

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS ROOM

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08/08/13

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Inspired by the real thing.

1

TIME TO PACK.

1

QUICKCUTS of bending and folding and tucking as THE OPENING CREDITS ROLL... We hear someone BREATHING, a steady rhythm of inhales and exhales as they dutifully bend to the task...

CLOSE ON a box. Brown. Cardboard. Bought in bulk.

The lids on top are bent along perforated edges, folded down til they meet in the middle...

We hear a loud SQUEAL as a roll of packing tape RAKES ACROSS THE SCREEN, sealing the two lids together... Then a second pair of lids are bent, folded and sealed... Then a third and a fourth and a fifth... Bent, folded and sealed...

Again and again and again... Box after box after box...

THE CUTS COME FASTER NOW, lids bending and folding with lightening speed, packing tape RAKING left to right, then right to left, then left to right...

Again and again and again... Box after box after box...

Building in noise and speed and fury until all of a sudden WE'RE DONE.

Silence.

CUT TO:

2

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

2

The living room is washed in sunset, empty except for what looks like an acre of moving boxes in every size imaginable.

On the far side of the room, standing in front of a window with her back to us, is a WOMAN. Dirty jeans, sweat-soaked T-shirt, hair gathered in a hasty knot. She's holding very still, focused on something on the window sill...

HER HAND enters frame lifting a SMALL SILVER BRACELET that was left there... She coddles it and surfs her deep memories when...

The door bursts open startling her.

DAVID

Sorry it took so long, I think everybody in Brooklyn decided to hit the Ice Cream Factory at the same time.

DAVID enters, her husband, slim, good-looking, with black hipster glasses he actually uses for seeing things.

He's holding two ice cream cones. Followed by a boy, JEREMY, who is a pint-sized version of David, plus cowlicks and chubby cheeks. He licks away at his strawberry cone.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Dana?

As he approaches, DANA still has her back to them. She slips the bracelet into her pocket.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You okay?

He wraps his arms around her, presenting her the ice cream cone. She takes a bite.

DANA

(slight smile)

I'm fine.

Jeremy, savoring his ice cream cone, framed against all the moving boxes.

JEREMY

I'm really going to miss it here.

CLOSE ON Dana still staring outward. Her free hand in the pocket where the bracelet is tucked away.

3 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

3

The back of their Range Rover barely shuts over the pile of suitcases inside. Jeremy is in his car seat. David and Dana say goodbye to TEDDY AND JULES.

TEDDY

Good luck gorgeous...

Teddy hugs Dana. Meanwhile, Jules, teary eyed, embraces David.

JULES

I'm just going to miss you guys.

They switch and Jules squeezes Dana tight.

JULES (CONT'D)

I'm really proud of you. Really.

DANA

(breaking the hug)

Thanks Jules.

DAVID

Hope you guys can make it down on
the 4th. You'll love it.

Dana takes this in, about to chime in when... A BLARING CAR
HORN. Jeremy has freed himself from his booster seat and is
now in the driver's seat.

JEREMY

(best dad imitation)

Let's get this show on the road!

Off everyone's laughter we CUT TO:

CUE TWO STARTLING BLASTS OF MUSIC, like a foghorn.

BWAAAAAAAAA!!!! BWAAAAAAAAA!!!!

Then a SWIRL of instruments fall to, the piece light and
frisky, clearly of a different era.

5

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

5

THE MUSIC CONTINUES as the silver Range Rover snakes through
the wooded highway.

DAVID (O.S.)

*IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO WE AAAARE /
WE ARE GENTLEMEN OF JAPAAAAAAN...*

INT. RANGE ROVER - LATE AFTERNOON

What David lacks in pitch he makes up for in oomph. Jeremy's
singing along with dad, cheerfully mangling every other word.

DAVID & JEREMY

*WE FIGURE IN LIVELY PAI-NT / OUR
ATTITUDE'S QUEER AND QUAI-NT /
YOU'RE WRONG IF YOU THINK IT AI-NT
/ OOOOOOOO...*

Eyes twinkling, David looks to his right... THE CAMERA SLIDES
OVER to find DANA, watching the road but she can feel her
husband's eyes on her.

DANA

(beat)

It's a shame I packed the Oklahoma
soundtrack. We could've popped it
in after this.

DAVID

Oh come on... Embrace living in the
country.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
Driving the open road, singing
Gilbert and Sullivan, what's more
American than that?

DANA
First of all Gilbert and Sullivan
were English...

Jeremy still singing, super loud from the back -

DAVID
(deadpan)
I knew that...

DANA
And second, we're moving to North
Carolina, not the 1900's.

DAVID
Fine. You want me to put on
something else?

JEREMY
POOH-POOH-BAH-BAH from the town of
TITIPU-PU!

DANA
(watching her son)
Not on you life.

David sees her smile. Man he loves that. He joins in again.

DAVID
POOH-POOH-BAH-BAH FROM THE TOWN OF
TITIPU-PU-BAH-BAH!

7 EXT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

7

We can still hear them LAUGHING as the car flies away from us
and over the hill, speeding toward a shadowy horizon...

8 INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT - LATER

8

It's now pitch black and pouring rain. The car SLIPS and
SLIDES along a muddy single-lane road, branches SCRAPING the
sides as they pass. David hunches forward, squinting through
the wipers.

DAVID
I wonder what it would cost to pave
all this.

DANA

You're actually off-roading in your Range Rover. Bet you're the only one of your friends that can say that.

(teasing)

Embrace life in the country.

DAVID

If we bed and breakfast this place...

DANA

First let's find the house then hope the mover's got there before we decide to turn it into a bed and breakfast.

DAVID

You're right I'm just excited for you that's all.

DANA

I gave them directions. I also told them we'd be there to supervise. I didn't know we'd be stopping for strawberries.

DAVID

I wanted to stop...

DANA

And peas.

DAVID

I'd never done the whole roadside stand bit...

DANA

And spinach.

DAVID

And I thought it was important for Jeremy...

DANA

And asparagus.

DAVID

He should know where food comes from.

DANA

Food comes from farms, David. Not stands.

DAVID

They both have farmers.

DANA'S P.O.V.: A tiny flicker up ahead.

DANA

I think I see a light on the porch.

DAVID

Who left a light on?

DANA
The movers I guess.

JEREMY
(waking from a nap)
Where are we?

DAVID
We're home, peanut!

Jeremy looks out the window, reserving judgment.

JEREMY
Where're the streetlights?

DANA
They don't have streetlights in the country, Jeremy.

DAVID
Just flashlights, buddy. Isn't that cool? We'll get you a big one. With your name on it.

JEREMY
Red!

DAVID
Red. You got it.

They roll up to the house. Hard to see much, what with the rain and the night.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Babe?
(beat)
Dana, look at me.

She turns from the window, meets his eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)
This is a good thing, alright? It's a good move. Hey - you believe me?

DANA
I believe you.

He leans over, kisses her, tender. Jeremy's face crinkles.

DAVID
Ready, peanut? Ready to see our new house?

JEREMY
Yeah!

9

INT. HOUSE - ENTRY - MINUTES LATER

9

The front door swings open revealing Dana, David and Jeremy, soaked to the skin and loaded down with bags. Dana feels for a switch on the wall and two small sconces flicker on. Then one of them SPUTTERS and DIES.

But Dana's not thinking about the lighting.

DANA

(under her breath)

Shit.

DANA'S P.O.V.: Every box from the opening scene is piled high in the entry, plus a truckload of furniture. The sight is overwhelming.

DAVID

I thought they were supposed to put everything in the right rooms.

DANA

Obviously they didn't.

JEREMY

This place is huge!...

DAVID

Hey, peanut - last one to find the bathroom has to go wee in the woods!

JEREMY

WAIT! Wait for me!

DANA

No running in the house!

But they're already gone. Dana lingers in the silence, then picks her way over to a wide doorway off the entry...

DANA'S P.O.V.: A black hole. Impossible to tell what kind of room this is or how big...

UNKNOWN P.O.V.: Dana, facing us in the doorway on the other side of a very large space. After a beat she backs away, zigzagging through the boxes to a doorway opposite...

UNKNOWN P.O.V.: Dana, facing us in the second doorway, looking small. Vulnerable. She turns away again, moving toward the staircase at the rear of the entry...

It's over-the-top, meant to impress. At the bottom, inset in the paneling on either side, are two opposing mirrors, both tall and foxed, coated with dust...

Dana steps between them, sees herself reflected on either side. *A thousand little Danas, stretching to infinity...* Heavy footsteps proceed the return of David and Jeremy.

DANA (CONT'D)

Who puts mirrors like this these here?

DAVID

A guy who has a hot wife and wants as many of her as possible.

He holds her from behind and we PUSH IN ON THE MIRRORS...past DANA after DANA...all of them smiling until gradually they seem to OPEN THEIR MOUTH in a silent scream and we move into the---

10 INT. BATHROOM - FLASHBACK - BROOKLYN

10

OVERHEAD SHOT of water, swirling down a drain... WIDEN to reveal a bathtub rapidly emptying... WIDEN AGAIN to reveal a slick white bathroom, tricked out in expensive Carrara...

There's a woman curled up on the floor next to the tub, wrapped in a white towel, CRYING soundlessly... It's Dana...

We hear DRIP, DRIP, DRIP as the water drains to nothing...

DISSOLVE TO:

11 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

11

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP...

OVERHEAD SHOT of Dana curled up on a mattress, her back tucked into the curve of David's belly. They're both sound asleep, wearing the same clothes as the night before....

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP...

Dana opens her eyes, the dripping sound reverberating in her head. She looks to see rain rolling down the windows, but no puddle on the floor. DRIP, DRIP, DRIP...

DANA

David, do you hear that?

She looks around as if she doesn't trust her ears..

DANA (CONT'D)

David. Do you hear that? That dripping?

It takes David a beat to gather his senses.

DAVID

God... You have good hearing. That
woke you up?

She's out of bed in a flash.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's an old house, babe, it's going
to have a few leaks.

DANA

The smallest leak can destroy a
home.

DAVID

(reaches for her, coy)

Okay. But it'll still be raining in
a few minutes.

Nice try - but she's gone.

12 INT. ENTRY - CONTINUOUS 12

We hear RUSTLING. PAN OVER to find Dana, towel draped on her
shoulder, opening a large box marked "KITCHEN," an army of
pots and pans nestled inside.

13 INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS 13

WIDE ON Dana, pots balanced under one arm, moving from window
to window, opening interior shutters, letting in the light.
All of it filthy. But dry.

14 INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 14

WIDE ON Dana, pots stacked on the floor, pushing back pair
after pair of heavy, faded drapes. Whew. Dusty. But Dry.

15 INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS 15

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP... Her eyes go to the ceiling, zeroing in on
a nasty yellow stain. She found it. The DRIPS are hitting the
radiator then puddling on the warped wood floor.

She mops up a small puddle with the old towel, then sets a
pot under the leak. Job done, she stands, gathers her hair in
a knot and LOOKS OUT THE LARGE WINDOW.

She has a beautiful view over their rich green lawn to the
old Greenhouse - now fogged up because of the rain.

SUDDENLY, SOMETHING CATCHES HER EYE--

A JET-BLACK GERMAN SHEPARD, sitting in perfect obedience, staring at the house. At her. Creepy.

A STREAK OF RAIN on the window pane OBSCURES Dana's view before she even has a chance to process what she's seen.

16 And then she realizes it must have just been one of those 16 water distortions. Because what she thought was a black dog is really just a rusty old wheel barrow. Odd...

A FIGURE appears behind her, reflected in the window. It's

DAVID

Is it bad?

DANA

Hard to say until I get up on the roof. But we'll need to fix it right away.

Dana's eyes linger on the old wheelbarrow for a beat.

19 INT. ENTRY - CONTINUOUS 19

We hear RUSTLING. PAN OVER to find Dana opening another box marked "KITCHEN," hauling out a large microwave.

20 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 20

She sets the microwave on the counter, looks around. Her new kitchen has squat to recommend it. Cracked tiles and broken cabinets, nothing cleaned or upgraded in decades...

Aha - there's a greasy outlet near the fridge. Dana plugs the microwave in, the little numbers blinking '12:00.' Then she opens one of their grocery bags, pulls out a box of Eggos.

David slouches in, bleary-eyed, hair on end.

DAVID

Is there any coffee?

DANA

If you want coffee you need to find the coffeemaker first.

David comes up behind her, slips his arms around her waist.

DAVID

Found her.

DANA
Fuck you.

DAVID
Is that a threat?
(kissing her neck)
Or a promise?

DANA
Could be a threatening promise.

DAVID
Or a promising threat...
(then)
Where's the peanut?

DANA
He's not up yet?

21 INT. STAIRS - MINUTES LATER

21

PAN UP from a waffle on a paper plate to Dana climbing the stairs. She reaches the landing, starts down the hall. As she nears the third door on the right she stops, listening.

JEREMY (O.S.)
You're funny...

Dana moves closer to the half-open door, brow furrowing.

JEREMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I don't know... We have to wait and
see...

She pushes the door open...

22 INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - SAME

22

HER P.O.V.: A bare mattress on the floor with a red sleeping bag on top of it. Jeremy's sitting on the bag with his back to us, giggling quietly.

JEREMY
No, she's a nice mommy... The
nicest mommy in the world...

DANA
Jeremy?

The boy goes still.

DANA (CONT'D)
Who are you talking to?
(beat)
Jeremy, I asked you a question.
(MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)
Who were you talking to just now?
(beat)
Jeremy, turn around.

Shoulders slumping, Jeremy obeys... and Dana's eyes go wide.

DANA (CONT'D)
Oh no.

PAN DOWN from the boy's pleading face to his lap, and to the biggest, mangiest tabby cat you'd never want to see.

DANA (CONT'D)
Jeremy...

JEREMY
PLEASE, mommy?

DANA
Jeremy, where did you find that thing?

JEREMY
He lives here! This is his home!

DANA
We'll take him outside where he'll be even more happy.

JEREMY
He said he'll protect me!

DANA
I'm sure he did. No pets, Jeremy.
We've talked about this.

JEREMY
MOMMY SAID WE CAN'T KEEP HIM!

Dana looks over her shoulder and JUMPS. David's right there.

DAVID
Where'd that come from?

JEREMY
I'll take care of him BY MYSELF! I
PROMISE, I PROMISE!

David plops down next to Jeremy, scoops up the cat.

DAVID
Whew! You stink, little guy...

JEREMY
I can give him a bath MYSELF!

DANA

Jeremy -

DAVID

We could probably use a good mouser, babe. This place must be crawling with 'em.

JEREMY

Yeah, he's a REALLY good mouser

DANA

David, can we please talk about this in private?

INT. HALLWAY - SECOND FLOOR

David and Dana step into the hallway.

DAVID

You and I both know that this transition isn't easy for Jeremy. This could be good for him.

DANA

You say you'll end up taking care of it, but you'll get busy and it will fall on me.

DAVID

I'm not in the city working 80-hours a week anymore. I'm here, we're here, so you can work your magic and fix this house.

DANA

...And it's going to take all my focus...

DAVID

Exactly why I'll take care of the cat. If it becomes a burden, I'll get rid of it.

Dana studies her husband. She wants to believe him.

23

INT. KITCHEN - MID-PANTRY AREA - MINUTES LATER

23

The cat's now in the sink, HISSING and STRUGGLING as David and Jeremy serve up an excessively sudsy bath.

DAVID
 Hold still, you little rascal...
 (then)
 How about 'Rascal,' huh? You think
 'Rascal's' a good name?

As Jeremy mulls this over -

JEREMY
 I think it's an cool name... What
 do you think, Rascal? You like it?

CLOSE ON the cat, sporting a beehive of bubbles. He looks
pissed. David laughs, starts rinsing him off.

DAVID
 I think he likes it... Now do you
 know what 'rascal' means, peanut?

JEREMY
 Ummmm... No.

DAVID
 It means someone who is playfully
 mischievous...
 (looking out the window)
 Up to tricks.

24 DAVID'S P.O.V.: DANA, DIGITAL SLR IN HAND, DISAPPEARING 24
 AROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE...

25 EXT. REFLECTING POND AREA - THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 25

It's still overcast but it's not raining anymore. Dana sits
 on the ground, points her SLR and shoots a photo:

The house, in all its ratty splendor... And it's a monster.
 Four bricked stories of 19th-century excess gone to seed, a
 Byzantine arrangement of gables, turrets, and chimneys. The
 statue in the pond canted and with it's arms broken off.

26 **BEGIN MONTAGE** AS DANA SHOOTS FRAME AFTER FRAME. 26

Walking through the dilapidated Greenhouse, avoiding broken
 glass...

The side of a giant brick chimney...

Picking up a fallen shutter on the ground, below a bedroom
 window...

A few loose crumbled slate tiles on the back deck.

Crossing the backyard to a small iron gate, latched shut...

There's an abandoned forest on the other side. It's vast and overgrown. Gnarled. Like out of a fairy tale.

Then Dana TURNS back towards the house:

HER CAMERA POV stops on a SMALL, ALMOST DISGUISED, WINDOW HIGH IN THE ATTIC. One Dana's never seen before..

DANA
I missed that?

INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE

Dana works her way up to the top floor, reaching the door at the end of the flight of stairs... the door to the attic.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Dana has swapped her camera for a flashlight and she shines it into the dark space. It's vast and totally empty.

She sticks a foot out onto the floorboards, testing. It will hold. Then begins to walk deep into the attic. But what quickly becomes clear is that -

DANA
There aren't any windows up here.

HER FLASHLIGHT P.O.V. -- Dana turns her flashlight on at the top of the stairs... to little effect. It's a raw space the size of a hockey rink. It's also not a maze of mysterious old trunks and dress mannequins under sheets. In fact, it looks stripped clean.

A section of the Chimney travels through the attic... and beyond that is A TOWERING PIECE OF FURNITURE set against the BACK WALL. It's old, made of wood, with a cabinet on one side and a tall stack of drawers on the other. It fronts much of the back wall.

And it's the back wall Dana's interested in.

DAVID (FAINT - OS)
*Honey. I thought we could head
into town now.*

Dana TAPS on the back wall. Then compares the SOUND of it to the sound of the side wall. The side wall is solid. The back wall is hollow.

Dana looks at the giant piece of furniture. If she's going to move it, she'll have to take the drawers out first.

INTERCUT - INT. ATTIC / INT. STAIRCASE

Dana removes the drawers as SOMETHING'S POV glides silently, ghost-like, up the stairs...

Only two more drawers to go when SOMETHING'S POV reaches the attic. It turns and sees the penumbra of Dana's flashlight in the distance. It glides towards Dana now...

Dana removes the last drawer. She puts her flashlight down and then PULLS ON THE PIECE OF FURNITURE WITH ALL HER MIGHT...

Totally unaware of THAT POV, now seemingly floating up into the air, right beside her head...

We/She suddenly see-- RASCAL! -- inches from her face. (He climbed onto the piece of furniture). Dana lets out a scream! Then begins to curse at the cat.

DAVID
Everything alright?

DANA
I hate this cat. I hate it already.

DAVID
(puzzled)
What are you doing?

INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Dana and David, together, muscling the thing inch by inch.

DAVID
(straining)
Where's the Lion and the Witch?

DANA
(straining)
Technically it's called a 'chiffarobe.'

DAVID
What's it made of, lead?

DANA
Just a little bit more.

DAVID
Why are we moving this now?

That's got it. And Dana indicates...

DANA

That's why.

That piece of furniture had a recessed back, which allowed it to sit flush against A HIDDEN DOOR IN THE BACK WALL.

DAVID

Cool. Our own secret room.

Dana tries the doorknob -- but it's LOCKED. And that bothers her. She tries it again. Come on, Dammit.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey, D. What's the big deal?

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - DANA'S HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

PLANS being unrolled in what is going to be Dana's Office.
(*Right now it's nothing more than an old desk that was already there and the few boxes Dana brought up last night.*)

DANA

The big deal is that room isn't on any plans I found for this house.

She manically shows David historical drawing after drawing.

DANA (CONT'D)

See. Not. On. Any. I need to know everything about the house, David, before I start taking out walls or moving things around...

DAVID

Okay, but I still don't see what one little room--

DANA

Because you're not an architect. So you don't think about the fact that this room is *right above Jeremy's*. That its floor could be this close to collapsing.

Dana is over-reacting. David just wants to calm her.

DAVID

I get it now, I do. So let's go to town and ask about a locksmith to go with that roofer.

He smiles and Dana suddenly realizes how she is behaving.

DANA

I'm sorry. I just - want this to work. I want it to be perfect.

DAVID

It will be. It is.

He's so sure. She tries to grab onto some of that.

27

EXT. TOWN - DAY - LATER

27

ESTABLISHING SHOTS of an old mill town... Brick buildings, a handful of stoplights, parking on the diagonal. You can tell it must have been proud once, bustling... Like a century ago.

The Range Rover pulls into a space. As they all get out -

DAVID

Not bad. Not bad a-tall.

An OLD MAN in overalls ambles by on the sidewalk.

OLD MAN

'Afternoon.

DAVID

'Afternoon!

(to Dana, whispering)
See? Friendly.

JEREMY

Where's the movie theatre?

DAVID

They don't have one, but there's a 6-plex just up the road in New Bern.

(points around)

See that? That's a genuine barbershop. And that fire station - that's a historical landmark built in the 1800s. And Yelp says that ice cream shop is the best this side of the Mississippi! Better than Ice Cream Factory in Brooklyn.

JEREMY

No way! Really?

DAVID

Really... Babe we are going to give it a try if that's okay?

JEREMY

OH MY GOD THAT'S SO COOL CAN WE GO
CAN WE CAN WE CAN WE?!

DANA

Of course.

28 EXT. MORTIMER'S GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS 28

WIDE ON a turn-of-the-century facade "Ye Olde" except for real.

29 INT. MORTIMER'S GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS 29

It smells "Ye Olde" too, but they seem to have the basics.
Dana picks up a basket, heads deeper inside.

VOICE (O.S.)

'Afternoon!

Reveal MARTI MORTIMER (50s) behind the long wooden counter, a round-faced woman in a floral print sweatshirt.

DANA

Hello I'm Dana...

MARTI

Dana Barrow- new owner of the The Blacker House. I'm sorry if it seems nosy. But that's front page news around here. I'm Marti Mortimer. I'll be offended if you don't call me Marti.

DANA

Nice to meet you, Marti.

MARTI

What can I do for you, today?

Dana's warm smile gives way to that underbelly of determined Type-A city dweller.

DANA

We're going to be fixing up the house, restoring it. Maybe make it a bed and breakfast eventually. So I'll need historically accurate fixtures, tile, wainscoting...

MARTI

Anything we don't have, or can't make, I can get my hands on.

(MORE)

MARTI (CONT'D)

(Dana is surprised)

We've got this little thing called
the internet. Don't tell anyone.

Dana laughs. A little embarrassed at her presumptuousness.

MARTI (CONT'D)

I was thrilled when I heard you
were planning on whipping that
place into shape. Don't think it
ever quite got its due. Has your
husband got any big changes
planned?

DANA

Actually, it's me. I'm the
architect. I'm the one that's
going to be doing it.

MARTI

Well, look at you. Beautiful and a
career to boot.

DANA

It was my husband's idea, I mean
all of this, actually was his idea.
I haven't worked since...
(beat)
Since we had our son...

MARTI

Well I'm sure , you all have your
work cut out for you.

DANA

Yes we've got a leaky roof for
starters.

MARTI

I am happy to recommend some
honest, hard-working people...
Ben Phipps, Junior - not to be
confused with Ben Phipps, Senior,
who drinks - now he's a man who
knows his way around a hammer...
(mock fanning herself)
And he's not bad to look at either!

Marti slides her a business card. Winks.

MARTI (CONT'D)

We've got e-mail too.

Dana smiles, right.

CUT TO:

INT. DANA'S HOME OFFICE - ALL AFTERNOON

Box by box, Dana unpacks her office.

DAVID comes in with her DRAFTING TABLE...

And then a little later with her CHAIR, and LAMPS...

Dana mounts a CALENDAR on the wall. And pencils in two weeks of planning -- then circles **JUNE 28th** and writes "**PLANS FINISHED.**"

David brings in one last box.

DAVID

This box has all the photos and blueprints from the historical society and any article that mentioned the Blackers or the house that I could find.

He kisses her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is going to be great for you. I know it. I'm going to check on peanut.

(regarding the room)

Have at it.

He leaves. Dana looks back making sure David is gone. She removes the small silver bracelet from her pocket and drapes onto the lamps light switch.

She takes a breath... and then begins to sort through the PILES OF DOCUMENTS AND BLUEPRINTS of the HOUSE - dating back to the 1890s.

IMAGES OF THE FIRST OWNERS captured for the ages on cellulose paper. 'Judge and Mrs. Blacker 1892'...

THEN PICTURES from one of their 'famous parties' -- Dozens of people, including children, hair done up in ribbons, holding their favorite playthings: kites.

Before we know it, this musty old room has been turned into DANA'S HOME OFFICE -- a cathedral that celebrates what this house once was and Dana's sketches of what it can be...

The only thing flummoxing her is THE SMALL MYSTERIOUS ROOM - which she labels '???' on her drawings.

And then finally one last PHOTOGRAPH at the bottom of the box. It's another portrait of the Blackers... Only in this one the Judge is flanked by his ALL-BLACK GERMAN SHEPHERD.

That's the dog Dana thought she saw the other day. Odd--

--A KNOCK shakes Dana out of her trance. Jeremy enters--

JEREMY

Wow!

REVEAL - THE ROOM AS A WHOLE

It's an impressive display.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Hey. That's us!

He means the ARCHITECTURAL MODEL Dana has built of what the restored place will look like. Complete with a refurbished greenhouse and classic Adirondack lawn furniture for guests.

DANA

What do think?

JEREMY

Can I have it?

(remembers)

Oh wait. I'm supposed to bring you downstairs now. Daddy said it's lunch time.

DANA

I'll be down in a minute.

45 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

45

Dana enters and finds David leaning against the counter, watching Jeremy finish the last of his apple slices.

DAVID

You hungry?

David looks her way, taking in the damp circles on her thin cotton T-shirt, the cut-off shorts with the frayed edges.

DANA

Sort of.

Then, eyes on Dana -

DAVID
Jeremy. Nap time.

46 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

46

We find them in the thick... Sitting up in bed, still half-dressed... Dana's on top, David cradling her back... His eyes on her, her eyes on the ceiling... Rocking together... Trying to get close enough... Near enough... Deep enough...

Faster... faster... faster... But quiet... quiet... quiet...

WE SLOWLY MOVE AWAY from them, down over the floor and out into the hallway, down to the third door on the right and up to the bed, where we find Jeremy fast asleep, oblivious to the violence taking place down the hall...

SLOW FADE OUT:

BARKING. At first barely audible and then growing LOUDER...

47 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - LATER

47

CLOSE ON Dana, waking from a nap. She looks to the windows, sees Jeremy standing there, hands pressed against the glass.

DANA
Jeremy?

Dana gets up, quickly pulling on her shorts.

DANA (CONT'D)
Jeremy... What is it?

JEREMY
There's a dog out there.

As she joins him at the windows -

DANA
It's probably just a stray.

JEREMY
I'm scared...

He turns from the glass, wraps his arms around her legs, seeking comfort. Dana smooths that little cowlick, soothing.

DANA
It's okay, peanut. I'll protect
you...
(looking out the window)
Mommy will protect you.

Then he slowly pulls away from her.

JEREMY

Mommy?

Dana looks down, sees Jeremy examining the palms of his hands, concerned. He lifts them up, shows them to her...

THEY'RE SMEARED WITH BLOOD.

DANA

Oh my god... Jeremy... Jeremy, what happened? What did you do?

She takes his hands in hers, searching for a cut or a gash, but she can't find one. Then she looks down at her shorts...

THEY'RE SOAKED THROUGH.

SMASH CUT TO:

48

INT. BEDROOM - LATE DAY

48

Dana, waking with a start. She looks to the windows... Jeremy's not there... But she can hear BARKING.

DANA

David...

(to herself)

I had one of my dreams.

Sleeping next to her, David murmurs something unintelligible. Dana CONSIDERS waking him, but he looks so peaceful that instead she reaches for her pajama bottoms and t-shirt.

She stands at the window... but there's nothing to see. Even the wheelbarrow is just a wheelbarrow. She SHIVERS, still trying to shake that horrible dream.

She crosses to their closet and finds the HIDDEN PACK OF CIGARETTES and LIGHTER she keeps for just such situations.

Quietly, she exits the room.

INT. HALLWAY/ INT. JEREMY'S ROOM

Dana peeks in on her son. Rascal raises his head and stares at her. Maybe he is a 'guard cat' after all.

The Rascal TURNS suddenly and looks out the window. A beat later, THE BARKING OUTSIDE RESUMES.

Dana can't believe it... That part wasn't a dream.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The BARKING, faint, continues as Dana descends the stairs.

INT. ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

And the BARKING doesn't stop as Dana passes the mirrors and a million reflections of herself.

EXT. BARK PORCH/ YARD - CONTINUOUS

The minute Dana steps outside THE BARKING STOPS. Dana looks around across the vast lawn then steps down and begins to cross it. It doesn't take long for her to put some distance between herself and the house.

All of a sudden, she feels like someone is watching her.

DANA
Hello?

SOMEONE'S POV - FROM THAT TINY MYSTERIOUS ATTIC WINDOW

From up here, Dana is just small figure. We watch her stop briefly at the wheelbarrow and inspect it.

Then she continues out across the lawn and, eventually, out the gate and into the woods.

EXT. WOODS BEYOND THE GATE - LATE DAY

Dana slips behind a tree and pulls out the Marlboros. Only one left. Shit. She lights it, inhaling greedily.

CLOSE ON Dana, eyes darting between the forest and the back door, on the lookout for stray dogs and husbands. She leans back against the tree and we rack focus deep looking at the attic window behind her, a light turns on.

50

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

50

QUICKCUTS of Dana prepping dinner... Preheating the oven... Opening the freezer... Hefting the lasagna out... Shoving it in the oven... Reaching for a white plastic timer...

CLOSE ON the timer as she sets it back down: 60 minutes.

Sitting at the kitchen table, leg twitching restlessly...

CLOSE ON the timer: 50 minutes.

Coming back with another moving box, scissoring it open...

CLOSE ON the timer: 40 minutes.

Unpacking a set of knives, sliding them into a block...

CLOSE ON the timer: 30 minutes.

Unwrapping a bunch of utensils, yanking open a drawer...

And then stopping.

CLOSE ON the drawer as she slowly pulls it all the way out.
There's a small section hidden at the back...

It's full of keys.

51 INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS 51

CLOSE ON the drawer then PAN UP to Dana, cruising up the staircase, flashlight under one arm.

52 INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS 52

She kneels in front of the locked door, sets the drawer down and starts trying keys... Barrel, flat, skeleton... Brass, iron, steel... All of them old, worn... Key after key after key, the drawer gradually emptying, until there's only one more left to try... Dana slips it in the lock...

And it doesn't work.

DANA
Well fuck you too.

Annoyed, she begins SLAPPING keys back in the drawer. Then she stands, turns to leave, and her eyes skirt the top of the door frame... Looks just wide enough...

CLOSE ON fingers sliding along the wooden trim above the door... and closing around a small key, grimy with age...

CLOSE ON the old key entering the lock...

CLOSE ON Dana's mouth as she hears the lock CLICK...

CLOSE ON the blackened knob turning under her hand...

CLOSE ON Dana's eyes as the setting sun hits her face...

UNKNOWN P.O.V.: We're on the far side of the attic, watching from a distance as the door opens and Dana steps inside...

CLOSE ON Dana, looking fascinated... Baffled... Beautiful...

HER P.O.V.: A little room, bare, with one window about four feet up from the floor... But it's the floor that draws her attention... It's a patchwork quilt of reddish-brown sheet metal, soldered together with rusted iron bolts...

Dana frowns... What is this room?

53

INT. ATTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

53

She moves deeper into the small space, lost in thought, then hears a gentle CLICK behind her... Dana SPINS around, sees the door is now shut... Then her mouth drops open...

There's no knob on the inside... **SHE'S LOCKED IN...**

Dana moves to the door, DIGGING her fingers around the edges, trying to pry it open...

DANA

David? David, is that you?

She BANGS on the door once. Twice.

DANA (CONT'D)

David? Are you out there?

She BANGS on it again, waits a beat.

DANA (CONT'D)

Jeremy?

Dana can feel her heart start to SKIP a little... She goes to the window, crouches down...

HER P.O.V.: A partial view of the yard between the back door and the forest gate, but there's no one there...

She examines the window for a latch or a lock but it doesn't have one... Then she understands... It's not meant to open...

Dana turns to face the door again... Still shut...

CLOSE ON Dana, eyes FLICKING around the room, looking for something - anything - she could use to get out of here...

A bead of sweat trickles down her temple... It's hot up here... Stifling... Getting harder to breathe...

Dana wills herself to calm down, to slow her RACING pulse, but it's beginning to feel like the walls are closing in...

Then her eyes SNAG on something... There, on the floor in the corner, almost hidden in the shadows...

She goes over to it, bending down to see what it might be...

HER P.O.V.: A drain, its cover crusted and black... Inside the drain, A tiny Ceramic Figure, hoisting a tea cup.

Dana rises, eyes on the drain, absorbing the implications...

She looks to the door again... Then she THROWS herself at it, POUNDING on it, in the grip of a full-blown PANIC...

DANA (CONT'D)
David! David, please! Please let me
out of here! DAVID! DAVID!

Dana knows this is crazy, knows she's overreacting, but she can't help herself... The room has gotten under her skin...

DANA (CONT'D)
DAVID, PLEASE...

QUICKCUTS as she CLAWS at the door...

DANA (CONT'D)
PLEASE LET ME OUT!

RAKES her fingers along the edges...

DANA (CONT'D)
DAVID! DAVID!

Sweat spilling down her cheeks...

DANA (CONT'D)
DAVID, LET ME OUT OF HERE!

Mingling with the hot tears...

DANA (CONT'D)
PLEASE... LET ME OUT!

But still no one comes...

DANA (CONT'D)
David?
(beat)
DAVID!
(beat)
DAVIIIIIIID!!!!

Dana falls back from the door, sinks to her knees...

DANA (CONT'D)
Oh please... Oh please, please,
please, David, please...

And in the sun's last light, she sees them...

CLOSE ON shallow scratch marks on the floor in front of the door, like someone tried to dig down through the metal...

Dana JERKS away, MOANING in fear, SCRAMBLING to the other side of the room... She sits still for a second under the tiny window, whole body TREMBLING...

Then, when she accepts that no one is coming, Dana drops her head down, and cries herself to sleep.

SLOW FADE OUT:

54 INT. ATTIC ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 54

CLOSE ON Dana waking up... Groggy. Disoriented. The little room as dark as a tomb. For a moment she has no idea where she is, who she is, how long she's been in here...

As she crawls to the door, reveal A **PAIR OF FEET...THEY'RE SMALL, CHILD'S SIZE, REVEALED BELOW A YELLOW DRESS. THEY SCAMPER BEHIND HER. DANA SENSING, TURNS QUICKLY... BUT SEES NOTHING. AN EMPTY ROOM.**

She reaches up to beat on the door one more time, AND IT SWINGS OPEN BENEATH HER TOUCH... Dana staggers to her feet, rushing out into the attic proper...

55 INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - AT ATTIC DOOR - CONTINUOUS 55

Hurrying toward us, face streaked with tears...

56 INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 56

Running away from us... and then stopping short on the landing, arrested by the sound of unfamiliar voices below. Dana tiptoes, listening. Sounds like laughter.

DANA

David?

No answer. More laughter.

57 INT. STAIRCASE NEAR ENTRY - CONTINUOUS 57

Dana comes creeping down the stairs, pausing at the bottom, her reflection caught between the two tall mirrors.

58

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

58

We find David and Jeremy lounging on the chesterfield and watching a sitcom, adding their own laughs to the laugh track. Then David looks up, surprised.

DAVID

Hey, babe. Where'd you come from?

THEN HIS FACE IS ROCKED SIDEWAYS WITH A CRACK, the sound echoing through the half-furnished room...

DAVID'S P.O.V.: Dana, standing over him. Shaking. Eyes slit.

DANA

I bet you thought that was funny.

(beat)

I bet you thought that was so fucking funny...

DAVID

What was that for?

DANA

I bet you had a good laugh...
Leaving me locked up there for hours...

(breath hitching)

and hours...

DAVID

Dana, I don't -

DANA

IT'S NOT FUCKING FUNNY!

Jeremy's eyes grow huge.

DAVID

Dana, I swear to God...

DANA

I was upstairs, David...

DAVID

I swear to God I have no idea what you're talking about...

DANA

I was upstairs, David, LOCKED in that little room in the attic...

DAVID

You got in?

DANA
I FOUND the key and I went
INSIDE...

DAVID
Dana -

DANA
And then somebody... SOMEBODY shut
the door...

DAVID
Dana, I would never -

DANA
SOMEBODY LOCKED ME IN!

DAVID
I would never -

DANA
And if it wasn't you, who was it?
WHO WAS IT, DAVID?

DAVID
Babe... Babe, I don't know...

DANA
WHO WAS IT, DAVID?

DAVID
Babe, there's no one else here...

DANA
THAT'S RIGHT! THERE'S NO ONE ELSE
HERE!

She's hit by a fresh wave of tears, wipes them away, furious.

DAVID
Dana, I swear on my life I didn't
lock you in that room...

Dana stares down at her husband, sitting there rubbing his
cheek, looking all hurt and bewildered.

DANA
I was up there screaming for
help... For hours... And you didn't
come... YOU DIDN'T COME!

DAVID
Dana, we've been down here the
whole time. And we didn't hear a
thing. Honest to god...

JEREMY

We didn't hear a thing, Mommy...

Dana looks over at Jeremy... He's cringing, lip quivering, on the verge of tears. David pulls him closer.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

We didn't.

She can feel the doubt and confusion rushing in... She feels foolish and humiliated... Dizzy... And her head is pounding.

DAVID

Have you been having trouble sleeping?

DANA

No. And don't look at me like that.

DAVID

Like what?

JEREMY

Don't get sick again, Mommy.

Dana glares at her husband. Deep breath...

DANA

I won't, peanut. In fact, I've never felt better in my life.

BRRRRRIIIINNNGGGG!!!!

The sudden noise is like a SIREN, making them all JUMP.

QUICKCUT to the timer back in the kitchen: 0 minutes.

CLOSE ON Dana. Dinner's ready. How is that possible?

SMASH CUT TO:

59

INT. BATHROOM

59

OVERHEAD SHOT of water, swirling down a drain... WIDEN to reveal the bathtub, the white bathroom, and Dana on the floor, wrapped in a white towel, CRYING soundlessly...

We hear the DRIP, DRIP, DRIP as the water empties out...

DISSOLVE TO:

60 INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

60

DRIP DRIP DRIP...

CLOSE ON drops of water falling into an almost full pot. A pink tongue appears, lapping daintily.

BEGIN A SERIES OF INTERCUTS

Dana in her office, has her photos laid out and begins sketching out her vision....

CLOSE ON A PENCIL OUTLINING A ROOM.

David in Attic Room checking out Dana's discovery.

Back to the pink tongue. WIDEN to reveal Rascal drinking from a pot under the leak in the breakfast room.

JEREMY (O.S.)
You thirsty, Rascal? You thirsty?

CLOSE ON a paint brush, dipping into a water glass..

Back to Rascal. WIDEN to reveal Jeremy sitting on the floor next to him, scratching him behind the ears.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
You're a good boy, aren't you?

It's raining again, water SLAMMING against the windows.

David places a wedge under the door.

CLOSE ON SKETCH the brush streaking Red over pencil marks that indicate drapery.

Jeremy pushes the cat away from the pot, picks it up.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Come on, Rascal.

CLOSE ON WATER GLASS The brush is dipped and red bleeds into the clear water.

DAVID bends down to peer through the low sitting window.

61 INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

61

WIDE ON Jeremy as he carries the pot full of water through the hallway, Rascal along for the ride.

CLOSE ON THE SKETCH The Dining Room coming to life....

62 INT. DINING ROOM - SAME

62

CLOSE ON the boy's feet as he enters the dining room. The cat leading him, but stops suddenly, back arched and hissing. Jeremy stops short and wobbles, water spilling out onto the floor.

JEREMY

Look what you made me do!

CLOSE ON Dana's shoulders, expanding and contracting...

63 INT. DINING ROOM - SAME

63

WIDE ON Jeremy. Rascal still hissing at something around the corner.

JEREMY

Come on boy. Let's go. What is it?

CLOSE ON Dana's hand shading with black chalk...

CLOSE ON THE POT, water sloshing out left and right.

CLOSE ON JEREMY'S EYES.

64 INT. DINING ROOM - SAME

64

WE PUSH PAST Jeremy and Rascal to the doorway.

CLOSE ON Dining Room sketch completed.

Jeremy starts to move slowly past the still hissing cat.

DANA pins her finished sketch to the wall, next to the window covered in rain drops.

We travel behind Jeremy moving slowly in the direction of blind corner/doorway where Rascal is hissing... when he JUMPS BACK!

DAVID

(peaking around corner)

Whatcha up to, peanut?

JEREMY

(scared but relieved)

I'm helping!

Rascal stops hissing and scampers towards the kitchen.

DAVID

Okay then. Go dump that bucket in the bathtub across the hall and get it back under that leak fast. Deal?

JEREMY

Deal.

DAVID

Mom still in her office?

JEREMY

I think so.

65 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

65

Dana at the sink. She begins washing her hands, closes her eyes, drops her head down... MEOW.

She hears it again. MEOW. Dana looks up, sees Rascal now on the counter by the sink, staring out the window.

DANA

Get down from there.

(beat)

I said get down from there, you little shit.

She goes to shoo the cat away. Then she looks out the window too... And forgets all about him.

OUR P.O.V.: Dana and Rascal on the other side of the rain-streaked window, looking out over our heads.

THEIR P.O.V.: A stray kite, small and yellow and shaped like a diamond, hanging above the Forest.

CLOSE ON Dana, inexplicably rapt.

The kite seems to hover in place for a moment, rippling in the storm... Then it starts to drift... Dana moves down the counter, trying to keep it in view for as long as possible, then it vanishes around the corner of the house...

66 EXT. BACK OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

66

Dana walks out the back door into the rain, eyes on the sky, looking for the kite. She rounds the corner of the house -

DANA

OH!

AND RUNS INTO SOMEONE... A MAN...

MAN

Whoa!

DANA

Jesus!

MAN

Whoa... Sorry... Sorry...

She backs away, one hand over her galloping heart.

DANA

For chrissake...

MAN

I really am sorry, ma'am. Hope I
didn't scare you too bad...

(then, chuckling)

That was not my intention...

Dana puts a few more feet between them, sizing this stranger
up... He's big. Handsome. Handsome but rough. And wet.

DANA

Who are you? And what are you doing
sneaking around outside my house?

The man smiles, raises his hands, as if to the leaky heavens.

MAN

Answering your prayers.

CUT TO:

INT. DANA'S OFFICE - DAY

David curiously looks it over. It looks like a healthy
person's office.

He looks up at her CALENDAR. They way she's circled JUNE
28th. David stares, pleased. He then sees the Dining Room
Sketch that blows him away. All good.

And he's about to leave when SOMETHING CATCHES HIS EYE..
...It's the Small Silver Bracelet. FROWNING, David picks it
up and rolls it through his fingertips. Thinking. He eyes the
trash can.

But instead puts it back on the lamp and walks out.

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP...

Dana and BEN PHIPPS, JR. stand several feet apart, hands on their hips, staring up at the wide leak on the ceiling.

DANA
It's gone unchecked for awhile.

BEN
Uh-huh. Lucky for you it didn't cave. Lucky for you I stopped by when I did.

DANA
Lucky for you people around here like to gossip.

BEN
Uh-huh. That they do.

He gives her a sideways look.

BEN (CONT'D)
Also heard you were an architect or something.

DANA
Or something.

There's an intimate quality about this man's presentation and Dana's not sure she cares for it. Still, she finds herself distracted by a bead of water slipping down his brow...

BEN
(smiling)
Maybe we should talk about money.

DANA
That's a little premature.

BEN
Come again?

DANA
You haven't been hired yet.

BEN
No?

DANA
No.

BEN
(soft)
Nothing I can do to change your mind?

DAVID (O.S.)
Hello!

They both turn as David enters, laptop under one arm.

DANA
This is David - my husband. David
this is Ben Phipps, Jr.

DAVID
Nice to meet you.

BEN
Likewise.

As the men shake hands -

DANA
Mr. Phipps is here about the leak.

DAVID
Oh!

BEN
'Ben' works fine.

DAVID
Great! When can you start?

DANA
That's still up in the air.

BEN
(to David)
Soon as you pull the trigger.

DAVID
Well we should probably get on this
right away, babe, don't you think?

DANA
No.

BEN
I'm free anytime...

DAVID
Great!

DANA
David -

BEN
Just say the word...

DAVID
Then I guess we'd like you to start
as soon as possible.

DANA

I'll tell you what I'd like. I'd like Mr. Phipps to come back here when it stops raining so the two of us can get up on that roof and see what's what. That way, once the situation's been thoroughly and properly assessed, we'll be able to discuss hours, materials, and scope of work in a manner that's not pulled directly out of our asses.

(to Ben)

What I would also like is to agree on a deadline, which, if not met, means revisiting the terms of our contract with the probability of penalties paid by you to us for every day of work exceeding the original agreement.

(then)

Now if that sounds acceptable, I'll look forward to resuming this conversation at a later date. Either way, it was a pleasure meeting you, Mr. Phipps. And now my husband here will show you out.

(then)

David? Would you mind?

And she leaves them both standing there, jaws properly slack.

FLASHBACK - INT. BATHROOM - BROOKLYN

OVERHEAD SHOT of water, swirling down a drain... WIDEN to reveal the white bathroom and Dana in the tub.. But this time she gets to her feet, using the sink for support...

DANA'S P.O.V.: Her reflection in the mirror... Face pale, falling apart... She opens the medicine cabinet, stares at the PILL BOTTLES inside...

She takes the PILLS and angrily throws them across the room, scattering them, and letting out a terrible HOWL....

Then she looks back at the medicine cabinet mirror (which has bounced back shut). She stares at herself....

INT. THEIR CURRENT MASTER BATHROOM

It's old, scuzzy, tiled top-to-bottom in a sick shade of yellow...

...But Dana has the same expression on her face. And when she looks at the PILL BOTTLE that's now in her hand, instead of taking two, she DROPS a pair in the toilet and watches them sink.

70 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

70

David's already tucked in on his side. So's his laptop. Dana pads to the bed, drops the damp towel on the floor, gets in, making sure to lie down with her back to him. A beat, then -

DAVID

Oh man. The Asian Markets are upside down. I should drive up to the city tomorrow.

He makes a point of turning her so he can look into her eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's just for two nights, but I can postpone it if you want--

DANA

Why would you do that?

DAVID

Well. We're just settling in.

DANA

(insulted)

We'll be fine, David.

She turns away from him. He holds her from behind.

DAVID

(jokes)

Just do me a favor. Stay the hell out of that room while I'm gone.

She pulls the sheet up to her chin, like a child, closes her eyes. WE LINGER on David, concern in his.

71 EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE/PORTECORCHERE - MORNING

71

It's a beautiful day, sunlight bouncing off a waiting TAXI. Dana and Jeremy sending David off.

DAVID

I can always postpone.

DANA

I said we'll be fine.

DAVID
I really don't mind and they'd
definitely understand.

DANA
It's only for one night.

DAVID
Two. Two nights. We've got dinner
tonight and then brunch the day
after tomorrow. I told you that.
(beat)
I'm pretty sure I told you that.

DANA
We'll be fine. I've got a lot of
work to do.

DAVID
You're gonna keep an eye on mommy
for me, right? Take good care of
her?

JEREMY
We're gonna get my liberry card!

DANA
It's not 'liberry card.' It's
'library card.'

JEREMY
'Library card.'

DANA
(sotto)
He can be from Brooklyn and not
sound like Brooklyn.

DAVID
(sotto)
You're from Brooklyn, babe.
(then, to Jeremy)
Want me to bring back some
Junior's?

JEREMY
What kind?

DAVID
The regular.

JEREMY
With strawberries! No raspberries!

DAVID
Bye! Love you!

DANA

Bye.

73 EXT. TOWN - STREET - CONTINUOUS

73

Mother and son move down the sidewalk checking numbers, stopping near an Old Colonial home. A small building sits next to it, out front.

74 EXT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

74

They make their way to the front door. A sign in the window says "LIBRARY." A sign below it says -

DANA

Closed.

JEREMY

Awwww...

DANA

Unbelievable... It's 10:15 on a Friday.

Dana glances toward the Old Colonial adjacent to the walkway, starts moving in that direction.

JEREMY

Where are we going?

DANA

Hang on a second.

DANA'S P.O.V.: A sign on the door says "HISTORICAL SOCIETY." A sign below it says "OPEN."

We hear a gentle *ding-a-ling-a-ling...*

DANA (V.O.)

Hello?

75 INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY - CONTINUOUS

75

Dana looks in, finds a humble operation. Shag carpet, pine bookcases, and the vague smell of car oil. Jeremy lingers at the door, moving it back and forth so the bell keeps RINGING.

DANA

Jeremy.

He stops, scowling.

VOICE (O.S.)
Looking for the library?

Dana squints, sees someone sitting at a desk in the shadows.

DANA
Yes, we were! I mean, we saw it but
the sign says 'closed.'

The stranger gets up, comes shuffling toward them. It's a
tiny WOMAN (70s) with wavy white hair and very sharp eyes.

WOMAN
It's closed when I'm here and it's
open when I'm there. Can't be two
places at once.

DANA
No... I guess not.

WOMAN
Do you have a name?

DANA
Sorry. It's Dana. Dana Barrow.

WOMAN
Of course! Dana the architect! Nice
to meet you, Dana. I'm the one who
sent your husband all the
photographs and records of your
house. They call me 'Ms. Judith.'
(eyeing Jeremy)
And who might you be?

Jeremy edges behind his mother.

MS. JUDITH
What's the matter? Cat got your
tongue?

DANA
That's Jeremy. He's five.

MS. JUDITH
And I suppose Master Jeremy's
looking to get himself a library
card.

DANA
Yes, he is. Jeremy's becoming a
very big reader these days.

MS. JUDITH
Is that so?

They both look to the boy for confirmation. Jeremy remains silent, finger lurking suspiciously near his left nostril.

MS. JUDITH (CONT'D)

Hmph. Then I'd better take you on over there. I'll get my keys...

As she heads back to her desk Dana's moves in closer, away from Jeremy.

DANA

Sorry, I... I'm... It's...

MS. JUDITH

Yes...

DANA

There's this little room I found up in the attic. It's got a metal floor and a window that doesn't open and a door that only locks from the outside. It's frightens me. And it's isn't on any of the plans... I don't know what to make of it... Of that.

(flushing)

It's ridiculous.

MS. JUDITH

Maybe.

(beat)

Maybe not.

Ms. Judith goes over to the tables, sagging down into a chair.

DANA

What do you mean?

Dana follows, taking the seat next to her.

DANA (CONT'D)

What is it?

For a moment the old lady keeps her own counsel. Then she reaches out, patting Dana's hand with thin, papery fingers.

MS. JUDITH

Dana... Dana, it sounds like you have a 'disappointments room.'

DANA

A what?

MS. JUDITH
A disappointments room.

DANA
I don't know what that means.

MS. JUDITH
(beat)
There was a time, not so long ago,
when a child born with certain
difficulties was considered...
embarrassing. Especially if the
family was well-to-do. Prominent
socially. Sometimes a decision
would be made to keep the child's
very existence a secret...

She hesitates, aware she's feeding Dana's distress.

DANA
Go on.

MS. JUDITH
And so, confined to a room like the
one you describe, tended to only by
the parents or possibly a trusted
servant, that boy or girl would
spend their lives... However long
those might be. No one to talk to.
No one to play with. Never feeling
the sun or the rain on their little
faces... These children were...

DANA
Disappointments.

Ms. Judith offers a small, sad nod. Then -

MS. JUDITH
Their time in this world was
frequently brief... God willing.
And when it was over they would be
buried. Discreetly. Usually with
none the wiser.
(beat)
Hard to believe. Difficult to
accept. But... it happened. More
often than people know. Or admit.

DANA
So there was a child.

MS. JUDITH
It does seem... likely.

DANA

If the Blackers had a child no one knew about, what happened to it?

MS. JUDITH

Well there's really no way to know, is there? If nobody knew you were alive, then you never really existed.

This lands deep in Dana's soul.

DANA

I suppose not.

MS. JUDITH

(changing it up)

What you say we get down to the library and get you that card, Jeremy!

77 INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - DAY - LATER

77

WIDE ON the house through the windshield as the car comes up the drive. An old pick-up truck is parked near the porch. And there's a metal ladder leaning against the side of the house.

OFF Dana, frowning.

78 EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

78

Dana and Jeremy walk up to the base of the ladder, their eyes on the parapet two stories above.

DANA

Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello yourself!

A familiar face pops into view over the parapet wall.

DANA

What do you think you're doing up there, Mr. Phipps?

BEN

Thought you said to come back when it stopped raining.

79

EXT. HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

79

Jeremy's now sitting in the grass next to the ladder, paging through his big book about dinosaurs. WE PAN UP the ladder to the top, and find Dana and Ben inspecting the parapet above the breakfast room. The space is small, flat, and baking in the sun. Dana's poking around with a crowbar.

BEN

What do you think?

DANA

I think all this has to go.

She stands, gives the crowbar back to Ben, wipes her hands.

DANA (CONT'D)

We should demo the existing and build a new one. But with a pitch. Better drainage.

BEN

Standard per foot?

DANA

(nodding)

Quarter inch.

(then)

Fir strips, plywood, new flashing, new tar paper -

BEN

And so on and so forth. Top of my head I'd say it's a 4-day job.

DANA

I say 2 days - max.

BEN

I bill 80 bucks an hour.

DANA

You'll get 60.

(then)

2 days at 60, 500 for materials... That's about 1460. Max.

Ben stares at her for a beat, squinting in the sun.

BEN

You don't talk like an architect.

DANA

My father worked as a general contractor for over 40 years, Mr. Phipps.

BEN
Is that right?

DANA
Yes - that's right. And he didn't
like leaving me with baby-sitters.
So I've spent a lot of time on-site
and a lot of time around men who
look a lot like you.

Dana goes to the edge to check on Jeremy. When she turns back
around, she finds Ben watching her with a smug expression.

BEN
You know who you look a lot like?

DANA
Who?

BEN
A smoker.

CUT TO a lit cigarette passing between two hands, one male,
one female. Reveal Dana and Ben smoking up on the parapet.
Dana sits on the wall, keeping an eye on Jeremy down below,
careful to keep her cigarette hand out of his sightline.

BEN (CONT'D)
So when did you start working for
your daddy?

DANA
When I was old enough.

BEN
Doing what?

DANA
Whatever he'd let me do.

BEN
Must have been proud.

DANA
Of?

BEN
You. Getting a degree. Becoming an
architect.

Dana gives the slightest of nods, goes quiet for a beat.

DANA
He had a heart attack on the job a
few months after I graduated.

BEN
Sorry to hear that.

DANA
(shrugging)
He died getting his hands dirty.

BEN
Just like he wanted.

DANA
Exactly.

BEN
And what about your -

JEREMY (O.S.)
MOMMY?

Dana leans over, sees Jeremy standing on the bottom rung.

DANA
Don't come up here, Jeremy! You
stay right where you are.

JEREMY
I'm hungry now!

DANA
I'll be right there. Now get down
off the ladder, please.

She watches until he hops off.

BEN
Where's his father?

DANA
The city.

BEN
He coming back soon?

DANA
(rising)
That's not your concern.

BEN
Must get scary at night... Tucked
up in bed. All by yourself.

She smiles thinly, grinds her cigarette out on the tar paper.

DANA
Congratulations, Mr. Phipps... You
just found the line.

BEN
Oh yeah? So now what?

DANA
So now you can back the fuck up.

Dana steps out onto the ladder. As she disappears from view -

DANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And you can start tomorrow. We'll
expect you around 8.

OFF Ben, watching her go.

INT. DANA'S HOME OFFICE - 4 AM

Dana's pencil now orphaned on the plans. DANA asleep at her desk. A STORM buffeting the house. EVERYTHING creaking.

INT. JEREMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jeremy sleeps in the glow of a plug-in nite-lite. Rascal sleeps too, gone fetal on top of the sheets. Then, somewhere, a phone starts ringing...

RING-RING RING-RING...

Then, suddenly, RASCAL lifts his head.

He jumps off the bed.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

A slight draft blows gently on the door to the
DISAPPOINTMENT'S ROOM

It bangs softly, open and shut. Open and shut. Open and shut...

RING-RING RING-RING...

Rascal watches that. Then he turns. Out of there...

INT. DANA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

We see Rascal nudge his way through the door and into Dana's office. He meows once. Nothing.

RING-RING RING-RING...

LOW ANGLE SHOT as Rascal crosses towards Dana...

But Rascal stops AT THE PAIR OF CHILD'S FEET WE SAW EARLIER... THEY'RE SMALL AND BARE... Rascal nuzzles them.

WE HEAR THE PHONE STOP RINGING...

A LITTLE HAND reaches down and scratches Rascal behind the ears, before withdrawing. Then the FEET TURN, orienting themselves towards THE DESK. They walk out of frame.

CLOSE ON DANA, peaceful, asleep on the desk...

Suddenly, THE SIDE OF A YOUNG GIRL'S HEAD slides up into frame alongside Dana. Her LONG CURLY BROWN HAIR covering most of her face. It CASCADES down across Dana's shoulders.

Then, the GIRL LAYS HER HEAD DOWN ONTO DANA'S SHOULDER. Like any small child might do with their mother. The Girl's hand plays with the bracelet on the lamp.

And Dana, still asleep, UNCONSCIOUSLY REACHES UP AND STROKES THE CHILD'S HEAD. AS ANY MOTHER WOULD.

A GIRL'S VOICE WHISPERS
Mommy loves me.

PULL BACK SLOWLY to see the two of them. First DANA, then the GIRL nestled with her... The girl's one perfect porcelain cheek and beautiful dark eye...

Then we see the other half of her face. It's HIDEOUSLY DEFORMED. Skull bulging and monstrous.

TO BLACK:

86

INT. DANA'S OFFICE - MORNING

86

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON Dana, opening her eyes.

JEREMY (O.S.)
Mommy?

She looks up. There's Jeremy at the other end of the desk. She slept here all night.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Can I have my breakfast?

Dana just stares, like she's never seen him before.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Can I have my breakfast, mommy?

DANA
Yes, Jeremy. You can have your
breakfast.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

A SERIES OF SHOTS - a very-tired Dana filling a pot...
Putting it on the stove... Turning on the gas...

Opening a cupboard, taking out a box of cream of wheat,
pouring in the right amount from memory...

Then stirring... Stirring... Stirring...

Dana scooping the hot cereal into a bowl... Adding milk... A
slice of butter... Half teaspoon of sugar...

88

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

88

Jeremy's now sitting on the couch watching TV with Rascal. On
screen, two long-haired hippies named CAROLE and PAULA dance
and caper around a colorful cardboard set. Dana sets his
cream of wheat and toast down on coffee table.

CAROLE & PAULA
*Here in the garden what we say and
do / We'd like you to join us and
do it too...*

DANA
Jeremy?

CAROLE & PAULA
Can you crow like a rooster?

DANA
Jeremy.

JEREMY
(eyes on the TV)
Yeah?

CAROLE & PAULA
Cock-a-doodle-doo...

DANA
I'm going to be upstairs, okay?

JEREMY
Okay.

CAROLE & PAULA

And clap your hands and stamp your shoe...

DANA

So you play in here, okay?

JEREMY

Okay.

89 INT. ENTRY - SAME

89

Dana crosses the entry to the stairs, "The Magic Garden" theme song seeming to follow her as she goes...

CAROLE & PAULA (O.S.)

It's a funny place but it's surely true / That we'd like to share it all with you...

90 INT. STAIRCASE NEAR ENTRY

90

As she passes between the two mirrors...

CAROLE & PAULA (O.S.)

If you sing for me / Tra-la-la-la-la-la...

91 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - SAME

91

Reaches the landing...

CAROLE & PAULA (O.S.)

I'll sing for you / Woo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo...

92 INT. DANA'S OFFICE - SAME

92

Enters the her office...

CAROLE & PAULA (O.S.)

If you cry for me / Huh-huh-huh-huh...

Sits down...

CAROLE & PAULA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'll cry for you / Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo...

Touches the necklace on the lamp...

CAROLE & PAULA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
If you scream for me / Ahhhhhhhh!

And closes her eyes...

CAROLE & PAULA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'll scream for you / Woo-UH-huh!

Then BANG. Dana WHIRLS toward the office door... now shut.

93 INT. DANA'S OFFICE/SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 93

The door opens and Dana steps out, unnerved.

DANA
Jeremy?

She goes to the railing, looks down into the entry.

CAROLE & PAULA (O.S.)
*So come on in without a fuss /
'Cause the magical garden is
waiting for us...*

DANA
JEREMY?

A long beat... Then she hears a THUD on the floor above.

94 INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS 94

Dana steps into view.

DANA
Jeremy, are you up here?

She looks over the second floor hallway, Then she hears a
RUSTLING above her...

Dana turns to look...

AND SEES A FLASH OF YELLOW VANISHING UP THE ATTIC STAIRS...

95 INT. ATTIC STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 95

Dana appears at the bottom, puts a foot on the first tread.

DANA
Jeremy? Jeremy, I'm not in the mood
for games...

Overhead, we hear a floorboard CREAK...

DANA (CONT'D)

Jeremy?

Step by step, Dana starts inching her way up the stairs...

As she nears the top, the risers give way to a clear view across the attic, black as midnight except for the light coming through the open door to the little room...

96

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

96

Someone's in there... But it's not Jeremy...

IT'S THE LITTLE GIRL...

MAYBE SIX YEARS OLD... WITH A PALE, HEARTBREAKINGLY BEAUTIFUL
FACE FRAMED BY THICK BLACK CURLS...

SHE'S WEARING A CANARY YELLOW PARTY DRESS, THE KIND WORN OVER
A CENTURY AGO... AND NO SHOES...

At first, Dana only sees the healthy side of the Girl's face. But when she turns fully, the extent of her deformity comes into view. And with it, the mind-blowing thought that this really could be the Blacker's Little girl.

DANA

Oh my God...

Dana blinks but the GIRL is still there. Instinctively, breathlessly, Dana walks slowly towards this... thing.

DANA (CONT'D)

Is this...your home? Do you live
here?

The GIRL says nothing. But she doesn't run away either.

DANA (CONT'D)

What's your name? Can you tell me
your name?

The GIRL blinks. Sad.

THE LITTLE GIRL

They never gave me one.

Dana processes that as ALL OF A SUDDEN SOMETHING SCARES THE GIRL and she turns and SPRINTS INTO THE DISAPPOINTMENTS ROOM.

Dana instinctively gives chase, throwing open the door to the Disappointments Room only to find...

INT. DISAPPOINTMENTS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Nothing. No one. The Girl has vanished.

DANA
What is it you want?

Dana looks for the hiding place that must be well camouflaged. But she finds nothing.

Suddenly we hear a child's LAUGH outside, high and tinkly...

Dana stoops down at the window, looks out onto the yard, and sees Jeremy running around the corner of the house...

THEN SHE SEES SOMETHING MOVE AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST...

IT'S ONLY WHEN IT EMERGES THROUGH THE OPEN GATE THAT SHE GRASPS ITS FULL SIZE AND SHAPE... IT'S THE DOG FROM THE PICTURE... A GERMAN SHEPHERD... AND IT'S HUGE... POWERFUL-LOOKING...

DANA'S JAW CLICKS OPEN AND SHUT BUT NO SOUND COMES OUT...

THE DOG CROUCHES LOW TO THE GRASS, EYES ON THE SPOT WHERE JEREMY JUST VANISHED... THEN IT BARES ITS TEETH, ITS LOW GROWL HUMMING ALL THE WAY UP TO THE ATTIC ROOM...

A SUSPENDED MOMENT... THEN IT CHARGES FORWARD, DISAPPEARING AROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE...

AND THEN COME THE SCREAMS... WAKING DANA FROM HER STUNNED STATE, PROPELLING HER ACROSS THE ROOM TOWARD THE OPEN DOOR...

A SERIES OF INTERCUTS...

98 INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

98

DANA RUNNING THROUGH THE ATTIC, FACE TWISTED IN FEAR...

CLOSE ON YELLOW TEETH, SNAPPING AND SHREDDING...

99 INT. STAIRCASE - AT ATTIC DOOR - CONTINUOUS

99

DANA SCRAMBLING, WAILING, ONLY ONE WORD DISTINGUISHABLE...

DANA
JEREMEEEEEEEEEE...

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF EYES, BLACK AND INHUMAN...

100 INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - THIRD LEVEL - CONTINUOUS 100

DANA RACING DOWN THE STAIRS

CUT TO A RIBBON OF GUMS, PINK AND SLICK WITH WET...

101 INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE- SECOND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS 101

DANA FLYING DOWN PAST THE SECOND FLOOR LANDING...

DANA
JEREMEEEEEEEEEE...

CUT TO A LITTLE MOUTH, YANKED ROUGHLY OUT OF FRAME...

102 INT. STAIRCASE NEAR ENTRY - LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS 102

DANA RUSHING DOWN THE STAIRS, HITTING ONE OF THE MIRRORS WITH HER ELBOW, THE NOISE A SHARP CRACK...

A SMALL WHITE HAND, JERKED HARD ACROSS CAMERA...

103 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 103

DANA SPRINTING THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM...

A SUDDEN VIEW OF THE SKY, SHAKING VIOLENTLY...

104 INT. SUN ROOM - CONTINUOUS 104

DANA CRASHING INTO THE SUN ROOM...

SOMETHING MEATY AND LOOSE, FLAPPING UNNATURALLY...

DANA CLAWING HER WAY TOWARD THE OPEN DOOR...

A TINY WHITE SOCK, KICKING IN THE GRASS...

105 EXT. BACK OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 105

DANA TRIPPING DOWN THE BACK STEPS, SOMEHOW STAYING UPRIGHT...

THE SOCK DROPPING TO THE GROUND... AND LYING STILL...

DANA PINWHEELING AROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE... THEN REARING BACK, ALMOST FALLING DOWN...

CLOSE ON DANA, FACE WHITE WITH SHOCK

DANA'S P.O.V.: JEREMY, HIS BACK TO HER, PICKING UP THE BIG DINOSAUR BOOK HE'D LEFT OUTSIDE IN THE GRASS...

JEREMY

There you are! I was looking all
over for you...

Dana, breathless, trembling. She looks around but there is
no threat on the lawn. In fact, it's paradise.

BEN (CALLS DOWN)

You alright?

Jeremy plays on innocuously. He's an aeroplane.

DANA

(to Ben, trying to
recover)

Did you see a... dog in the yard?

BEN (CALLS DOWN)

Been sitting here for ten minutes.
Ain't no dog around here. And I
don't expect you'll find one this
far out of town.

Dana, still discombobulated, nods.

DANA

Th-thanks.

JEREMY

Mommy, can I have a sandwich?

Dana does her best to look normal...

DANA

Sure... You stay here... I'll go
make you one.

JEREMY

(so happy)

Thank you, Mommy!

Dana turns, happy to keep her son from seeing his mother like
this... Wild-eyed... Crazy-looking...

INT. KITCHEN/MUD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She stops in the doorway, struggling to pull it together.
Delayed tears burst from her eyes as she heads for the
sink...

Then, from the corner of her eye, she sees SOMETHING SMALL
STREAK FROM UNDER THE KITCHEN TABLE...

It's Rascal, head down, bee-lining for the open door.

DANA

Shit...

With no time to think, Dana SLAMS the BACK DOOR SHUT WITH BOTH HANDS...

...ONLY IT DOESN'T SHUT. Instead, we HEAR A SICKENING CRUNCH AS THE DOOR STOPS JUST SHORT OF THE FRAME.

Dana looks down. We don't see what she sees, but we know what happened. And it's too much. It's just too much.

Everything inside her wants to drop to her knees and weep, but that's not an option... Jeremy's right outside... He could come back any second... She has to act FAST.

EXT. BACK OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dana grabs a discarded packing box from the dumpster.

INT. KITCHEN/MUD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dana in the kitchen, her back to us, lifts something (Rascal) off the floor, and sets it carefully in that box...

JEREMY (O.S.)

(calls)

Mommy?

Quickly, she seals the box with a roll of packing tape...

JEREMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(calls)

Mommy?

EXT. BACK OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dana heads straight for the dumpster with the box. She has to pass--

JEREMY

What about my sandwich?

DANA

In a second honey.

Dana strains to lift the box over the dumpster's rail. But she manages, and it lands with a thud.

Ben processes that from above. She doesn't look right. Maybe that's because she's tucked her hands back in her pockets so fast.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dana, now visibly shaking, scrubs her bloody hands at the sink. It's over. It's over. She keeps whispering that to herself until finally she's done Brillo-padding her skin and dries what's left of her hands.

She exhales. She needs a cigarette. No, she needs 10.

SUDDENLY A FACE POPS UP IN THE WINDOW RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER!

Dana screams--

JEREMY

BOO!

Dana recoils as her son bursts into laughter. How is he floating six feet off the ground?

Then ANOTHER FACE pops into view next to Jeremy.

DAVID

Hey! Look who I found outside!

Dana looks at David. She's supposed to smile, but she doesn't. David registers her expression immediately, then watches as she turns around and storms off inside.

111 INT. SUN ROOM - DAY - MINUTES LATER

111

Dana sits while David cuts the Junior's cheesecake into slices. She's barely keeping it together, leg THUNDERING under the table as David sets an extra thick slice in front of her.

DANA

I thought you were coming back tomorrow.

DAVID

I was. But... I called and I called and I couldn't get through. And then I got worried. And then I thought, 'I really don't have to go to this brunch tomorrow. I should be home with my wife and my son,...' So I left.

Dana squeezes out a smile as David pours cream into their coffee.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You... doing okay?

DANA
Oh. I... I'm okay.
(then)
I haven't been sleeping well.
It's... too quiet or something.

DAVID
(beat)
And are we taking our -

DANA
No. I'm not.

DAVID
Probably not the best idea.

Dana shakes her head, fiddles with her fork.

DANA
I know. I know that. But they make
me feel... You know.

DAVID
Fuzzy.

DANA
Fuzzy. Yes. And...
(beat)
I should really get back to work.

She gets up from the table. David gets up too.

DAVID
Teddy and Jules, they can't make it
on the 4th. They really want to
see you. I told them to come down
this weekend.

DANA
This weekend?
(she moves past him)
I really need to get back to work.

116 INT. STAIRCASE NEAR ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

116

OVERHEAD SHOT as Dana crosses to the stairs, starts up.

CUT TO A LOW ANGLE SHOT as her feet exit frame... Reveal a
sprinkling of glass at the bottom of the stairs by the wall.

WE PAN UP to the mirror above... It's broken. There's a web of cracks the size of a fist, made during her mad descent earlier that day.

SLOW FADE OUT:

We hear SIZZLING.

118 INT. KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

118

David's at the stove making pancakes. Jeremy, subdued, sits on the counter nearby, a mixing bowl in his lap.

DAVID
Now throw some apple in... Get a
good handful...

Jeremy scoops some diced apple, holds it out over the pan.

JEREMY
Now?

DAVID
Now.

As he dribbles it over the half-cooked pancake -

DAVID (CONT'D)
Oh come on. Don't be stingy.

Jeremy adds another helping.

DAVID (CONT'D)
That's it. Yum yum yum yum yum...

119 INT. ATTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

119

We're inside, looking through the doorway to the attic proper as Dana emerges from the darkness, stopping just short of the threshold, looking exhausted after a sleepless night.

CLOSE ON Dana, cautiously scanning the little room. She looks down... and then her eyes narrow. What's that?

LOW ANGLE SHOT of slippered feet stepping over the threshold and crossing the room, stopping next to a small curl of something or other on the metal floor. Dana's hand enters frame, picks it up, and WE FOLLOW IT back up to her face.

DANA'S P.O.V.: A filthy scrap of ribbon. Canary yellow.

Then Dana STIFFENS, turns her head to the side, and looks down. PAN DOWN the length of her body to her free hand...

THERE'S ANOTHER HAND HOLDING HERS... A CHILD'S...

DANA DRAGS HER EYES FROM THE HAND UP TO THE WRIST, FROM THE WRIST UP TO THE ARM, FROM THE ARM UP TO...

JEREMY

Mommy?

To Jeremy. Of course.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I made pancakes.

DANA

(beat)

Did you make some for me?

JEREMY

Mm-hm.

DANA

Are they apple?

JEREMY

Mm-hm.

Dana smiles dully.

DANA

Yum.

INT. SUN ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Breakfast. Dana and David sit on either end of the table, Jeremy between them.

DAVID

Rascal turned up yet?

Jeremy shakes his head sadly.

DAVID (CONT'D)

He hasn't? That's strange...

(then)

Want me to help you look after breakfast?

Jeremy nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Done and done! We'll search the house from top to bottom.

JEREMY

I think he's not inside.

DAVID

You think he got out?

JEREMY

(tearing up)

Do you think he's coming back?

DANA

I don't know. He's wild peanut...
No telling what a wild thing will
do.

Dana lifts her eyes, finds David watching her. She takes a careful bite of pancake, swallows, mouth dry.

DANA (CONT'D)

But we'll help you look.

DAVID

That's right, peanut. We'll help
you look. Don't you worry...
(patting Jeremy's head)
We'll find him.

121 INT. BATHROOM

121

We're in the white bathroom as Dana enters wearing a pale yellow blouse and slacks... She closes the door and turns on the shower, puts a hand under the spray, waits for it to get warm... Then she steps into the tub, still fully dressed...

DAVID (V.O.)

Dana?

She stands very still, letting the water soak her clothes...

DAVID (V.O.)

Dana.

SMASH CUT TO:

122 EXT. REFLECTING POND AREA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

122

Dana's sitting on the back steps, winding and unwinding the yellow ribbon around her fingers, staring at nothing...

DAVID (O.S.)

Hey, babe?

She snaps to, sees David and Jeremy standing in front of her. They're dripping with sweat, like they've been bushwhacking.

DANA

Any luck?

DAVID

Nada... unfortunately. But we're gonna go down to the road now, take a look around. Wanna come with?

He's standing just a few feet from the dumpster. Dana can see a corner of the box poking out from under the debris.

DANA

I think I'll check inside again. He could be hiding somewhere. Maybe in one of the guest rooms.

DAVID

Sounds like a plan. C'mon, peanut.

As soon as they're gone she gets to her feet.

123 INT. HOUSE - VARIOUS - MINUTES LATER

123

WIDE ON Dana wandering from room to room... She's looking for something... but it's not Rascal. From time to time we hear David and Jeremy calling for the cat somewhere outside, the sound echo-y... Faraway...

124 INT. STAIRCASE NEAR ENTRY - SAME

124

She's about to start up the stairs when she hears something CRUNCH beneath her slipper. Dana looks down, sees the broken glass, then lifts her eyes to the mirror above...

DANA

Damn it.

She kneels, starts picking up the glass. Then she glances up at the mirror, her eyes level with the hole...

DANA'S P.O.V.: **Fingers**

She reaches out, gingerly pulls another piece of glass from the mirror... Then another... And another...

DANA'S P.O.V.: **A hand**.

She sits back for a beat, taking in the mirror as a whole...

125 INT. STAIRCASE NEAR ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER 125

CUT TO Dana, hands now wrapped in yellow dish towels, methodically BREAKING shards of glass out of the mirror...

Piece after piece after piece, the pile growing at her feet, her breath audible over the SNAP and CRACK...

There. Done. Dana takes several steps back, staring...

DANA'S P.O.V.: A life-size oil portrait, set deep into the paneling... A haunting tonalist work, perhaps Thomas Wilmer Dewing.

The old man is tall, corpulent, with a thick handlebar mustache and eyebrows like hooks. Dressed in late Victorian garb, he has a severe, humorless expression that looks like it could easily turn thunderous...

Dana slowly backs away, pivoting toward the second mirror...

She drifts over to it, hypnotized by her mottled reflection, the man in the portrait still visible over her shoulder...

Then she lifts her toweled hand... and SMASHES her own image.

CUT TO:

126 INT. ENTRY - LATER 126

Heading for the library, David glances over to the stairs.

DAVID
Holy shit.

DAVID'S P.O.V.: A life-size oil portrait... of a woman.

She's young and fair, fine-boned, cinched into a long white dress typical of the late 1800s. Pretty if unsmiling, there's a haunted quality around the eyes...

David turns, clocks the man's portrait on the other side.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Holy. Shit.

127 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 127

OVERHEAD SHOT of water, swirling down a drain... Then a thin trail of blood seeps into the mix... Reveal Dana at the sink, cleaning out a cut on her finger.

DAVID (O.S.)
They're incredible.

She looks up into the mirror, sees David over her shoulder.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Don't you think? I mean... I can't
imagine... I can't fathom why
someone would cover them up.

DANA
(dropping her eyes)
I can.

DAVID
It's gotta be the judge and his
wife, huh? The... Um... The -

DANA
The Blackers.

DAVID
Right! The Blackers.

Dana turns the water off, opens the medicine cabinet.

DANA
We should get rid of them.

DAVID
You're kidding.

She peels a band-aid, starts wrapping it around the wound.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Babe... Babe, they could be worth a
fortune! They could be Thomas
Dewings for all we know.

DANA
They don't belong to us.

DAVID
Well they belong to the house and
the house belongs to us. *Ergo* -

DANA
They give me the creeps. And I
don't want them around.

David closes in behind her, puts his hands on her shoulders.

DAVID
Look - why don't we talk about this
later, alright? Why don't you take
a little nap and I'll wake you for
dinner. Does that sound good?
(kissing her cheek)
I'll tell Jeremy to keep it down.

Then, pausing in the doorway -

DAVID (CONT'D)
Oh - and no sign of Rascal by the
way. In case you were wondering.

OFF Dana, watching him go in the mirror.

128 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

128

STATIC SHOTS

The front of the house... lights off, windows dark. Except
for the buzz of crickets, everything is quiet. Still.

The back of the house... same as the front.

The gate to the forest... standing open.

The dumpster... a dark silhouette.

The yellow box... poking out from the pile.

THEN IT BURSTS OPEN.

SMASH CUT TO

129 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

129

Dana waking up in bed, GASPING, heart HAMMERING, moonlight
pouring through the windows...

She looks to her right... David's asleep. She looks to her
left... A clock on the table says it's well after midnight.

VOICE (O.S.)
Mommy?

She looks to the door.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
MOMMY?

It's Jeremy, calling from his room.

JEREMY (O.S.)
MOMMY, CAN YOU COME HERE?

She throws back the sheet, goes to the door, opens it

130 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

130

Dana moves down the hallway.

JEREMY (O.S.)
I'm up here.

She moves up the spiral staircase.

INT. ATTIC - OUTSIDE THE LITTLE ROOM

Dana approaches the Disappointments Room when...

She HEARS CREAKS on the floorboard behind her. And the low GROWL of a dog. She turns...

THE GERMAN SHEPHERD... IT LEAPS FORWARD, JAWS SNAPPING...
DANA SCREAMS, STEPS BACK...

THE DOG LEAPS FORWARD, STOPPING JUST INCHES FROM HER FACE, AS SHE FALLS DOWN. SHE SCAMPERS BACKWARDS. THE DOG PULLS TOWARD HER, STRAINING AT ITS THICK LEATHER LEASH...

THEN WE PAN UP THE LEASH TO THE DOG'S MASTER... IT'S THE MAN FROM THE OIL PORTRAIT... JUDGE BLACKER...

AND UNDER HIS CAREFULLY GROOMED MUSTACHE, WE SEE HIS LIPS CURL IN A SATISFIED SNEER...

THE DOG CONTINUES TO BARK AND SNARL, AND PULL AFTER DANA, NAILS SCRATCHING CRAZILY AT THE METAL FLOOR, LEAVING SCORES OF CRISSCROSSING MARKS, AS SHE REACHES THE ATTIC ROOM...

IN THE ATTIC ROOM, MAN AND DOG HOVERING IN THE DOORWAY, DANA CRAWLING BACKWARD, DESPERATE TO GET AWAY...

SHE HITS THE WALL OPPOSITE, COWERING UNDER THE LITTLE WINDOW, LOOKS TO HER LEFT... AND FINDS THE GIRL IN THE YELLOW DRESS RIGHT BESIDE HER...

EYES LOCKED ON DANA'S, SHE OPENS HER MOUTH TO SPEAK...

GIRL
*No telling what a wild thing will
do...*

The girl reaches for Dana's hand... The bracelet from Dana's lamp worn on her wrist.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Can't run from it.

Then she evaporates into thin air, the bracelet hits the floor.

Dana GASPING, heart HAMMERING, still on the floor. The dog and Blacker now gone. Still. Then a faint hint of Chamber Music emerges from the silence. She slowly rises picking up the bracelet. What is going on?

Dana cautiously moves down the spiral staircase. Getting closer to the source of the music.

She moves through the Living Room and into the Sun Room. Stunned by what she sees. In the foreground: WOMEN wearing BUSTLED VICTORIANS GOWNS and MEN in CUTAWAY FROCKS SUITS pass in front of Dana.

She moves through the french doors and outside to the REFLECTING POND. She finds herself in the middle of **A TURN OF THE CENTURY PARTY IN FULL SWING.** **The Chamber Orchestra playing on a Gazebo. NOTE: The house looks eerily like Dana's renderings in her office.**

The reflecting pond in it's glory. The gate to the forest covered in roses. The statue fully limbed. Socialites engaged in conversations and dance.

Dana sees Mrs. Blacker sitting on a stone bench, not engaging with her company, but hiding her gazes back towards the house. Judge Blacker jolts in front of his wife, blocking her view. His rotten presence dominating. As she rises to move on, she steals one more glance.

Dana turns looking back at what Mrs. Blacker sees.

THE WINDOW TO THE ATTIC.

When Dana turns back to the party... it's empty, silent. Nothing but the muck of the pond and the dumpster filled with trash.

She gathers herself and looks to the window. She strokes the bracelet with her fingers. OFF Dana, coming up with a plan.

CUT TO:

131 INT. ENTRY - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

131

We hear RUSTLING. PAN OVER to find Dana kneeling before a battered black tool chest. She knocks the lid back...

CLOSE ON pliers and hammers, tiny jars of bolts and washers. Dana's hand enters frame, DIGGING into the jumble, surfacing with a flat pry bar... That'll do nicely.

As her hand exits frame we clock an old Polaroid taped to the inside of the lid...

CLOSE ON a teenage Dana standing next to a thickset older man, both of them covered in dirt, both holding shovels and doing their variation on "American Gothic." They look filthy.

And happy.

132 INT. SUN ROOM - LATER 132

David walks in from outside, Jeremy riding piggyback.

DAVID
Babe?

DAVID'S P.O.V.: Dana's breakfast on the table, still waiting.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

133 INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 133

David and Jeremy check the rooms off the hallway.

DAVID
Dana?

134 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 134

The living room.

DAVID
DanaDanaDana...

135 INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS 135

The library.

DAVID
Daaaayyyy-naaaa...

136 INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 136

The dining room.

DAVID
Hm. No mommy.

137 INT. ENTRY - CONTINUOUS 137

They fall back across the entry, heading toward the stairs, Jeremy still riding piggyback.

DAVID
Call for your mother.

JEREMY
Mommy?

DAVID
Louder, peanut.

JEREMY
MOMMY?

DAVID
Holy shit.

JEREMY
Daddy!

Jeremy reaches around, cups a hand over his father's mouth.

DAVID'S P.O.V.: The paintings are gone, the surrounding trim a mess of splinters where they were both wrenched free.

138 EXT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY - DAY - LATER 138

Ms. Judith comes toward us down the sidewalk, keys in hand. She passes the silver Range Rover parked to one side, slows.

MS. JUDITH
Goodness. What do we have here?

MS. JUDITH'S P.O.V.: Dana, arms crossed, PACING in front of the house. The two portraits are stacked near the door, still on their stretchers.

DANA
I'm making a donation.

139 INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY - MINUTES LATER 139

Dana sets the judge's portrait on the floor, leaning it against the wall next to his wife's.

MS. JUDITH
This is extremely generous of you.

DANA
We don't really have a place for them. And... And...

MS. JUDITH
And they're creepy.

DANA
Yes. That too.

Ms. Judith shifts her gaze from the paintings to the woman standing next to her, a woman who's looking a bit... chewed.

DANA (CONT'D)
If the Blackers had a child it has
to be buried somewhere, right?

140 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - LATER

140

The Range Rover comes around a desolate bend in the road,
making a right-hand turn between two stone pilasters.

MS. JUDITH (V.O.)
You're welcome to look, but I can
only think of one place...

DANA (V.O.)
Where?

Dana parks in a small lot...

MS. JUDITH (V.O.)
It's the most obvious...

She gets out, looking around...

MS. JUDITH (V.O.)
Which is why I sincerely doubt
you'll find anything...

Then she starts moving away from us...

DANA (V.O.)
Tell me how to get there.

WIDEN to reveal the town cemetery in front of her...

141 EXT. CEMETARY - CONTINUOUS

141

As Dana walks between rows of poorly-tended gravestones -

MS. JUDITH (V.O.)
Head straight for the hill... It's
the one at the top... naturally...
The site was chosen because it
could be seen from all sides...

Hiking up a steep rise, she makes her way toward the one
monument that looms large over the rest...

MS. JUDITH (V.O.)
You'll find them there... Both of
them... Whether they've got company
is the question...

Dana gets to the top, perspiring heavily, breathing hard. She pauses for a moment, then steps into the shadow of a massive black obelisk, a hundred years old and a dozen feet high...

CLOSE ON the words she finds inscribed at the base...

JUDGE ERNEST ALOYSIUS BLACKER
BORN NOVEMBER 21, 1837 - DIED MAY 3, 1912

*"All Must Sip the Cup of Sorrow,
I Today and Thou Tomorrow"*

DANA
Bastard.

Moving around to the side of the monument, she finds a second, smaller engraving, like a footnote to the first...

LILLIAN
1877 - 1908
HIS WIFE

Then she keeps moving, circling the obelisk once... Twice...

DANA (CONT'D)
Come on come on come on...

But there's nothing else to read, no other name mentioned...

CLOSE ON Dana, agitated, not ready to give up...

DANA (CONT'D)
Where are you?

She turns around, taking in the thousands of other graves fanning out from the hillside in a wide, endless ring...

DANA (CONT'D)
Where are you?

CUT TO:

150

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

150

OVERHEAD SHOT on Dana, alone in bed, staring at the ceiling.

THUNK... THUNK... THUNK...

Sounds like Ben's hard at work.

THUNK... THUNK... THUNK...

She sits up, swings her legs over the side of the bed.

151 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 151

Dana lifts her T-shirt, slaps on some deodorant.

THUNK... THUNK... THUNK...

Gives her tongue a few brushes, spits.

152 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 152

Dana stands, putting her hair in a knot.

THUNK... THUNK...

She pauses, watching the ceiling, waiting for the noise to resume. Then, from out in the hall -

THUNK... THUNK... THUNK...

153 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 153

THUNK... THUNK... THUNK...

Dana drifts to the railing, looks down. Jeremy's sitting at the bottom of the stairs, bouncing a red ball on the floor.

THUNK... THUNK...

DANA

Hey.

He turns his face up to hers, looking sad. Bored.

DANA (CONT'D)

I was thinking I could set up your house for you if you'd like.

(beat)

You can help.

(beat)

If you'd like.

OFF Jeremy, brightening instantly.

154 INT. ENTRY - CONTINUOUS 154

We hear RUSTLING. PAN OVER to find Dana lifting a plastic bin from one of the moving boxes, Jeremy looking on expectantly.

155 INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 155

They sit next to each other on the floor, legs crossed, the bin in front of them.

DANA

Now do you remember how this goes together?

Jeremy nibbles his lower lip.

DANA (CONT'D)

That's okay. It's complicated.
(a small sigh)
As were the clients... if your mother remembers correctly.

Dana lifts the lid, dumps the contents out onto the floor.

CLOSE ON boxes, varying in size and made from thick card stock, each colored gray or brown to mimic steel or wood. Dana pulls a large piece of foam board from under the pile.

DANA (CONT'D)

First things first - we start with the base.

They begin assembling the architectural model together, Dana selecting the right boxes and then, with his mother's help, Jeremy putting them into place, like an elaborate game of "Jenga." For a while they work quietly, companionably. Then -

DANA (CONT'D)

Jeremy...

JEREMY

Yeah?

DANA

Jeremy, I wanted to tell you that... I just wanted to say that I'm... I'm sorry.

JEREMY

What are you sorry for?

DANA

For the c... For Rascal.

JEREMY

That's okay.
(bravely)
Sometimes bad things happen and we don't know why.

DANA

Yes, that's... that's very true.

The model's quickly taking shape. It's a modern prefabricated house, all angles and edges, with large cutouts for windows. It's through one of these that WE GO CLOSE ON Jeremy, like we're inside looking out, Jeremy as big as a giant.

JEREMY

I think sometimes maybe I'd like...
a sister.

DANA

You would?

JEREMY

Sometimes.

He clicks the last box into place.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

But not littler than me.

(beat)

Bigger.

Jeremy's attention is now on the tiny "trees" that decorate the foam base. Dana's attention is nowhere else but Jeremy.

DANA

Bigger?

JEREMY

Mm-hm. And she has hair that's
black.

DANA

Black.

JEREMY

Mm-hm. And curly. Curly hair that's
black.

Dana puts a hand on the floor to steady herself. Then, when she trusts herself to speak -

DANA

Jeremy -

DAVID (O.S.)

Babe.

She FLINCHES, turns. David's got his head around the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ben says he needs to talk to you.

Dana turns back to Jeremy. He's already moving a couple of Mutant Ninja Turtles into their fancy prefab dollhouse.

JEREMY

("Turtle" voices)

*Welcome home! Oh I hope they put
the boxes in the right rooms...*

DAVID
Babe? He said it's important.

156 EXT. PARAPET - MINUTES LATER

156

CLOSE ON Dana taking a deep drag... Fuck that's good.

Reveal she's sitting up on the new pitch next to Ben, smoking and staring out at the view. It's another scorcher today, and the mood up here is slow and thick. And tense. And private.

BEN
Hottest June on record...
(beat)
You putting in AC?

No response. Maybe she didn't hear. But then -

DANA
I'd rather sweat it out than start
dropping ceilings.

BEN
Purist, huh?
(shaking his head)
You'll change your mind... June's a
bitch. But July's her mama.

Ben shoots her one of his sideways specials.

BEN (CONT'D)
(sighing dramatically)
Hope he appreciates all this.

Now it's Dana's turn to shoot looks.

BEN (CONT'D)
I said I hope he appreciates all
this.

DANA
Who?

BEN
Your husband. I hope he appreciates
what you're doing for him.

DANA
And what am I doing for him, Mr.
Phipps?

BEN
This.

He makes a sweeping gesture.

BEN (CONT'D)

All this... Leaving the city...
Buying the old house in the
country... You fixing it up... So
what? You can make a bed and
breakfast hotel that gets twelve
visitors a year. So you can throw
some big dinners, everybody
gathered around the table, eating
vegetables you grew out back...
(knowing)
Isn't that the plan?

Dana takes an extra long drag.

DANA

Or something.

BEN

Or something.

DANA

(beat)

Are you married, Mr. Phipps?

BEN

Nope.

DANA

Any children?

BEN

Nope.

DANA

Is there anyone in your life -
anyone at all - whose happiness
comes before your own?

BEN

Nope. You jealous?

Dana looks his way, taking in the damp circles on his thin
cotton T-shirt, the snug work jeans with the frayed edges.

DANA

I feel sorry for you.

BEN

I can work with 'sorry.' Sorry's a
start.

DANA

Too bad we're almost finished.

She gets up to go and he grabs her arm. Nice and firm.

BEN
We don't have to be.
(beat)
We're both adults.

Dana could easily break his grip... But she doesn't.

DANA
Please let me go.

BEN
There's a reason you're not down in
the kitchen baking pies right now.
There's a reason you're up on the
roof sneaking a smoke with me. And
it's not 'cause I'm great
company...

She can feel the warmth of his large hand, the calloused
thumb gently grazing her skin.

BEN (CONT'D)
I go where I want and I see who I
want... when I want. No promises,
no strings, no expectations.
Doesn't have to be complicated,
doesn't have to get messy. It just
has to feel good. And when it stops
feeling good... we'll stop.
(beat)
So what do you say?

OFF Dana, still not pulling away.

SMASH CUT TO:

157 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

157

CLOSE ON Dana, eyes closed, mouth open, riding hard...

PAN DOWN SLOWLY TO... to David, of course, gazing up at her
with an expression caught somewhere between worship and
worry. Eventually he gives in, closing his eyes as well...

DAVID
Oh god... Oh god...

They're in bed, sitting upright, same as last time...

DAVID (CONT'D)
Oh Jesus... I love you, Dana... I
love you so much...

...until she shoves him backwards, away from her, down onto
the mattress...

David tries to get up but she keeps him pinned... After a moment he surrenders, watching from a distance as his wife gets wherever it is she needs to go...

CLOSE ON Dana, maybe thinking about David, maybe not.

CLOSE ON David, definitely thinking about Dana.

158 INT. MASTER BATHROOM 158

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP...

CLOSE ON droplets falling from the spigot into a full tub. Reveal Dana at the other end, submerged up to her shoulders, hair in a knot. She looks relaxed... Like a corpse...

BEGIN MONTAGE

159 INT. SUN ROOM - MORNING 159

Jeremy waiting at the table. David enters frame with a bowl of cereal. Cream of wheat. Just how he likes it.

DAVID
Breakfast is served...

Dana reaches for a loofah, starts scrubbing her long neck...

160 INT. LIBRARY - DAY 160

Jeremy coloring on the floor in the library. David's at his desk a few feet away, working on his laptop.

Dana's got a leg up on the side of the tub now, making slow circles on her calf with the loofah...

161 INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY 161

Jeremy standing in an aisle at the general store. He pulls a box of Twinkies from the shelf, puts it in the cart. Reveal David behind it, going over his list. Without looking up -

DAVID
Put that back, please.

Leg now covered in foam, Dana drags a pink disposable razor from her ankle up to her calf...

162 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

162

David unpacking groceries in the kitchen. Jeremy's at the table, legs swinging, eating a thick ham sandwich for lunch.

Finished with her legs, Dana lifts one arm out of the water, starts dragging the razor over the wet skin...

163 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

163

David and Jeremy tossing a Nerf ball around on the lawn. David sends it up high and Jeremy runs after it, YELLING.

Dana carefully pulls the razor from her elbow up to her wrist, scraping it across the soft skin she finds there...

164 EXT. BACK OF THE HOUSE - OFF MUD ROOM - DUSK

164

David and Jeremy sitting on the back steps, shucking fresh corn as the sun goes down.

DAVID
And be careful you get all the
stringy stuff...

Dana turns her hand so it's palm up, raking the razor over the popped veins on her wrist... Then again... And again...

165 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

165

Nighttime. David and Jeremy are on the couch in the living room, watching TV and unwrapping their Twinkies for dessert.

It's almost like the razor's moving of its own accord...

David's still on the couch but Jeremy's now lying on the floor in front of him. David's got his feet on the boy's belly, tickling him with his toes.

JEREMY
NOOOO... DON'T... STOP!

David stops.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
NOW DO IT AGAIN!

David does it again. Jeremy SQUEALS, delighted.

CLOSE ON the razor, now pressing down slightly...

166 INT. JEREMY'S ROOM - NIGHT 166

David tucking Jeremy in, giving him a good night kiss.

DAVID
Sleep tight, peanut.

CLOSE ON Dana, looking fascinated... Baffled... Beautiful...

167 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 167

David closing Jeremy's door, starting down the hall...

CLOSE ON the razor, pressing down harder, the skin around it turning pink...

168 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 168

Entering their bedroom...

CLOSE ON Dana, lifting her eyes from her wrist...

Crossing to the bathroom...

CLOSE ON Dana, turning her head, and LOOKING DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA...

Reaching for the knob...

CLOSE ON Dana, still STARING INTO CAMERA... **THEN SWIVEL
AROUND TO REVEAL THE LITTLE GIRL IN THE YELLOW DRESS STARING
BACK AT HER...**

Opening the door...

169 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 169

David finds his wife standing at the sink, wrapped in a white towel, lathering her wrists and hands with lotion.

DAVID
Jules and Teddy are coming
tomorrow. They said they'd be here
around five.
(beat)
Just wanted to remind you.

DANA
Do you think I could get a little
privacy, David? Or is that too much
to ask?

Then she WHIPS the door shut in his face. BANG.

CUT TO BLACK

WOMAN (V.O.)
No, it's embarrassing. Because my
handwriting's gone to shit.

170 INT. KITCHEN - DUSK - THE NEXT DAY

170

We find David dressed in nice khakis and a red polo, busily prepping dinner while his guests stand around enjoying some chilled white wine.

Meet JULES (wearing "weekend in the country" as dictated by Barney's) and her husband TEDDY (wearing whatever's been dictated by Jules).

JULES
Oops! Sorry, Jeremy! Potty mouth!

Reveal Jeremy by himself at the table, eating dinner early.

JULES (CONT'D)
Anywho, if I want to send my Nana a letter it literally takes me three cards and five envelopes because I keep making mistakes! So there I am tearing up all this stationery -

TEDDY
(to David)
Expensive stationery.

JULES
Vintage 'Mrs. John L. Strong' -

TEDDY
I got it for her last Christmas.

JULES
Which was very sweet -

TEDDY
Just a stocking stuffer.

JULES
And very thoughtful -

TEDDY
It's the little things.

JULES
Even if I did tell you exactly what to get. And where.

TEDDY

Anywho. You were saying.

JULES

Anywho. I was saying and the whole time I'm thinking I have got to get Nana online because my wrist is killing me and this shit is not cheap... Sorry, Jeremy!
(to David, "ashamed")
I did it again.

David checks something on the stove, glances out the window.

DAVID

That's too funny, Jules...

He pulls a pair of Cornish Game Hens out of the oven, starts wrapping legs and wing tips in tinfoil to prevent scorching.

DAVID (CONT'D)

That's too funny.

David's going for "upbeat" but he's obviously distracted tonight. Worried. Jules and Teddy share a look.

TEDDY

So... where is Dana exactly?

JULES

Teddy.

TEDDY

Jules.

DAVID

No, it's fine... It's fine. She said she had to go into town for something. I think she wanted to get something special for dinner.

JULES

She shouldn't have gone to any trouble, David...

TEDDY

Buddy, we could've picked something up on the way...

DAVID

I said it's fine. She insisted. And she'll be back any second...

David slides the birds back in the oven.

DAVID (CONT'D)
There! Done! Alright! Now...
(turning to his guests)
Who needs topping off?

Jules and Teddy quickly gulp what's left in their glasses,
hold them out.

JULES & TEDDY
Please.

171 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

171

David's at the head of the table, his guests on either side.
Dinner's over, Jeremy's asleep, and still no Dana. David
checks his watch, no longer bothering to hide his concern.

JULES
I really hope she's okay. You said
she's doing fine, right?

DAVID
Yes, she's doing well.

TEDDY
She must have a cell phone, right?

DAVID
She doesn't keep it with her.

JULES
Maybe we should start cleaning up.

But no one moves. Another awkward beat... then headlights
SWEEP across the dining room windows. Jules starts to rise.

DAVID
Stay where you are.

We hear the back door open. David gets up, leaves the room.
Teddy reaches for the bottle. The following is sotto.

TEDDY
Jesus H.

JULES
I can't even.

TEDDY
What is going on?

JULES
This is beyond. Beyond.

They fall silent, listening to the sound of hushed, angry voices coming from the kitchen. Suddenly there's an enormous CRASH... Then Dana enters in a WHIRL, eyes shining. Wired. David trails behind, fuming.

DANA
Sorry I'm late! Please forgive
me... No please - sit! SIT!

Jules and Teddy had risen to greet her but Dana avoids them both, taking a seat at the end of the table opposite David.

DANA (CONT'D)
It took me forever to find what I
was looking for... But I guess
that's life in a small town! A
very, very, very small town. As far
from civilization as David could
manage... right, David? No big city
conveniences for us!
(winking at Jules)
No distractions either. Just peace
and fucking quiet... Sorry to keep
you guys waiting!

JULES
It's alright, Dana.

DANA
I'm sure it was.

JULES
It's great to see you.

DANA
Is it?
(looking away)
Your wife's not much of an actress,
Teddy.
(then)
How were the Game Hens?

TEDDY
Uh... tasty. Very tasty.

DANA
Good! Because David's cooking can
be a little heavy on the salt...

Another wink -

DANA (CONT'D)
And the estrogen.

DAVID
Dana, you're being rude.

DANA

Sorry! I was trying to be funny.
(to Jules)
I forgot - David's the funny one.
Which makes me the not funny one.
I'm not funny at all, am I, David?
I can't have fun because, I'm too
fucked up.

DAVID

Not tonight.

JULES

How are you doing, Dana?

DANA

I don't know how I'm doing, Jules.

Calling down to the other end of the table -

DANA (CONT'D)

David? How am I doing?
(back to Jules)
You know I think my husband would
say I'm not a hundred percent.
Maybe ninety-eight? I've got my ups
and downs, my good days and my bad.
Know what I mean? Fixing this house
is going to make it all better.
Right David?

TEDDY

They say moving can be just as
traumatic as divorce. Or a death.

JULES

(blanching)
Teddy...

DANA

Is that what they say?

TEDDY

It's just... something I've heard.

JULES

Teddy.

DANA

No that's nice to hear, Teddy. It's
nice to get a fresh perspective on
the situation. Thank you. Because
out here - in the sticks - that can
be hard to come by. I swear there
are days when it's like there's
only one opinion echoing around in
my head...

(MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)
and I'm not entirely convinced it's
my own.

(leaning in to Jules)
I can't speak for David, although
he does speak for me, but moving
has been a little like a death -

DAVID
Babe.

DANA
Now who's being rude? It's not
polite to interrupt people, David.
Must have missed that day at
finishing school.

(then)
To answer your question, Jules, I'd
say this move has been a lot like a
death, now that your husband
mentions it.

(to Teddy)
So. Insightful.

(then)
Which reminds me - would everyone
excuse me for a second?

She rises, heads back to the kitchen. Jules and Teddy look to
David, but he can only stare at his plate, mortified.

JULES
(to David, sotto)
Maybe we should go.

DANA (O.S.)
STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, JULES!
It's time for dessert! No one's
going anywhere before dessert...

Between the BANG of drawers opening and closing -

JULES
David...

DAVID
Don't.

CLOSE ON a tiny flame... Then WIDEN to reveal a big white
layer cake with six yellow candles and "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" in
red frosting... Then KEEP WIDENING to reveal Dana, carrying
it carefully from the kitchen out into the dining room...

JULES
Oh my god...

DAVID
Dana...

DANA
Don't bother singing 'Happy
Birthday.' She can't hear you.

Dana walks the cake down to her end, sets it on the table.

DANA (CONT'D)
Or maybe she can! Who's to say?

She looks up to the ceiling, eyes sly and mischievous.

DANA (CONT'D)
Catherine? Are you listening? Are
you with us, baby?

DAVID
Alright, Dana, just stop it!

DANA
Stop what, David?

DAVID
You KNOW what!

DANA
Stop WHAT, David? Spit it out!

DAVID
There is no excuse for this,
Dana... NO EXCUSE!

DANA
Oh come on - what's a birthday
party without a birthday cake?

Gesturing to Jules and Teddy -

DANA (CONT'D)
Isn't that why they're here? Isn't
that why you asked them to come all
this way on this one day out of all
possible days they could have come?

JULES
Dana, we came because we were
worried about you.

DANA
You came to see how far I've
fallen. You came to see exactly how
fucked up I am so you can go back
to our friends and tell them how
fucked up I am. How fucked up I
still am.

DAVID

Dana, please... I'm begging you.
Stop this.

DANA

No. No one forced them to come up here, David... No one forced your lock-jawed bitch of an ex-girlfriend and her inflatable fucking husband with his wandering fucking hands to come up here and sit at our table and eat our food on the exact fucking day our daughter was born six years ago!

She reveals a long-handled knife, points it at their guests.

DANA (CONT'D)

You chose to come here on Catherine's birthday... And we are going to celebrate Catherine's birthday...

David bolts from his chair.

DAVID

No!

DANA

Sit down, David! Let me cut you a slice!

DAVID

I SAID NO! I'm not going to let you put them through this, Dana!

He reaches her end of the table, grabbing for the knife.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're not gonna put ME through this!

DANA

JUST LET ME CUT THE CAKE!

DAVID

I SAID NO! NO! GIVE IT TO ME!

After the briefest of struggles -

DANA

Fine! Then TAKE IT!

David quickly retreats with the knife. Jules and Teddy move to join him, leaving Dana alone on her side of the room.

DANA (CONT'D)
TAKE IT! And take this too...

Then she FLIPS the cake down the table...

DANA (CONT'D)
TAKE ALL OF IT...

Then she starts on the plates and the serving dishes...

DANA (CONT'D)
THIS is yours and THIS is yours...

The bottles and the glasses...

DANA (CONT'D)
And THIS... And THIS...

Everything within reach...

DANA (CONT'D)
AND THIS AND THIS AND THIS!

Crystal and china SHATTER against the walls and CLATTER to the floor as she SWEEPS the table clean...

DANA (CONT'D)
TAKE IT BACK! TAKE IT ALL BACK!

Then, her voice low and scratchy -

DANA (CONT'D)
I can't do it anymore, David... I
can't, I can't... Pretend to be
happy.

Spent, Dana slouches against the table and finds her way to the floor, plopping down among the ruins of the meal...

DANA (CONT'D)
I think... I think it's a blessing.
I think it's a blessing she died
when she did...
(face splitting)
But three months... Three months...
That's ninety days... But I guess
that was old enough, you know? Old
enough to know she wanted no part
of this... No part. So... she
just... stopped. She just stopped
breathing...

Bewildered, broken -

DANA (CONT'D)
It sounds so simple, doesn't it?
Like you can just... not.
(MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)
Just make a choice... and not. 'No
thank you. No more. Enough.'
(then)
And sometimes... and sometimes it
feels like all the time... I envy
her... You know?

A small noise as Jeremy toddles in, looking frightened.

DANA (CONT'D)
Hey, peanut! Hey, little guy...

David goes to the boy, takes him in his arms.

DANA (CONT'D)
Did we wake you? Did we wake you
up? Mommy's sorry...
(tears streaming)
It's all her fault.

DANA RUNS OUT. An unsure beat where no one knows what to do
or say.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

WIDE ON a sporty-looking VOLVO, SUV taking off down the
drive. So much for Jules and Teddy.

OVER THIS we hear the sound of the front door closing...

EXT. WOODS. - NIGHT

Dana blows through the gate and runs into the woods. She
runs away from the direction of David's voice...

DAVID (O.S.)
Dana? Dana?

Dana stops at a tree, collects herself.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(fainter)
Dana?

Dana looks up at the MOON. Something's in front of it. The
silhouette of a kite...

Dana sees it as a sign. Of course.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Dana hurries through the woods, following the kite as her guide.

DAVID (O.S.)
(almost inaudible)
Dana! Dana!.

Dana TRIPS and falls. And when she looks up she sees:

A LITTLE STONE MARKER - WRAPPED IN A NOW FADED YELLOW RIBBON.

DANA
Oh my god...

Dana lifts up the stone, and there, carved on it in simple letters are dates. October 5, 1895- May 27, 1901

DANA (CONT'D)
I knew it... I knew it. I'm not
fucking crazy. I'm not.

She is interrupted by the SOUND OF JUDGE BLACKER'S GERMAN SHEPHERD BARKING. Dana looks to the house and sees, Judge Blacker storming into the house with the dog. Mrs. Blacker trailing behind, pleading...

Dana looks to the attic window and sees the silhouette of the little girl rocking back and forth. Dana rises and bolts off running towards the house.

DAVID (O.S.)
Dana!

INT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

David gets deeper into the woods. No sign of Dana. He has no idea she is now running back into the house.

181 INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

181

Dana running frantically, full speed through the hallway. Gas lamps and potted ferns, needlepoint runners and somber landscapes in heavy gilt frames, everything fussy and crowded in the late Victorian style...

182 INT. STAIRS NEAR ENTRY

182

Dana gasps as she looks and sees both oil portraits back where they belong. She sprints up the stairs.

181 INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

181

WIDE ON Dana, gaping at the mountains of furniture and trunks now piled everywhere... zigzagging through the stacks, making her way through...

182 INT. ATTIC/ATTIC ROOM DOOR - CONTINUOUS

182

Dana arrives at the attic room door when...

JUDGE BLACKER AND THE DOG BLOCK HER WAY IN. THE DOG MOVES TOWARDS HER.

Dana turns to run and crashes into a low beam. Causing her to nearly black out as she hits the floor...

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON a plate of soft foods... A silver spoon enters frame, scoops a small portion... THEN WE PAN UP TO A LOVELY FACE LOOKING RIGHT INTO CAMERA... TO MRS. BLACKER...

She holds the spoon out to us, offering...

INT. ATTIC ROOM FLOOR - NIGHT

Dana coming to. Fuzzy, blood oozes from her forehead. She tries to look past the dog hovering over her, standing guard. She struggles, but slowly begins to regain focus.

DANA'S POV:

THE LITTLE GIRL IN THE FULL MISERABLE BLOOM OF HER DISEASE...

HER FOREHEAD IS MASSIVELY MISSHAPEN SHE CAN ONLY SEE OUT OF ONE EYE...

The Girl leans TOWARD CAMERA, awkwardly wrapping her lips around the proffered spoon... She makes an effort to chew quietly, the way she's been taught, eager for her mother's approval...

WIDE ON mother and daughter, bathed in candlelight, locked in their ancient routine... THEN SWIVEL AROUND TO REVEAL DANA ON THE FLOOR.

Mrs. Blacker wipes the corners of the little girl's mouth, offers the girl some water to wash the food down... She accepts, her usable eye blinking slowly and deliberately...

Dinner over, Mrs. Blacker returns the food and drink to a tray as the little girl turns back to the window, beginning to rock and hum quietly to herself...

She holds the TWO OF THE TEA-DRINKING CERAMIC FIGURES and her Yellow Ribbon that matches her dress.

CLOSE ON Mrs. Blacker, rising behind the chair, gazing down at her little girl...

PAN DOWN to the little girl, rocking, humming and imagining, belly full, staring out at the world beyond the glass...

PAN BACK UP to Mrs. Blacker, tears stream down her face. The Judge wedges a claw hammer into her hand. He grabs her by the hair and thrusts her forward.

JUDGE BLACKER

Do this or by God, I will have this
dog tear her apart. I will not have
my name stained by this thing..

Mrs. Blacker LIFTS THE CLAW HAMMER HIGH. SHE HOVERS OVER HER UNSUSPECTING CHILD.

Dana tries to scream, but can barely get out a sound.

DANA

... No.

MRS. BLACKER BRINGING THE HAMMER DOWN WITHOUT HESITATION...

A CERAMIC FIGURE falls to the floor and tumbles into the drain, followed by blood.

AS DANA OPENS HER MOUTH WIDE TO SCREAM, NOTHING COMES OUT. JUDGE BLACKER APPROACHES OVER. THE GERMAN SHEPHERD STILL ON FULL GUARD.

He looks to Mrs. Blacker and gives her an approving nod.

Mrs. Blacker, soulless eyes, passes Dana and heads out of the attic room. She drops the bloody hammer from her hand to floor. Blood drips onto the floor.

JUDGE BLACKER

It's Jeremy's turn now.

Dana. Protective Mother kicking in. She finally screams.

DANA

NOOOOOOO!

EXT. WOODS. - CONTINUOUS

David hears this and rushes back towards the house.

INT. ATTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Judge Blacker releases the DOG. The beast pounces on the opportunity to tear Dana apart. Judge Blacker moves away disappearing into the blackness of the attic.

INTERCUTS:

183 INT. ATTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS 183

DANA KICKS AND FLAILS, **YELLOW TEETH** SINK INTO HER LEG. SHE SCREAMS...

DANA
AHHHHHHHHH!

JUDGE BLACKER MOVES DOWN THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE. The house no longer 1890's, but in present day decor.

184 INT. ATTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS 184

DANA FIGHTING, HER HAND grabs the **YELLOW RIBBON** next to the girl's body... She wraps it around the dog's neck.

CLOSE ON JUDGE BLACKER'S EYES. HE MOVES THROUGH THE SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY...

185 INT. ATTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS 185

DANA LUNGES FORWARD PULLING TIGHT ON THE RIBBON AROUND THE DOG'S NECK.

JEREMY ASLEEP IN BED. THE DOOR PUSHED OPEN JUDGE BLACKER MOVES CLOSER.

186 INT. ATTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS 186

DANA AND THE DOG FACE TO FACE AS SHE USES ALL HER STRENGTH TO SMASH THE BEAST'S HEAD THROUGH THE ATTIC WINDOW.

RACK FROM A PILLOW IN JUDGE BLACKER'S HAND. AS IT MOVES CLOSER TO JEREMY.

187 INT. ATTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS 187

DANA PRIMAL ENERGY. SHE FORCES THE DOG ALL THE WAY OUT. It falls to the ground below.

JEREMY TURNS IN HIS SLEEP.

DAVID approaches the house and sees the broken attic window above.

188 INT. ATTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS 188

DANA BOLTS OUT OF THE ATTIC ROOM

Past MRS. BLACKER who is whaling and coiled in a fetal position on the attic floor.

DANA
JEREMY!

THE PILLOW GETS CLOSER TO JEREMY

189 INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE 189

DANA FLYING DOWN THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE. Blood drips from her head and from the claw hammer she cradles in her hand.

JUDGE BLACKER SMOTHERING JEREMY!

190 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY 190

DANA RUNNING DOWN THE SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

DANA
(screaming)
DAVID! DAVID!

191 INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM 191

DANA BURSTS INTO JEREMY'S ROOM.

Dana raises the hammer up high and slams it down on Judge Blacker. BLOOD spurts up to her face.

INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE- CONTINUOUS

David rushing up. He can hear the violence.

DAVID
DANA, STOP!! STOP!!!

INT. JEREMY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

But she's not going to stop. Not until this asshole Blacker is dead. She swings again. And again.

FEATHERS are flying now.

And DAVID ENTERS with a horrified look in his eyes.

DAVID

DANA!!

Dana looks up -- and suddenly -- her heart stops.

DANA'S POV OF THE MIRROR -- She sees herself, and the hammer, and a pillow SHE'S HOLDING DOWN, a pillow that's now shredded....

....But no JUDGE BLACKER.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Put the hammer down, honey. Put it down.

DANA

Oh no... Oh no, no, no, no...

She can see JEREMY'S SHIRT just peeking out from under the pillow. She hesitantly lifts the pillow off to see...

....nothing - except a mattress that's taken a lot of hammer hits.

Clang, she drops the hammer to the floor.

DANA (CONT'D)

Jeremy...?

DAVID

He's asleep in our bed. He was scared from earlier.

Dana collapses onto the bed. Thank God.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's going to be okay...

DANA

No, it's not... You don't understand.

DAVID

I do... We had a terrible trauma with Katie, and you're reliving it... It's going to be okay...

DANA

STOP SAYING THAT! STOP! STOP!
IT'S NOT OKAY! IT'S MY FAULT.

FLASHBACK - INT. BROOKLYN - LIVING ROOM

Dana settles back in a chair, Katie in her arms, and falls asleep.

DANA (V.O.)
*I just wanted a break. For one
moment. One second.*

Dana's eyes close...

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM.

DANA
(can barely get it out)
She died in my arms.

FLASHBACK - INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

*Dana opens her eyes to see she'd fallen asleep in such away
that she SMOTHERED HER OWN BABY. Dana suddenly snaps awake.*

DANA
Katie?! Katie?!

DANA (V.O.)
I was so tired. So tired.

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM.

She slumps to the ground.

DAVID
*It was an accident. It was a
horrible accident. You have to
move forward. Your meds. You have
to take your meds.*

DANA
*Fuck my meds! Numbing the pain
doesn't make it go away David.
Burying them in a drug infused
stupor or rebuilding this house
won't work.*

DAVID
I promise to...

DANA

... I have to rebuild myself before
I fix this place or us. No more
pretending we're fine.

DAVID

No more pretending. I don't want
you to carry this alone. No more
pretending.

He sinks down to the floor and holds her.

SLOW FADE OUT:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (ONE YEAR LATER)

We find that massive black obelisk, a hundred years old and a
dozen feet high...

The one that marks the last resting place of

JUDGE ERNEST ALOYSIUS BLACKER
BORN NOVEMBER 21, 1837 - DIED MAY 3, 1912

And

LILLIAN
1877 - 1908
HIS WIFE

Now has a third resident. Her place marked by a beautiful
plate which features the design of a ribbon on either side.

THEIR BELOVED DAUGHTER
1895-1901

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

You can tell a lot of time has passed because THE HOUSE IS
COMPLETELY RESTORED. Fresh paint, perfect trim.

The greenhouse looks brand new. The woods beyond the gate
have been trimmed back. There are even Adirondack chairs out
on the lawn.

TEDDY, JULES, DANA, AND DAVID

Sit at an outdoor table that Dana has set underneath an ivy-
covered lattice to create paradise. Laughing and enjoying
each other's company. Dana wears the little silver bracelet,
no longer a haunting memory.

JEREMY (O.S.)
Hey, Dozer, what are ya doing?

Jeremy is playing with his GOLDEN RETRIEVER Dozer.

JULES (O.S.)
All A's, well the apple doesn't
fall far from the tree.

WE'LL STAY WITH THE FOUR OF THEM as they talk.

TEDDY
I saw the website. It looks great.

DAVID
We actually already have our first
booking.

DANA
We still have plenty to do, and
September 1 is going to be here
before you know it.

Teddy refills the white wine. Dana cover her glass.

DANA (CONT'D)
No more for me.

JULES
(stares)
Wait. You had about 1/8th of one
glass. And you didn't drink last
night. Or when you were up in the
city two weeks ago...

Jules and Teddy stare -- are you pregnant? Dana turns red.

DAVID
Let's just say, we've got a
permanent guest due in December.

TEDDY
Congratulations.

JULES
Oh my god! Oh my god!

Now they're all laughing.

JULES (CONT'D)
I want a picture. I *have* to have a
picture. And do I have my camera,
no?

DAVID
Honey, where's the good camera?

DANA
In my office.

DAVID
I'll get it.

DANA
No, I know where it is.

WE GET UP WITH DANA

She passes Jeremy and Dozer. They're having the time of their lives.

Dana goes inside.

INT. ENTRY WAY - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

The house looks even nicer on the inside. If that's possible. Dana HEADS up to her office.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

At the table, David toasts with Teddy and Jules.

DAVID
Since we're the only ones who can
drink anyway.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Dana comes up into the attic...

...REVEAL she's turned this whole space into an AMAZING OFFICE. It's airy and open. An artist's loft.

And what was ONCE THE DISAPPOINTMENTS ROOM...

Is now a wonderful windowed alcove that bathes the room in light and life.

DANA'S DESK

Is back there. And she can look down and see David, Jules, Teddy... Even Jeremy and his dog. Life is finally good.

SHE BENDS DOWN

And opens one of her drawers. Pulls out her Nikon D-90 digital SLR.

Then turns to head downstairs...

...ONLY TO STOP DEAD IN HER TRACKS.

JUDGE BLACKER is standing there... Flanked by THE BLACK GERMAN SHEPHERD.

DANA

No... This...Can't...

But they're still there.

DANA (CONT'D)

I don't have any more secrets...
You're not real... You can't be--

WHAM -- JUDGE BLACKER BRINGS his HAMMER DOWN on her desk with a very real sounding thud. Uh-oh.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

David, Teddy and Jules, laughing...

...until, suddenly, they hear a PIERCING SCREAM from up in Dana's Office/The Disappointments Room.

WE SMASH TO BLACK...