



FRESH BLOOD SELECT

Episode #1: Pilot
October 2016

Skin & Bones

"Rock-a-bye Baby"

Written by

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TEASER

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

The sound of a sweet, but haunting lullaby plays softly from an old, ornate, music box. The melody lures us into a nursery; *a little boys room to be exact.*

We creep slowly along powder blue walls, a dresser lined with teddy bears (who seemingly stare back at us)... until our gaze falls upon an empty crib.

The sound of a baby's coo directs our attention to the corner of the room-

Revealing...

REAGAN (16) as she gently rocks baby DEAN(DJ) to sleep in a wooden rocking chair.

Reagan is an audacious beauty: Deep mahogany skin, big brown eyes and with spirals of wild, midnight colored hair.

She watches Dean in awe as his little eyelids grow heavy, flutter, then close completely.

Reagan carries Dean to his crib and places him carefully inside. She covers him with a blanket and turns on a small switch.

A whimsical mobile of moons and stars begin to circle above his head; and casts ethereal shadows along the walls.

CLANK...THUMP

Reagan's eyes dart to the partly open window. She walks over to see what the commotion is outside.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

It's Halloween and the streets are filled with mischief and excitement!

Decorations adorn the homes of the festive neighborhood.

Giddy children dressed as *WITCHES*, *GHOULS*, and *SUPER HEROES*, race from door to door begging for candy and other confections.

WHACK!

Three, ROWDY BOYS (13) wearing animal mask, are causing a ruckus in the street.

BOY 1 and Boy 2, knock over trash cans while BOY 3, raises a Jack-a-Lantern above his head and smashes it to the ground.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S YARD - NIGHT

AGATHA (60's) A.K.A. *Crazy Cat Lady*, walks out of her rundown home wearing only a bathrobe, disheveled hair, and reeking of cheap whiskey.

She sets down cans of cat food in her front yard and is immediately surrounded by a horde of mange felines.

She appears in heaven as the meowing cats slink and crawl around her thin, wrinkled legs.

SPLAT!

Raw eggs begin crashing down into Agatha's yard like grenades...cracking and exploding its slimy contents all over the place.

The cats hiss and scatter across the yard with great speed.

Alarmed, Agatha looks around and spots "THE ROWDY BOYS" standing in front of her house laughing.

AGATHA
(Shouting)
Get the hell away from my yard!

Boy 3, throws another egg and it cracks at her feet.

Agatha looks down at her goo covered slipper and glares at the Boys on the sidewalk.

Boy 3 removes his animal mask, smiles smugly, and flips her off.

BOY 3
Make us!

Agatha storms off to the side of the house.

She turns on the faucet, grabs the water hose and paces back to the front yard.

(*Invoking the spirit of Clint Eastwood*) Agatha squints her eyes, grits her teeth, and uses the water hose as a pistol to soak those little bastards.

THE BOYS **shriek** and yell expletives as they run into the woods while being blasted with water.

AGATHA
And don't come back!

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

Reagan giggles as she watches the boys retreat into the dark woods. She closes the window and pulls the curtains shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A mysterious man wearing a hoodie stands outside of Reagan's home and watches her close the curtains. (*How long has he been there? Was he watching her the whole time?*)

JACKSON JIMENEZ (18) looks like trouble with a capital "T". He's kind of cute if you're into the brooding, musician, chain-smoking type.

He lights a cigarette and takes a long drag as his piercing eyes stay transfixed on Reagan's silhouette.

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

Reagan gives Dean a gentle kiss on the forehead.

REAGAN
Goodnight, DJ.

She walks over to the dresser and closes the music box...the lullaby stops playing.

Reagan turns the light off and closes the door quietly behind her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

A cheesy horror plays on the TV as Reagan stuffs popcorn into her mouth.

SPIKE, a large German Shepard jumps on the couch next to her.

Reagan holds out a handful of popcorn and Spike gobbles it up. She smiles then pats him on the head.

The phone **RINGS**.....

Reagan gets up and heads to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Reagan turns on the light and grabs the **RINGING** phone from the counter.

REAGAN

Hello?

MRS. ROSIER (O.S.)

Hey Rae, It's me! Just wanted to check on you and Dean.

REAGAN

(un-enthused)

Oh... Hello Mother.

MRS. ROSIER (O.S.)

(scoffs)

Well, don't sound too excited.

REAGAN

(sarcastic, but playful)

Newsflash Mom! 1996 called and they want their landline back!

(beat)

You couldn't have just called my cell? Or maybe used the little invention called text messaging?

MRS. ROSIER (O.S.)

(equally sarcastic)

Don't make me reach through this phone, Reagan Giselle Rosier!

(beat)

And besides, you never answer your cell phone anyways... It's always lost somewhere or on silent...but enough about you

(softens)

How is my precious, little, sweetie pie doing?

Reagan smiles and rolls her eyes as she casually paces the kitchen with the phone to her ear.

REAGAN

He's sound asleep upstairs. Spike and I are watching scary movies in the living room.

MRS. ROSIER (O.S.)
 Sounds eventful... Did you get a
 lot of trick or treaters tonight?

REAGAN
 Nope, I turned off the porch
 lights...didn't want to be bothered
 with all those hyper, candy-crazed,
 little monsters.

Reagan opens the refrigerator door pondering what she wants-

POV: *leftover pizza, fruit, a jug of milk.* Her eyes light up
 and she takes out a soda.

MRS. ROSIER (OS)
 Oh, before I forget... I was
 actually calling because your
 father's convention lasted much
 longer than expected. We're just
 going to stay at the hotel another
 night and come home in the morning.
 Will you be okay staying alone with
 Dean tonight?

SNAP, Reagan opens her soda and takes a sip.

REAGAN
 Of course, I'm not five years old.

MRS. ROSIER
 I know, but it's the first time
 that you've been alone with him
 overnight.

Reagan reflects for a moment.

REAGAN
 Mama, I'm extremely grateful for
 you and dad's help, but Dean is my
 responsibility... It's my job to
 protect and take care of him.

MRS. ROSIER
 I know but--

REAGAN
 (interrupting)
 I assure you, we'll be fine.

MRS. ROSIER (OS)
(hesitant, but assured)
Okay. I love you...and get some
sleep! It's almost midnight.

REAGAN
I will and tell Dad I love him!

MRS. ROSIER
I will.

CLICK.

Reagan lays the phone on the counter.

She walks over and peers out the kitchen window; the streets
are now deserted.

The kitchen lights begin to flicker and dim. Reagan looks
quizzically at the light fixture.

GRRRRRRRRRR... WOOF! WOOF!

Reagan turns her attention to Spike's loud barking. She flips
off the light switch and heads into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Reagan cautiously enters the living room and sees Spike
growling aggressively at the television screen.

REAGAN
What is it, Spike?

The screen is distorted with static and white noise.

Warped sounds emit from the television.

Reagan picks up the remote control from the arm of the couch.
She pushes the **Power Button** several times, but the TV won't
shut off.

Frustrated, she marches over to the TV to manually turn it
off when-

SCREEEEEEEEEEEECH... a loud, piercing noise blares from the
television.

Reagan drops the remote control and covers her ears.

She winces at the loud sound as she cowers to the floor.

A weird symbol flashes across the screen and the TV goes completely black.

The room falls silent.

Reagan composes herself and stands to her feet.

She watches Spike as he whimpers and backs slowly away from the television screen.

He looks at Reagan with terrified eyes and darts out of the living room.

Reagan takes off after him when...

A familiar melody begins playing.

The haunting lullaby stops her dead in her tracks and a cold shiver runs down her spine.

Reagan turns around and sees the old **music box**, inexplicably sitting on a table across the room.

She walks slowly over to the table and picks it up. She carefully examines it when realization hits her.

REAGAN (CONT'D)
(Her eyes grow wide)
Dean.

Baby Dean screams.

The life drains from Reagan's face and she drops the music box to floor.

She quickly races up the staircase.

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Reagan burst through the door of the nursery; there's fear and panic in her eyes.

She scans the room: **CRIB, FLOOR, CLOSET...**

Reagan GASPS!

Standing by the open window, is a decrepit and **GHASTLY WITCH**:

She clutches Dean in her long, claw-like, fingers and cradles him against her black cloak. Her body is tall and twisted; and her hair flows like strands of white cobwebs in the night breeze.

She gleams at Reagan with an iris the color of blood, and the other cloudy and white.

She sees the fear in Reagan's eyes and relishes it!

REAGAN
(Pleading)
Give him to me!

A devious smile spreads across the Witch's gaunt face exposing her razor sharp teeth.

WITCH
(Diabolical tone)
He's mine now.

Reagan charges across the room to grab Dean when-

The Witch leaps out the open window, *like a bat out of hell*.

Reagan sprints to the open window and sees the Witch carrying Dean across the backyard.

REAGAN
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Heavy fog creeps eerily along the grass.

The Witch looms under a large, wretched tree that sits at the end of the yard.

The moonlight illuminates her thin, translucent skin and her black cloak dances in the Autumn breeze.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Reagan burst from the house and runs with all her might!

Heart *pounding*, tears *streaming* as Spike runs close behind her.

The ground begins to **TREMBLE** beneath the Witch's feet as mounds of dirt and worms push to the surface.

Reagan is getting closer...

Suddenly, massive roots shoot from the ground and slither like snakes up the Witch's frail body .

The earth begins to devour the Witch as Dean remains in her clutches.

Reagan watches helplessly as Dean is pulled deeper and deeper beneath the soil.

With only his tiny hand exposed; Dean seemingly reaches out for her until he's completely consumed...buried...gone!

Reagan finally reaches the tree, but it's too late!

She immediately drops to her knees and digs furiously with her bare hands. Spike joins her and kicks up dirt.

EXT. TREE - NIGHT - LATER

Reagan stops digging.

She's exhausted, hysteric, and defeated.

She takes a fistful of dirt, holds it to her chest and sobs uncontrollably.

Spike comes to her side and howls at the full moon.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

MRS. ROSIER enters the foyer and sets her bag down. MR. ROSIER comes in shortly behind her and closes the front door.

MR. ROSIER

God, I'm happy to be home. That felt like the longest drive ever!

MRS. ROSIER

Tell me about it! I feel like I could sleep for a thousand years, but I have so many errands to run today.

(sighs)

I'm going to make some coffee, you want some?

MR. ROSIER

(gesturing to bags)

Sure, I'm just gonna take these upstairs first.

MRS. ROSIER
Check on Reagan and Dean while
you're up there.

Mr. Rosier nods his head and takes the bags up the staircase.
Mrs. Rosier makes her way into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY -CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Rosier enters the kitchen and is hit by bright sunlight;
she quickly sees the back door ajar.

MRS. ROSIER
(concerned)
Reagan?

Spike runs into the kitchen from the open door; he's anxious
and barking.

He leads Mrs. Rosier into the back yard.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Mrs. Rosier exits the backdoor with confusion and concern
plastered on her face.

From a distance, she sees Reagan from behind; sitting on her
knees under the massive tree.

MRS. ROSIER
Reagan, what are you doing out
here?

Mrs. Rosier walks over to Reagan and places her hand on her
shoulder.

MRS. ROSIER (CONT'D)
Reagan?

No response.

Mrs. Rosier kneels down in front of her and shakes her
shoulders.

MRS. ROSIER (CONT'D)
(pleading)
Reagan? Baby? Please answer me...

Reagan's eyes are vacant and stained with dried tears... Her
hands dirty and bloody from digging.

Mrs. Rosier waves her hand in front of Reagan's face, but no response.

Reagan is frozen in a catatonic state.

END OF TEASER

SMASH TO:

TITLE CREDITS: **SKIN & BONES**

SUPERIMPOSE: **TEN MONTHS LATER**

ACT ONE

EXT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - DAY

The institution lies in an isolated area surrounded by woods on each side. It looks more like a boarding school -not the typical, sketchy, asylums we've come to know.

At the entrance of the massive iron gates; is a sign that reads: **SOMBER MILLS-JUVENILE TREATMENT FACILITY.**

INT. DR. BRADLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Framed diplomas hang on the walls of the office and Psychology books line the shelves.

We see a man's hand tapping a pencil on a note pad.

DR. BRADLEY
(we hear his voice, but
don't see his face)
Hello Reagan.

Reagan sits in a chair across from Dr. Bradley; with arms folded and is clearly "over it".

She looks tired and her eyes lack the sparkle they once had.

REAGAN

Hey.

DR. BRADLEY

I'm glad to see that you're talking again.

REAGAN

Ditto.

We finally see, DR. LEWIS BRADLEY, (early 40's) observing Reagan with serious eyes. His traditional good looks distract from his uptight demeanor. He *has a Clark Kent sensibility about him.*

DR. BRADLEY

Your parents were concerned for a while that you would remain mute, but I always knew you would come around on your own time.

Reagan forces a tight smile.

DR. BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Let's start at the beginning...
Tell me again, what happened the night that your son was taken.

REAGAN

(shrugs shoulders)
I dunno.

DR. BRADLEY

(pressing)
What do you mean by, "I don't know"?

REAGAN

(slightly annoyed)
I don't know what the point is anymore... We've gone over this like a million times.
(anger building)
You don't believe me, no one believes me! That's why I'm stuck in this place.

Dr. Bradley adjust his glasses and jots something down in his notes.

DR. BRADLEY

Yes. You mentioned before that a woman...

(MORE)

DR. BRADLEY (CONT'D)
or more specifically, that a woman
whom you believe to be a *Witch*,
took your son.

Reagan glares at Dr. Bradley with a look that says **asshole**,
without having to utter the words.

REAGAN
Please, don't patronize me.

DR. BRADLEY
Reagan, I'm here to help you...and
if you ever want to leave here and
find your son, you're going to have
to tell me what *really* happened
that night.

REAGAN
I already told you what happened!

DR. BRADLEY
Of course you did.

Dr. Bradley nods his head and scribbles in his note pad.

REAGAN
(agitated)
I'm done talking for today.

Reagan stands from her chair.

DR. BRADLEY
Reagan, please sit. We need to
finish our session.

Reagan proceeds to the door when something overcomes her. She
grows faint and her knees begin to buckle.

DR. BRADLEY (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Reagan?

Reagan reaches for the arm of the chair and sits back down.
Her eyes roll to the back of her head.

Reagan's POV:

In a flash, the room fades from day to night.

A thick fog creeps along the office floor and everything
becomes dark, surreal and dreamlike.

Dr. Bradley sits very still with his eyes burning through Reagan. His lips are moving, but she can't make out what he is saying.

Faint *BUZZING* can be heard.

A *BEE*, crawls out of Dr. Bradley's mouth and rest on his lower lip.

The *BUZZING* intensifies and now a swarm of bees circle all around him.

Reagan flinches and smacks her arm.

REAGAN

Ouch!

She looks down and sees that a bee has stung her.

Menacing laughter echoes throughout the room. Reagan looks around to see where it is coming from. It gets louder and louder; taunting her.

Reagan closes her eyes and covers her ears with both hands.

SPLAT!

A *RAVEN*, smacks right into the closed window and causes a slight crack. Its lifeless body slides down the glass leaving a trail of blood behind.

Reagan snaps out of her episode.

She looks around the room scared and confused...but now the room is back to normal.

Dr. Bradley turns his attention from the *RAVEN* at the window to Reagan.

He hurries to his desk, grabs a bottle of water and brings it to her.

DR. BRADLEY

Are you okay?

Reagan takes the water bottle from him and drinks some.

REAGAN

(disoriented)

Yeah, I just feel a little faint.

DR. BRADLEY

Do you need me to call a nurse for you?

REAGAN
No, I'm fine.

Dr. Bradley gives her a questioning look.

REAGAN (CONT'D)
Really, I'm fine.

DR. BRADLEY
I want you to go get your meds, eat
lunch, and take it easy for the
rest of the day.

Reagan nods in agreement and stands up from her chair.

She winces and rubs her arm. She sees a lump from a bee sting
forming.

CUT TO:

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Reagan walks down the hallway; we hear a voice over from
Dr. Bradley speaking into a tape recorder.

DR. BRADLEY (V.O.)
Reagan appears to be suffering from
Dis-associative Amnesia, Delusion
Disorder and Depression.

-Reagan approaches a desk at the end of the hall.

-A NURSE, hands her a dose of medicine in a small paper cup.

-Reagan swallows the multi-colored pills and drinks the
water.

DR. BRADLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Recent hallucinogenic episodes may
suggest beginning stages of onset
Schizophrenia, although, at this
time, I can't be 100% certain.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Reagan enters the cafeteria with tray in hand. She scans the
room.

DR. BRADLEY (V.O.)
As a method to cope with the severe
trauma of losing her son, Reagan's
psyche has created this fanciful
story of a Witch taking him.

The cafeteria resembles one that you would see in typical
high school, except its much smaller and more glum.

-Overweight lunch ladies spoon food onto trays.

-Groups of dysfunctional cliques gather at tables and the
room is filled with teenage angst and useless banter.

KARA (17) sits at a table with a group of girls. She spots
Reagan and motions her over.

DR. BRADLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In order to find out what truly
happened to Dean; Reagan must tap
into her suppressed memories and
accept reality.

Reagan takes a seat at the table with the group of girls.

The voice over ends.

KARA
How was your one on one?

Kara, is a tough looking girl with strong Native American
features: high cheek bones, straight black hair and eagle
like eyes.

Reagan shrugs her shoulders and opens her soda.

REAGAN
(lying)
It went well.

LINDSAY (16) Queen Bee type: pretty, bitchy, spoiled, and
thin... "eating disorder" thin.

LINDSAY
(interrupting)
I think Dr. Bradley is so hot! I
can hardly concentrate during our
one on one sessions...Does anyone
else think so?

Kara shoots her a look of disgust.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
 Don't give me that look, Kara! I
 think it's sexy how he stares at me
 with those beady little eyes of
 his...analyzing...pondering...
 trying to figure me out.

Reagan has tuned out of the conversation between Kara and Lindsay.

Her attention turns to CHLOE(15) sitting alone at a table across from them. She is neat and proper in appearance.

She meticulously arranges the food on her tray; making sure the items don't touch.

She repeats a ritual where she takes a bite of food, sits the fork on the left side of the tray, then sips her milk twice.

Kara notices Reagan observing Chloe.

KARA
 (whispering to Reagan)
 She has OCD.

REAGAN
 Oh.

Reagan slightly embarrassed for staring, coyly begins eating her lunch again.

LINDSAY
 Do you think he's cute, Pink?

Lindsay looks at Pink with a devilish grin. PINK (14) is shy and plump. She blushes at the question, indicating how she got her nickname.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 Pink and Dr. Bradley sitting in a
 tree F-U-C-K-I-N-G

Kara makes a face like she's about to gag.

KARA
 You're such a slut, Lindsay!

Lindsay looks down at her tray with trepidation. She uses her fork to push the food around.

LINDSAY
 Lighten up! I'm just having a
 little fun.

Lindsay picks up her cup of Jello and hands it to Pink.

Pink smiles and takes it from her hand.

PINK
(still blushing)
Thank you.

SHEILA, (late 40's) a sassy, take no mess, orderly ---
intercepts the cup of jello from Pink's hand and gives it
back to Lindsay.

SHEILA
Now, Ms. Lindsay, how many times
have we warned you about giving
away your food?

Lindsay rolls her eyes.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
You can roll your eyes at me all
you want to, Sweetheart, but if you
don't eat your food you know what
the consequence is... and I'm sure
you don't want to lose your
privileges, now do you?

LINDSAY
(sarcastically)
No, Ms. Sheila and I'll make sure
to eat every God damn bite of food
(smiling)
I'll even lick the tray after.

Lindsay rips the lid off of the Jello and shoves a spoonful
in her mouth. She swallows it down.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Happy now?

Ms. Sheila nods and returns to the other side of the room.
The table is now quiet.

Pink looks around the group then breaks the awkward silence.

PINK
Sorry, Lindsay.

Lindsay stands up without saying a word. She dumps her tray
and heads to the bathroom. The rest of the girls watch her
exit the room.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The Police Station is busy: phones are ringing, people are being booked, and a woman at a counter is filing a report.

The *ROSIERS'* sit in the waiting room.

SAVANNAH ROSIER (40, but can easily pass for 30) has the same exotic beauty as her daughter; deep brown skin and midnight colored hair.

She appears a bit anxious...there's a look of worry in her eyes.

RUSSELL ROSIER(40's) is handsome, but bookish. He is preoccupied with handling business via email on his phone.

A *SECRETARY*, enters the waiting room.

SECRETARY

Detective Craven will see you now.

Savannah nudges Russell who is still glued to his phone.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

The *ROSIERS'* enter the office and see the *SURYA'S* already waiting in the room. They take a seat next to them.

SAVANNAH

Hello everyone.

KRISHNA SURYA(30's) forces a smile. She's nicely dressed, heavily made up and adorned in gold jewelry. She's a very striking woman, but suffers from resting bitch face.

DEV SURYA, (early 50's) a traditional Indian man; he's conservative, but looks more friendly than his wife appears to be.

The two couples look like complete opposites sitting next to each other.

DETECTIVE CRAVEN (Late 30's) reviews a file at his desk. He has the air of a 1930's detective with his slick back hair and matter-of-fact way of speaking. He looks up to acknowledge the couples.

DETECTIVE CRAVEN

(looking at both couples)

How can I be of service?

SAVANNAH

Well, I'm sure we're all here for
the same reason.

Savannah looks around the room; everyone nods in agreement.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

We wanted to know if there has been
any new leads on baby Dean.

DETECTIVE CRAVEN

(nonchalantly)

Unfortunately, there has not.

SAVANNAH

(disbelief)

It's been ten months... and still
nothing?

DETECTIVE CRAVEN

I can assure you, Mrs. Rosier-
(Detective Craven pauses
for a moment and becomes
reflective.)

Do you mind if I call you
Savannah?... I always loved the
name Savannah, I used to spend my
summers there as a kid.

Savannah shrugs her shoulders in indifference. Russell shoots
Craven a questioning glare.

DETECTIVE CRAVEN (CONT'D)

I can assure you *Savannah*, that we
are doing everything in our power
to locate your grandson, but there
wasn't much to work with.

RUSSELL

(interjecting)

What do you mean there wasn't much
to work with?

DETECTIVE CRAVEN

There were no identifiable finger
prints, No traces of DNA, no signs
of forced entry.

(pauses for a moment)

No one fitting the description that
Reagan gave us.

The Detective's last statement makes everyone uneasy; you can
sense the tension brewing.

DEV
(slight Indian accent)
Is there any hope that Dean is
still alive?

DETECTIVE CRAVEN
We haven't found any remains, so
yes, there is still hope.
(beat)
Perhaps, this is just a case of
child abduction... Sadly, children
are abducted every 40 seconds in
this country.

Detective Craven jots something down on his note pad.

DETECTIVE CRAVEN (CONT'D)
I'll have our sketch artist draw an
age progression photo of Dean and
we'll send out a missing child
notice to all the bordering
counties.

Krishna looks like she's bursting at the seams; she makes eye
contact with Detective Craven.

KRISHNA
(slight Indian accent)
Have you 100% percent ruled out
Reagan?

Dev lowers his head; his body language reading- "*Did she really
just ask that?*"

The Detective is about to respond when---Savannah shoots
Krishna a death glare.

SAVANNAH
Are you implying that Reagan had
something to do with Dean's
disappearance?

Russell puts his hand on Savannah's knee to comfort her, but
it's really an act to restrain her.

KRISHNA
I was watching a re-run of Dr. Phil
the other day, and saw that a lot
of teenage mothers suffer from
postpartum depression and hurt
their babies.
(beat)
(MORE)

KRISHNA (CONT'D)

Maybe it was all just too much for Reagan...dealing with our son's death--raising the baby alone.

SAVANNAH

How dare you? Reagan would never hurt her child! She loves DJ.

KRISHNA

I'm just addressing the elephant in the room and saying what everyone else is thinking.

(looking around room)

Does anyone else believe Reagan's account of what happened that night? And not to mention she's been locked up in that God awful institution for almost a year now.

Savannah stands up from her chair, clutching her purse and eyes locked on Krishna.

SAVANNAH

I refuse to sit here and allow you to talk about my daughter like this! You never liked Reagan to begin with and made it very clear that you didn't want your precious son dating a black girl.

Savannah storms out of the room and slams the door causing the window to rattle.

Krishna remains seated and emotionally unfazed.

DETECTIVE CRAVEN

That went well...

Russell stands up and goes after his wife.

EXT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE- DAY - CONTINUOUS

Russell walks out the office to catch Savannah, but sees her storm out of the building.

Dev follows quickly behind him.

DEV

Russell!

Russell stops and sees Dev approaching him.

DEV (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry about what happened in there...this has been a really tough year for me and my wife.

(beat)

First, our son dies in a car crash and now the only thing we have left of him has gone missing.

Russell can sense the sincerity in Dev's apology.

RUSSELL

Don't worry about it. We've all been through hell this year, but we have to stick together if we want any hope of finding Dean.

Dev nods in agreement.

INT. ROSIER HOME - DAY

Savannah storms into the house; she's livid! Russell trails quickly behind her and closes the front door.

SAVANNAH

Can you believe the nerve of that woman? Accusing our daughter of hurting her own baby. She's lucky that I'm saved, because I was three seconds away from catching a case today.

Savannah paces the room and turns her attention to Russell.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

(fuming)

And you just sat there; not saying a word.

RUSSELL

I just want Reagan to get help. What if something is wrong with her?

SAVANNAH

(accusatory)

You think something is wrong with our daughter?

Russell sees the pain in his wife's face. He takes her hand and motions her to sit next to him on the couch.

RUSSELL
Remember when Reagan was a little
girl, and she had that "friend"?

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Savannah, half awake sluggishly exits her bedroom and heads into the bathroom.

EXT. BATHROOM - NIGHT- CONTINUOUS

We hear the toilet flush and then running water.

Savannah emerges from the bathroom and heads back to her room when...

She hears VOICES coming from Reagan's bedroom.

EXT. REAGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Savannah stands at Reagan's bedroom door with her ear pressed against it.

She still hears the strange voice, but can't make out what is being said.

Savannah cracks open the door and the whispering suddenly stops; Her eyes go straight to Reagan's bed, but she's not there.

INT. REAGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Savannah enters the bedroom and turns on the light.

Shock covers her face...

The walls are covered in crude symbols drawn in crayon .(*The same symbols we saw flash across the T.V. on Halloween*).

Savannah scans the room and sees REAGAN (5) standing completely still in the corner of the room.

SAVANNAH
Reagan?

No Response.

She slowly approaches Reagan from behind and turns her around.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Reagan, what have you done?

Unflinching and with eyes still closed; Reagan raises her right arm and points to the other wall.

REAGAN
(monotone)
I didn't do it, Betsy did!

Savannah's eyes quickly follow Reagan's finger to a **DRAWING** on the wall:

It's of a little girl who has one red eye, one white. She's holding a bloody scythe and has the name **Betsy** written above it.

Russell enters the room, rubbing his eyes.

RUSSELL
What's going on in here?

Reagan snaps out her sleeping spell and runs to Russell.

REAGAN
Daddy!!!!!!

Russell picks her up and Reagan buries her head deep into his chest. He takes a look around the room in sheer puzzlement; he and Savannah lock eyes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Savannah shakes the memory from her mind; Russell looks pensive.

RUSSELL
It could be genetic, you know...
(beat)
Didn't your mother die in an institution? Sometimes things like this gets passed down.

Savannah is exhausted from the conversation.

SAVANNAH
Russell, just stop! There's nothing wrong with our daughter. If it wasn't for your convention none of this would've ever happened.

RUSSELL
So now this is my fault.

Russell throws his hands up in frustration and storms upstairs.

The doorbell **RINGS**...

Savannah composes herself; wipes her eyes and fixes her hair.

She opens the front door and standing there is Jackson, *the creepy guy* from last Halloween.

SAVANNAH
Can I help you?

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

JACKSON (19) still wearing the same hoodie, turns around and smiles at her.

JACKSON
Hello Ma'am... my name is Jackson
and I mow lawns around the
neighborhood for extra cash. I
noticed that your lawn could use a
little help.

Savannah looks at her front lawn; the grass is overgrown and shabby.

SAVANNAH
I'm so embarrassed. There's been a
lot going on lately.

Jackson smiles at her.

JACKSON
No need to be embarrassed. I can
get started ASAP.

ACT TWO

INT. MORGUE - DAY

The morgue is cold and death lingers in the air. Everything is steel and very clinical. Scalpels, surgical saws, and other medical tools line a tray.

The body of ALLISON MOON(16) lies on a steel autopsy table. Her pale, skin is covered in bruises and lacerations.

There's something tragically beautiful in the expression frozen on her face...she's like a morbid sleeping beauty.

Detective Craven saunters into the room and is unfazed by the dead body.

DETECTIVE CRAVEN
You wanted to see me?

DR. STEIN (late 50's) a bald man, wearing very thick glasses looks up from labeling DNA samples.

DR. STEIN
Yes Detective, I discovered some rather bizarre findings during the autopsy of Allison Moon.

DETECTIVE CRAVEN
The girl found in the woods?

DR. STEIN
Correct.

Dr. Stein walks over to a table and returns with a folder.

DR. STEIN (CONT'D)
The victim's reproductive organs were removed from her vaginal cavity and replaced with the heart of a rooster. She was then crudely stitched back together with fishing wire.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK - FLASHBACK

Moonlight seeps through the massive tree branches and cast ominous shadows upon the foliage.

The rhythmic sound of feet crunching through autumn leaves can be heard in the distance.

INT. MORGUE - PRESENT DAY

Dr. Stein turns the page of the report. Craven is completely engrossed as if he is seeing everything unfold right before his eyes.

DR. STEIN
Ligatures found around her wrist and ankles suggest that she was bound with rope before being dumped in the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK - FLASHBACK

We see a pair of black boots step into frame and kick a body down a small hill in the wooded area.

The body tumbles and tumbles until it smashes into a large tree at the end of the hill.

Pools of moonlight illuminate the battered body and gives us a better look; It's Allison, the *GIRL*, from the autopsy table:

Her hair is tangled with leaves, ropes bind her wrist, and the front of her white, dainty slip dress is soiled with dark blood.

INT. MORGUE - PRESENT DAY

DR. STEIN

The official cause of death is
asphyxiation by suffocation.

Dr. Stein closes the file.

DETECTIVE CRAVEN

Were there any finger prints found
on the body?

DR. STEIN

Not one print.

Dr. Stein hands the folder to Detective Craven.

Craven opens the folder and his face alternates between repulsion and intrigue as he flips through the photos.

He pauses, looks around the room then grabs a magnifying glass from the table. Craven holds it closely to one of the photos.

DETECTIVE CRAVEN

What's this?

Detective Craven hands Dr. Stein a photo and points out a **symbol** carved into the girl's upper right thigh.

Dr. Stein studies the photo then walks over to Allison's body. He lifts the sheet and sees the scabbed up **symbol**.

DR. STEIN

Strange...

Dr. Stein paces over to a file cabinet and examines another folder.

DR. STEIN
 Look at this... the girl murdered a few months ago has the same marking carved into her body as Allison.
 (beat)
 At first glance, I thought they were merely scratches, but they appear to be the same symbol.

Detective Craven comes closer to Dr. Stein and looks at the photos.

DETECTIVE CRAVEN
 Have you seen this symbol before?

Dr. Stein takes another look.

DR. STEIN
 I haven't, but it looks very old... like something you would find carved in a cave wall.

You can see the wheels turning in Detective Craven's head.

DETECTIVE CRAVEN
 Do you think these are ritual killings?

DR. STEIN
 This is Somber Mills Detective, anything is possible...
 (beat)
 All sorts of voodoo and Hocus Pocus goes on around these parts.

DETECTIVE CRAVEN
 Well, Fuck me side ways!

DR. STEIN
 Excuse me?

DETECTIVE CRAVEN
 If these murders are in fact connected, we might have a serial killer on our hands, and that's the last thing this town needs.

Detective Craven sticks the *autopsy file* in the inside of his jacket.

DR. STEIN
Let's not jump to any conclusions
until after I compare more files.

DETECTIVE CRAVEN
I'll see what I can dig up at the
library. There has to be something
about this symbol on Wikipedia or
something.

DR. STEIN
If you need me, you know where to
find me.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jackson waits on the Rosier's couch; sweaty and a bit worn.
He casually glances around the living room until his eyes
linger on a picture of Reagan.

Russell enters the living room patting himself. He digs
around in his pockets until he pulls out a set of car keys.

RUSSELL
(Pleased with himself)
Bingo!

He heads toward the front door, but stops when he notices
Jackson sitting on the couch. Jackson gives a slight wave...

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(Who the hell are you?)
Hey.

JACKSON
Hey.

The two men just stare at one another sizing each other up.

Savannah enters and notices the awkwardness between Russell
and Jackson.

SAVANNAH
I see you've met Jackson. He mowed
the lawn for us today.

RUSSELL
Savannah, I told you I would mow
the lawn tomorrow.

SAVANNAH
Russell, you've been saying that
for two weeks now.

Savannah smiles and holds out a twenty dollar bill to Jackson. Russell looks in Jackson's direction.

RUSSELL
(begrudgingly)
Thanks Jackson.

Jackson stands up and takes the money from Savannah's hand. He shoves the twenty in his pocket.

JACKSON
No problem Russ, and Thank you,
Mrs. Rosier.

Russell grimaces at being called "Russ". He looks down at his watch.

RUSSELL
Honey, I gotta run to the office.
I'll be home late; don't wait up.

He kisses Savannah on the cheek while sizing Jackson up one last time from the corner of his eye.

Russell hurries out the door as Savannah and Jackson watch him exit.

SAVANNAH
(turning to Jackson)
Thank you again for mowing the
lawn, I really appreciate it! Can
you come back in two weeks?

JACKSON
Sure, no Problemo!

Jackson gets antsy, and shifts slightly from side to side.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Um, do you mind if I use your
restroom before I leave?

SAVANNAH
Sure, you'll have to use the one
upstairs because the one down here
is being repaired.
(beat)
Just take the first door on the
right.

JACKSON
Thanks.

Jackson heads to the staircase and makes his way to the bathroom.

EXT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jackson exits the bathroom and walks to the top of the staircase-

He suddenly stops and a sly look spreads across his face.

Jackson turns around and creeps slowly toward the room at the end of the hall. He looks over his shoulder and is careful not to make a sound.

INT. REAGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

A typical teenage girl's bedroom: posters cover the walls and fashion magazines are scattered here and there... the room is clean, but not immaculate. It doesn't look like her parent's touched anything in her absence.

Jackson is drawn to the large mirror above her vanity. It's covered with candid photos: *Reagan hanging with friends, Reagan on her birthday, pictures of Baby Dean, etc.*

He removes a **PHOTO** of Reagan from the mirror : *A natural, candid shot of her smiling.*

Jackson admires it for a moment then sticks it in his back pocket.

He gently brushes his hand along Reagan's bed as he makes his way to her nightstand.

Jackson picks up a **FRAMED PHOTO** of Reagan and her boyfriend Dean: *They are both smiling; he's wearing a letter-man jacket, and she's wearing a cheer uniform.*

Jackson scoffs at the photo and lays it faced down on the nightstand.

EXT. REAGAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jackson tip toes out of the bedroom and quietly closes the door behind him. He turns around and nearly jumps out of skin.

JACKSON
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Spike **GROWLS** and corners Jackson against the door.

Foot-steps can be heard running up the stairs...

SAVANNAH
Down, Spike!

Spike stops barking at a cowering Jackson and runs to Savannah's side.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Jackson composes himself, but his heart is still racing.

JACKSON
(Looking over at Spike)
Yeah, I'm fine... but I should
really get going.

Jackson inches slowly past Spike and rushes down the stairs. Savannah looks suspiciously over at Reagan's bedroom door then back at Jackson as he leaves.

ACT 3

INT. RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT

The patients are all involved with various forms of entertainment:

A **GROUP OF GIRLS**, sit on a sofa glued to a teen soap drama.

Chloe is off in a corner by herself working on a Rubik's cube. She solves and resolves it in record speed.

Lindsay and Pink sit at a table playing JENGA. Pink is concentrating very hard while Lindsay looks mildly entertained.

LINDSAY
I can't wait until Tuesday!

Pink holds her breath as she removes a Jenga piece; She exhales excitedly when she's successful.

PINK
Why?

LINDSAY
(Smiling)
Because that's when we get to
mingle with the boys from the other
ward.

Lindsay carelessly removes a game piece causing the whole stack to fall over... Pink looks as if her puppy has just died.

Sheila walks around the room with a handful of envelopes. She stops at the couch where the *GROUP OF GIRLS* are watching T.V. and hands out two.

As she comes near, Lindsay stops her.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Sheila, did I get any mail?

Sheila stops and flips through the stack of envelopes; she shakes her head no.

SHEILA
Sorry, not today Ms. Lindsay.

LINDSAY
(hopeful)
Are you sure? I was expecting a
letter from my parents.

Sheila double checks.

SHEILA
Nope... maybe tomorrow.

Lindsay is disappointed; she begins to angrily re-stack the Jenga pieces.

CUT TO:

Reagan and Kara play cards at a table near the window. Kara hands the deck to Reagan.

KARA
It's your turn to deal.

Reagan notices a **Burn Scar** on Kara's hand as she grabs the deck from her. She then shuffles the cards and deals them out.

Kara picks up her cards and studies them; she looks displeased.

KARA (CONT'D)
(playful)
You little cheater.

Reagan looks up from her cards.

REAGAN
What are you talking about?

Kara lays her cards down in front of Reagan: **Two of Hearts, Five of Club, Seven of Hearts, Three of Spade, Six of Diamond.**

KARA
This is the same hand you dealt me
the game before.

Reagan looks at the cards and shrugs her shoulder.

REAGAN
A coincidence?

KARA
Coincidence my ass!

REAGAN
We're playing "Go Fish" for
Christ's sake, why would I cheat in
Go fish? I didn't even want to play
this stupid game to begin with.
(holds out her hand)
Here, give me the cards back.

Reagan gathers all the cards from the table and reshuffles them. She hands the deck to Kara.

REAGAN (CONT'D)
Cut it.

Kara cuts the deck, shuffles it a bit, then hands it back to Reagan.

KARA
I got my eyes on you.

Reagan rolls her eyes and re-deals the cards to Kara and herself.

REAGAN
Happy Now?

Kara looks puzzled; she lays the cards out for Reagan again: **Two of Heart, Five of Clubs, Seven of Hearts, Three of Spades, Six of Diamond...** *The same suit.*

KARA
Deja fucking Voodoo!

Reagan studies the cards.

REAGAN
(Confused and bewildered)
I don't understand how this keeps
happening...

Sheila approaches the table and both girls turn their
attention to her.

SHEILA
You got mail.

CUT TO:

From across the room, Lindsay glares as she watches Sheila
hand Reagan a letter.

REAGAN
Thank you.

Sheila smiles and walks back to her desk on the other side of
the room.

Reagan looks at the envelope; it's addressed to her, but has
no return address.

She reads the letter and looks weirded out by it; Kara
notices.

KARA
Did you get a letter from your
parents?

Reagan shakes her head no.

REAGAN
(Gathering thoughts)
Someone has been sending me letters
for the past six months with no
return address, no name, no
nothing.

KARA
Creepy... what do the letters
usually say?

Reagan hands the letter to Kara.

REAGAN

I guess poems and stuff. I'm assuming it's a guy since they always sign with the letter "J"

KARA

(reading out loud)
"Every atom of your flesh is as dear to me as my own; in pain and in sickness it would still be dear".

CHLOE

Jane Eyre.

Reagan and Kara turn to Chloe who is still solving and re-solving her Rubik's cube in the corner.

KARA

Did you say something?

Without turning around, Chloe repeats herself.

CHLOE

That quote is from the novel, **Jane Eyre**... I've read it a dozen times.

Reagan shoots Kara a scolding look.

REAGAN

Geez, can you please keep it down?

KARA

(teasing)
 Jane Eyre, how romantic?... Looks like you got yourself a secret admirer.

Kara hands Reagan the letter.

REAGAN

(reading the note)
 Admirer?... More like a stalker!
 (beat)
 Who could be "admiring" me?

KARA

I dunno, maybe an ex-boyfriend or something? You do have a kid right?

A wave of sadness washes over Reagan as she processes Kara's question.

Lindsay walks up mid conversation.

LINDSAY
That's right, you do have a kid!

Lindsay and Pink pull up chairs to join Reagan and Kara at the table. Reagan folds up the letter and puts it in her pocket.

REAGAN
Yes, I have a son.

PINK
(excited)
Cool, what's his name?

REAGAN
His name is Dean, but I call him DJ for short.

LINDSAY
No offense, but I never took you for the 16 and pregnant type. Everyone in school thought that you were "little miss perfect".

REAGAN
Well, I never claimed to be perfect and I rather not talk about my son.

Lindsay looks at Reagan with a gleam of malice growing in her eyes.

LINDSAY
Of course! It must be a touchy subject for you... especially since he's still missing and all.

Reagan shoots Lindsay a glare.

REAGAN
(stern)
I rather not talk about my son.

LINDSAY
(chuckles)
Reagan, you might have everyone else fooled, but I always knew that there was something off about you.

The conversation is getting tense. Kara and Pink look uncomfortable as Reagan tries to keep her composure.

KARA

What are you babbling on about,
Lindsay? Just give it a break
already.

LINDSAY

(mocking Kara)

*What are you babbling on about,
Lindsay? Just give it a break
already.*

(scoffs)

What? Are you her fucking body
guard now?

Kara is pissed! She looks Lindsay dead in the eyes and
clenches her fist.

KARA

Would you like for me to "body
guard" my fucking fist into your
mouth?

Sheila looks up from her desk and Reagan motions Kara to calm
down.

Reagan turns her attention to Lindsay.

REAGAN

Lindsay, I'm so over your attention
seeking behavior.

(beat)

Don't you have some male nurses to
blow for your nightly cocktail of
Demerol and Xanax?

Lindsay gives Reagan a round of applause.

LINDSAY

Ouch, good one, Dr. Reagan! Are you
a psychologist now?

(beat)

And Why don't you tell everyone how
you stole cheer captain from me in
school... or how you stole my
boyfriend Dean and got knocked up.

Pink and Kara look shocked as new revelations are being
revealed; It's like an episode of Jerry Springer is unfolding
right before their eyes.

REAGAN

*Cheer Squad? Are you serious? It's
not my fault that you're
rhythmically challenged.*

(MORE)

REAGAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

And I didn't steal Dean from you!
He broke up with you months before
we got together... you're sad and
delusional.

LINDSAY

No Reagan, you're the one who's sad
and delusional! Claiming that a
Witch took your baby...how
pathetic? Dean must be rolling in
his grave for leaving me for a nut
job like you.

That last blow causes Reagan's blood to boil. A devious smile
spreads across Lindsay's face; *she's getting off on this.*

The tension is thick! Pink is avoiding eye contact and
looking down at the table while Kara watches Lindsay with
disgust.

REAGAN

Well, Lindsay, since you're in such
a sharing mood tonight, why don't
you tell everyone how you ended up
in here.

Lindsay brushes off the question.

LINDSAY

My mom caught me stealing her
prescription pills and raiding her
vodka stash... no big deal!
(Looking around room)
I'm not crazy like the rest of you
Looney Tunes!

REAGAN

(prodding)

Are you sure about that, Lindsay?
Dean told me *everything*, and I mean
everything!

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A nice, but casual dinner is taking place in an affluent
home. Lindsay and Dean sit across from her parents, MR. &
MRS. LANE at the dinner table.

THEODORE LANE (40'S) is a grade "A" DILF, you can tell by his
above average "Dad Bod" that he was once an athlete. He's the
typical "*stuck in his old glory days*" kind of guy.

VIVIAN LANE (40'S) is well put together. It's obvious that she is desperately holding on to her youth. Her bright red dress and lipstick are hardly appropriate for such a casual dinner.

The mood at the dinner table is a bit awkward; No one is engaged in conversation.

Dean looks bored while nibbling his food, but Lindsay is stuffing her face.

Mrs. Lane shoots Lindsay a disapproving look and Lindsay slows down her eating.

THEODORE

You know Dean, back in 89' I was
the quarterback of Somber Mills
High School.

Dean looks up from his plate.

DEAN

(trying to sound enthused)
That's great, Mr. Lane! I think I
saw your photo in the trophy case
at school.

Mr. Lane looks at his wife smug and proud. She winks at him before taking a sip from her wine glass.

VIVIAN

Yes, and I was captain of the cheer
team.
(looks at both Lindsay and
Dean, gushing)
You guys remind me so much of your
father and I at that age...

Mr. Lane playfully nudges his wife.

THEODORE

And maybe after college, they'll
get married like we did too.

Dean almost spits out his water and Lindsay looks up from her plate mortified.

LINDSAY

(scolding)
Dad!!!

Mr. Lane shrugs his shoulder.

THEODORE

What?

Mrs. Lane stands from the table.

VIVIAN

I'm heading to the kitchen to grab
desert; I'll be right back.

Vivian winks and exits the dinning room. Lindsay finishes her meal and turns to Dean.

LINDSAY

I was thinking we should wear
Aquamarine to the Winter formal, it
brings out the color of my eyes.

DEAN

I don't know exactly what
Aquamarine is, but sure...why not?

LINDSAY

It's a shade of blue, silly!

Mrs. Lane re-enters the dining room wearing an apron and holding a pipping hot apple pie.

MRS. LANE

(seductively)

Who's ready for some yummy pie?

Mrs. Lane plates three slices and hands one to her husband.

MR. LANE

Thanks, Honey

MRS. LANE

You're welcome, Teddy.

She walks over and places a slice in front Dean.

DEAN

Thanks for the pie, Mrs. Lane.

Mrs. Lane rubs Dean's shoulder and winks; *slightly flirty and inappropriate.*

MRS. LANE

You're welcome, Dean.

Mrs. Lane walks right past Lindsay and takes her seat next to her husband. She begins eating her slice of pie.

LINDSAY
(confused)
Where's mine?

MRS. LANE
Oh Sweetheart, I think you should
really skip dessert... Winter
formal is just around the corner
and you're starting to look bit
puffy.
(beat)
Don't you want to look pretty for
Dean?

Lindsay's face drops and Dean looks at her sympathetically.
The room goes quiet again.

LINDSAY
I'm going to excuse myself to the
rest room.

Lindsay pushes in her chair and rushes out the room. Dean
quietly eats the rest of his pie.

MOMENTS LATER...

Mrs. Lane stands and collects the plates from the table.

MRS. LANE
Dean, can you be a Dear and go
check on Lindsay?

DEAN
Sure.

Dean heads to the bathroom and Mrs. Lane takes the plates
into the kitchen.

EXT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dean walks up to the bathroom door and hears Lindsay dry
heaving... *He just stands there unsure of what to do.*

Mrs. Lane walks up shortly after and hears Lindsay vomiting.
Dean steps out the way as Vivian proceeds to open the
bathroom door...

MRS. LANE
Lindsay, are you oka--

Mrs. Lane walks in and catches Lindsay scooping her own vomit
from the toilet and eating it.

She looks up at her mother mortified like a deer in headlights. Her mouth, blouse, and hands are all covered in chunks of putrid vomit.

MRS. LANE (CONT'D)
Oh, my God.

Dean steps into the bathroom to see what is going on.

DEAN
(Hindu)
Hai Bhagwaan
(Oh my God)

He gags and turns away when he sees Lindsay.

BACK TO:

INT. RECREATION ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Reagan and Lindsay are locked in each others gaze; almost as if they just relived the memory together.

A trickle of blood runs down Lindsay's nose; the same for Reagan.

REAGAN
So what were saying, Lindsay?

Pink and Kara can tell by Lindsay's expression that she is shaken by the question and is trying hard to fight back tears.

Sheila stands from her desk and turns off the television with the remote.

SHEILA
Time for lights out, Ladies.

The girls on the couch groan... others begin putting away games... Chloe gets up and heads to her room.

Lindsay stands from the table, wipes her nose and chokes on her words.

LINDSAY
This isn't over, Reagan!

She knocks the deck of cards off the table before storming out the room; Pink follows closely behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

It's late and the neighborhood is quiet. Jackson walks casually down the deserted side-walk while puffing on a cigarette.

The distance between the houses become further and further apart as Jackson walks deeper into the outskirts of town.

WARF! WARF!

A small poodle darts out of a white picket fence; barking its little lungs out.

Jackson tries walking around the poodle, but he blocks Jackson's path on the side walk.

JACKSON

Move.

The poodle bites down on the hem of Jackson's jeans and tugs away with all its might.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

Get off of me, you little shit.

Jackson shakes his leg swiftly to get poodle off...but it won't budge.

Fed up, Jackson jerks his leg really hard and the poodle goes flying into the picket fence-

SNAP!... The poodle's neck breaks on contact!

It's lifeless body slumps to the ground.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Damn it.

Jackson panics and looks around for help, but no one is in sight.

He removes his hoodie and kneels down to wrap the poodle in it.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Sorry little guy.

Jackson looks toward the house again and catches a quick glimpse of someone walking past the window. He picks the poodle up and enters the picket fence.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jackson approaches the doorstep of the quaint home. It looks like an old cottage; one you would find in a fable.

KNOCK, KNOCK!

Jackson cradles the poodle in one hand as he knocks on the front door.

No response.

He walks over to the window and attempts to peer inside when...

The front door slowly creaks open.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jackson cautiously enters the house and looks around the living room.

JACKSON

Hello?

It's dark, except for moonlight pouring in from outside. In the corner of the room Jackson sees the silhouette of an old woman in a rocking chair.

She slowly rocks back and forth causing the floor to creak with each movement.

Her face is covered in shadows and only her wrinkled hands are visible in the moonlight.

Jackson walks closer to the old woman and her face slowly becomes more and more visible...

The elderly woman looks up at Jackson with eyes that are cloudy and white. He waves his free hand in front of her face; but no reaction... *She's blind.*

Jackson places the poodle in the old woman's lap. She begins to gently stroke its fur.

OLD WOMAN

My little Buttercup.

The old woman stops petting the dog...she lifts him to her chest and then listens for a heart beat

Nothing.

JACKSON
I'm so sorry, it was an accident, I
swear.

She lets out a loud and piercing **SHRIEK**.

Jackson apologizes profusely as he backs away trying to calm the screaming woman.

He darts to the front door but-

BOOM, it slams shut!

Jackson twist and turns the doorknob, but it won't budge.

The old woman glides very slowly and hauntingly towards him; her feet floats an inch above ground.

Jackson whips past her and makes a run for the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jackson rushes across the kitchen and swings open the back door-

SURPRISE... another *Gruesome Granny*!

JACKSON
Fuck!

He quickly slams the door shut and locks it.

The old woman smiles at Jackson through the small window on the back door. She flashes her razor sharp teeth and flickers her partially missing tongue.

Jackson runs to the kitchen drawer and pulls out a butcher knife.

He starts to hear a faint scratching noise.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The old woman from the rocking chair, floats down the hallway while running her fingernails along the walls.

She's heading straight to the kitchen

BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN -NIGHT

Jackson hears the sound of scraping finger nails getting closer...

He frantically looks around the kitchen and sees a door leading to the basement.

Jackson sprints across the kitchen, opens the basement door and closes it shut behind him.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The basement is dark and dank; Jackson can't see anything.

He slides his hand along the wall and flips on the light switch.

But it doesn't work.

JACKSON
(Heavy Breathing)
Shit!

He brushes cobwebs out of his face as he makes his way down the creaky staircase.

Jackson reaches the basement floor and blindly feels around for a place to hide.

A long finger creeps from the shadows and taps Jackson's shoulder. He swiftly turns around.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
(frightened)
Who's there?

Jackson hectically digs in his pant pocket and pulls out a lighter. He flicks it until a flame appears.

His hand shakes as he swiftly moves the lighter out in front of him: **boxes, old furniture, junk...**

Jackson breathes a sigh of relief, but that quickly fades and his eyes grow wide with fear...

He can hear and feel heavy breathing down his neck. Jackson slowly turns around with his lighter-

Revealing...

THREE GHASTLY WITCHES: The Blind Witch, The Tongueless Witch, and a Witch wearing a hearing aid.

They all smile when they see Jackson's distraught reaction.

BLIND WITCH

Boo!

Jackson's hair gradually turns from black to stark white as his body freezes in fear.

He drops his lighter and the flame blows out.

The basement goes completely black.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The innocent exterior of the cottage hides the horror that lies within.

From the sidewalk; we can hear screams and loud thumps as a body is being thrashed about inside.

FADE TO BLACK.