. Dr. Weaver gets her foot on the edge of her desk PUSHING OFF. It throws them off balance. Dr. Weaver and the killer FALL, hitting the floor hard. *

Dr. Weaver wastes no time. She's UP, KICKING the killer right in the gut. The Killer grunts, doubling over. When she tries to run he GRABS her leg, pulling her down. She kicks out again, nailing him in the face. She gets her leg free, RUNNING. *

The Killer gets up, giving chase. *

ON MADISON *

She has no idea what's going on, but it's like she's being pulled along as the Killer chases Dr. Weaver through the house. Though Madison is stationary, it's as if the house is moving UNDERNEATH HER. *

Dr. Weaver runs through the -- *

LIVING ROOM. *

She knocks over a side table, SCREAMING her head off as she rounds into the --

DINING ROOM.

Beelining for the --

KITCHEN.

Each room surges around Madison. She grips her stomach, gagging, getting motion sickness from the sudden movements.

Dr. Weaver rounds the island in the center of the kitchen. The Killer traps her there.

DR. WEAVER (CONT'D)
What do you want? What do you want
from me?

THE KILLER
I WANT WHAT YOU TOOK FROM ME.

Dr. Weaver tries to run but the Killer GRABS her by her hair, YANKING her back.

Madison watches, rooted to the spot, as the Killer wraps his hands around Dr. Weaver's neck. His hand covering her mouth, stifling her cries.

ON MADISON

Her eyes dart down, catching a GLIMMER. The Killer grips the AMPUTATION KNIFE in his hand. He holds the tip of the blade next to Dr. Weaver's nose. Madison's eyes go wide as he slices into Dr. Weaver's nose, cutting it off.

Dr. Weaver tries to cry out but the Killer grips her face so hard she can barely speak. The Killer keeps slicing, cutting off Dr. Weaver's lips.

ON MADISON

She shuts her eyes, as the Killer mutilates Dr. Weaver.

THE KILLER (CONT'D)
MADISON.

She opens her eyes...

The room is empty. There's no Killer. No Dr. Weaver. It's like they were never there. Madison breathes, able to move again. She looks around the room, exhausted.

Holy shit. Is she losing her mind?

EXT. UPSCALE HOUSE - DAY

An old, beat-up car pulls along the curb. The HOUSEKEEPER, 40s, gets out.

She pulls her cleaning supplies from the trunk, business as usual. She makes her way up the drive to the front door. She's about to let herself in when she sees --

The door is slightly open. Curious, the housekeeper pushes it open.

INT. UPSCALE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

HOUSEKEEPER
Dr. Weaver? Are you home?

The house keeper sees the overturned side table. She follows the path to the kitchen...

Where she sees Dr. Weaver's mutilated body. She SCREAMS, rushing out of the house.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

Erik and Regina sit at their desks, digging into bags of fast food. LIEUTENANT DANIELS, Erik and Regina's boss, steps up to them.

LIEUTENANT DANIELS
Shaw, Moss. Got another body. This time in Wilshire Park. Victim matches your other one.

Erik and Regina trade a look.

INT. UPSCALE HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Erik and Regina step into a flurry of activity. In the corner a YOUNG OFFICER questions the distraught housekeeper.

REGINA
What we got?

FEMALE OFFICER
Vic is Dr. Florence Weaver. Perp came through the back door.

Erik and Regina follow the female officer.

INT. UPSCALE HOUSE - MUD ROOM - DAY

A TECH waits patiently. The female officer shows them the shoe prints leading out the back door. The DOOR HANDLE has been broken off. There's evidence tape squaring off the prints.

FEMALE OFFICER
We've got photos. Scanning them through now for analysis. Thought you should see them before we begin casting.

REGINA
No prints on the door knob?

*
*

FEMALE OFFICER
Nope.

*
*

Regina leans down, eyeing the footprints.

*

REGINA
Are we sure these aren't the victims
prints? Cause if they're the perps
he's not very big.

*
*
*
*

ERIK
Check the victim's closet. See if
there's a match.

*
*
*

INT. UPSCALE HOME - OFFICE - DAY

*

Erik and Regina enter. Dr. Weaver's office has been turned
inside out, papers and files strewn everywhere. It looks
like someone tore the room apart, searching for something.

*

FORENSIC TECHS, wearing gloves and booties, carefully canvass
the room.

*

Dr. Weaver's dead body is against the wall, her face maimed
and sewn shut, just like Derek.

Erik looks over Dr. Weaver's body. Her dead eyes stare into
nothing. A CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER stands over it, snapping
photos, the M.E. off to the side.

*

M.E.
I'm guessing the perp killed her and
then tore the room apart.

REGINA
Place is a mess. Robbery?

*
*

FEMALE OFFICER
He's a shit thief if it was. There
were money and jewels in the
bedroom.

*
*
*
*

Erik's eyes land on the bookshelf. On the shelves are rows
of THICK FOLDERS, tightly packed together. Something catches
Erik's eye. It seems ONE FOLDER IS MISSING.

ERIK
Gloves.

A tech hands him a pair of plastic gloves. Erik slips them
on. He pulls out one of the folders, flips through the
pages. It's a MEDICAL JOURNAL. He pulls out another, more
detailed medical journal.

*

Erik wonders what's in the one that is missing. He notices something stuck in the back of the shelf. He reaches in and pulls out a PHOTO.

REGINA
What'cha got?

Erik holds up the photo. It's old, worn, black and white. A FEMALE CHILD, 7, wears a hospital gown, staring into camera blankly. Sad. He flips it over. Written on the back of the photo in faded pencil is: '92, *EMILY MAY*.

REGINA (CONT'D)
Dr. Weaver specialized in child
reconstructive surgery.

Erik rolls something around in his mind. Regina sees it.

REGINA (CONT'D)
I can see the gears are turning.
You keep straining smoke's not far
behind.

ERIK
The killer wasn't after money. He
was after something in these
journals. Look, a year is missing:
'92. Whoever did this was looking
for something in that file.

REGINA
Without the killer or the doctor we
got no idea what.

ERIK
(to tech)
Bag this, all the other folders. I
want them back at the precinct.

REGINA
You're gonna go through all of this?

Erik shoots her a wide, shit-eating grin.

ERIK
We're gonna go through all of this.
See if we can't put together enough
context clues to figure out what our
guy was after.

REGINA
Out of all the partners I could have
picked I ended up with the fuckin'
boy scout.

INT. LOFT SPACE - DAY

CLOSE ON a MEDICAL JOURNAL lying on a workbench. It's the
missing journal from Dr. Weaver's office.

Jane Doe, face puffy, eyes red from crying, watches, still bound and gagged on the bed.

THE KILLER
DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE
AFRAID OF THE DARK? CHILDREN OFTEN
ARE. ALWAYS WORRIED THAT AT ANY
MOMENT SOME MONSTEROUS THING WILL
GRAB YOU AND TEAR YOU OUT OF YOUR
BED. TAKE YOU AWAY FROM YOUR HOME?

The Killer flips through the pages, searching for something. There are GLIMPSES of the pages. Medical NOTES. SKETCHES of a surgical procedure. The Killer turns the page, landing on another image of EMILY.

THE KILLER (CONT'D)
I REMEMBER.

The Killer turns the page. It's a SURGICAL CONSENT FORM. There are a list of NAMES. We recognize one as Dr. Weaver's.

The Killer runs his finger down the list, stopping by one: VICTOR FIELD.

THE KILLER (CONT'D)
THERE YOU ARE.
(to Jane Doe)
LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP
WAITING. BUT DON'T WORRY. WHEN I'M
DONE WITH HIM, YOUR TURN WILL COME.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Madison is bundled under a blanket, working on her laptop. A search engine is up on the screen. Madison is researching STRESS INDUCED HALLUCINATIONS. She clicks on a link: HOW ANXIETY CAN CREATE WAKING DREAMS.

She's reading, when the doorbell rings. Madison JUMPS at the sound. She's tense, on edge. The doorbell rings again. Madison moves to the door, but doesn't open it. After a beat, KEYS enter the lock. The door OPENS --

It's Sydney, letting herself in. She's carrying bags of GROCERIES.

SYDNEY
Hey. Got you some groceries.
Thought I'll make you your fav dish
tonight, what'd say??

Madison reaches out, poking her sister's shoulder to make sure she's real. When Madison makes the physical connection she finally relaxes. Sydney eyes her sister.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Umm. What the hell was that?

MADISON

Nothing.

Madison takes the grocery bags, heading into the kitchen.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Madison and Sydney move around the kitchen, cooking. For the first time they're relaxed, chill. Both in their element. Cooking an activity they've always enjoyed together. From the living room the TV plays in the background.

SYDNEY

Remember when we tried to make this for the first time and the grease from the skillet caught fire? You thought it was a good idea to throw water on it?

Madison smiles, laughs a little.

MADISON

We almost burned the house down.

SYDNEY

That was the first time. Then came Memorial Weekend.

MADISON

When you decided to test exactly how flame retardant mom's new drapes were?

Sydney laughs.

SYDNEY

They weren't. Not at all. Hey, blame the sales guy. He lied to us.

MADISON

Or, you were a little pyro and you couldn't admit it.

They both laugh. Sydney eyes her sister.

MADISON (CONT'D)

What?

SYDNEY

Nothing. It's just... it's good to see you smile again.

Madison considers it. Everything that's happened.

MADISON

It feels good.

(beat, then)

I'm happy you're here, Syd.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 Breaking news tonight about a home
 invasion in Wilshire Park. Police
 are reporting the body of Dr.
 Florence Weaver was found in her
 home this afternoon.

This gets Madison's attention. She stops chopping, looking
 toward the TV. She moves to the --

LIVING ROOM.

On the TV SCREEN is a smiling, professional headshot of Dr.
 Weaver. Madison's heart catches in her throat. She
 recognizes Dr. Weaver from her nightmarish vision.

NEWS ANCHOR
 Police have released few details as
 the investigation is pending. Dr.
 Weaver was an active member of the
 community and prominent surgeon.
 Widowed, she leaves behind two adult
 children.

OFF Madison, realizing it wasn't hallucinating at all--

INT. MITCHELL HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Madison PUKES into the toilet.

Sydney knocks on the door.

SYDNEY
 Madison?
 (tries the handle)
 C'mon, let me in.

Madison unlocks the bathroom door. Sydney slides down,
 sitting next to her sister.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
 Did you know her?

Madison shakes her head.

MADISON
 No, I don't. But I saw her die.

SYDNEY
 What do you mean?

MADISON
 I saw her getting murdered. I don't
 know how -- I was doing laundry
 here last night, and then suddenly,
 I -- I saw him killing her. It was
 him, Syd.

SYDNEY
You saw the killer -- the same
person who attacked you?

MADISON
Yes.

SYDNEY
He was here?!

MADISON
No! I saw him murdering her in her
house. I don't know how, but
somehow I saw what he was doing --
over at her house!

Madison loses it, breaking down, crying.

MADISON (CONT'D)
What's happening to me, Syd?

Sydney has no answer, just as confused. The only thing she
can do is hold her sister, comforting her.

SYDNEY
It's going to be okay.

OFF Sydney's uncertain look, knowing that's not true --

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

The bullpen is dark, empty save for Regina and Erik sitting
at their desks, pouring over the files they retrieved from
Dr. Weaver's house. There are several cups of coffee and
fast food wrappers between them. Erik is deep in pile of
files. Regina rubs the bridge of her nose, tired. *

REGINA
(taps the desk)
That's it. I'm out. I can't keep
any of this shit straight. My brain
feels like it's about to push
through my eyeballs. *

ERIK
Tell Marcus I said hello. *

REGINA
He's gonna be pissed at you, you
know. Tonight was our date night. *

ERIK
I'll make it up to him. *

REGINA
I doubt that unless you're gonna
wear the silk panties I bought. *

Erik laughs. Not gonna happen. Regina grabs her stuff. *

REGINA (CONT'D)

We both want to catch this asshole
but you look how I feel. Don't stay
too late.

Erik nods. She leaves.

Erik flips through the medical files. He's tired, starting
to fade. He stands, stretching. He reaches for the coffee
pot but it's EMPTY. He makes a fresh pot. As he waits, his
attention falls on the photo of EMILY. It's upside down.
The image distorted in the jaundiced light of the bullpen.

Erik turns it around, facing him. The photo looks normal.
Emily's young face stares back at him. Erik gets an idea.

ERIK

(calls out)

HEY, PROBASCO! YOU HERE?

From somewhere deep in the precinct a voice calls back.

ANDY (O.S.)

YEAH?

Erik picks up the photo, heading down the hall.

INT. PRECINCT - ANDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Erik enters. ANDREW PROBASCO, 30s, DnD nerd-type, sits at
his desk, photoshopping a photo of a grungy white male on his
tablet. There are images of the guy with a beard, bald, he's
older, etc. Andy is the police photo analyst.

ANDY

Thought I was the only one here.

ERIK

Got this case. Nothing's adding up.
Need a favor.

ANDY

Sure.

Erik hands him the photo of Emily.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Victim?

ERIK

Not sure yet. Can you age that up?

ANDY

How old you need?

ERIK

Thirties. And if you can have it by
morning your next case of beer is on
me.

ANDY

Will do.

*
*

EXT. MITCHELL HOME - NIGHT

*

The street light across from Madison's house begins to flicker.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sydney sleeps on the couch. Restless.

The night-light starts to zap.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Madison is fast asleep in the master bedroom. There's a bottle of sleep medication on the night-stand next to a glass of water.

*

We stay on her as she sleeps for a beat, before she turns onto her side, facing her husband's side of the bed. The empty side. She gets a weird feeling, her eyes flutter open and sees --

AN OLD MAN'S FACE UP CLOSE. Sleeping in bed next to her.

She screams but no sound comes out. She tries to move, but can't. She's in that frozen state, like she's having sleep paralysis, but is wide awake.

The window behind her unlatches on its own, and creaks open. SOMETHING CRAWLS IN THROUGH THE WINDOW. Of course Madison can't see what is happening behind her.

Suddenly, Madison feels a presence hovering above her. She can't turn her head to look, so her pupils dart to the corners of her eyes, upwards, seeing --

A DARK FIGURE clambering over her like an insect in slow-motion, out of focus. Actually, more like a spider descending upon it's prey. Limbs bend in odd angles. He's so close, she can smell his putrid breath and hear his raspy breathing. Madison is beyond terrified.

This is our KILLER. His long hair covers his face. He lunges at the old man, startling him awake with a fright. As he tries to scream, the killer muffles his mouth and STABS HIM REPEATEDLY.

Madison watches the horror, helplessly -- eyes tearing up, head pounding with pain.

The killer stops stabbing, then turns to look at Madison as though he just noticed her there. Through the part in his long hair, Madison finally makes out his face. Their eyes connect. The pain in Madison's head grows. Her nose bleeds.

The killer leers at her, and brings a finger up to his lips, "shhhhh..."

Madison fights her paralysis. She begins moving -- first her fingers, then her hands -- pushing herself to sit up. But now her headache is searing, like a burning cattle prod was shoved into her brain. Finally --

She passes out, collapsing backwards and crashing out of bed.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sydney sleeps away downstairs, unaware what her sister was going through upstairs.

A SHADOW CROSSES THE WINDOW OUTSIDE, behind Sydney.

She's still sleeping soundly. But then a noise stirs her awake. She sits up. Turns on a side light. Looks around. The house is still. Then a thump.

Sydney gets up. Moving around the house, searching for the source of the sound. It's possibly coming from upstairs.

SYDNEY

Madi??

INT. MITCHELL HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She hurries up the stairs and makes her way to Madison's door. It's locked. Sydney bangs on the door and calls out.

SYDNEY

Madison??

No answer. Sydney starts to freak out.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

MADISON. OPEN THE DOOR.

Sydney shoulders the door -- again and again -- finally smashing it open and seeing an empty bed.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sydney scans around, panicking. It's freezing in here. She notices the window is opened, the sheer billowing in the night wind. She goes to shut the window and then --

Madison SNAPS UPWARDS, SITTING UPRIGHT on the floor next to the bed. Finally she's able to scream and move, so she screams her lungs out whilst fighting off an invisible force. Sydney runs up to her.

SYDNEY

Madison! Wake up!

MADISON

HE'S HERE! HE'S HERE!!

Sydney looks around, frightened and confused.

SYDNEY

Who -- there's no one, Madi! You were dreaming.

Madison scans the room, but sees there's no one else with them. She grabs her head. The pain is mild now.

MADISON

I wasn't dreaming! I saw him!

(looks Sydney in the eyes)

He killed again, Sydney. And this time... I saw his face.

OFF Sydney's fearful look...

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

Madison and Sydney sit across from Erik and Regina. *

REGINA *

What do you mean you're seeing the murders?

MADISON

Somehow I'm seeing his murders. Like he's showing them to me.

ERIK

He's sending you videos?

MADISON

No, Goddammit. I see them. As they're happening. It's like -- I'm there, at the scene of the killings. *

ERIK

You mean, like -- "*psychically*"??

MADISON

I know it sounds crazy, but I have no other explanation for it.

REGINA *

Are you fucking with us right now?

SYDNEY

Why's it so hard to believe? Don't you guys use psychics for, like, missing person cases?

REGINA *

(incredulously)

No, we don't!

SYDNEY
 Maybe when the killer attacked
 Madison they formed some kind of
 psychic bond.

Regina leans back on her chair, huffing to Erik --

REGINA
 This is ridiculous -- why are we
 listening to this?

Erik tries to take this seriously, looks to Madison.

ERIK
 So tell me, what did you see in your
 vision?

REGINA
 Christ.

MADISON
 I "saw" him killing another person
 last night. An elderly man. While
 he was sleeping in bed.

ERIK
 Where?

MADISON
 I don't know. I don't have an
 address. But I did see something
 out his window. A red neon sign.
 (remembering)
 I think it said "Silvercup."

Erik digests this, turns to Regina.

ERIK
 Put a word out to all units, call
 the appropriate signage companies --
 find this sign.

Regina throws her hands in the air.

REGINA
 It's gonna take awhile.

SYDNEY
 We'll wait.

Sydney smiles, folds her arms. Regina stares daggers at her
 as she gets up. Erik watches his partner walk off to the
 communication department, then turns his attention back to
 Madison and Sydney.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
 If there's nothing there, then we're
 lying, lock us up.
 (MORE)

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

If there is, you have a serial
killer on your hands, Detective.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - LATER

Erik is trying to work, but gets distracted by Sydney playing
with the drinking bird toy on his desk. She catches him
looking at her.

SYDNEY

Sorry...

She backs away.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

...don't mean to play with your
bird.

Erik can't help but smiles. Sydney smiles back. A little
unspoken moment between the two. Whatever is going on here
is broken with the arrival of Regina. *

REGINA *

A red neon "Silvercup" sign is an
apartment building down in Boyle
Heights.

Madison perks up, excitedly.

MADISON

That's it. It's across from it.

EXT. SILVERCUP APARTMENT - DAY

Regina's car pulls up. We're in an old, industrial part of
town. A BLACK AND WHITE POLICE CRUISER parks behind him, two
UNIFORMED OFFICERS in the front. *

Erik, Regina, Sydney and Madison get out of the car. They
look across the street from the Silvercup building at a five-
story apartment complex. An old, art deco building. *

REGINA *

What -- we're gonna knock on every
fucking door??

Erik seems daunted by that too.

MADISON

No. Top floor.

REGINA *

(sarcastically)

Oh, much better.

(to the uniformed
officers)

Keep an eye on these two.

The officers nod. Erik and Regina stride off. *

INT. SILVERCUP APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATER *

Erik and Regina are on opposite ends of the hallway knocking on apartment doors. Regina's agitated. *

REGINA *

We should've sent uniforms for this. *

At least that way we wouldn't be *

wasting our time. *

ERIK *

She gave us a lead. *

REGINA *

You can't possibly tell me you *

believe that story. She gave us a *

fantasy and sent us on a goddamn *

snipe hunt. *

Regina moves on. She KNOCKS and the door OPENS slightly. *

REGINA (CONT'D) *

Hello? Anybody home? *

There's no answer. Regina trades a look with Erik. *

ERIK *

Seems suspicious to me. *

He NODS. Go in. They pull their guns. *

REGINA *

This is the police. If anyone is in *

there I need you let us know. *

Silence. Regina pushes open the door. They carefully step *

inside. *

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS *

Regina and Erik make their way inside, guns ready. The *

apartment is quiet. Regina and Erik check the rooms, coming *

to the bedroom door -- *

Where they see the DEAD BODY, mutilated, blood covering the *

bedsheets. It's a gruesome scene. Regina lowers her gun. *

Madison was right. *

REGINA *

Motherfucker. *

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

The apartment is now a crime scene. Erik stands with Regina *

and the M.E.

M.E.
 Same style, pattern. Good guess
 it's the same weapon. I'd say this
 was our guy.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER comes up, landing next to them.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
 Name is Victor Field. Divorced.
 Three adult kids. Both live out of
 state. Owns a pharmaceutical
 business.

*

ERIK
 Sydney was right. This is a serial
 killer.

REGINA
 Yes, it is. It's her sister.

*

Erik refuses to believe that. It doesn't add up.

ERIK
 No way. That's too easy.

He storms off with a purpose.

REGINA
 Hey -- where you going??

*

EXT. SILVERCUP APARTMENT - DAY

Erik marches up to Madison and Sydney, still with the
 uniformed officers. Sydney is super curious.

SYDNEY
 Did you find him? Is he -- dead?

Erik reluctantly nods. Sydney gasps, awestruck. Madison's
 heart sinks. Erik turns to her.

ERIK
 You said you saw his face in your
 vision?

Madison nods, warily.

ERIK (CONT'D)
 I want you to sit with our sketch
 artist. I want to know what he
 looks like.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

Madison sits with a bookish looking SKETCH ARTIST, who's
 sketching away. Sydney sits next to Madison, giving moral
 support but can't help feeling a tinge of excitement.

MADISON

No, no -- the eyes are more askew...
Kind of deformed...

MONTAGE: Madison gives instructions. Pencil scratching on the page, drawing rapidly. A face taking shape.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Protruding, like they were
swollen...
His hair is longer... black...
framing his face... yes...
And crooked teeth... sharper...

Madison visibly shakes as the killer's face forms on the page.

FLASHCUT: to a CLOSE UP of the Killer's face snarling at us.

ON MADISON

Reeling from this flashback image.

Meanwhile, Erik and Regina are a few feet away, watching all this and conferring amongst themselves. *

ERIK

She came to us. She told us about Victor Fields.

REGINA

Exactly. Think about it, how does she know this guy's dead? Cause she's had "visions"? She's a fucking psychic? No, she's a psychopath. I'd bet my left tit she came to us with this bullshit so she can pull an insanity plea. *

ERIK

None of this adds up. It's too obvious.

REGINA

This isn't calculus. It's common sense. Sometimes reality stares us in the face, and we're too busy trying to be clever. *

ON MADISON

Staring at the drawing, frightened. She calls out to the detectives.

MADISON

That's him.

Erik and Regina approach. Erik grabs the sketch-pad, studying the drawing. *

A part in the long hair reveals a sliver of a freakish face.
Deformed. Bulging Eye. Jagged teeth.

REGINA
Awesome. So we're putting out a
BOLO on Sloth from the Goonies.

*
*
*

Regina takes the drawing, and marches off. Madison rises.

*

MADISON
Excuse me. Where's the restroom?

ERIK
Down the hall. Second door to the
right.

She goes, leaving Sydney alone with Erik. Erik takes a seat
at his desk. He feels Sydney's eyes on him.

ERIK (CONT'D)
So Ms. Lake, you have the advantage
of knowing what I do for a living.
But I don't know what you do.

SYDNEY
I'm a professor of psychology at UT.

ERIK
Oh wow. You're really young to be a
professor. You must be really good?

Erik smiles. Is this flirting or a challenge? Sydney takes
it as both.

SYDNEY
I'd like to think I'm good at my
job.
(sizing him up)
Let me guess... You did one semester
at an institute of higher learning.
Dropped out because you were ready
for the real world. Bounced around
doing odd jobs here and there, but
your life was going nowhere and you
knew it.

ERIK
So you're gonna tell me I needed to
feel important and the quickest way
to do that was to get a badge?

SYDNEY
No. That's your partner. You're
the boy scout. You were the kid
always helping wounded animals.
Altruism is what drives you. Always
has, even if you don't realize it.
You're the guy who becomes a cop
because he thinks he can make a
difference, detective.

Erik reacts. She's pretty much nailed him.

ERIK

You're good. If you ever need to make some extra money we could always use a profiler, Ms. Lake. Much easier to sell than psychics.

Sydney laughs.

SYDNEY

You guys won't be able to afford me. And you can call me Sydney.

Erik smiles.

ERIK

Ok, Sydney.

INT. PRECINCT - RESTROOM - DAY

Madison splashes water on her face. Looks at herself in the mirror. Feeling fatigued. Then --

-- the florescent tube-lights around her start to zap. Madison's head begins to hurt. She's getting used to the signs. Something is happening. She scans around, expecting another vision. But nothing comes. Instead her cellphone buzzes.

She fishes the phone out of her pocket, checking the caller ID. It's an BLOCKED NUMBER. Nervously, she answers. *

MADISON

Hello?

There's a CRACKLE on the other end of the line. Electric static. Then, a deep, slithering voice on the other end.

VOICE

HELLO, EMILY.

Madison's too stunned to respond.

VOICE (CONT'D)

YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME, DO YOU? I'M HURT.

Madison takes awhile to find the courage to speak.

MADISON

My name is Madison.

VOICE

NO, IT'S NOT. YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR NAME, CHANGE YOUR LIFE. BUT YOU'LL ALWAYS BE EMILY TO ME.

MADISON

Who are you?

VOICE

YOU KNOW. DEEP DOWN. YOU ABANDONED
ME. TURNED ON ME. YOU LET THEM
TELL YOU I WAS BAD. YOU DIDN'T LOVE
ME ANYMORE. BUT I NEVER STOPPED
LOVING YOU.

MADISON

I don't know what you're talking
about.

VOICE

THEY HURT US. THEY TORE US APART,
TOOK YOU AWAY FROM ME. BUT I FOUND
MY WAY BACK TO YOU. NOW I'M GOING
TO MAKE THEM PAY FOR WHAT THEY DID.
ONE. BY. ONE.

MADISON

GABRIELLE, NO!!

Madison catches herself -- holy fuck she knows her name!

And it's a HER. The Killer is a woman.

On the other end of the line, the Voice, the Killer, now
known as GABRIELLE, laughs.

GABRIELLE

SEE? I TOLD YOU. DEEP DOWN YOU
KNOW WHO I AM. YOU'VE ALWAYS KNOWN
I'D COME BACK.

MADISON

Please stop. Please --

GABRIELLE

OH, WE'RE JUST GETTING STARTED.

A chill runs down her spine. Madison's phone SIZZLES,
SPARKING. It's fried.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

Madison, nervous, beelines for Sydney.

MADISON

Are we done here?

Regina trades a look with Erik. Something's up.

REGINA

You got somewhere you need to be?

MADISON

I'm just tired.

REGINA
 You sure there's nothing else you
 want to tell us.

MADISON
 No. I told you everything.
 (to Sydney)
 Take me home, please.

Sydney senses her sister's urgency. She grabs their things,
 following Madison. Erik and Regina watch them leave.

REGINA
 You still think she's innocent?

Erik considers the question, unsure of his answer.
 Lieutenant Daniels steps out of his office.

LIEUTENANT DANIELS
 Moss. Got a second?

Regina heads off, crossing with Andy.

ANDY
 Got that image you wanted.

Andy hands Erik the original photo of Emily and the printed
 photo he aged up to her 30s. Andy leaves. Erik stares at
 it, looking troubled. The aged up image looks like Madison.

ERIK
 (sotto)
 You knew the doctor.
 (beat, then)
 Fuck.

Regina is coming back. Erik quickly puts the images away.
 Regina sits at her desk. She sees Erik looks troubled.

REGINA
 What got up your ass?

ERIK
 This case. It's fucked up at every
 turn.

REGINA
 It's fucked up cause you don't want
 to accept the truth.

INT. CAR - DAY - MOVING

Sydney is driving. Madison in the passenger seat.

SYDNEY
 What's going on, Madi?

MADISON
 She called me.

SYDNEY
Who?

MADISON
I just spoke with her in the
restroom.

Sydney is surprised.

SYDNEY
It's a woman? We gotta turn around,
and tell Erik.

MADISON
His partner hates me, she doesn't
believe me.

SYDNEY
We can trace the call. See where it
came from.

Madison shows Sydney her phone. It's a burnt husk.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
What the hell happened?

MADISON
She did this.
(off her look)
See? It sounds crazy. The cops
won't believe me.

SYDNEY
But we can call service provider,
they have to have that information.

MADISON
No -- we *can't*.

SYDNEY
Why not?

Madison thinks. Not quite sure what she knows.

MADISON
I know her. Her name is Gabrielle.

Sydney's jaw hangs open. Shocked.

MADISON (CONT'D)
I don't know how I knew, but talking
to her... I just did. She said they
tore us apart. And now she's going
to make them pay. She spoke like we
have a history together.

SYDNEY
And you don't know anything else
about this woman?

MADISON

I don't remember. But I know who
might. Take me to see mom.

*

INT. JEANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Jeanne sits in her wheelchair, watching tv. The door opens.
Sydney enters, followed by Madison. Jeanne's face lights up
when she sees her daughter.

*

*

*

JEANNE

Maddy.

*

*

Jeanne tries to her out of her chair.

*

MADISON

It's okay, mom. Sit.

*

*

But Jeanne makes the effort, using all her strength to stand,
hug her daughter. Jeanne holds her tight. She's relieved,
grateful to see her.

*

*

*

JEANNE

I'm so happy you're all right.

(beat, then)

I'm so sorry about the baby.

*

*

*

*

Madison doesn't want to talk about it. Sydney steps in.

*

SYDNEY

Why don't you sit down, mom. You
don't want to strain yourself.

*

*

*

MADISON

It's okay, mom.

*

*

Jeanne sits. The effort took a lot out of her. Sydney gets
her oxygen mask. Though Madison and her mother have a
fractured relationship, there is clearly still love between
mother and daughter.

*

*

*

*

JEANNE

How you holding up, baby? Are you
eating?

(to Sydney)

Did you bring her the food I made?

*

*

*

*

*

MADISON

I'm fine, mom.

*

*

Jeanne looks to her daughter.

*

JEANNE

You were never a good lair, Maddy.
What's going on?

*

*

*

Madison looks to Sydney.

*

SYDNEY
Tell her, Maddy. Tell her
everything.

Jeanne looks between her daughters.

JEANNE
Are you in some kind of trouble,
Maddy? How bad is it?

MADISON
People have been dying, mom.
Murdered. First Derek. Now there's
two doctors who're dead.

JEANNE
That lady on the news? What's that
got to do with you?

MADISON
Someone is killing people. Someone
from my past.

Madison clams up. Sydney takes her hand, comforting.

SYDNEY
You can do this.

MADISON
I've been -- seeing things. Seeing
the people he kills when he kills
them. I know it sounds crazy but
it's true. And...

JEANNE
And?

She called me. At the police
station. I knew her name.
Gabrielle.

Jeanne reacts to the name, like she was kicked in the gut.
She looks sick.

Madison and Sydney see that their mom knows something.

SYDNEY
Mom?

Jeanne doesn't say anything. She heaves herself out of the
wheelchair, moving to a the spare bedroom. Madison and
Sydney trade a look. After a beat they follow their mother.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

Filled with BOXES, and furniture, old family keepsakes.
There's an 1990s-era tube TV on the dresser. It's like
stepping back into the past.

Jeanne rifles through an old box, pulling out a stack of VHS tapes. *

SYDNEY *

Wow. Mom. Hoard, much? Why did *

you keep all of this junk? *

JEANNE *

It's not junk. It's our family *

memories, why wouldn't I keep it? *

SYDNEY *

Because times have changed. You *

know there's digital now? *

Streaming. I feel like we're gonna *

find a dead cat under there. *

JEANNE *

Oh stop it. *

Jeanne searches the labels until she finds what she's looking for. She pulls it out of the stack. It's labeled "*Madison's 8th Birthday.*" Jeanne puts the tape into an old VCR player that is connected to the TV. The TV crackles to life. *

Jeanne plays the tape. *

ON SCREEN a home-video of Young Madison's birthday. *

Madison sits at a decorated table, birthday cap on. It's just her, a few stuffed animals. There are no children at this party. Young Madison has no friends. Sydney glances to her sister, sad. *

SYDNEY *

Where am I? *

JEANNE *

In my belly. You weren't born yet. *

Maddy was just turning eight here. *

(to Madison) *

You wanted a party so badly. Begged *

us. We sent out invitations but -- *

MADISON *

They thought I was a freak. I *

remember. *

SYDNEY *

Why have I never seen this? *

MADISON *

Why haven't I seen this? *

Jeanne looks away. *

ON SCREEN Eight-year old Madison looks to her side. *

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 Hey, Maddy? You ready to blow out
 your candles?

Sydney softens, hearing her father's voice. Tears well in
 Madison's eyes.

Jeanne, thirty years younger, seven months pregnant, emerges
 from the kitchen with a homemade cake. There's a giant 8
 candle in the center. Jeanne sets down the cake. Both
 parents sing "Happy birthday."

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 Make a wish.

Madison blows out the candle. Madison cocks her head, like
 she's listening to someone whispering in her ear. Madison
 glances to the camera, a guilty look on her face. She shakes
 her head "no" to whomever she was listening to.

EIGHT-YEAR OLD MADISON
 (whispers)
 Stop saying that. They are!

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 Maddy, who're you talking to?

Madison snaps her head to the voice, like she's been caught.

EIGHT-YEAR OLD MADISON
 No one.

THIRTY-YEAR OLD JEANNE
 What have we told you about lying?

EIGHT-YEAR OLD MADISON
 I wasn't--

THIRTY-YEAR OLD JEANNE
 Who were you talking to? It's okay.

EIGHT-YEAR OLD MADISON
 Gabrielle.

Young Jeanne shoots a look to her husband behind the camera.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 Is that your imaginary friend?

Madison doesn't answer.

THIRTY-YEAR OLD JEANNE
 Maddy, don't you think you're
 getting a bit too old for imaginary
 friends? You're eight now. You're
 a big girl.

EIGHT-YEAR OLD MADISON
 Gabrielle isn't imaginary. She's
 real. She says you're not my real
 parents. She says she wants to kill
 you.

Young Jeanne and her husband react.

In the spare bedroom Jeanne fast-forwards the tape. The date
 reads three months later.

ON SCREEN Young Madison, stares at the wall, shaking. There
 are tears in her eyes. The camera hangs back, watching.
 Young Madison seems to be having a conversation with herself.

EIGHT-YEAR OLD MADISON (CONT'D)
 Mommy said she'd love me even when
 the baby comes. She said nothing
 would change.
 (beat)
 If you kill it they'll be mad at us.
 (beat)
 I don't want to! You can't make me.

WITH SYDNEY AND MADISON

They look to one another. What the hell?

JEANNE
 At first we thought it was a phase.
 But you were always talking to her.
 Some of the conversations you had --
 it chilled me to the bone. It was
 like she was real. But she wasn't,
 Maddy. Gabrielle was your imaginary
 friend. She was always in your
 mind.

MADISON
 She called me. I didn't imagine
 that.

JEANNE
 We only wanted the best for you.
 It's why we never told you.

MADISON
 Told me what.

Jeanne takes a moment. Brings herself to say it.

JEANNE
 Before we adopted you, you lived in
 a hospital. You were sick, Maddy.
 Really sick. You needed surgery.
 Desperately. It saved your life.

MADISON
 What was wrong with me?

JEANNE

You had a brain tumor. After they took it out, when you were better, my husband and I adopted you. It was all so much for someone so young. We think you created Gabrielle as a way to cope with everything. Your surgery. Your new life.

As this lands on Madison...

EXT. MITCHELL HOME - NIGHT

Sydney's car pulls into the driveway.

INT. SYDNEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Sydney turns the car off. Madison sits a beat. It's a lot to absorb.

MADISON

Do you believe her? Mom?

SYDNEY

Why would she lie?

MADISON

Why wouldn't she tell me this? Before?

SYDNEY

Because she wanted to protect you.

MADISON

You always take her side.

SYDNEY

There aren't sides, Maddy. We only want to help you. Maybe she should have told you this before. But mom's trying to do her best now. That has to count for something.

MADISON

Do you think I'm crazy?

SYDNEY

No.

Madison nods. Grateful for that. She unlocks her seatbelt. Sydney does the same.

MADISON

No.

(off her look)

I'm fine. I don't need a babysitter.

SYDNEY

Are you sure you should be alone?
With everything that's going on?

MADISON

I want to be alone. Because of
everything that's going on. Please,
Syd. Go home.

Sydney watches as Madison gets out of the car. Once Madison
is safely inside, Sydney leaves.

INT. LOFT SPACE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: a BLADE. The edge runs across a sharpening stone
in quick, succinct movements.

Skkkkkkkrrttttt... skkkkkkkrrttttt... It's getting sharper
with every pass.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Gabrielle, wearing black leather gloves and a hoodie, hunched
over a table, surrounded by shadow. The sound of the blade
echoes through the loft.

Skkkkkkkrrttttt... skkkkkkkrrttttt...

Across the loft, bound to the bed, Jane Doe watches.
Gabrielle's attention is on her task so Jane Doe works her
wrist in circles, trying to get the knot loose. She's
focused on her binds, doesn't hear the sudden silence.

GABRIELLE (O.S.)

IT WON'T WORK.

Jane Doe snaps around. Though she's covered in shadow,
Gabrielle is watching her.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

**YOU'RE WORKING THE KNOT TO GET IT
LOOSE. SMART.**

Gabrielle walks toward her. Jane Doe pinches her eyes
closed, terrified. Gabrielle reaches out -- gripping the
rope. She TIGHTENS it. The rope digs into Jane Doe's skin.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

NOW TRY.

Jane Doe is too afraid to move. Gabrielle grips her face,
pressing it into the bed.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

DO IT.

Whimpering, Jane Doe tries to roll her wrist around. She
can't.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)
I CAN'T HAVE YOU LEAVING BEFORE
YOU'VE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE.
 (pats her on the
 head)
BE GOOD. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

INT. DR WEAVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Erik's police cruiser is parked along the curb. He walks to the front door, RIPPING off the police tape. Pulling on plastic gloves, he enters.

INT. DR. WEAVER'S HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Erik enters. He shines his light over the room, searching. He can't shake the feeling he missed something the first time around. He opens the drawers in the desk, checking for false bottoms. He feels underneath for anything taped to the top.

He turns around, shining his light over the bookcase. The shelves lined with medical books. Everything is neat, even...

Except for one shelf.

One shelf is a bit off-kilter. It has fewer books than the others. Curious, Erik checks. He pulls the books. Nothing on top. He runs his hand under the shelf. Toward the back his hand touches something. He pulls.

CLICK.

The back wall of the bookcase gives way, revealing a shallow secret compartment. There are FILES inside. Erik reaches in, pulling out a thick manilla folder secured with rubber bands. He snaps them off, thumbing through the paperwork.

A THUMBDRIVE falls out, hitting the floor. Erik picks it up, sees it's labeled EMILY MAY. Erik looks around. Dr. Weaver's laptop is still on her desk. He opens it, the laptop lighting up, coming out of sleep mode. Erik plugs the thumb drive in. He clicks on the icon, opening the contents.

There's one file: PROJECT TERATOMA

Erik clicks it. The file opens, revealing it's full of VIDEO CLIPS. Erik clicks one.

ON SCREEN an office, circa 1990s. Plain. Just a desk and a wall. DR. WEAVER, thirty years younger, steps into frame. She looks exhausted. She leans against her desk, talking to the camera.

DR. WEAVER
 It's Tuesday, June 23rd. Four-
 fourteen pm. I am Dr. Florence
 Weaver. We are on day three of
 treatment of Emily May, six years of
 age, and this patient is...

(MORE)

DR. WEAVER (CONT'D)
 unlike anything I've ever seen.
 I've found no other cases that I can
 reference for our treatment. It may
 in fact be the first recorded case
 ever. Which means we're about to
 make history.

Dr. Weaver pulls out Emily's medical file, reading.

DR. WEAVER (CONT'D)
 Patient, although young, suffers
 from extreme mental psychosis,
 hearing a voice, having disturbing
 visions of someone she calls "the
 Devil". Patient thus far has
 resisted normal courses of
 treatment, as such she is getting
 sicker, having lost ten pounds in
 the last two days. Current course
 of action is surgery, otherwise
 patient may die. I've contacted Dr.
 John Gregory out of Hopkins, as well
 as Dr. Victor Field from Los Angeles
 Children's Hospital.

WITH ERIK

He reacts, recognizing Victor's name. He quickly flips
 through the file, coming across an old, black and white photo
 of a much younger Victor Field. Holy shit, the two victims
 are connected to each other. Erik reads his file.

ERIK
 (sotto)
 That's how you knew them. You were
 a surgeon.

Erik finds a photo of Dr. John Gregory, a handsome young
 doctor at the time. Suddenly something clicks in his head:
 two out of three of those doctors are now dead. That leaves
 John Gregory.

ERIK (CONT'D)
 Shit.

He's on his cell, calling.

ERIK (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 This is Detective Shaw. I need an
 address for a Dr. John Gregory and I
 need it yesterday.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Madison stands at the mirror, brushing her teeth at the sink.
 She leans over the sink. Spits, rinses. When she comes up --

THE REFELCTION IN THE MIRROR HAS CHANGED.

She's standing in her bathroom, yet the mirror reflects a different bathroom entirely. It's a swanky, expensive post-modern bathroom. In the bathtub is JOHN GREGORY. He's relaxing, reading a book on his tablet. Madison immediately realizes what's going on.

MADISON

No. No... no... nonononono...

CLOSE ON MADISON. She pinches her eyes shut, trying to will it away.

MADISON (CONT'D)

I'm at home. I'm at home. I'm at home.

O.S. John CRIES OUT, shocked.

JOHN

What are you doing in here? Who are you?

Madison opens her eyes. She's now IN JOHN'S BATHROOM, transported yet again. John is looking at her, terrified.

Then -- Gabrielle, face obscured by her long hair, wearing her leather gloves, her hoodie, steps into frame. Madison gasps, covering her mouth to keep from screaming. Gabrielle turns to Madison, her twisted lips pulling into a smile. She holds up her freshly sharp amputation knife.

She steps toward John, who SCREAMS...

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Erik's car skids to a stop in front of the apartment building. He gets out, flashing his badge to the DOORMAN, who lets him in.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Erik gets off the elevator. Going up to the only apartment door on this floor. Erik knocks, and the door OPENS.

Erik peeks through the crack, and then steps into the lavish apartment.

ERIK

John Gregory? This is Detective Erik Shaw.

There's a CREAK from the bathroom. On instinct Erik reaches for his weapon.

ERIK (CONT'D)

If you're in here I need you to answer me.

O.S. there's a MUFFLED CRY and a HARD THUMP. Erik pulls his weapon, cocks it. He enters, gun ready.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Mr. Gregory, call out to me if you
can.

*

No answer. Erik makes his way to the bathroom, turning the corner --

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

WITH MADISON

*

She sees Erik enter. He doesn't see her, because she's not really there.

*

*

Madison watches as Erik finds John Gregory slumped in the bathtub in a pool of his own blood, his face sliced to ribbons, his eyes carved out. His body TWITCHES, still alive.

*

ERIK

Jesus --

MADISON

*

She's still here. Detective! She's
still here!

*

*

Her warning is in vain. He can't hear her. Erik grabs his cell phone, calling 9-1-1.

*

*

Madison POINTS to the ceiling. Through her vision she sees what Erik cannot -- right above him, clung into the corner of the walls and ceiling like a spider, is Gabrielle.

*

*

*

As Erik steps through the door...

*

MADISON (CONT'D)

*

DON'T!

*

He turns to the mirror just in time see Gabrielle's reflection as she drops down with her KNIFE out before her. Erik spins around in time to dodge the blade, but is KNOCKED BACKWARDS onto the floor.

*

*

Gabrielle jumps Erik. They struggle as Gabrielle tries to gut him. Dressed in all black, her deformed face partially obscured by her hair and her hoodie. Erik is shocked by what he's seeing. Gabrielle grips the amputation knife in her hand. Erik whips his gun up, FIRING.

*

*

*

*

Gabrielle lunges at Erik, slamming him out the bathroom door into the hallway. They collapse onto the ground. The gun slides out of Erik's hand. Gabrielle plunges her KNIFE DOWN at Erik's face, but Erik catches it just in time, pushing it aside as the blade stabs into the floor. Erik reaches his gun, whips it at Gabrielle --

*

*

*

*

*

*

With cat-like reflexes Gabrielle DODGES the shot, RUNNING out of the apartment. *

Madison watches, helpless, as Erik gives chase. *

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Erik runs into the hallway just in time to see the back of Gabrielle's head disappearing around the corner. Erik follows, taking the corner. Erik has become a running juggernaut, but he's still not gaining on Gabrielle. *

Gabrielle bursts through a window onto a fire escape. Showering glass everywhere. She skitters up the stairs, like an insect. Erik tries to keep up. *

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT *

CAMERA IS BEHIND Erik as he bounds after Gabrielle, giving it everything he's got. Even still, she's pulling away. She reaches the edge of the roof, LEAPS, disappearing on the other side. *

Erik doesn't bother to look before. Fueled by adrenaline he LEAPS -- saaaaaaiiiling through the air *

WHAM! *

He hits the another apartment rooftop, barely missing the ventilator. He quickly gets back on his feet, scrambling up. Gabrielle is booking it across the edge of the roof. Erik pulls his gun. *

ERIK *

STOP! *

Gabrielle keeps going, hunched over, crab-walking on the ledge. Erik FIRES. Gabrielle dodges with almost inhuman speed. She's upright, BOLTING for the stairwell door. *

Erik FIRES two more rounds, blasting the door before Gabrielle reaches the door. She turns on a dime, retreating to the fire escape. Erik is up, tearing ass after her. *

He reaches the fire escape just as Gabrielle dives over head first. Erik leans over, awe struck by what he sees. *

HIS POV: Gabrielle spider-crawling down the fire escape, head first. *

Erik aims, looking for a clear shot. But Gabrielle is weaving in and out of the fire escape. He has a shot -- FIRES -- it ricochets off the metal. *

Gabrielle reaches the ground, BACK FLIPPING to her feet. She RUNS, but Erik clocks there's something weird, disjointed about her movements. *

ERIK (CONT'D)
What the fuck.

He aims again, fires -- HE'S OUT. Fuck. Gabrielle disappears into the dark alleyway.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Forensics going over the corpse of John Gregory. Camera flashing away. Erik's being tended to by a medic.

REGINA
He -- *ran and crawled*?

ERIK
She. I know what I saw. But I've never seen anything quite like it.

REGINA
What were you doing here anyway?
How did you know this guy was next?

ERIK
I dug deeper, and found that this guy, Doctor John Gregory, used to work with Doctor Field and Doctor Weaver, thirty years ago at a private medical facility. Guess who their mutual patient was?

Regina knows who his partner is referring to.

REGINA
All roads lead to our person-of-interest.

ERIK
I've seen Madison move. It's nothing like what I saw.

A TECH FORENSIC approaches them.

TECH FORENSIC
Guys, check this out.

She waves them over to the front door. They follow. She shows them the door lock mechanism.

TECH FORENSIC (CONT'D)
High voltage magnetic locking system. Not your run-of-the-mill dead-bolt.

She drops to her knees, puts her nose up to it, sniffing it. Up close, it looks charred.

TECH FORENSIC (CONT'D)
Smell it.

Regina does. Screws up her face.

REGINA

Smells like someone burned a hobo's
asshole.

TECH FORENSIC

This is how our perp got in. Fried
it with a hundred thousand volts.
Maybe with a shock baton. But I
don't see any marking on the
exterior. It's like it exploded
internally.

Erik thinks. Then pushes the door open, and steps out into
the hallway.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He looks up at the ceiling, and see what he's looking for
down the hall. The security camera.

ERIK

Regina --

REGINA

I'm on it.

Regina runs out of the Penthouse.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - SECURITY ROOM - LATER

ON SECURITY MONITOR: footage of the empty hallway. Then A
FIGURE IN A BLACK TRENCH COAT AND HOODIE strides into frame,
pacing down the hall: Gabrielle. She walks with a weird
gait, up to the penthouse door.

ERIK (O.S.)

That's her.

REGINA

You really believe it's a woman?

ERIK

The footprints we found at Dr.
Weaver's were average for a woman.
That was a detail you pointed out.

Erik's hunched over, studying intensely. Regina stands
behind the SECURITY GUARD who's running the playback machine.

ON SECURITY MONITOR: Gabrielle stands before the door. The
lights in the hallway begins to flicker. She holds out a
hand to the door lock and the light zapping intensifies.
Then momentarily blackout. The lights kick back on. No more
flickering, but also no more figure standing in the hallway.
Gabrielle's gone. The door to the penthouse swings open.

Erik and Regina exchange looks.

REGINA

*

W. T. F.

ON SECURITY MONITOR: Now we see Erik's arrival. Approaching the door cautiously, and then entering.

ERIK

Fast forward.

The Security Guard does.

ON SECURITY MONITOR: The image races forward, digitally tearing. Empty, static shot of the hallway -- then, THE FIGURE SCRAMBLES OUT --

ERIK (CONT'D)

Stop -- back up.

The Guard does as told.

ON SECURITY MONITOR: Gabrielle runs out into the hallway, and scampers away. Erik follows behind, pursuing.

*

*

ERIK (CONT'D)

Play that again.

The Guard hits the buttons.

ON SECURITY MONITOR: Gabrielle dashes out into the hallway, and scampers off. Except this time, at closer inspection, we notice her movements look weird. Her steps are big and wild. Her limbs bend at odd angles.

*

*

*

REGINA

The bitch does run weird.

*

*

ERIK

Rewind -- I mean play it back while rewinding.

The Guard reverses the video while playing in real time.

ON SECURITY MONITOR: Gabrielle's run seems to make better sense in reverse. Which makes no sense.

*

REGINA

Huh. Her running looks less weird.

*

*

Erik straightens up and rubs his face, trying to understand this. His cell rings. He sees the caller ID, answers.

ERIK (INTO PHONE)

Madison...

(listening)

Yes, I'm fine. You saw it, didn't you?

(listening)

Unfortunately he got to him before I did...

(MORE)

ERIK (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

(beat)

Madison. Listen. These last three victims aren't random kills. There's a connection between them.

(beat)

It's you.

OFF Erik's serious look --

INT. MITCHELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Erik and Regina sit with Madison at her house. *

ERIK

All three of them were involved in a case study called *Project Teratoma*. You were the case study. And they were your doctors.

Madison shakes her head.

MADISON

I don't remember them or my life before I was adopted by Sydney's parents.

Erik and Regina share a surprised look. This is news. Regina writes this in a notepad. *

MADISON (CONT'D)

Apparently I was sick a lot. That's all I know.

ERIK

I believe your name was Emily May before your parents renamed you. *

Madison takes this revelation in.

MADISON

That's what she calls me. *

ERIK

Madison. The key to catching this killer is unlocking your past.

(beat)

Would you be open to hypnotherapy? The Department works with a psychiatrist that helps with -- trauma, sexually abused, PTSD -- victims. People that have resorted to repressing their memories to survive.

Madison thinks about this for a beat. She has never considered this before. Partly because she's afraid of what it might unlock. Finally, reluctantly, she nods.

MADISON

Why not.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sydney paces. Madison sits on the couch, like a child in trouble.

SYDNEY

I can't believe you agreed to this.
There are all kinds of records of
hypnotists planting false memories--

MADISON

I want to help, Syd. I want this
over just as much as anyone. More.
She's fucking with my life. She
killed my husband. My...

Madison's voice trails off. There's a KNOCK at the front door. Sydney answers, revealing Erik, Regina and the psychiatrist, BEVERLY WOODS, 40s.

ERIK

May we come in?

Sydney can't hide the scowl on her face. Nevertheless, she steps aside. Madison stands, greeting Beverly. Beverly is sweet, calming.

BEVERLY

I'm Beverly Woods, I'll be
conducting the examination today.
How are you, Madison?

MADISON

Good. Nice to meet you. This is my
sister, Sydney.

BEVERLY

I understand everyone is anxious.

SYDNEY

Is that your professional opinion?

MADISON

Sydney, please.

BEVERLY

Why don't we get started.

Madison takes a seat. Beverly sits across from her. Erik and Regina stand by Sydney. Sydney is tense, but she's really worried for her sister.

ERIK

(leans in)

It would benefit you to play well
with others. This is to help your
sister.

SYDNEY
You think she's crazy.

*
*

ERIK
We just want to get to the truth.

*
*

Sydney looks to her sister. Madison seems worried, scared.
Sydney smiles, providing courage. *You can do this.*

*
*

BEVERLY
Don't be scared. Remember, whatever
happens, no matter how troubled
things may seem, you're safe, back
here. With us.
(beat)
Now close your eyes.

*

Madison, hesitates, but closes her eyes.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Let's turn back the hands of time.
Imagine a clock. Rewinding. Going
backwards. Slow at first. But
gradually spinning. Faster, and
faster. The by-gone-years
reconstructing themselves. Like a
dead rose -- *un-wilting*. The
faded red returning. Springing back
to life. Time slows down. You've
gone back as far as you can. Tell
me, Madison. What age are you now?

*

*

Madison is slow to speak, and her speech is detached.

MADISON
Eight.

BEVERLY
Can you go further back?

*

MADISON
No. I see only blackness.

BEVERLY
OK. You're eight years old. Where
are you?

*

MADISON
At my new home.

BEVERLY
Do you like your new home.

*

MADISON
It's different.

BEVERLY
Who are you with?

*

MADISON
I have a new mom and dad. They seem nice.

BEVERLY
Is anyone else around? *

MADISON
No.
(nervous)
I mean, yes. Him.

BEVERLY
Who? *

Madison hesitates. Seems scared. Whispers:

MADISON
Gabrielle. *

Erik remembers this name from Emily's files. He leans in. *

BEVERLY
Who is Gabrielle? *

MADISON
She says she's my friend. She plays with me. *

BEVERLY
Oh yeah. What do you play? *

MADISON
Games. Hide and seek. Drawings.
She likes playing with the lights. *

Madison's face twitches.

FLASH TO:

INT. JEANNE'S HOUSE - BREAKFAST NOOK - FLASHBACK

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the back of A YOUNG MADISON, 7, seated at a table drawing with crayons when the lights around her begins flickering.

She snaps around, looking past us at someone.

YOUNG MADISON
Gabrielle -- stop it. You're gonna get me in trouble. *

BACK TO:

INT. MITCHELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

PSYCHIATRIST
Does she play with anyone else? *

A beat of silence.

MADISON

No. Only I can see her.

Erik and Regina steal a glance to one another. Sydney catches this. Her eyes fall back to her sister, growing more concerned.

FLASH TO:

INT. JEANNE'S HOUSE - BREAKFAST NOOK - FLASHBACK

Same scene as before, but now we're REVERSE on YOUNG MADISON at the table, looking behind her. There's no one there. The lights stop flickering.

BACK TO:

INT. MITCHELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

BEVERLY

Is Gabrielle your imaginary friend?

MADISON

Dunno. She seems real to me.

BEVERLY

Do you like her?

MADISON

Sometimes.
(whispering)
Sometimes she scares me.

Madison starts breathing heavily.

BEVERLY

Why? What does he do?

MADISON

He says things. Bad things. Put thoughts in my head. They give me horrible dreams.

FLASH TO:

INT. JEANNE'S HOUSE - MADISON'S ROOM - FLASHBACK

YOUNG MADISON sleeps restlessly in bed. CAMERA PUSHES IN on her distressed face. We hear WHISPERS surrounding her, as though they're seeping out of her dreams.

BEVERLY (V.O.)

What kind of dreams?

The table lamp starts to dim, darkness descending upon Madison. She gets more and more agitated as the CAMERA GETS CLOSER, and the whispering builds to a crescendo --

MADISON (V.O.)
Mom calls them *night terrors*.

YOUNG MADISON JOLTS AWAKE, SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER.

YOUNG MADISON
STOP IT -- STOP IT, GABRIELLE!!
LEAVE ME ALONE!

*

Mom and Dad come running in, consoling her. She's crying hysterically.

BACK TO:

INT. MITCHELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

Madison flails in her seat, reliving the nightmares she has spent years repressing. Sydney steps forward, putting a hand on Madison's shoulder steadying her, concerned.

*

*

SYDNEY
That's it. Enough.

*

*

REGINA
We're not done here.

*

*

Erik steps up.

*

ERIK
You know what -- lets stop -- get her out of it.

Beverly nods, leans into Madison.

*

BEVERLY
When I tap your forehead you'll be back with us.

*

She taps Madison on the forehead. Madison slowly calms down. Steadying. Her breathing slowly back to normal. Eventually she opens her eyes, meeting Sydney's relieved expression.

*

*

ERIK
Are you OK?

Madison nods, nervously.

MADISON
Yeah, I'm OK.

She collects herself.

MADISON (CONT'D)
I remember... waking up crying.
Every night. Terrified of the
whispering in my head...

ERIK
When did all of this stop?

*

Madison continues processing. Shards of memories returning. Like a puzzle she's trying to piece together. She looks to Sydney, smiles.

MADISON

When my baby sister came along.

(to Sydney)

My closeness with you pushed

Gabrielle further and further away.

Till eventually, she was nothing but a distant memory buried deep in the back of my head. I never heard from Gabrielle again.

(beat)

Until now.

Erik listens intently. *Where is this going?*

MADISON (CONT'D)

The killer says she's Gabrielle. My Gabrielle.

Erik and Regina look at one another, perplexed by this revelation.

REGINA

Wait -- Are you saying the killer is -- *your imaginary friend??* She has *come to life* and is killing people?

MADISON

I know it sounds crazy.

Regina is having a hard time accepting this story. Unfortunately for Madison, so is Erik.

INT. LOFT SPACE - DAY

Alone, Jane Doe continues to test her binds. She wiggles her wrists around, pulling at them. The rope digs into her skin. She stops. Desperate, she looks around for anything she can use to free herself.

The post on the bed is rusted. There's a jagged edge at the top. Jane Doe maneuvers her arm to the sharp metal. She runs the rope against it, back and forth as fast, hard as she can. As she works she keeps an eye on the shadow across the room, making sure Gabrielle hasn't come back.

SNAP.

Part of the rope tears. It's working. Jane Doe works faster, the rope digging into her skin. Her wrist starts BLEEDING. She fights through the pain, keeps going.

The rest of the rope gives way. She tears her arm free. Using her teeth she pulls at the knot on her other arm, working it loose until she gets her arm free. She wastes no time untying her legs. She's free.

She pulls her mouth-gag down, inhales a deep breath. She hops off the rusty metal bed, squeaking away. She scans around, trying to find a way out, she takes a step, the floor creaks. She takes another step --

THE FLOOR BREAKS UNDER HER WEIGHT and she FALLS THROUGH!

INT. MITCHELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Just as Madison and Sydney are showing Erik, Regina and Beverly to the front door JANE DOE CRASHES THROUGH THE CEILING INTO THE LIVING ROOM. Her body smashes into the coffee table --

Everyone JUMPS OUT OF THEIR SKIN!

Wood splinters and debris explode everywhere.

Everyone gawks in horror and shock. *What the fuck?!!!*

OFF Madison's scream --

EXT. MITCHELL HOME - LATER

The front yard of Madison's house is buzzing with police activity. Jane Doe, now unconscious, is wheeled into an ambulance.

Madison sits in the back of a police cruiser, sobbing hysterically. Her hands are cuffed behind her. Sydney pleads with Erik and Regina.

SYDNEY

Look, please, I don't know what's going on but I know my sister. She isn't capable of doing this.

REGINA

Maybe her "imaginary friend" is. Whoever did it, you should be talking to a lawyer.

Sydney looks to Erik. He nods. This does not look good for Madison.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Detectives.
(off their looks)
You need to see this.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Forensics swarm Madison's house. Dusting for prints, infrared sensors, bagging hair fragments into plastic bags, etc.

Erik, Regina and Sydney follow the uniformed officer. He leads them to Madison's closet. Along the back wall is a FALSE DOOR. There are stairs that lead to the loft.

INT. MITCHELL HOME - LOFT - CONTINUOUS

The officer leads them into the loft space. The room is lit by flood lights. Techs snap photos, bag evidence. Everyone takes in the space. Sydney is stunned.

Erik moves to the desk in the shadow of the room. The stolen files from Dr. Weavers office are strewn across the top. There's a MAP taped to the wall, with push pins in each of the victims locations.

REGINA
Holy shit. It's a fucking lair.

Erik looks to Sydney. She's on the verge of tears, can't believe it.

ERIK
You really need to call a lawyer.

Regina scoffs. Finally. He's come around. Regina moves deeper into the room, rounding a corner -- COMING FACE TO FACE WITH GABRIELLE!

REGINA
JESUS!

Regina staggers back, her foot BREAKING through another part of the floor. Erik catches her, steadying his partner.

REGINA (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Sydney comes around. It's not Gabrielle. It's just a black trench coat hanging from the rafters.

ERIK
That's what she was wearing at the last crime scene.

Erik spots something BEHIND the coat. Using the back of his hand he pushes the trench coat aside, revealing -- THE AMPUTATION KNIFE. Still covered in John Gregory's blood.

Sydney heaves, sick at the sight. Regina looks to them, vindicated.

REGINA
We got another victim. We got motive. We got the murder weapon. Beyond any doubt we got our killer. And she is very real.

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Madison sits at an interrogation table. Her face is pale and drained of life.

Erik and Regina enter the interrogation room, carrying evidence bags containing the BLACK TRENCH COAT and the KNIFE. *

They lay them out on the table for Madison to see. Madison eyes go wide upon seeing the bloodied weapon. *

REGINA *

You have the murder weapon in your house, and Jeffrey Dahmer's workshop in your attic. It's over, Madison.

Madison's floored. Trying to process the implication.

MADISON *

It's Gabrielle. She has access to my house. She got in before. *

REGINA *

Your imaginary friend, huh?

Madison gets upset. The lights SURGE.

ERIK

Who is the woman, Madison?

MADISON *

I don't know! Gabrielle must've snuck her into my house while I was-- *

REGINA *

-- ENOUGH. ENOUGH WITH THE BOGEYMAN STORY.

Madison's sobbing now. Turns to Erik.

MADISON *

Erik, you've encountered her -- *DO I LOOK LIKE HER??* *

Erik doesn't know what to think, or say.

INT. PRECINCT - ROOM NEXT DOOR - SAME TIME

Through the one-way mirror, Lieutenant Daniels watches, standing next to Sydney. *

SYDNEY *

You shouldn't be questioning her without her lawyer. *

LIEUTENANT DANIELS *

She's cooperating willingly. She can stop any time. *

Sydney watches her sister through the glass, her heart breaking. *

REGINA

Let me tell you what I think. You were sick in the head when you were young. Those doctors operated on you. It worked for awhile. But now your sickness has returned, and you've gone on a revenge spree, killing everyone involved.

*

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME

The more upset Madison gets the brighter the LIGHTS become.

MADISON

GODAMMIT -- IT'S NOT ME.

REGINA

STOP LYING AND TELL US THE TRUTH.

*

The LIGHTS surge until the room is almost blinding. Everyone winces, covering their eyes.

MADISON

(Screaming)

I AM TELLING THE TRUUUUTH!

POP! THE FLUORESCENT TUBES EXPLODE! All around them. Sparks shower down. Accent lights are still on. Dimly lit.

REGINA

What the fuck?!

*

Madison rocks back and forth, whispering to herself.

MADISON

He's here... He's here...

ERIK

Madison --

Shaw's phone VIBRATES. A call is coming through.

Madison stops rocking, finally looks at them. There's something *different* about her now. She's calmer. Certain.

MADISON

That's her.

*

Erik takes the phone out of his pocket. CALLER UNKNOWN. He hesitates.

MADISON (CONT'D)

She wants to talk to you.

*

REGINA

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

*

Erik answers, placing it on the table and putting it on speaker.

ERIK
This is Detective Shaw.

From the other end of the phone comes a HIGH-PITCHED STATIC
FEEDBACK mixed with AN INHUMAN SCREECH. Everyone reacts.

A long beat. Everyone waits. Expecting. Then --

GABRIELLE (OVER PHONE) *
HELLO, DETECTIVE.

The detectives bristle. Madison stares at the cellphone on
the table, once again frozen in place in wide-eyed fear.

Regina quickly pulls out her own cell phone, using the VOICE *
MEMO APP to record the conversation.

ERIK
Who am I talking to?

GABRIELLE (OVER PHONE) *
YOU KNOW WHO I AM. YOU FOUND ME.

ERIK
I didn't find you soon enough.

GABRIELLE (OVER PHONE) *
**WELL, SORRY FOR THE MESS I LEFT
BEHIND. I HAD TO RUN.**
(beat)
**LISTEN. I'M CALLING BECAUSE YOU
TOOK A BUNCH OF STUFF THAT BELONGED
TO ME. I WOULD LIKE THEM BACK,
PLEASE.**

ERIK
They're evidence.

GABRIELLE (OVER PHONE) *
**OKAY. BUT I HOPE YOU'RE NOT GIVING
EMILY ALL THE CREDIT FOR MY DEEDS.
THAT WOULDN'T BE FAIR. FOR ME.**

Sydney reacts to her sister being called "Emily."

ERIK
Tell me. Why did we find your stuff
in her attic? Were you trying to
incriminate her?

GABRIELLE (OVER PHONE) *
**OH NO, I WOULD NEVER DO THAT TO
EMILY. I JUST NEEDED A PLACE TO
NEST. AND KEEP AN EYE ON HER. GOD
BLESS HER HEART FOR BEING SO
OBLIVIOUS.**

ERIK
Why are you killing these people?

GABRIELLE (OVER PHONE) *
**TO MAKE ME FEEL BETTER. NOW THAT
 I'VE ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR IT, I'M
 UNQUENCHABLE. I PROMISE YOU,
 DETECTIVE, I WILL FEAST AGAIN.**

A small crowd gathers on the other side of the mirror,
 listening intently. Sydney looks terrified.

ERIK
 Is all this a personal vendetta?

GABRIELLE (OVER PHONE) *
**IT'S ALWAYS PERSONAL. EXCEPT IF MY
 BLADE HAD PUNCTURED YOUR FACE LAST
 NIGHT. THAT -- WOULD'VE BEEN
 NOTHING PERSONAL.**

Erik tenses. This guy knows about the scuffle.

ERIK
 What did they do to you?

GABRIELLE (OVER PHONE) *
**THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN EMILY AWAY
 FROM ME. SHE'S MY LIFE.**

ERIK
Who are you, Gabrielle? *

GABRIELLE (OVER PHONE) *
**OH, I THOUGHT SHE HAD ALREADY TOLD
 YOU. I'M A FIGMENT OF HER
 IMAGINATION --**

GABRIELLE BURSTS INTO A DEVILISH CACKLE. The cops look at
 one another, creeped out. *

GABRIELLE (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D) *
ASK EMILY WHAT SHE USED TO CALL ME.

Erik and Regina look to Madison. Without looking up, still
 in her frozen state, Madison fearfully whispers: *

MADISON
The Devil...

And with that -- click -- the call ends. Silence.

Madison slowly comes out of her trance. Her nose is
 bleeding. She wipes it.

Everyone's looking around. Quietly. Nervously. Then all
 eyes land on Madison.

INT. PRECINCT - ROOM NEXT DOOR - LATER

Through the one-way mirror, we see Madison seated alone in the interrogation room, while Erik and Regina confer with Lieutenant Daniels. They all seem a bit shell-shocked.

LIEUTENANT DANIELS

Do you think it's her? The...
whatever the fuck she is.

ERIK

She knew about our scuffle. She
nearly put her knife into my skull.

REGINA

C'mon, she calls right in the middle
of our interrogation to absolve her?
That's too fucking convenient.

LIEUTENANT DANIELS

Maybe they're working together?

ERIK

I don't think so. This woman,
whoever she is, is our killer.
She's going to kill again. Madison
is our key to capturing him.

The door opens, JASON CARTER, 40s, Madison's lawyer, enters.

LAWYER

Detective Shaw, Moss. Lt. Daniels.
May I ask why you were interviewing
my client without my explicit say-
so?

REGINA

We read your client her rights.
She's talking willingly.

LAWYER

Not anymore. Here on out all
interviews will be conducting only
in my presence.

REGINA

You're a too little too late,
Carter. We have evidence.

LAWYER

And how, exactly did you obtain said
evidence?

REGINA

It fell through the goddamn ceiling.

LIEUTENANT DANIELS

Detective.

Regina backs down, fuming.

LIEUTENANT DANIELS (CONT'D)

We've had a new development. It may be your client, it may not. But if the killer is still out there Mrs. Mitchell is safer in here.

LAWYER

So you're offering protection now? A moment ago I was under the impression my client was the suspect. Which is it, detectives?

REGINA

We have your client for the next seventy-two hours. I'm sure we'll have it figured out by then.

EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

Sydney storms out of the police precinct, gathering her emotion. Trying not to cry. She runs her hands through her hair, exasperated. She's gotta do something, anything to help her sister. An idea hits her. She dashes to her car. Pulls away.

EXT. JEANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sydney's car skids up to the front of her mom's house. She jumps out, and hurries into the house.

We hear sounds of OFF SCREEN rummaging.

JEANNE (PRELAP)

Sydney, what are you looking for?

INT. JEANNE'S HOUSE - STOREROOM - DAY

Sydney is riffling through the old boxes.

SYDNEY

The medical clinic where Madison was institutionalized. You must have some paperwork from them.

JEANNE

No, I told you we never dealt with them. It was all done through the adoption agency.

Jeanne pulls down a box, rummages through it and pulls out an old document. Hands it to Sydney.

JEANNE (CONT'D)

Here. The adoption paper. They would know.

Sydney reads the name "CRADLE OF LOVE ADOPTION," beams as she stands.

JEANNE (CONT'D)
Why are you after this, Syd?

SYDNEY
Because to catch this killer, we need to know Madison's life before us. Go back to where she got so royally screwed up.

Sydney is already out the door.

INT. PRECINCT - FEMALE HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Cell bars slam shut in front of Madison's face. She protest in distress.

MADISON
Please -- listen to me -- I beg you, I didn't do it!

The POLICE OFFICER ignores her, walking away.

After her fruitless protest, she looks around, terrified. She's amongst the GANG MEMBERS, PROSTITUTES and DEGENERATES, she sticks out like a sore thumb.

INT. SYDNEY'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Sydney drives, speaking on her phone through her car's bluetooth.

RECEPTIONIST
(over speaker)
I'm sorry ma'am but we're not allowed to release those files.

SYDNEY
I'm family. I'm her sister.

RECEPTIONIST
I understand that, but those records are sealed.

SYDNEY
Is there anyone else I can talk to?

RECEPTIONIST
I can put you in touch with the adoption center director, but he'll only tell you the same thing.

SYDNEY
Fine. I'll talk to him then.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
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*
*
*
*

INT. CRADLE OF LOVE ADOPTION AGENCY - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY *

Sydney, unusually relaxed, at ease, is seated at a desk
across from CHRISTOPHER STANLEY, 60s, the adoption center
director. *

CHRIS *

Ms. Lake, I'm sorry you came all
this way but I cannot give you those
files. *

Sydney smiles, reassuring. Friendly. *

SYDNEY *

I understand, and I'm not here to
put you in a difficult position, Mr.
Stanley. I know you want to help
me. *

CHRIS *

I really wish I could. *

SYDNEY *

You've already helped me by seeing
me, I appreciate your time. It
means a lot to me and my sister. *

CHRIS *

And your sister was adopted from our
agency? *

SYDNEY *

She was and our parents are ever
thankful you gave them the
opportunity to build their family.
But... *

CHRIS *

Yes? *

SYDNEY *

My sister is sick, Mr. Stanley. We
know my sister had major surgery
before she came into your care, but
we're not sure what. Now whatever
afflicted her before has come back.
She's in the hospital, unconscious.
Her doctor has no idea what's wrong
and with an incomplete medical
history there's only so much they
can do. If we just knew what saved
her as a child we may be able to ave
her again... I'm trying to save my
sister's life. *

This hits him. *

CHRIS *

I understand. Legally, I can't give
you any records. *

SYDNEY

I don't want to put you in a
difficult position. Anything you
could tell me. I just... need you
to point me in the right direction.
Say, the hospital where she was
treated as a child?

She gives him a long stare, hoping he'll catch her meaning.
He does.

CHRIS

What's your sister's name?

SYDNEY

Madison -- she would have been Emily
May when she was brought to you.

Chris gets on his computer, puts in the name.

CHRIS

Well, it looks like I need to run to
the little boys room. Do you mind?

SYDNEY

Not at all.

Chris gives her a nod. He gets up, walking out. Leaving his
computer unattended. Sydney turns the screen around,
reading.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Simion Hill Clinic. Shut down in
'98.

She types the info into the notes app on her phone...

INT. SYDNEY'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Sydney's back on her bluetooth. Through the speaker we hear
the phone RINGING.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Spencer Woods Real Estate.

SYDNEY

Hi, my name's Sydney Lake I'm
calling about a property I think you
own. Simion Hill Clinic.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Yes, we own that property.

SYDNEY

I'm working with a developer who's
interested in the building, do you
know who owns it?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Well, we do. But I have to tell you
the building hasn't been used in
almost twenty years.

SYDNEY

So it's just been sitting empty all
these years?

WOMAN'S VOICE

That's correct. But look, the land
it's on has the potential--

Sydney hangs up. She's got what she needed.

EXT. COUNTRY COASTAL - DUSK

Sun sets over the countryside, covered by giant pine trees.

Sydney's car snakes along the road, cresting a hill and
revealing a large building institute on a cliff, overlooking
the ocean.

EXT. SIMION HILL CLINIC - NIGHT

A run-down facility in a huge compound. Once great, now
abandoned and derelict. The only signs of life are stray
dogs and security guards that patrol it for the owners.

Sydney kills her headlights as her car pulls up, trying not
to be seen. She parks in the bushes, and gets out with a
flashlight.

Sydney walks to the chainlink fence enclosing the perimeter.
There's a large, faded, NO TRESPASSING SIGN lazily hanging
catty-corner. Even the sign doesn't give a fuck anymore.

Sydney tests the fence, looking for an opening. A few feet
away she finds a tear in the fence big enough for her to
squeeze through.

Sydney pulls herself through the fence. She looks around.
It's fallen into grave disrepair. In the darkness it's an
eerie, macabre environment. The last place you'd ever want
to be.

The beam of a flashlight comes around a corner. Sydney kills
her light and hides, as a SECURITY GUARD rounds the corner
and strolls by where Sydney is hiding. His radio crackling.

Once the guard is out of sight, she darts out and makes her
way to the clinic entrance. The PADLOCK on the door has long
been broken off. It's open.

Sydney pushes the door open with a loud, rusty CREAK. She
steps inside.

INT. SIMION HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Sydney stands inside the doorway. The hospital is dark, only a few shards of light creeping through. Anything could be hiding in here. Sydney hesitates, reconsidering her decision. She shakes off her fear, pushing forward.

Sydney illuminates the hallway, searching.

The walls are cracked, paint peeling off in large patches. There are yellowed, brittle papers tacked to walls. The floors are buckled and warped. There are HOLES where scavengers have tried for the copper in the walls.

The darkness. The stillness. It's oppressive. Daunting.

A SHADOW darts along the wall. Sydney STARTLES, shining her light -- it's a rat. And then another rat. They dart along the wall, their solitude interrupted by Sydney's presence.

Sydney pulls herself together, moving forward. She finds an old faded, DIRECTORY by the ADMISSIONS DESK.

Sydney finds what she's looking for -- RECORDS. Sydney's face drops. It's in the basement. Motherfucker.

The creepiness is about to get a lot worse.

O.S. there's a LOW, THREATENING GROWL. Sydney turns to the noise -- down the hall are a pack of mangy, wild dogs pacing towards her. They look mean. And hungry. Sydney slowly back away. The dogs match her step for step. The alpha GROWLS, hair raised. Sydney breaks into a sprint. The dogs give chase. *

Sydney runs for her life. *

INT. SIMION HILL CLINIC - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS *

Sydney rounds the corner. She tries every door but they're all locked. Then, one OPENS. It's the STAIRWELL. *

INT. SIMION HILL CLINIC - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS *

Sydney flies down the flight of stairs. A few of the dogs make it through before it closes, following her, sniping and barking. *

Sydney hits the bottom. There's an open door. She takes it, slamming it shut behind her. The dogs leap and pound on the door, barking, growling. *

INT. SIMION HOSPITAL - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT *

Sydney takes a beat, catches her breath. On the other side of the door she can hear the dogs. She moves away from the door. Her flashlight cuts through the darkness, illuminating the space. It's like a cavern. *

There are ROWS of FILING CABINETS. Cobwebs dress the room, along with a thick layer of dust and grime.

Sydney coughs. It's stuffy, tough to breath. She pushes through, making her way through the maze of filing cabinets, finding the section for PATIENT FILES. Sydney makes her way to the "R" section.

Searching through all the labeled boxes until she finds -- MAY, EMILY, F. She opens it. There are extensive notes and MEDICAL PHOTOS of young Madison. Some are of Madison with her head shaved, looking forlorn. *

SYDNEY

(reading)

Patient's teratoma the result of an absorption in utero, growing in sync with patient -- syphoning nutrients.

Whatever the hell that means. She continues riffling through the box, and finds a pile of VHS TAPES at the bottom. Sydney grabs the whole box, hurrying out.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - STOREROOM - NIGHT

Sydney enters, carrying the box of medical files and VHS tapes she procured from the hospital. Jeanne follows.

JEANNE

What on earth -- Sydney what did you do?

SYDNEY

I found Madison's medical files at Simion Hill.

Sydney looks through the dates labeled on the VHS tapes, and picks the earliest one dated. RAVINA MAY, July '85. She shoves it into the VCR and presses PLAY. *

ON SCREEN

White noise, and then an image appears. The picture quality is classic VHS. Analogue and shitty. TIME STAMP: 7/23/85

It's a LOCKED OFF SHOT of a desk in a bland looking office. DR. FLORENCE WEAVER enters FRAME and takes a seat behind the desk. She's 30 years younger.

DR. WEAVER

Today, we'll be speaking to the subjects' mother. Ravina May. Fifteen years of age. Poor girl was raped, and carried her pregnancy to term. She has decided to entrust her offsprings to us, and I gotta say, I have never seen anything quite like this. It would benefit our studies immensely. *

She steps up to the CAMERA, reaches out to stop the recording, and the image RASTERS TO ANOTHER IMAGE:

We're now looking at a small, sickly young woman, 15. This is RAVINA ROSE. She looks exhausted.

Dr. Weaver interviews Ravina from OFF CAMERA.

DR. WEAVER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Now are you sure you want to do
this, Ravina?

Ravina shifts in her seat, deliberating on this question. There's sadness in her eyes.

DR. WEAVER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
It's okay. There's no judgement
here.

After a long beat of silence, she finally nods "yes", but she starts to get emotional.

RAVINA
I don't know how to look after them
on my own. Mama doesn't want to
help me. She called my pregnancy an
act of transgression against God,
and the birth of Gabrielle an
abomination. I don't know what else
to do, Doctor --
(whispering)
-- she scares me.

*

*

She breaks down, crying.

DR. WEAVER (O.C.)
I think you're doing the right
thing, Ravina. We'll take good care
of them here. This is what we do.
We'll give them the medical
attention they need. You can have
peace of mind knowing they'll be
safe here.

Ravina stifles her sobbing. Dr Weaver's words feel assuring. She looks up with teary eyes.

RAVINA
Please take care of Emily?

DR. WEAVER (O.C.)
Yes. We will.
(beat)
Now we just have some paperwork
we'll need you and your mother to
sign. Authorizing the subjects be
placed under the care and
supervision of Simion Hill Medical
Clinic.

The teenager CLOSES HER EYES, as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

The CLOSED EYES on the battered face of the KIDNAPPED WOMAN.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

She's lying in a hospital bed, plugged to an IV drip, a breathing tube running into her nostril, and hooked up to a heart-monitor.

ERIK (O.C.)
Is she awake?

A NURSE is checking up on the patient.

NURSE
No. Still in a coma.

The Nurse leaves, leaving Detective Erik standing alone, trying to figure out how this Jane Doe fits into all of this.

Regina hurries into the room, CARRYING A WOMAN'S PURSE, *
puffing with excitement.

REGINA *
We found her car in a towing yard.
Towed from a "No Parking" spot five
blocks from Madison Mitchell's
house. Here's her purse. The ID
matches our Jane Doe.

Regina hands the purse over to Erik. He looks at her *
driver's license. Her name: RAVINA MAY. She's now 45 years *
old.

ERIK *
Ravina May.

The wheels in Erik's head turn. Realization hits him.

ERIK (CONT'D)
I think this is Madison's biological
mother.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - STOREROOM - NIGHT

Sydney ejects that tape, and shoves in another one. This one *
is labeled: *EMILY MAY, August, '92*

ON SCREEN

The footage is BLURRY until an unseen hand adjusts the focus.
The image tears and futz. TIME STAMP: **8/15/92**

It's a CLOSE UP of YOUNG EMILY/MADISON, 7. She looks pale,
haunted, and somewhat sleepy. But most of all, scared.

Dr. Weaver interviews her from OFF CAMERA:

DR. WEAVER (O.C.)
Emily are you OK?

Young Emily shakes her head, "NO."

DR. WEAVER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Are you scared?

Young Emily nods, "YES."

DR. WEAVER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Don't be. He's asleep.

Young Emily looks really nervous.

DR. WEAVER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I promise, she won't wake up and
hear us. We gave him a heavy dose
of sedative. That's why you're
feeling sleepy too.

*

(beat)
We just want a private moment with
you without Gabrielle listening in.
(beat)

*

We've noticed in recent weeks,
you've become more aggressive. Can
you tell us why?

YOUNG EMILY
She's been telling me to do things.
Bad things.

*

DR. WEAVER (O.C.)
What kind of things?

Young Emily hesitates. Getting more afraid.

DR. WEAVER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
It's okay. Take your time.

YOUNG EMILY
To hurt people.

DR. WEAVER (O.C.)
Is that why you attack Bobby
Lambert?

Young Emily nods "YES."

DR. WEAVER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
But Bobby is nearly twice your size.
That must have taken a lot of
strength.

YOUNG EMILY
 Gabrielle makes me strong. *
 (scared and ashamed)
She told me to kill Bobby. *

DR. WEAVER (O.C.)
 She actually said those words? *

Young Emily stares at the ground, haunted.

YOUNG EMILY
 Sometimes she speaks words. Other *
 times, her words are in my head. *
 And then -- they weren't really like
 words anymore. Just feelings. I
 don't know how to say it. But I
 knew what she wanted me to do. *
 (looks up)
 She pretends to be nice. *But he's* *
the Devil.

Dr. Weaver takes a beat, then steps into FRAME. She
 addresses the CAMERA OPERATOR.

DR. WEAVER
 OK. I'm gonna wake her up. You *
 come around after I inject her. *

The Camera Operator WIDENS THE SHOTS, revealing that Young
 Emily is sitting on an exam table, wearing a MEDICAL GOWN
 (the type with the open-back).

Dr. Weaver picks up a syringe, goes to the back of Young
 Emily, we don't see what she does (but she's injecting the
 needle into the back of Emily's head).

The Camera Operator picks up the CAMERA and goes HANDHELD,
 circling around Young Emily to reveal behind her back:

A FACE IS EMBEDDED INTO THE BACK OF EMILY'S HEAD, PARTING HER
 HAIR. THE EYES ARE BULGING. TWO ARMS PROTRUDE OUT OF *
 EMILY'S BACK. A most extreme case of teratoma deformity. *

This is GABRIELLE. Her sister. *

Gabrielle lurches awake from the injection, shrilling an *
 animalistic shriek. Young Emily winces, crying, as Gabrielle *
 struggles.

ON SYDNEY AND JEANNE

They both gawk in UTTER HORROR. Sydney covers her mouth,
 shocked.

SYDNEY
Oh my God.

JEANNE
 Madi!

ON SCREEN

The VHS CAMERA moves closer to Gabrielle, until the twin fills the frame. *

Sydney and Jeanne watch, horrified, as Gabrielle SCREAMS, revealing a mouth full of jagged, sparse teeth. Her tiny arms flail around like a trapped animal. *

DR. WEAVER
Gabrielle, please calm down. *

THE IMAGE CHANGES. We're back in Dr. Weaver's office. She looks serious. Takes her time.

DR. WEAVER (CONT'D)
What exactly is Gabrielle? *

She thinks about this rhetorical question.

DR. WEAVER (CONT'D)
Gabrielle is an extreme version of *Teratoma*. Which is a tumor consisting of tissues, hair, teeth, muscles, bones. But more specifically in this case, a "*parasitic twin*." That is when two embryos develop in the womb, but do not split as they should. One twin is dominant, while the other is underdeveloped. It's not conjoined because the underdeveloped twin is dependent on the body of the other. Like a parasite. *

INT. PRECINCT - FEMALE HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME

WE PUSH IN ON MADISON.

DR. WEAVER (V.O.)
In the case of Emily. Gabrielle is more than just a physical malignancy. *

She sits alone in a corner of the holding cell, terrified.

The female FELONS eye her, sneering. A female ALPHA GANGBANGER moves in, leaning over, getting in Madison's face.

ALPHA GANGBANGER
What's wrong, Pollyanna? You get lost on the way to the country club?

There are LAUGHS. Madison shifts, uncomfortable. She doesn't make eye contact, hoping the gangbanger will go away. Alpha doesn't move. She sits next to Madison, invading her space.

ALPHA GANGBANGER (CONT'D)
 So you ain't gonna say nothin' like
 I'm not here? Didn't your parents
 teach you that shit's rude.

MADISON
 (low)
 I don't want to talk.

ALPHA GANGBANGER
 What?

MADISON
 Please leave me alone.

ALPHA GANGBANGER
 I DON'T GIVE A FUCK WHAT YOU WANT.

It's a sudden, terrifying shift. Madison scrambles up,
 trying to walk away. A BETA GANGBANGER steps in her path.
 She shakes her head: *Nope.*

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - STOREROOM - SAME TIME

CLOSE UP Sydney slams in another VHS. This one is marked:
EMILY AND GABRIELLE - MORE TEST, September, '92

*

ON SCREEN

TIME STAMP: 9/16/92

Now, we're with Dr. Weaver looking through a glass window
 into the exam room, and it's a YOUNGER DR. VICTOR FIELDS
 conducting a test.

DR. WEAVER
 Currently, my colleague, Dr. Fields,
 is testing the connective vision
 between the teratoma and it's twin.

Gabrielle faces Dr. Fields, Madison faces away. Dr. Fields
 holds up a CARD with an APPLE on it. Gabrielle eyes the
 card, her eyeball protruding out of its socket.

*
 *
 *

MADISON
 Apple.

Dr. Fields holds up another card for Gabrielle. It's a PIG.

*

MADISON (CONT'D)
 Pig.

Dr. Fields holds up a card with a truck.

MADISON (CONT'D)
 Truck.

ON SYDNEY AND JEANNE

Sydney watches, rapt. Horror has given way to fascination.

JEANNE
How is she doing that?

SYDNEY
She sees what she sees. *

ON SCREEN

Dr. Fields goes through more cards, showing them to Gabrielle as Madison correctly names all of them. Dr. Weaver turns to CAMERA. *

DR. WEAVER
So the latest development is --
Emily claims that Gabrielle is able
to cloud her mind. Make her see
things. Or make her believe she's
somewhere else. *

ON SYDNEY

Stunned to hear this.

INT. PRECINCT - FEMALE HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME

Alpha shoves Madison back into a corner. Everyone else moves out of the way.

MADISON
Why are you doing this?

ALPHA GANBANGER
Why? Because you're weak, bitch.
And in here it's survival of the
fittest. But I'm willing play nice
for a price. What you got?

MADISON
I don't have anything they took
everything.

More laughter.

ALPHA GANBANGER
That's cute. What'd you do to get
in here, forget to separate the
recycling?

MADISON
Just leave me alone.

Something in Madison snaps and she PUSHES the alpha back and from there it's ON.

MADISON (CONT'D)
GUAR--

She doesn't finish. The Alpha PUNCHES Madison in her gut, doubling her over. Madison can't catch her breath before the Beta sucker punches her. The other felons CHEER from the sidelines, enjoying the break in monotony.

Madison is no match for the two gangbangers. She falls to the floor, pulling herself into a fetal position, protecting her head. They beat her up, kicking and punching.

ALPHA GANBANGER
Get this bitch up.

Beta snatches Madison up, throwing her against the wall, the back of her head SMASHING AGAINST THE WALL, bouncing off it --

SMASHCUT:

To the exact same thing that happened when -- Derek SLAMS Madison's head against the wall at the start of the story. Cracking open her skull. The inciting incident that UNLEASHED GABRIELLE.

*

BACK TO:

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - STOREROOM - SAME TIME

ON SCREEN

GABRIELLE'S FACE fills the screen, SCREECHING HEINOUSLY.

*

Emily's eyes roll backwards, as Gabrielle takes over her body. She -- HITS, STRIKES, KICKS -- without emotion on her face. HER ARMS POP AND TWIST BACKWARDS LIKE SHE'S DOUBLE-JOINTED.

*

TWO ORDERLIES struggle to hold down the eight-year-old girl.

DR. WEAVER
GABRIELLE STOP! STOP IT NOW!

*

DR. JOHN GREGORY brings out two electrodes that look like jump-start cables, and attaches them to Gabrielle's head.

*

DR. WEAVER (CONT'D)
DR. GREGORY, ADMINISTER HIGH
VOLTAGE!

Dr. Gregory cranks up the dial. Gabrielle screams, as smoke emanates from him, causing the LIGHTS TO FLICKER, and then EXPLODING! Everything electronic malfunctions and short-circuits. The camera itself can barely focus.

*

DR. GREGORY
*Holy shit -- Gabrielle is doing
this!*

*

DR. WEAVER
Get the goddamn sedative!

Victor preps the needle.

VICTOR
Hold her down.

DR. WEAVER
Do it! NOW!

Dr. Weaver and Dr. Gregory hold Madison's arms as Victor injects the sedative.

THE FOOTAGE CHANGES -- the chaos abruptly ends. We're back in Dr. Weaver's office. She's behind her desk, looking haggard.

DR. WEAVER (CONT'D)
We witnessed something rather
disturbing during the teratoma's
meltdown. Gabrielle displayed the
ability to temporarily take over the
motor functions of the host.
Attempt at electric shock therapy
seemed to only strengthen her.

*

*

INT. PRECINCT - FEMALE HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME

Alpha's sweaty paw pushes Madison's face into the wall.

ALPHA GANBANGER
What's wrong, Pollyanna, don't wanna
fight back any more?

SUDDENLY -- THE LIGHTS AROUND THEM START FLICKERING.
Everyone looks around, wondering what the fuck is happening.

MADISON GOES INTO SPASM. Blood streaks out of her nose. Her
eyes roll into the back of her head. Her body SHAKES
uncontrollably.

BETA GANBANGER
She having a seizure or something?

Alpha feels something against her hand -- the back of
Madison's head is SHIFTING, something is BUBBLING UNDER HER
HAIR. Alpha snatches her hand away.

ALPHA GANBANGER
What the fuck --

Madison drops to her knees, facing away from everyone.

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - STOREROOM - SAME TIME

Sydney and Jeanne soak in all the horror. Mouths agape.

ON SCREEN

A SURGERY ROOM. Madison, unconscious, lies face down on the operating table, her back exposed and HER HAIR SHAVED OFF, prepped for surgery.

Dr. Weaver, in her surgical gown, speaks to the CAMERA.

DR. WEAVER

Teratoma's parasitic nature has increased as it's now siphoning more fluids and nutrients, resulting in weight loss. If this continues it could lead to organ failure for Emily. Dr. Fields, Dr. Gregory and myself have concluded that the only way to save Emily, is to excise the teratoma.

Dr. Gregory hands Dr. Weaver an AMPUTATION KNIFE -- the same kind Gabrielle modified and used as his weapon. *

Though it's only 30 years in the past, the surgery feels archaic, primitive.

VHS CAMERA PUSHES IN on Gabrielle. Her eye is closed. Her mouth hangs open, drooling. *

DR. WEAVER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Teratoma is conjoined within the brain. Full removal could kill the patient or result in permanent brain damage.

Dr. Weaver brings the knife down, ready to make the first incision --

GABRIELLE'S EYE POP OPEN. *

Everyone -- including Sydney and Jeanne -- SCREAM.

INT. PRECINCT - FEMALE HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME

While on her knees, Madison reaches behind her head with both hands, and HER FINGERS DIG INTO THE CRACK IN HER SKULL, PULLING AT THE OPENING -- WIDENING THE GAP (*note: most of this is covered up by her hair*). Screaming in pain.

DR. WEAVER (V.O.)

Course of action is to open the skull and suppress the tissue -- Gabrielle's face -- within the head. *

Everyone watches, shocked, as A FACE PUSHES through Madison's hair. One protruding eye, a mouth full of jagged, sharp teeth.

NOW, HERE, GABRIELLE FINALLY REVEALS HIMSELF OUT OF THE BACK OF MADISON'S HEAD -- snarling! *

Everyone in the cell shuffles back, freaked-the-fuck-out by what they're seeing.

SOUNDS OF POPPING AND CRACKING BONES as Gabrielle takes over Madison's body CONTORTING her LIMBS, her FINGERS AND HER FEET, so that every part of her body WORKS BACKWARDS. It's horrifying to witness. *

Gabrielle LUNGES for Beta, gripping Beta's face in her twisted hands. CRUSHING BETA'S SKULL and SNAPPING HER NECK. *

And then all hell breaks loose.

ALPHA GANBANGER
Yo, get a fuckin' guard in here!
GUARD!

Everyone starts SCREAMING for the guard.

With superhuman speed Gabrielle uses Madison's body IN REVERSE, operating BACKWARDS, taking out each inmate, breaking bones, smashing heads and ripping throats. She's like a hurricane of blood and guts, tearing each person apart limb from limb. *

We INTERCUT the bloodbath with:

INT. JEANNE'S HOME - STOREROOM - SAME TIME

ON SCREEN

Gabrielle getting cut. Piece by piece. Out of Madison's body. *

ON SYDNEY AND JEANNE

Jeanne looks away, burying her head into Sydney's shoulder as a tear streams down Sydney's face. It's heartbreaking to learn this about her sister.

ON SCREEN

Dr. Weaver has removed what she could of Gabrielle's head, leaving only a nascent face. She gently presses down on Gabrielle's face, PUSHING IT INSIDE MADISON'S SKULL. *

DR. WEAVER
OK. Lets close her up.

Sydney staggers to her feet, and leaves --

INT. PRECINCT - UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Erik and Regina pull into the underground parking lot of the police station. Erik is reading his phone, perplexed. *

ERIK
Holy shit. *

REGINA *
What? *

ERIK *
The killer's call? Trace came back. *

REGINA *
And? *

ERIK *
And nothing. The phone company's *
saying there was no call. *

REGINA *
How the fuck does that work? A call *
doesn't come out of thin air. *

As they step out, Erik's cellphone RINGS. It's Sydney. *

INTERCUT DIALOGUE BETWEEN THEM:

INT. SYDNEY'S CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME

Sydney drives, SPEEDING down the street. Speaks rapidly:

SYDNEY *
Erik! Listen -- Gabrielle is inside *
of Madison. She's been using her *
this whole time!

ERIK
What??

SYDNEY *
SHE COMES OUT OF HER -- controls her
body like a puppet!

ERIK
Whoa -- Sydney, you're not making
any sense??

SYDNEY *
I found Madison's history. She was
born with a "*parasitic twin*."
Gabrielle has been dormant inside *
her this whole time. I believe when *
Madison was pregnant, she was *
siphoning nutrients and fluids from *
the baby to regenerate herself. The *
night Derek died, Madison told me
Derek smashed the back of her head
against the wall. *I think that*
incident woke Gabrielle -- *

Erik tries to understand what Sydney is telling him --

INT. PRECINCT - FEMALE HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME

Gabrielle saves Alpha gangbanger for last. She backs into the corner, shaking with fear.

*

ALPHA GANGBANGER
SOMEONE HELP --

A POLICE OFFICER finally comes running, seeing the carnage.

GUARD
Jesus Christ --

ALPHA GANBANGER
OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!

Gabrielle PUNCHES alpha in the stomach, HER ENTIRE HAND ENTERS ALHPA'S GUT. Blood gurgles out of Alpha's mouth.

*

The guard pulls his gun, FIRING. As the guard FIRES Gabrielle uses alpha's body as a shield, pushing forward.

*

INT. PRECINCT - UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

GUN SHOTS REVERBERATE through the underground space. Erik and Regina snap to the sound. It's coming from inside the station.

*

REGINA
What the fuck!

*

Regina runs to the door, pulling out his gun.

*

ERIK
Shit-- Sydney, *I gotta go!*

He hangs up. Runs off, pulling out his gun.

INT. SYDNEY'S CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME

Sydney smacks her steering wheel --

SYDNEY
FUCK!

Stomps on the gas.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Lieutenant Daniels hears the shots, comes out of his office.

LIEUTENANT DANIELS
What the fuck was that?

POLICE OFFICER
Holding cells.

COPS ready their weapon, moving to investigate the shots.

INT. PRECINCT - FEMALE HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Just as the gun's clip empties, Gabrielle reaches the bars. *
Her hand LASHES OUT, grabbing the guard's shirt. *

Gabrielle yanks the guard forward, slamming the guard's face *
into the bars over and over and over again until the guard's
face is PULP.

Gabrielle reaches her right hand (Madison's left, backwards) *
through the bars, into the guard's waistband, tearing the
KEYS free. Gabrielle lets herself out of the cell. *

TWO COPS rush into the hallway. They see Gabrielle in the *
strobing light, temporarily thrown by the unnerving sight.
One pulls her gun -- Gabrielle DUCKS down, bum rushing her. *
She twists her around, forcing her to SHOOT the other cop in *
the face.

Gabrielle TWITS the female cop down at an unnatural angle, *
BREAKING HER BACK.

MORE OFFICERS and DETECTIVES rush to the scene and Gabrielle *
moves through them, KILLING them in a bloodbath.

INT. PRECINCT - EVIDENCE ROOM - LATER *

The LIGHTS FLICKER. The electronic LOCK on the door TURNS. *
The door opens. Gabrielle stands on the other side. She *
enters, stalking through the aisle. *

In the back she finds the evidence box with her KNIFE and *
TRENCH COAT. She pulls them out of the bag, slipping her *
trench coat on. She grips the blade in her hand. Feels *
good. Blade ready, she steps out. *

ON MADISON'S FACE

We PUSH INTO HER ROLLED BACK EYES -- going inside her head,
and pulling back out to reveal:

Madison is still sitting in the cell. All the gangbangers
and felons are also around. Except now, none of them are
hassling her. They leave Madison the hell alone.

This is a VISION. This is what he's wants her to see. A *
FIGMENT of Gabrielle's psychic creation. Her mind's safe
here. *

BACK TO THE CARNAGE IN THE REAL WORLD

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - SAME TIME

Erik and Regina come charging in to a cacophony of GUNSHOTS *
and BLOOD CURDLING SCREAMS.

A COP staggers into the doorway. He FALLS to the floor,
dead. His face torn off.

REGINA

Fuck me --

THE LIGHTS BEGIN SURGING. They BURST, raining down sparks and shards over the room.

Everyone DUCKS.

It's all Gabrielle needs.

She enters the room like a whirlwind, slicing and stabbing through cops before most of them can get off a shot. She steps over bodies without breaking his stride.

Erik's eyes go wide when he sees Gabrielle tearing through the room. It's a lot to process with no time. Erik FIRES off shots to no avail. Gabrielle's too fast.

Erik keeps trying, turning with Gabrielle as she moves through the room, leading Erik too --

Lieutenant Daniels. Gabrielle GRABS him, SHOVING him into the path of Erik's shots. Daniels takes a few slugs to the chest, DROPPING. Erik lowers his weapon, shocked.

Erik is lost in his shock as Gabrielle moves toward him.

REGINA (CONT'D)

Shaw!

Regina FIRES -- in a split second Gabrielle BENDS BACKWARDS (in Madison's case, forwards) dodging the shot.

Gabrielle FLIPS UP, KICKING Regina under the chin so hard it BREAKS REGINA'S TEETH. Regina staggers back. Erik tries to get off a shot but with superhuman strength Gabrielle FLIPS a DESK on him, crushing Erik underneath from the waist down.

There's no one left. Gabrielle has taken out the entire police precinct.

Erik watches, helpless, sees MADISON'S FACE, twisted in a rictus of anguish.

Under the weight of the desk, Erik grunts, straining to talk.

ERIK

Madison. Madison!

GABRIELLE

SHE CAN'T HEAR YOU, DETECTIVE.

ON MADISON, eyes rolling around, as if in REM sleep.

Gabrielle presses her foot against Erik's face. Erik winces as Gabrielle's foot bears down on his nose. There's a sharp, sick SNAP as Erik's nose BREAKS. Erik howls in pain.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D) *
**THIS IS ONLY A TASTE OF THE PAIN I
 FELT, DETECTIVE.**

Gabrielle leaves, escaping into the night. *

INT. SYDNEY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Sydney drives like a bat out of hell, pulling up to the police station. Before the car has fully stopped she jumps out, running inside. *

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Sydney enters. She's hit by the sight of the carnage, aghast. O.S. Erik MOANS. Sydney follows the noise, landing next to Erik.

SYDNEY
 Oh my God.

Sydney struggles, but manages to push the desk off of Erik. Sydney helps him sit up. Erik talks through the pain. *

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
 What happened?

ERIK
 You're right. Madison -- she's Gabrielle. How's that possible? *

SYDNEY
 Where is she -- they?

Erik shakes his head.

ERIK
 They left.

SYDNEY
 Fuck!

ERIK
 I think I know where they're going. The hospital. The woman whom Madison -- Gabrielle -- kidnapped, is Ravina May. *

Sydney's eyes light up. And together in synch:

SYDNEY/ERIK
 Their mother.

ERIK
 She's going after her. But don't go, Sydney. It's too dangerous. *

SYDNEY
I have to. I'm the only one who can
reach out to her.

ERIK
It's not her anymore. Your sister
is gone.

Sydney stands.

SYDNEY
Madison is still in there.

She's made up her mind. Erik pushes himself up. *

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
What are you doing? *

ERIK
Coming with you. *
(off her look) *
You need backup. *

EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT *

Sydney and Erik hurry to the parking lot, Erik limping. *
Sydney goes for her car. Erik stops her. *

ERIK
Hey. *
(tosses her his keys) *
Mine. *

Sydney and Erik get into his police cruiser. Sydney drives. *
She starts the car. Erik throws on the siren. Sydney books *
it out of the parking lot. *

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT *

A UNIFORMED OFFICER sits, guarding the patient's room. *

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT *

Jane Doe, now RAVINA KIRK, lies in bed, sleeping. Her *
wrists are bandaged. Her heart monitor is steady. *

The lights in the room FLICKER. Outside, the guard turns. *
Ravina continues sleeping. He turns back. *

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT *

Gabrielle, face obscured by her hoodie and trench coat, *
enters through the automatic doors. *

INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION - NIGHT *

It's late, only a light graveyard shift. Gabrielle *
approaches the reception desk. A NURSE sits at the desk. *
She looks up, her eyes going wide when she sees Gabrielle. *

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The uniformed officer is at his post. At the end of the hallway, the lights FLICKER. Gabrielle steps in, knife gripped in her hand. It's dripping blood. The Uniformed officer is up, reaching for his weapon.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
STOP RIGHT THERE.

Gabrielle steps forward -- the LIGHT ABOVE HER GOES OUT, plunging her into darkness. Her FOOTSTEPS echo off the floor. With every step another block of LIGHTS GO OUT, keeping Gabrielle hidden.

UNIFORMED OFFICER (CONT'D)
I SAID STOP!

But she keeps coming. Closer... closer... Darkness coming for the uniformed officer.

UNIFORMED OFFICER (CONT'D)
STOP! OR I WILL SHOOT YOU!

THE LIGHT ABOVE HIM GOES OUT. The only illumination from Ravina's room. He's terrified, heart in his throat. Where is she? The officer pulls up his radio.

UNIFORMED OFFICER (CONT'D)
This is officer Panduro, I need
backup--

THWIP

The glint of the blade. With a quick motion it slices across his throat. Blood pours from his neck. He DROPS.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. Gabrielle, face hidden by her hair, steps out of the darkness into the room. She stands over Ravina's bed. ELECTRICITY crackles through the room. Ravina's hair charges, standing on end. She blinks, coming too. She sees Gabrielle. The heart monitor BEEPS FASTER, reflecting the sudden elevation of her heart rate.

RAVINA
No...

Gabrielle GRIPS HER FACE.

GABRIELLE
SHHHHHHHH.

Gabrielle removes her hand, pressing a finger to Ravina's lips. Ravina shakes, crying.

RAVINA
What do you want from me?

Gabrielle pushes her hair back, revealing her twisted face.
Now Ravina starts to panic, hear heart rate going even
faster. It's like she's looking at a ghost.

RAVINA (CONT'D)
Gabrielle.

GABRIELLE
HELLO, MOTHER. MISS ME?

No she has not. Right now Ravina's scared to death. She
knows why Gabrielle's here.

RAVINA
I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry.

GABRIELLE
ARE YOU NOW? FOR WHAT?

RAVINA
For leaving you. Giving you to
those doctors. I was so scared. I
didn't know what else to do. The
moment I left I knew it was wrong.
I've lived with that regret ever
since.

She sounds sincere. Gabrielle softens, looking down at her
mother. There's pity in her eyes. She gently wipes away her
mother's tears.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sydney whips Erik's cruiser into the unloading zone. She
gets out, rushing around to the passenger side as Erik gets
out. She helps him out. Together they rush inside.

INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Erik and Sydney race in. The reception desk is covered in
BLOOD. The nurse's body is slumped in her chair, a deep gash
in her chest. The hallway is littered with DEAD BODIES.
Anyone who tried to get in Gabrielle's way. Sydney is
stunned, sickened by what she sees.

SYDNEY
Jesus.

Erik he moves down the hall. Sydney follows.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Gabrielle stands over Ravina, conflicted for the first time.
Carefully, no sudden movements, Ravina sits up. She touches
Gabrielle's face tenderly. Motherly.

RAVINA
 I'm so sorry for what they did to
 you. All that pain. I don't blame
 you, Gabrielle.

Gabrielle reacts to this. Touched. Having longed for a
 mother's love.

GABRIELLE
IT'S NOT MY FAULT.

RAVINA
 I know. I know. You don't have to
 do this.

The door BURSTS OPEN, Sydney and Erik rushing in.

Sydney sees Madison, her sister's face, twisted, eyes rolled
 to the back of her head. Her mouth drops in SHOCK at the
 frightening sight.

SYDNEY
 MADISON!

ERIK
 GET AWAY FROM HER!

It's already chaos. Enraged, Gabrielle GRABS Ravina, ripping
 her out of the bed, she puts the helpless woman between them.

SYDNEY
 Madison.

Gabrielle sneers at Sydney.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
 Madison, are you there?

GABRIELLE
MADISON'S NOT HERE.

Sydney circles around Gabrielle, trying to see Madison's
 face. She catches a brief glimpse before Gabrielle turns,
 making sure she's always facing her.

SYDNEY
 What have you done to my sister?

GABRIELLE
**SHE'S NOT YOUR SISTER. SHE NEVER
 WAS. SHE'S MINE. AND I'M NOT GOING
 TO LOSE HER AGAIN.**

INT. MITCHELL HOME - NURSERY - DAY - FANTASY

ON MADISON.

She opens her eyes. PULL BACK TO reveal she's sitting in her chair, in her nursery. She blinks, confused. Wasn't she just somewhere else? *

She was. This is Gabrielle's MENTAL CONSTRUCT. Gabrielle has put Madison in another fantasy. *

Derek enters. Alive. Nice. *

DEREK

Hey.

She should be surprised to see him, but she's not. *

DEREK (CONT'D)

I'm going on a grocery run. Text if you need anything. *

A BABY coos. Madison moves to the crib. She looks down on -- a BABY GIRL. Plump, rosy cheeks, a smile. Her daughter. Alive. Madison eyes her child with a mother's wonder. *

MADISON

I have everything I need.

Derek leaves. Madison takes her daughter in her arms, cradling her, smelling her head. *

SYDNEY (O.S.)

Madison! Madison please! *

Madison turns. *

MADISON

Sydney? *

The baby's coos STOP. Madison looks down -- the baby is gone. *

SYDNEY (O.S.)

Madison! Wherever you are, it's not real! *

Madison turns to the sound. She gets up, following. *

INT. MITCHELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - FANTASY *

Madison lands at the bottom. The front door is open. But outside, she can see the HOSPITAL ROOM. Sydney tries to talk to her. *

SYDNEY

Madison please, I know you can hear me. You have to fight her. *

It hits Madison -- *

MADISON

Gabrielle. *

Madison bolts for the door -- IT SLAMS SHUT. Madison pulls
on the handle.

MADISON (CONT'D)
GABRIELLE! LET ME OUT!

Madison struggles to get the door open. She pulls with
everything she's got. The FRONT DOOR GIVES. Just as
Madison's about to open it --

SHE'S GRABBED, THROWN TO THE FLOOR. Derek stands over her.

DEREK
You're not going anywhere.

Derek GRABS Madison, throwing her against the wall.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT'S ROOM

Madison MOANS, in pain. Gabrielle struggles to keep
control. Erik trades a look with Sydney. Now.

Sydney RUSHES Gabrielle, but Gabrielle is too fast. Her,
LEFT ARM CATCHES SYDNEY BY THE THROAT. Gabrielle has Ravina
in one hand and Sydney in the other. Gabrielle makes sure to
keep Ravina in front, preventing Erik from a clear shot.

GABRIELLE
(to Erik)
DROP THE GUN OR I KILL THEM BOTH.
DROP IT.

Erik drops the gun.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)
OUT.

ERIK
Fuck you.

Gabrielle squeezes Ravina's throat. She's turning blue.
Erik slowly backs out of the room.

With one THRUST Gabrielle KICKS Ravina, sending her flying
into Erik. They collapse in the hallway. With a quick move
Gabrielle kicks the door closed, LOCKING it.

It's just her and Sydney now. Gabrielle picks up Eriks' gun,
turning it on Sydney --

WITH MADISON

Derek holds down Madison, gripping her wrists. He speaks with
Gabrielle's voice.

DEREK
**YOU WERE ALWAYS WEAK. YOU WERE
 NOTHING WITHOUT ME.**

SYDNEY
 MADISON!

Gabrielle pistol whips her, knocking her unconscious. Erik
 throws himself into the door, trying to break it down.
 Gabrielle SHOOTs, the bullet breaking through the glass
 window, barely missing Erik.

WITH MADISON

She fights to get Derek off her. Derek BEATS her head into
 the floor.

DEREK
**YOU UNGRATEFUL FUCKING BITCH! AFTER
 EVERYTHING I DID FOR YOU!**

Madison KICKS OUT, nailing Derek in the balls.

Derek -- and Gabrielle -- CRY OUT IN PAIN.

Madison scrambles up. She stands over Derek.

MADISON
 I'm done being your punching bag.

Derek smiles, LAUGHING. His voice becomes Gabrielle's.

DEREK
**YOU'RE TOO LATE. I'M GOING TO MAKE
 YOU WATCH ME KILL HER.**

Derek DISAPPEARS. Gabrielle and Sydney appear in his place.

Gabrielle presses the gun to Sydney's temple. Sydney starts
 coming too.

SYDNEY
 Madison!

Madison turns -- the front door is wide open. Madison DIVES
 through the front door, out of the fantasy and into --

ON MADISON'S FACE

The real Madison. Her eyes roll back down. She's coming out
 of it. She GASPS for air, re-taking her body.

GABRIELLE
 NO!

Madison pulls her arms back. The gun is in her hand.
 Madison turns to her sister, tears in her eyes.

MADISON

I'm so, so sorry Sydney. I've spent
my whole life yearning for a blood
tie. For that special connection.
And yet in the end, what mattered
the most was right front of me the
whole time. You'll always be my
sister. And I'll always love you.

Madison aims the gun to the back of her head -- to Gabrielle.
Sydney realizes what Madison's about to do--

SYDNEY

MADISON, NO!--

She pulls the trigger -- BOOM. The blast blows out the back
of Madison's head.

Sydney SCREAMS. Erik breaks into the room. He goes to
Madison, checking her pulse. Blood pools from the back of
her head... O.S. we hear the wail of SIRENS.

INT. NEW AGE MENTAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Sydney, accompanied by Erik, walks down the hall. They stop
before a WINDOW. The curtain to the window is down. The
CRANIAL SURGEON, 50s.

ERIK

You sure you want to do this today?

Sydney nods.

CRANIAL SURGEON

Ms. Lake, Detective.

SYDNEY

How is she?

CRANIAL SURGEON

She's having a better day today.
But we're worried about cognitive
functions.

SYDNEY

I want to see her.

The surgeon presses a button. The curtain RISES, revealing
MADISON in a PADDED ROOM. She's facing the wall, making
circles with her finger. She's alive, her head SHAVED, a
long SURGICAL SCAR running across the back of her head.
Madison stares into space, childlike, mumbling to herself.

Sydney sucks in her breath, seeing her sister for the first
time. It's a lot to take. Erik holds her hand, reassuring.

CRANIAL SURGEON
We've done everything we can to
repair the nerve damage, but, as you
know it's extensive. She's lucky
she survived at all.

ERIK
What about her... twin? Gabrielle?

CRANIAL SURGEON
So far we've seen no activity from
the teratoma. There's no indication
it survived.

SYDNEY
But she's still in my sister.

CRANIAL SURGEON
Pieces of it, yes. To preserve what
we could of her brain we had to
leave some tissue in tact.

Madison looks to the window. She WAVES at Sydney, like an
excited little kid. Sydney gives her a sad wave back.

SYDNEY
Does she remember anything?

CRANIAL SURGEON
She didn't remember how to walk.
She's having to learn everything
over again. We'll do everything we
can, but, Ms. Lake, you have to
prepare for the possibility this
will be the permanent state for your
sister.

It hangs there. Sydney is heartbroken.

ERIK
You've done everything you can.

Sydney nods, but it's of little comfort. An ORDERLY enters,
carrying a tray of food -- chicken nuggets, fries. All
finger foods.

CRANIAL SURGEON
She needs her lunch.

Sydney looks to her sister, waiving. Through the window
Madison WAVES.

MADISON
Bye-bye.

INT. PADDED ROOM - DAY

Madison watches Sydney and the cranial surgeon leave. The
orderly enters. He sets down the tray.

ORDERLY

Hey, Madison. Lunch time. Brought
your favorite.

Madison doesn't look at him, acknowledge him at all. She
stares off into space, smiling. The orderly stands, leaving.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

Eat it before it gets cold.

MADISON

Bye-bye

The lights start FLICKERING. The orderly looks to the
lights. Weird. He leaves. Madison stares up, like a child
watching something sparkly. She lets out a noise, happy.

The lights FLICKER again, getting stronger, brighter.
There's an electrical HUM in the air. Like something gaining
strength.

Just when we think they're about to pop they -- BLINKING US
TO BLACK.