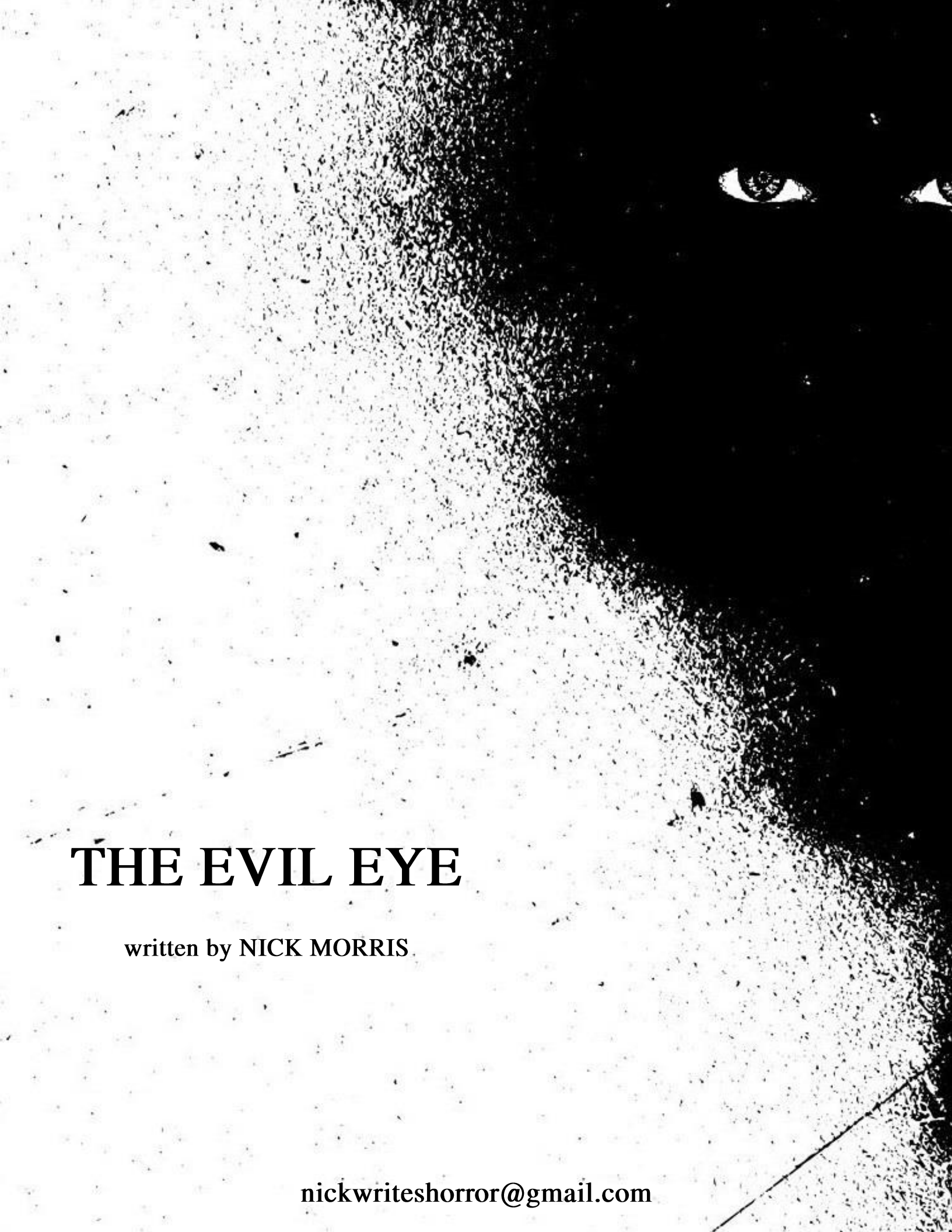




THE EVIL EYE

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INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

JOANNE Bennett (45) holds a box of breakfast cereal in one hand and her phone in the other. She punches some numbers into the phone before placing the box back on the shelf.

She continues down the aisle, pushing her grocery cart and scanning the prices displayed beneath each kind of cereal.

Her frizzy, blondish hair is mostly pinned back away from her face -- the low-spirited face of a devoted mother that's thoroughly resigned to the daily toil, any semblance of personal hope or dreams long vanquished. Minimal make-up and shopworn office attire. She may have been stunning in another life. But in this one, she just looks...exhausted.

She makes a quick calculation and selects a different brand.

LATER

Joanne stands in line at the checkout with her cart. She rifles through her purse, producing the odd coupon with several other SHOPPERS in line behind her.

Something nearby abruptly demands her attention.

It's a rack of previously viewed DVD's.

One in particular.

She stands frozen, fixated on it.

It's titled "*The Beholder*" and features the horrified, screaming face of a little girl. It stares back ominously at her from the rack.

In this moment, Joanne and that DVD are the only two things in the world. She slowly extends her hand toward it...

"The most terrifying film in American cinematic history!"

*"Starring
BETSY CARTWRIGHT
PETER MONAHAN*

*And introducing
JOANNE HARVEY as Lana"*

Her once weary eyes are now wide open and imbued with anxiety. Maybe even...fear.

"JOANNE HARVEY as Lana"

She can't seem to stop herself from reaching out to it. Her fingertips tremble as they draw closer...

...and closer...

The slightest touch...

CASHIER

(loudly)

Hello?!

Joanne immediately snaps out of her daze and jerks her hand away from the DVD, almost like a child that's been busted reaching for the cookie jar.

The CASHIER (19, female) gawks at her with a pierced and incredulous face. She motions impatiently at the empty counter.

CASHIER

(snarky)

Uh...help who's next?!

Joanne glances back at the DVD before shaking it off.

JOANNE

(light southern accent)

I'm sorry. Yes.

She starts loading her purchases onto the conveyor.

The cashier scans them through but continues to stare at Joanne like she has seven heads.

BEEP...BEEP...

The DVD looms over Joanne's shoulder as she tries to focus on her groceries.

The customers behind her seem as generally cantankerous as would be expected from a supermarket line-up after work.

BEEP...BEEP.

CASHIER
Seventy-three twenty-six.

JOANNE
(to herself)
Seventy-three twenty-six...
(to cashier)
Um, Did you get the coupon for the
laundry detergent?

The cashier holds up the coupon in question.

CASHIER
Expired.

JOANNE
Oh.

She fumbles through her purse and hands over her credit card.

The apathetic cashier swipes it.

Joanne fidgets with her purse as she waits.

CASHIER
Didn't go.

JOANNE
Excuse me?

CASHIER
(annoyed)
Declined.

Joanne seems to be taken aback by this.

JOANNE
What?

CASHIER
(louder)
Declined!

She's visibly flustered now.

JOANNE
I'm sorry. Can we just...take a few
things out and try it again?

She turns sheepishly to the impatient lineup behind her.

JOANNE

So sorry.

Avoiding eye contact with all of the other shoppers, she catches another glimpse of the DVD.

EXT. SUPERMARKET. PARKING LOT - DAY

Joanne pushes her shopping cart across the packed but oddly quiet parking lot on a dreary, overcast afternoon.

HONK!

A vehicle moving way too fast ZOOMS by her, blasting its HORN as if she were in the way. Startled, she forces herself further to one side, even after it's already passed.

She arrives at her car, a rusty, older model Volkswagon Jetta, and OPENS the rear hatch. She loads her bags into the back and SLAMS it shut afterwards.

INT. JOANNE'S CAR

Joanne stares blankly forward through the cracked windshield, still seemingly shaken and emotionally beset upon by something. Or maybe just everything.

She struggles to keep it together but eventually folds under the weight of the world and starts to cry. She rests her arms against the steering wheel and buries her face, sobbing openly in the relative safety of her car.

After a moment, she lifts her head and looks left, perhaps sensing that she's being watched...

An OLDER WOMAN stares at her from the driver's seat of the next car. Not with concern or sympathy. Her face is completely devoid of emotion and eerily cold.

Joanne stares back, disconcerted at first, but then annoyed.

JOANNE

(yells)

What?!

The old lady doesn't react in the slightest. Doesn't even blink. Just stares. But there's something unsettling about this face. Something subtle, but definitely...off.

Something about the eyes...

Joanne seems to notice this now too. Without breaking eye contact, she STARTS the ignition.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Joanne's Jetta winds its way down a long and otherwise empty road that separates a sprawling corn crop on the left from dense forest to the right.

The car's brakes SCREECH loudly as it pulls up to a mailbox on the edge of the road.

Joanne's hand reaches out through the window to retrieve today's mail and SLAMS it closed before pulling into the adjacent driveway.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

It leads to an old, two-story and somewhat dilapidated former farmhouse.

A large semi-truck with no trailer sits in the middle of the down-sloping gravel driveway and a couple of rusted-out vehicles grace the property as well. The lawn is well overdue for a mowing.

Joanne swings the driver's door open wide. SMACK! It hits an old alternator sitting on the edge of the driveway, likely a remnant from one of the "project cars" sitting around.

INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE. FOYER - DAY

Joanne enters and SHUTS the front door behind her. She tosses her purse on the floor and calls out to no one in particular.

JOANNE

Hello.

No response, despite sounds of activity from the next room.

She sits down on a bench near the entry, kicks off her high-heels and takes a moment to massage her aching feet.

JOANNE

(louder)

Hello?!!

PAUL (O.S.)

(from the next room)

Hey.

LIVING ROOM

The windowless living room is dark and quite untidy with baby toys, dishes and various articles of clothing strewn about.

PAUL (40), slovenly with a beer belly and a greasy baseball cap on his head, sits on the couch next to his son, MATTY (12). Matty's a big kid, slightly overweight with longish, dark hair hanging past his eyes.

Both are thoroughly preoccupied with an intense game of "Call Of Duty" and don't acknowledge Joanne's presence.

Joanne's daughter Kaley (22) slumps back in a tattered la-z-boy recliner against the opposite wall, both legs slung over the left arm of the chair.

Her tattooed arms cradle an INFANT to her chest as she breastfeeds it with her t-shirt pulled up over one shoulder and a baby blanket for coverage.

KALEY

Hey, Mom.

JOANNE

(slight smile)

Hi, Sweetheart. How's the little prince today?

KALEY

Hungry!

JOANNE

Good!

Kaley brushes her pink-streaked hair away from her eyes. She's your typical wild party girl that's only recently been dragged kicking and screaming from the club scene and into the full-time commitment of responsibility.

JOANNE

(to Paul)

There's some kind of car part just sitting on the ground out there. I hit it with my door when I opened it. Can you do someth--

MATTY

(ignores her completely)

Holy shit, Dad! Please explain to me how you didn't see that guy?!

PAUL

Blame your mother. She distracted me, I guess.

MATTY

(eyes on game)

You mean Joanne?

Paul makes no effort to retort.

Joanne looks at the floor, visibly dejected. She continues into the next room.

The sounds of violent SCREAMS and GUNFIRE blast from the TV.

KALEY

(annoyed)

Can you turn that down a bit?

PAUL

Why?

KALEY

Because I'd prefer if my son weren't constantly being exposed to sounds of war and death!

PAUL

Well it's a big house. Take him to another room if you don't like it.

Kaley scowls. She swings her feet over the arm of the chair and sits up straight, pulling baby LOGAN away from his meal.

Detecting movement, Paul tears his eyes from the game and subtly glances over in Kaley's direction.

She notices and rolls her eyes in disgust as she pulls her shirt back into place.

KITCHEN

Yup. The kitchen is a mess too. Joanne sighs as she enters and drops the mail onto the only clear spot on the counter.

She notices an open bucket of fried chicken on the table.

PAUL (O.S.)
(hollers from living room)
Saved you some chicken!

LIVING ROOM

Joanne appears again in the doorway.

JOANNE
I thought you were gonna heat up
that leftover casserole for dinner.

Paul doesn't look up from his onscreen mission.

PAUL
Yeah, we didn't really want that.

Kaley watches as Joanne glares at him for a tense moment...

JOANNE
(to Matty)
There's groceries in the car,
Matty. Could you bring them in
please?

Matty looks over at his dad. "Do I have to?"

PAUL

(motions to the door with
his head)

Go.

Matty begrudgingly drops his controller and gets up to do as he's been asked. He gives Joanne a nasty look as he passes.

JOANNE

Thank you.

Matty doesn't respond. He half-assedly shoves his feet into his shoes on his way out the door.

JOANNE

Don't walk on the backs of your
shoes! You'll ruin them!

SLAM!

Joanne shakes her head before turning her attention back to Paul, still playing.

JOANNE

(annoyed)

Why did you go and buy dinner? I
had budgeted exactly enough to get
groceries today!

PAUL

(doesn't look up)

That casserole sucked, Honey! I'm
sorry!

JOANNE

Can you please stop playing your
goddamned video games for a second
so I can talk to you?

PAUL

(looks up at her)

Talk at me, you mean?

JOANNE

The card was declined at the
supermarket, Paul! Do you know how
embarrassing that is?

PAUL

Shit. What's your problem today?!
All this drama over some fried
chicken?! I said I was sorry like
four times now! Jesus.

Kaley sighs as Joanne storms off in frustration.

Paul continues to play, undeterred.

KITCHEN

Joanne RIPS into one of the letters on the counter.

Matty enters with both hands ridiculously overloaded with
grocery bags, determined to complete this task in no more
than one trip. He unceremoniously dumps all of the bags onto
the kitchen floor and immediately returns to the living room.

JOANNE

(looks up from letter)
Thank you!

He's already long gone.

She tosses the past due notice onto the pile and opens the
next one. Her spirits sink even lower as she scans it.

JOANNE

(big sigh)
Paul! Can you come here for a
minute please?

She stares at the letter, defeated.

Paul drags his lazy ass into the kitchen, a look of
exasperation on his unshaven face.

PAUL

What?

She holds the paper up.

JOANNE

They're cutting the power next
week.

PAUL
For fuck sake.

JOANNE
You need to come up with some work,
like now.

PAUL
I got some! Just got the call this
morning. Hauling steel truss to
Aberdeen and then pickin' up a
tanker in San Diego.

JOANNE
Good! When are you going?

PAUL
Tonight. Matty's coming with. Be
back early next week sometime
prob'ly.

JOANNE
Okay.

INT. JOANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joanne lies alone in bed, eyes wide open.

VROOM! The sound of Paul's rig RUMBLING to life outside.

She jumps out of bed and over to the window. She watches as
Matty and Paul load their things into the truck below.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

They both climb into the rig without noticing her waving from
the dark, second-story window above.

INT. JOANNE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She seems lost in thought as she watches the truck roll away.
Her reflection is clearly visible in the glass as the tail
lights fade from view.

She lingers there for another moment, until...

...another pair of eyes gradually appear behind her in the reflection. Just eyes. No face.

She gasps when she notices them and quickly spins around.

Kaley stands in the doorway, much too far back to account for the disembodied eyes in the window.

Joanne whips her head back to the glass.

The eyes are gone.

KALEY

You okay?

Joanne tries to collect herself.

JOANNE

Huh? Yeah.

(chuckles nervously)

You just startled me a bit.

KALEY

He's using you, you know.

She knows, but she doesn't reply.

KALEY

Him and his useless kid.

JOANNE

Oh, Honey...

KALEY

He's always leering and checking me out. It's seriously gross.

JOANNE

He's twelve. He's going through--

KALEY

(interrupts)

I'm not talking about Matty.

Joanne sighs deeply.

JOANNE

He has a good heart, Kaley.

KALEY

No. Daddy had a good heart. Paul's a total creep. You can do so much better. Like, are you still waiting for a proposal or something? He's never gonna--

JOANNE

(snaps)

Alright! That's enough.

Kaley starts to leave...

JOANNE

I'm sorry. I just...

(sobs)

...I can't be alone anymore.

Kaley rushes over to her mom and wraps her arms around her.

KALEY

You'll never be alone, Mama.

Joanne breaks down, crying harder. Kaley kisses her forehead.

INT. JOANNE'S CAR - MORNING

Joanne sips coffee from a travel mug on her way to work.

She gently applies the SCREECHING brake as the lights turn red at a fairly busy intersection in town.

Her eyes shift to a LITTLE GIRL and her MOTHER standing on the corner. The girl stares back.

Joanne watches her, probably wondering why this kid is staring so intently at her --

CRASH!

The vehicle behind her SLAMS hard into the back of the Jetta.

Her coffee spills all over the dash. She shields her face with both arms as her head is thrust forward from the impact.

The horn BLARES incessantly until she realizes that her arms are pressed against the steering wheel. She slowly leans back from it, panicked and breathing fast.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The DRIVER of the car behind her emerges and hurries by the smashed front-end of his Audi Q7 without stopping to survey the damage.

INT. JOANNE'S CAR

Joanne jumps in her seat as the driver suddenly appears at her window. He KNOCKS frantically.

She slowly rolls the window down.

DRIVER

Oh my God! Are you okay?!

JOANNE

Um...I think so...

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Traffic is already re-routing itself around the accident.

The driver OPENS her door and extends his hand.

DRIVER

Let me help you. Please. Can you move? Should you move? Maybe you shouldn't move. Okay. Don't move.

(pulls out phone)

I'm calling nine one one.

JOANNE

I'm okay. Really.

Joanne takes his hand and steps out of the Jetta. Only now does she seem to notice his face.

He's quite handsome in a geeky way. Glasses, dark hair and an impeccably groomed beard. He's casually dressed in jeans and a black t-shirt that says "*Dawn of the Dead*".

DRIVER

I'm so sorry. That was completely
my fault. My phone was ringing,
and, God, yeah. Are you okay?

She smiles. Bigger and brighter than she has in a long time.
He really seems to have charmed her, even if he is about
fifteen years younger than she is.

JOANNE

Yeah. I'm okay. Are you okay?

DRIVER

Me? Oh yeah. Sure. Sure. I'm Brent.

She hesitates.

JOANNE

I'm Joanne. So I guess we should
exchange insurance info, huh?

BRENT

Right. Yeah. Of course.

They both go to retrieve their insurance from the passenger
side of their respective vehicles.

He returns quickly, flipping through the document wallet.

BRENT

So, do you know what you need? I've
never done this before.

JOANNE

Me neither.

Eye contact. They hold it for about three seconds.

BRENT

Here.

He hands over the entire wallet.

She smiles and does the same.

LATER

Police are on the scene now.

Joanne watches from the sidewalk as a flatbed tow truck hauls both vehicles away.

Brent approaches her and hands her a coffee. She catches him looking at her face just a little too hard.

BRENT

Sorry. You just look really familiar to me. Have you ever been on TV? Done any acting or anything like that?

JOANNE

Not...

(beat)

Not for a long time.

It hits him.

BRENT

Harvey. I saw that name on your insurance, didn't I? Joanne Harvey-Bennett?

She doesn't answer.

BRENT

Are you Joanne Harvey?! From The Beholder?! You were little Lana, weren't you?!!

She squirms uncomfortably, breaking eye contact and looking around for any kind of out.

JOANNE

I, uh, I don't really like to talk about that.

Elated by this revelation, Brent ignores her obvious unease.

BRENT

Oh my God! This is amazing! You're a legend!

BRENT (CONT'D)

Not only are you a legend; you're a bona fide *urban* legend! People have been speculating about what ever became of Joanne Harvey for decades!

She's trying to remain polite but she's also desperately looking to get away from this conversation now.

JOANNE

Really? Huh. Well I have to get to work. I'm very late.

BRENT

Oh, yeah. Sure. I'll get you a cab.

He makes a half-assed effort to flag down a passing taxi.

BRENT

Hey! Have you ever heard of the Dallas Nightmare Horrorfest?

JOANNE

No.

BRENT

It's huge! One of the biggest festivals for horror fans in the nation. I'm the organizer!

She watches as the cab drives by.

JOANNE

That's very interesting.

BRENT

Yeah! It's happening this weekend, actually. In Dallas. I mean, obviously it's in Dallas, right?

(excited chuckle)

Bruce Campbell just cancelled on me. So, y'know, I'm kinda desperate for another big guest.

Joanne tries now to hail a taxi.

JOANNE

Bruce who?

BRENT

Bruce Campbell? Evil Dead? Army of Darkness?

(laughs)

The guys and I have started calling him Bruce Cancel.

JOANNE

That's pretty funny.

She succeeds in getting the attention of a cab. It pulls up next to them.

BRENT

Right, so, if I could land a surprise appearance by the legendary Joanne Harvey? That would absolutely blow the roof off the place.

JOANNE

I'm afraid I wouldn't be comfortable doing that.

She opens the door of the cab and climbs in. Brent hands some cash to the driver while he prattles on.

BRENT

I'll pay you for the appearance, of course. And I'll set you up at the autograph table with a stack of glossies. You could charge eighty bucks a pop, easy. All yours, free and clear! No one will pass up the opportunity to meet you. I'm serious!

JOANNE

I don't think so. But thank you.

He hands her his card.

BRENT

Just think about it. If you change your mind, gimme a call. I'll take care of everything.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Get you a nice room,
transportation. All of it. You'd be
saving my life! Really.

She takes the card.

JOANNE

(smiles)

It was nice meeting you.

Brent starts to say something else as she SLAMS the door of the cab. He makes the phone gesture and mouths the words "Call me" as the taxi pulls away.

INT. TAXI CAB

Joanne looks the card over. The slightest hint of a smile crosses her face as she gazes through the window.

INT. JOANNE'S WORKPLACE - DAY

Joanne's boss, GRAHAM (50), storms down the aisle between rows of cubicles. The fluorescent overhead lights glare off of his shiny, bald head as he moves. He's on a mission.

JOANNE'S CUBICLE

He arrives at her desk as Joanne is still getting settled, her coat half off with a coffee-stained blouse and a dark computer monitor.

GRAHAM

Joanne! It's almost ten thirty!
What happened this morning?

JOANNE

(flustered)

I'm sorry. I tried to call but you
were in a meeting and then I just
got distracted and...

(beat)

I was in an accident.

GRAHAM

Oh.

He realizes that he should probably ask...

GRAHAM

Are you okay?

JOANNE

Yes. Just a little shook up. I'm fine. Thanks for asking.

GRAHAM

Okay. Well I'll still need those policy amendments this afternoon. The earlier the better.

JOANNE

Yes. No problem.

He leaves her to it, but not without an awkward sideways look as he goes.

Joanne sighs as her computer flashes to life.

(46) unread messages in her inbox.

She pulls Brent's card out of her coat pocket.

INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

Kaley sits at the kitchen table spoon-feeding something to baby Logan. He seems to delight in allowing as little of the orange mush into his mouth as possible.

She hears the front DOOR open and close.

KALEY

Hey, Mom!

Joanne enters.

JOANNE

Hi, Sweetheart. Oh! You're trying him with solid food!

KALEY

Yeah. But he's not feeling it.

Joanne hurries over to kiss the baby's head.

JOANNE

(baby talk)

Ohhh, It's only his first time,
isn't it big boy? Yes! He just
needs some more practice.

KALEY

Do you mind if I use the car
tonight?

JOANNE

You can't. I was in an accident
today.

KALEY

What?! Oh my God, Mom! Are you
okay?

JOANNE

Yes, yes. Just got rear-ended at a
red light this morning. I'm fine.
But the car is a write-off, I'm
afraid.

KALEY

What are you gonna do about work?

JOANNE

Cab it for now, I guess. Or maybe
carpool with Susan.

Logan flips the entire bowl of baby food over onto the floor.

KALEY

(to Logan)

Alright, alright! I get it. You're
not impressed.

Joanne chuckles as she turns to leave but suddenly stops.

JOANNE

By the way. I have to go to Dallas
for the weekend. Will you two be
okay here for a couple days?

KALEY

Dallas? What for?

JOANNE

Some sort of business conference. I just found out about it today.

KALEY

Mom! They can't just spring shit on you like that! You should talk to HR. That's totally unreasonable!

JOANNE

I know, I know. But somebody else cancelled so I offered to fill in.

KALEY

You're a freaking saint. Swear to God.

JOANNE

(smiles)

No kidding.

INT. JOANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joanne tosses and turns in her bed. The room is shrouded in near total darkness save for a trace of moonlight spilling in through the window.

She flips over onto her back and sighs. Can't sleep.

After a moment, she opens her eyes.

Someone stands at the foot of her bed!

Watching her.

JOANNE

Kaley?

No response.

JOANNE

Kaley! What's wrong?!

Still nothing.

The figure hasn't moved, but, somehow, its features slowly come into focus as Joanne's eyes adjust to the dark.

Now she can see that it is indeed Kaley. Her mouth hangs open. But her eyes are closed. Is she sleepwalking?

JOANNE
(louder)
Kaley! Wake up!

Kaley's eyes suddenly snap open!

But -- they are not her eyes.

These eyes are cold. Angry even. They look wrong on her face. Like her eyes have been replaced with someone else's entirely. She stares daggers straight into Joanne's soul.

Unintelligible WHISPERING can now be heard. Getting louder...

And then, without moving her mouth, she speaks. Clearly. But it's a voice nothing like her own. Neither female nor male. Soft but resonant...

VOICE
(from Kaley)
...seeeee usssssss...

Joanne screams out in utter horror!

JOANNE
KALEY!!!

Kaley tilts her head slightly, still staring.

KALEY (O.S.)
(her real voice)
Mom!

Kaley's voice seems to come from someplace other than this manifestation before her.

Again...

KALEY (O.S.)
(louder)
Mom! Wake up!!!

Kaley is Kaley again.

Joanne is breathing hard and fast. And sweating buckets.

KALEY

MOM!

JOANNE

Is it you?

KALEY

Yes! It's me. It's me. You were screaming in your sleep.

Logan can be heard crying down the hall.

JOANNE

I'm sorry. Go get Logan. I'm okay.

KALEY

You sure?

JOANNE

Uh huh.

Kaley leaves to calm the baby.

Joanne sits up in bed, still trying to compose herself.

INT. JOANNE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

BUZZ-BUZZ-BUZZ-BUZZ-BUZZ...

The morning sun floods into Joanne's cluttered bedroom. Her alarm clock screams away on the nightstand, unheard.

8:17

She's fast asleep now.

Kaley appears in the doorway with Logan in her arms.

KALEY

Mom?

Joanne doesn't stir.

Kaley enters the room and nudges her mom's shoulder.

KALEY

There's a black limo outside. Are you expecting a lift or something?

She wakes up instantly.

JOANNE

Shit!

She jumps out of bed and starts gathering up scattered articles of clothing.

EXT. JOANNE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Kaley and Logan see Joanne out. She's still pulling on her coat and dragging a small suitcase down the front steps.

KALEY

That's a pretty nice ride to take you to a business conference. Did you get a promotion or something?

JOANNE

Must be all they had available.

She kisses Kaley and Logan on each of their foreheads before rushing over to the waiting car.

JOANNE

See you in a couple days. Call Susan if you need anything!

KALEY

Have fun.

EXT. DALLAS NIGHTMARE HORRORFEST. FRONT STEPS - DAY

The black limo pulls up to the front of a massive convention center. A huge banner that reads "*Welcome to DALLAS NIGHTMARE HORRORFEST*" spans the front of the building.

Dozens of ATTENDEES mill about, chatting, smoking, etc.

Joanne exits the car. The LIMO DRIVER climbs out and retrieves her suitcase from the trunk.

JOANNE

Um, do you need anything--

LIMO DRIVER
(interrupts)
It's all been taken care of, Ma'am.
Enjoy your stay.

JOANNE
Thank you!

The driver returns to the car and pulls away.

Joanne remains on the sidewalk. She seems hesitant to enter.

JOANNE
(big sigh)
Forgive me, Nana.

INT. DALLAS NIGHTMARE HORRORFEST. EXHIBITION HALL - DAY

Joanne tentatively passes through the revolving doors of the venue dragging her old, beat-up suitcase behind her.

The sprawling exhibition hall is packed with displays, booths and hundreds of FESTIVAL GOERS. They all wear "Dallas Nightmare" passes on lanyards and clutch swag-bags and programs. Many are wearing costumes imitating various monsters and horror icons.

Clearly, she's never seen anything like this before. She stands out in her slacks and cardigan but no one notices.

She slowly makes her way toward a security entry point near the main doors where SECURITY GUARDS are scanning passes, checking bags and ushering people through metal detectors.

It dawns on her that she doesn't have a pass.

BRENT (O.S.)
Joanne!

She turns to find Brent rushing over to greet her in a "Dallas Nightmare" T shirt.

She smiles big, relieved that he's already found her.

Brent greets her with a big hug.

She wasn't expecting that, but seems to welcome it.

BRENT

I am SO happy you decided to come!
It's truly an honor! God, you have
no idea what this means to me. Or
what it'll mean to all these
people! Thank you, thank you, thank
you! This is gonna be HUGE!

JOANNE

(shyly)

Oh, stop. Nobody even knows who I
am. You really think anyone's gonna
care about a middle-aged mom that
was in a stupid movie forty years
ago?

Brent laughs out loud.

BRENT

Just you wait.

INT. DALLAS NIGHTMARE HORRORFEST. MAIN STAGE - DAY

Hordes of people, including lots of cosplayers, file into the
main hall and take their seats.

Representatives from Fangoria, Dread Central and various
other horror media outlets set up cameras on tripods near the
stage and fiddle with phones and recording devices in
anticipation of the big surprise guest.

BACKSTAGE

Joanne paces back and forth fidgeting with the sleeves of her
sweater. To say that she looks nervous would be an
understatement.

Brent appears from the other side of the drape line.

BRENT

Almost go-time. Are you excited?

JOANNE

That's one way of saying it.

BRENT

You'll be great. Just be yourself.

She nods in agreement.

BRENT

Also, I might have given a heads-up about you to a few of my media pals. So don't get thrown by the cameras and stuff. Are you nervous? I'm making you nervous, aren't I. Just ignore me, please. Okay?

She takes a deep breath.

JOANNE

Okay.

MAIN STAGE

The audience CLAPS and CHEERS as Brent appears on stage, microphone in hand.

BRENT

Who's ready to meet our very special surprise guest?

More CHEERS of approval.

BRENT

Without further ado, it gives me great pleasure to introduce for the first time ever on this stage or, well, any stage...

(pause for effect)

...the star of the 1983 horror classic, The Beholder! She's all grown up and, I'm happy to report, alive and well! Ladies and gentlemen...I give you...

(beat)

JOANNE HARVEY!!!

On cue, Joanne steps out on stage.

She stands there for an agonizingly long two seconds of stunned silence and disbelief from the crowd.

And then...

The room erupts in THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE!

Brent was right. They're going absolutely wild. Lots of shocked faces. They can't believe their eyes.

Joanne covers her mouth with both hands, tears streaming down her cheeks. She's overwhelmed with emotions. All of them. Joy. Validation, maybe for the first time in her life. Excitement...and fear.

The fervor in the room continues unabated as Brent ushers her to one of two stools waiting at center stage.

He attaches a lapel mic to her cardigan before taking his seat on the other stool.

BRENT

(to Joanne)

Wow! Didn't I tell you?

Joanne is flabbergasted. She could have never expected a reception like this.

BRENT

Can you guys believe it?

(points at Joanne)

It's really her!

Only now does the crowd begin to settle itself.

BRENT

Joanne, welcome, and thank you so much for being here!

JOANNE

Thank you.

BRENT

So many questions, so, let's get right to it. The Beholder. It's one of the most popular and enduring films in the history of American horror. But it also has the distinction of being one of the most cursed movies ever produced.

BRENT (CONT'D)

The production was wrought with bad luck and tragedy. Most notably, perhaps, were the untimely deaths of director John Friedman and your co-stars, Betsy Cartwright and Peter Monahan, all of whom died tragically within two years of the film's release. So that kind of makes you the sole survivor. Can you talk a little about your feelings toward the film, its legacy and its urban legend status?

She doesn't answer right away. Awkward silence...

JOANNE

Sorry. I'm not sure if--

BRENT

(interrupts)

It's okay. Take your time.

The audience waits in anticipation.

You could hear a pin drop in here.

Brent seems to sense that this may be too much for her.

BRENT

That was a big question. Maybe just start by sharing your favorite scene from the movie and talk a little about that?

JOANNE

I've never seen it.

BRENT

You've never watched the film?

JOANNE

No.

BRENT

Wow. Why is that?

Again, she hesitates. She avoids looking at the crowd and squirms uncomfortably in her seat.

The audience begins to murmur and whisper.

She takes a deep breath...

JOANNE

I can remember my parents taking me to audition for it when I was eight years old. My mother was so certain that I was going to be a star. At that point, I had done a few commercials, but never anything like that.

BRENT

Were you excited to be auditioning for a major motion picture?

JOANNE

Well I didn't know anything about the film itself. They just told me that it was a scary movie but I wouldn't have to watch it. I was so frightened, but I wanted to please my mother. Nothing was more important to me than that. I remember meeting the director--

BRENT

John Friedman.

JOANNE

Yes.

BRENT

Who, incidentally, also appeared as the crazy guy in the hospital.

JOANNE

It was him and a few other people at my audition.

She fidgets with her sleeves while she speaks and, for the most part, she keeps her eyes lowered.

JOANNE

They must have thought that the genuine fear in my eyes would work well for the film because they gave me the part then and there.

BRENT

What was it like working with Friedman?

JOANNE

He was very nice. Very patient with me. I think he knew how nervous I was about it all. But I also think that he wanted to channel that into the picture.

BRENT

Interesting. So, never having seen the movie yourself, how much do you actually know about the story?

JOANNE

Um, I know it involved my parents in the movie--

BRENT

Peter Monahan and Betsy Cartwright.

JOANNE

Yes. They were under some kind of spell or curse or something that made them want to kill me.

BRENT

Basically, yeah. That's it. Amazing performances from them and especially from you!

JOANNE

I remember her staring at me for what seemed like a really long time. Even though I knew that she was just acting, I was still very afraid of her. She just looked so angry. Like she really hated me.

BRENT

That must have been a weird thing
for a child your age to go through.

JOANNE

It was. It was her eyes. I can
still see them. I still have
nightmares about those eyes.

BRENT

Would you say that filming The
Beholder was a traumatic experience
for you?

JOANNE

(beat)

Yes.

BRENT

And Friedman, Cartwright and
Monahan weren't the only tragedies
associated with The Beholder, were
they? It's been reported that there
were a number of freak accidents on
set and even a fire? Do you believe
that the production was cursed?

JOANNE

I do.

BRENT

Why?

JOANNE

My parents attended the premiere. I
stayed with my grandmother. On
their way home afterward, their car
was hit by a truck. It drove them
off the road and into a river and
they were both killed.

BRENT

(shocked)

Oh! I'm sorry. I had no idea.

JOANNE

My grandmother raised me after that. She had heard all the stories about the movie being cursed and after my parents' accident she was convinced it was true. She took any money that I made from the movie and gave it to charity. And she made me promise not to watch it and I never have.

BRENT

And how does your family feel about it now?

JOANNE

They don't know I was in it. I had shut it out of my life completely. They don't even know I'm here.

Brent doesn't know what to say next.

Joanne turns her head just enough to see the audience for the first time since she sat down.

Total silence. They hang on her every word, mouths agape.

BRENT

Wow. That is an amazing story. From the bottom of my heart and on behalf everyone here, I want to thank you for sharing it with us today. It's truly an honor.

JOANNE

(slight smile)

You're welcome.

BRENT

We do have some footage from the film to show which, um...you'll maybe want to excuse yourself for...?

JOANNE

Yes.

BRENT

Of course. Joanne Harvey everyone!

Rapturous APPLAUSE.

BRENT

(voice raised over crowd)

She'll be signing autographs this afternoon and again tomorrow. And maybe never again so you don't wanna miss out on this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!

He gives her a big hug.

She waves to the audience as she quickly exits the stage.

BACKSTAGE

The cheers continue as Joanne takes cover behind the drape line. She tries to compose herself.

The movie footage begins, startling her.

She can't see it but she can hear it. The intense score SCREAMS through the hall...

...followed by the sound of a scared little girl's voice.

LANA (O.S.)

Mommy?

(beat)

What's the matter with your eyes?

Her voice.

She starts breathing faster. She pulls back the curtain just enough to peek out at the audience.

About ninety percent of them are fully engrossed in The Beholder footage playing onscreen.

LANA (O.S.)

(cries)

Why don't you answer me?

The rest, scattered randomly throughout the crowd, stare straight at Joanne...each with the same messed-up eyes that Kaley had last night!

LANA (O.S.)
(screams)
Mommy, PLEASE!!!

INT. DALLAS NIGHTMARE HORRORFEST. AUTOGRAPH TABLE - DAY

Joanne sits behind a skirted table with a stack of glossy 8x10's of Lana and couple black sharpies in front of her. She keeps her eyes lowered.

FANS are queuing up into several lines separated by ropes.

She glances up at them.

Of the hundreds of faces, she can see two staring at her with those creepy eyes. Always the same eyes on different faces.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
First time?

She snaps out her daze and turns to the voice on her right.

Robert Englund. He has multiple stacks of photos, mostly of Freddy Kruger. And about a dozen felt pens in various colors.

She smiles politely.

JOANNE
Yes.

ROBERT ENGLUND
I'm Robert.

JOANNE
Joanne.

ROBERT ENGLUND
Yeah, you're the little girl from
The Beholder. Great stuff.

JOANNE
Thanks.

ROBERT ENGLUND

Welcome to the circus. Want some
unsolicited advice?

JOANNE

Yes, please!

ROBERT ENGLUND

Don't take any crap from them. They
all think they're Spielberg. Keep
the line moving and your
interactions to a minimum. Thirty
seconds per nerd, tops!

JOANNE

(laughs nervously)
Okay.

ROBERT ENGLUND

And you'll be needing this.

He sets a bottle of hand sanitizer in front of her.

ROBERT ENGLUND

Goddamned window-lickers are all
swimming with disease. You're
guaranteed to get sick here.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, don't pay any attention to him!

Seated to Joanne's left is The Exorcist's Linda Blair.

LINDA BLAIR

He absolutely lives for this shit.

ROBERT ENGLUND

Beats working at Wal-Mart, I guess.

She extends her hand. Joanne accepts it.

LINDA BLAIR

I'm Linda.

JOANNE

Joanne.

LINDA BLAIR

I know. I'm a big fan of that performance. It's just incredible.

JOANNE

I didn't even know I had fans before today.

LINDA BLAIR

Are you kidding? Look at that lineup. It's twice as long as mine!

Joanne notices a small pendant around Linda's neck. It has an aqua-blue eye painted on it.

JOANNE

I like your pendant.

LINDA BLAIR

Oh, thanks. It's an evil eye.

JOANNE

Evil eye?

LINDA BLAIR

Yeah. A fan gave it to me. It's supposed to ward off bad luck from anyone that gives you a dirty look or something like that. I don't know. I think it's just a trendy fashion thing. You want it?

JOANNE

Oh, no. I couldn't.

Linda is already taking it off. She hands it over.

LINDA BLAIR

Here. I don't even like it.

JOANNE

Aw, thank you!

She immediately hangs the pendant around her neck.

LINDA BLAIR

(smiles)

There. Looks better on you.

JOANNE

I love it.

Joanne looks back up at the fans as a festival volunteer lifts the rope they stand behind.

ROBERT ENGLUND

Here we go.

The two with the weird eyes that she spotted previously are back to normal now.

She fidgets with the pendant as the fans start moving in.

Robert hands her a disposable anti-viral face mask. He already has one on himself.

ROBERT ENGLUND

And this is to ward off smallpox.

LINDA BLAIR

(laughs)

Stop it, Robert!

Robert smiles as he takes his mask off and tosses them both behind him.

The first of many fans approach each of them.

Joanne picks up a sharpie.

JOANNE

(to first fan)

Hi!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Joanne enters her hotel room carrying a cardboard file box.

She sits down on the bed with it, pulls out a large stack of cash and starts counting. She's all smiles now.

LATER

Joanne emerges from the washroom through a cloud of steam wearing only a towel and the pendant from Linda.

She picks up a brush and starts combing out her wet hair in the mirror.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

It startles her.

JOANNE

Just a second!

She hurries to the door peers out through the peephole.

It's Brent. He has flowers and a bottle of champagne.

She smiles and OPENS the door.

JOANNE

Hey!

BRENT

Hi!.

(sees she's not dressed)

Sorry. I'll come back--

JOANNE

No! No, come in. Please.

Brent enters. She pushes the door CLOSED behind him.

BRENT

These are for you. I mean,
obviously, right?

JOANNE

They're beautiful!

He hands her a thick, folded envelope.

BRENT

And your appearance fee. Thank you
again so much for doing this. You
saved my life. Just like I said you
would!

She accepts it with a smile.

JOANNE

Well you really saved mine too. I'm almost starting to think I could get used to all of this.

BRENT

Really? I was worried that all my questions out there made you uncomfortable.

JOANNE

I thought it was going to be tougher than it was.

BRENT

Great!

(stammers)

I mean, not great that it was tough for you, but great that it wasn't as bad as you were expecting.

She makes him a little nervous. And she seems to like that.

JOANNE

(grins)

Yeah.

Awkward silence.

BRENT

Yeah, well, I guess I should leave you to it.

He opens the door and steps out into the hallway.

BRENT

See you in the morning. Get some rest!

JOANNE

I will. Good night.

HOTEL CORRIDOR

Brent pulls the door SHUT and starts making his way back to the elevator.

A few seconds later, her door OPENS again. Joanne pokes her head out.

JOANNE

Hey!

He turns quickly.

BRENT

Yeah?

She holds up the champagne bottle.

JOANNE

I think I might open this. Would you like a drink?

BRENT

(big smile)

I didn't think you were gonna ask.

Brent returns to her room and CLOSES the door behind him.

INT. DALLAS NIGHTMARE HORRORFEST - DAY

MUSIC CUE: "Private Eyes" by Hall & Oates

Joanne struts through the exhibition hall like she owns it.

She absolutely beams with confidence. She carries herself taller. Looks people in the eye. She's obviously spent considerably more time on her appearance today, too.

Her hair is down for once. She's done her make-up and she rocks tight jeans, heels and a clingy "Dallas Nightmare" T-shirt. The pendant from Linda hangs around her neck.

A new woman.

She laughs and takes selfies with fans.

She signs some dude's arm that's tattooed with Lana's screaming face.

She goofs around with a Michael Myers mask at one of the many vendor's booths.

She sits up straight on the stage and answers Brent's questions, all smiles.

She poses for a pic at the autograph table. Robert Englund photo bombs it from behind.

An event WORKER accepts money from fans and adds another handful of twenty dollar bills to her cash box while Joanne laughs and poses for a photo with Linda Blair.

She's having the time of her life.

EXT. JOANNE'S HOUSE - DUSK

FADE MUSIC

Headlights appear in the driveway as the black limo rolls in.

INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE. FOYER - DUSK

Joanne comes in quietly and sets her stuff down. She CLOSES the door gently to avoid waking the baby.

Kaley emerges from the living room.

JOANNE

Hey, Honey! How's the lit--

KALEY

(interrupts)

Holy shit! What happened to you!

JOANNE

What do you mean?

KALEY

(laughs)

What do I mean? You're smoking hot!
What the hell is that? What kind of
work seminar were you at?

JOANNE

Where's Logan?

KALEY

Sleeping.

JOANNE

Good. Let's sit down. I have some stuff to tell you. A lot of stuff.

KALEY

Mom, you're scaring me.

INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A blender ROARS on the counter. Joanne stops it and pours fruit smoothies into two large cups.

Kaley sits at the table, astonished.

KALEY

I don't believe this. My mom is the kid from the freaking Beholder!

JOANNE

So you've heard of it?

KALEY

Of course! I haven't seen it. Scary movies aren't really my thing. But I'm pretty sure everyone's heard of it! God. Why didn't you ever tell me?! How could you keep that a secret?

Joanne sets a smoothie in front of Kaley and has a seat.

JOANNE

Your great-grandmother had me convinced that the film was pure evil and cursed. I've hidden from it my whole life.

KALEY

Wait. Does that mean you've never seen it either?

JOANNE

Nope. Never.

KALEY

(excited)

Oh my God! We have to watch it!

Joanne looks like she was anticipating this but still has no idea how to respond. She shakes her head.

JOANNE

I don't know.

KALEY

Are you kidding? Mom. You just stood there and told me about the legion of adoring fans you didn't know you had and how much this thing means to them. Don't you wanna see what all the fuss is about?

JOANNE

Part of me does, sure. And maybe I'll get there eventually. But...

(sigh)

...all of my fears and anxieties are wrapped up in that movie. Just thinking about it gives me horrible nightmares.

(beat)

Sometimes, I even...see things.

KALEY

What do you mean, see things? What kind of things?

Joanne hasn't yet taken a sip of her smoothie, but she fidgets with the cup. Rotating it on the table, round and round and round...

JOANNE

Nothing. It just weirds me out sometimes. But, when I feel ready, I probably will watch it.

KALEY

Well, whenever you decide that you're ready, you better promise to watch it with *me*!

Joanne's fingers absently twirl the pendant around her neck.

JOANNE
(smiles)
Promise.

INT. JOANNE'S WORKPLACE - DAY

Joanne zones-out in front of her computer, her mind far away from here...

SLAM!

Someone drops a huge stack of files down on her desk.

The noise snaps her back to crushing reality.

GRAHAM (O.S.)
I need these claims processed
before tomorrow morning.

RING-RING-RING-RING -- Joanne's cell phone.

JOANNE
Will do.

Graham continues to talk as he walks away.

GRAHAM (O.S.)
And don't forget that personal
calls must be limited to scheduled
break times.

She rolls her eyes and answers it anyway.

JOANNE
(into phone)
Hello?
(beat)
Um, yes. It's Bennett now,
actually.

She listens intently to whoever's on the other end of the line. Her eyes suddenly widen.

JOANNE
(into phone)
A sequel?

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Joanne marches into the supermarket with a purpose.

She B-lines it straight to the checkout area.

Her hand snatches "The Beholder" DVD from the previously-viewed movie rack.

She drops it on the counter. The same angsty cashier scans it, eyeballing Joanne dubiously.

CASHIER

Five forty one.

Joanne pays with cash and a smile.

INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DUSK

Kaley has just finished carving a jack-o-lantern at the kitchen table. She fills an old Zippo lighter with fluid and lights a small candle. She places the candle inside the pumpkin and admires her creation.

Logan sits next to her in his high chair, happily playing with pumpkin guts.

Kaley turns the pumpkin toward Logan.

KALEY

There! What do think, Logan? Is he scary enough?

Logan starts to cry.

KALEY

Okay, okay! I guess so.

Kaley blows out the candle.

KALEY

There! All gone!

Logan smiles.

Joanne enters the kitchen, DVD in hand.

She drops it on the table in front of Kaley.

KALEY

What's this? I thought you weren't ready.

Joanne can hardly contain her excitement.

JOANNE

There's a sequel in the works and they want me to be in it!

KALEY

What?! Are you being serious right now?

JOANNE

Yes! Can you believe this?

Kaley is blown away. But she seems a little conflicted about the news, too.

KALEY

Wow. I literally don't even know what to think.

JOANNE

What do you mean?

KALEY

It's just a lot to process. It's like you went away for the weekend and came back someone else.

Joanne's face floods with disappointment. This isn't the reaction she was expecting.

JOANNE

I really thought you of all people would be happy for me.

Kaley stands up and gives her mom a hug.

KALEY

I am. Really! It's totally amazing! It's just all happening so fast, y'know? I guess I'm just scared of losing my mom to Hollywood or something.

Joanne kisses Kaley's forehead.

JOANNE

Uh uh. Not happening. You don't
ever need to worry about losing me.
To anything.

Kaley picks up the DVD.

KALEY

You sure you wanna do this?

JOANNE

Yes. This stupid, irrational fear
has held me back for too long. I
need to see it.

KALEY

Especially if you're gonna star in
the sequel!

Joanne squeals with excitement.

INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joanne sits curled up on the couch in her nightgown holding a large bowl of popcorn. She still has the pendant around her neck. She looks a little apprehensive.

Kaley stands in her pajamas in front of the TV. She cracks open the DVD and loads it into the player.

KALEY

Last chance. You sure?

JOANNE

(nods)

Uh huh.

Kaley CLICKS off the room's only lamp before joining Joanne on the couch.

She picks up the remote and hits "play".

They both sit in silent anticipation as the FBI warning flashes across the screen.

JOANNE
Are you scared?

KALEY
(grins)
Pft. Hell no. Why? Are you?

JOANNE
Terrified.

Kaley snuggles in close to her mom.

KALEY
I'll protect you.

The eerie opening credit score sweeps through the room. The flickering light from the TV bathes their faces in a soft, bluish hue and casts hard shadows on the wall behind them.

The names of the cast appear and fade against the backdrop of a gothic-looking mansion.

"Starring..."

BETSY CARTWRIGHT

PETER MONAHAN

OLIVER NELSON

WILLIAM ROURKE

Kaley breaks the silence causing Joanne to jump a bit.

KALEY
So did you secretly keep in touch
with any of these people?

JOANNE
I think they're all dead now.

KALEY
Really? Maybe your Nana was right
about this movie.

Joanne chuckles nervously.

...And introducing JOANNE HARVEY as Lana"

Kaley claps her hands.

KALEY

Yay!

(kisses Joanne on the
cheek)

This is so exciting!

Joanne just smiles.

Little Lana is the first character to appear on screen. She's picking flowers from a beautiful garden behind the mansion.

KALEY

Oh my God! That's you! Look how
cute you were!

JOANNE

Where do you think you got that
adorable face of yours, huh?

Kaley grabs a handful of popcorn and jams it into her mouth.

LATER

Kaley looks like she's fading.

But Joanne's eyes are wide open.

On the TV, Lana's mother divulges something sinister to her husband in front of a roaring fireplace.

LANA'S MOTHER

(on TV)

She's been behaving very strangely.

Lana's father regards her quizzically as he puffs on a pipe.

LANA'S FATHER

How so?

LANA'S MOTHER

Don't tell me you haven't seen it.
Up roaming the halls at all hours.

LANA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Talking to no one in her room
throughout the night. For God's
sake, Charles! The screaming?!

LANA'S FATHER

Mmm. Perhaps she should see Doctor
Hudson. I'll make the
arrangements.

LATER STILL

Kaley is asleep now, her head on the arm of the sofa.

Joanne is wrapped in a blanket, utterly transfixed.

On the TV, some crazy character with wild eyes corners Lana's
father in a hospital corridor.

CRAZY GUY

There's nothing wrong with your
daughter's brain, Mr. Dietz. She
suffers from something far worse,
I'm afraid. You all do.

LANA'S FATHER

Who the hell are you? What do you
know about my daughter?!

CRAZY GUY

I've seen it before. Your family
has been cursed. Her eyes. They
see...evil. Nothing but evil and
darkness wherever it exists.
Wherever she looks! Her eyes have
been unsanctified.

(grabs Lana's Father by
the lapels)

Blighted by the devil himself I
tell you!

LANA'S FATHER

(pushes back)

Get away from me you lunatic.

CRAZY GUY

You. Your wife. You'll be next.
Open or closed, your eyes will
betray you. Just wait! You can't
un-see the eyes of the restless
dead! Watching you always from
beyond the black.

LANA'S FATHER

Security! I need help!

CRAZY GUY

(yelling now)

You're family is doomed, Mr. Dietz!
They won't rest until they have
you. All of you!

Joanne looks deeply rattled by the crazy guy's words.

She manages to tear her eyes away from the screen long enough
to confirm that Kaley is indeed fast asleep.

She quickly turns her attention back to the movie...

The next scene features Lana in her bed covered with blankets
with only her face exposed. She stares at something off
screen, terror in her eyes.

Her mother. Staring back in total silence. No love
whatsoever. Only resentment. Contempt.

The shot holds for an excruciatingly long time.

Lana's breathing quickens.

Joanne's breathing quickens.

The camera very slowly zooms in on her eyes.

The eyes of evil...

The movie freezes, all on its own.

It takes Joanne a moment to realize that the film has
actually stopped. She notes that the remote sits untouched on
the end table next to the couch.

Her eyes are slowly drawn back to the TV, stuck on that disturbing image. Her fictitious mother glaring back at her with an otherworldly malevolence.

The pendant hanging from Joanne's neck suddenly starts to smoke! It burns her chest causing the flesh beneath it to SIZZLE!

She gasps in pain and quickly SNATCHES the eye pendant away from her neck.

It falls to the floor, BURNING the carpet where it sits.

Kaley continues to sleep soundly.

Joanne holds her hand over the fresh burn on her chest as she drops to her knees to examine the discarded pendant.

She carefully picks it up by the chain and hurries out of the room with it.

Lana's mother watches from the TV.

KITCHEN

Joanne CLICKS the light on. The chain in her hand seems to be getting hot now too.

She drops the pendant into the sink with a CLINK.

She runs cold water over it. The pendant makes a HISS and gives off a little puff of steam as the water makes contact.

The running water suddenly catches the pendant and carries it down the drain.

JOANNE

Shit!

Joanne tries to stop it and manages to grab the chain before it disappears completely. She quickly pulls it out of the drain but the eye pendant is gone.

She sighs and looks down at the burn mark on her chest.

It's a perfect teardrop shape, just like the pendant.

LIVING ROOM

Joanne returns to the living room.

Lana's mother remains frozen on the TV.

She sits down on the couch, looks over at Kaley and then at the TV. She seems unsure how to proceed.

The movie restarts itself.

The scene is eerily silent, but the slow push-in on the mother's face resumes.

Joanne sinks back into the couch. She's come too far to stop.

LATER

The movie has gotten considerably louder now, though not enough to wake Kaley.

Joanne, however, couldn't look away if she tried. She's thoroughly engrossed.

LANA
(on tv)
No! Mommy! PLEEEASE!!!

Lana's mother stalks the little girl through the dimly lit halls of the mansion brandishing a large kitchen knife.

LANA
(cries)
NO!!! It's ME! Mommy, IT'S ME!!!

Joanne doesn't even blink.

The shot is composed from Lana's point of view, cowering on the ground and staring up her psychotic mother as she raises the knife above her head...

LANA
(screams)
NOOOO!!!

Lana's mother SLASHES downward - right at the camera.

Joanne jumps with a scream!

The movie smash-cuts to black.

Kaley lurches awake.

The end credits begin to roll over soft piano music.

Joanne's breathing hard and fast. The movie scared the hell out of her, deeper than it could ever scare anyone else.

KALEY
(half awake)
Mom?

JOANNE
(still gasping)
Yeah.

KALEY
Did you just scream?

JOANNE
I guess so. Pretty scary, huh?

KALEY
(yawns)
Sorry. It wasn't boring or anything. I'm just wiped out.

JOANNE
It's okay. It was kind of slow.

As the credits reach the end, the piano music fades. The clock on the channel box beneath the TV reads 10:37.

Kaley gets up from the couch and kisses Joanne on the cheek.

KALEY
I'm off to bed. G'night.

JOANNE
Good night, Sweetheart. I love you.

KALEY
Love you too.

Kaley staggers listlessly out of the living room and can be heard climbing the stairs.

Looking a little bewildered, Joanne's eyes drift back to the TV, even as the DVD ends and returns to the menu screen.

She sits still on the couch, too scared to move.

LATER STILL

The clock says 12:12.

Joanne is still there, sitting alone in the darkness, staring blankly at the looping DVD menu.

KALEY (O.S.)

Mom?

No response. The repeating images and creepy music seem to have her spellbound...

Kaley stands in the doorway.

KALEY

(louder)

Mom!

Joanne sloooowly turns her head...

KALEY

What are you doing?

She doesn't answer. Just stares.

Kaley enters and grabs Joanne by the shoulders. She gives her a gentle shake.

KALEY

Hey! What's with you? C'mon! Snap out of it!

Joanne starts blinking.

JOANNE

Kaley?

KALEY

Of course! Why are you still
sitting down here staring at the TV
like a zombie?

JOANNE

Oh...I'm sorry...

KALEY

Weird. C'mon. Let's get you to bed.

Kaley grabs the remote and turns off the TV before escorting
Joanne out of the living room.

It turns itself back on as soon as they're gone.

INT. JOANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joanne lies in bed in her darkened room, her eyes wide and
fixed on the wall in front of her.

She can make out the outline of her closed bedroom door, her
dresser and a couple of framed pictures hanging.

Her perspective begins to fade, darker and darker, as she
closes her eyes...

DARKNESS

Several moments of black silence.

Pure nothingness...

Until...

...something begins to emerge. Indistinct at first.

Some nebulous form or shape?

Two shapes.

Ever so gradually, they come into focus.

Two eyes.

Watching intently from somewhere beyond the darkness. From
somewhere...else.

JOANNE (O.S.)
(whimpers)
No. Go away. Go away. Go away.

They do not go away.

They continue to grow ever more pervasive.

Clearer...and clearer...

JOANNE (O.S.)
Please. Leave me alone. Please...

Still they glare. Cold and unloving. Omnipresent.

The eyes of Lana's mother.

JOANNE (O.S.)
(louder)
Go away!

JOANNE'S BEDROOM

The bedroom wall.

The eyes are gone.

Joanne sits up. She's sweating buckets and breathing hard.

She tries to focus on the door,

the dresser,

Anything real...

...when more eyes appear! In the room with her now. Dozens of them, all in pairs.

JOANNE
No! Stop this! Leave me alone
PLEASE!!!

She looks all around the bedroom.

The eyes surround her, staring at her from all directions.

JOANNE

(sobs)

I don't want to see you! Please! I
don't want to see you!

Suddenly, dark irregular-looking outlines of vaguely human-shaped bodies emerge from the shadows! They coalesce with each set of eyes.

They look like they've been harshly scrawled in the air by a black marker, their jagged lines quivering about like arcing electricity.

They all LURCH toward her in unison.

INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE. FOYER - NIGHT

The house is quiet and dark save for the glow from the TV and Kaley's jack-o-lantern flickering in the kitchen.

CREEEAAKKK...A door on noisy hinges slowly opens at the top of the staircase.

Joanne. She makes her way to the stairs and slowly descends.

Her face remains hidden by shadows.

Each step CREAKS under her bare feet.

As she reaches the bottom, her face passes through a solitary beam of moonlight intruding through the glass transom above the front door.

Her eyes are open unnaturally wide.

She turns the corner around the stairs and continues down the hall toward the kitchen.

KITCHEN

She instinctively FLIPS the range hood light on.

Three people stand in the far corner of the kitchen.

Lana's parents. The third one looks like the crazy guy from the hospital scene. But they look emaciated. Their pale skin hangs loosely over sunken cheeks, their mouths agape.

Joanne is too out of it to be appropriately shocked by this.

They all stare back at her with the same penetrating gaze. The same eyes, all encircled by unnatural shadows.

She hasn't noticed all of the other disembodied pairs of eyes hiding around the room, obscure, but all in plain sight.

Then they speak, with many languid voices in unison. Yet none of their mouths move. They're perfectly still.

VOICES

...we've been waiting for you...

Joanne replies without hesitation in her own subdued voice.

JOANNE

Yes.

VOICES

...do you see us?...

JOANNE

I don't want to see you.

The other ubiquitous eyes in the room seem to draw closer.

Joanne notices them now. She starts to grow agitated.

VOICES

...do you see us?...

JOANNE

Yes.

VOICES

...we are your family now...

(beat)

...we are...you...

The eyes have all revealed their black, scrawly bodies now, lurking menacingly around the kitchen.

Joanne covers her eyes and shakes her head violently.

VOICES
...you will feed us...

JOANNE
(whimpers)
No. Pleeeeaase...

The lights suddenly go out.

But the eyes remain.

VOICES
(loud)
...FEED US!!!!...

JOANNE
(screams)
NOOOO!!!

LIVING ROOM

Joanne rushes into the living room, straight to the TV.

1:56

The tray to the DVD player is open. "The Beholder" is still in it. Her hand plucks the disc from the tray.

She holds it up, examining it closely with eyes like saucers.

Gripping it tightly with both hands, she proceeds to bend the DVD in half until it SNAPS.

INT. KALEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The sound of baby Logan CRYING jolts Kaley awake.

She springs out of bed.

LOGAN'S ROOM

The door CRASHES hard against the wall as Kaley bursts into Logan's room.

Logan lies on his back on floor next to his crib, screaming his head off.

KALEY
(yells)
LOGAN!

She quickly swoops in and gathers him up in her arms, holding him close and kissing his head.

KALEY
Oh, Baby, Mommy's here...Mommy's
here. How did you get out of your
crib? Huh? Did you fall?

Logan's cries begin to subside as she gently bounces with him and whispers in his ear.

KALEY
It's okay...it's okay...

His room is quite dark except for a dim, orange nightlight plugged into an outlet near the floor and a single window offering moonlight.

Furniture, toys and stuffed animals are barely discernible around the outskirts of the room.

Logan still whimpers but he's settling quickly.

KALEY
(whispers)
Shhhh...shhhh...

She shifts from bouncing to swaying. It works. He's almost asleep again...

The dark figure lurking next to the window is virtually undetectable as Kaley gently lays Logan back in his crib.

It must be Joanne, but it's too dark to be certain.

Kaley doesn't see it.

She creeps back out of the room taking extra care not to wake Logan on her way out.

HALLWAY

The slightest CLICK as Kaley gently pulls Logan's door shut behind her. The floor CREAKS as she moves down the hall.

The bathroom light is on and the door is ajar.

She tiptoes over to it and softly KNOCKS twice.

KALEY

Mom?

No response.

KALEY

Are you in there?

Still...nothing.

Light pours out as she eases the door open...

BATHROOM

Kaley pokes her head inside --

-- and a look of pure shock immediately washes over her. She gasps in horror...

Blood. All over the sink. The mirror. The wall.

She covers her mouth with her hands as she draws closer.

Resting at bottom of the bloody sink --

-- two eyeballs. Both quite mangled with bits of the optic nerves still attached.

HALLWAY

Kaley's screams precede her as she staggers back into the hallway, totally aghast. She nearly collapses, using the wall for support.

KALEY

(cries)

Mom! What...what have you done?!

She races back down the hall to Logan's room.

LOGAN'S ROOM

The baby stirs as she enters, but he's still sleeping.

Satisfied that he's okay, Kaley proceeds to scan the room.

Then she hears it. A soft, throaty "K" sound. Like someone trying to speak...

KALEY

...Mom?

From the darkest corner of the room, Joanne crawls toward her on hands and knees.

KALEY

(yells)

MOM!

Joanne lifts her head.

Her eyes are gone. Blood runs down her cheeks from her ocular cavities.

Kaley is absolutely horrified.

JOANNE

(whispers)

K...Kal...

She drops to the floor and wraps her arms around her mom.

KALEY

(sobs)

Oh my God. Mom. What did you do?!

Joanne's mouth moves, trying desperately to speak, but she is simply unable.

She holds her arms out for Kaley to see.

The word "FEED" has been carved into the underside of her left forearm. The word "US" is on the right one.

With no clue how to process this, Kaley bursts into tears.

KALEY

(sobs)

Oh, Mama. What's happening...?

Joanne starts to cry too. Tears co-mingled with blood begin to flow from her empty eye sockets.

She tries one more time to speak...

JOANNE

(gurgly whisper)

...love...yooooou...

Kaley watches through tears as Joanne lies back on the floor.

Joanne drags her index finger across her throat and points to her chest. Her quivering lips mouth the words "Kill me".

KALEY

No! No, no, no. I can't. No. We can
get you help! We can--

Joanne's pained expression suddenly vanishes and her quivering stops.

Somehow, she rises from her flat position on the floor, stiff as a board like someone lifting a plank upright from the ground.

Kaley recoils in terror.

Without hesitation, Joanne grabs Kaley by the shirt, spins her around and HURLS her through the window!

EXT. JOANNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SMASH!

Kaley falls from the second-story window and LANDS hard on her back on the ground below amidst a shower of broken glass.

She's not moving.

LATER

Darkness.

The distant sound of a baby CRYING...

Our eyes open to find...

Joanne! Looming over and staring down with empty eye sockets.

Kaley panics and tries to move but finds she can't.

Slowly, Joanne crouches down closer to Kaley.

She has a pointy shard of the broken DVD in her hand.

Kaley makes a final attempt to reach her...

KALEY

M-mom...?

Joanne remains still. Silent. Is she still in there somewhere?

Then...she plunges the DVD shard into Kaley's throat!

Kaley gasps, blood spurts from the wound and from her mouth.

From Kaley's fading perspective, Joanne watches her final moments before RIPPING the shiny plastic shard back out and DRIVING it into her daughter's eye.

Darkness.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

It's raining. Hard.

Paul's truck RUMBLES into the driveway, now hauling a tanker.

Its air brakes HISS as the wheels roll to a stop.

INT. PAUL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Paul looks exhausted. He kills the engine. The driving rain outside is loud as it HAMMERS the roof of the truck.

Matty is sleeping in the passenger seat. A balled-up sweater rests between his head and the window.

Paul rubs his road-weary eyes when he sees something strange through the windshield.

The front door of the house is wide open.

He stares ahead at it for a moment and glances over at Matty.

Still fast asleep.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Paul climbs down from the driver's side of the rig and quietly SHUTS the door.

He jogs up to the house as the rain soaks him.

INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Paul enters the house with some trepidation, scanning for possible intruders.

There are no lights on. The TV's blue screen gives the old house an ethereal quality.

Paul SHUTS the door behind him.

LIVING ROOM

He peers around the corner into the living room.

Nobody here.

KITCHEN

A FLASH outside followed by a loud THUNDER CLAP as Paul creeps into the kitchen.

PAUL

Joanne?

Nobody here either except the grinning jack on the counter.

Paul looks thoroughly confused. What the hell is going on?

FOYER

Paul lumbers gracelessly up the stairs. They CREAK even louder under his weight.

HALLWAY

He reaches the second floor and notes the light spilling into the gloomy corridor from the bathroom.

He gravitates toward it.

BATHROOM

Paul leans in. He immediately recoils in shock upon finding the grisly scene.

Panicky, he loses his balance and STUMBLES to the floor.

PAUL

What the fuck...?

He quickly scrambles back to his feet.

The bloody mess all over the sink and mirror remains.

But the eyeballs are gone.

PAUL

(yells)

JOANNE!!!

HALLWAY

Paul nearly blasts the door off its hinges trying to get out of there. He charges into the room directly across the hall.

KALEY'S ROOM

It's pitch dark in here.

Paul has to squint until his eyes adjust.

Kaley's lifeless corpse is in her bed, facing him.

Her eyes are now gone as well.

A considerable pool of blood has formed on the floor under her bed, trailing back to her throat.

PAUL

Oh shit! What the f--

(yells)

JOANNE!

HALLWAY

Paul rushes out of Kaley's room, frantically searching his pockets for his phone. He finds it and accidentally engages its "flashlight" feature. The light silhouettes him as he fumbles with it on his way into --

LOGAN'S ROOM

Paul stops dead in his tracks. He drops the phone.

Joanne looms over Logan's crib with her back to the door.

Paul hurries up to her.

PAUL

Joanne! Jesus Christ. What happ--

In one fluid movement, she spins around, her empty eyes facing him and THRUSTS the DVD shiv into the side of his fleshy neck.

Blood spurts as she yanks it back out.

Paul screams and clutches the gushing wound.

Joanne PLUNGES it into his neck again!

And again.

HALLWAY

He falls backward into the hall and collapses to the floor.

Joanne lunges through the door and lands on top of him.

She STABS the shiny, plastic shard wildly into his face, neck and throat, over and over again.

Until he stops moving. The remnants of his face now unrecognizable.

Joanne starts working on the eyes.

She uses the shard to POP Paul's left eye from its socket.

She grabs it with her other hand and SAWS through the optic nerve with the broken piece of plastic.

She sets the eyeball aside with care.

And now for the right one.

She repeats the same gruesome process again, POPPING it out and SAWING through the nerve. This one takes a bit longer to sever completely.

She picks up Paul's other eyeball and rises to her feet.

INT. PAUL'S TRUCK

Thunder CRACKS loudly enough to wake Matty as the heavy rain persists. He sits up and looks out through the windshield.

Lightning FLASHES.

Realizing he's home, he grabs his backpack, opens the door and climbs out.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Matty shields himself from the rain with his coat as he runs up to the front door of the house.

INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Matty shakes off the water as he enters the house. He pushes the door CLOSED and kicks off his shoes.

He looks around. Not a soul in sight. Did his dad really go to bed and leave him to sleep in the truck?

MATTY

(scoffs to himself)

Thanks for waking me up, Dad. What the hell?

He wanders through the dark toward the kitchen.

KITCHEN

He FLIPS on the range hood light on his way to the fridge.

He opens it and scans for something easy to eat.

Nothing. Nothing good, anyway.

He SLAMS it shut with a loud sigh and turns to check the cupboards. As he rummages through them, something catches his eye on the counter next to Kaley's glowing pumpkin.

The blender.

It looks like there's something in it.

He's intrigued just enough to peer inside...

Four. Human. Eyeballs.

MATTY

Whoa!

He recoils at first before cynically deciding that he's being had. He smirks to himself.

MATTY

(yells out)

Nice try, Kaley! You should probably go get some psychiatric help now!

He takes another quick peek at the eyeballs in the blender and shakes his head.

MATTY

Ugh.

When he turns to leave, he sees her.

Joanne stands silently in the foyer.

He can see right away that her eyes are missing with bloodstains running from the empty sockets.

He quickly dashes out of her sight line, if she has one, and takes cover behind the end of the counter in the darkest corner of the kitchen.

He's breathing hard but does his best to keep quiet as he watches Joanne enter the kitchen.

Her footsteps are silent on the ceramic tile floor. She appears to be unaware of his presence.

She goes straight over to the counter --

-- and adds Paul's eyes to the blender.

Matty watches in horror as she puts the lid in place and turns the blender ON.

The noise SCREAMS through the otherwise silent house.

Joanne just stands there, holding the lid in place and waiting, as if she were making fruit smoothies.

Finally, she STOPS it.

She picks up the jug, removes the lid and tosses it into the sink with a loud CLANK.

She lifts the jug up to her mouth and starts to GUZZLE the vile eyeball puree.

Matty can't believe what he's seeing.

The pinkish goo drips from her mouth as she finishes it off.

She unceremoniously tosses the glass jug into the sink as well, SHATTERING it.

And then, she just stands there, head down, facing the sink.

No movement.

Matty watches her, helplessly. What now?!

LATER

The first traces of morning light begin to creep through the kitchen window.

Joanne remains in the exact same spot. She hasn't moved an inch. She doesn't even appear to be breathing.

Matty hasn't moved either, his eyes glued on Joanne.

But he's thinking about making a run for it. He slowly extends one leg out in front of him without a sound. Followed by the other.

She still hasn't moved.

He uses the edge of the counter to carefully pull himself to his feet. He manages to get himself upright without drawing her attention.

It's obvious that his legs are seriously lacking in circulation at this point. He steadies himself against the counter and searches the immediate area for any sort of weapon. The block of kitchen knives are too close to Joanne.

Then he spots the lighter fluid on the table.

He risks one wobbly but deliberate step toward the door.

Still no reaction from Joanne.

He takes another step. And another.

His eyes shift between his feet and Joanne with every step.

Joanne remains impossibly still.

His pace quickens a bit as he crosses the halfway point of the kitchen. And then, he goes for it.

He swipes the lighter fluid from the table on his way by and hurries past her and out of the kitchen as fast as he's able.

FOYER

Matty keeps running all the way to the front door. He takes the time to shove his shoes on, stepping down on the backs.

He looks back at the kitchen.

Joanne has turned. She faces him now.

Logan starts CRYING upstairs.

Hearing this, Matty looks at Joanne and then up the stairs.

Joanne suddenly CHARGES at him!

He starts scrambling up the steps.

Joanne catches up to him faster than he would have imagined possible. She grabs his leg and BITES it, causing him to drop the lighter fluid near the top of the staircase.

Joanne pulls him back down the steps toward her.

Matty KICKS her square in the face. She stumbles back a couple steps but lunges at him again.

It buys him the inches he needs to grab the lighter fluid from the step above him.

He turns over and BLASTS her eye sockets with the fluid.

Joanne clutches her face and lets loose some inhuman HOWL before tumbling all the way to the bottom of the staircase.

HALLWAY

Matty finally reaches the top.

He sees his dad's body lying on the floor at the end of the hall, his eyes removed.

MATTY
(yells)
DAD!!!

Matty approaches the corpse, his fears now confirmed. His eyes well up with tears.

MATTY
(crying)
KALEY?! Where are you?!

He runs over to Kaley's door and KICKS it open.

KALEY'S ROOM

Her eyeless body stares back at him from her bed.

MATTY

Shit!

Logan CRIES out again.

Matty takes off with renewed purpose.

HALLWAY

As soon as he turns to leave Kaley's doorway --

Joanne! She's at the top of the stairs now. She rushes at him, grabbing onto his backpack.

Matty screams. He fights his way free of her grasp and sprints down the hall to Logan's room.

He jumps over his dad's body and through the door.

LOGAN'S ROOM

Logan's crying is even louder now.

Paul's legs are sticking through the doorway, preventing Matty from closing the door.

He grabs both of Paul's legs and shoves them out into the hallway. He stands and starts pushing the door closed --

Joanne's hand shoots into the room, clawing wildly at him.

He SLAMS the door hard on her arm and THROWS all of his weight against it.

Joanne HISSES and SNARLS like a rabid animal.

He sees something on the floor at his feet. A light.

Paul's phone. The flashlight feature still engaged.

Matty keeps CRASHING his shoulder into the door, repeatedly JAMMING it on her arm.

Finally, she relents and pulls her hand out of the room.

Matty SLAMS it closed and falls back against it.

BANG...BANG...

She's still SMASHING into it from the other side.

BANG...BANG...

BANG...BANG...

BANG.....

The banging stops.

Gasping for air, Matty stays frozen in place, back against the door with his arms and legs outstretched.

Logan is really upset now, barely stopping to breath between his cries.

Rain pours into the room through the smashed window. The wind WHIPS the soaking curtains around, SMACKING them against the inside of the window frame.

After a moment of no activity from the other side of the bedroom door, Matty runs over to the baby's change table and starts PUSHING...

He manages to muscle the heavy piece of furniture into place quickly, shoving it tight against the door.

With the room at least temporarily secured, Matty picks up his dad's phone.

Its "flashlight" has been burning away for some time now.

The battery is at 1%.

Matty frantically switches the phone's light off. He opens the keypad screen and dials...9...1...1...

He brings the phone to his ear...

...nothing.

He checks the battery again.

It's dead. The screen is black.

He throws the phone down in frustration and starts looking for a way out of here.

There's only one option. The window.

FOYER

Joanne's hand picks up the lighter fluid from the top step.

EXT. JOANNE'S HOUSE. LOGAN'S WINDOW - DAWN

The morning sun has broken, but the darkened skies and heavy rain keep it at bay.

Matty sticks his head out through the smashed pane of glass.

It's at least twenty feet to the ground.

He spies an archaic TV antenna attached to the side of the old farmhouse, running almost all the way down.

FOYER

Joanne empties the entire bottle of lighter fluid onto the bench near the front door.

LOGAN'S ROOM

Matty WHIPS his backpack off of his shoulders and RIPS it open. He dumps its contents on the floor and hurries over to the crib.

FOYER

Joanne's carries Kaley's jack-o-lantern up over her head.

She SMASHES it down onto the bench into a dozen pieces. The candle inside IGNITES the bench. It goes up in flames fast.

LOGAN'S ROOM

Poor Logan is still screaming non-stop.

Matty picks the baby up out of the crib and holds him close for a moment.

MATTY
Sshhh...Sshhhhhh...

He bounces in place, desperately trying to calm him down.

BANG...

Matty jumps!

She's back.

BANG...BANG...

He kneels down and gently places Logan inside the backpack and ZIPS it shut.

BANG...BANG...

Joanne has forced the door open enough now to get her arm through. She shoves her HISSING face into the opening.

Matty darts over to the window. He KICKS as much of the broken glass away as he can before swinging one leg through.

HALLWAY

Joanne BUSTS through the door and enters the baby's room.

EXT. JOANNE'S HOUSE. LOGAN'S WINDOW

Matty has his left hand on the antenna. He grasps it as tightly as possible in the pouring rain.

Joanne bursts out of the window behind him! She moans like some sort of pissed-off zombie.

She grabs onto him by the backpack.

Matty's right arm and leg are still clinging tightly to the window frame.

Joanne CHOMPS down on Matty's fingers!

He cries out in pain and lets go of the window.

His body swings free but he manages to maintain his hold on the antenna. He plants both feet against the side of the house. His hands SLIP on the wet steel antenna causing him to slide down a couple feet but he regains his grip.

He looks back to the window.

She's gone.

The thunder CRACKS again.

Matty slides the rest of the way down the antenna, landing on his butt in the muddy water below.

BACK YARD

He scrambles to his feet and checks in the backpack.

Logan is still crying but he seems okay.

Matty ZIPS it back up and pulls it over his shoulders as he bolts around the corner of the house.

FRONT YARD

Matty sees the flames now RAGING inside.

The front door is open.

Joanne is standing there. The fire blocks her exit.

But she's not snarling and hissing anymore.

JOANNE

(cries)

Matty!

Matty freezes.

JOANNE

Matty, it's me! I'm sorry! I need help. I don't know what's wrong with me. Please! Help me!

He stands glaring at her in the rain, halfway between the house and the driveway.

DARKNESS

From her perspective, she can somehow envision or "see" the flames in front of her and the pounding rain outside against a nebulous backdrop of pure darkness.

And the shape of Matty displacing the falling rain, standing in the front yard, staring back at her.

FRONT YARD

Logan CRIES in the backpack.

Matty's eyes are locked on Joanne's ghastly visage.

Joanne "stares" back at him, pleadingly.

JOANNE
(sobbing)
Matty! Help me! PLEASE!

The standoff lasts a few moments more. Matty looks at the truck in the driveway and back to Joanne.

JOANNE
...help us...

Matty turns and sprints as fast as he can to Paul's truck.

INT. FOYER

Joanne's demeanor instantly shifts from pleading to pissed.

She exits the house, striding right through the inferno.

DRIVEWAY

Matty climbs up to the passenger side of the truck, yanks the door open and clambers in.

INT. PAUL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Matty WHACKS his fist down on both door locks before looking back at the house through the windshield.

She's not there.

The fire is ripping through the interior of the house quickly while the rain seems to be keeping the shell intact, for now.

He scans rest of the yard.

No sign of her.

The RAIN is loud on the roof of the truck. Matty pulls the backpack onto his lap and UNZIPS it.

Poor Logan looks cold and miserable stuffed in there, but he's quiet. All cried out.

Matty pulls off his wet sweater and wraps it around the baby inside the backpack with Logan's head poking out the top.

He holds him close, trying to keep him warm.

He checks the yard again. No Joanne.

Finally, he checks the ignition.

The keys are still there.

MATTY

Yes!

He CRANKS the key. The engine ROARS to life.

MATTY

(to Logan)

It's okay, Buddy. We're getting the hell outta here right now.

Matty slides over into the driver's seat.

SMASH!

The old alternator CRASHES into the windshield.

Matty instinctively covers his face with his arms.

The alternator remains stuck in the glass. Cracks splinter out from the impact across the windshield in all directions.

Matty watches as Joanne climbs up onto the hood of the rig.

Her ocular cavities are on fire!

MATTY

Oh shit!

EXT. PAUL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Joanne stands on the hood, looking in at them through the cracked windshield with her flaming eye cavities. The edges of her nightgown are smoldering too.

She starts STOMPING the glass with her bare foot.

INT. PAUL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

BANG...BANG...

Joanne's bloody foot SMASHES relentlessly against the windshield.

BANG...BANG...

She BUSTS through.

Matty ZIPS Logan into the backpack again and sets him on the passenger seat.

He starts disengaging the rig's various safety protocols. His dad has clearly shown him a thing or two.

He looks up at Joanne with a scowl.

The rain extinguishes her flaming eyes, causing them to smoke. The edges of her sockets are now charred and black.

MATTY

Buckle up, Bitch.

He punches a yellow diamond switch on the dash and throws the truck into gear. It starts rolling downhill toward the house.

EXT. PAUL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Joanne grabs the protruding alternator with both hands and YANKS it free. She lifts it above her head and SPIKES it down on what remains of the windshield.

INT. PAUL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The alternator BUSTS straight through the glass and SMASHES Matty square in the face!

He immediately slumps forward into the steering wheel.

Out cold.

EXT. PAUL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The truck continues to careen toward the burning house.

Joanne reaches into the cab and SNATCHES the backpack.

With seconds to spare, she jumps from the hood of the moving tractor to the saturated lawn below.

FRONT YARD

The rig SMASHES through the front wall of the house almost PLOWING clear through to the back yard before it stops.

The raging inferno quickly envelops the truck, including the tanker it's hauling.

Joanne rises to her feet and stares blankly at all of the destruction.

DARKNESS

She can see the energy of the fire and the rain through the darkness.

Looking down, she can also see some form of glowing energy emanating from something at her feet.

FRONT YARD

The backpack. It's moving. Slightly.

Joanne picks it up and RIPS it open.

Logan looks up at her, exhausted.

She just "stares" at him.

He starts to cry.

She pulls him out of the backpack...

...and pulls him in close. He nuzzles into her neck.

Joanne starts walking. Away.

DRIVEWAY

Finally, the rain has subsided.

Joanne reaches the end of the long driveway. Baby Logan has fallen asleep in her arms.

Her face still devoid of emotion, she lies down on the ground next to the mailbox and curls up into a fetal position, holding her grandson tightly in both arms.

BOOM!

A massive EXPLOSION in the distance as the tanker finally blows. Logan shudders a bit but somehow sleeps through it.

A huge plume of smoke rises up into the sky behind them.

Joanne doesn't even flinch. Her charred and empty ocular cavities glare straight at us.

CUT TO:

ONE YEAR LATER**INT. DALLAS NIGHTMARE HORRORFEST. MAIN STAGE - DAY**

The room is packed again. Everyone is riveted to whatever is playing on the projection screen. Intense MUSIC blares as the footage comes to an end.

The audience erupts in CRAZY APPLAUSE.

On the stage, Brent stands up from his seat, himself clapping gleefully. He raises his mic to speak.

BRENT

Wow! There you have it. Your
exclusive first look at Beholder:
Redemption! What did you guys
think? Pretty exciting, huh?

More CHEERING and APPLAUSE.

Across the stage, a long table set up panel-style with six people seated behind individual table mics.

At the far end...

Joanne.

She smiles wide and claps her hands. She's gotten herself a pair of incredibly lifelike prosthetic eyes, not to mention some plastic surgery. There's some minimal scarring around her eyes, but all things considered, she looks fantastic.

BRENT

I want to thank all of you for
coming. And, in particular, I'd
like to acknowledge Ms. Joanne
Harvey who, in the face of
unspeakable tragedy, has risen up
like a phoenix to take part in this
project and to join us here to
discuss it today.

Everyone CLAPS for her.

She smiles and waves.

BRENT

And, at the risk of sounding callous, I do have one final question for you, Joanne, that I simply must ask.

JOANNE

(smiles)

Okay.

BRENT

Do you still believe that The Beholder is cursed?

She considers the question.

The audience hangs in eager anticipation of her response.

JOANNE

No. If anything, it's been a blessing. Being asked to take part in the sequel and getting to work with all of these amazingly talented people...

(beat)

...it's given us a whole new lease on life. Thank you all.

BRENT

Oh? And who do you mean by "us"?

JOANNE

Sorry. I meant my grandson and I. It's just the two of us now as you know.

BRENT

Of course. My apologies.

JOANNE

That's okay.

(points to audience)

And thanks to all of you, especially! It's such an honor be a part of something that means so much to so many people. Thank you!!!

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE!

BRENT

Joanne Harvey, everyone! And the
cast of Beholder: Redemption!

The CHEERS continue as the cast members all stand.

Joanne stands too. She's holding a long, white cane for the
visually impaired. She pops a pair of shades on as one of her
CASTMATES helps her down from the stage.

As he leads her down the steps he loses his footing and FALLS
from the stage to the floor.

Everyone GASPS.

JOANNE

Oh my God! Are you okay?

The poor guy clutches his ankle, wincing in pain.

CASTMATE

I'm not sure. I heard it snap. I
think it's broken.

BRENT

(into mic)

Can we get medical in here right
away, please!

Joanne steps back out of the way as people flock to his aid.

The slightest trace of a smile crosses her lips.

END