

OCULUS

Written by
Mike Flanagan & Jeff Howard

12/15/11

FADE IN

*

INT. MOVING THROUGH THE RUSSELL HOME - CONTINUOUS

We float through the Russell home; formerly an elegant Colonial with a smattering of upscale, classical pieces, now a dark unkempt mess. Moving from the entry through the living room and into a hallway leading down to a private office, we catch glimpses of -

BROKEN GLASS, from the frame of a fallen FAMILY PORTRAIT that shows ALAN (40s, handsome), his wife MARIE (30s, sweetly beautiful), and their two children, LITTLE KAYLIE (13) and LITTLE TIM (10).

*
*
*
*

Further along we find streaks and splatters of BLOOD along the floor. And, coming out of the stains, two sets of BLOODY FOOTPRINTS. The first, small ones. The second, an adult pair.

*

We HEAR hushed whispering, coming from out of the darkness.

*

INT. DINING ROOM CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

REVEAL little Kaylie and little Tim hiding in the closet, their faces contorted with fear as they hear FOOTFALLS in the hallway. They squint through a crack at the side of the door and see -

*
*
*

A MAN WALKING BY. CARRYING A GUN.

When it seems he's gone, they glance at each other. After waiting a few moments to make sure he's gone, they push open the closet door.

*
*

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens smooth and quiet until it comes to rest with a SQUEAK. They wait, fearful, but when nothing happens little Kaylie takes Tim by the hand and pulls him along.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

She leads him into the hallway, creeping past the OFFICE DOOR. As they pass, Tim turns to look in, and STOPS, frozen with fear.

We follow his gaze into the DARK OFFICE, barely noticing the ORNATE MIRROR on the wall, near which a FIGURE IS STEPPING OUT OF THE SHADOWS. Seeing its face, TIM SCREAMS -

Their position now revealed, we hear sudden FOOTFALLS from another room, coming toward them, CRUNCHING GLASS as they do.

Kaylie grabs Tim's hand and YANKS him to the door, running for their lives now. But, from behind, an ADULT FIGURE reaches out and GRABS TIM.

Tim is spun around, coming face to face with the BARREL OF A REVOLVER, behind which we REVEAL:

ADULT TIM, HOLDING THE GUN. He glares at little Tim, turns the gun on Kaylie, and FIRES -

*

CUT TO:

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

DR. GRAHAM, graying and bearded middle-aged psychiatrist, sits up in his plush, leather chair. He stops writing for a moment and looks up from his pad.

DR. GRAHAM
Say that again, Tim?

Reveal Adult TIM. He's 21 years old, with sharp and kind eyes.

*

TIM
It was me this time, holding the gun. It's never been me before.

*

DR. GRAHAM
I know.
(beat, smiles a little)
This is very good. It tells me that you haven't only overcome your delusion in your conscious mind -

*

*

*

*

*

*

CUT TO:

*

INT. PSYCHIATRIC BOARD EVALUATION - AFTERNOON

*

Dr. Graham is looking at a file in his hands, confidently addressing the PSYCHIATRIC BOARD. Tim sits next to him, a little nervous.

*

*

*

DR. GRAHAM
- but in his subconscious mind as well.

*

*

(MORE)

DR. GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Based on the changes in this recurring dream, as well as the patient's significant progress in individual and group therapy sessions, it is my opinion that Tim should be discharged, as the State has requested, on his upcoming 21st birthday.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Tim manages a polite smile as the eyes of FIVE BOARD MEMBERS FOCUS ON HIM.

*
*

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE OF DUMONT AUCTIONS - AFTERNOON

*

The camera follows adult KAYLIE, now 24, as she strides through the auction house offices, her pony tail swinging with each step.

Green, leafy potted plants line the wall leading into the auditorium. But as Kaylie moves nearer the auditorium, we almost don't notice that the plants are progressively more WITHERED and BROWN.

*

AUCTIONEER (O.S.)
(through doors)
- from the gentleman on the telephone. We're at eleven-five -

*

She pushes open the double-audience doors, adorned with an elegant, 19th Century scripted "HOUSE OF DUMONT" logo, into -

INT. AUCTION FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

AUCTIONEER
- that's eleven-five once ...

*

Kaylie is immediately noticed by ELIOT DUMONT (proper, his awkwardness well hidden by his expensive suit). He starts to move toward the back to meet her.

*
*

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
(off a paddle)
Thank you, sir. Twelve thousand, once, 12 twice -

*

The Auctioneer glances toward the PHONE BANKS WORKERS, who look up from their phones and Skype sessions to shake their heads "no."

*
*
*

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Sold at 12. Congratulations, sir.

Polite applause. Eliot records the sale in his binder as he approaches Kaylie, whose eyes are LOCKED on two ATTENDANTS wheeling in a 4' x 6' object, covered and shrouded in elegant, antique velvet.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Our next item is a gorgeous antique mirror, recovered from the Levesque estate. It's a well-traveled gem, having spent several seasons adorning Balmoral Castle, the Scottish home of the British Royal Family.

*

Eliot leans in and kisses Kaylie's cheek, but her eyes are on the attendants as they REMOVE THE VELVET, revealing:

*

*

THE LASSER GLASS, an impressively dark, ornately framed mirror. The more you look at it, the more detail there seems to be.

*

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

This is the original glass, and original frame. It's in remarkable shape, save a hairline fracture in the right hand corner. It is carved from one piece of Bavarian Black Cedar. We'll begin at a conservative ten thousand.

Several PADDLES raise, and the PHONE BANK WORKERS are also signalling for bids.

ELIOT

(off the bidding activity)

Great find.

KAYLIE

Just wanted to check on the numbers before I went to pick him up.

*

*

He hands her his sales binder, and she goes through the motions of scanning it for a few seconds before looking back up at the mirror.

AUCTIONEER

And we're at \$12,000, that's 12 once, thank you madam, but I understand there's a call?

ELIOT

Are you sure you don't want me to
come with you, just for moral
support?

*

KAYLIE

I can handle it.
(beat)
I'll need you after.

The Auctioneer motions, one of the SKYPE WORKERS stands.

SKYPE WORKER

Mr. Poh of Singapore, with a bid of
\$16,000.

AUCTIONEER

That's 16 via Skype, 16 once. 16
twice.

(beat)

Sold to Mr. Poh of Singapore.
Please pass along our
congratulations.

Kaylie watches as they begin to cover the mirror again.

*

KAYLIE

I'll see you tonight.

She leans in and kisses him quickly on the mouth, and turns
to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. AIDAN'S MENTAL FACILITY, TIM'S ROOM - LATER

*

Tim packs the last of his things into his suitcase. Dr.
Graham watches him, proud.

*

*

DR. GRAHAM

And you're set with a ride out of
here?

*

*

*

TIM

Kaylie's coming to get me.

*

*

Dr. Graham pauses a moment, wondering if he should say this.

*

DR. GRAHAM

I won't lie, she makes me a little
nervous.

*

*

*

TIM

She said she might be able to get me a job -

DR. GRAHAM

No, I think that's wonderful, it's just - you've made great progress, overcome so much. Kaylie was different, she had the option to refuse therapy ...

TIM

I know. I worry about her too.

DR. GRAHAM

Just remember, your health has to be the first priority. If she still suffers from, well ... you'll have to make a decision. And if being around her might jeopardize your recovery, I'm afraid that decision might be one of the hardest of your life.

Tim nods, he already knew this. He looks once more around the room that was his home for so many years.

TIM

Thank you. For everything.

INT. ST. AIDAN'S MENTAL FACILITY - LATER

Tim stands inside, in normal street clothes which are clearly brand new. In an institutional cage for the last time, as the door ahead of him is BUZZED OPEN.

Tim waits out the buzz, doesn't reach out to open it. There's ANOTHER BUZZ, and this time he at least touches the handle. There's the "click" of an audio system coming alive, and then through a speaker:

SPEAKER VOICE

Son, just push on the handle when it buzzes.

It buzzes. Reluctantly, Tim pushes the door open.

EXT. ST. AIDAN'S MENTAL FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Tim steps out, into the late afternoon sun. Past the tall gate he's headed toward Kaylie, waiting by a new Mercedes.

He seems a little nervous at first, but with every step his excitement to see her trumps his trepidation. By the time he's beyond the gate he's in her arms, and they're both fighting tears.

*
*
*
*

KAYLIE
Hey, little brother.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STEP-ON-IN DINER - LATER

Tim and Kaylie sit across each other in a booth, too busy basking in the reunion to get a good look at the menu.

*
*

KAYLIE
Sorry, I just can't believe it's actually been as long as it's been.

*

TIM
I'm just glad to be here now.

*
*

KAYLIE
I spoke to Eliot about you. I can get you an entry level job, something in the warehouse probably. It's not as bad as it sounds, it's actually where a lot of employees start.

TIM
Did you start there?

KAYLIE
Well ... not me. Most of 'em. Oh, apartments -

Kaylie pulls out a short stack of PRINTOUTS, all apartment listings. With margin notes.

*

KAYLIE (CONT'D)
All the studies say that you should transition with a place that isn't necessarily large. I printed out some listings for studios and efficiencies.

She hands them to him, and Tim is visibly moved by the effort she's put in to this for him.

*
*

TIM
Kaylie, I don't ... know how to thank you.

*
*
*

KAYLIE

I wanted to talk to you about all of this sooner, but they suddenly wouldn't let me in to see you. Which is ridiculous.

Tim's warm smile fades for a second, and he feels the sting of guilt. *

TIM

It ... it wasn't that they wouldn't let you in. I ... I requested that you not visit anymore. *

Kaylie's smile holds, more curious than anything else. *

TIM (CONT'D)

They was afraid it would endanger my recovery. *

KAYLIE

(settles into a smile)
It doesn't matter. You don't need to feel guilty.

TIM

Sitting here now, I can't really help it. *

She reaches out to take his hand. *

KAYLIE

I'm your family. And you're mine. The only thing that matters now is that you're here. Your life begins right now.

He looks at his hand in hers, and the smile comes back to his face. The last of his nerves is calmed, he's allowing himself to surrender to the happiness of the moment, when ... *

Kaylie leans across the table, conspiratorially. *

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

(quietly)
I found it.

His smile fades. *

TIM

What do you mean? *

KAYLIE

You know. *

We stay on Tim's face as she continues, his relieved smile dissipating more with every word.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

It wasn't easy. I tracked it down
mostly through second-bidders,
people who lost at the auctions,
and anyway, it was in a chateau in
Germany, one of those families with
an old name and no money who were
happy to find out what it would
bring in. It just sold so it's
about to ship out to a new buyer.
But we have a few days, which
should be enough.

*
*
*
*

TIM

(knows & fears the answer)
A few days for what, Kaylie?

KAYLIE

To keep our promise.
(beat)
And kill it.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSSEL HOME (THEN) - AFTERNOON

A MOVING TRUCK is parked in front of the pleasant home.

MASON, a yellow lab, JUMPS and BARKS playfully, his THIN CHAIN TETHER keeping him from reaching the MOVERS as they carry boxes and furniture through the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Tim is searching for his sister. He's got his plastic cowboy gun and holster, a police badge pinned to his chest, and a fireman hat on - his standard play uniform.

Tim turns a corner and sees MOVERS loading in boxes and furniture to the family's new home. First a COUCH, then a BOOKCASE, then the Lasser Glass MIRROR, and a leather chair. Followed by MARIE, directing traffic.

Marie (30s) is young and vivaciously beautiful. The only chink in her armor is the standard look of exhaustion and ruffled hair that comes with two young children.

MARIE

(to the movers)

That couch goes into the office.
That's the last door down the
hallway. The mirror goes there too -

Tim comes around the corner, "firing" his gun.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Timmy, don't shoot the movers.

She sees a box marked "FRAGILE" going by.

MARIE (CONT'D)

That one is the kitchen, thanks.

Tim scampers away.

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Alan (early 40s) has his phone wedged between his cheek and shoulder as he tries to organize his papers behind his new HOME OFFICE DESK, still a work in progress.

ALAN

I promise you, as soon as I've got
my files organized I should be able
to -

Another PHONE RINGS, and Alan has to unearth his cell from under his scattered papers.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Hang on - I'm sorry, can I call you
back? Thanks.

(switches)

Jeff! I'm sorry I didn't return
earlier, I am slammed here.

Little Tim enters the study, gun at the ready. Alan WINKS at him, putting his hands up in surrender while he continues his call.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Was a bit easier when I used to
have a staff.

LITTLE TIM

Kaylie's under arrest, is she here?

ALAN
 (covering the mouthpiece)
 She's not in here, buddy.
 (whispered help)
 But I did see some strange activity
 in the living room, Officer.

Tim turns toward the living room, as -

LITTLE KAYLIE jumps out in his path, screaming. Tim squeals with delight, prompting Alan to QUICKLY cover the mouthpiece.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 Okay, Daddy's on the -

They run away, ignoring him.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 Okay then! Thanks! Sorry, Jeff.

INT. HALLWAY (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Tim nearly bumps into two DELIVERY MEN carrying the mirror toward the office, Marie behind them.

MARIE
 (off mirror)
 And that goes ...

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

MARIE
 There.

She points out a spot on the wall of the office. The movers prop it up against the spot as Alan hangs up the phone.

ALAN
 Well this beats the hell out of one
 of those "real" jobs. And the
 commute is awesome.

MARIE
 A little ostentatious, don't you
 think?

ALAN
 You wanted the antiques. I've
 always been fine with Ikea.

MARIE

I figured we'd add a few pieces to upgrade, not turn the place into a showroom.

The Delivery Men head back for another round, Tim and Kaylie have vanished to play.

ALAN

New house, new company, new furniture.

MARIE

Same old wife though, right?

ALAN

I told you I was fine with Ikea.

With the mirror in place, WE SEE the reflection of Alan and Marie KISSING in it.

But they are INTERRUPTED by a CRASH - BOOM of the running kids clearly knocking something over in another room.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Kids?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

*

Kaylie's Mercedes pulls into a parking space by the office.

*

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

*

The door pushes open, Kaylie retrieving the card key as it does. Bags hit the floor, lights come on. Kaylie puts the key card down on the dresser and walks to the door.

The mood has changed. Kaylie is DISTANT, maybe even a little HURT. Tim is awkward, he knows he's upset her.

*

*

KAYLIE

*I hope you're comfortable.
Goodnight.*

TIM

Kaylie -

She turns back to him, trying to contain her anger.

KAYLIE

(quietly)

You promised me you'd never forget
what really happened. You promised.

Tim looks at her.

TIM

(beat, with a shrug)

I was ten years old. *

Kaylie spins on her heels, she's had enough.

KAYLIE

Well it's happening tomorrow night,
with or without you. I know you
think you're ... cured, or
whatever, and maybe it's better
that you live the lie. But if
you're really going to make me do
this alone, I'm sorry they ever let
you out. *

She's out the door.

Tim sits down on the edge of the bed. Looks up and realizes
he's sitting before a cheap hotel mirror. He looks into it,
crestfallen and grave. He has a decision to make. *

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM (THEN) - EVENING

*The bed is in place, but there are boxes everywhere. Clothes
are in piles on various furniture, strewn against the corners
waiting to be placed.*

INT. MASTER BATHROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

*Just out of the shower, Marie pulls out various skin creams
from a box on the counter: vanishing creams, shrinking
creams, anti-stretch-mark creams. She finds the one she's
looking for, the COCOA BUTTER, and sighs. **

*As she applies it to her stomach, she glances through the
crack leading out to the bedroom and sees Alan watching her
from the bed. Embarrassed, she pushes the door closed all the
way. **

INT. MASTER BEDROOM (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Alan smiles from the bed as the bathroom door opens. Marie steps out in her robe, looking a little busted.

*
*

ALAN

I'll unpack ten more boxes if you drop that robe.

MARIE

I feel like my scar looks more noticeable.

Alan gets up off bed, walks toward her.

ALAN

Why don't you let me survey the damage. Relax, I'm a professional.

He LIFTS HER easily, gently laying her down on the bed. Marie can't help a giggle.

MARIE

Alan!

She halfheartedly tries to stop him from opening her robe, trying to hide a FAINT, BARELY NOTICEABLE C-SECTION SCAR, which Alan softly kisses.

*
*

ALAN

What scar?

He starts to kiss further up, heading toward her rib cage.

MARIE

Hey, we're nowhere near done for the night. The only thing you've put together is the bed.

ALAN

Mission accomplished.

He kisses her on the lips, and she kisses him back.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSSELL HOUSE (THEN) - LATER THAT NIGHT

Through the upstairs window, we see Alan making the rounds of turning off lights and lamps.

*

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Walking along the now-dark hall, Alan looks in on Little Kaylie. She's asleep in her bed. *

INT. KITCHEN (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Alan stands in front of the almost empty refrigerator. The only thing he can find worthwhile is one of the kid's juice boxes.

INT. LIVING ROOM (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Sipping the tiny juice-box straw, Alan crosses back to return upstairs, but in the pitch black, he walks into a cardboard box, STUBBING HIS TOE.

ALAN

Shit! Dahhh!

Alan dances around in the dark, holding the juice box in one hand and his injured foot in the other.

INT. HALLWAY (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Alan is still LIMPING a bit on his way back toward the stairs. He's about to head up when he glances down the hall and sees -

A FIGURE IN THE DARKNESS, MAYBE A WOMAN, STANDING BY HIS OFFICE DOOR.

Alan steps BACK, FLIPPING ON the hallway light. NOTHING.

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Alan flicks on the light switch and steps into the office, surveying the room. NOTHING.

After a beat, he turns to leave and catches a glimpse of his reflection in the mirror. When he stubbed his toe, THE JUICE BOX spilled all over his shirt and underwear, a splatter of RED on the white fabric.

ALAN

Awww, shit.

He tosses the slightly crushed juice box into the trash can, and HITS THE LIGHTS as he leaves.

As darkness envelopes the room, in the reflection of the mirror, we see a DARK SILHOUETTE STANDING IN THE CORNER OF THE OFFICE.

CUT TO:

INT. KAYLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE UP on Kaylie's ENGAGEMENT RING as she gathers various sorted piles of paperwork for sorting into her bag. Eliot appears in the doorway, sheaf of papers in his hand.

ELIOT

Hey. So I missed you last night.

Kaylie looks up, seeing him there for the first time. Instantly goes back to her packing.

KAYLIE

I'm sorry about that. I maybe underestimated the reunion.

ELIOT

Yeah. So ... I requisitioned you your own printer, so you don't have to share anymore. We'll take you off the network.

*
*
*
*

KAYLIE

(beat)
Okay...

*
*
*

ELIOT

Because I guess there were some complaints about people going to get their sales reports and finding what look like half a dozen really graphic crime scene photos sent from, um, your computer.

*
*
*
*

He offers them up to her. She crosses to take them from his hand, and he pulls them back.

ELIOT (CONT'D)

And I noticed you put in a transfer order for the Levesque mirror.

*

KAYLIE

Oh yeah, that's a repair. That hairline fracture.

*

ELIOT
I thought Warren said no repairs
were necessary.

*

KAYLIE
Changed his mind.

*

ELIOT
(beat)
Gotta be honest, I'm really just
waiting for the explanation of the
corpse printouts.

*

*

*

*

KAYLIE
(sighs)
I know things have been ...
strange. At times. Particularly
recently. And you know I'm dealing
with some dark stuff, some parental
stuff, with Tim out.

*

She takes his hand.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)
I'll never expect you to understand
that part of my life. Just bear me
with me a day or two more, and then
it's just going to be you and me.
From now on.
(into his eyes)
I promise.

She kisses him. After a moment, he kisses her back.

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE STORE - LATER

Tim tries to play it cool in front of the cell phone
SALESMAN.

SALESMAN
How about your data plan? We've got
unlimited, we've got texting
packages, we got 3G, we got 4G, we
got 3, 5, and 7 mega-pixel cameras.

TIM
Did you ever have anybody come in,
who was like an older person or
something, and who didn't know any
of those answers?

SALESMAN

You want the granny package. Why didn't you just say so?

Tim smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. LOADING BAY, KAYLIE'S WORK - LATER

Close on Kaylie, carrying a box, and answering her cell phone. She doesn't recognize the number.

KAYLIE

Hello?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - INTERCUT

TIM

Hey, it's me. Got a phone.

KAYLIE

(beat)

Okay.

She waits, making him talk. He sighs, listening to the silence.

TIM

Listen, you're not still planning to -

KAYLIE

I'm busy, Tim. I have a dangerous night ahead of me. Are you calling to tell me you'll help me? And keep your promise?

TIM

(long pause)

No. No I'm not.

(beat)

I wish I could help you some other way -

KAYLIE

Tell you what. You come to the house this evening, pick up your start paperwork. That way you can look me in the eye before you leave me alone with it.

Kaylie HANGS UP THE PHONE. Tim WINCES, sighing. *

As Kaylie crosses to get into her car, and we see the line of DEAD PLANTS along the loading bay ramp. All the foliage wilted and gone. *

CUT TO: *

INT. RUSSEL HOME (THEN) - DAY

Marie waters the indoor window plants. She frowns as she realizes they're all dying, withered and brown.

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Alan is standing behind his desk, phone pressed to one ear.

ALAN
I'm looking at it now.

*He stares at his computer screen, unconsciously BITING HIS NAILS. **

ALAN (CONT'D)
A half hour, then. Okay.

He hangs up, CHEWING ON A NAIL, and glances at his reflection in the mirror. He turns back to the computer, starting to type when -

FEMALE VOICE *
(whispers) *
Alan. *

He looks around. Nothing.

ALAN
Marie! Did you call me?

*Marie appears in the doorway. **

MARIE
My plants are dead.

ALAN
Uh, I'm sorry?

MARIE
We're getting a filter. There's something wrong with the tap.

ALAN

The tap water's the same here as it
was at our old place.

MARIE

Not according to the plants.

She wanders off. He resumes typing. Glances up at the mirror.
After a few seconds he *STOPS TYPING*, just *STARING INTO IT*,
and absentmindedly starts to bite his nails again.

*
*

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD (THEN) - LATER

Little Kaylie runs in the yard, chased by little Tim with his
plastic cowboy gun, badge and fireman hat outfit. Kaylie
loses him, making her way to the front of the house.

EXT. FRONT YARD (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Kaylie presses herself against the office window, hiding. Tim
goes off in the other direction, looking.

Kaylie turns and looks into the office, through the window.
She can't see too much inside, but in the reflection of the
mirror she sees Alan sitting on his chair -

THERE IS A WOMAN BEHIND HIM, a distinctive braid visible on
her thin form, holding both her hands crossed on the top of
his head.

Kaylie looks for a moment, but *LITTLE TIM COMES RUNNING UP ON*
HER, plastic gun blazing. Kaylie *RUNS, GIGGLING*.

*

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM (THEN) - DINNER TIME

Alan, Marie, and the kids sit down to a family dinner. Marie
looks proud of the meal she prepared, but frowns when she
sees that Alan *ISN'T EATING*.

*
*
*

He looks confused, distracted. He's looking at his *THUMBNAIL*,
which he's bitten down so far *THERE IS A THIN SLIVER OF*
BLOOD.

MARIE

(to Alan)

Are you okay?

*

*He stands without answering, heading to one of the cabinets. **

MARIE (CONT'D)

Kids? You guys have to promise not to chew your nails like your daddy.

LITTLE KAYLIE

Daddy, who was that lady in your office today?

Alan PAUSES just as he's about to apply a band-aid to his finger. He locks eyes with Marie, who can't tell if he looks confused or caught.

MARIE

Um, yeah Daddy, who was that lady?

ALAN

What lady, honey?

LITTLE KAYLIE

I saw a lady in the room with you.

Alan looks at his wife, the confident head shake "no", more confused than anything else. He goes back to his band-aid.

ALAN

Well, maybe you just made a mistake. It happens, I make 'em all the time.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM (NOW) - AFTERNOON

The dining room now ABSOLUTELY EMPTY. Fresh, sterile white paint on all the walls, even brighter with the afternoon sunlight shining through the windows.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Tim standing in the doorway, looking into his now empty childhood home.

TIM

*(almost to himself)
It looks so small.*

There is no furniture in the house; it is a bright, empty shell of the home it once was.

Kaylie steps past him, carrying A BOX OF ALARM CLOCKS and a DOG CAGE. At her heels is a JACK RUSSELL TERRIER.

KAYLIE

Come on, dog.

TIM

You named your dog "Dog?"

KAYLIE

Oh, no, he doesn't have a name.

She turns back, noticing Tim is lagging behind, looking around.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

(beat)

Oh of course, you haven't been here since ... I apologize, I didn't think about that.

(checks her watch)

Why don't you look around? *

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Tim steps tentatively into what used to be his parents' bedroom. Kaylie leans against the door frame, watching him patiently, her affection for him diffusing her anger. *

Tim looks at the wall in front of him, reaching out his hand and touching -

A METAL RING, sloppily installed into the wall. What looks like MASON'S TETHER hangs from it.

KAYLIE

The place stayed lived-in while I bounced through the foster homes. I finally got rid of the tenants when I turned 18. I live a few miles away. I was the only homeowner in the freshman dorms when I started at ACC. *

Tim blinks and turns toward her. As he does we see THE CHAIN AND RING AREN'T THERE, the wall is COMPLETELY EMPTY.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Started working on the place after graduation. I put in more thermostats, two more power boxes so we're on three circuits now, with a backup generator out back. *

Tim nods absentmindedly, taking it all in. Barely notices the POTTED PLANTS spread out along the back wall.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Tim is in the closet, reaching up above the shelf and feeling around in the small space in between. Kaylie watches, smiling a little, as he FINDS WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR.

He pulls down a PLASTIC POLICE BADGE and smiles.

KAYLIE

(warmly, remembering)

You gonna arrest me, Tim-bo? *

TIM

(smiles, looking around)

You've kept the place up, it looks like.

KAYLIE

Keeping up the house was the easy part. Finding the mirror was the tough part.

Tim's smile fades.

TIM

And you found it how?

KAYLIE

The auction house that handled mom and dad's estate took interns. I got myself in sophomore year, graduated and made sure I got the job. I had to be one of the Property Buyers to be in a position to find it, though, and that's tough. It usually takes ten years. *

TIM

And you're already a Buyer?

KAYLIE

I apparently fucked my way right to the middle.

She looks at her watch.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

I've got to get started. Will you
help me move it before you leave?

*
*

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Quick CU's of objects in the bright, white room - VIDEO
CAMERAS. HD MONITORS. CASES OF BOTTLED WATER. AN IV STAND.
MORE PLANTS.

We hear the THUMP, THUMP, THUMP of people moving something
heavy in the hallway. Tim and Kaylie carefully MOVE THE
MIRROR, WRAPPED UP TIGHTLY IN PROTECTIVE LINENS, INTO THE
ROOM.

TIM

(exerting himself)

How the hell did you expect to get
this thing in here yourself?

KAYLIE

I didn't.

*

Tim spots heavy WOODEN BRACES set up at the front of the
room, presumably to hold the mirror, and starts to move it
toward them.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Not yet. Over here for now.

They LEAN IT AGAINST THE WALL, not in the front of the room,
but off to the side. Kaylie IMMEDIATELY GOES TO WORK
UNWRAPPING IT.

*

Tim looks around the room. Everything seems POINTED AT THE
WALL where the braces are. THREE VIDEO CAMERAS are
triangulated for maximum coverage, hooked up to a BANK OF
MONITORS in the back of the room.

*

Next to that is an AV CART, stacked with food. Three silver
ALARM CLOCKS sit on the top. Tim frowns, a little SHOCKED at
how far she's taking it, unprepared for how elaborate this
plan of hers is. It seems to UNSETTLE HIM.

*
*
*

Tim's eyes focus on an area at the front of the room, and the
color DRAINS FROM HIS FACE AS HE REALIZES WHERE HE'S LOOKING -

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - NIGHT

For just a second, the office is AS IT WAS, dark and full of his father's furniture. Tim is looking at ALAN'S BLEEDING BODY, slumped down IN FRONT OF THE HANGING MIRROR. *

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Tim SHARPLY INHALES, banishing the vision. Kaylie notices. He turns his attention to the only FLAW in the pristine walls - TWO JAGGED HOLES IN THE CENTER OF THE WALL - just above the wooden braces. *

As he examines the holes, Kaylie has removed the protective linens from the mirror and DRAPES A LARGE SHEET across it. She looks at her watch. *

He glances UP, seeing an odd LONG BEAM stretched out on the ceiling above him. Attached to the beam are two VERY SHARP METAL BLADES, parallel triangles. *

TIM

What's that? *

KAYLIE

(casually)

It's a yacht anchor. Kill switch. *

Tim looks up at, suddenly VERY UNEASY. IT LOOKS DANGEROUS. *

She HITS THE BUTTONS on the remotes, and Tim sees the RED LIGHTS GO ON on the cameras. She tosses the remotes into the corner, looking back over her shoulder at Tim. *

KAYLIE (CONT'D) *

I've got to get started. Are you going or staying? *

Tim stands there, unable to decide. His eyes go back to the ANCHOR SUSPENDED ON THE CEILING, to the SHARP METAL BLADES sticking down toward the floor. *

Kaylie turns to the cameras. *

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Hello. My name is Kaylie Ann Russell. I'm 24 years old. I'm with my brother, Timothy Alan Russell -

She looks at him affectionately.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Alan, of course, after his father.

Tim winces slightly.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

He is 21 years and four days old.

It is -

(checks watch)

4:15 PM, Pacific Standard Time, on
October 13th, and we are at 2705
Hawthorne Way. I'll begin by
detailing my precautions before I
place and uncover the glass.

Tim leans back against the wall, watching her sadly. Seeing
her like this, he knows he can't go. *

*

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

There are three cameras, each on
its own independent power circuit
in case I have problems with them,
so if any anomalies occur there can
be a lucent, objective record.

She moves to the table, grabbing the phone and holding them
up to the cameras.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

I have two land-lines with private
lines and numbers purely for
today's experiment, along with my
cell phone, and I will now ask my
brother for his phone so that I may
control all electronic
communication devices. *

*

*

She turns to him, holding out her hand. Tim stares at her
hand. If he hands it to her, he's part of it. He looks at her
face, reserved but hopeful, trusting ... and HANDS HER THE
PHONE. *

*

*

*

*

TIM

I just got this, you know. *

*

KAYLIE

Thank you, Tim-bo. *

*

He watches exactly where she places it on her cart. While
she's there, Kaylie turns to the alarm clocks, picking them
up to show the cameras. *

*

*

*

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

This alarm is set to go off every
45 minutes, to remind me to change
the tapes in the cameras. *

*

(MORE)

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

This alarm is set to go off hourly,
to remind us to eat. So, no Robert
Clancy situations for us.

*
*

TIM

Am I supposed to know who that is?

She heads to the corner, pointing to the bottled water and IV stands.

KAYLIE

We're fully stocked on bottled
water, and have IV drips just in
case we're really worried about
dehydration. Too many have gone
that way.

She smiles at Tim, confident.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

As for the house itself, each room
is fitted with its own thermostat,
from which data is collected by
custom software designed to track
and record temperature fluctuations
in hospitals. Any temperature
changes greater than five degrees
in either direction will set off an
alarm.

Kaylie glances again at her watch.

*

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

A third precaution is also in
place, but I'll get into that in a
few more minutes, so ...

She takes her place at the center of the room again, looking
right into the lens and speaking with authority.

*
*

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

The purpose of today's experiment
is to gather and document evidence
that the object to my right, which
from this point I'll refer to as
the Lasser Glass, is an object of
innate supernatural characteristics
which manifest themselves in
predictable and quantifiable ways.

Tim covers his face with his hand, shaking his head as he
hears his own former delusion spoken out loud by his sister.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Because there's no scientific term
equivalent to the word "haunted,"
we'll just say this object is
responsible for at least forty five
deaths in the four centuries of its
recorded existence -

*
*
*

TIM

Can I just stop you a second?

He picks up a remote to turn off a camera. Kaylie turns,
SNATCHING THE REMOTE FROM HIS HAND and turning it immediately
back on.

KAYLIE

Don't ever turn off a camera.

*
*

TIM

(beat)

Sorry.

*

Kaylie grabs a FOLDER FULL OF DOCUMENTS off the table.

*

KAYLIE

The origin of the mirror is
unknown, so I can't provide a
complete history. But the trail
starts in London in 1754.

*
*
*
*
*

She pulls a PRINTOUT from the file, a PAINTING OF A WELL-
DRESSED MAN, and holds it out to the nearest camera.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Philip Lasser, the 17th Earl of
Leicester, acquired the mirror and
hung it over his grand fireplace -

*
*

On the table, HER CELL PHONE RINGS.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Ahh, okay. Another precaution ...
(she answers)
Hi, whacha doing?

*
*

CUT TO:

INT. ELIOT'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Eliot sits at his desk, phone to his ear. On the desk, we see
a FRAMED PICTURE OF HE AND KAYLIE, all smiles.

ELIOT

Well, I'm checking in, uh, as requested. You all right?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

KAYLIE

Everything's fine so far. Could you do me a favor and try to call on the hour? It's about seven past.

ELIOT (O.S.)

Uh, sure. Of course. Is everything okay with your brother? *

KAYLIE

It's all good. Talk to you in 53 minutes.

(softer, a little shy)

And I love you.

She hangs up, and turns to the camera.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

I'm expecting regular calls from my fiancée, Eliot Dumont. I asked him to check in on the excuse that I'm nervous to be spending time with my recently un-incarcerated brother - *

TIM

Wow -

KAYLIE

- with instructions to notify the authorities immediately if I do not answer the phone.

TIM

(raising his hand)

In the room.

KAYLIE

(to Tim)

It was the simplest route to the desired result. *

(back to the cameras) *

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Lasser. So Philip Lasser's wife, Virginia, was later found in their grand fireplace, burned beyond recognition. Philip was never found at all. While his estate was dismantled and scattered throughout southern England, one of the family's stewards claimed to see Philip reflected in the mirror, or wandering the castle at night -

*
*
*

She holds up an old document with a VATICAN SEAL.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

- an allegation apparently taken seriously enough to warrant a church investigation into the house. The glass - thereafter known as the Lasser Glass - is sold in public auction in 1758.

*

She holds the document to the cameras, and then hands it to Tim as if he is her assistant. He looks at it, frowning.

*

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

The next known owner is an American railroad tycoon named Robert Clancy, 1864. Clancy apparently weighed over 300 pounds; in fact he was known to his friends as the South Windham Whale.

*
*
*
*

She produces a black and white picture of a very large, very well-dressed man.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

He hung the mirror in his ballroom in Atlanta. Later that same year, Robert Clancy is photographed by a local newspaper -

She holds up a scanned NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPH of a much thinner man, almost emaciated.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

- in which he appears to weigh no more than one hundred pounds. Unfortunately he and his estate, and the glass, are presumably destroyed in Sherman's March to the ocean in 1865. After that, the glass is lost until it resurfaces in turn-of-the-century New England.

*
*
*

Tim shakes his head, his patience running thin as Kaylie produces a new set of more modern photographs.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

The next owner of note, Mary O'Connor, lists the mirror in her estate inventory. The mirror hangs in her private bathroom for only two weeks, and the case probably wouldn't have been so well documented if not for the strange circumstances surrounding her death.

*
*
*

Kaylie produces old newspaper headlines.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Her niece Beatrice came to visit in March of 1904, and she found her aunt dead in the bathtub. Now, the official coroner's report lists the cause of death as - get this - dehydration. The woman died of thirst while soaking in a full tub for three days.

Tim clears his throat, watching his sister with a growing sadness.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

That's just the beginning of that family's troubles with the glass. Less than a month after moving into her late aunt's home, Beatrice suffers a complete and total mental breakdown. Her sanity is just gone. She kills two of her five children with her bare hands, and it takes three officers to pull her from the third. Her psychiatric admission papers describe her behavior as almost feral.

*

Kaylie looks at Tim, as if this should have special meaning to him. He looks back, stone-faced.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

The next case of note is Alice Carden in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Estate papers says that she hung the mirror in her nursery, this would have been in 1943.

*

*

(MORE)

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Neighbors reported hearing screams and loud bangs from the house, and local police were dispatched. The children were found drowned in a locked cistern. Alice herself is found near death in the nursery.

She holds up a gruesome crime scene photo.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Both of her legs are completely shattered. Multiple fractures. Her left arm is broken in four places and six of her ribs are crushed. In her right hand is a large hammer, presumably what she's been using to break her own bones. When the police find her, she'd been trying to crack open her own skull. Her right arm, though, was completely unharmed. Because she needed it to wield the hammer.

She turns to Tim, who is visibly disturbed by the story. Kaylie seems to be losing herself in thought.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Alice later says she believed she was tucking the children into their beds as she sealed them in the cistern. She never recovers from her injuries. Oh, the family kept several dogs at the farm, including an Australian shepherd, for the children ...

She trails off, looking out into the hallway, and for just a moment we see MASON, the LARGE YELLOW LAB, TROT BY THE OPEN DOOR ... Kaylie stares at it, lost in the memory when -

AN ALARM CLOCK SQUAWKS. Tim is STARTLED, but Kaylie doesn't flinch. She turns to him, shaking off her memory.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Let's eat.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - MOMENTS LATER

Kaylie and Tim sit on the floor. Tim looks skeptically at the protein bar in his hand while Kaylie chows down. He looks up at the covered mirror against the wall.

*

TIM

Who exactly are you talking to. On those tapes.

Kaylie looks at him, a little unprepared for the question. *

KAYLIE

Hmmm. All the people who stared. Pointed. The kids at school who always found out. I guess I'm talking to everyone who never believed me.

(beat)

I gotta be honest, I never expected that to include you.

TIM

(leans in, softly)

We were kids, we made up a scary, fantastic story so we wouldn't have to accept that our dad was just a crazy, violent, sick man who tortured and murdered our - *

Kaylie SLAPS him across the face.

KAYLIE

You can call me crazy all you like. But you're not allowed to talk about him that way.

She drops her power bar and stands, heading back toward the cameras. Her body language is more determined now, defiant.

She grabs another set of PRINTOUTS, thrusting the first at the camera.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Toby Capp, 1955, starved to death in his own bedroom.

Tim watches her play to the cameras, rubbing his cheek. His patience is waning as well.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

The mirror was hung over his dresser. He had a pet Dalmatian. *

(flips the page) *

1965, California. The mirror hangs in the lobby of the World Trust Bank in San Diego. A teller, Marcia Wicker, locks her manager in the bank vault and then chews through a live power line. 1975, Marisol -

TIM

Kaylie -

Kaylie holds up a picture of a woman's dead body. We note the distinctive BRAID ON HER HEAD.

KAYLIE

- Marisol Chavez dies in her bedroom of hemorrhaging due to a miscarriage. In her night stand they find every single one of her teeth in a little plastic bag, and a pair of bloody pliers. 1997 ...

TIM

The cluster effect.

Kaylie looks at him impatiently.

TIM (CONT'D)

When unrelated events are put together in a way that creates the illusion of meaning. The difference between causality and correlation -

*

KAYLIE

I know the difference, thank you.

TIM

Okay then. San Diego, 1994, a man walks into a McDonalds and shoots everyone dead. No mirror. Tianenman Square, no mirror. Hitler's bunker, 1945. No mirror.

KAYLIE

Can I get back to this now?

TIM

To more gruesome, coincidental stories? Let's get down to it, Kaylie. Let's talk about why we're really here.

*

*

*

Kaylie stares at him for a few seconds, a small smile on the corner of her mouth.

KAYLIE

Let's. I was nearly there when you interrupted me.

She carefully removes a PORTRAIT OF THEIR FAMILY from her file.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

1997. The mirror adorns the home office of Alan Russell, husband to Marie Russell, father to Timothy and Kaylie Russell. Within a month of its arrival, Marie suffers an intense psychological breakdown, and is tortured and murdered in the family home.

She holds a CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPH OF HER MOTHER, crumpled and dead on the floor.

TIM

By whom?

Kaylie shoots him a rueful look.

TIM (CONT'D)

By her husband.

KAYLIE

So say the police reports.

TIM

And her husband was killed, shot to death, by her own son. *

(beat)

Right in front of her daughter. *

They lock eyes for a few moments, and then Kaylie carefully places her research file back on the cart, and glances at her watch.

KAYLIE

I intend to prove that none of the people I've just described were culpable for their actions. They were victims of a supernatural force, a force that resides in the object to my right - *

She turns, facing the mirror.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

The Lasser Glass. Though, I suspect it has another name that we've just lost to time.

TIM

So why don't we just end it right now, and smash the goddamned thing?

Kaylie turns to him. *

KAYLIE

(quietly)

You really don't remember, do you?

Tim looks at her for a few moments, when suddenly a FLASH -

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - NIGHT

- of Little Tim and Little Kaylie SHOUTING as they SWING IRON GOLF CLUBS AT THE HANGING MIRROR IN THE DARK ROOM -

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

*

Tim looks at Kaylie, stoic.

TIM

Remember what?

Kaylie steps aside, gesturing toward the mirror.

KAYLIE

Please, smash it. By all means.

Tim smirks, happy to call her bluff. He picks up her METAL STOOL, lifts it up, and approaches the mirror. He reaches up, PULLING DOWN THE COVER, and looking at the glass.

TIM

You know, when people can't process something horrible, the mind creates all kinds of protections to help them cope. Easier to believe the fantastic lie than the ugly truth.

*

*

He turns toward Kaylie, stool in his hands.

TIM (CONT'D)

And once that belief has taken root, the brain can take random information and force it to support the pre-existing conclusion.

He lowers the stool as he steps back toward his sister.

TIM (CONT'D)

How many thousands of records did you have to pour through to find twelve or thirteen that supported your case?

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

I know it was a lot, because I did the same thing before I got the help I needed. So please. Let me help you.

KAYLIE

Why did you put the stool down?

Tim blinks, looking at the stool on the floor, right where he placed it.

TIM

Because I'm trying to have a conversation with you.

KAYLIE

Uh huh.

(back to the camera)

Only one person we know of was documented trying to break the mirror.

*
*
*

Another photograph comes out of her file.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Oliver Jeffries, at teacher at the McLean School in New York, where the mirror hung in the central lecture hall.

(to Tim)

One Tuesday morning, in front of his class, he brandished a fireplace poker and walked to the glass, shouting at the top of his lungs about the need for its destruction. But campus security didn't need to restrain him, because he never struck a blow. Or even raised his arm. According to the dozens of eyewitnesses, he ceased mid-sentence, stood motionless for moment, turned and walked out of the hall and into traffic, where he was struck and killed by a city bus.

*
*
*
*

TIM

(beat)

You know why I didn't smash the mirror, Kaylie? Besides you getting fired, or charged with destruction of someone's valuable property, it isn't mine to break. I've dealt with my delusion.

*
*
*
*
*
*

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

You're going to have to overcome
yours yourself, just like I had to.
Nobody can break it for you.

*
*
*

Kaylie LOOKS AT HER WATCH, smiling.

*

KAYLIE

Which leads me to my final
precaution.

She walks to one of the cameras, TILTING THE TRIPOD so the
camera can see the odd MECHANISM ON THE CEILING.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

You're looking at a 50-pound
sailboat anchor, attached to a
modified ballast rail. This setup
uses no electricity, which is very
important for its success. It's a
spring-pin lock connected to a
common, mechanical kitchen timer.
And we are at about -
(she checks the watch)
Fifteen seconds.

*
*

Tim follows the wires leading down from the mechanism to a
KITCHEN CLOCK he hadn't noticed amid the other alarm clocks
earlier. Kaylie GENTLY PUSHES HIM OUT OF THE WAY.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

If the timer holding the mechanism
is not manually re-set every 30
minutes, that is if no one here is
able to tell it to stop -

Kaylie looks up, raising her arm to hold Tim back as the
timer DINGS -

AND THE DEADLY SHARP, DOUBLE-BLADED ANCHOR SWINGS DOWN, RIGHT
INTO THE EMPTY SPACE ABOVE THE WOODEN MIRROR BRACES, SMASHING
INTO THE CENTER OF THE OFFICE WALL with loud BANG.

*
*
*

Tim looks with wide eyes - this is very dangerous, he was
right to be scared for her.

*
*

TIM

This ... could be a little
dangerous, Kaylie -

*

KAYLIE

(pointing to the kill
spot)

The mirror goes right there.
(MORE)

*
*

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

And the only thing to prevent that
from happening again ...

(beat)

Is our continued survival. *

She looks to the wall, where the anchor is embedded. *

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS *

Marie tends to the plants, but is coming to the realization
that all of them have withered and died. She searches, hoping
for any sign of life, but there's nothing.

EXT. FAMILY ROOM (THEN) - LATER *

Little Kaylie watches TV on the couch, Tim roams the area
behind the couch, gun in hand, looking for trouble. Everyone
is happy, then the DOOR from the OFFICE opens. *

ALAN *

I need you guys in here for a
minute, please.

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Alan sits on the edge of his desk, facing Kaylie and Tim. *

ALAN

I thought I was pretty clear when I
asked you two not to play in here.

LITTLE KAYLIE *

(confused) *

We don't play in here, daddy.

LITTLE TIM

I don't like it in here.

ALAN

Well someone's playing in here. I
don't play, I know mommy doesn't
play. So look at this.

He points out a SPOT on the floor, where a number of his
OFFICE SUPPLIES and BOOKS have been bizarrely arranged. *

ALAN (CONT'D)

You know, I can hear you guys
bumping around down here at night.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

And I was a kid once, too. So don't think you're pulling one over on me.

LITTLE KAYLIE

We didn't do it, dad.

*

ALAN

Okay, well, nobody's going to be playing in here from now on.

*

Alan stands, escorting them toward the door.

*

ALAN (CONT'D)

And if you guys been messing with your mother's plants, knock that off too.

As Kaylie steps out of the office, she sees a DEAD PLANT on the end-table in the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - LATER

The mirror is now SET ON ITS BRACES, right in the path of the kill-switch, which Tim helps Kaylie crank back into position before she SETS THE KITCHEN TIMER.

*

*

TIM

So you're all about the scientific method. You know what dead plants are evidence of, to me? Problems with the water supply, maybe a bad tank. And I remember drinking out of a Brita filter, so ...

*

*

*

*

*

*

She picks up her CRIME SCENE PHOTOS, handing them to Tim as she heads to the cameras to CHANGE TAPES.

KAYLIE

Oliver Jeffries, dead plants in the classroom. Our friend Toby Capp, dead plants all over his bedroom. The garden service employed by the Sun Trust Bank was looking for a reasonable explanation, because they had dead plants all over the place.

Tim picks up a PLANT, right off the floor in front of him.

TIM
Live plant.

INT. HALLWAY (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Tim steps out in the hallway, where several plants, all alive, sit in ceramic pots.

TIM
Live plants here in the hallway. *
Live plants down this way. These're *
your rules, by the way.

KAYLIE *
Give it time. And it wasn't just *
the plants it fed on, you know.
There was another variable, too.

Kaylie casually picks up the dog cage.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Dog!

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - MOMENTS LATER

Dog looks timidly out from his CAGE as Kaylie places it against the mirror. She DRAPES A TOWEL over the cage and backs away. *
*

KAYLIE *
Sorry, dog.

BEEP BEEP BEEP - an alarm goes off. Kaylie casually turns it off. *

KAYLIE (CONT'D)
(to Tim)
Hydrate.

Tim looks nervously back at the covered cage in front of the mirror, and then at the window. In the fading daylight, he can suddenly see YOUNG TIM AND KAYLIE out on the lawn, surrounding Mason, the yellow lab -

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD (THEN) - DAY

Little Kaylie and Tim are trying to play with Mason, but they can't snap him out of his lethargy. *
*

LITTLE TIM

C'mon, boy. C'mon, Mason. Chase a stick! Chase a stick!

Mason compacts himself into a defensive posture. Eyes focused completely toward the house, directly at the office. A low-rumble of a GROWL escapes his jaws. *

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Marie looks a little shocked and angry as Alan holds up a HANDGUN.

ALAN

Look, you're the one all freaked out that we weren't safe, saying you thought you saw someone down here - *

MARIE

That doesn't make me feel safer! Quite the opposite! *

ALAN

(exasperated)
Fine, I'll lock it up.
(off her silence)
Unloaded. In the desk. Where it'll really come in handy during an emergency. *

She turns to leave.

ALAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

You grotesque cow.

Marie stops cold. She turns back to him. Alan is putting the gun in the drawer like nothing happened.

MARIE

What did you call me? *

ALAN

What?

Marie stares at him. He shrugs, annoyed. She turns to leave, stealing a glimpse at her reflection in the mirror -

WHERE HER REFLECTION LOOKS DIFFERENT - the difference is subtle, but the reflection is much less flattering than the reality. She frowns and walks out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Marie glances out the window, checking in on the kids. They're standing in the yard, looking down at Mason. Marie turns and almost steps in -

A DOG ACCIDENT ON THE CARPET, A WIDE, WET STAIN.

MARIE

Oh, goddammit.

MARIE RETURNS WITH A WAD OF PAPER TOWELS.

She bends down to press them over the spot, when she sees ANOTHER SPOT six feet away.

TIM APPEARS around the corner. *

LITTLE TIM

Mommy, I think Mason's sick.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSELL'S BEDROOM (THEN) - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Marie is AWOKEN by the sounds of BARKING, and SCRATCHING. She looks over to Alan, but HE'S NOT THERE.

INT. LANDING OF STAIRS (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Marie descends, in a robe, and sees Mason SCRATCHING and BARKING at the office door.

She can see a light on inside the office. She reaches down to pull Mason away, and MASON BITES HER ARM.

MARIE

Oww - Jesus!

Hustling, in pain, Marie reaches for the doorknob to the office, turns it as she moves forward, but it's LOCKED.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Alan!

ALAN (O.S.)

(through office door)

I'm working. *

Marie scoffs a bit, and then PRESSES HER EAR TO THE DOOR. She can HEAR a HUSHED VOICE, almost certainly female, when SUDDENLY -

*
*
*

THE DOOR OPENS. Alan stands in his pajamas, looking at her with utter contempt. She notices several of his fingertips are WRAPPED IN BAND-AIDS.

*

MARIE

Who were you talking to?

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Marie walks past him and into the office. A quick scan of the area shows there's NO ONE else there. There's no other door, nowhere to hide.

She stops when she sees her REFLECTION, which is even worse - and less consistent with her actual appearance - than before.

Her face looks sunken, pale. Her stomach seems to protrude too much. She utters a tiny, surprised WHIMPER, and PULLS THE CORNERS OF HER ROBE tighter in front of her to hide it.

MARIE

(a bit exasperated)

Were you going to do something about the god-damn barking?

Alan shakes his head, no idea what she's talking about.

*

MARIE (CONT'D)

There's something wrong with the dog. He bit me.

*

ALAN

Jesus, are you okay?

INT. STAIRWELL (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

*

We move upstairs, as the argument begins in earnest.

*

MARIE (O.S.)

(muffled)

You're lost in your own world here -

INT. KAYLIE'S BEDROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Kaylie lies awake in bed, listening to the argument unfold.

ALAN (O.S.)
(muffled)
I work hard, you're going to
criticize that?

MARIE (O.S.)
I've seen you work hard, I've
supported you working hard. This is
not that -

ALAN (O.S.)
When you start your own business,
it's all on you -

MARIE (O.S.)
I know that!

ALAN (O.S.)
And we said! We said it would be
tougher, the first year!

Kaylie turns, pulling her PILLOW OVER HER HEAD to drown out
the noise.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSSELL HOME (THEN) - MORNING

Still dew on the lawn, and there's early activity inside the
Russell home. Lights come on in the foyer. *

INT. FOYER (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Alan is nearly out the door, in his nicest golf clothes with
his nearly new top-of-the-line clubs, when he sees that
little Kaylie and Tim are at the top of the stairs. Kaylie
alert, Tim yawning, hair askew.

ALAN
Hey, guys, special favor today. I
have to go play golf with a client,
already missed it once. But I'm
serious, stay out of my office.
Okay? *

LITTLE KAYLIE
Okay, daddy. *

INT. RUSSELL'S BEDROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Marie is up, at the door. She can see her children at the edge of the steps, and hear everything.

*ALAN (O.S.)
Tim, you got that?*

*LITTLE TIM
Yes sir.*

Marie carefully closes the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM (THEN) - LATER

Marie has rubber gloves on, a bucket and scrub brush. Cleaning up more dog stains. Her every move punctuated by MASON, standing before the office door. Mason alternately whines and scratches, whines and scratches.

*MARIE
Fine!*

*She gets up, slowly, from her knees. THROUGH THE WINDOW, she sees the kids playing in the yard. Tim the cop chasing Kaylie the crook. **

INT. HALLWAY (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Marie joins Mason outside the office door.

*MARIE
You wanna go in, you're going in.*

She opens the door, Mason scampers inside, she SLAMS the door shut behind him.

*MARIE (CONT'D)
Go shit on Mr. Gates' carpet.*

*She leans on the door, and Mason suddenly starts SCRATCHING AND BARKING TO GET OUT. Marie frowns, having second thoughts. After a few moments she reaches for the knob, but IT'S LOCKED. **

*MARIE (CONT'D)
Oh, shit.*

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY (THEN) - LATER

Little Kaylie and Tim sit Indian-style in the hallway, looking at the closed office door, LISTENING to the incessant SCRATCHING coming from inside, Mason now wanting out.

LITTLE TIM
Why can't we let him out?

LITTLE KAYLIE
Mom says he's grounded. *

They hear the FRONT DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE. Tim's eyes light up, and they hurry down the hall.

INT. LIVING ROOM (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

The kids arrive to see Marie has already cornered Alan, before he's even got his coat off.

MARIE
I'm tellin' you, we've gotta do something about that dog.

ALAN
Well hello to you, too.

MARIE
He was a wrecking ball all day, I had to lock him in your office - *

Suddenly annoyed, Alan moves past her, past the waiting Tim and Kaylie, toward the hallway. *

INT. HALLWAY (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Alan's heavy footfalls head to the office door. Key at the ready, it slides in, and he opens the door to REVEAL:

NO DOG. Mason is GONE.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

TIM
There's the problem. You're remembering it wrong.

Kaylie looks at the computer screen's THERMOSTAT LOG. She frowns - all readings are a constant 73 degrees.

KAYLIE

I promise, I'm not remembering it wrong.

Kaylie spins around, frustrated. She snatches up her files, thrusting pages at Tim.

TIM

You are, though. Mason wasn't -

KAYLIE

In these other cases, none of the animals were ever accounted for. Alice Cardin's Australian Shephard, Toby Capp's Dalmatian - the ones who had pets, they were never there when people came to claim the bodies.

TIM

Do you remember Mason toward the end? Vomiting, accidents all over the house. My therapist had me research Parvo-virus. It's a fatal canine illness, flagged by nausea, aggression, infected urine and stool which, incidentally, can kill plants.

(beat)

So what about this?

*
*
*
*

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM (THEN) - EVENING

Alan and Marie look on at the sick, panting dog Mason. A urine puddle spreading out from his prostrate form.

ALAN

I'll take him to the vet. Tomorrow.

Marie nods at him, "the kids are close." He sees them out of the corner of his eye, listening from upstairs.

INT. STAIRWAY (THEN) - MORNING

Alan carries his golf bags as the kids look down on him.

ALAN

(lying)

Daddy won't be home today, he's going golfing with a client.

EXT. BACKYARD (THEN) - DUSK

Marie joins in with the kids in a little game of tag, AS WE MOVE TO:

EXT. FRONTYARD (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Alan secretly loads Mason into the car.

INT. LIVING ROOM (THEN) - LATER

Marie answers the phone, steps aside so kids don't hear. In the background, they watch TV.

*ALAN (O.S.)
(from phone)
Bad news. I don't think we're both
coming home.*

INT. KITCHEN (THEN) - LATER

Marie makes tomorrow's lunches as Tim and Kaylie enter.

*LITTLE KAYLIE
Mommy, where's Mason?*

*MARIE
Oh, he's uh, he's grounded.*

INT. LIVING ROOM (THEN) - LATER

Alan and Marie cuddle on the couch, a glass of wine each, like they're recounting their day.

*ALAN
(little laugh)
Grounded?*

*MARIE
I panicked.
(laughs)
Oh god, what do we tell them?*

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Kaylie's heard enough.

*
*
*
*

KAYLIE

No, you're wrong. I saw mom lock him in the office. And I sat outside that door all day. Nobody went in or out.

TIM

Have you ever heard of the fuzzy trace theory of human psychology?

KAYLIE

No, but I'm gonna guess you have.

TIM

I'm actually the star of a psychiatric journal article about it. Humans encode information mentally as "fuzzy traces". Meant to convey a general meaning rather than an exact record. In fact, adults have less accurate memories than children.

*

*

KAYLIE

This is horse shit, Tim.

*

TIM

And adults are more likely to blur the lines between separate and unrelated events into a single invented memory. You saw mom put the dog in the office on a number of occasions -

KAYLIE

My god, what did they do to you -

TIM

- before dad forbade anyone else from going in there. Those images fused with your memory of that day.

KAYLIE

Fine. You're the expert.

TIM

And it sucks because the further you get from the memories of childhood, the more likely you are to re-write them to fit your view of the world!

*

KAYLIE
(overlapping)
I feel sorry for you -

TIM
What's more likely, that you're mis-
remembering events from your
childhood, or that the mirror eats
dogs?

He suddenly YANKS the towel off the dog cage, revealing Dog -
alive and well in the cage.

TIM (CONT'D)
Oh look. It's Dog. *

KAYLIE
Give it some time. *
(beat)
A little time.

But when Tim looks away, we can see the Kaylie isn't so sure
anymore.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RUSSELL HOME (THEN) - NIGHT

*There is one light on at the Russell home - THE OFFICE LIGHT. **

INT. KAYLIE'S BEDROOM (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Little Kaylie is woken up by shouting coming from downstairs.

MARIE (O.S.)
(muffled)
*Who're you talking to in there? At
three in the morning?*

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

*Kaylie peeks around her door, to see Tim standing in his
door, also listening.*

INT. STAIRWELL (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

*Kaylie and Tim creep to the bottom of the stairs together.
Down the hall, the only light in the house is coming from the
OFFICE, where their parents are arguing.*

ALAN
You're crazy!

MARIE
I can hear you through the door!

ALAN
You're really losing it. There's a
burglar! The water's poisoned! You
just won't let this place be home!

Tim starts to cry. A soft WHIMPER ALERTS Marie of their
presence, and she and Alan LOOK AWKWARDLY UP AT THEM.

INT. KAYLIE'S BEDROOM (THEN) - LATER

Marie tucks Kaylie back into bed. Strokes her hair.

MARIE
I'm sorry we woke you up.

LITTLE KAYLIE
Are you fighting because of the
woman in the office?

MARIE
(beat)
The woman. In the office. What does
she look like? What was she doing?

LITTLE KAYLIE
I told you, the woman in the
office, standing behind daddy.

INT. KITCHEN (THEN) - LATER

Marie opens and closes the refrigerator. Glances down toward
the OFFICE DOOR, shut again, the light on.

INT. HALLWAY (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Marie puts her ear to the door, hears whispering, hushed
voices. The sound of a chair squeak. She starts to CRY.

A PHONE RINGS -

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Kaylie lifts her ringing phone. On the screen, the name ELIOT. She answers.

KAYLIE

Hi. Yeah, I'm fine. Ish. It's nothing. Thanks for calling, one hour.

(hangs up)

You've got to remember that woman, you saw her too!

*
*
*

TIM

I convinced myself I saw a lot of things. What did we really see? Mom yelling at dad in the middle of the night. *Mom* said she heard voices, it was probably just dad on the phone -

*

BEEP BEEP BEEP - SLAM, KAYLIE'S HAND HITS THE ALARM.

KAYLIE

That doesn't explain the woman I saw, through the window.

TIM

But when did you see her?

Kaylie starts CHANGING TAPES.

KAYLIE

The first time? We were playing in the yard -

TIM

Was mom at home?

KAYLIE

Mom was always home.

TIM

You're sure?

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD (THEN) - DAY

Little Tim comes to a half from playing with Kaylie. Sees Marie in the front yard, getting in the car to leave. Thinks nothing of it, resumes chasing Kaylie.

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Alan watches her drive away from the window. Turns to face the backyard, and sees the kids playing safely. He PICKS UP THE PHONE.

INT. KITCHEN, BACK DOOR OF HOUSE (THEN) - LATER

Alan opens the garage door, letting in a much younger WOMAN. They start to kiss right away.

ALAN

We've gotta be careful. Gotta keep an eye out for the kids.

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Alan and the woman are going for it on the desk, while the kids are visible playing through the window. As the woman spins OFF HIS LAP, stepping behind him while rubbing his shoulders and nibbling on his neck, Alan GLANCES UP -

KAYLIE'S BACK is pressed against the office window, Alan can see it clearly in the MIRROR.

ALAN

Shit!

Alan and the woman FREEZE as Kaylie TURNS, looking right at them in the mirror. After a moment they hear Kaylie GIGGLE through the window, then run off in the other direction. They can exhale again.

ALAN (CONT'D)

That's it. No more at the house.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM (THEN) - DINNER TIME

The same dinner and conversation AS BEFORE:

LITTLE KAYLIE

Daddy, who was that lady in your office today?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

TIM

He was having an affair, saint that he was. There were clearly massive problems in the marriage, look how it ended up!

Kaylie finishes changing a tape. Her strength seems to be waning, her face resigned and sad.

KAYLIE

No -

TIM

Our father was a cheater, it drove our mother crazy.

KAYLIE

Stop it.

*

TIM

He snapped, he killed her, probably would've done the same to us -

KAYLIE

Yeah, a bad marriage! That explains how mom had no teeth, no hair, no *mind* left by the time she died!

*

TIM

(gently)
Kaylie -

KAYLIE

And yeah, a bad marriage explains those other people we both saw that last night in the house!

TIM

We made that up!

KAYLIE

I had access to all of mom and dad's stuff. While you were getting brainwashed, I looked. Not one credit card receipt, phone call, flower order, nothing to suggest an affair -

*

*

TIM

He was smart enough to not leave a trail!

In the cage, under the towel, the DOG WHINES LOUDLY.

KAYLIE

(to Dog)

Quiet.

(to Tim)

I talked to his friends, his co-workers, went through every call he ever made, every meal charged to his Visa. If there was another woman, she was a ghost. I agree he was withdrawn, secretive, suspicious - sure, all signs of an affair, fine - I'm not saying he wasn't seduced, it's just a matter of what seduced him.

Kaylie reaches for a piece of gear.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Things have been happening in here while we argue, you know! Do you know the temperature in here has risen three degrees? Three degrees! And the phone lines are probably down by now, why don't you check.

Tim looks at her, sad. The dog WHINES AGAIN under the towel. He picks up a phone, it's a dial tone, but static.

TIM

Dial tone.

KAYLIE

Static? *

The dog WHINES. *

TIM

(beat) *

There's *some* static. *

KAYLIE

Oh, they did a bang up job on you in there. You were perfectly normal when they locked you up, you had to go bat-shit to get out -

A major, shrill WHINE from the dog in the cage.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Mason, stop your goddamned whining!

Tim snaps up at the mention of Mason's name.

TIM

That's it. I'm done. I know I'm supposed to wait for you to find your own road out of this, but I'm not going to sit here and let you torture a dog.

Tim goes to the cage to let Dog out. Whimpers intensify.

KAYLIE

What do you think you're doing?

TIM

Listen to it.

KAYLIE

Don't touch anything. I have a very specific -

TIM

Delusion. You have a very specific delusion.

Tim opens the cage to let Dog out, and Dog BITES HIS HAND, leaps out of the cage, BARKING HIS HEAD OFF as he RUNS FOR THE DOOR.

Tim is shocked, in pain. Kaylie grabs for the nearest camera, yanks monitor wire out the back to keep up. Tim chases the dog into the hallway.

INT. MAIN FOYER (NOW) - MOMENTS LATER

AT THE FRONT DOOR: Dog is going crazy - snarling, chewing wood, scratching. Tim stares the animal down, doesn't know what to do.

TIM

C'mon, boy. It's okay, shhh -

Tim reaches down, the dog SNAPS UP AT HIM, sends him recoiling. Kaylie CATCHES UP, struggling with the camera and tri-pod, trying to get footage of the frantic dog. *

TIM (CONT'D)

Calm down, calm down - *

Dog barks even louder.

TIM (CONT'D)

Fine! Jesus!

He reaches for the doorknob.

KAYLIE

Wait!

Tim opens the door, and Dog takes off into the night. Kaylie watches him disappear as though he's taking the credibility of her arguments with him.

TIM

(off his wounded hand)
Goddamn!

Kaylie turns to him, glaring.

TIM (CONT'D)

What?

Rather than give him the satisfaction of seeing doubt in her face, she turns, picks up camera, heads back to the office. We see, but he does not, the TEARS WELL UP IN HER DESPERATE, UNCERTAIN EYES.

TIM (CONT'D)

Kaylie, I'm sorry ... look, let's get out of here. Go someplace without so many associations and really talk about this.

Kaylie STOPS, trying to keep her lip from quivering as the emotion takes over, and very slowly starts to NOD HER HEAD.

TIM (CONT'D)

(quietly)
Oh, Kaylie.

He steps toward her, reaching out to comfort her, but she SPINS AWAY, heading back toward the office -

WHERE SHE STOPS COLD IN THE DOORWAY.

TIM (CONT'D)

Kaylie?

Tim steps forward and looks into the office -

INSIDE THE OFFICE, EVERYTHING HAS BEEN PULLED TO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM. A TIGHT FORMATION OF IT.

KAYLIE

(smile spreading)
There it is! There it is!

Tim stands, mind UNABLE TO RECONCILE WHAT HE'S SEEING. He barely manages to shake his head "no" as Kaylie BOUNDS PAST HIM INTO THE ROOM, where she sees several of the PLANTS ARE DEAD.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Ha!

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Kaylie flits from thermostats to alarm clocks, consulting results. WE SEE the alarm clocks now all show DIFFERENT TIMES.

KAYLIE

Yes! Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

Behind her, Tim is just staring at the odd way the cameras are stacked. The tripods are all leaning against each other, creating a tight camera circle, lens pressed against lens. This creates video feedback in the monitors, an odd infinite pattern created by camera against camera. *

Kaylie turns the camera off, pops it into playback mode. The left side monitor lights up as she rewinds the tape. What she sees makes her smile.

Kaylie grabs another camera, hits record, frames herself. *

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

(on camera)

I'm now reviewing the tape of the events of the last -

(checks watch)

Oh, who am I kidding.

Kaylie turns the camera to the monitor showing her other cameras playback.

ON THE MONITOR:

Tim and Kaylie's previous argument, but NOW WE SEE that as they argue, they are ABSENTMINDEDLY STACKING THE EQUIPMENT IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM. *

TIM (O.S.)

(on tape)

Our father was a cheater, it drove our mother crazy.

KAYLIE (O.S.)

Stop it.

ON SCREEN, Tim and Kaylie work together to stack the cameras.

TIM (O.S.)

He snapped, he killed her, probably
would've done the same to us -

Back in the room, Kaylie turns the camera back on herself.

KAYLIE

These events transpired no more
than five minutes ago, and I can
assure you that neither one of us
has any recollection of moving the
objects. Correct, Tim?

TIM

Shit ...

KAYLIE

Is that correct?

TIM

I need my phone.

KAYLIE

Incidentally, the temperature in
the room has increased another four
degrees, to 79 degrees Fahrenheit.
We've now lost the ficus and the
blooming plants -

TIM

My phone?

KAYLIE

- which tells me that the dog
provided at least enough energy to
bait the shark.

Tim's looking for his phone in the pile.

TIM

I need to make a phone call.

KAYLIE

Tim, if you're gonna make a call,
you need to do it outside its
radius of influence.

Tim picks up his phone, looking up her with confused eyes.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Otherwise, there's no way of knowing what's really on the other side of that call.

Another phone RINGS. Tim DROPS HIS PHONE, jostled. Kaylie looks down, sees ELIOT on the CALLER ID, and calmly answers the phone. *

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Hello? I'm fine. An hour.

Kaylie smiles as she hangs up, picking up Tim's phone. *

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

We need to get out of this room for a while.

INT. LIVING ROOM (NOW) - MOMENTS LATER

Tim stands, looking shell-shocked. Kaylie, carrying a camera, films the plants closest to the hallway, which are all dead. The plants in the middle of room and outer perimeter are alive and well.

KAYLIE

Must've gotten more from the dog than I guessed. Its radius of influence appears to be ... 20 feet. Which means we're still good to go in the kitchen, laundry room, garage. The smaller upstairs bedrooms and the yard. Front and back. For now.

(to Tim)

If you want to make your call, I'd do it from the street. Just to be sure. *

TIM

Why are you doing this?

KAYLIE

(beat, blinks) *

Sweetheart, it's not me. I promise you. *

She reaches out to touch his arm. He shakes it off, flinches violently back.

TIM

Don't touch me! Whatever point this sick prank is supposed ... it's not funny, okay?

He starts to walk toward the door.

KAYLIE

You can go. But think about it, there's no way I could've staged this. Something else is happening here. So if you leave, you're leaving me alone with it.

Tim turns and walks out the front door.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - MOMENTS LATER

Tim angrily paces back and forth. Head down in concentration, phone in hand to dial Dr. Graham. He looks back at the house, into the brightly lit office, with the mirror on the wall.

On the other side of house, through the living room windows, he can see Kaylie wipe a tear with the back of her hand. Motionless in center of the room, she picks up her camera, and goes right back to business.

No matter how many times he dials the number, the phone's not working. He hits talk, puts the phone to his ear, and hears:

VOICE

Tim.

He looks up -

INT. FOYER (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

- RIGHT INTO KAYLIE'S EYES. Tim SITS ON THE FLOOR AGAINST THE FRONT DOOR, phone in hand. Kaylie touches his shoulder, concerned.

KAYLIE

Tim?

Tim SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET, disoriented.

TIM

How did I get back in here?

KAYLIE

What do you mean? You walked over here and sat down -

TIM
I was outside.

KAYLIE
(eyes excited)
No, you weren't - did you think you
were? Would you mind saying it on
camera?

Tim spins around, looking lost. Kaylie takes him by the arm.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)
Hey. It's because you're still here
that I know we're going to win. It
only gets really bad when people
are alone.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM (THEN) - DAY

*A distracted, zoned-out Marie sits alone, quiet and still, as
little Tim and Kaylie are in constant motion, running and
playing loudly all around her. Louder and louder, until -* *

MARIE
Quiet, quiet, quiet, quiet!

The kids stop moving, eyes wide.

MARIE (CONT'D)
*Sorry, sorry, just play quietly.
Mommy's not feeling well.*

INT. HALLWAY (THEN) - LATER

*Little Tim and Kaylie play Chutes and Ladders. In the
background, they can hear the drone of a vacuum cleaner. Tim
sees that Kaylie isn't into the game.* *
*

LITTLE TIM
*You want Operation instead? I know
you like it better.*

*Kaylie snaps to enough for a smile, Tim gets up, walks down
the hallway, to glance into the OFFICE.*

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Tim stops at the doorway to the office, glances in to see Marie standing PERFECTLY STILL, vacuum running and forgotten, running her fingers over her stomach.

INT. DINING ROOM (THEN) - EVENING

Marie moves away from the table, where a half-assed "dinner" of toast and cereal awaits the just-sitting kids.

LITTLE KAYLIE
(settling in)
When's daddy coming home?

MARIE
How should I know?

LITTLE TIM
You don't know when daddy's coming home?

MARIE
I don't know where he is. I know where he says he is.
(beat)
Kaylie, tell me more about the woman in the office.

Kaylie stares at her mother, pondering how to answer and afraid of being yelled at again.

LITTLE KAYLIE
I haven't seen her.

LITTLE TIM
I have.

MARIE
When?

LITTLE TIM
Last night.

She flinches at the words, despite her best efforts.

LITTLE TIM (CONT'D)
But she wasn't in the office. She was on the stairs.

MARIE
What was she doing?

*
*

*

LITTLE TIM

I didn't look. I was scared. I think she went back into the office.

(beat)

I think she lives there.

MARIE sits back, looking down the hall at the closed office door.

MARIE

You two go upstairs and play. Quietly, okay?

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - LATER

Marie enters, heading right for the desk. She tries the main drawer, but it is LOCKED. She turns on the COMPUTER, but a screen comes up reading "PASSWORD PROTECTED" with a prompt.

Frustrated, she tugs on the drawer, and the lock gives. Pulling it open, all looks normal. She's relieved until she spots a sheaf of papers, sees a small scribble at the bottom of a top page, clearly reading "MARISOL."

Eyes wide and hurt, she flips through pages. Every few pages there is another "MARISOL", written in various doodle forms. She starts to cry, she's got evidence ... *

She tries to hold it together. But then her anger flares, and she brushes everything off the desk, first with a fast sweep, then a more violent second one.

She picks up a marble pen-dock and in her frustration, and FLINGS IT TOWARD THE MIRROR, MISSING BY AN INCH. *

THE LIGHT BULBS IN THE ROOM SUDDENLY FLICKER.

MARIE gasps as she sees her REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR. She approaches, horrified by her own reflection - NOW A HIDEOUS, BLOATED, UNATTRACTIVE VERSION OF HERSELF. As she nears, she can't resist peeling up her shirt, revealing a NASTY, INFLAMED, PUS-FILLED C-SECTION SCAR. *

INT. TIM'S ROOM (THEN) - LATER

Distraught Kaylie sits on the edge of Tim's bed, before he can stop her. She instantly FEELS SOMETHING WET ON HER HAND, investigates and sees the BED IS WET. Tim looks away, embarrassed.

LITTLE TIM

Sorry, I don't like to go to the bathroom at night. That weird lady is always on the stairs.

LITTLE KAYLIE

(beat)

I've seen her on the stairs, too.

LITTLE TIM

You lied to mom.

LITTLE KAYLIE

I didn't want to make her sadder.

LITTLE TIM

That lady lives in the mirror.

LITTLE KAYLIE

What're you talking about? Nobody can live in a mirror.

LITTLE TIM

She's not the only one.

They JUMP at the SCREAAAAMMM coming from the office downstairs, MARIE's sustained shriek.

INT. STAIRWAY (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

The KIDS FEET pounding on the stairs, scrambling downstairs, as MARIE's SCREAMING gets louder. They race down the hallway, into the office.

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

They stop in the doorway, where they see Marie standing inches from the mirror, screaming hysterically. Her shirt still pulled up, now revealing only a small, white scar, barely visible if at all. The kids FREAK OUT seeing her like that. *
*

LITTLE KAYLIE

Mommy! MOMMY!

She holds Tim. MARIE suddenly stops screaming. Stands perfectly still, blank and expressionless. Tim cries, clutching Kaylie's arm for support.

LITTLE TIM

Mommy?

She doesn't respond. Tim steps into the room, reaching for her.

Marie SPINS TOWARD TIM, SHRIEKING, lashing out at his face with her nails as Kaylie YANKS HIM BACK by his shirt -

*
*

But not before Marie cuts THREE GASHES INTO HIS CHEEK with her nails. He YELPS in surprise and pain.

INT. STAIRWAY (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

FEET SCRAMBLE ON THE STAIRS. Halfway up, the kids realize MARIE is CHASING AFTER THEM.

INT. KAYLIE'S ROOM (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Little Tim and Kaylie BURST into the door, PUSHING it shut behind them. As they do, Marie SLAMS against it from the outside, POUNDING on the door and SHRIEKING WORDLESSLY.

INT. FOYER (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Alan opens the front door, steps inside, and instantly HEARS the commotion upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Alan rounds the top of the stairs, and sees Marie SCRATCHING at the door, leaving BLOODY SCRATCHES IN THE PAINT.

ALAN

Marie!

He steps toward her and she turns, SPRINGING at him. He has no choice but to overpower her, wrapping her up in his arms even as she tries to break loose with FLAILING ARMS AND LEGS. All the while, she SCREAMS, SCRATCHES, anything not to be held down.

INT. KAYLIE'S ROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Tim and Kaylie TREMBLE as they hear the struggle outside their door. Kaylie looks at Tim's face, sees THREE SCRATCHED LINES OF BLOOD where his mother got him.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Alan has his arm hooked around Marie's neck as she thrashes. He holds her tightly, eyes bewildered and panicked. She kicks, but his grip cuts off her airway.

She stiffens, her struggle weakening as he asphyxiates her ... AND SLUMPS OVER, PASSING OUT. Alan PANTS, pushing her away, eyes wide and frightened. *

LITTLE KAYLIE

Daddy?

He turns, seeing the kids peering out their bedroom door.

ALAN

Go back in your room!

LITTLE TIM

But mommy -

ALAN

Mommy will be fine. Mommy's ... *

(beat) *

Get back in the room. Daddy has to think.

The kids back up, closing the door. He stares at Marie's unconscious form, noticing her MANGLED FINGERTIPS. BUT SHE'S BREATHING, and otherwise looks like his beautiful wife, sleeping peacefully.

He reaches for his phone, hands trembling. Dials 9-1-

AND STOPS.

Above him, the HALLWAY LIGHT FLICKERS. He stares at the phone for several long moments, a DULL EXPRESSION CREEPING ACROSS HIS FACE.

INT. KAYLIE'S ROOM (THEN) - LATER

Little Kaylie hears THUMPS in the hallway, and then the sound of a DOOR CLOSING. FOOTSTEPS. Little Tim looks on as Kaylie OPENS THE DOOR.

Alan is walking toward then down the hall, HOLDING MASON'S LAWN TETHER, A HAMMER, and a large METAL BOLT in his hands.

KAYLIE

Is mommy -

ALAN

Go to bed.

He steps past the door and Kaylie watches him go into the master bedroom, gently closing the door behind him. A few moments later, the children HEAR THE MUFFLED POUNDING OF A HAMMER.

CUT TO:

INT. KAYLIE'S ROOM (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Kaylie tries to press a bottle of water into Tim's hands, but he's too lost to take it. As she waits patiently, she surveys the LIVING PLANTS all over the room.

She taps his hand with the water bottle, breaking his reverie, and he takes the water. Kaylie settles down on a ledge at a window, just stretching her neck for relief as:

AN ALARM GOES OFF IN THE OFFICE DOWNSTAIRS.

KAYLIE

(listening to the distinct
sound)

We have to go eat. And I should
record the thermostat data. We need
some food -

*

She leans forward and TOUCHES TIM'S KNEE. BUT WHEN TIM LOOKS UP, it's LITTLE KAYLIE he sees before him. Touching his knee.

*

LITTLE KAYLIE

She's hungry again.

Tim SHAKES OFF THE MEMORY, and suddenly it's adult Kaylie across from him again.

KAYLIE

You here? You with me?

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - MOMENTS LATER

They step into the office, Kaylie ahead and moving past the monitors. Tim moves slower, carefully avoiding looking at the mirror.

Kaylie reaches the food. As Tim passes all the MONITORS, he SEES:

*

CLOSE-UPS OF KAYLIE, staring directly at the cameras.

Tim looks away and shakes it off, as TWO BULBS blow out overhead. Casually, Kaylie TOSSES HIM AN APPLE and keeps one for herself.

INT. DINING ROOM (NOW) - MOMENTS LATER

Tim unscrews a burnt-out bulb, carefully replaces it with a fresh one, which pops to life.

INT. LIVING ROOM (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Kaylie does the same. As she puts in a fresh bulb, it pops to life briefly -

AND BURNS OUT after only a few seconds. Kaylie smirks as she drops the spent bulb NEXT TO HER HALF-EATEN APPLE.

KAYLIE

Nice.

Kaylie goes to put in the next bulb. Once it lights up, she sits back on her heels, satisfied. She reaches for her apple, lifts it to her mouth, and:

We HEAR the unmistakable, horrible sound of GLASS BURSTING as she bites.

Kaylie freezes, eyes widening. Glances down -

SEEING HER HALF EATEN APPLE IS STILL ON THE FLOOR. IT IS THE LIGHT BULB THAT IS MISSING.

The soft sound of the SHARDS as she pulls her hand slowly away from her mouth, blood just dripping down her chin.

She reaches up with her free hand, wincing in anticipation and pain, and gets a hold of A BLOODY BULB SHARD on the inside of her cheek. With a PAINFUL TUG, a suppressed scream GURGLES up in her throat.

TIM

Kaylie?

Kaylie glances down she sees she's holding the APPLE IN HER HAND, a SLIVER OF WHICH she holds in the other hand where she believed she held the shard. *

BOTH BULBS ARE ON THE FLOOR, COMPLETELY INTACT. Relief washes over her, then a GRIN. *

KAYLIE

Maybe we should stay together. *

TIM

We'll do it together.

(beat)

We'll do it together ...

*
*

Tim has a memory breaking through. He stares where the couch used to be, as he does the couch DISSOLVES INTO SIGHT, with little Tim upon it, watching TV.

INT. LIVING ROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Tim watches TV as the CABLE GOES OUT. He reaches for the remote, switches channels, but each one shows STATIC. He turns off the TV, disappointed.

He hears a muffled THUMP from upstairs. Kaylie enters, looking at the ceiling. We hear a muffled demanding cry, which comes and goes so fast we're not even sure it's human. Kaylie reaches out, touching Tim's knee.

*

LITTLE KAYLIE

She's hungry again.

LITTLE TIM

(nods nervously)

We'll do it together.

INT. KITCHEN (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Little Tim examines the inside of the fridge. Slim pickings, to say the least. Mostly leftovers, condiments, and separated remains of an old gallon of milk. Tim reaches into the cabinet for a plate.

*

LITTLE KAYLIE

No. Use the paper ones, from now on.

ON THE PAPER PLATE, WE SEE a fruit cup, some crackers. Kaylie very carefully rations out a small portion of dry cereal.

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a pile of PAST DUE BILLS. Neatly stacked, but a giant pile. Then, TEN FINGERS, EACH ADORNED WITH BAND-AIDS, TYPING. Alan's eyes aren't on the computer screen, though. They're on the mirror.

*
*
*

The kids pass by the door, Kaylie carrying the paper plate of food. Tim hides behind her, scared to look into the office. Kaylie bravely stops.

LITTLE KAYLIE

You need to go grocery shopping,
dad.

ALAN

(empty smile)
What's that, honey?

LITTLE KAYLIE

Food!

He returns to typing, eyes on the mirror.

ALAN

It's on my list.

LITTLE KAYLIE

The TV's out.

ALAN

(exact same smile)
What's that, honey?

LITTLE KAYLIE

And we have to call a doctor, for
mom.

ALAN

It's on my list.

Frustrated, Kaylie walks away. Tim follows.

INT. STAIRWAY (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

The kids go up the stairs, taking the food, clearly
terrified. They hear thumps ahead of them, coming from the
bedroom. As they do, the stairway light bulb BURNS OUT.

INT. RUSSELL'S BEDROOM (THEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Kaylie and Tim pause at the cracked-open door.

LITTLE KAYLIE

You stay here.

LITTLE TIM

You said I could go in this time.

She slowly opens the door the entire way.

LITTLE TIM (CONT'D)

Mom?

LITTLE KAYLIE

Shh.

They catch the sound of movement by the bed. A thump against the wall, then very still.

At the foot of the bed, by the wall, is HALF A CERAMIC PLATE. Surrounded by a few shards, gnawed away. Kaylie ignores the BLOOD DROPS on the carpet, along with blood residue on the plate -

Which is chipped in a way that almost looks CHEWED. They creep toward the edge of the bed. Kaylie bravely reaching out to put down the paper plate - *

MARIE SPRINGS out of the dark corner, lunging on all fours toward Kaylie. Barreling down on her until -

SNAP - SHE'S JERKED TO A STOP. Mason's TETHER AND COLLAR are fastened to her neck, the other end crudely bolted to the bedroom wall.

Kaylie doesn't even flinch, looking into her mother's face -

WHICH IS COVERED WITH SELF-INFLICTED SCRATCHES, her once pretty face now ravaged by her own fingernails. Hair dirty and clumped. *

Kaylie DROPS the paper plate and YANKS AWAY a few of the ceramic shards. *

MARIE gives one more half-hearted lunge to test the tether. She settles back, picks up the remaining shard of plate from the back, and BEGINS TO CHEW IT.

Teeth cracking with each bite, her eyes fixed on the kids, showing no recognition. MARIE gags, starts to cough, tries to exhale, we expect ceramic, instead she spits out two broken teeth into her own hand with a deep bronchial cough.

She studies them in her hand as the kids look on.

INT. KITCHEN (THEN) - LATER

Kaylie has an open yellow pages before her, speaks on the phone.

LITTLE KAYLIE

Thank you. Bye.

She hangs up the phone, just stares at it.

LITTLE TIM
(tentative)
What'd the doctor say?

LITTLE KAYLIE
He said to have our father call.

LITTLE TIM
Like the last one.

LITTLE KAYLIE
(suspicious)
Yeah ... Just like the last one.
The exact same words.
(beat)
Tim-bo, I think we're going to have
to get really, really brave.

*
*

INT. KITCHEN (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Adult Tim watches little Tim and Kaylie having the moment,
and then THEY'RE GONE. He keeps looking where they seemed to
be, when THE LIGHTS FLICKER all at once above him.

*

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Kaylie WAKES UP groggy on the office floor. The panicked look
of "when did I fall asleep!" as she sits up and REALIZES:

She's been lying RIGHT IN THE PATH OF THE "KILL SWITCH"
ANCHOR. She becomes aware of a fast TICK-TICK-TICK from the
KITCHEN TIMER winding down.

KAYLIE
Oh, you bitch.

Kaylie makes a MAD SCRAMBLE for the kitchen timer, reaching
out -

AND RE-SETTING IT JUST IN TIME. Anger flares in her face as
LIGHT BULBS FLICKER OVERHEAD.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)
Tim! Tim!

One of the ALARMS goes off. Tries to re-set it for a few
seconds, but in frustration she RIPS THE CORD OUT OF THE
WALL.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S ROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Adult Tim gawks into his old bedroom, because it looks EXACTLY THE WAY IT DID when he was a kid. And then -

LITTLE TIM looks up from a comic book at him. They stare at each other for a moment, and suddenly -

THE POWER GOES OUT.

Little Tim gulps, pulls out his little plastic gun, and heads into the hallway. Nervously looking at the stairs -

LITTLE TIM

Kaylie?

As he looks down, ADULT KAYLIE crosses the foot of the stairs, carrying a battery-operated lantern.

INT. LIVING ROOM (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Kaylie goes through the house POPPING ON the battery-powered BACKUP LIGHTS to make up for loss of power. As she does, she's full of cocky anger.

KAYLIE

And, we've lost electric. So
fucking predictable!

*
*

In each corner, as she pops on touch lamps, we see more and more DEAD PLANTS. As she heads into the hallway, she kicks a dead potted plant out of her way, SHATTERING THE POT against the hallway. LEAVING BROKEN SHARDS OF POTTERY ON THE FLOOR.

INT. STAIRWAY (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Adult Tim slowly descends the stairs, following LITTLE TIM. Plastic gun at the ready for whatever might be in the dark. Little Tim hears TYPING NOISES coming from the office. He walks down the hallway, gun at the ready.

*

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Adult Kaylie comes to the top of the stairs, lantern in hand.

KAYLIE

Tim?

She confidently strides into the master bedroom.

INT. RUSSELL'S BEDROOM (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

She pops on lanterns inside. Turns and GASPS.

On the floor, shattered pieces of ceramic PLATE. Teeth, blood and clumps of hair around them. She reaches down and picks up a sharp piece of broken plate, exactly like her mother's. *

KAYLIE

It isn't real.

She casually steps on the other shards and teeth on her way to the lamp, all focus.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Tim moves slowly in the dark, the office door is open several inches. He can hear the rattle of the keyboard as his father types away inside, despite the lack of electricity.

He reaches out with one hand, holding the plastic gun in the other, slowly pushes the door in a few inches,

LITTLE TIM

Daddy? Can you fix the lights?

As the door slowly swings open, it REVEALS:

First, ALAN, sitting at the desk, staring straight ahead, jaw hanging open. Fingers mindlessly typing on the dead keyboard, dark monitor, and then -

A tall, thin, grotesque WOMAN with the now-familiar braid, perched behind him, her mouth fastened to the crown of his head.

The instant WE SEE the horrible woman, her mirror-silver reflective eyes turn toward the door. She steps back, out of sight -

AND INSTANTLY REAPPEARS just behind the door, INCHES FROM TIM'S FACE -

TIM STUMBLES BACK, FIRING HIS PLASTIC GUN AT HER -

HER MOUTH PEELS BACK INTO A LARGE, TOOTHLESS GRIN -

The plastic gun hits the floor, as TIM TURNS TO RUN.

INT. STAIRWAY (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Tim's footfalls hit the stairs at full speed.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Tim practically dives into his bedroom door, slamming it behind him.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL adult Tim watching on, absorbing the memory, mind fully alive.

INT. HALLWAY (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Kaylie has popped the last of the lights on. As she rounds the hallway, carrying the lantern, she suddenly shouts in pain.

KAYLIE

Oww!

She looks down, she's stepped on a ceramic shard of plate. She bends down, PICKING IT UP. She looks up, shocked to see -

THE ENTIRE HALLWAY IS COVERED IN CERAMIC SHARDS.

She SLOWLY LIFTS her camera, glares at the VIEWFINDER, which shows the HALLWAY IS EMPTY OF SHARDS. The camera in one hand showing empty hallway, she looks down in other hand, has shard of plate. She's cocky, smiles.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Nice tricks.

She starts moving and HEARS SHARDS CRUNCHING under foot. She smiles, looking through the viewfinder at the empty floor in front of her.

She stops moving, BUT the crunch-crunch footsteps continue. She turns, and comes FACE TO FACE WITH -

MARIE, hair torn out, face shredded, toothless, LUNGING. *
Kaylie SHOUTS, INSTINCTIVELY SHOVING the shard into HER FERAL MOTHER'S NECK.

MARIE

(absent, stupefied)

Kaylie? *

Kaylie blinks at her mother, eyes widening as she sees her hand is holding the shard -

EMBEDDED IN ELIOT'S NECK.

Instinctively, Kaylie pulls the shard out of Eliot's neck. Eliot stands shocked, she is hit by his blood across her face, realizing what she's done.

ELIOT
(gurgling)
Kay ... lie?

*
*

Then, a gusher of blood erupts from Eliot's neck, an artery struck. He takes a step, slouches against the wall, takes his hand away from the wound, allowing a real gush of blood now. Kaylie watches him in disbelief.

He looks up at her, utterly baffled. She drops the shard, backing up. Eliot reaches out for her, she scrambles away. All she can think is to get to the videotape.

*

KAYLIE
No, no, no -

SHE REWINDS A CAMERA.

She sees herself, freaked out, going for a shard, sees ELIOT, his CONFUSED FACE, and SEES HERSELF STAB HIM.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)
NO!

She scrambles backward on floor, up against kitchen wall. Torch lights burning, as Tim enters.

TIM
I remember. I remember everything.
I'm so sorry ...

*

She's crying, whimpering, looking in Eliot's direction. Tim's eyes follow.

*

KAYLIE
Say there's nothing there! Say
there's nothing there!

Tim looks down and SEES ELIOT, blood sprawled out, next to him the murder weapon.

*

KAYLIE (CONT'D)
What'd I do, what'd I do?

*

KAYLIE'S CELL PHONE RINGS. Caller ID: ELIOT.

She stares at it, holds it up for Tim to see, he stares at it. Nervously answers the phone.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

ELIOT (O.C.)

(through phone)

Just checking in, seeing how everything's going.

She looks across the room at Eliot's dead body.

KAYLIE

(voice trembling)

I'm fine.

ELIOT (O.C.)

Okay.

(sigh)

Guess I'll talk to you in an hour.
Enjoyed the chat.

Kaylie hangs up. She points at the body. *

KAYLIE

Either that's a trick, or this is.

She proffers up the phone. Tim helps her to her feet. They tentatively approach Eliot.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

(face lights up, pointing to the body)

That's the trick! I didn't kill him, I couldn't! The ceramic -

She pulls herself to her feet, excitedly.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

It was a plate, a piece of plate - it wasn't real! I couldn't have, the plate wasn't real!

Tim turns and looks down at the body, seeing the BLOODY SHARD NEXT TO IT. Slowly, Tim approaches, and picks it up. Examines it.

Looks past the body at the shattered ceramic PLANT Kaylie had kicked against the wall -

THE SHARDS MATCH THE ONE IN HIS HAND. Kaylie's FACE FALLS as she sees the broken pot and realizes what that means.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

No ... *

Eliot BLINKS, dying. His dulling eyes find her. Tim grabs the now-broken Kaylie by the arm, trying to take her away.

TIM

Come on.

*
*

Tim takes Kaylie with one hand, the phone in the other, pulling her toward the FRONT DOOR, even as he calls 911.

TIM (CONT'D)

We're getting out of here.

EXT. FRONT YARD (NOW) - MOMENTS LATER

Tim and Kaylie ramble out of the house, her looking back. Tim dialing, trying to reach the street. Kaylie collapses to her knees in the yard, as Tim steps into the street.

*

TIM

(into phone)

Hello?

911 OPERATOR

911, what is your emergency?

TIM

I need police and an ambulance.
2705 Hawthorne - please hurry.

*

Tim hangs up the phone and turns to Kaylie, who is a wreck on the lawn.

TIM (CONT'D)

Help is coming. They'll be here,
we'll straighten all this out.
Kaylie, we're okay. We're okay!

KAYLIE

(still crying)

Eliot -

TIM

When was the last time you reset
the kitchen timer?

KAYLIE

I don't know.

TIM

Your plan was solid, we don't have
to do anything.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

All we have to do is sit out here
and wait, no more than half an
hour. Your "kill switch."

Her crying stops, and she starts to nod.

KAYLIE

You called for help.

TIM

Yeah, we're done. It's over. We get
to sit here and watch that thing
die.

Kaylie looks to the house and GASPS. Her arm comes up,
slowly, trying to point. HORRIFIED.

Tim follows her gaze, looking into the office window, where
they see -

THEMSELVES. Standing motionless, in front of the mirror, in
the kill-switch pathway. MESMERIZED. *

TIM (CONT'D)

It's a trick. To get us back
inside. *

KAYLIE

What if *this* is the trick, to keep
us standing there?

Tim looks around, there's no answer. He looks at the grass,
to read the radius of influence. The GRASS IS GREEN. Kaylie
nods.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

It'd have to be green, if this was
a trick. *

TIM

I called for help.

KAYLIE

Call again.

Tim hits re-dial and speaker, so Kaylie can hear.

911 OPERATOR

(through phone, pleasant)
911, what is your emergency?

TIM

I just called, 2705 Hawthorne?

911 OPERATOR
You're going to have to have your
father call.

Tim turns white. The voice changes, DISTORTS.

911 OPERATOR (CONT'D)
(distorted)
The doctor will be there tomorrow.
The doctor will be there tomorrow.
The doctor will be there tomorrow.

Kaylie and Tim stare at each other, eyes wide.

911 OPERATOR (CONT'D)
(distorted)
Tim-bo ...

Kaylie grabs the phone from his hands, SMASHES it on the pavement, then STOMPS on it. They look back at the house, at their other selves still standing at the mirror. Kaylie looks at Tim helplessly. *

KAYLIE
What do we do?

TIM
We could do nothing. Just wait.

KAYLIE
And watch ourselves get ...

Tim looks at the house. Looks at his sister. Takes her by the shoulders, just like she did with him those years ago.

TIM
We're going to have to get really,
really brave.

Kaylie NODS. Takes a deep breath. She takes his hand, and they walk back toward the house.

We PAN LEFT, to look into the OFFICE WINDOWS. What we see is the office from 1997 (then), with ALAN standing three inches from the mirror, perfectly still.

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

The sounds of unintelligible WHISPERS fill the air around him. Alan smiles, goes to his desk drawer, we see his FINGERS as he puts his key into the locked drawer. Each finger is CHEWED RAW, no nail whatsoever, with fresh and scabbed blood encrusted.

In the doorway, Alan doesn't see little Tim, CROUCHED, peeking around the corner.

Tim sees his dad TAKE OUT THE GUN.

INT. STAIRWAY (NOW) - MOMENTS LATER

Adult Tim and Kaylie enter, just in time to see Little Tim scurry barefoot up the stairs.

INT. KAYLIE'S ROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Kaylie has one of her father's GOLF CLUBS in hand, FLINCHING IT UP as Tim enters.

LITTLE TIM

He's moving.

She lowers the club.

LITTLE KAYLIE

What's he doing?

LITTLE TIM

He stared at the mirror and he took out -

Tim un-holsters his PLASTIC GUN.

LITTLE TIM (CONT'D)

Like mine, only real.

Kaylie nods. Trying to look brave for her brother. She pulls out another IRON from the golf bag.

LITTLE KAYLIE

We have to smash it.

She takes Tim in one hand, golf club in another, he picks up his own club. They carefully open the door and step into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Adult Tim and Kaylie, holding hands, look down at Eliot's body. Kaylie picks up one of the lanterns. They start to walk down the hallway, toward the office.

They're scared. As they're halfway down the hallway, in front of them, OUT STEPS ALAN, GUN IN HAND. Walking straight toward them.

They each suck in a breath, freeze with fear.

KAYLIE

It's not real.

She looks down, and now the hand she's holding to belongs to -

LITTLE TIM, golf club in one hand, who YANKS at her hand to be let go, in a panic. Kaylie can't hold on to little Tim anymore, he breaks away from her, and scurries away, UP THE STAIRS. *

Kaylie turns back, Alan walks toward her, looking her dead in the eye.

ALAN

(empty smile)

What was that, honey?

Kaylie's determination to hold her ground only lasts until he lifts the gun. She turns to RUN -

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

LITTLE KAYLIE runs up the stairs, hot on little Tim's heels.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

*Little Kaylie bursts into the bathroom, shuts the door so it almost closes, trying hard not to make a sound. Her hand covers Little Tim's mouth, to keep all quiet. **

She looks through the crack in the door. Waiting, for several seconds, as NOTHING HAPPENS. And then:

*ALAN STEPS INTO SIGHT. She scrambles backward, desperately trying not to make a sound. Squeezing her eyes shut, and "hushing" Tim. **

INT. HALLWAY (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Alan thinks he hears a noise. Looks toward the bathroom.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

ADULT TIM AND KAYLIE COWER in the corner.

INT. HALLWAY (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Alan pauses, a beat. Then continues walking to his bedroom.

INT. RUSSELL'S BEDROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Alan walks casually in, toward the corner. Marie LUNGES AT HIM -

AND JOLTS to a stop, inches from him. He CROUCHES DOWN, to look her in the eye. She stares blankly, not recognizing him.

He slowly brings the gun up, under her chin. Smiling.

Marie doesn't react.

Alan looks at the tether around her neck and LOWERS THE GUN. She sways gently back and forth as he reaches up and UNFASTENS THE TETHER.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Adult Kaylie is out of it, Tim tries to snap her to attention.

TIM

Kaylie!

KAYLIE

(looking around)

Is he gone?

TIM

He was never here. It just herded us upstairs. I think we made the right call outside, it's really trying to keep us away.

She nods.

TIM (CONT'D)

It'll try harder. We have to get downstairs, before that anchor swings.

KAYLIE

(whispers)

You have to make sure he's gone first.

TIM

He's gone. I promise. See, he's -

Tim opens the door, to REVEAL:

MARIE. On her hands and knees, feral and ready to attack. He shuts the door in panic, as she SLAMS against it. On the slam, we:

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

LITTLE TIM AND KAYLIE are both pressed against the bathroom door as MARIE SLAMS AGAINST IT.

Little Kaylie desperately tries to turn the handle lock, and SUCCEEDS, LOCKING THE DOOR.

The kids scramble away from the door, to the back of the bathroom. Kaylie goes right to the window, to see the two-story drop. Not an option.

After a few more BANGS on the door, there is silence. The CREAKING getting softer as though Marie seems to leave. They wait, clutching their golf clubs.

LITTLE KAYLIE

We have to get downstairs.

Tim shakes his head "no".

LITTLE TIM

She's not gone.

LITTLE KAYLIE

I'm going to open the door.

LITTLE TIM

(quiet cry)

No!

LITTLE KAYLIE

(reassuring)

I'll open the door, and if she's not gone, I want you to run right down the stairs.

LITTLE TIM

What're you gonna do?

LITTLE KAYLIE

Don't worry about that. You just run, as soon as I open the door.

Kaylie, puts her hand on the doorknob, but then puts her ear to the door. Hears nothing. Reaches up to the knob, we hear a soft *CLICK* as she turns the handle lock, unlocking it. Tim stands against the back wall, bracing himself.

Kaylie waits, no noise. Whispers to Tim.

LITTLE KAYLIE (CONT'D)
You ready?

Tim shakes his head "no".

LITTLE KAYLIE (CONT'D)
I'm going to open the door, you're going to run downstairs. You trust me, right?

LITTLE TIM
(nodding)
I trust you.

LITTLE KAYLIE
One - I love you - two - straight for the stairs -
(Kaylie hesitates, hand shakes on the knob)
Three ...

She *THROWS OPEN THE DOOR*. Tim *TAKES OFF* like a shot.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

As little Tim *BURSTS* out the bathroom door, he sees:

MARIE, halfway down the hall, *WHIRL AROUND ON HER HEELS* to face him, *SCRAMBLING TOWARD HIM*.

Tim *HITS THE STAIRS* running, as little Kaylie steps out of the bathroom, *SWINGING THE CLUB*. Catching Marie on the side of the head, sending her veering into the wall at full impact, like a hurt animal.

INT. STAIRWAY (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Tim's feet *RATTLE* the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Tim tears around the corner, dropping to his side, *SLIDING* underneath the living room table. Spins around on his belly, *LOOKING OUT AT THE STAIRS* from his new hiding place.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Marie STUMBLES as she turns toward Little Kaylie, blocking her path to the stairs. Kaylie turns and RUNS to the master bedroom.

INT. RUSSELL'S BEDROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Kaylie SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND HER just as Marie SLAMS into it. Kaylie throws open the bedroom window, this bedroom overhangs the office below.

EXT. ROOF OVERHANG (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Kaylie crawls out onto the roof overhang. Grabs the gutter, tosses the golf club, swings her legs out, and DROPS on to the front lawn with a thud.

She looks up, into the office window, where she sees -

SILVER-EYED, DARK HUMANOID SHAPES STANDING IN THE OFFICE, PERFECTLY STILL. AT LEAST FOUR OF THEM.

*
*

The little girl's bravery fails her as she watches the humanoid shapes DISPERSE, HEADING INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE HOUSE.

*
*

INT. LIVING ROOM (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Adult Tim is crouched in a corner, shaking. He looks around, gets his bearings. Rubs his eyes, pounding fists against forehead to banish effect.

TIM

It's not real, it's not real.

REVEAL ALAN STEPPING DOWN THE STAIRS. Gun at his side, he turns and SEES adult Tim. Tim slowly gets to his feet.

TIM (CONT'D)

Just a trick ...

Alan looks at him with silver-reflective eyes, and a big grin stretched across his pale, dead face.

ALAN

You gonna arrest me, Tim-bo?

He raises the gun. Tim stands his ground -

BANG!

The sound of the shot is deafening. The wall over Tim's shoulder BURSTS WITH THE BULLET IMPACT, and he TAKES OFF RUNNING.

EXT. FRONT YARD (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Kaylie hears the gunshot, sees the burst of light in the living room.

LITTLE KAYLIE

Tim-bo ...

She knows she has to go back inside for her brother. Golf club in hand, she reaches for the front door.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Adult Kaylie opens the door, enters with two tentative steps. Sees empty living room, full of dead, formerly potted plants. She looks down where Eliot's body was. There's a big, dark BLOOD STAIN on the floor, but no Eliot.

Leading out of the blood-stain are TWO SETS OF LITTLE KIDS' FOOTPRINTS. She takes a step into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

KAYLIE

(weakly)

Tim?

A voice behind her:

ELIOT

Kaylie?

She turns. ELIOT STANDS THERE. Silver-eyes reflecting the soft blue light of her battery powered lantern. Neck and chest soaked with blood. Big grin.

Kaylie steels herself.

KAYLIE

Same old tricks, isn't it?

Eliot steps forward. Blood dripping from the wound.

ELIOT

Did you ever love me? Or was I just the means to your end? Did you love me at all, before you killed me?

KAYLIE

I know it isn't you. Because you'd never have to ask.

Eliot just grins. Kaylie turns her back, continues into the house.

KAYLIE (CONT'D)

Tim?

INT. DINING ROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Adult Kaylie enters, looking.

KAYLIE

Tim?

Hiding in the corner, under a small table, is -

LITTLE TIM, crouched, trying to wave off her entry, pointing furiously.

LITTLE KAYLIE looks at him dumbly for a moment, then turns right, and -

IS POUNCED UPON BY MARIE.

Marie knocks her to the ground, hands at her throat, FINGERNAILS scratching into Little Kaylie's neck as she squeezes. Newly bloodied drool dripping from Kaylie's mouth.

Little Kaylie STRUGGLES TO BREATHE -

Marie squeezes harder, pushing Kaylie's face against the floor. Kaylie sees little Tim helpless in the corner -

AND STOPS STRUGGLING, face purple, when Marie lightens up, and STOPS CHOKING HER.

Kaylie looks up at her mother, whose tattered face twists with confusion. She very slowly releases her grip on Kaylie's neck, and Kaylie GULPS in the air.

LITTLE KAYLIE

(choking)

Mom - ee -

Marie BLINKS. And for just a moment, RECOGNITION brightens her eyes. She CROAKS OUT:

MARIE

Kay - lie.

Marie takes her hands away from Kaylie's neck and sits back. And then, in a voice much more her own, with a smile.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Kaylie?

BANG.

Marie falls, blinking and gasping, shot through the chest. *

LITTLE TIM

Mommy!

Little Kaylie turns, to see ALAN, entering the room, along with several dark, gaunt figures.

We realize we recognize them, from the photographs that Kaylie held up to the cameras earlier tonight ... we recognize MARISOL CHAVEZ by her braid, the emaciated ROBERT CLANCY ... even PHILIP LASSER. Their glassy reflective eyes shining slightly in the dark room. *

Alan still holds out the gun. He walks up over Marie, who looks at him blankly. The blood spreading out on the floor around her. *

Alan looks Kaylie right in the eye, as he points the gun at Marie again.

LITTLE KAYLIE

(angry)

Don't you dare -

Alan interrupts her with two rapid shots, BANG BANG!

Little Kaylie takes off running. Her little feet splashing into the spreading blood. Leaving a trail of footprints behind her. Grabs Tim, yanks him to his feet. As they move:

More of these "shadow people," familiar from their photos but now dark, eyes silver and shining, watch on. *

Alan turns, starting after them. Tracking his own feet through the blood.

INT. KITCHEN (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Kaylie DRAGS Tim through, out to the hallway -

INT. HALLWAY (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

- where her shoulder hits the FAMILY PORTRAIT, which falls to the floor, GLASS FRAME BREAKING.

INT. HALLWAY (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

She drags him up to the stairs, picking up the pace as she HEARS ALAN APPROACHING.

She quickly CIRCLES BACK TO THE DINING ROOM, HEADING FOR THE CLOSET.

Soundlessly, Kaylie opens the door, ushers Tim inside and shuts it behind her.

DISSOLVE TO:

*

INT. RUSSELL HOME (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

*

We float through the dark house. We see broken glass from the fallen family portrait, whose frame shattered on the floor. We hear hushed whispering coming from the darkness. Further along we find streaks and splatters of blood along the floor. We see the little and large sets of bloody footprints.

INT. DINING ROOM CLOSET (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Adult Tim and Kaylie hiding in the closet. Listening to heavy footfalls beyond.

Tim looks through the closet door crack. Sees Alan cross the doorway, and continue walking out of sight.

INT. DINING ROOM CLOSET (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Kaylie holds up the golf club. Tim clutches his own, understanding. Silently, they push open the closet door.

*

INT. DINING ROOM (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

The door opens smooth and quiet until it comes to rest with a squeak. They wait, fearful. When nothing happens, Kaylie takes Tim by the hand and pulls him along.

They walk down the hall.

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

The children step inside, golf clubs raised, walking toward the mirror. Pure, seething anger on little Tim and Kaylie's faces.

They SHOUT, running toward it, each SWINGING THE CLUB -

AND STRIKING THE WALL on either side of the glass. They stand, shocked to have missed, look at each other. They FAILED.

LITTLE TIM

It won't let us.

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Adult Tim and Kaylie stand before the mirror. Tim shaking his head. Looks up at the KILL-SWITCH mechanism, trying to remember.

KAYLIE

It won't let us.

A form appears at the door, gun at his side.

ALAN

I told you not to play in here.

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Tim scurries out of the way, but Kaylie holds her ground. Turns to face her father.

LITTLE KAYLIE

This isn't you, daddy.

Alan raises his gun, pointing it at Kaylie.

ALAN

It is me. I've met my demons, and they are many. I've seen the devil, and he is me.

He cocks the gun.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I've met my demons, and they are many.

He hesitates, looking at himself in the mirror.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I've seen the devil, and he is me.

Suddenly, a GOLF CLUB strikes his wrist, knocking the gun from his hand. Screaming, Little Tim hits him again, in the knee. Alan twists around, STRIKES HIS HEAD on the mirror, hard. And falls to the floor in front of it.

Kaylie raises the club, and holds it above her. Alan reaches up, holding his head, looks up at her. She's not swinging.

Alan grabs Kaylie BY THE THROAT. She fights back, but is no match.

LITTLE TIM

(shouts)

Dad!

Alan turns, TIM IS HOLDING THE GUN. His hand SHAKING.

LITTLE TIM (CONT'D)

Let her go!

Alan slowly releases Kaylie, looking at Tim. The gun shaking, but pointed at Alan. Alan reaches out, grabs the barrel of the gun, but instead of taking it away, he STEADIES IT.

Over Tim's shoulder, he sees the watching silver eyes of the "spectral audience" of the mirror's previous victims.

For the first time in a long time, we see the HUMANITY RETURN to Alan's eyes. He looks at Kaylie. Then at the gun, and at Tim's FINGER ON THE TRIGGER.

He looks into his son's face, and we see that ALAN IS BACK, HE KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING - AND HE KNOWS WHAT HE HAS TO DO TO KEEP HIS CHILDREN SAFE.

ALAN

(quietly)

Run.

He smiles a little as he reaches out, PUTTING HIS THUMB OVER TIM'S FINGER ON THE TRIGGER. He tries to smile as he looks into Tim's eyes and PUSHES THE TRIGGER, SHOOTING HIMSELF.

The force of the gunshot knocks him backward. Alan's head hits the glass causing the TINY HAIRLINE CRACK along the bottom corner.

The gun falls to the floor. Alan slumps over, DEAD.

Tim and Kaylie turn to see -

THE SHADOWY, SILVER-EYED SPECTRES THAT HAVE FILLED THE ROOM.

All of the familiar faces are looking on, along with several others who were omitted from Kaylie's research - THE MIRROR'S PREVIOUS VICTIMS, wearing identical empty GRINS. *
*

For a moment nothing moves, and then -

THEIR MOUTHS DROP OPEN, THE DEAFENING SOUNDS OF AN ALARM CLOCK BELLOWING FROM THEIR GAPING, DEAD JAWS -

The kids COVER THEIR EARS -

THE FIGURES STEP FORWARD, ALARM NOISES BLARING FROM THEIR OPEN MOUTHS -

*LITTLE TIM
(screaming)
This isn't real! This isn't real!
This isn't -*

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Adult Tim is crouched before the mirror.

*TIM
- REAL!*

Tim looks around. THE LIGHTS ARE ON. AN ALARM IS BLARING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM, WHICH IS EMPTY -

Nothing but the mirror, the equipment and himself.

*TIM (CONT'D)
Kaylie? Kaylie!*

Tim turns and sees KAYLIE on the front lawn. Looking DAZED. Locking eyes with Tim, confused. Tim GRINS.

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

The room is empty, except for little Kaylie, standing by the mirror with her golf club. Faintly in the distance, we hear ADULT TIM'S VOICE, shouting:

*TIM (O.S.)
Kaylie!*

Little Kaylie turns to the mirror, tears on her face, and begins to smile. Reflected in the glass is Marie, healed and beautiful as she once was, arms outstretched.

MARIE

Kaylie.

LITTLE KAYLIE

Mommy?

Kaylie takes a step toward the glass.

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Adult Tim, looking through the window at Kaylie on the lawn.
Adult Kaylie is saying:

KAYLIE

Mommy?

Tim looks at the kill-switch, and over to the timer. Looks at the mirror, SPITEFUL and CONFIDENT.

MAKES A DASH FOR THE TIMER.

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Kaylie steps right up to the mirror. Smiling as she sees her mother, whose arms come out of the mirror to WRAP AROUND HER -

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Tim GRABS the TIMER. Turns and looks at the empty room. The mirror against the wall. Victoriously, TURNS the kitchen timer to ZERO.

DING!

The ANCHOR starts to swing -

Tim closes his eyes, waits for victory -

We HEAR the IMPACT ... but it's not the sound of glass breaking. It's a SICK, WET THUMP.

Tim opens his eyes. His victorious smile replaced by horror.

Across the room, her back to him, her arms outstretched as though embracing the glass:

KAYLIE IS IMPALED AGAINST THE MIRROR.

TIM

Kaylie!!

Tim runs to Kaylie. Kaylie's eyes BLINK, bewildered. Her face smashed against the glass, the anchor deep in her back, her eyes WIDE WITH SHOCK.

SPREAD OUT FROM HER POINT OF IMPACT IS A LARGE CRACK IN THE GLASS.

TIM (CONT'D)
Oh God. Oh God!

He moves to her side. She looks into his eyes.

KAYLIE
(choked)
Tim?

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

LITTLE KAYLIE
Tim?

Little Kaylie holds her hand out to little Tim.

She helps him to his feet, in front of the mirror. Outside, RED AND BLUE LIGHTS shine through the window. The kids watch the POLICEMEN step out of the cars.

Kaylie takes Tim's hand.

LITTLE KAYLIE (CONT'D)
I want you to promise me, one day
when we're big, and when we're
strong, we'll make this right.
We'll kill that thing. For mommy
and daddy.

LITTLE TIM
I promise.

INT. OFFICE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Tears fall from Kaylie's eyes. Blood flowing onto the floor. Tim CRIES, as the RED AND BLUE POLICE LIGHTS pull up to the front of the house.

Tim reaches out, trying to stroke her hair, ease her pain. He turns and sees:

The CAMERAS are set. All aimed at him. The red lights, like eyes in the dark. The monitors on the back wall, bright, each showing a distinct angle of him staring into the cameras.

INT. OFFICE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

The room lit by police siren lights and flashlights, as the responding OFFICERS survey the carnage:

Marie, dead on the floor.

Alan dead, before the mirror.

Little Tim, hunched in the living room. Talking to a LADY COP, who holds his hand. But looking over her shoulder, by the front door, where Kaylie sits on the stairs. Peering around her own COP to look at Tim, and SMILE REASSURINGLY.

EXT. RUSSELL HOUSE (NOW) - LATER

Tim sits to the side of the front lawn, HANDCUFFED. He watches as they wheel ELIOT'S BODY out of the house.

One OFFICER approaches another, carrying one of Kaylie's VIDEO CAMERAS. They look over at Tim.

OFFICER 1

He the one who called it in?

OFFICER 2

Yeah, he called 911. And then, he did this.

He hands over the camera. Footage of KAYLIE IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA, her back to TIM, who gets up, walks to the timer, and LOOKING RIGHT AT HER, viciously twists the timer, SENDING THE ANCHOR FLYING INTO HER BACK.

EXT. RUSSELL HOUSE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Tim is hoisted up by a SOCIAL WORKER, being walked away from the house, toward a BLACK STATE CAR. He starts to PANIC, seeing KAYLIE sitting on the front step.

LITTLE TIM

Where're you taking me? It wasn't my fault! It was the mirror!

EXT. RUSSELL HOUSE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Handcuffed adult Tim being walked by two OFFICERS to the back of a SQUAD CAR, shouting:

TIM

It wasn't me! It wasn't me! It was
the mirror!

EXT. RUSSELL HOUSE (THEN) - CONTINUOUS

Little Tim is loaded into the car, struggling. Kaylie runs
toward him and is STOPPED in her tracks by another OFFICER.

LITTLE KAYLIE

Don't forget, Tim! Don't forget our
promise!

He's loaded into the car, the door is shut.

INT. STATE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car backs out of the driveway, its headlights
illuminating the front of the house as it does. As the
headlights wipe across the office window, Little Tim sees -

ALAN AND MARIE, STANDING AT THE WINDOW - their faces dead,
pale and grinning, silver eyes reflecting the headlights.

EXT. RUSSELL HOUSE (NOW) - CONTINUOUS

Adult Tim presses his face against the cruiser window, eyes
wide and hysterical. The police lights illuminating the
office window. In the headlights, he sees -

ALAN, MARIE AND KAYLIE, together. Watching him go, with the
same empty grin. *

The car pulls away, tail lights fading into the darkness like
glowing red eyes in the night, closing. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

INT. ANTIQUE REPAIR ROOM, AUCTION HOUSE - LATE AT NIGHT *

WARREN (40's, blinking behind large, thick glasses) takes a
bite out of an apple as he moves through his workshop,
turning on lights. Around him are a NUMBER OF ANTIQUES, all
with auction numbers, all in various stages of REPAIR. *

The one he's heading toward is the large covered SHAPE under
his bright work light. His SUPERVISOR leans in the doorway. *

SUPERVISOR *

Thanks for coming in so late. *

WARREN

You said it's just a hairline?

SUPERVISOR

Two. One brand new. We're lucky we got it back in one piece.

Warren carefully REMOVES THE PROTECTIVE LINEN, REVEALING:

THE MIRROR.

Warren angles his light, LEANING CLOSE to inspect the damage. We see the HAIRLINE CRACKS that Kaylie's head made in the glass, and the older injury from Alan.

WARREN

Oh, that's not so bad.

SUPERVISOR

Don't know what I'd do without you Warren.

He turns to leave, but stops.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Oh, and as fast as you possibly can. The buyer's already angry enough.

As the supervisor leaves, Warren takes a bite of his apple. He sits on a ROLLING STOOL, the wheels LOUD as he ROLLS UP TO THE MIRROR, INCHES FROM THE GLASS.

HE LEANS IN, so close that his breath is visible for a few seconds, fading away on the silvery surface.

WARREN

(inspecting the mirror)

You are a beauty, aren't you ...

SOMETHING CATCHES HIS EYE, a SHADOW OVER HIS SHOULDER. He TURNS, STARTLED. There is no one there, just his dark workroom. He settles, turning back to the glass. Warren PULLS UP HIS TOOL KIT, opening it up.

WARREN (CONT'D)

We'll get you good as new.

He leans over to pick his tools. In the reflection we see -

KAYLIE, STANDING IN THE SHADOWS. HER EYES SILVER, GLEAMING. SHE IS GRINNING.

FADE TO BLACK.