

THE ECHO

by

Eric Bernt

Based on the film

By

Yam Laranas

4/5/07

Vertigo Entertainment

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - EARLY MORNING

High above the city, the city buildings look like tombstones against the backlight of the early morning sun.

The streets are empty. Street cleaning vehicles gracefully drone up and down the sidewalks.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Long rows of fluorescent lights line the ceiling. Cubicles fill this plain corporate environment.

BOBBY REYNOLDS (20s), rugged but earnest, sips a hot cup of coffee. Eyes tell tales and Bobby has seen some things.

Across from him a short, weathered woman, LUCILLE JIMINEZ (50s) reviews files while chewing Nicorette.

BOBBY

Anything available in transportation?

JIMINEZ

They're hiring non-unions down at sanitation if you're interested. You got any other job skills?

BOBBY

I'm a good mechanic.

JIMINEZ

Got a lot of good mechanics waiting for employment already.

Jiminez aggressively stamps forms like she's done this routine a million times.

JIMINEZ (CONT'D)

Will I be hearing from you tonight?

BOBBY

About what?

JIMINEZ

Says here you got a board release. You understand what that means, don't you?

BOBBY

(beat)

No. I haven't done this before.

Jiminez pulls a pamphlet from her desk - he's new. She flips his file open and we see a MUGSHOT for Bobby.

JIMINEZ

It means parole on a short leash. Call me within 24 hours, tell me where you're parking yourself for the night.

BOBBY

I'm staying at my mother's.

JIMINEZ

Come in every Tuesday for the next six months. This is important. You miss one, you're in violation.

BOBBY

I understand. I'm not going back.

JIMINEZ

You saying that because that's what I want to hear, or do you mean it?

(beat)

Does your mother know you're staying with her?

BOBBY

She died last year, while I was away.

JIMINEZ

(softens)

Sorry to hear.

Jiminez pulls out her leather day planner - she's the type that still writes everything by hand.

JIMINEZ (CONT'D)

Not a lot of employers want to hire people in your situation. Call him in the morning, he may have work for you.

She hands him a post-it.

BOBBY

Thanks. I appreciate this.

JIMINEZ

Adjusting will be a tough few weeks. Things out there will look the same, but they're not.

BOBBY
I think I'm ready.

JIMINEZ
Let's hope you're right.

Jiminez hands Bobby his release papers.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Edgy ROCKER types walk the streets. A HOMELESS PERSON sleeps under a pile of old clothes. A professional WOMAN sits on the steps of a brownstone, upset. Nobody asks her if she's ok. Nobody even notices. People just pass her by.

Bobby walks, a large duffel bag over his shoulder. This part of the city has no romance. But Bobby is taking it all in...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

A six story, U-shaped tenement built at the turn of the century. Bobby walks through a set of iron gates, once a majestic gateway into a luxury building -

-- but those days have passed. He enters a large courtyard.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

An elderly RUSSIAN WOMAN sits on a bench mumbling to herself as she feeds pigeons breadcrumbs.

Bobby walks towards the entrance of the building.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

There's an odd vibe, here. As if the place is stuck in an era from long ago. Contrary to the city noises from outside, everything in here seems tranquil. An OLD MAN wearing a 40-year-old suit plays a game of chess, alone. The seat across from his is empty.

Bobby buzzes a door labeled: Building Manager.

MAX (40s) answers, the type of man whose primary goal in life to work only as hard as he needs to.

MAX
Need something?

BOBBY
Yeah. I'm picking up some keys.

MAX
What apartment?

BOBBY
509.
(beat)
I'm Bobby. Helen Reynolds' son. I
left you a message last week.

Max's expression changes - a hint of sympathy, there.

MAX
Of course. 509. Wait here.

Max steps back into a small cramped office, leaving Bobby to watch --

-- the Old Man, who picks up a pawn and holds it; unsure of his next move. Max emerges with a new set of keys.

BOBBY
Which way is it?
(off his look)
I've never been here before.

MAX
Elevator to five. We had to go in
and change the locks, you know.

BOBBY
What for?

MAX
The police had to break the door
open -- when they found her.
(beat)
But we didn't charge you for it.

Max hands the keys over, closes the door.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator opens to the fifth floor.

The hallway is long, there's very few apartment doors - three, maybe. But it's hard to tell in this dim light.

As Bobby walks towards door #509 he is startled by a loud NOISE behind him. It came from the trash room.

Curious, he walks into the small space, it's empty. He opens the hinged metal door of the trash chute, then releases it, producing a BANG. That was odd.

Bobby walks towards apartment #509. At the end of the hall a little girl, CARLY (7) sits outside of her apartment door and plays with crayons. Bobby smiles at her as he walks in.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The place is cluttered with old furniture.

Not much character and not much of a view, the windows face the courtyard. A few apartments across the way can be seen, their drapes are shut.

Bobby walks around, giving us a clear geography of the apartment: in the kitchen, he opens the refrigerator. It's empty. He walks a narrow hallway leading to two bedrooms, a bathroom at the end. Everything seems foreign to him.

INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby circles his mother's bedroom.

His eye wanders across her vanity mirror, a pair of slippers by her nightstand, a crossword puzzle, a cheap paperback. It's clear Helen was lonely.

Bobby walks over to her bed. It's unmade. Then on her pillow he notices a -

-- small BLOOD STAIN. Bobby picks up the pillow and stares at it, puzzled. Guilt washes over him.

BOBBY

I should have been here.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

An old vintage STEREO sits between two ancient wooden hi-fi speakers. An upright PIANO is covered with books.

Also, a row of audio CASSETTES, labelled neatly with dates. One is marked "Bobby, 5 - ABC's". Bobby blows dust off a few framed photographs.

HIS POV

A photo of HELEN REYNOLDS. A placard along the bottom reads "Teller of the Year - Fidelity Bank & Trust". She's smiling.

Another with Bobby age 10. A younger, happy Helen clutches onto her son. A few other photos like this line the shelf. There was never a father in the picture. It was always just the two of them.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Night has fallen.

The mechanical arm of the turntable moves over the vinyl record, placing the stylus into the outermost groove.

An old jazz TUNE plays over the speakers. Not a lounge track, its the frenetic kind with the wailing horns.

As Bobby cleans the living room he notices a -

-- rectangle shaped area on the carpet, four indentations where a large piece of furniture used to stand.

Bobby sizes up a large CABINET against the wall, its been moved. Bobby tries to push it back, but it's HEAVY.

With considerable effort, Bobby moves the cabinet in its original place. The vinyl record SKIPS, and finds itself stuck on a particular note of the jazz tune.

Stepping back, he sees a CRACK in the wall, previously hidden behind it. Intrigued, Bobby sticks his finger into the center of it when -

BOBBY

Damnit.

He recoils, the tip of his finger is bleeding. The record skips again...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby runs his finger under the faucet.

The wailing horns of the jazz tune skips from the other room, casting a strange feel. He opens the medicine cabinet.

It's crammed. He moves toiletries aside looking for band-aids when he notices prescription bottles.

Helen was taking heavy medication. This is news to Bobby. He hopes he wasn't the cause.

Then he hears movement, a shuffling sound coming from the other room...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Curious, Bobby searches for the source. Something is scraping against the wall. He clicks the stereo off, walks through the apartment, flips on lights.

But can't find it.

scrape

Now it sounds like it's coming from just outside the apartment. Bobby opens the front door, and walks into the hallway.

Other AMBIENT SOUNDS can be heard coming from different directions. A TV, a door closing, a couple talking next door. But nobody is out here.

Bobby walks back into the living room and opens the window.

The WIND caught inside the dark courtyard whisps through - Then the sound disappears. As he closes the window -

-- he notices a person in SILHOUETTE staring back at him from another apartment across the courtyard.

It's unsettling.

Bobby flips the lamp off to get a better view but all he sees is the person's dark outline. It's unclear whether its a man or a woman.

Weirded out, Bobby closes his curtains, as the silhouette continues to stand there, motionless, staring back at him.

EXT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - MORNING

CARS in various states of repair are parked close together - there's very little parking space at a city auto-shop.

Bobby stares at the underside of a late model car, that's up on a lift. TITO RODRIGUEZ (30s), a tatted-up Puerto Rican stands next to him. Tito is a no-nonsense, street-born entrepreneur. This is his shop.

TITO
See anything wrong?

BOBBY
It's a loose brake pad spring.

TITO
You sure about that?

BOBBY
Guy complained of a rattle when he
drives over bumps, didn't he?

TITO
Yeah. That's right.

Tito pulls the hydraulic lever, as the car lowers -

TITO (CONT'D)
Know how to check for misfires and
alignment pressure?

Bobby nods. Tito looks him over, unsure.

TITO (CONT'D)
You know your cars but I don't know
about this, man.

BOBBY
I know where you're coming from.
But I'll work hard on the floor,
stay 'til the last car is off the
lot. I'll do whatever it takes. I
need this job.

TITO
Involuntary manslaughter ain't
exactly a minor offense.

BOBBY
I made bad choices, and that'll
haunt me for the rest of my life.
But I served time, and all those
mistakes, they're in the past. If
I had more to offer than just my
word, I would give it to you.
(beat)
I'm just trying to put my life back
together.

Bobby is direct. Tito studies his face - he appreciates the honesty, and it shows.

TITO
Pay ain't very high.

BOBBY
I don't need much.

TITO
If I hire you, I just ask that you
be straight with me. You got that?

BOBBY
I can do that.

TITO
Took me a long time to build this
shop. I don't want anything
risking that.

BOBBY
Just give me a week, try me out. I
won't let you down.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Manhole covers STEAM as Bobby approaches a busy diner on a
rain-slicked, downtown street.

Inside, wading through the flow of patrons WAITRESSES take
orders, deliver meals, and clear plates. There's an
unmistakable energy, a never-ending chaotic fluidity to it.

HIS POV

PEOPLE sit in booths - families, friends, lovers. Eating,
laughing. Bobby watches the restaurant activity for a few
moments, an unsure look on his face.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

The place is packed.

Bobby takes a seat at the counter, his face seems a bit
apprehensive as he scans the faces in the restaurant.

Then, the kitchen door opens revealing a waitress named
ALYSSA (20s), holding dishes. She stops cold when she
recognizes --

ALYSSA
Bobby?

Although Alyssa's not wearing makeup and her hair is pulled back -- the girl still sparkles. Shocked, she puts the food down. From across the counter they look at each other, uncomfortable. Neither one knows what to say.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

When did you get back?

BOBBY

A few days ago. I was going to call but....how are you?

ALYSSA

Things have been ok. You know, still here on the weekends, some things haven't changed.

(beat)

Sorry about your mom. I heard about what happened.

BOBBY

Yeah, thanks. I'm staying at her place. Gonna fix it up, maybe sell it, and start again, I mean start over.

(beat)

Sorry. Nerves.

ALYSSA

It's been a long time.

There is clearly history between them. In the mad rush of the crowd, they feel like the only two people here.

BOBBY

You look good.

ALYSSA

No...I don't.

BOBBY

You changed your hair. It's a lot brighter.

ALYSSA

Yeah. You know. New me.

Bobby is enamored. Alyssa on the other hand doesn't seem ready to have this conversation.

BOBBY

I've waited so long for this moment, and I can't think of anything else to say to you but - 'your hair is brighter'.

(beat)

You think we could go and get a cup of coffee when your shift is done?

ALYSSA

I have finals, it's a group project-thing I gotta work on tonight.

BOBBY

You're going to school?

ALYSSA

Pratt University was crazy enough to give me a scholarship in fashion. It's been - everything's really different for me now.

BOBBY

No, I get it. I just stopped by here, thinking you might want to...I should have called.

ALYSSA

I'm glad you came.

BOBBY

Maybe another time?

The MANAGER shoots Alyssa a look, as if to say where is that food? She picks her dishes up.

ALYSSA

I don't know, Bobby. Between this and school, I've got a lot on my plate...I just don't think it's a good idea.

BOBBY

I understand.

ALYSSA

Sorry. I gotta get back.

BOBBY

It was good to see you.

ALYSSA

Yeah. You too. Good luck, Bobby.

And he stands, a little rejected, and walks out. Alyssa delivers the order to her table. By the way Alyssa watches him go, it's clear there are unresolved feelings.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Bobby buzzes the Manager, again. The Old Man is of course, sitting idle at his chess board.

OLD MAN

It's supper time. He won't answer.

BOBBY

When you see him, can you tell him there are noises in my apartment? Might be a plumbing leak.

-- and he continues his game, never looking up.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Bobby gets into the elevator where an overweight man named JOSEPH (40s) holds a basket of laundry. The button for "5" is already pressed. The door closes, the elevator groans up.

JOSEPH

Fifth floor, too?

BOBBY

Yeah.

Joseph seems tense, periodically stealing glances at Bobby.

JOSEPH

(beat)

Do you hear them?

BOBBY

What?

JOSEPH

The sounds.

Bobby looks at Joseph, not really understanding him. Then, notices dried blood is visible in his ears.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

....you will.

This guy isn't making much sense. Bobby decides to keep to himself as the elevator rises.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator opens, and Joseph walks to his own apartment. He lives down the hall in #507. Bobby catches him staring back, before he walks into his own apartment.

As Bobby approaches his door he catches Carly staring at him, curious. Her mother, GINA (30s) emerges from the door, and quickly ushers Carly inside.

Gina looks at Bobby with a concerned eye before she shuts her own door. And locks it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bobby sits on the couch and watches TV.

The greenish-blue hue lights the room. Over the sitcom LAUGHTER, he hears a scrape.

Bobby grabs the remote, clicks the tv off. It's quiet.

-- then that sound, again. It sounds like fingernails scratching a surface. And it seems like it's coming from inside his wall.

Bobby stands up and walks over to the wall, stares at it a moment, then presses his ear to it.

CU: HIS EYES -

-- slowly move downward.

Whatever is scratching the other side is slowly moving down the wall. Curious, Bobby follows the sound. His eyes follow the scratching as it continues down to the edge of the wall, past the molding, onto the floor-

-- then, it moves across the floor.

He slides the coffee table out of the way, watching the progress across the floor, listening.

From under the floorboards, he can hear a faint murmur, a monotone voice combined with the scratching as it continues to roam under the floorboards.

Bobby's eyes follow, honing in on the sound. When he presses his head to the floor - the noises stop.

HIS POV

Bobby can see the piano from here and notices -

-- dried blood on the edge of the piano drawer. Bobby stands, walks over to it, and opens the drawer revealing -

-- the full set of ivory and black keys.

A few keys have bloody fingerprints on them. He studies the four or five bloodstains, concerned. One ivory key in particular is down.

He dinks it a few times, trying to un-stick it, but no sound comes out. He opens the top of the piano and looks inside.

HIS POV

There is something jammed between the tuning strings and the felt hammers. It's a WAD of tissue paper. He pulls it out. The piano key un-sticks, and makes a clink sound.

As Bobby unwraps it, to his shock, he finds -

-- FINGERNAILS are wrapped inside. Not fake ones. These have the unmistakable, unpolished, raw look of real nails.

BOBBY

What the -- hell?

Bobby stares at them, trying to make heads or tails of it.

EXT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Max slowly paints the banister out front. He's a slow worker. Bobby steps out in the cold.

BOBBY

Hey. Has anyone been inside my apartment?

MAX

No. You have the only key.

Bobby unwraps the tissue, and shows Max the fingernails.

BOBBY

I found these hidden in my mother's place. They're not mine.

MAX

I don't know what to tell you.

(beat)

Maybe they belonged to her?

BOBBY
Why would she keep them?

MAX
I don't know. People have their reasons, considering -

BOBBY
What?

MAX
When is the last time you spoke to your mother?

BOBBY
A few years ago.

MAX
You know she was sick. Real sick.

BOBBY
She was going through some stuff.

MAX
(beat)
You shouldn't have to hear this from me, but the police said she locked herself in the apartment for weeks before she died.

Bobby is puzzled.

BOBBY
Do you know why?

MAX
No idea. Started work here after she passed, never met her. When they found her, they said she was in really bad condition. Is it true she -

BOBBY
Starved. Yeah.

MAX
Nobody checked on her?

Bobby's heart tightens, the implication is clear.

BOBBY

She didn't have anyone else. Maybe
the other neighbors on my floor
would know something -

MAX

No offense, son. But nobody here
wants to talk to you.
(off his look)
Everyone knows you were in prison.
Word gets around.

Bobby nods, he doesn't like it, but he understands. Max
hands the tissue paper back to him.

MAX (CONT'D)

She was sick. Real sick.

BOBBY

Yeah. Thanks for your time, then.

He's about to walk back inside when -

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Can you come check on those noises
in my apartment?

MAX

What noises?

BOBBY

In the walls. Rusted pipes, maybe.
My neighbor hears them too.

MAX

The big fella with the twitch?
He's not right in the head, hasn't
been since the wife left him.
Can't depend on anything he says.

BOBBY

They're coming from somewhere.

MAX

This is a pre-war building. Walls
are thick and the floors are all
concrete. Maybe you're just
hearing things...

Uneasy by his sentiment, Bobby walks back inside.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The only light comes through a crack in the curtains.

Outside the loud CITY SOUNDS are barely blocked by the closed windows. Bobby lays in bed, and struggles to get comfortable. SIRENS wail in the distance.

FROM NEXT DOOR: a short series of short, fast thumps.

Weary, Bobby wakes up and walks to the living room. He stares at the wall. Thump thump. Bobby politely KNOCKS the wall with his fist.

BOBBY

Can you keep it down?

Then, silence. That worked. Bobby returns to bed.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

It's his first really calm sleep in a while. Then -

CREAK

Bobby's eyes open, in a daze. Another floorboard CREAKS -
-- as if someone is inching around the dark room.

Concern building, Bobby tunes into the creaking floor, and gradually turns his head towards the base of the bed. At first, he doesn't see anything, the creaking noise has stopped and there is complete -

SILENCE

Then, a small cough. Alarmed, he rises up and sees -

A DARK FIGURE

-- she's moving backwards, very slowly towards him. Her face, unseen. Judging by her posture, it seems like her hands are covering her face. She COUGHS, again.

BOBBY

Hello?

The dark figure stops, and just stands there, her back to Bobby...not moving. Holding her face. Her breath, raspy and wheezing.

Bobby is frigid.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Who...who are you?

A few agonizingly long moments pass.

Then, she slowly turns around, her hands fall to her side, allowing the moonlight to give us a horrifying glimpse of -

HELEN DAVIS

Bobby's mother. But her FACE is emaciated, her skin loosely hangs off her cheeks, her eyes in deep sockets.

Helen stares back at Bobby with sad, unblinking eyes.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Mom?

Helen COUGHS again, this time more aggressively. Bobby backs against the headboard, confused.

Shocked at the sight of his mother, Bobby is upright and frozen. Helen HACKS again.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
What - happened to you?

A light murmur comes from the hallway.

Bobby's attention turns to the door for just a moment. When he turns back, Helen is sitting at the edge of the bed.

She GRABS his arm, she has no nails, and her fingertips are bleeding.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby wakes up with a JOLT.

It takes him several moments to realize it was only a dream. His heart is pounding. It's clear he won't be falling asleep anytime soon.

INT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - DAY

A CACOPHONY of garage sounds -

-- the clanging of tools on metal, etc. Bobby follows Tito through the shop. Tito picks a clipboard up.

TITO
Sign these W2s, we'll put you on
payroll.

Tito continues walking, points towards the office.

TITO (CONT'D)
The intake forms are in there. You
know how to run a scan tool, right?

BOBBY
Used to. On-board computers have
changed in the last few years but I
could figure it out.

TITO
Start with some tune-ups, so I can
see how you do.

For just a moment, Bobby thinks he hears a voice mumbling in his ear....but it's hard to tell with all the active sounds around him.

TITO (CONT'D)
Show me you got skills, I'll give
you more shifts.

Bobby's EAR -

-- tunes in some strange sounds. It's a combination of a warbling voice murmuring, and Tito talking.

BOBBY
You hear that?

TITO
What?

BOBBY
That voice.

TITO
It's the valve grinder.

Tito looks him over, suspicious. Bobby looks around him, the strange sound fills the space, but Tito doesn't notice.

TITO (CONT'D)
Car keys are in there.

Then, in a dark corner of the garage, Bobby sees a figure CROUCHED DOWN. Shivering. His flesh goes cold.

BOBBY
What is that?

TITO
The dropbox. Do not give keys out
til they are paid in full.

Tito is pointing that direction. He doesn't see it.

TITO (CONT'D)
Got it?

Bobby walks towards the shivering figure, it's TREMBLING
violently, faced away from him.

TITO (CONT'D)
Had a lot of cars jacked from this
shop, can't risk that kinda
nonsense, anymore.

As he gets closer, he can hear faint -

-- murmuring. He steps closer. Closer. The figure just
sits there. Shaking.

TITO (CONT'D)
Hey. You with me?

Another MECHANIC walks by, the crouched figure is gone.
Bobby blinks at the empty corner, then shakes it off.

BOBBY
Yeah. I got you.

Tito looks Bobby over, still unsure about him.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Bobby presses the elevator door.

A uniformed POLICE OFFICER walks up behind him and also gets
in. This is WALTER (30s), militant, muscular, think Travis
Bickle with a badge. Bobby presses '5'. Walter stares at
the back of Bobby's head.

Bobby can feel his glare, but doesn't turn around.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby gets off, and notices Walter follow him.

As Bobby pulls his key out, Walter passes behind him and walks next door. He lives in #511, the same apartment Gina and Carly are in. Walter stares Bobby down before entering his place.

Bobby gets inside his apartment.

BOBBY

...great.

INT. CITY STREETS - THE NEXT DAY

A subway station.

People emerge from the stairwell. Alyssa is among them, holding a thick bag of schoolbooks, her ipod, the paper, and a coat covering her waitress uniform - a true NY multitasker.

Bobby stands at the top of the stairs, two cups of coffee in hand. She takes her headphones off.

ALYSSA

You know stalking someone is a criminal offense.

BOBBY

Are you gonna call the cops?

ALYSSA

I think I might.

BOBBY

Figured you didn't have time for coffee, so the plan is to bring it to you.

ALYSSA

And does your plan include walking me to work?

BOBBY

...guilty as charged.

Bobby offers her coffee.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It's a little cold, but still works. Two sugars.

Alyssa considers, then takes it from him as they walk -

ALYSSA

Thanks.

(beat)

You see anyone from the old neighborhood, yet?

BOBBY

Staying away from that part of my life, know what I mean?

ALYSSA

Yeah. I get it. So how is it being out?

BOBBY

Trying to make sense of it.

ALYSSA

Everything must be, I don't know - strange. And different.

BOBBY

It has its moments. Things aren't what they used to be, you know.

ALYSSA

Did you think everything would be the same?

BOBBY

Was kind of hoping they would be.

ALYSSA

Four years is a long time to hope. Especially since you were the one that closed yourself off.

They pause, still unsure of how to handle each other.

BOBBY

My head wasn't in the right place. I was stuck.

ALYSSA

And now you're...

BOBBY

...un-stuck.

ALYSSA

Things change. I changed.

BOBBY

It's been a long time, and I'm here to ask you to give me a chance to make things right.

They arrive at the diner - the end of the line.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Come by the place tomorrow night. I'll clean. I know how you like things, tidy. I'll get down on my hands and knees and scrub the entire place for you.

ALYSSA

You're crazy. You know that?

BOBBY

Finally. A compliment.

ALYSSA

Maybe.

BOBBY

I'll take maybe.

ALYSSA

(smiles)

Maybe, I gotta go.

And she disappears into work. Bobby watches her go, elated.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator door opens.

Carrying cleaning supplies, Bobby walks into the hall and is surprised to find Joseph, the overweight neighbor, with his ear pressed against Bobby's front door.

BOBBY

Can I help you?

JOSEPH

No.

Joseph turns to walk back to his own apartment. He's so calm about it, which makes this whole situation unsettling.

BOBBY

Hold on. What were you doing?

JOSEPH
Listening.

BOBBY
To what?

JOSEPH
Are they coming from you? The
sounds? Is that you?
(off his blank look)
Maybe that woman knows something?
The one who lives in your
apartment.

BOBBY
(snaps)
What did you say?

JOSEPH
There's a woman who lives here.
I've seen her at your door.

BOBBY
That's not possible.

JOSEPH
I just saw her, the other day....

BOBBY
The woman who lived here, died.

JOSEPH
I just saw her.

BOBBY
Just....could you do me a favor and
stay on your own side of the hall?

Joseph carefully searches Bobby's eyes.

JOSEPH
You hear them, too, don't you?
I can see it in the way you're
looking at me.

Weirded out, Bobby clicks his door open.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A collection of window cleaner, sponges, Comet, etc. Bobby
is doing some heavy duty cleaning.

A faucet runs. Bobby washes dishes, and turns on the garbage disposal. It WHIRRS, then dies. Bobby hears a scratching sound, which causes him to tense up.

It sounds like it's coming from inside the drain.

Bobby opens the cabinet door below the sink, and peeks inside. It's dark. He reaches in and pulls out -

A ROACH MOTEL

Inside, insects SCRAPE against the cardboard trap, trying to escape. Bobby stares at a few more roach motels, with both relief and disgust. He grabs a dustpan and a broom...

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby carries two garbage bags down the hall.

THROUGH THE WHITE PLASTIC BAGS

We see the black bugs squirm, trying to escape.

INT. TRASH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He opens the metal door. As he loads the bags into the chute, one tears along the bottom and a roach SCURRIES out.

BOBBY

Damnit.

Holding the chute open, Bobby tries to stamp it, but it races away. Then from INSIDE the trash chute, we hear -

-- a wail

It's faint, and only happens for a moment, but was definitely there. He opens the chute door, and looks down into the blackness. Maybe he only imagined it? At least that's what he tells himself.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Bobby approaches his door, he hears the MUFFLED sound of a woman crying. He passes his own apartment and stalks towards the neighbor's.

He stands in front of their door, and listens. The cop is inside, talking to his wife. She sounds upset.

His voice is calm, but firm. We cannot hear what he's saying. Then, she blurts out.

GINA (O.S.)

Look at me.

Before collapsing into tears. Bobby leans in. What's happening in there?

Suddenly, his own apartment door SLAMS shut.

FROM INSIDE: They stop talking. It's silent.

Then, we hear FOOTSTEPS. Walter is coming to the door.

Bobby backs away and quickly returns to his own apartment. He twists his doorknob, but -

-- it's locked. Fuck.

Bobby digs in his pockets. The neighbor's door UNLOCKS, the doorknob RATTLES. Pressured, Bobby wrestles with his keys, and finally jams his key into the deadbolt, and twists it -

-- just as Walter's door opens.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bobby gets inside.

After a few moments, he hears Walter's door close. He looks through his peephole - the hallway is empty. He takes a breath. That was close.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The apartment looks different. It's clean. Organized. The place feels brighter.

INT. ELEVATOR - THE NEXT DAY

Bobby walks into the elevator holding a basket of clothes. The old Russian Woman is already inside.

There is no button pressed. Bobby hits "B" for basement.

BOBBY

You going to the lobby?

She mutters something in Russian. Bobby takes that as a no.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby gets out of the elevator.

The Russian Woman remains inside, Bobby catches her oddly glancing at him as the elevator doors close.

Down here, it's one of those labyrinthine basements, with low ceilings and an industrial look.

He passes an open set of doors, where a large DUMPSTER is positioned at the bottom of a trash chute. Garbage DROPS from the chute into the dumpster.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There is a row of LAUNDRY MACHINES with a drainage SINK on the end. A few dryers tumble clothes. He's alone down here.

Bobby loads his stuff into a washer and reaches into his pockets when he hears a low -

murmur

Bobby scans the laundry room.

BOBBY

Hello?

Bobby sticks his head out and checks the corridor -- it's empty.

He returns to the laundry machines. Reaching into his pockets, he fishes around for change when he hears -

MURMURING, but this time much LOUDER. As if it's coming from right behind him.

Startled, Bobby drops his coins, which scatter across the cement floor. A few roll under the machine. Bobby spins around, the room is quiet and empty.

Nothing but the DRYERS and the HUM of the fluorescent lights above him. He gets down on his knees.

NEW ANGLE: quarters beneath the machines.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Perfect.

He gets down on his knees, and reaches between two washers, slowly straining his arms into the crevice when --

--the machine directly in front of him SHAKES.

Bobby flinches back.

It rumbles to a stop. Bobby slowly opens the washer door, looks inside. Nothing.

Suddenly, the faucet in the drainage sink starts to FILL.

Bobby walks over carefully, and sees that the drain faucet has pantyhose tied to the end of it (common method to prevent lint from clogging drains).

THE PANTYHOSE

-- when filled with water, looks like a LOG of dirty grey-water. It undulates like a dying fish, as the sink fills. Then, Bobby notices...

-- FINGERS inside the pantyhose, as if they are trying to claw their way out.

Baffled, Bobby leans in for a closer look when -

BZZT

The dryer finishes it's load cycle, almost causing Bobby to jump out of his skin. The grey-water drains, and the pantyhose shrinks. No fingers. All is quiet again.

Just the gentle tumble of the washers, and the hum of fluorescent lights. Bobby breathes. Then, we see -

A FIGURE

-- walk past the doorway, behind him. He spins. Bobby didn't see it, but he heard it. Sounds like it's dragging itself down the hall.

Thoroughly spooked, Bobby approaches the doorway -

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- and enters the empty basement hallway. A SHUFFLING sound comes from the trash room.

BOBBY

Hello? Anyone down here?

Bobby inches towards the double-doors. The trash bin comes into view. He steps closer...and closer. And peeks in.

HIS POV

-- it's dark, but something is moving inside, buried amongst the garbage.

Bobby slowly reaches into the bin and clears garbage out of the way. It's silent and still. Then, elsewhere in the corner, garbage shuffles again. Bobby adjusts his eyes, trying to lean in for a better look when a CLANGING sound of metal above him is followed by -

TRASH

-- that comes FLYING down the chute. He backs away and waits for the dust to settle. The garbage becomes still.

He stares at it. Expecting more movement. Nothing. Then -

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I'm staring at garbage.

EXT. THE COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa walks into the courtyard, wearing a backpack, holding bags of carry-out. She pauses for a moment, unsure of whether she should go in or not.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The ELEVATOR door opens.

Alyssa walks out, as she turns the corner, she hears the clink-clink of a toy piano. At the end of the hall, she sees Carly tapping her fingers on it. Alyssa approaches her.

ALYSSA
Hi there.

Carly continues playing as Alyssa approaches Bobby's door, it's open. She peeks into his doorway -

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Bobby?
(to Carly)
You don't happen to know if he's in there, do you?

Carly is lost in her tune, hitting the keys. Alyssa shoots her a grin, and walks into the -

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ALYSSA

You know your door is unlocked?
Bobby?

Alyssa walks around the apartment - glancing down the hallway - into the kitchen - only to realize she's alone. We can still hear the clinking keys of Carly's piano.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Anyone home?

POV: through the crack in the wall, someone watches her, adjusting their position as she puts her bags down on the coffee table.

Then, behind her -

FINGERS

-- appear from inside the crack, wiggling as they seem to reach out for Alyssa. But her back is turned to them, and doesn't notice. She walks over to the window -

-- and looks out onto the courtyard.

Someone is WATCHING her from another apartment window. It's the same window that's been watching Bobby.

The curtains slowly close. But the silhouette remains. The thin white curtain conceals just enough of the features to make it unrecognizable. Alyssa stares back at the window, confused when -

A HAND

-- touches her shoulder, she jumps and whips around. Nobody else is in the room with her, but the door opens and Bobby walks in holding a basket of clothes.

BOBBY

Hey. How did you get in?

ALYSSA

Sorry. Your door was open.

It takes a few moments for her to collect herself.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Who is in that apartment across the courtyard?

BOBBY

Not sure. Nosey neighbors checking in on me. Guess they don't feel all that safe with an ex-con in the building.

Bobby closes the blinds. Alyssa surveys the old furniture.

ALYSSA

What are you going to do with all this stuff? It's kind of -

BOBBY

Vintage?

ALYSSA

...ugly.

BOBBY

Haven't figured that out, yet. Still sorting through what's important.

ALYSSA

Do you like it here?

BOBBY

Getting used to it. But to be honest, everyone who lives here seems a little....off.

ALYSSA

It's the east village.

She stares at the PHOTOGRAPH of Helen, on the shelf.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

She always seemed so happy.

BOBBY

I'm not so sure she was. She was taking anti-depressants. I guess it got so bad she...

ALYSSA

What?

BOBBY

She sat in this apartment for weeks
and never left. Until eventually
she...she starved.

ALYSSA

(shocked)

What? Was it -

BOBBY

I don't know if it was suicide.
Nobody does. This is going to
sound crazy, but sometimes it feels
like she's still here, in this
apartment.

ALYSSA

(beat)

She probably is. The people you
love never seem to leave us.

Alyssa picks up her bags of carry-out, changing the subject.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

I got Italian.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

It's hours later.

Empty take-out containers and a spent bottle of wine sit on
the kitchen table. Bobby is flipping through Alyssa's design
books: well detailed sketches of intricate evening gowns,
made with a charcoal pencil.

BOBBY

These are amazing.

ALYSSA

They're just rough sketches.

BOBBY

To be honest, I don't know what I'm
looking at, but they look
expensive.

Alyssa snaps her drawings back.

ALYSSA

It's my life. Don't patronize me.

(beat)

What?

BOBBY

Ever wonder what would have happened if I never left?

ALYSSA

Sometimes.

(beat)

So what was it like everyday? You know, not being able to go anywhere?

BOBBY

Imagine your life on hold. A lot of stuff has happened to you in four years, but nothing happened to me. The only thing I could hold onto was what I had when I left. The good things.

Bobby holds Alyssa's gaze - they have a moment.

ALYSSA

It's late. I should go.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bobby walks Alyssa to the door, and holds the door open for her. Before he could say goodbye to her, she leans in and -

-- kisses him. It's short, sweet, and simple.

They smile, and without saying a word, she leaves.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

The SHOWER drills down on Bobby's face. Bang Bang Bang. Someone knocks at his front door. Bobby turns the water off -

BOBBY

(loud)

Hello. Someone there?

He steps out of the shower, haphazardly throws on a T shirt and shorts.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bobby sticks his head out, just in time to glimpse Gina walking back into her own apartment. He senses something wrong and knocks on her door.

BOBBY
You alright in there?
(beat)
You need help?

Bobby leans into the door, he can hear her on the other side of the door. Trying to suppress tears. Bobby leans in.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I heard you last night. Whatever
is happening....if you want my
help, just come knock on my door.

No response. He gives up, and returns to his apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby closes his door.

knock knock

Assuming it's Gina, he opens the door to reveal -

WALTER

- standing in his doorway, he seems confrontational as he stares Bobby down.

BOBBY

- stares back, unintimidated.

BOBBY
You need something?

Walter studies him for a few, uncomfortable moments.

WALTER
(beat)
Mind your own business.

Angry, Bobby closes his door. Then checks through the peephole.

FISHEYE POV

Walter just stands there. Staring back at Bobby's door for a few moments...then leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bobby tosses and turns on the couch, unable to sleep.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Exhausted, Bobby walks the narrow hallway towards his bedroom.

NEW ANGLE: Behind him, his mother's bedroom door slowly OPENS. He doesn't see this -

-- but the CREAK of the door hinge gets his attention. He warily turns his head towards her door and stares at it, puzzled.

INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby enters, glances around the darkness.

THE CLOSET DOOR

-- is slightly ajar.

Bobby takes a moment, eyes searching - her bed, her vanity table. He remembers his nightmare. It was a powerful image to him.

As he stands there, we RACK FOCUS and see --

A FIGURE

-- in the walk-in closet, facing us. But only for a moment.

Bobby turns, but from his vantage point sees A DARK CLOSET DOOR. He steps towards it, pulls the single-bulb cord, the light flickers for a moment, then dies.

The closet is BLACK.

As he steps in, his bare foot SQUISHES on something. It's sticky.

Backing out, he reaches for a pack of matches next to a candle, off her vanity table. He lights one.

There's a brown-ish liquid on his foot. The trail of liquid leads deep into the walk-in closet.

Bobby holds the MATCH in front of him, and steps in. We glimpse that it's PACKED with clothes, boxes, etc., before the match goes out.

THE RACK OF CLOTHES

Bobby moves tightly packed clothes aside, and behind the hangers, notices liquid DRIPPING down the back of the closet wall. A FOUL ODOR washes over him, he grimaces.

He cranes his neck, to the PACKED shelves above him, filled with old shoeboxes. The bottoms are stained with the same brown liquid.

Bobby pulls one off the shelf - but it's stuck. Everything is so TIGHTLY packed in here. He struggles with the shoebox when from above -

BOBBY

Jesus!

-- BOXES fall on top of him. His arm is covered in the brown liquid. The PUTRID smell overcomes him and he looks at the open boxes on the floor -

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

Bobby leans in for a better look. Inside the shoeboxes are -

-- OPENED canned foods, tuna, vegetables, soup. The circumference of the cans are covered in MOLD. Fruit flies buzz around. Nausea washes over him.

He grabs a small LAMP off the nightstand and turns it on, using it as a flashlight.

He SWEEPS the interior of the closet, PULLS boxes out of the way. Then, in the corner he sees -

-- more open, rotting CANS of food, with silverware sticking out of them.

There's also a flashlight, a cassette player, empty bottles of water, and some books next to a cluster of blankets.

In the doorsill, he notices a small lock, that locks from the inside. Was she living in here?

Holding his breath from the stench, Bobby pulls the small TAPE RECORDER out. He studies it a moment, then -

-- presses play.

But there is nothing recorded. Bobby REWINDS, turns the volume up, and listens carefully --

- we hear the sound of Helen BREATHING. A steady, continuous rhythm that chills Bobby to the bone.

The player SQUABBLES as Bobby fast forwards the tape.

The AUDIO pops and crackles. We hear MOVEMENT, as if the person recording was walking around.

Then -

-- that same jazz record we've heard before lets us know we are in the living room.

Over her breathing, the AUDIO becomes distorted. As Bobby's mother MOVES the recorder against a wall.

HELEN (ON TAPE)
(whispers)
....listen.

-- a low murmur.

-- a scraping sound.

-- warbled voices.

-- we hear the same collection of SOUNDS that Bobby's been hearing. Her breathing becomes labored as this strange cocktail of noises repeats, the tape strains -

-- and CLICKS to an end. We're off Bobby, rocked by this revelation.

INT. DELANCEY URGENT CARE CENTER - DAY

Bobby follows a DR. MORRIS (50s), through the halls of this active medical facility. Dr. Morris reviews a patient log.

DR. MORRIS
Reynolds? You said she was
admitted at this facility?

BOBBY
About a year ago.

DR. MORRIS
I don't know how much I could tell
you. This is urgent care. I
wasn't her regular doctor.

BOBBY

You prescribed these.

Bobby hands him the prescription bottles. Dr. Morris looks them over, a sudden grim look on his face.

DR. MORRIS

I remember her.

(beat)

When your mother came in, she was very sick. There were advanced signs of schizophrenia. But I couldn't diagnose her properly.

BOBBY

Why not?

DR. MORRIS

Most of the symptoms were there - hearing sounds and voices, having intense delusions. But according to her, it came swiftly, within the span of a few days. It's never that aggressive.

BOBBY

What do you think it was?

DR. MORRIS

Hard to tell. I asked your mother to come back for tests, but she never did.

BOBBY

What kinds of sounds was she hearing?

DR. MORRIS

She wasn't specific.

Bobby shifts, uncomfortable.

BOBBY

Is it possible that I could be experiencing the same thing?

DR. MORRIS

Genetics may have something to do with it, but it's tricky. There are a number of other disorders she could have suffered from.

(beat)

(MORE)

DR. MORRIS (CONT'D)

The autopsy had some other inconclusive factors, unrelated to her mental health.

BOBBY

What other factors?

Dr. Morris hands Bobby her file. Bobby looks it over.

DR. MORRIS

Malnourishment should have slowly faded her away, inducing sleep. Her eyes were open when she died.

BOBBY

How is that possible, if she starved to death?

Dr. Morris shrugs, leaving Bobby with more questions than answers.

EXT. PRATT INSTITUTE, 14TH STREET, MANHATTAN - DAY

Founded at the turn of the century, this design school has magnificent gothic architecture in its buildings.

INT. PRATT INSTITUTE, LIBRARY - DAY

A massive library. Several students sit at long tables.

It's dead quiet.

Alyssa looks stressed. She's studying, but can't seem to concentrate. Across the table from her -

A thin, EMO GUY listens to his iPod so loud we can practically hear the song.

A well dressed, well manicured girl named KATIE (20s), taps her pencil. She's had one too many lattes. Alyssa glances at her.

KATIE

(quietly)

What?

ALYSSA

You're killing me.

KATIE

Sorry.

After a moment, Katie unconsciously taps her pencil again. Trying to focus, Alyssa scans her text carefully, making notes in a binder.

Then, we hear a faint -

CRYING

-- Alyssa looks up from her book.

It's not coming from Katie, or the Emo Guy. She glances around -- none of the other students seem to notice.

ALYSSA
(whispers)
You hear that?

KATIE
Hear what?

ALYSSA
Someone's crying...

Katie shrugs - she might not hear it, or she might not care. Curious, Alyssa looks around -

-- everyone is so into their work, nobody seems upset.

The SOBBING gets a little louder. Alyssa looks behind her and sees -

A HOODED person

-- in a winter coat, a fur-lined hood over their head, sitting in a chair. Staring at the ground.

We cannot see the face.

ALYSSA

-- stands, and carefully approaches the Hooded Person. Something feels off about this....

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Hello?

The Hooded Person does not move. The big fur hood creates a black space where the face should be.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Are you ok...?

Again, the Hooded Person remains still as a statue.

Alyssa deliberately drops her pen. She leans down to pick it up, trying to get a better angle on the face, when from behind her -

KATIE (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Alyssa turns back to see Katie glaring at her.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Don't wake 'em up. It's finals week.

The sobbing has STOPPED. It's quiet, again.

She backs away from the Hooded Figure, and sits back down at the table to continue her reading, uncomfortable.

Students mill about. Everything is normal.

Katie continues studying. Alyssa glances back at the Hooded Figure, now walking out of the library. She never sees the face. Upset, she packs her books.

KATIE (CONT'D)
We still have two more chapters.

ALYSSA
I gotta go.

EXT. STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Alyssa walks down the street, Katie catches up to her shoving her books into her backpack. They join the usual flow of pedestrians.

KATIE
What's your deal?

ALYSSA
I'm fine.

KATIE
You get that dodgy thing where you can't look me in the eye when you're not being honest.

Alyssa gives her a square, deadpan look.

ALYSSA
I'm just worn out.

KATIE

Liar.

ALYSSA

I ran into Bobby.

KATIE

The guy that was in jail?

ALYSSA

He just walked into the diner the other day while I was working.

KATIE

That's so Frankie and Johnny. You're not going to hang out with him are you?

ALYSSA

Why?

KATIE

He was in jail for a reason.

ALYSSA

It was a bar fight.

KATIE

That ended very badly. Didn't...someone die?

ALYSSA

Bobby punched him, but the guy nearly pulled me into a women's bathroom, and almost raped me.

KATIE

It doesn't excuse what he did.

ALYSSA

It was terrible. Bobby hit him so hard you could hear the bones in his face crack. The more I cried, the more Bobby hit him. But he didn't mean to -

KATIE

Kill him? Are you sure?

(beat)

I know you feel guilty about what happened, but you tried writing him. He never wrote you back.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

Now he's giving you the sad con-comes-home story? He made a choice when he popped that guy, not you. You told me Bobby had a temper. Maybe he'll hurt you someday?

ALYSSA

What if all that time alone has given him perspective?

KATIE

My Dad's a prosecutor, you'd be surprised at how little perspective some of these guys have.

ALYSSA

That's not him. It never was.

KATIE

Just be careful, k?

And they disappear down into a subway station.

INT. APARTMENT - MOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Garbage bags and boxes are all over the floor. Bobby cleans out his mother's closet, throwing most of it away.

Then, a knock.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bobby looks through the peephole, concern washes over his face. He hesitates a moment, then opens.

CARLY

- the kid from next door stands there, looking confused and scared. She clutches her toy piano to her chest.

BOBBY

Hey.

Carly hugs her piano tightly. That's when he notices bruises on her arm. Bobby stares down at her.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You want to come in?

Uncomfortable, Carly enters.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bobby leads her to the kitchen table and she sits.

BOBBY
What's your name?

No answer. Bobby reaches out to take a look at her arm, but she quickly pulls away, a clear sign of abuse.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I'm Bobby. I know you don't want to talk to a stranger, but I can help you. You want to tell me what's happening next door at your house?

Bobby stares at her, deeply saddened. He switches gears.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Do you know how to play?

Carly looks up at him. It's the first time she's responsive. She places her piano on the table and plays -

-- the same tune she played earlier. It's out-of-tune, about 4 or 5 notes. Then she repeats it.

Then we hear her parent's VOICES through the wall. Her mother is getting angry. Bobby watches her, sympathetic -

BOBBY (CONT'D)
How about we play some music on a real piano? How does that sound?

Leaving Carly in the kitchen, Bobby walks into the -

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- and to the upright piano. He opens the piano drawer, and is quickly reminded of the bloody prints.

BOBBY
Hold on a sec. Wait there.

Bobby quickly dabs his shirt sleeve and furiously wipes the keys. We hear the faint sounds of an ARGUMENT brewing between her parents next door.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

When I was a kid, I couldn't reach
the pedals. Bet you could, though.

As Bobby wipes the blood off each piano key, we hear the sound of the corresponding note. Something gives Bobby pause as he stares at the piano for a moment.

The argument next door turns up. Now Dad is yelling.

Bobby presses the piano keys with blood on them. As he plays each note, then reorders them - we hear the same out-of-tune sequence Carly just played. The four note riff.

How is this possible?

Then, a THUMP. Bobby's wall shakes. Bits of plaster trickle to the floor. Followed by the sound of a woman crying.

Another THUMP, the crack seems to get slightly worse. Another cry. Bobby listens carefully, and can hear -

GINA (O.S.)

Stop it, please?!

THUMP. It sounds like his neighbor is slamming his wife up against the wall. For the first time, Bobby can clearly hear what's really happening. And it's not just arguing...

BOBBY

This is crazy.

Bobby swipes up his cell, dials 911 as he points to Carly.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Stay in the kitchen. He's not
gonna hurt you or your mom,
anymore. Do you understand?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

911. What's your emergency?

Bobby walks towards the bedroom as he talks on his cell leaving -

CARLY, alone. Carly walks into the living room, reaches up, and touches the crack. The ARGUING gets more intense, and heated. She starts breathing, heavily. Carly INHALES, like she's having a panic attack. Then, out of nowhere -

-- she SLAMS her head into the wall, against the crack.

Bobby does not hear this from the other room.

BOBBY (INTO PHONE)
I'm at 524 East 13th Street Apt
509. I think my neighbor is
beating on his wife, can you send
someone -

Another hard SLAM of her forehead into the wall.

Carly rocks back and forth, repeatedly hitting her forehead
against the wall. Harder. Faster. The moment builds...

Bobby finally hears Carly and hurries off the phone -

BOBBY (CONT'D)
-- just get here, now.

Bobby hangs up, and walks back to the living room, Carly is
gone. Then Bobby hears his front door OPEN. He turns
around and catches a glimpse of Carly running out.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bobby sees Carly RUN back to her apartment door.

BOBBY
Wait!

He tries to catch her, but the door closes. Bobby tries the
knob, it's locked. It's quiet from inside their apartment.

Bobby KNOCKS.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(angry)
Hey. I heard what you were doing
in there.

He BANGS again, more purposeful.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Open the fucking door.

Silence. Bobby tries to force the knob to turn but with no
luck. He hits the door one last time, livid.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATER

The elevator GROANS it's arrival.

Bobby paces the hall, anxious. It opens, revealing a thick-necked OFFICER FRANKLIN COLE (40s), and a younger uniformed OFFICER.

BOBBY

I'm the one who called it in. The apartment's at the end.

He leads them down the long hallway, their heavy boots echo in the hallway. Their radios SQUAWK.

OFFICER COLE

(into radio)

Domestic. Officers arrived.

(to Bobby)

You know the tenants?

BOBBY

Not really. But they argue a lot, and I think it got pretty bad.

OFFICER COLE

You think? Did you see anything?

BOBBY

No. But I didn't want to take any chances. There's a kid in there who may also be abused by the father.

(beat)

He's a cop.

Officer Cole and his younger P1 exchange a grim look. They arrive outside door #511.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

They wouldn't open the door.

OFFICER COLE

Please stay back, Sir.

The YOUNG OFFICER flanks Cole. Cole knocks.

OFFICER COLE (CONT'D)

This is the NYPD. Anyone inside in need of assistance?

He POUNDS on the door, this time with authority.

OFFICER COLE (CONT'D)

Open up.

Still no response. Officer Cole tries the door handle, it's unlocked. The two officers walk in. From inside -

OFFICER COLE (CONT'D)
This a joke?

INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment is COMPLETELY EMPTY. Stunned, Bobby follows the two Officers in.

BOBBY'S POV

No furniture. Nothing on the walls. No Walter, Gina or Carly. It hasn't been lived in for years.

BOBBY

- has trouble breathing, like he's been hit in the chest.

BOBBY
What...the hell?

Officer Cole shakes his head, this is going to be one of those calls.

OFFICER COLE
You sure it was this apartment?

BOBBY
I just heard them...

OFFICER COLE
Doesn't look like anyone's been here in a long time. Been drinking tonight?

BOBBY
No. The daughter...she was in my apartment.

OFFICER COLE
What's her name?

BOBBY
I don't know.

OFFICER COLE
And the wife, the one who was getting beaten? You know her name?

BOBBY

(beat)

She never told it to me.

Officer Cole smirks, somewhat humored. The Younger Officer paces the empty apartment - not so humored.

OFFICER COLE

Most people know more about their imaginary friends than that, pal. You got one hell of a vivid imagination.

(into radio)

10-80. Cancel call.

BOBBY

I swear. They were here.

Officer Cole motions the other officer towards the door.

OFFICER COLE

It's a big city. Everyone in New York gets lonely.

BOBBY

Look. I know this doesn't make any sense, but -

OFFICER COLE

Next time, do me a favor. Find an all-night bowling alley, or a late movie to take up dead time. Don't call us.

They exit. Bobby stands in the empty apartment, floored.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Bobby BUZZES the door marked "Manager".

MAX (O.S.)

It's the middle of the night.

BOBBY

It's Bobby from 509. I need to talk to you. Now.

Max opens the door, the chain between them.

MAX

Yeah?

BOBBY

Who lives in the apartment next to mine, in 511?

MAX

Why?

BOBBY

I just called the cops on them, and when they got here, it was empty. What the hell is going on?

Max shuts the door, undoes the chain and opens it.

MAX

You called the police on who?

BOBBY

The guy who lives next door to me. He's a cop.

MAX

I don't know what you're talking about. That apartment's been empty since I started working, here. 511, right?

BOBBY

No. There's a kid...a little girl, who lives there with her mom. The Dad beats the two of them. Everyone in the building can hear it.

MAX

(eyes Bobby)
Not everyone.

BOBBY

I've seen them.

MAX

I've walked each and every hall. Never seen a little girl, or a family in 511. Sorry.

Max quickly closes his door.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Hands jammed in his pockets, Bobby wanders the streets, lost among the NEON and late night PEDESTRIANS.

Trying to sort things out. From the look on his face, he won't be going home tonight.

INT. ELEVATOR - THE NEXT DAY

Alyssa stands in the elevator, going up, holding a potted ORCHID in one hand, her cell phone in the other.

ALYSSA (INTO PHONE)
 Don't stress, we'll have our
 project in on time. I'm just
 stopping by to take care of
 something. I'm losing you....

The connection is cut, just as the elevator door SLIDES opens, and she steps out -

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

ALYSSA'S POV

Gina stands outside of Bobby's apartment, crying.

Alyssa stays hidden around the corner, watching her, curious, unsure of what to think. Is Bobby seeing another woman?

She quietly backs into the elevator again, and presses 'Lobby'. A mix of emotions on her face as the elevator goes back down.

And the tranquility of the moment is broken by -

INT. AUTO SHOP - DAY

The piercing sound of a PNEUMATIC DRILL.

Bobby lays on a slide cart, underneath an SUV, in a haze. The sound gives Bobby a headache as he CRANKS a torque wrench under the chassis. He spins it, then adjusts.

Spins, then adjusts. The DRILL sound amplifies, giving Bobby a killer headache, when --

-- silence.

The following is played MOS.

UPSIDE DOWN POV: All garage and atmospheric sounds have disappeared.

A DRIP of oil falls on his face. He smears it with his hand and looks at it -

His fingers are RED - it's blood.

Bobby's breathing thins out as he begins to panic. There is nowhere for him to move in such a TIGHT SPACE. He is about to slide out from under the car when he sees -

UPSIDE DOWN POV: a dirty pair of BARE FEET inches from his face. But the feet are not touching the ground.

BOBBY

What do you want?!

A RINGING SOUND fills Bobby's ears.

Then, a pair of BLOODY HANDS grab Bobby from underneath the truck, and PULLS him out!

It's Tito. The 'blood' on his hands is mechanic's grease.

TITO (MOS)

What's wrong?

In pain, Bobby marches past Tito. Leaving Tito staring after him, concerned.

INT. AUTO GARAGE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby enters, everything is still RINGING.

He turns on the faucet, splashes his face with cold water. As he wipes his face with paper towels, he notices a -

-- TRICKLE of blood coming from his ears.

He touches it with his finger, puzzled.

KNOCK KNOCK

All of a sudden, normal sound FLUSHES back in. Tito opens the door.

TITO

You alright?

BOBBY

I think it's blood.

TITO

How the hell did you do that?

BOBBY
I'm not sure.

TITO
Go see a doctor.

BOBBY
I've gotta finish my shift.

TITO
You gotta go see a doctor. Blood
out your ears ain't normal. Are
you sick or something?

BOBBY
Look, man. I don't have insurance.
And I really need this shift. Can
I just go back to work?

Tito studies him a long moment.

TITO
(beat)
You doin' ok?

BOBBY
How do you mean?

TITO
I'm not going to pretend like I
know you. But you been fallin'
apart since you took this job.

Bobby clutches the side of the sink.

BOBBY
If I explain it to you, it's not
going to sound right.

TITO
(beat)
When I came out of recovery, I
started over, too. I had a sponsor
to talk to whenever things got
heavy, you know what I'm sayin'?
You gotta talk to someone. Or
you're gonna fall apart.

Tito shuts the door. Bobby wipes the blood from his ears and
stares at himself in the mirror. Is he losing his mind?

INT. PRATT INSTITUTE, DESIGN CLASS - DAY

A large, open CLASSROOM. Students work at large design tables, each with a mannequin standing next to them. The PROFESSOR wades through, checking progress.

Alyssa carefully cuts fabric with a pair of SCISSORS making a toile (a test garment). Katie sits next to her, draping pieces of the fabric onto their mannequin.

KATIE

These measurements aren't right.

ALYSSA

Are you sure?

KATIE

Look at this.

Katie pulls the shoulders of the fabric down onto the mannequin and show Alyssa the dress. It's uneven.

KATIE (CONT'D)

The graduate collection is going up Friday, you haven't even sewn yet.

ALYSSA

I've been kinda distracted.

(beat)

I went to see Bobby.

THE BLADES

-- of her scissors, we see the BLURRY reflection of someone's face. Alyssa doesn't notice.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

I saw a woman standing at his door. She was crying. I don't know, I guess he doesn't owe me an explanation or anything....

KATIE

Do you still have feelings for him?

ALYSSA

I don't know.

KATIE

You have to sort this out. Either you still do, or your guilt is getting the better of you.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

I mean, do you really even know
this guy anymore?

ALYSSA

I just feel sorry for him. He
doesn't have anyone. He's so
alone.

KATIE

It's not your baggage.

ALYSSA

I'm not wired like that, Katie. I
can't just turn my back on him.

KATIE

The guy has been around for a week,
and look what he's doing to you.
You haven't been able to
concentrate. He's pulling you back
into his drama.

Katie pulls the dress off the mannequin and lays it out in
front of Alyssa.

KATIE (CONT'D)

If you don't show up with a killer
design by Friday, you're gonna
fail. Worry about that, first,
before worrying about a guy who
broke your heart.

We're off Alyssa's face, she knows Katie's right.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A boiling POT on the stove.

Above it, a hand radio plays Bolero, a fugue concerto that
repeats the same melody - over and over.

Joseph makes dinner for himself, as he puts a white onion
onto a cutting board. He chops it in half.

There is a faraway look in his eyes as he fixates on a
generic LIGHT FIXTURE.

The light, somehow seems to fascinate him. The music repeats
its melody, as he stares into the bulb, transfixed. The
center of the light emitting a white hot glow.

Joseph finally snaps out of it and glances down -

-- to see he has chopped his hand, into a bloody mess.

JOSEPH

Oh God.

Fingertips have been severed off, tendons exposed -

-- and a moment later, he is staring at his hand again. Everything is normal. Disgusted, he takes the onion, the rest of his dinner and throws it in the garbage.

INT. TRASH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joseph grabs the metal latch, opens the small steel door and heaves the garbage bag into the small chute.

It doesn't fit.

Joseph struggles to get the bag down, but it's stuck.

With considerable effort, Joseph PUSHES it down into the dark chute when -

A HAND

GRABS his arm. Joseph recoils, the trash chute door SNAPS shut. Joseph holds his arm, shaking off what he hopes was a hallucination.

Then, he hears a light murmur coming from inside the chute, behind the closed steel door.

Joseph stares at it. The door SHAKES.

Then, the chute door slowly starts to OPEN, its hinges creaking...

Alarmed, Joseph leaves.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER

Joseph hurries away from the trash room towards the elevator. But upon turning the corner he sees -

GINA AND CARLY -

-- at the other end of the long hall.

Standing there. Holding hands. They remain still. Staring back at Joseph.

JOSEPH
What do you want?

No response. Their faces are blank. Unforgiving. Dead.
Joseph turns and runs back towards his apartment.

INT. JOSEPH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joseph quickly SHUTS his door, chains, bolts it.

He flips on the lights.

Scans his apartment. It's quiet. Relieved, he takes a moment to catch his breath when we hear a -

-- soft knock at the door.

GINA (O.S.)
Please, open the door.

Joseph looks through the peephole and gets a

FISHEYE VIEW

-- of Gina, her face is bloody and mangled as if she's been severely beaten. Her eyes, closed and swollen.

GINA
I know you're in there. Please.

Joseph quickly backs away into his apartment. His feet CRUNCH over a few take-out containers as he inches backwards into his living room, never taking his eyes off the door.

The knocking continues, absolutely terrorizing him.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The restaurant is a HIVE of activity. As usual. Plates of food are on the prep shelf. Alyssa leans in -

ALYSSA
A cobb, chicken salad on rye, fire the strip steak.

She turns around, Bobby is standing behind her.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
 Hey. What are you doing back here?
 You're not supposed to be in the
 kitchen.

BOBBY
 Can you take a break?

ALYSSA
 (laughs)
 No. We're slammed, and you know,
 the manager's breathing down my
 back. I got a table full of crazy
 middle aged women....no. I can't
 take a break. I'm sorry.

Alyssa blows her hair out of her face and smiles at Bobby,
 before sensing something is wrong.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
 What?

BOBBY
 (beat)
 Forget it.

And Bobby walks off.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa follows him outside. Bobby remains stoic, but inside
 he's falling apart.

ALYSSA
 You didn't come all the way down,
 here to ask me to take a break, did
 you?
 (beat)
 Bobby?

BOBBY
 I can't stay in the city, anymore.
 I have to leave.

ALYSSA
 Slow down. What's going on?

BOBBY
 It's hard to explain.

ALYSSA
 Try.

BOBBY

I think whatever happened to my mother is starting to happen to me.

ALYSSA

What do you mean?

BOBBY

I hear these sounds in my apartment, and I hear people - who aren't really there. My mother heard them, too. And it drove her insane.

ALYSSA

What people? Bobby, are you hearing voices?

BOBBY

I see them too, and they follow me around everywhere.

ALYSSA

Who? Who's following you?

BOBBY

I know this doesn't make sense but something strange is driving people on that floor crazy -

Bobby is clearly on edge, he sits down on the curb. Alyssa sits next to him.

ALYSSA

Bobby. You told me your mother's meds were full. She was sick and she wasn't taking her medication.

BOBBY

When they arrested me, they came to my house, and my mother was there. Did you know that? She was so disappointed in me, you could see it in her eyes. She sent me letters every weekend. But I never responded. I was ashamed. I couldn't get the way she looked at me out of my head. But more letters came every single month...she said she was still proud of me.

(beat)

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

She wasn't crazy. Something made her that way.

ALYSSA

This is going to be tough to hear, but maybe you leaving did make her depressed. You need to deal with that, own up to it. And cope.

(beat)

Instead of finding other reasons...

BOBBY

I'm not making this up.

(beat)

You don't believe me.

ALYSSA

I think you should see a doctor. And maybe you shouldn't come back here until you do.

(beat)

There is nothing happening in that apartment. You might want to believe there is, but there isn't.

Bobby can't look her in the eye. He stares at the passing traffic a moment, then stands.

BOBBY

I thought you could help me.

And he walks off. Alyssa watches him a few moments, her Manager opens the restaurant door.

MANAGER

You got tables.

Alyssa wipes a tear off her cheek as she follows him in, as we SMASH CUT to -

INT. JOSEPH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JOSEPH'S FACE, terrified.

He stares at his FRONT DOOR as he sits on the floor. The knocking has stopped.

It's quiet.

Joseph stands up. As he steps backwards we notice in the reflection of the -

WINDOWS

Gina and Carly are in the apartment, walking towards him.

But he doesn't see it. Carly's piano clinks. Once. He spins. Scans the room.

HIS EYES

-- are frantic. Muffled arguing can be heard from next door. Joseph looks queasy. Saliva forms around his mouth. There is not much more this guy can take.

He looks like he's having a panic attack. He begins to SHAKE, as his ears RING. Joseph touches his ear with his fingers - they are bleeding. A trickle of blood rolls down his neck. Then, his eyes glass over and suddenly -

-- he KEELS over and vomits. A lot of liquid.

Horrified, he steps back from the puddle he has made on the floor, wiping his mouth. Frenzied.

Then, the puddle moves.

-- a HAND comes out from it. Then another. They brace themselves onto the floor and GINA begins to lift herself out. Panicked, Joseph runs into the adjoining bathroom and slams the door shut.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

There is nowhere else for him to run.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

A consistent knocking at the door causes him to really start losing it. He COLLAPSES onto the small bathroom floor. His lips quiver, eyes brim with tears. He grabs clumps of his hair.

As he stares at the bathroom door, he doesn't notice that right next to him -

CARLY

-- is inside the bathtub, her outline visible through the frosted glass of the shower door.

We do not see her face.

Joseph turns and sees her, and slowly reaches up for the doorknob, but it won't open.

He desperately tries to turn the doorknob, but it won't budge. The outline of Carly remains absolutely still for a few moments -

-- then the shower door slowly SLIDES open.

CU: JOSEPH'S FACE -

-- drops.

We don't see Carly's face, but we don't have to.

Joseph's dreadful expression is enough to know that whatever it is, it's downright horrifying.

He SCREAMS.

And in a mad panic, begins clawing at the bathroom door.

NEW ANGLE: from the other side of the door, slowly pulling away as the door RATTLES and Joseph continues to SCREAM.

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The blinds are drawn.

Early morning sunlight seeps through the small gap between the blinds and the window. There's a bottle of scotch with an empty tumbler, and his mothers MEDS with the lids popped open, sitting on the nightstand.

Bobby sleeps. Then something DRIPS on Bobby's face. Another drop. Then we hear more drops speckle the bedsheets around him. Bobby opens his eyes, as yet another drop lands directly onto his eye.

NEW ANGLE: it rolls down his cheek, looks like he is crying blood. He opens his eyes and directly above him.

HIS POV

-- Gina hovers over his bed. She floats over him, suspended above the bed as if she were an apparition. Blood drips down from her face and onto Bobby.

A KNOCK at the front door clicks his attention away. And in an instant, Gina is gone.

Bobby quickly gets out of bed, opens the blinds. Light FILLS the room, no sign of Gina. He grabs at his face. Clean.

Another KNOCK. Bobby walks over to his front door, timid, clearly anxious from what he just experienced.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Anyone home?

Bobby opens it, revealing a clean cut, plain clothes
DETECTIVE.

BOBBY
Yeah?

Bobby hears OTHER PEOPLE in the hallway.

DETECTIVE
Do you know a Joseph Wright? He
lives down the hall from you?

BOBBY
Not really. I just moved in.

DETECTIVE
Did you hear anything out of the
ordinary? See anyone suspicious?

BOBBY
No. What's this about?

DETECTIVE
Were you home all evening?

BOBBY
No, I wasn't. What happened to
him?

DETECTIVE
(beat)
You have a good day, Sir.

And he walks off. Bobby sticks his head out the door. At
the end of the hall, people mill in and out of Joseph's door.
But he can't see anything.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Dressed for work, Bobby has his eyes locked onto Joseph's
apartment as he approaches the elevator.

Max stands outside, he looks sick. Forensic TECHS and others
mill about the inside of the apartment. Bobby cranes his
neck to look inside, and he glimpses -

JOSEPH'S BODY

-- being wheeled on a gurney.

His FACE is MANGLED, his eyes and mouth are wide open.
Frozen in terror. The Detective notices Bobby looking and
shuts the door.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Tito is working on an engine, his head deep inside the hood
of a car. He sees Bobby, wipes his hands.

TITO
You're an hour late.

BOBBY
Sorry. There was something going
on in my apartment building this
morning.

TITO
We need to talk.

BOBBY
What's wrong?

TITO
You come by the shop last night?

BOBBY
No.

TITO
You sure? You didn't come in last
night after closing?

Suddenly, Bobby feels like this is an interrogation.

TITO (CONT'D)
There was an Acura in for a tire
balance. You remember it?

BOBBY
Wasn't mine. I didn't do a
balance.

TITO
It's gone. Came in this morning,
and it was off the lot. Called the
client, who said she hasn't picked
it up, yet.

BOBBY

(beat)

You want to ask me something, Tito?

Tito seems torn.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You think I took it.

TITO

Hard to say. On the one hand, all I really know about you is your history. All my other guys have been with me for years. If the Acura gets returned in the next hour, I won't call the cops.

BOBBY

I don't have the car.

TITO

Yo, man. I'm tryin' to give you the benefit of the doubt.

BOBBY

No. You're not. You can call the cops if you want. But I don't have that car.

Tito studies his face.

TITO

I can't keep you on, til that Acura turns up.

BOBBY

Yeah. I get it.

And Bobby walks off, leaving Tito grasping with whether he did the right thing.

INT. PRATT UNIVERSITY - DAY

It's after class. Alyssa works, alone.

Last time we were here, it was active with students, but now it's just quiet and isolating.

Along the wall is a THREAD STATION - which is basically a wall of thread and string grouped together in rolls.

Alyssa sits at a table, holding pins in her mouth while she carefully lays out silky fabric. She folds the garment, secures it with a pin, then picks up the garment from it's 'shoulders' -- it's a cocktail dress.

Satisfied, she drapes it onto the MANNEQUIN for more alterations, and reaches on her workstation when -

ALYSSA

Ow.

She pulls her finger back, glances down at the pin cushion. Suddenly -

-- a spool on the wall SPINS. It slows to a stop.

Alyssa stares at it a long moment, confused.

She scans the room, suddenly all of the MANNEQUINS in the room, make her really uncomfortable.

Braving through it, Alyssa methodically tightens the silky fabric onto the mannequin, trying to keep her mind off being alone, when we realize -

-- HER POV: she is staring at the back of CARLY.

Alyssa steps back, Carly does not move, or turn around. We do not see her face.

Scared, Alyssa slowly turns the little girl around, and when she does -- the MANNEQUIN is staring back at her.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alyssa enters, shaken. She glances at herself in the mirror, unsure whether she is freaking herself out.

SCRAPE

It sounds like someone is dragging something along the wall, outside. Anxious, she quickly ducks into a STALL.

INT. STALL - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa sits on the toilet, trying to collect herself.

The bathroom door CREAKS open. She's frozen. Alyssa leans down and peeks under the stall and sees -

TWO BARE FEET

-- walking towards her.

They enter the stall next to her. She waits, eyes fixated on the feet. They remain motionless for a moment, then slowly turn TOWARDS HER.

Alyssa pulls her legs up, and holds her breath. Trying to remain absolutely quiet.

A BLOODY HAND -

-- appears at the top of the partition, gripping the top of it. Then, the other hand.

BLOOD

-- rolls down from each one, trails of red DRIP down the wall that separates her from something terrible.

ALYSSA INHALES

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The stall door SWINGS open, and Alyssa stumbles out. She runs to the door, then STOPS, abruptly.

She can't seem to move her legs.

Her breathing is unsteady, panting as she tries to understand what's happening to her. Then, she looks in the mirror at herself and sees -

HER POV: a dark SHADOW in the fetal position, lying on the ground, clutching tightly to Alyssa's legs.

Alyssa looks down, but nobody is there. But the reflection tells her different. She stretches herself, nearly in tears as she reaches for the doorknob. Struggling.

The moment her fingers touch it, she is 'released'. The door SWINGS open, and a fellow STUDENT stares at her.

ALYSSA

Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you.

Alyssa quickly exits.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - DUSK

The SUN is setting over the city, creating HARSH shadows over the streets.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bobby PACKS up his duffel bag. He is leaving. He grabs whatever he can around the apartment.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby stuffs his clothes into the duffel when he hears the BED SPRINGS squeaking from his mother's room.

Apprehensive, he approaches the hallway that separates their bedrooms when, the setting sun BLARES into his eyes and he sees -

CARLY'S SHADOW

-- jumping up and down on her bed.

A moment later, she is gone. Bobby looks down and sees the imprints of her feet on the bedspread.

IN THE WINDOW

-- across the courtyard, Bobby sees that same person WATCHING him. The curtains quickly CLOSE.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby SPRINTS up the stairs.

Until he arrives at the 6th floor.

He walks around, trying to locate his mystery watcher's apartment. He thinks he's found it and KNOCKS loudly.

BOBBY

You think I don't know you're in there, open the door.

A few moments pass. The DEADBOLT, unlocks and the door opens, revealing the OLD MAN from the lobby. The one who plays chess by himself. He looks at Bobby, dubious. The chain separates them.

OLD MAN

I don't want any trouble.

BOBBY

I've seen you in the window. What are you looking at?

The Old Man seems terrified.

OLD MAN
I'm....sorry. I didn't mean to
scare you, son.

BOBBY
You know something. Tell me what's
happening.

The Old Man looks down, ashamed. He closes his door, undoes his chain. His voice cracks and stammers, as he speaks.

OLD MAN
A few years ago, there was a man
living on the fifth floor, he
thought his wife was having an
affair. So he beat her, and his
daughter.
(beat)
That man was a police officer.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. VARIOUS APARTMENT HALLWAYS - NIGHT

We see different dark empty hallways, the lobby, the courtyard - they ECHO with the sounds of Gina, sobbing.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
People knew what was happening to
them, but nobody did a thing.

INT. HELEN DAVIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Helen, freshly showered and in a robe, answers her door to see Gina quickly walking away. Then, from the elevator, Walter walks by her and stares her down.

This same moment happened to Bobby.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
Everyone was afraid of him.

Helen quickly retreats into her own apartment.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then one night, he just snapped.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

We slowly PUSH IN on the 5th floor from the outside

-- and hear PAINFUL screams for help. We do not see through the windows.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
No one really knows what happened
that night...but we heard it.

We hear the THWACK of a weapon against flesh, the sound becoming more and more 'wet', with each blow.

GINA SCREAMS

Various LIGHTS turn on from different apartments in the courtyard. We see a series of people in SILHOUETTE, staring out their windows.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Nobody called the cops?

NEW ANGLE: Joseph opens his curtains and stares out the window, puzzled.

GINA (O.S.)
...help me.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
This is New York. A lot of
terrible things happen in this
city. Too many. Either we assumed
someone else was going to call the
police. Or were too afraid to.
(beat)
Or worse, they just didn't care.

Gina's guttural SCREAMS echo in the courtyard.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
He killed them that night...

QUICK CUT: the vast expanse of the courtyard.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
...killed his little girl, threw
her out like a piece of trash.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Something FALLS into the DUMPSTER from the trash chute with a sickening THUD.

OLD MAN (V.O.)
When he realized what he had done,
he shot himself.

QUICK CUT: we see Walter from the back, pacing up the hallway, holding a GUN to his head. He walks, as if in a zone, and the moment we pull away, hear a GUNSHOT.

BACK ON BOBBY

-- who looks nauseous.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
The NYPD kept as much as they could
out of the papers. Years passed,
people eventually forgot about it.

BOBBY
(beat)
My mother didn't.

OLD MAN
Nobody helped them.

BOBBY
That girl. She was so real.

OLD MAN
...you see them?

BOBBY
You don't?

OLD MAN
Not in the years, since. But I've
been watching, I'll never forget
the indifference that killed that
family. When that man in 507 died
I knew something was wrong.

BOBBY
What do they want with me?

An ominous question with no clear answer....

EXT. PRATT UNIVERSITY - DUSK

Class is over.

STUDENTS pour out of the front door, zipping up winter coats and jamming fingers in pockets to fight the cold.

Bobby cuts through, searching for Alyssa, he stops a STUDENT -

BOBBY

Excuse me. Alyssa Reynolds, is she
in this class? Brown hair?

The Student shakes his head, Katie overhears him.

KATIE

Who're you?

BOBBY

I'm Bobby, a friend of hers.

KATIE

I don't think she needs to see you.
You're distracting her, you know.
Her final was due today.

BOBBY

Sorry about that, really, but right
now I need to know where she is.

KATIE

She never showed up. And never
turned in her project. You're not
the only one looking for her.

Discouraged, Bobby is about to walk off when -

KATIE (CONT'D)

She knows about the other girl.

BOBBY

What girl?

KATIE

The woman in your apartment.

Bobby stops, suddenly fearful that Alyssa's dealing with the
same hauntings he has.

KATIE (CONT'D)

She saw that woman at your place,
crying.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

You're going to hurt her. Alyssa can't deal with that in her life right now.

BOBBY

Please, just tell her to call me.

Bobby leaves, unsure of what to do, next.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Tito is working on a car, alone. He looks up and sees a TOW TRUCK lowering a late model Acura on the curb in front of the shop. Curious, he walks towards the tow DRIVER.

TITO

What is this?

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Bobby walks out of the diner with a defeated look, picks up his cell.

BOBBY (INTO PHONE)

It's Bobby, again. I'm looking everywhere for you. Call me.

He walks up the street.

Bobby looks terrible, like a junkie who hasn't slept in days. PEOPLE are all around him, the streets are busy, people walk in both directions.

BOBBY'S POV

-- he's focused on strange things: the overflowing TRASH CAN, some CHINESE guy, the flickering NEON SIGN, and a WOMAN who glares at him for no particular reason.

Everything seems hyper-real. His ears begin to RING. A surge of paranoia and fear races through him -

-- he's having a panic attack.

His cell VIBRATES snapping him from his strange reverie.

BOBBY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hello? Officer Jiminez....I'm sorry. I missed our parole meeting. Yeah, I know it wasn't optional...

He's clearly being scolded from the other line. But Bobby can't focus on the call because -

IN THE CROWD

-- amongst the moving people, he notices a DARK SHADOW, standing still. It's a woman.

BOBBY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Not my apartment. I'm not going
back there. I can't explain.
Sorry.

And he hangs up.

The woman is gone, but the paranoia remains. He decides to duck down stairs into a subway station. As the sound of a train WHIPS through we -

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tito bangs on Bobby's front door.

TITO
Bobby?! It's Tito. You in there?
The city towed the wrong car, they
returned the Acura this morning.

The hallway is empty, and it's quiet.

TITO (CONT'D)
(beat)
Guess I messed up, man. Sorry if I
doubted you. You still have your
job if you want it.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Tito presses the lobby button. Just as the elevator doors close, Carly WALKS in.

NEW ANGLE: Her back is to Tito. She playfully presses some of the elevator buttons. Tito doesn't seem to mind.

TITO
Guess we're gonna spend some time
together.

Carly begins to mumble. It starts off innocent enough, but as it persists, it becomes downright strange.

Tito doesn't even notice that the elevator isn't stopping on any of the floors as he stares at the back of her head.

TITO (CONT'D)
You alright, kid?

Tito notices how dirty Carly's hair is. And what looks like dried, matted blood.

Tito adjusts for a better angle and just as he is about to glimpse her face, the elevator door WHISPS open.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

We're in the basement.

TITO'S POV: the doors open and Carly runs out. He taps the lobby button, again, but the elevator doesn't move.

crying

-- is coming from somewhere outside the elevator. He steps out, and stares down the long, empty hallway.

TITO
Hello?

Then a loud THUD, it came from the end of the hall.

He approaches the TRASH ROOM.

Tito walks up to the dumpster, and cautiously looks inside when he sees -

CARLY

-- laying there, dead. Staring back at Tito.

Horrified, Tito reaches out to touch her. She's pale. Her little angelic eyes, unblinking. And she's cold.

Upset, Tito backs away, the stench overcoming him.

TITO (CONT'D)
Jesus...

Tito backs into the hallway. Never taking his eyes off the dumpster -

TITO (CONT'D)
Help! Is anyone else down here?!

He glances behind him, the laundry room is empty. Panicked, he flips his cell phone out - no service.

Then he hears MOVEMENT from inside the dumpster. Garbage RUSTLES around, inside.

INTENSE RINGING

-- fills Tito's ears. He winces in pain.

NEW ANGLE: a pale, bloody HAND emerges from the top of the dumpster. Carly is trying to get out.

TITO (CONT'D)

What the...?

Her head begins to rise above the dumpster. It doesn't take Tito long to register that something is very wrong.

He turns the direction he came, and is about to dash towards the elevator, but -

CARLY -- is suddenly standing in the hall, facing Tito.

HER FACE

-- is smashed - her eyes, her nose, her mouth SAGS in unnatural directions. It's truly grotesque.

Her little eyes BLINK, as she just stands there, her mangled face staring back at him.

Tito's rough exterior dissolves, and he SPINS in the other direction, and RUNS -

-- passing the laundry room, and into a STAIRWELL.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Tito SPRINTS up stairs, two at a time.

As he gets to the top of the stairs, and pulls a door open marked LOBBY when -

IN THE WINDOW

-- Gina's BEATEN and bloody face stares back at him. She leans forward, her eyes puffed from bruising.

GINA

Please. Open the door.

Tito backs away, terrified.

Then, the sound of the BASEMENT door one flight below him - snaps open, then creaks closed.

We hear FOOTSTEPS - someone is walking up the stairs.

Tito is trapped.

A strange, ECHO fills the air.

It's a terrible blend of the recurring ringing sound, a young girl crying, Gina's pleads for help, and her screams.

We SPIN around Tito as the noises fill his head. He grabs his face in his hands, in pain.

TITO

STOP?!

The echoes seem to drive him mad.

Tito claws at himself, his fingers DIG into his skin, as he begins to RIP at his own face.

He loses his footing from the top stair and -

FALLS BACKWARDS

-- tumbling down the stairs, his limbs getting tangled along the way. His HEAD hits the bottom stair at an unnatural angle and TWISTS.

Leaving Tito staring back at us, eyes open, dead.

EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK, LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

The STREETLAMPS light this lower east side park, the contrast giving off a strange orange hue.

Bizarre street PERFORMERS play instruments. A few people are huddled around, watching them.

ALYSSA -- still reeling from her experience is among them. Finding solace in numbers. She's clearly rattled by what she saw at school.

Alyssa keeps looking behind her, as if someone may be following her.

She hears murmuring coming from somewhere in the huddled crowd, but when she looks behind her, the sounds are gone.

Alyssa walks, through the park. Everywhere she goes, she doesn't feel safe. She pulls out her cell phone, dials.

ALYSSA (INTO PHONE)
 Bobby? Those noises you said you
 heard? I may be hearing them, too.

The GLARE off the streetlamp momentarily reveals SHADOWS behind her, but she doesn't notice.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
 You were trying to tell me
 something, and I didn't listen.
 I'm sorry. I'm coming to find
 you...

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Bobby sits in the subway.

There are a few COMMUTERS in the train with him.

The gentle sway of the subway car has a peaceful rhythm to it, but does not calm his nerves.

A Transit Authority CONDUCTOR announces the next stop, but it's so distorted we can't understand it.

Bobby is tired. He looks like he could nod off....

In the DEEP BG

One of the seated passengers slowly turns their face towards him. GINA stands up. Bobby does not notice. Neither do any of the commuters.

Gina slowly approaches Bobby, but he still doesn't see her. The train arrives at his station, and SCREECHES to a stop, the doors open.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER

The ELEVATOR doors open.

Alyssa walks out onto Bobby's hallway. From here, she could see his front door is OPEN.

Gina heads towards her own door, #511. To Alyssa, Gina is just the 'other woman' who lives next door. Alyssa steps in.

ALYSSA

Bobby?

Nobody is here. Then, she walks over to 511. She knocks on the door.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Hello?

(uncomfortable)

Have you seen Bobby? I really need to find him.

Alyssa tries the door - it's open. She walks in.

INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment is of course, dark and empty. Confused, Alyssa steps around, searching for Gina.

ALYSSA

Miss?

Then, the door SLAMS SHUT behind her. The place is pitch BLACK. Alyssa walks up to the door and tries to open it, but it won't budge.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Anyone out there?

Suddenly from behind the closed door, out in the hall we hear soft knocking. Tap tap tap. Odd. Alyssa opens the door, but no one is there.

ALYSSA'S POV

She searches the long, empty hallway. Who closed the door? Her face peeks out of the doorway, suddenly scared to leave the apartment when two HANDS -

-- GRAB her by the face and YANK her back inside. The door SNAPS shut and we hear her scream -

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Help?!

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Bobby is walking up stairs from the train station when, his cell phone DINGS. He has "1 message"

As he dials his voice mail, we hear the same message Alyssa left him a little bit ago, ending with -

ALYSSA (V.O.)
 ...I didn't listen. I'm sorry.
 I'm coming to find you.

Bobby goes pale. He SPRINTS up the street.

INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CU: Alyssa's eyes. Someone is PUSHING her face up against the door. She's pinned.

ALYSSA
 Who...are you?

The unseen person GRABS her by the hair, and YANKS her backwards.

NEW ANGLE: Struggling, Alyssa SLIDES across the floor, but there is nobody pulling her. She SQUIRMS as an unseen force drags her across the linoleum floor.

HER POV

The way her neck is angled, she cannot see who it is. Then it stops. She springs up to her feet. Her face is bruised and swelling, her lip is cut -

-- she's breathing heavily, sweating, and terrified.

HER EYES

-- scan the apartment, but NOBODY ELSE is in here with her. Confused, she makes a break for the door again, but suddenly BUCKLES forward, as if she got kicked in the back. She COLLAPSES face first, her hands barely broke the fall. As she lays on the floor, confused, frantic -

HER POV

A BOOT reels back and KICKS her in the face. She cries out. A dark FIGURE is in front of her, but she cannot see who it is. Another KICK to the stomach. It's swift, and brutal.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
 Please....stop. Stop?!

Another KICK to her ribs causes her to WAIL out in pain.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, COURTYARD - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT: Bobby RUNS past the iron gates into the courtyard.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

He RUSHES through the empty lobby, and scrambles up the stairs in a hurry.

INT. WALTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSE UP: on Alyssa's face as she lies on the floor, face pressed against it, hyperventilating.

Her eyes are so bruised she can no longer see through them, much like Gina's. In a panic, she looks above her, trying to make sense of what is happening.

As we PULL BACK, we realize she is not looking above her, but below.

She is suspended on the ceiling.

-- then released, falling backwards to the floor landing hard with a THUD. She lays there a moment, SOBBING.

Then she's LIFTED off the ground by an unseen hand, which holds her by the throat - choking her.

WALTER (O.S.)

Did you think you could leave me?

HER POV

She cannot see who it is, it's just a dark outline. Alyssa is pushed and SLAMMED up against the wall, over and over again. Blood from the back of her head colors the wall. Alyssa tries to scream, but no sound is produced.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bobby runs into his apartment, looking everywhere for her.

BOBBY

Alyssa?!

Then, he hears MUFFLED CRIES coming from next door.

Plaster drops around the CRACK on the wall, as if someone is being thrown against the other side of the wall.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Oh my God....

Bobby runs out the door, into the hallway and OPENS Walter's door revealing....

ALYSSA -

-- face down, a bloody mess, laying on the floor.
Unconscious.

He runs in, PICKS her up, and carries her out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby lays her on the couch, she's in bad shape.

BOBBY

I'm so sorry.

Her head lays limp, off to the side, her face has been brutalized. Bobby stares down at her, upset.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What did they do to you?

He pulls out his cell, dials 911.

Emotional, he cups her head in his hands, and gently wipes blood off her face. She's not waking up.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Please....you're all I have...

OPERATOR (IN PHONE)

911. What's your emergency?

BOBBY

I need an ambulance.

Clink.

The sound of Carly's toy piano key comes from just outside, in the hall.

OPERATOR

What is your location? Sir? Can you hear me? Sir?!

Bobby stares at the front door.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gina and Carly exit their apartment, looking perfectly normal. *We are about to see what happened that night...*

Carly holds her toy piano, Gina is carrying a little SUITCASE. They appear to be in a hurry.

Gina leans down, trying to calm Carly.

GINA
It's ok, honey. Don't worry,
everything is going to be ok. Be
strong for me.

Carly is scared. Gina locks the door when at the other end of the hall, the elevator OPENS revealing -

WALTER staggering out, drunk.

Scared, Gina fumbles with the lock, trying to open the door. Walter sees them and the suitcase and stares them down, angry.

WALTER
Where are you going?

Gina pulls Carly behind her. Protecting her.

GINA
...please. Don't do this anymore.

WALTER
(walking towards them)
I'm not going to hurt you.

Walter pulls out his NIGHTSTICK.

GINA
(crying)
Just leave us alone. Let us go.

He TAPS his nightstick on the wall, an unbalanced look in his eyes. Gina crumbles, tears roll down her face.

WALTER
How long've I taken care of you?
Did you think you could leave me?!

We've heard this before.

GINA
Please...don't.

-- then he DRAGS the nightstick along the wall as he slowly walks towards them, the stick -

-- makes a distinctive scraping sound.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby's attention is at the door, when Alyssa slowly comes to. She gets her bearings, then wakes up, HYSTERICAL.

She claws at Bobby, as he gently tries to calm her.

BOBBY
It's ok.

She COUGHS up blood. She's so hurt and disoriented, she doesn't know where she is. Alyssa shivers, uncontrollably. In shock. He wraps a blanket around her, TIGHTLY.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Don't move. Everything's gonna be ok.

Weak, Alyssa tries to fight him off but Bobby wraps his arms around her. She CRIES OUT, the pain through her body is overbearing.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gina leans down, and whispers in Carly's ear as Walter makes his approach.

GINA
Remember what I told you. Be strong. Close your eyes, and recite our poem. Like we always do. Nothing else will matter....

Calm, Walter closes in on them, staring down Gina, and glancing at his daughter with glassy eyes.

GINA (CONT'D)
Look at me.

Gina makes a last ditch, emotional plea, and shows Walter her arms. They are covered in cuts and bruises.

GINA (CONT'D)
 Just let her go. Do what you have
 to do, but just let her go.

WALTER
 (beat)
 I know....when you're getting food,
 or claim you're picking her up from
 school. I know what you're really
 doing. It's filth. I work all day
 cleaning filth off the streets, and
 I have to come home to you?! She's
 not even my daughter, is she?!
 Tell me!

It's clear Walter's psychosis is beyond reasoning. Gina
 takes one look at the nightstick and yells out -

GINA
 Somebody help us?!

Gina feebly SLAPS Walter, trying to do everything she can to
 protect her daughter.

GINA (CONT'D)
 Carly, go!

She pushes Carly out of harm's way, and Carly runs partly
 down the hall, and faces the wall, closes her eyes and begins
 to mumble a poem. Through tears, she murmurs what she can
 remember.

Walter smirks, for some reason he likes to watch Gina suffer.

Gina RUSHES to Bobby's door, and KNOCKS.

GINA (CONT'D)
 Please. Open the door.

-- and continues to BANG on the door.

GINA (CONT'D)
 I know you're in there. Please.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby CLUTCHES onto Alyssa, as he stares at the door. Gina
 is on the other side, pleading for help.

BOBBY

This is what happened the night
they died....

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

It's clear nobody is coming to help her.

Amused, Walter pulls Gina up and tries to KISS her, as Gina ineffectively slaps him in the face.

Desperate, she CLAWS at him and drives her finger into his eye. That one stung.

Angry, Walter throws her against the wall, and CRACKS her in the side of the head with his nightstick. She staggers back, her ears RINGING, blood rolls out of it.

Gina looks at Carly, who stares back at her, terrified.

GINA

Run.

But Carly just stands there, shell-shocked.

We stay on Carly's face as we HEAR a loud, THWACKING sound that ECHOES up and down the hall.

Gina SCREAMS as Walter beats her.

EXT. THE COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

We slowly PUSH IN on the 5th floor from the outside

-- and hear the PAINFUL screams for help.

Various LIGHTS turn on in the windows. People stand in SILHOUETTE in their windows, wondering what's going on.

Gina's screams ECHO throughout the courtyard.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby looks out his window, he hears the screams too.

BOBBY

It's going to happen over and
over...until I end it.

Bobby stands up.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Nobody ever helped them.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: Walter's face. A look of sheer militance, as he breathes. He has just beaten Gina pretty badly.

We hear CRYING. The same type of crying we've heard throughout. It's painful to listen to.

Gina is collapsed in front of Bobby's door, her eyes puffed up from being hit. She TREMBLES, crouched down.

HER POV

-- she stares at the light fixture on the ceiling. Because her ear is plugged with blood, her crying becomes warbled, she can still hear Carly murmuring the poem.

These sounds we have heard throughout are what Gina heard the moment she died.

GINA
(weak)
...why won't anyone help us?

Walter RAISES his nightstick one last time when -

-- BOBBY OPENS the door.

He walks out into the hallway.

Walter and Bobby lock eyes, and face off. Bobby stares at him, scared, but knows he had to intervene.

BOBBY
This stops.

With Walter distracted, Gina GRABS the nightstick out of his hands. Using her last bit of strength, she stands up and CRACKS Walter in the back of the head bringing him to his knees.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa stares at the front door, frightened.

She can hear Bobby in the hallway. Weak, she TUMBLES off the couch, and drops to the floor in pain.

She struggles to the front door, and braces herself against the wall as she weakly pulls herself up to look through the peephole.

After a moment, she cups her mouth, in terror.

ALYSSA
(cries)
Oh my God....

- her face pressed against the door, watching what's happening outside.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

BLOOD -

-- candy cane's down Walter's face.

Shocked, he reaches out for Gina, but her maternal instincts kick in. She SCREAMS as she lays another FATAL blow to Walter's head.

Blood SPLATTERS across Bobby as he watches Gina bludgeon Walter to death -

-- Carly SCREAMS. It's a single SHRILL sound.

Then, in an instant -

-- they're gone.

Bobby stands there, alone, he is not covered in blood. A THUMP comes from inside his apartment. He can hear the faint sound of Alyssa CRYING.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby rushes into the dark apartment and looks on the couch, but Alyssa is gone.

BOBBY
Alyssa.....Alyssa?!

No answer. Bad sign.

But there is BLOOD -

-- a trail of it leads from the living room, down the hallway to his mother's bedroom.

As if Alyssa has been dragged, there.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(beat)

No....

Terrified, Bobby follows the blood SMEARS and slowly inches his way towards his mother's bedroom.

His breath building with every step.

As he approaches the doorway, he braces himself to see -

-- an empty bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trembling, Bobby flicks on the lights, and sees the trail of blood leading into his mother's CLOSET.

Bobby tries the closet door, it WON'T OPEN.

BOBBY

Let her go.

Bobby tries to KICK the door in with his boot. But the door won't move. Alyssa SCREAMS from inside the closet.

Bobby drills his foot into the door again, SPLINTERING wood.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What else do you want from me?! I helped you?! Open the door.

OFFICER (O.S.)

Hold it, don't move.

Bobby turns around and there are TWO POLICE OFFICERS, their sidearms trained at Bobby.

One of them, we recognize as Officer Cole.

OFFICER COLE

Easy there. Just step back and put your hands on the floor.

BOBBY

(frantic)

My girlfriend is in there. Can you help her?

OFFICER COLE
Step away, son. Now.

Officer Jiminez, Bobby's parole officer, enters the bedroom. She gasps when she sees the trail of blood on the floor. And her parolee in such bad shape.

JIMINEZ
What -- happened here?

Suddenly, the CLOSET door unlocks from inside, the door opens revealing Alyssa, severely beaten, cowered on the floor.

BOBBY
Alyssa...

But Alyssa recoils away from him and stares back at Bobby with absolute terror in her eyes.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

ALYSSA
Stay away from me?!

Bobby reaches out for her again, but the cops RESTRAIN him.

OFFICER COLE
Ma'am. Are you ok? Who did this?!

Alyssa stares at Bobby, confused. And absolutely delirious. Tears roll down her face.

ALYSSA
I...don't know.

Bobby stares back at her, pale with shock.

BOBBY
What? No. Alyssa. Tell them. Tell them what you saw! Tell them about the neighbors?!

OFFICER COLE
Hey, step back! Did somebody else do this to you, Ma'am?

ALYSSA
(crying)
I....didn't see, anything!
(MORE)

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Bobby, I looked out the front door,
and you weren't talking to
anybody...you were standing out
there, alone.

BOBBY

No. There was a family out
there....didn't you see?

ALYSSA

There was nobody out there with
you. Nobody.

BOBBY

There was a man, a police officer
who was going to kill his wife.
But I stopped it. I - I didn't
imagine all this.

(beat)

It was real.

Officer Cole SNAPS handcuffs onto Bobby. He FIGHTS it, as
Cole struggles to pull his arms behind him.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It was real. You don't understand.
I didn't do this to her?!

OFFICER COLE

Then who, did?

Cole is right - there is no other explanation. The two
Officers violently PULL Bobby towards the door.

BOBBY

Alyssa. Alyssa?! Look at me.

ALYSSA

I'm so sorry.

He tries to look Alyssa in the eye, but she can't seem to
look at him. They take Bobby away....

Jiminez gently tends to Alyssa, embracing her as MEDICS come
in to give her medical attention.

JIMINEZ

I thought he was one of the good
ones, I guess you could never tell.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bobby is being DRAGGED down the hall, like a criminal. Max, and a few other NEIGHBORS watch the scene, horrified.

BOBBY

No. I didn't do this!

They drag him towards the elevator.

Bobby turns around and for a quick moment, at the end of the hall, he sees Carly and Gina staring back at him.

We PULL out of this haunting moment. And we -

FADE OUT