

THE GRUDGE

Written by

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Inspired by the film
"Ju-On" by Takashi Shimizu

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Nurses, doctors and orderlies bounce about the bright halls of the nursing home amidst the morning bustle. Patients on foot and in wheelchairs emerge from their rooms greeting the morning with smiles on their faces.

We follow FAITH MATHESON (70) as she wheels herself down the hall in her wheelchair. An orderly greets her as he passes.

ORDERLY

Mornin' Mrs. Matheson.

The old woman nods and continues down the hallway past the nurses station.

NURSE

How ya doin' Mrs. Matheson?

Again she nods, smiling blankly as she continues on down the sunlit hallway. A doctor peels out of a patient's room and into the hall.

DOCTOR

Mrs. Matheson! You're out and about awfully early. Heading out for a walk?

FAITH

Mhmm.

She wheels her chair past the elevator bank and at the end of the hallway she turns the corner. At the top of the steep staircase, she stops and waits. She peers down the steps. They seem to go on forever.

And just then, she wheels herself down the staircase.

Tumbling violently down six flights of stairs. Her body breaking and smashing under the weight of the chair and the force of her body hitting each step.

At the bottom of the stairwell, she lays broken under her mangled wheelchair.

From above, nurses pour into the stairwell screaming.

NURSE (O.S.)

Oh my god! Oh my god!

Feet shuffle overhead in a panic.

CUT TO BLACK.

(Titles play over black.)

WHEN SOMEONE DIES IN THE GRIP OF A POWERFUL **RAGE** ...

... A **CURSE** IS BORN.

THE CURSE GATHERS IN THE PLACE OF **DEATH**.

THOSE WHO ENCOUNTER IT WILL BE CONSUMED BY ITS **FURY**.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD: **THE GRUDGE**

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS:

A barrage of horror.

A morbid take on the *To Kill a Mockingbird* credits.

An abstract collage of images, extreme close ups, in and out of focus.

Crime scene photos from all over America, all different decades.

But all suburban homes.

Families face down on basement floors.

Cops in bloody rooms.

Child-sized bodies in child-sized body bags.

Blood splattered living rooms.

Blood soiled bed sheets.

An artful but horrific depiction of the viscera of crime scene details.

Mashed together into some nightmarish sort of montage.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "PETER & NINA"

2

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

2

NINA SPENCER (40), five months pregnant, lays in a hospital gown on the exam table. Her husband PETER SPENCER (42), stands by her side holding her hand. Bags under his eyes, he looks like he hasn't slept in weeks. But there's an anxious look on both of their faces.

A nurse rubs iodine over Nina's pregnant belly while another nurse preps large needles in the background. The nurse rubbing iodine takes a large needle from the other nurse and turns to Nina with a smile.

NURSE

Don't worry. Amnios are pretty routine for women your age.

Nina puts on a bashful smile, stung by the comment. The nurse in the background rubs gel onto the sonogram wand and holds it to Nina's belly. A grainy black and white image appears on the screen beside the exam table.

NURSE (CONT'D)

This is the poke. Put your elbows down at your side.

The nurse slowly lowers the large needle into Nina's womb.

NURSE (CONT'D)

That's the needle, does it hurt?

Nina shakes her head.

NINA

No.

NURSE

This is where you're gonna feel a cramp.

Nina clamps down hard on Peter's hand. On the screen, the shiny gleaming needle pokes through the amniotic sac with a bounce. Nina winces in pain.

NURSE (CONT'D)

That's it.

The shining tip of the needle lowers closer and closer to the black mass in the center of the screen. There's an odd tension in the otherwise clinical moment as the needle approaches closer and closer to the baby inside.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Do you see it? That's your baby.

The nurse looks to the couple with a smile. Peter, grinning from ear to ear, can't take his eyes off the screen. But Nina doesn't look, she doesn't even turn her head. Tears well in her eyes and Peter sees something's wrong.

PETER
How ya doin'?

She wipes away the tears.

NINA
I'm okay.

She turns to the screen and puts on a fake smile.

NURSE
Almost done.

The nurse screws a syringe onto the needle emerging from Nina's belly and pulls the plunger back. The syringe fills with a yellowish liquid.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Do you know the gender?

Nina's quick to respond.

NINA
No.

Peter looks at her and she smiles.

NINA (CONT'D)
We want to be surprised.

But there's dishonesty in her voice.

3 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

3

Peter and Nina sit across the desk from DR. MAHER.

DR. MAHER
Like I told you from the start,
there's always a high risk of birth
defect for women your age.

The couple's expressions are blank stares of understanding.

NINA
And you found something?

The doctor is matter of fact but sympathetic.

DR. MAHER
We spotted a chromosomal
abnormality.

It's quiet for a moment.

DR. MAHER (CONT'D)
The likelihood that you're child
will be born with ALD is high.

Nina's stomach drops.

DR. MAHER (CONT'D)
I know we've previously discussed
various possibilities, but if you
have any questions now, please
don't hesitate to ask.

PETER
So what does this mean... in terms
of time?

A glassy, far off look in his eyes.

DR. MAHER
You'll have a healthy child for
four to five years.

NINA
And then what about after that?

DR. MAHER
Best case? Your child will live
another two to five years. Life
beyond the age of ten is unlikely.
And the older they get, the worse
they respond to the treatment.

The revelation is devastating.

DR. MAHER (CONT'D)
I can put you in touch with some
other families. It helps to hear
from other parents about the
realities of this.

After a moment, Peter looks up. Hope, dim in his eyes.

PETER
But there's still a chance? That
our baby will be healthy?

4

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

4

Peter driving, Nina in the passenger seat beside him. They drive along a small suburban highway as it rains. The yellow lines speed by on the wet pavement. A silent tension cuts through the car.

Nina stares blankly out the window. But Peter has a look in his eye like he's about to explode.

After a while he can't take it anymore.

PETER

You don't want to do this, do you?

She doesn't respond. She just keeps staring out the window.

PETER (CONT'D)

You have to say *something*.

NINA

I don't know. I don't think I can handle this.

PETER

No one's prepared to handle something like this. But you figure it out.

NINA

I *just* wrapped my head around being a parent. But I didn't sign up for *this*.

She can tell it breaks his heart. It's quiet again. The rain beats down on the windshield. Peter stares at the windshield wipers as they sway steadily back and forth.

Finally, he breaks the silence.

PETER

Let's stop at the Landers'.

Nina doesn't respond, her mind somewhere else.

PETER (CONT'D)

I want to drop off the papers on our way home.

5

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

5

Heavy rain beats down on the manicured lawns. The wind whistles through the trees.

The signpost on the corner reads: "REYBURN DRIVE". Peter and Nina pull up to a driveway at the end of the cul-de-sac and park on the street.

At the top of the driveway is a two-story mid-century modern ranch. A "FOR SALE" sign planted in the front lawn. House number 44. This is the LANDERS' HOUSE.

PETER

I'll be quick.

Peter gets out of the car. Nina watches as he walks towards the house.

6 EXT. THE LANDERS HOUSE - DAY

6

Peter walks up the driveway, passing the FOR SALE sign mounted on the front lawn. The sign sports a cheesy, smiling photo of Peter and Nina, before the pregnancy, and the words "SPENCER REALTY".

The rain has started to come down harder, a dark cloud now casting ominous shadows overhead. Peter gets to the front door and knocks. Nothing. He waits a few moments and knocks again. Still nothing.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out his phone. He dials a number and holds the cell phone to his ear. The land line inside the house starts ringing.

Peter looks into the windows. The house is empty and dark. No sign of anyone. The phone just keeps ringing as he stares into the seemingly empty house. The call goes to voicemail and he hangs up the phone.

He looks down to the real estate issued lock box hanging from the doorknob. He punches in the code and retrieves the key from inside. He unlocks the door, and pushes it open.

He sets one foot inside, and leans in.

PETER

Hello? *Anybody home?*

7 INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

7

From afar, Nina watches her husband. There's something captivating about the house, transfixing.

She turns back to the street in front of her. Her eyes watching the rain beat down. The sound of the rain is hypnotic. Her mind is somewhere else.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Startled, she flinches.

It's Peter, knocking on the window, motioning for her to unlock the door. She breathes a sigh of relief. She unlocks the door and he gets in.

PETER
No one's home.

Wet, tired, and annoyed, Peter starts the car.

PETER (CONT'D)
I'll try again in the morning.

After a beat:

NINA
You think something happened?

PETER
Like what?

NINA
I don't know. Doesn't he seem a little off?

PETER
The husband?

NINA
Yeah. Like too nice, or something.

Peter shakes his head.

PETER
I think he's painfully normal.

They drive away.

The house sits there, watching, waiting.

8 INT. THE SPENCER HOME (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

8

Peter and Nina sit at the kitchen table eating dinner. They eat in silence not looking up from their meals. It's terribly tense. Finally, Peter breaks the silence.

PETER
Can we talk about this? I can't just sit here in silence like this and pretend like nothing's wrong.

NINA

I don't know what you want me to say.

PETER

I want you to tell me what's going on. Talk to me. I'm nervous too. I haven't had a good night sleep in weeks. And not knowing what's going on with you is making this all so much harder.

Her eyes downcast, she sighs. After a moment Nina responds.

NINA

I didn't want to have this baby in the first place. But... you so badly did.

It's hard to choke out the words. They send a bullet through Peter.

NINA (CONT'D)

I just love you so much. I wanted to do it for you.

PETER

Don't put this on me.

NINA

I really thought... I thought I'd feel differently once I was pregnant. And I started to. But this...

She looks at her husband across the table, he's destroyed. She can see the sadness in his eyes.

NINA (CONT'D)

Are you mad?

PETER

No. I'm not mad.

He's quiet.

PETER (CONT'D)

It's just... we're getting older, and I don't know, I just feel like this is our last chance.

She doesn't know what to say.

NINA
I'm sorry.

PETER
Don't apologize. Just tell me what
you want to do.

They sit there in silence.

9

INT. THE SPENCER HOME (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

9

Unable to sleep, Peter lays awake in bed. His pregnant wife is fast asleep next to him. A bottle of sleeping pills sits on the nightstand beside Peter. He eyes the pills, but he turns away.

He lays there, staring at the ceiling, lost in thought. Nina rolls over. Her eyes still closed, half asleep, she groggily mutters to him.

NINA
It's so cold. Can you turn up the
heat baby?

He looks over at her, sound asleep like a baby. As though she never moved at all. He feels like he's losing it.

He gets up and goes to the thermostat. It *is* awfully cold. He turns up the heat and gets back into bed.

He lays there. He tries to close his eyes and fall asleep. But suddenly, he hears footsteps. Light gentle footsteps in the hallway outside. He opens his eyes.

It's quiet. But then, more footsteps. He waits. Nothing.

He sits up and checks on his wife. She's still asleep. And then again, more footsteps. He turns to the door and sits there for a moment waiting. His heart racing.

And then the sound of a door opening down the hall. His heart skips a beat. He peels back the sheets and steps out of bed.

Slowly, he moves towards the door. He reaches for the doorknob, and gently eases the door open.

10

INT. THE SPENCER HOME (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

10

Peter peers out from the bedroom. At the other end of the hallway, there's a door pushed open. All the lights in the house are off. Except for the room at the end of the hall.

Peter walks down the hallway towards the room. Step by step his heart beats faster.

Just then, the sound of a little girl laughing. Coming from inside the room. Oddly mechanical sounding. But it makes Peter stop dead in his tracks.

It's quiet in the house. He turns and looks back to the bedroom where his pregnant wife lays sleeping. And then back to the room at the end of the hall. He takes a breath and steps closer to the open door.

He stands outside the door and slowly pushes it open.

11 INT. THE SPENCER HOME (NURSERY) - NIGHT 11

Inside is a baby's nursery. But there's no one in the room. He breathes a sigh of relief.

He gazes at all the toys and furniture they've purchased in preparation for the special moment and smiles.

Then he notices something. Across the room, there's a doll on the floor. He stares at it for a moment.

He walks to the doll and picks it up. He looks down, the doll's porcelain face staring back at him.

He squeezes the doll and it emits a mechanical little laugh. The sound he'd just heard out in the hall. He laughs to himself and puts the doll back up on the shelf.

He stands in the doorway taking one last look before he goes. A deep sadness comes over him. He turns off the lights and walks out of the room.

12 INT. THE SPENCER HOME (HALLWAY) - NIGHT 12

Peter heads down the hallway towards the bathroom. But unbeknownst to him, a little girl quietly peels out of the nursery behind him.

She crosses the hallway into the shadows and out of sight.

13 INT. THE SPENCER HOME (BATHROOM) - NIGHT 13

Peter's in the shower. The small tiled bathroom is filled with steam. Anxiety sweeps through him in waves. He lowers his head, breathing deeply. The shower stream beating down on the back of his head, a steady pulsing to the sound.

He reaches for the bottle of shampoo and squirts a handful into his palm. He closes his eyes and rubs the shampoo into his hair.

A thick, oozing yellow substance bubbles up from the drain, pooling at his feet. He can feel the sticky muck between his toes. He opens his eyes and looks down. But there's nothing there. He closes his eyes and continues to wash his hair.

Outside the shower, a mirror is mounted to the wall above the sink. For a moment, through the fogged shower door, through the billows of steam, in the reflection, it seems as though there's a ghostly figure standing behind Peter in the shower. Her arms wrapped around him.

His hands reach back as he rinses the lather from his hair. And as he reaches back, he feels the woman behind him.

Startled, his eyes shoot open and he gasps as he spins around to see who's in the shower behind him. But there's no one there.

He turns off the shower and slides open the Plexiglas door. He takes a towel from the rack and dries himself off. He stands in front of the mirror. His reflection abstracted by the fog. He wipes away the condensation with his hand, clearing his reflection in the mirror. He stands there staring at himself. Alone in the room.

14

INT. THE SPENCER HOME (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

14

Still unable to sleep, Peter once again lays awake in bed, staring at the ceiling. He turns and eyes the jar of sleeping pills. He thinks. Then reaches over to the nightstand and takes the jar. He shakes one into his hand and then one more. He swallows the pills and lays down. He closes his eyes and tries to fall asleep.

The moon shines brightly through the sheer curtains covering the windows. The room is dark, but an odd sound creeps up. At first, it seems as though it's just the wind. Or the creaking of the house. But the sound is something else.

In the darkest corner across the room, the closet door is pushed open, only ever so slightly. As Peter finally succumbs to the waves of sleep, in his final moments of consciousness, it's as if he can feel someone breathing on the back of his neck in the bed next to him.

And standing behind the closet door, you can almost make out the shape of a young girl standing in the shadows. One eye peering out. Her form only made out by the moonlight reflecting off her dark hair and the black of her eye.

15 INT. THE SPENCER HOME (HALLWAY) - DAY

15

The next morning, Peter walks out of the bedroom to find his wife standing in the doorway of the nursery peering in. He watches her for a moment before he speaks.

PETER

Hi.

She turns.

NINA

Hi.

PETER

How do you feel?

She's quiet. She shakes her head.

NINA

I don't know.

He goes to her and puts his arm around her.

PETER

It'll be okay. We'll figure it out.

They stand there together for a moment staring into the nursery. Peter turns to his wife.

PETER (CONT'D)

You want breakfast? Lemme make you something.

She turns to him and smiles.

NINA

You? Cook?

PETER

What? I'm a good cook.

She heads down the stairs, calling back playfully over her shoulder as she goes.

NINA

So you're just gonna burn the place down? Is that how we're gonna deal with this?

He laughs.

PETER
Arson's not my thing. I'm too much
of a wimp for all the flames.

16 EXT. THE LANDERS HOUSE - DAY 16

Peter pulls up in front of the Landers house. That odd, mid-century modern home on the cul-de-sac. House number 44. Rain beats down under the dark clouds overhead.

17 INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY 17

As he approaches the house, the car radio, playing the news, suddenly cuts to choppy static. For a moment, there's a strange wheezing sound that emerges. But he puts the car in park, shuts the engine, and rushes out into the rain.

18 EXT. THE LANDERS HOUSE - DAY 18

He hurries up the long driveway, holding his bag over his head to shield him from the rain. But as he approaches the front door, he has a strange feeling. An odd sound pokes through the whistle of the wind. That same wheeze.

He rings the doorbell. No answer. He rings again. But the house remains silent. He knocks on the door.

PETER
Hello?

He waits. Nothing. He tries again.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hello?

Still nothing. He sighs. He takes out his phone and dials the number. The phone just rings and rings inside the house. He hangs up the phone and knocks one more time.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hello?

The wind flaps the papers of the contract in his hands. He peers into the window beside the door. The house looks empty. He takes a step back and thinks for a moment. He turns the doorknob. It's still unlocked. He opens the door and leans into the entryway of the house.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello?

No one seems to be home. He leans back out and closes the door. He realizes there's something strange about stepping into someone else's dark house. He looks around to see if anyone's been watching.

Across the street is an older woman in a bathrobe and curlers standing at the end of her driveway. A cigarette in one hand, today's newspaper in the other. Who knows how long she's been standing there.

Peter smiles and waves awkwardly. But the woman just stares back at him with a blank, skeptical look. She takes a drag from her cigarette and heads back up her driveway.

Peter turns back to the house. Just as he does, out of the corner of his eye, its as though the side gate creeps open on its own. He stares at it for a moment. He looks around to make sure no ones watching, and then walks through the gate to the side of the house.

There, in the small garden, various everyday items are scattered violently about. A lamp shade, chairs and a table, broken vases and dishes, a scattered fish tank, a broken cooler, smashed flower pots, books and photo albums and garbage bags and groceries.

The mess looks fresh. Flies buzzing all around. The stench of the rotting food is horrific. Peter recoils.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh god.

Looking around the garden, he notices a small mound of dirt in the corner. It looks new, like it's been made in the last few days. He continues toward the back of the garden, taking care not to step on anything. He looks at the mess as he wades through it.

PETER (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

At his feet is a flower pot that looks like it's been burned. Toppled over, its contents are strewn about the walkway. Amongst the charred remains are two burned plane tickets and books about child psychology, developmental disorders, and autism. He reaches down for one of the books.

Just then, he notices something out of the corner of his eye. Staring back at him through the kitchen sliding door, from inside the house is little MELINDA LANDERS (6).

For a moment he's startled by the sight. But he laughs.

PETER (CONT'D)
You scared me.

He walks towards the sliding doors. The little girl just stands there on the other side of the glass. Rocking back and forth, ever so slightly. An odd blank stare across her face. Peter smiles.

PETER (CONT'D)
Are your parents home?

Melinda remains silent, looking back at Peter with dim eyes.

PETER (CONT'D)
Can you hear me?

Her eyes are unfocused as her rocking slows. It seems as if she isn't looking at Peter, but someone behind him.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hello?

The little girl silently steps back, and disappears out through the kitchen door, into the dark shadows of the house.

PETER (CONT'D)
Wait!

He hurries back around to the front door. He reaches for the doorknob and opens the door. He calls out cautiously as he enters the house.

PETER (CONT'D)
I'm coming in.

19 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE - DAY

19

The instant he steps into the house, he feels something terribly ominous rush through him. He freezes. It feels oddly empty. Oddly quiet. More quiet than it should be.

It looks well lived-in. Packed moving boxes are scattered about the rooms. He calls out.

PETER
*Peter Spencer here. I have your
papers with me.*

He waits for a response. But there isn't one.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hello?

Still no response. He walks deeper into the house. Slowly he walks down the hallway. The living room is on his right.

Inside, he sees Melinda sitting limply on the sofa. She just sits there staring off into space. Rocking back and forth.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey there.

The little girl doesn't acknowledge him as he steps into the room.

20 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

20

The dark room is rather large. The curtains are closed, blocking the sun.

PETER

Are your parents home?

The girl remains silent. She stares at a point on the wall absentmindedly as she rocks.

Bags under her eyes. Band-aids covering large scrapes on her knees and the palms of her hands. Her lips terribly chapped. And there's something deeply unsettling about her stare. Her eyes, dark, almost seem to be swollen. Her eyelids bloated.

PETER (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

But Melinda just keeps staring at the wall. Peter sits down on the couch opposite the girl. You can see his readiness for fatherhood in how he interacts with the girl.

PETER (CONT'D)

Where are your parents?

Nothing. He looks around at the mess. His eagerness to help the child in need and unbridled patience are qualities marked only by parenthood.

PETER (CONT'D)

Did something happen?

Still nothing. The house is so quiet. The silence in the room accumulates like cold air. Peter feels a deep sense of foreboding.

He stands and takes his phone from his pocket, unable to sit still from the unease. He dials a number and holds the phone to his ear. It rings and rings. He waits.

Finally, it goes to voicemail.

SAM
(over the phone)
You've reached Sam Landers. Leave a message.

He's clearly nervous, but he puts on a fake calm affect to his voice.

PETER
(into the phone)
Hey there. Peter Spencer here. From Spencer Realty. I'm actually... I'm actually at your house right now. Wanted to get your signature on the closing contracts.

He paces around the room.

PETER (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
I'll try you at work. And your wife's number.

His back to the little girl sitting quietly on the couch.

PETER (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Your daughter's here. Seems like something happened over here.

Just then, the smallest drop of bile dribbles slowly from the little girl's lips to her chin.

PETER (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Just making sure everything's okay.

Feeling the moisture, she looks down casually.

PETER (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Well, yeah, I guess, just give me a call back when you get this. You've got my number.

The girl touches the wetness on her chin and looks down at the smear of bile rubbed across her fingertips.

But Peter doesn't notice. He hangs up the phone.

CUT TO BLACK.

21 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (MELINDA'S BEDROOM) - NIGHT 21

Upstairs, little Melinda Landers paces around her room in a panic. FIONA LANDERS (40), six months pregnant, stands in the doorway, concerned.

FIONA
What's wrong?

MELINDA
I can't find Lisa.

Fiona takes a step towards her daughter.

FIONA
Okay, well let me help you look.

Melinda shrieks.

MELINDA
NO!

The little girl starts to cry. The cries quickly become wails.

She squeezes her eyes tightly shut and starts swinging her fists at her head. Self-inflicting blows to her face.

Fiona rushes to her.

FIONA
Okay, okay. Baby? Baby? You're
okay. *You're okay.*

She sits Melinda down on the ground, while trying to hold the girl by the wrists to prevent her from further hurting herself.

But Melinda keeps screaming.

Fiona, now on the ground reaches over to the bed and pulls a pillow to the floor. She lays Melinda's head onto the pillow, and holds her arms on the ground beside her.

But Melinda keeps screaming. And with her arms restrained, her body thrashes wildly.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Please baby. It's okay. It's okay.

But she keeps thrashing.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Oh god. Sam? Sam?!

No response as the little girl keeps screaming and thrashing.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Sam?! Please?! Where are you?!

Fiona on all fours trying to keep the little girl down.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Please baby. You're okay. SAM?!

But the thrashing continues.

Finally, Fiona lays her body weight down on the girl in an attempt to restrain her.

The adult woman lays on the little girl.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Shhh. Shhh. Shhh.

And the little girl calms down.

Still in a state of high anxiety, Fiona pants as she kneels and gets up off her daughter.

She turns and sees SAM (45) standing in the doorway.

She gasps, momentarily startled by him.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Jesus.

She puts her hand to her heart, trying to calm down.

FIONA (CONT'D)
How long have you been standing there?

The man is slight and balding. He just stands there looking at her.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Were you just standing there watching?

Fiona looks at him disgusted. She shakes her head.

SAM
What?

She gets up off the floor and leaves the room.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: "GOODMAN & MULDOON"

22 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (MASTER BEDROOM) - NIGHT

22

A wedding video plays on the TV in the corner. The sound is muted. A happy couple. A husband and wife at their wedding party. Playfully feeding each other cake, dancing on the dance floor, smiles on their faces. Happier times.

Across the room, DETECTIVE MULDOON (38), the woman on the tape, sits at the edge of the bed. Her service weapon tense in her hand. She rests the gun in her lap.

She looks at the man holding her so lovingly on the video. Tears streaming down her face, she sobs silently. Her body shakes, her arms quiver. With a shaky hand, she pulls back the safety.

Suddenly, there's a knock on her door and a little boy's voice calls through.

BURKE (O.S.)

Mom?

Muldoon's eyes shoot to the door. Quickly, she turns off the TV and hides the gun under the bed. She wipes the tears from her face and calls back.

MULDOON

Yeah?

The door pushes open and BURKE MULDOON (6) stands there wiping tears from his own face.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Can't sleep?

The young boy shakes his head. Muldoon motions for him to come over.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Come here.

The boy sits down beside his mother on the bed and rests his head in her lap. Muldoon pets the boy's hair, comforting him.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

You're alright.

Muldoon's whole mood shifts in the presence of her son. You can really see how much love there is between them.

23 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE - DAY

23

The sun's come up over the town as morning light pours in. Burke sits on the couch in the living room watching cartoons.

Muldoon stands at the counter in the kitchen, frantically making her son's lunch while trying to get dressed for work.

She turns and looks out the window, noticing the school bus pulling up outside. She calls out to her son in the other room.

MULDOON
Burke! *Bus is here!*

24 INT. GOODMAN'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - DAY

24

DETECTIVE GOODMAN (55), weathered and unkempt, stands at the mirror getting dressed for work. The bedroom's decor is old-world and matronly. The lacy curtains don't seem to suit a man this gruff.

He ties his tie with disgruntled precision, watching his hands in auto-pilot as he does it.

25 INT. GOODMAN'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

25

Goodman sits on the couch eating a bowl of cereal watching "*The Price Is Right*". He's got a napkin tucked into the collar of his shirt like a bib to protect his button down shirt. He smokes a cigarette, taking puffs between bites.

The walls are covered in photos that must be decades old. Every photo, child and teenage Goodman with his Mother. Religious paraphernalia lines the shelves, everything from Virgin Mary statues to Rosary Beads and candles.

But the room is littered with old medical equipment. An old hospice bed with the sheets still on it, bed made. A few oxygen tanks sitting by its side, atop each tank an emphysema mask.

26 INT. GOODMAN'S CAR - DAY

26

Detective Goodman sits in his car in the Police Station parking lot. He finishes the end of his cigarette as he watches the officers file into the precinct, starting the day. He reaches for the glove compartment and removes a stack of mass cards and Saint pendants. He puts them into the suit pocket above his heart, tosses the cigarette butt out the window, and gets out of the car.

27 INT. POLICE PRECINCT (KITCHEN) - DAY

27

Goodman stands at the counter pouring a cup of coffee.

DETECTIVE GRECO (O.S.)
Heard they ended up stickin' you
with the new chick.

DETECTIVE GRECO (40) stands in the doorway with a smug look.

GOODMAN
Can't call 'em chicks anymore.

Goodman stirs his coffee as he looks out to the bull pen full of young officers on the other side of the window in the kitchen. Greco walks over and stands by his side taking in the sight.

DETECTIVE GRECO
Buddy of mine in vice said her old
man died of cancer. Real brutal.
Said her kid was alone with him
when he kicked.

Greco shakes his head with a morbid grin.

DETECTIVE GRECO (CONT'D)
Rough shit, huh?

Goodman stares out at the room full of young fresh faces.

GOODMAN
Which one is she?

Greco shrugs.

DETECTIVE GRECO
Hell, I don't know.

28 INT. POLICE PRECINCT (BULL PEN) - DAY

28

Goodman walks into the bull pen. He stands and looks around at the officers bustling around the room crowded with desks. It's loud, but Goodman shouts over the noise.

GOODMAN
Muldoon!

He looks around, expecting someone to respond. He tries again, louder this time.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
Which one of you is Muldoon?

Muldoon pops up at the sound of her name. She stands, looking around for who called her. She looks frazzled. Overwhelmed and out of her element.

29

INT. GOODMAN'S CAR - DAY

29

They drive down small suburban streets, stopping every so often for a stop sign or pedestrian. Goodman drives, stoic and silent. The lack of interaction makes Muldoon nervous. Finally, Goodman breaks the awkward silence.

GOODMAN

You smoke?

Muldoon shakes her head.

MULDOON

No.

GOODMAN

Mind if I smoke?

MULDOON

No.

Goodman takes a cigarette from the pack in his pocket, puts it between his lips and lights it. They drive on in silence.

GOODMAN

How you likin' it round here?

MULDOON

Uh, good. We're still getting settled. It's definitely different.

GOODMAN

That it is. Job'll be a piece of cake after your last beat, though. We rarely get shit out here like you got in the city.

They turn off the street onto a small dirt service road. The drive through a path cut through the trees in the woods.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

Welcome to the middle of nowhere.

About a mile into the woods, Goodman nods to the mess of emergency vehicles in a clearing up ahead.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

We're here.

30

EXT. WOODED STREET - DAY

30

The scene is already buzzing with cop cars and ambulances. Goodman and Muldoon head into the chaos. Uniformed officers escort the detectives under the tape line surrounding the scene.

At the center of the hubbub is a car. It looks untouched. As though it just stopped in the middle of the road. As they approach, they realize what's caused such a stir.

Inside the car, is a woman in her sixties, her seat belt still buckled. But her decaying body is bloated, broken at every joint, and twisted into a macabre human knot. Her eyes wide open in fear.

Goodman is stoic at the sight while Muldoon tries to hide her horror.

MULDOON

How does this even happen?

A uniformed officer standing next to the car chimes in.

OFFICER MICHAELS

Car's been here for months. Doors were locked when we found it. Had to cut it open with the jaws.

Expressionless, Muldoon can't take her eyes off the twists in the woman's body.

GOODMAN

Gruesome, huh?

OFFICER MICHAELS

I'll say.

GOODMAN

Got an ID on her yet?

OFFICER MICHAELS

Sure do.

The officer looks down at his notes.

OFFICER MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Lorna Moody. Sixty-five.

GOODMAN

Why'd it take so long to find her?

OFFICER MICHAELS
This here's a service road, only
just started using it for the
season.

GOODMAN
No one came looking for her?

OFFICER MICHAELS
That's the thing. Feds were *already*
lookin' for her. Turns out she's
one of those assisted suicide
broad.

Muldoon is still staring at the body, deeply disturbed.

MULDOON
M.E. have anything to say?

The officer shoots Goodman a look with a grim smile.

OFFICER MICHAELS
This'll be the best damn Coroner's
report I read all year.

Goodman smiles.

GOODMAN
Find anything on her?

OFFICER MICHAELS
Usual stuff. Got an address though.
Had directions in the glove box. 44
Reyburn Drive. Right down the road
here.

Goodman's stomach drops.

OFFICER MICHAELS (CONT'D)
Place from the Landers case. Weird,
right?

The words send a chill up Goodman's spine. Muldoon can tell
she's missing something.

MULDOON
Why is that weird?

Michaels shoots Goodman a look. Goodman changes the subject.

GOODMAN
Anything else?

Muldoon watches the exchange. She's suspicious.

OFFICER MICHAELS
Got prints all over the body too.
Runnin' em now. But the Feds'll be
here soon.

Goodman stares at the woman in the car.

OFFICER MICHAELS (CONT'D)
Somethin' else, huh? You ever seen
anything like this before?

Entranced by the look in her eyes.

GOODMAN
We'll see.

31 EXT. WOODED STREET - DAY

31

Goodman and Muldoon head back to the car.

MULDOON
What was that back there?

GOODMAN
What?

MULDOON
What's up with the house on
Reyburn?

They get to the car and get in.

GOODMAN
Worked a case there. Sorta stuck
with me. Just strange to see it pop
up again.

MULDOON
What was the case? Could this be
connected?

Goodman shakes his head as he starts the car.

GOODMAN
It was open and shut. This is just
a weird coincidence.

They drive off. Muldoon can tell that Goodman is hiding
something.

32 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

32

The house is small and run down, bought in a foreclosure. Unpacked moving boxes still litter the floor. Muldoon sits at the kitchen table. Laid out in front of her are all the crime scene photos from the body on the highway. She's glued to the images, sifting through the photos and papers for clues. Her dog FRANK lays on the floor, asleep at her feet.

She searches through the web of papers on the table, deep in thought. The images are truly terrifying. All different angles of that poor twisted woman. And those open, dead eyes. She tries to shake the images from her mind.

She picks up a photo of the piece of paper they found in the glove compartment. Scrawled across the small scrap of paper are the words: "44 Reyburn Drive".

BURKE (O.S.)

What are you looking at?

She turns, her son standing there in the doorway.

MULDOON

Hey bud-- hang on second, I don't want you to see this stuff.

BURKE

What is it?

She looks to the gruesome photos on the table.

MULDOON

Stuff for work.

She looks back to her son and smiles.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Ready for bed?

The little boy nods.

33 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (BURKE'S BEDROOM) - NIGHT

33

Muldoon sits in a chair beside her son's bed until he falls asleep. She checks on the boy. He's fast asleep.

Quietly, she creeps out of the room.

34 EXT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (BACKYARD) - NIGHT 34

Muldoon opens the sliding door in the kitchen, letting the dog out into the backyard. The dog runs into the tall grass and starts to sniff. Muldoon steps into the quiet night air while she waits.

35 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (MASTER BEDROOM) - NIGHT 35

It's the middle of the night. Muldoon is awake in bed with her laptop in her lap. The room is dark except for the glow from the computer.

On the screen, she searches the address they'd found at the crime scene.

44 Reyburn Drive.

She scrolls through the results. A number of news sources reporting the same story. She clicks on the first link.

"Murder on Reyburn Drive." She scrolls through the article. "Bodies of mother and daughter found...child's body found with signs of suspected child abuse."

She scrolls down to a picture of the happy family.

"Everyone who knew the family said Sam Landers was nothing but normal. He seemed like a perfect husband and father."

36 INT. POLICE PRECINCT (BULL PEN) - DAY 36

Goodman sits at his desk. He looks up at the clock. Greco walks past.

GOODMAN
Muldoon in yet?

GRECO
Haven't seen her.

Just then, Muldoon bursts in through the front doors. Burke by her side. A panicked look on her face. It looks like she's had hell of a morning.

MULDOON
I'm so sorry! Sitter cancelled on me and I couldn't find another one. I didn't know what else to do with him.

She hurries over to her desk with Burke and pulls up a chair beside it.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Here. Sit here. And just... let me
get settled. Okay?

She's clearly flustered. Goodman shoots the young boy a look. Goodman rolls his eyes and smiles. Burke smiles back.

GOODMAN
Relax. Me and the kid'll find
something to do.

MULDOON
Thank you.

Muldoon puts down her belongings and goes and gets herself a much needed cup of coffee.

37 INT. POLICE PRECINCT (CONFERENCE ROOM) - DAY 37

Burke sits at the enormous table in the middle of the conference room. Goodman wheels in a television on a cart.

GOODMAN
You like movies?

Burke nods.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
Not a lot of options.

He looks down at the two DVDs in his hand. *Se7en* and *48 Hours*. He laughs. He tosses aside *Se7en* and puts the *48 Hours* disc into the DVD player.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
Guess this'll be fine.

38 EXT. POLICE PRECINCT (PARKING LOT) - NIGHT 38

Goodman walks out of the police station for the day and heads to his car. On his way through the parking lot, he notices Muldoon.

MULDOON
Shit. Shit. Shit. God damnit!

She's trying to start her car, but the engine won't start. She sighs and punches the dashboard.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Come on!

Goodman looks at Burke sits patiently in the back seat.
Goodman calls out.

GOODMAN

Ey! Language!

He gestures to Burke giggling in the back of the car.

MULDOON

He's heard it all before.

She revs the engine. It doesn't sound good. Black smoke pours from the exhaust pipe.

GOODMAN

That's what you get for driving a piece of shit.

He's trying to be funny.

MULDOON

Not helpful.

It doesn't land. Goodman walks over.

GOODMAN

What's the problem?

She's pissed.

MULDOON

Who the hell knows. It's what I get for driving a piece of shit, right? You have cables in your car?

He shakes his head.

GOODMAN

Doesn't sound like the battery.

She sighs.

MULDOON

Jesus Christ. I'm supposed to be at orientation for his school in twenty minutes. When did elementary schools start doing orientations?!

GOODMAN

Who's watching the kid?

MULDOON

I was gonna take him with me.

Goodman turns and starts towards his car. With a feigned reluctance he calls back.

GOODMAN

Come on.

39 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

39

Goodman sits on the couch with Burke watching a movie. Burke has fallen asleep. The front door opens and Muldoon walks in. Noticing that Burke is asleep, she's quiet as she enters.

She whispers.

MULDOON

How'd it go?

GOODMAN

Good. Fell asleep after ten minutes. Missed a damn fine movie.

She smiles.

MULDOON

Thank you so much for this.

GOODMAN

Yeah. Of course.

40 INT. POLICE PRECINCT (BULL PEN) - DAY

40

It's early in the morning, and the detectives and other officers have started to file in for the day's work.

Muldoon sits at her desk looking through a case file labeled: "LANDERS". Greco walks over and looks over Muldoon's shoulder at the folder in front of her.

GRECO

You better put that shit away before Goodman sees you.

MULDOON

Why?

Goodman walks in looking like he hasn't slept a wink.

GRECO

Don't say I didn't warn you.

Greco walks back to his desk as Muldoon closes the case file and tucks it beneath a stack of papers on her desk. She's pretending to type up a report when Goodman comes over.

GOODMAN
How's the kid?

MULDOON
He likes you.

Goodman smiles.

GOODMAN
Good.

MULDOON
Hey, any word on the prints from
the other day?

Goodman shakes his head.

GOODMAN
Not our case anymore. Feds took
over last night.

MULDOON
What?

GOODMAN
Nothin' I could do. Already went
through the fifth floor.

MULDOON
What about the house? The one from
the address in the glove box. Did
anyone follow up after we found the
body?

Goodman gets very serious all of a sudden.

GOODMAN
Listen, drop it. It's not our case.

MULDOON
But the evidence we collected is
still...

GOODMAN
Let it go. Not our case.

Detective Greco comes back over as Goodman walks away. Greco looks over to Muldoon and chuckles.

GRECO

Don't worry, it's not cuz you're a woman. Guy's weird to everyone.

Muldoon stands there confused.

MULDOON

What's his story with that house?

GRECO

On Reyburn?

MULDOON

Yeah.

GRECO

Good question. He worked a case there a few months back. Never set foot inside. I've never seen a cop do that.

Muldoon stands there deep in thought, the gears spinning in her head.

GRECO (CONT'D)

Never got the guy who did it either. That always stays with you. Was like he fell off the face of the earth. And that's not an easy thing to do these days. Especially not for guys like this.

MULDOON

You think he's still out there?

Greco shrugs.

GRECO

I don't know. The guy can't be *that* good.

MULDOON

That woman we found. She was at that house.

Greco watches Muldoon.

GRECO

You've got that look in your eye.

He smirks a smug grin and shakes his head.

GRECO (CONT'D)

Let it go.

41 INT. MULDOON'S CAR - DAY

41

Windshield wipers beat away the onslaught of rain as Muldoon drives down a suburban street, eyeing each house as she passes. The street is familiar to us, and when she reaches her destination, we know why.

42 EXT. THE MATHESON HOUSE - DAY

42

Muldoon parks her car at the end of the driveway and gets out at house number 44. We know it as the Landers' house.

Only small superficial details of the home have changed. A new garden and new shutters, no more "For Sale" sign. But the mid-century modern house is just as haunting as ever. Rotten apples lay in the grass beneath the dead apple tree. The lawn is unmowed, and in spite of the face-lift, the house looks unkempt.

Muldoon eyes the house taking it all in and then walks up the driveway. She gets to the front door and knocks. There's no answer. But from inside the house, she can hear the faint sound of a woman crying. She knocks again, calling out.

MULDOON

Hello?

Still nothing. But she can clearly hear the woman crying inside. She knocks again and calls through the door.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Hello? Police Department.

She waits. Nothing, even though she can still hear the woman inside. She knocks one more time.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Is everything alright?

Still no response. She reaches for the door knob and turns it. It's unlocked. Cautiously, she pushes the door open and pokes her head into the house.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Mister and Misses Matheson?

Nothing but the constant crying from another room.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

This is Detective Muldoon. I'm here to ask about a woman we found.

After a few moments she steps into the house.

43

INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE - DAY

43

Once inside the house, the muffled crying grows louder. But otherwise, the house feels vacant. All sounds of the outside world seem to fade away.

At the top of the stairs, Muldoon sees an empty wheelchair. At the foot of the stair, a strange black stain rubbed into the carpet runner.

The cries are coming from a room down the hall. Tense as she walks down the hallway following the sound. She finds her way to the living room.

Inside, is an elderly woman shuffling around the room aimlessly. The old woman from the first scene. As she cries to herself, there's a dull, vacant look in her eyes. Nothing but confusion behind her stare. Muldoon watches the woman wander.

MULDOON

Mrs. Matheson?

She doesn't acknowledge Muldoon. She tries again.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Are you Mrs. Matheson?

The old woman just keeps crying, so frail, wandering around in helpless little circles. She's soiled her pants many times over. The state of the home is disgusting from neglect.

Muldoon takes a step closer to her.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Ma'am, are you alright?

Slowly, Faith turns to look at Muldoon.

FAITH

Will you feed me?

The look on her face, filled with desperation. Her body shakes. Muldoon moves closer to her.

MULDOON

Excuse me?

A lifeless stare behind the woman's eyes.

FAITH

William always used to feed me.

Her hands shuffle in the pockets of her robe.

MULDOON

William?

Just then, out of the corner of her eye, for only a moment, Muldoon sees someone walking down the dark hallway at the top of the stairs. It could have easily just been a shadow. But a sense of unease rushes over her.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Ma'am, is there anyone else home
with you right now?

Suddenly, the woman's crying subsides. Faith sniffles back the tears and hobbles her way slowly to Muldoon. She pulls her hands from her pockets, and takes hold of Muldoon's hands in her gentle grasp.

FAITH

Will you please help me?

Muldoon looks down and there's blood all over her hands.

MULDOON

What is this?

She turns her wrists revealing the old woman's hands.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

The woman's hands are a bloody, mangled, mass of gangrenous flesh. Most of her fingers, chopped up gnarled stumps. Muldoon panics.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

FAITH

Please help me!

MULDOON

Okay, okay.

She picks the frail old woman up and runs frantically to the kitchen.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

It's okay, I got you.

She holds Faith's hands under the faucet, running water over the wounds.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

You're okay, you're okay.

The old woman screams in pain.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
I'm getting help.

Muldoon reaches into her pocket for her cell phone, but its not there.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Shit.

She runs over to the house phone mounted to the wall and picks it up. But the line's dead.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
I'll be right back, please just stay here.

FAITH
Please don't leave me.

MULDOON
I'll be right back, I promise.

Muldoon runs back through the halls of the house. But just before she reaches the front door, she notices someone in the guest bedroom off the main hallway.

Out of breath, she stops in the doorway and looks in. There's an old man sitting in a chair with his back to her, looking out the window.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Mr. Matheson?

No response. She walks towards him.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Mr. Matheson? Are you alright?

She puts her hand on his shoulder. But the man is dead. A rotten and decaying corpse, propped up in that chair for who knows how long.

His eyes cloudy. Maggots crawling from the edges of the sockets and the corners of his mouth.

She screams and runs out of the house.

44 EXT. THE MATHESON HOUSE - DAY

44

Muldoon runs down the long driveway and out to her car. She gets into the drivers seat and picks up the radio dispatch receiver.

MULDOON

Car 646. I need an ambulance at 44
Reyburn.

45 EXT. THE MATHESON HOUSE - DAY

45

An ambulance has arrived and two EMTs are taking the old woman from the house. She's bound to a stretcher. Another EMT sits with Muldoon making sure that none of the blood on her clothes belongs to her.

Muldoon watches as the EMTs put the seemingly catatonic woman into the back of the ambulance. But her eyes are wide and locked on Muldoon. Watching her.

46 INT. MULDOON'S CAR - NIGHT

46

Muldoon drives down a small suburban street, dark from the lack of streetlights. She drives slowly through the dark, trying to illuminate the numbers on the mailboxes with the car's headlights.

The numbers are going up. Numbers 3, 5, 7. Between each house is a streetlight. Each time she passes a light, it illuminates the side mirror of the car. And for a moment, each time, we catch a glimpse of Melinda in the reflection. Sitting in the backseat.

Numbers 9, 11, 13. Finally Muldoon gets to number 15. We don't quite recognize the house in the dark. But the lights are on inside. And something seems familiar.

She gets out of her car and steps out into the pouring rain.

47 EXT. GOODMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

47

Muldoon rings the doorbell. On the front porch, she waits. She can hear the TV on inside. She rings the doorbell again.

From inside the house:

GOODMAN (O.S.)

I heard you the first time.

Muldoon waits and finally Goodman comes to the door. Disgruntled, Goodman opens the door and peers out at Muldoon blankly.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
What're you doing here?

Goodman looks at the blood all over Muldoon's clothes.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
What happened to you?

Muldoon looks down, she'd forgotten how bad she looked.

MULDOON
It's not mine.

GOODMAN
Who's is it?

MULDOON
I went to the Matheson house.

Goodman's heart drops to the pit of his stomach. He tries to hide the fear coursing through him. But he can't.

GOODMAN
Ahh, shit.

48 INT. GOODMAN'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

48

Muldoon sits with Goodman in the living room, surrounded by the medical equipment.

GOODMAN
It's been months now, but... just one of those cases.

The room is dark, lit only by the lamp on the side table.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
Total mess. Whole family murdered.

A game show on the TV in the background.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
Neighbors too.

Goodman chain smokes as he talks.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
Never closed it. Wanted to pin it on the husband.
(MORE)

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

But we never found him. Figured he
got out of the country. Damn shame
of a story.

Pausing between thoughts for a drag or two. The ash tray on
the coffee table is nearly overflowing.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

But something never felt right
about that house.

MULDOON

What do you mean?

Goodman constantly looks back to the TV, checking on the
status of the game show silently.

GOODMAN

I don't know. Just didn't feel
right.

Muldoon watches the man, her partner. Goodman is different at
home, in this environment.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

Call me superstitious. But I got my
reasons.

Muldoon can tell Goodman's hiding something.

MULDOON

So what're you saying? The house is
haunted?

Goodman smiles.

GOODMAN

They'll think you're crazy if you
start going around saying places
are haunted.

MULDOON

I don't buy it.

Goodman's quiet for a moment.

GOODMAN

Can I get you anything?

MULDOON

No, I'm good.

GOODMAN

Pie?

Goodman gestures to the partially opened cardboard box sitting on the coffee table buzzing with flies. One slice eaten, the rest starting to mold.

MULDOON

I'm good.

GOODMAN

My mother. She was into all that ghosty shit. The older I get, the more I start to believe it.

Muldoon looks at the vacant and unused medical equipment on the other side of the room.

MULDOON

Did she pass away?

GOODMAN

Two years ago now. Just haven't had the heart to get rid of all this.

Goodman smiles.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

I still think of this as her house.

Muldoon nods in understanding.

MULDOON

I know what it feels like.

GOODMAN

How long for you?

MULDOON

Six months. Cancer.

GOODMAN

I've seen how that plays out. I don't wish that on anyone.

Muldoon loses herself in thought.

MULDOON

My dad raised me all by himself. I don't know how he did it. He died when I was in college. Same way.

Goodman nods.

GOODMAN

I had a single mother. It's a shame the universe has to go and fuck all these good people.

MULDOON

Getting pregnant, having a kid, without parents... it was hard. And now doing this... Nothing prepares you for this shit.

She looks at Goodman with a deep sensitive stare.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

You ever think about having kids?

GOODMAN

All the time. Just never happened for me.

He shrugs.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

We all say the same thing. "The job" and all that. But who knows. It's how it goes.

Muldoon smiles.

MULDOON

I think you'd be a good dad.

Goodman laughs.

GOODMAN

Aww hell, don't get all sappy on me Muldoon. I was starting to like you.

She laughs. And then they're quiet. Goodman quickly gets serious. He looks intensely at Muldoon, a deep solemn look in his eyes.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

I get that you're looking for distractions right now, but don't get lost in this shit. The case, the house.

He turns back to the TV.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

I know what that looks like.

49

INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (MASTER BEDROOM) - NIGHT

49

Muldoon sits on her bed pouring through case files. Her dog lays groggily at the foot of the bed, licking Muldoon's feet as she works. Muldoon kicks her foot to shake off the dog.

MULDOON

Frank, stop.

The dog jumps off and gets into a comfortable sleeping position on the floor beside the bed.

In the folder on Muldoon's lap is a case labelled: "LANDERS". Clipped to the top page is a picture of the Landers family. Sam, Fiona and Melinda.

Behind it, a photo of the house. The house she was at earlier that day, known to her as the Matheson house, but listed here as the former home of the Landers family.

The folder is filled with various pages of official police reports. Each document sports the names of two reporting officers. Detective Goodman. And Detective Wilson.

Muldoon picks up her phone and dials a number.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Badge 45632, Muldoon. I'm trying to reach Detective Wilson, used to be out of the Five One.

She waits for the response.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Thanks.

She waits.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Uh, yeah, hold on one second.

She looks around and grabs her notebook and pen.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Alright, go ahead.

She writes down whatever the operator is saying. When she finishes, she looks down at what she's written. It's an address. But something about it is puzzling to her.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Is this the psychiatric hospital?

She listens.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Right. Alright, thanks.

She hangs up and sits there lost in thought for a moment. She looks back down at the address.

She closes the case file and puts it over on the nightstand. She peels back the sheets of her bed and gets in.

Her mind racing, far from sleep. She rolls onto her side, her foot dangling off the side of the bed. She feels the dog licking her feet and she kicks her foot as she did before.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Stop it Frank.

But the licking doesn't stop. She shakes her leg onto the bed.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Stop.

Muldoon looks over to the side of the bed. But the dog isn't there. He's asleep on the *other* side of the bed.

Suddenly, a cool chill breezes through her. And it feels like there is someone in the room. Waiting, lurking in the shadows.

She sits up and looks around the dark room. Nothing. But she can't shake that eerie feeling.

Just then she hears slow footsteps in the hallway outside the room. Slowly, she gets up and goes to the door.

50 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE - NIGHT

50

She steps into the dark hallway and looks around. Nothing.

She goes to Burke's room and quietly opens the door. But Burke is fast asleep. She looks around the room. Still nothing.

She continues on through the house. But room after room, there's nothing there. She sighs, chuckles to herself, and heads back to the bedroom.

51 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (MASTER BEDROOM) 51

Muldoon gets back into bed and tries to fall asleep. She lays there in the dark room. Rain beating down outside.

But then we see her. Underneath the bed, looking up, as if boring a hole through the mattress, is little *Melinda Landers*. Laying in the shadows.

52 EXT. FOUR WINDS HOSPITAL - DAY 52

Muldoon drives down the long wooded road towards the enormous, stone Gothic institution. The structure lacks the majesty that was perhaps intended for it, and instead sits somewhere in this uncomfortable place between medieval nightmare and harsh modernism.

53 INT. FOUR WINDS HOSPITAL - DAY 53

The waiting room is empty except for Muldoon and the man behind the desk. Screams echo through the stone corridors in the background.

MULDOON

I'm here to see Richard Wilson.

The man behind the desk looks up at Muldoon as though he couldn't care less.

ORDERLY

Fourth floor. Already restrained.

Muldoon looks back at him, confused.

MULDOON

Restrained?

54 INT. FOUR WINDS HOSPITAL - DAY 54

Muldoon walks down the long tiled hallway, both sides flanked with doors to cells with no windows. Cries and wails echo through the chambers. As she walks, the long corridor seems to go on forever. Finally, she reaches Wilson's cell.

She stands outside the door and turns back to look down the hallway from where she came. An orderly in white scrubs stands at the end of the corridor on the other side of a glass window.

Muldoon waves her hand to the man, and a few moments later, she hears the latch of the cell door in front of her unlock. She opens the door and steps inside.

55 INT. WILSON'S CELL - DAY

55

Its a small padded room with a bed and a toilet. Detective Wilson lays curled up on the bed, facing away. His ankles chained to a mount in the wall. Dressed in white, his head shaved, the older man looks fragile and frail.

Muldoon is cautious as she speaks.

MULDOON

Detective Wilson, I'm Detective Muldoon. The doctor said he told you I was coming.

The man on the bed doesn't turn, but he starts to laugh quietly. A deep belly laugh.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

I wanted to ask you about a case you worked in January.

The man groans.

WILSON

Did you find my tapes?

MULDOON

Tapes?

The man laughs even louder, still with his back to Muldoon.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Detective?

It turns to a grumbling sort of crackle, his body shaking with each bellow.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Detective?

Wilson turns his head, twisting his neck around, a terrifying grin across his face. He has a large, messy scar from a wound in the side of his face.

WILSON

It'll never end.

Muldoon stares back at the crazed man.

MULDOON
What are you talking about?

WILSON
That house's grudge...

He just laughs. Pieces of his jaw and cheekbone are missing, leaving hollow pits under the grafted skin.

WILSON (CONT'D)
If you haven't started seeing them yet, don't worry... *you will.*

Tears stream down the his face as he smashes his bald head into the padded wall. Over and over and over again, screaming. Trying desperately to harm himself, but unable to do so.

Muldoon watches in horror.

56 EXT. FOUR WINDS HOSPITAL (PARKING LOT) - DAY 56

The sun is starting to set as Muldoon walks out to her car in the parking lot. She's shaken. Lost in thought, thinking about the encounter she's just had.

As she walks through the empty lot, a sudden chill of fear ripples through her. The wind whistles into a wheeze.

Suddenly, she he hears something behind her. A little girl's footsteps. She turns. But there's no one there. She looks around. No one.

She gets to her car, gets in, and drives away.

57 INT. WILSON'S CELL - DAY 57

But all the while, Detective Wilson lays in his bed, his eyes wide with fear. Melinda and Fiona Landers in the corner, staring back at him.

He struggles, screaming, desperately trying to get away. But bound in his chains, he can hardly move, let alone get away.

And so they taunt him.

58 INT. MULDOON'S CAR - NIGHT 58

Muldoon drives home from the hospital. Every so often she'll pass a car.

But for the most part, she's the only one on the road. The night is dark and the car's headlights cast harsh shadows on the trees at the side of the road.

She's deep in thought, rattled from the encounter with the man at the hospital. She stares at the road, the trees passing by hypnotically.

And then she sees what looks like a pregnant woman crawling from the treeline at the side of the road. But only for a moment. As she drive's quickly past, she's gone.

Startled, she looks back in the rear-view mirror. Nothing but darkness. She turns back to the road ahead of her and takes a deep breath, regaining her calm.

But standing there in the middle of the road is a little girl. Muldoon swerves to avoid the child, coming to a screeching halt at the side of the road.

She throws open the car door and gets out, looking for the child she'd nearly hit. But as she looks around, there's no one in sight.

59

INT. POLICE PRECINCT (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

59

Muldoon sits at a desk in the basement of the precinct surrounded by racks of old case files. She's alone. The whole place is dark except for the small light at the desk. Empty, the space looks cavernous.

Muldoon, wearing headphones, listens to a tape in a cassette player. She's listening to Detective Wilson's voice. Before the madness set in.

WILSON

(on the tape)

...I can't stop thinking about the Landers murder. When we found her, the girl, she had belt marks all around her body. Sinched so tight there were scars.

A beat.

WILSON (CONT'D)

(on the tape)

How often did they do this that they gave the kid scars?

The thought gives him pause.

WILSON (CONT'D)
*But the bruises on her head, hands,
and chest all seemed self-
inflicted.*

He sighs.

WILSON (CONT'D)
*I can't imagine what was going on
in that house. What were they doing
to her? I'm just trying to find
some sort of reason for it all.*

Muldoon stops the tape. She hits fast forward and then play.

WILSON (CONT'D)
(on the tape)
*...and now ever since I went to
that house I've been seeing shit.*

Wilson's voice is more emotional now.

WILSON (CONT'D)
*I can't get it out of my head. I
think I'm going crazy.*

Wilson goes quiet on the tape.

WILSON (CONT'D)
(on the tape)
What was that?

Quiet.

WILSON (CONT'D)
(on the tape)
Oh god. This is what I mean.

A click. A long, quiet static. Muldoon waits. And then a steady, wheezing static. Muldoon stops the tape.

Just then, Muldoon hears something behind her. She looks around. Nothing. But it's suddenly very quiet. And then she hears it again. The faint sound of a little girl's laugh.

The basement is dark and empty. But overhead she can hear the footsteps and muffled voices of the night officers upstairs. Muldoon calls out.

MULDOON
Hello?

No response. She looks around the dark basement. Something feels strange.

60 INT. POLICE PRECINCT (BASEMENT BATHROOM) - NIGHT

60

Muldoon walks into the bathroom. She stands at the sink and splashes water on her face. Behind her, the door to the toilet stall is closed.

Suddenly, inside the stall someone steps down, as if from the toilet, revealing a woman's feet beneath the door. Muldoon doesn't notice.

SLAM!

A knock from inside the stall. Muldoon turns. The stall door is closed, but there's no one standing there. At least not that she can see.

MULDOON
Is someone there?

She waits.

SLAM!

Again, another knock. Startled, Muldoon rushes out of the bathroom.

61 INT. POLICE PRECINCT (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

61

She stumbles back into the main room of the basement. Across the room, in the shadows, she can see someone standing there watching her.

MULDOON
Hello?

No response.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Is someone there?

And then they walk away.

Muldoon's heart races. She rushes back to the desk and gathers her belongings.

As she shuts off the light, the shape of a woman is standing right behind her. But she doesn't notice. She hurries through the dark basement to the stairs.

62 INT. POLICE PRECINCT (SECURITY ROOM) - NIGHT 62

Muldoon goes to the security room of the precinct and knocks on the door. No one answers, so she pushes open the door and looks inside. No one inside.

Twelve TV screens display different angles of the precinct. At this time of night, the place is pretty sparse.

Muldoon looks down at the control board on the desk and finds her way to the controls for the basement camera. She rewinds the tape and watches.

On the screen, she sees herself walk into the bathroom, and then a few moments later, stumble out in fright. She watches as she walks back to the desk across the room and out of view of the camera.

And just then, the door opens. As if someone was following her out. A deep seeded terror comes over Muldoon as she pauses the tape on the door, seemingly opening on its own.

63 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT 63

Muldoon and her son sit on the couch watching an old movie on TV, but Muldoon's mind is elsewhere. The young boy watches his mother. After a while, he asks:

BURKE
Are you okay Mom?

Muldoon is taken aback by the question.

MULDOON
What?

The little boy turns his stare back to the TV.

BURKE
I don't want to lose you too.

The sentiment breaks Muldoon's heart. She pulls her son in close.

MULDOON
I'm not going anywhere. Nothing is
going to happen to me.

CUT TO BLACK.

64 INT. LANDERS CAR - DAY

64

Sam Landers drives down a suburban highway. His wife Fiona in the passenger seat beside him. A palpable tension cuts through the car.

SAM
You really want to go through all
this again?

FIONA
We have no choice. She put a pencil
through that boy's hand. We're
lucky the parents aren't suing us!

Sam shakes his head.

SAM
I just don't believe it.

FIONA
There were other kids who saw her
do it.

SAM
Have you ever seen her be violent?
She looks at him, surprised by the question.

SAM (CONT'D)
She's just hyper. It's all that
shit you let her eat.

Fiona takes a deep breath. Trying not to explode.

FIONA
They want us to take her to a
doctor.

SAM
For what?

His blood is starting to boil.

FIONA
You and I both know there's
something not right with her.

On the brink of rage, he's adamant.

SAM
Enough with this shit! There's
nothing wrong with my daughter.

FIONA
You have to stop denying it.

He's done with the conversation.

SAM
We're here.

65 EXT. SPENCER REALTY - DAY 65

They pull into the parking lot of Spencer Realty. The office is small and tucked away on the side of the road. Sam parks the car and they head into the small one story building.

66 INT. SPENCER REALTY - DAY 66

Fiona and Sam walk into the waiting room as Nina Spencer is escorting out Detective Muldoon. In the small waiting area, the Landers take a seat by the window while Nina and Muldoon exchange their goodbyes.

NINA
Well if you *do* decide to make the
move, give us a call.

MULDOON
Thanks so much. It was great
talking to you.

Nina lowers her voice and says with a sympathetic smile:

NINA
I hope your husband pulls through.

Muldoon puts on a smile.

MULDOON
Me too.

Muldoon heads out the door into the parking lot.

NINA
Have a good one!

Nina turns to Fiona and Sam with a smile.

NINA (CONT'D)
Mr. and Mrs. Landers? How are you
guys? Come on back and we can get
started.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: "PETER & NINA"

67 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE - NIGHT

67

It's night now at the Landers' house. Peter Spencer is still waiting with Melinda in the empty home. His phone starts to buzz.

He looks down at the screen: "NINA". He picks up the phone.

PETER

Hi.

NINA

(over the phone)

Where are you?

PETER

Still at the house.

He sounds annoyed.

NINA

(over the phone)

Nothing from the parents?

PETER

Not yet.

NINA

(over the phone)

You sound tired.

He rubs his eyes.

PETER

I'm exhausted.

NINA

(over the phone)

What time do you think you'll be home?

PETER

No idea.

NINA

(over the phone)

How is she?

Peter looks over to Melinda asleep on the couch curled up into a small ball.

PETER
She's sleeping.

Nina makes a strange sound on the other end of the line.

PETER (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

68 INT. THE SPENCER HOME (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

68

Nina sits back in bed, quietly caressing her pregnant belly. The phone tucked between her shoulder and ear. The TV is on, the flicker lighting up her face in the dark room.

NINA
Nothing. The baby just moved.

Peter's quiet.

PETER
(over the phone)
How are you feeling about everything?

She doesn't know how to respond.

PETER (CONT'D)
(over the phone)
I know this isn't the time, but...

He sighs.

PETER (CONT'D)
(over the phone)
I just want to know where we are.

She takes a moment to gather the words. After a few moments, she speaks.

NINA
I didn't want to be a mother. I didn't think I did.

Tears start to well in her eyes.

NINA (CONT'D)
This morning I woke up, ready to tell you I didn't want to do this.

She stops.

NINA (CONT'D)
 But the thought of ending it.
 Really doing it. I can't stand the
 thought of it. I already love this
 baby. So much more than I thought I
 did.

She chokes up as she says the words.

NINA (CONT'D)
 And I'll love this baby no matter
 what.

There's a long silence on the other end of the line. She
 waits for a response in anxious anticipation.

69 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

69

Peter sits there stunned, the phone pressed tightly to his
 ear. He's quiet. It hasn't quite hit him yet.

NINA
 (over the phone)
Peter? Are you still there?

He smiles.

PETER
 Yeah, I'm still here. I'm really
 happy tha--

Suddenly, the doorbell rings. Peter's eyes dart to the front
 door.

NINA
 (over the phone)
Was that the bell?

He looks back to Melinda on the couch, but she doesn't so
 much as stir.

PETER
 Maybe they're finally home.

NINA
 (over the phone)
*Ringin' the bell at their own
 house?*

Peter's eyeing the door when the doorbell rings again.

PETER
 Lemme get it. I'll call you later.

NINA
(over the phone)
Okay. Peter, I love you.

PETER
I love you too.

He hangs up the phone.

He walks to the door and peers through the peep hole. Someone is standing on the other side of the door. But whoever it is, they're standing too close to the door to see.

He tries to discern who he's looking at but he can't tell. So he opens the door. But there's no one there.

Confused, Peter stares at the empty doorstep. He takes a step outside and looks around. No sign of anyone.

Plagued by exhaustion he brushes it off and he steps back inside. The house is now even darker since night has fallen.

Peter hears a strange wheezing hiss coming from somewhere in the house. A wet, crackling wheeze. Unnerved, he looks around.

He returns to the living room to find that the girl is now gone. Confused, he looks around the house. The bathroom, the guest room, the kitchen. He checks every room on the first floor. But can't find the little girl anywhere.

He heads back to the entryway and looks up the steep stairs near the front door. At his feet, he sees stains in the carpet runner that look like black ink spilled down the staircase. It's sticky under his feet.

As he heads up the stairs, he can clearly hear a child's voice coming from the second floor. And more faintly, he hears an adult woman's voice.

Fear like he's never experienced before runs through his body. Holding his breath, he sneaks up the stairs, step by step. At the top of the stairs, his heart is racing. Beating out of his chest.

And then he hears that odd mechanical laugh. The doll's laugh he'd heard in his own home the night before. Coming from the door at the end of the hallway. His heart skips a beat.

Hesitant, he makes his way down the hallway towards the sound. As he gets closer, he can almost make out what the child inside the room is saying.

But the woman's voice is soft, almost a whisper.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hello?

Slowly he steps closer and closer. The two voices inside the room getting louder. He gets to the door but waits. And then slowly, he pushes it open.

70 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (MELINDA'S BEDROOM) - NIGHT 70

But the only person in the room is Melinda.

The room is clearly the girl's bedroom. Crayon drawings done by the girl litter the floor. All of them are the same.

A bloody little girl next to a bloody woman with a baby in her belly, chopped up into pieces. A heavy black smudge scratched into every one, hovering above the bloody bodies.

Melinda sits on the floor, rocking back and forth, scratching a black smudge into a new drawing. She pays no attention to Peter, out of breath, standing in the doorway.

He looks around, baffled.

PETER

Were you just talking to someone?

Melinda is engrossed in her picture and doesn't look up to acknowledge him. He steps into the room and looks at the pictures scattered on the floor. They're surreal. And incredibly creepy.

Suddenly, Melinda looks up to the ceiling. Peter looks up. A large dark spot of dripping, fetid, black mold is growing from the wet, rotting drywall in the ceiling. He looks back to Melinda, staring at the stain above them.

Right then, he hears the whir of a circular saw buzzing from another room.

He turns, startled by the sound.

71 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (UPSTAIRS HALLWAY) - NIGHT 71

He steps backwards out of the little girl's bedroom. In the hallway, he looks towards the sound.

At the other end of the hallway, is the bathroom. Through the crack in the door, he sees a man, obscured by the door frame, on his knees, bent over something in the bathtub.

The man pants like an animal, the saw buzzing in his hands. Sawing something wet.

Peter staggers back, frightened by the sight. But as he does, a woman sobs, right behind him. The breath of her cry a cold breeze on the back of his neck.

He gasps as he turns from the shock. But there's no one behind him.

He quickly turns back to the bathroom at the other end of the hallway. But the man with the saw is gone and the room is now dark. He looks at the open door, and the dark room it leads to.

Then slowly, against his better judgement, he steps forward towards the room.

72

INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (BATHROOM) - NIGHT

72

Peter steps into the upstairs bathroom. The same black stains he'd seen downstairs are scattered about the floor and the ceiling is a rotten mess of black mold. Peter flips the light switch on the wall, but the lights don't come on.

He looks down into the bathtub and sees the mess of scratches and grooves left by a circular saw. The porcelain mangled with jagged scars.

Then, that sound again, that horrible wheezing hiss. The sound crawls up his spine, chilling him to the core.

His heart starts to race. His mouth dry, his legs weak, he can't catch his breath. But the wheeze slowly becomes the sound of swarming flies.

He turns towards the sound. Flies are swarming from the closet in the wall behind him. He creeps closer to the closet doors, left open only ever so slightly.

The sound of the flies swarming growing louder and louder. He opens the door and more flies swarm out of the closet, flying to freedom.

Inside the closet, is a small door in the ceiling leading to a crawl space overhead. At the edges of the door in the ceiling, a whole nest of flies has made home in the crevices. Swarming and crawling all over it.

Peter swats his way to the door above him and pushes it open. It flings open with a thud. More flies flood from the shadows of the crawl space. He steps into the closet and peers his head up into the darkness.

73

INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (CRAWL SPACE) - NIGHT

73

Peter looks around in the small crawl space. It's so dark that he can't be sure, but it looks like there is something laying a few feet in front of him. A large heap of something. Swarming with flies.

As his eyes adjust, he thinks he can make it out. Something wrapped in plastic. He reaches into his pocket and takes out his phone.

He flips it open, using the dimly illuminated screen as a flashlight.

And then he sees her.

Chopped up. Mangled. Parceled into four translucent garbage bags.

Fiona Landers' decaying, pregnant, maggot ridden corpse.

Her lifeless eyes, forever open.

PETER

Oh my god.

CUT TO BLACK.

74

INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (MELINDA'S BEDROOM) - NIGHT

74

Melinda sits in her bed rocking back and forth. Her eyes wide. The bedroom door is closed. But she can hear her parents fighting in the other room.

FIONA (O.S.)
*She needs help, Sam! There's
clearly something wrong with her!*

SAM (O.S.)
*You keep saying this! But there's
nothing wrong with her!*

FIONA (O.S.)
*Nothing wrong? Nothing wrong?!
You're not the one up with her when
she wakes up six times a night.*

She's screaming at him at the top of her lungs.

FIONA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*You're not the one in the office at
school talking to her teachers,
having to look them in the eye and
listen to all the shit she's done
and then apologize for it!*

It's blood curdling. Choking back the sobs as she screams, shrieking. She can't control herself.

FIONA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*You're not the one who lays on top
her when she starts hitting herself
and can't stop! You're not there
Sam! You're not fucking there!*

And then it's quiet. And calmly he asks:

SAM (O.S.)
*Have you ever thought that maybe
it's you?*

The silence that follows is deafening. And then she explodes:

FIONA (O.S.)
Me, Sam? ME?!

Melinda just sits there listening to it all.

FIONA (CONT'D)
How dare you.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: "THE MATHESONS"

75 INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

75

We know it as the Landers' house That mid-century modern ranch at the end of the cul-de-sac. But it's now home to a new family, THE MATHESONS.

Faith Matheson thrashes desperately on the floor. Her eyes rolled back in her head. Her frail limbs flailing helplessly.

Her husband WILLIAM MATHESON (72), sits on the floor, holding her body in his arms. The embrace is warm and loving.

He whispers.

WILLIAM

Shh. It's okay. It's okay.

Tears stream down his face. He rocks back and forth with his wife's seizing body. Like a parent trying to sooth a child.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

It'll be over soon.

An empty bottle of pills sits on the table beside the bed. He struggles to speak, choking on his words.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I love you.

The old woman's thrashing slows to sporadic twitches. He hugs her tight, brushing the hair from her face lovingly.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I'll be with you soon.

But the gurgle of her tongue down her throat is haunting.

76 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

76

Airplanes land and take off in the background. A cute older woman in her sixties walks out of the rental car office into the parking lot, wheeling a small suitcase behind her.

LORNA (V.O.)

I'm known as an Exit Guide.

She's dressed neatly, and looks older than she is in a very grandmotherly sort of way.

LORNA (V.O.)
*I sit with people who've made the
 decision to end their life on their
 own terms.*

This is LORNA MOODY.

77 EXT. THE MATHESON HOUSE - DAY

77

Lorna pulls up in front of the Matheson house. She parks her rental car on the street at the end of the driveway and gets out.

LORNA (V.O.)
*I want to start by answering any
 questions you may have for me.*

She walks up the long driveway towards the house and knocks on the front door.

WILLIAM (V.O.)
How long will it take her to die?

78 INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

78

William, on the couch, stares intensely at Lorna, sitting in the armchair across from him. His eyes wide and tired.

LORNA
 Our preferred method is a gas that requires the use of a hood. It's a one hundred percent effective. And its peaceful.

The tone of her voice is soothing and slow. But he stares back at her.

WILLIAM
 How long will it take her to die?

Her word choice is deliberate.

LORNA
 Once she pulls the hood down over her head, she'll be unconscious in five to ten seconds. That's all she'll know.

His stare bores a hole through her. She can tell he's exhausted.

WILLIAM
*But how long will it take her to
die?*

She cuts to the chase.

LORNA
She'll be dead within twenty
minutes.

He lets it sink in, nodding his head. For a moment, his tone shifts oddly.

WILLIAM
Can I get you something? Tea?
Coffee?

He's nervous.

LORNA
I'm fine.

It's quiet. William lost in thought.

WILLIAM
How many times have you done this?

LORNA
I've been a compassionate presence
at the bedside of forty-four
people.

She can tell he's distraught.

LORNA (CONT'D)
This can be a wonderful thing. I
believe that no one should ever
have to die alone. We don't come
into this world alone, and we
shouldn't have to leave it alone.

But the sentiment doesn't seem to make him feel any better.

LORNA (CONT'D)
Mr. Matheson, I do need to warn
you. In order for anybody to be
able to do this, that is, anyone
involved with our organization,
they must be mentally competent and
physically able to carry this out
themselves. Do you understand?

He nods.

LORNA (CONT'D)
Can you tell me about your wife?

He's quiet for a moment, avoiding eye contact. She gives him time. Eventually, he speaks.

WILLIAM
We found out she was sick last year. She was pretty far gone before we realized. We moved here to be closer to her doctors. But after the move she started getting worse. She lost all feeling waist down. Can't stand, can't walk, nothing.

LORNA
I'm so sorry. I can't imagine how hard it's been on the both of you.

Her compassion is deep and genuine.

WILLIAM
Before we knew about your organization, she tried to end her life.

LORNA
Do you mind if I ask how?

WILLIAM
She used to be a nurse...

LORNA
Medication?

He nods.

WILLIAM
But she's tried three times. The first time, she was out for a while. And I promised her I wouldn't call an ambulance or anything. I told her I would just be there for her until she woke up.

Lorna listens closely as the older man speaks, watching him with a sympathetic gaze.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
We regrouped, and when she felt stronger, she tried again, upping the dosage. And she was out longer. But she still woke up.

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

And I just sat with her. Through
all of it. Alone.

He starts to tear up.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

She tried one more time. And she
was out for four days. And I just
sat there with her. Waiting for her
to die.

Tears roll down his cheeks.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I was terrified.

He hides his eyes as he wipes the moisture from beneath his
glasses.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I went up there one time, and I
almost thought I would have to put
a pillow over her face. Can you
believe that?

He hangs his head.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

She woke up again. After four days.

He breathes a heavy sigh of defeat.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I can't do it anymore.

Lorna can see the toll that this has taken on the man. She
smiles.

LORNA

Well, I'm glad that you called.
Hopefully I can help.

He stares deep into her eyes.

WILLIAM

Me too.

The man's stare is piercing.

LORNA

Let's go see your wife.

79

INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (BEDROOM) - DAY

79

William stands in the doorway watching Lorna with his wife. Faith is in a wheelchair in the corner of the room. A glazed, far off look in her eyes.

Lorna sits at the foot of the bed talking to her.

LORNA

Mrs. Matheson, my name is Lorna
Moody. Do you know why I'm here?

Faith forces an odd smile but doesn't respond. Lorna looks to William in the door, concerned.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Matheson. Your husband told me
about your condition, and I'm here
to see if I can help.

Still no response from the old woman. Faith moves her limp hands to cover her face.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Matheson? Are you alright?

The woman opens her hands like doors.

FAITH

Peek-a-boo!

Lorna watches as the old woman laughs to herself. It's unsettling. But she can tell that although Faith is facing her, the woman's focus seems to be on something behind her.

Lorna turns to look. No one there. And then back to the woman in the wheelchair.

LORNA

Who are you playing with?

Faith's eyes slowly move to meet Lorna's.

FAITH

My friend.

Again, she shoots a look to William.

LORNA

What's your friend's name?

Faith is quiet. The smile on her face fades. And after a few moments she answers.

FAITH

Melinda.

Lorna looks at the contorted expression scrawled across the woman's face.

LORNA

Is Melinda here with us now?

Nothing. Then slowly, Faith nods.

80

INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (HALLWAY) - DAY

80

Lorna walks out of the bedroom into the hall where William waits for her. She closes the door behind her as she emerges, a saddened look on her face.

WILLIAM

Please, I understand that...

LORNA

Mr. Matheson, I was clear on the requirements. And I am truly, deeply sorry, but your wife is no longer mentally competent.

There's a painful desperation in his voice, twinged with anger, but he keeps quiet with his wife just behind the door.

WILLIAM

What am I supposed to do?

LORNA

I can recommend some doctors for you to speak with.

WILLIAM

I don't want to talk to any more doctors! *Please, you can't just leave.*

She's at a loss for words.

LORNA

I'm deeply sorry for everything you and your wife have been through. But you misrepresented your wife's state. She's just too far gone.

William stares off, he's destroyed. She sees what pain she's caused.

LORNA (CONT'D)

I can stay for a few days. To help you look over your options. I may not be able to help the way you wanted. But I can be here to support you no matter what. Would that be okay?

There's a look of sad desperation on his face.

81 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

81

Detective Goodman bursts through the doors of the precinct. Exhausted and soaking wet from the rain, he hustles into the bull pen. He looks around and spots Detective Greco across the room.

He calls out to him.

GOODMAN

Where is he?

Greco rolls his eyes.

GRECO

Where do you think?

82 INT. POLICE PRECINCT (BASEMENT) - DAY

82

Goodman walks down the stairs into the dark basement. At a desk in the corner of the cavernous space is Detective Wilson.

Wilson is sitting in the dark, huddled over a tape recorder, headphones over his ears, muttering quietly into a microphone.

83 INT. DINER - DAY

83

The sun is starting to set. A distant police siren blares in the distance. Goodman and Wilson sit across from each other at the table. Wilson's hardly touched the food in front of him, but his cup of coffee is nearly empty.

GOODMAN

You look like shit.

WILSON

It's the case.

Wilson's hands are shaky.

GOODMAN

We closed the case months ago.

Wilson shakes his head.

WILSON

Don't give me that shit.

He locks eyes with Goodman. An intense and unsettling stare.

WILSON (CONT'D)

*You know exactly why I'm doing
this.*

Goodman looks away.

GOODMAN

I get it. I do. And I wish I knew
how to help you.

Goodman's voice is genuinely sympathetic.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

But you can't show up to work like
this. Take some time off. Spend
time with your girls. You gotta get
your mind off this shit.

He's a quiet for a moment.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

Then maybe it'll stop.

Wilson's downcast eyes start to glaze over as the tears well.

WILSON

It'll never stop.

He looks up, staring once again, deep into Goodman's eyes.

WILSON (CONT'D)

There's a woman. Outside.

He lowers his voice to a whisper and leans in.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Shes the one who's doing this.

Goodman stares back at him. A chill running up his spine.

WILSON (CONT'D)

I can see her face.

Goodman is more scared than he lets on. Slowly, he turns his head to look out the window beside them. But there's no one there. Just a parking lot full of cars. He turns back to Wilson.

GOODMAN
There's no one there.

A tear streams down Wilson's cheek. He's quiet.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
Lets get out of here.

Goodman stands and walks to the cash register by the door. Wilson watches him go. He turns back to the window outside. But we don't see what he sees.

Just the terrified look in his eye.

84

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - DAY

84

Goodman and Wilson walk out of the diner. Goodman heads to the car. But Wilson is hesitant. Looking around as he walks slowly, lagging behind Goodman.

Goodman sees the fear in his partner. But there's no one in the parking lot except for them.

GOODMAN
There's no one here.

Wilson nods. Slowly, he follows to the car. Peering out the side of his eye as he goes. Goodman unlocks the car and they get in.

Wilson's heart is beating out of his chest. He can hardly catch his breath.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
You good?

He nods.

WILSON
Yeah.

But he's not. Slowly, he turns to the window beside him. Fearing what he might see. But there's no one there.

Then he looks up, to the rearview mirror. Still nothing.

GOODMAN
It's all in your head.

He turns to look at Goodman. But standing behind Goodman, outside the car...

Is the body of Fiona Landers, broken and twisted. Staring back at him. Wilson screams.

Goodman turns to look. But there's no one there.

Wilson kicks and thrashes.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

Wilson!

Wilson screams. Goodman is panicked and confused.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

But the man just keeps screaming.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

Wilson! *Wilson!*

85 INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (GUEST BEDROOM) - NIGHT

85

William comes in from the hall and flicks on the light.

WILLIAM

I made up the guest room for you.

We recognize the room. The bedroom once belonged to Melinda Landers. Now it's decorated as a very sparse, utilitarian guest bedroom with a fold out couch. The couch has been pulled out, and the bed is made.

William looks around. There isn't much other furniture or decoration in the room. Embarrassed, he smiles.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

We don't get much company.

She smiles as she wheels her suitcase into the room.

LORNA

It's lovely.

A drop of water falls on her shoulder. She looks up. There's an enormous wet spot in the ceiling. Dark, and starting to mold.

WILLIAM

Leaky roof.

Looks like more than a leaky roof.

LORNA

Mmm.

WILLIAM

Like I said. Don't get much company.

They stand there awkwardly for a moment.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Is there anything else I can get you?

LORNA

Nope. I think I'm all good.

William stands in the doorway.

WILLIAM

Alright, well, I have to run to the store for some dinner. I won't be long.

LORNA

Oh you don't have to do that!

He smirks.

WILLIAM

Don't have much in the kitchen either.

LORNA

Well let me go. It's the least I can do.

86 EXT. GROCERY STORE (PARKING LOT) - NIGHT

86

The sun has set, and in a town with few street lights, the night is very dark. The lot is nearly pitch black, lit only by the faint glow emanating from the fluorescent light of the store.

Lorna pulls into the parking lot and parks her rental car. The lot is large and nearly empty.

She gets out of her car and walks through the fluorescent glow of the desolate lot to the store.

87 INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

87

She walks through the aisles pushing a cart, gathering the ingredients to make dinner. The aisles of products are immaculately neat and organized. So much so that it's almost odd.

She stares at the selection at the meat counter. The bloody cuts of meat on display. There's something inappropriately gory about the sight.

Suddenly, she feels a hand holding hers. The hand of a little girl. She glances down, but there's no one standing there. No little girl.

She looks around. An odd chill ripples through her, but she continues on through the aisles.

She stops at the rows and rows of baby food. She looks to the list in her hand and then back to the shelves. For a moment, there's a little girl standing at the end of the aisle watching her. Lorna can feel the eyes on her.

She turns. But again, there's no one there. Out of breath and uneasy, she looks around. The whole place feels eerily empty.

She removes a few jars from the shelf, puts them into her cart and hurries to the cashier.

88 EXT. GROCERY STORE (PARKING LOT) -- NIGHT

88

Lorna rushes through the dark parking lot to her car. Still on edge, she walks quickly, her grocery bags tight in her arms. She keeps her eyes straight and heads directly for her car.

She unlocks the door and gets in, placing the groceries on the seat beside her. Hastily, she tries to start the car. But it won't start.

LORNA

Come on.

She tries again. Still nothing. On the brink of panic she tries one more time. And it works. The engine turns on and rests with a steady hum. She breathes a sigh of relief and smiles.

Just then, her phone rings. The sudden noise startles her with a yelp.

She pulls the device from her pocket and looks down at the screen: "UNKNOWN" She watches as it rings in her hand. She waits for a moment, and then answers the phone.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Hello?

Quiet.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Hello?

She waits. Still nothing.

She's about to hang up when she hears an odd sound. A deep, wet, gurgling wheeze. And then quiet again. A long quiet. But she waits. And then the sound of a little girl's laugh. Far off and mechanical.

Unsettled, she quickly hangs up the phone. She peers around the parking lot. No one in sight.

But just then, she hears someone shuffling in the seat behind her. Her heart drops.

Slowly, she looks to the rear-view mirror. Terrified of what she'll see. Her heart races as her eyes lock on the mirror.

But there's no one there. Relieved, she sighs and shakes it off. She presses her foot down on the gas pedal and speeds out of the parking lot.

But just as she does, we catch a glimpse of Melinda. Crouched on the floor behind Lorna's seat. Just out of view.

89

INT. GOODMAN'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

89

Goodman sits on the couch smoking a cigarette. "*The Price Is Right*" is on TV. He stares at the TV set, a glazed look in his eyes. A half eaten bowl of cereal on the coffee table in front of him.

He finishes his cigarette and crushes the butt into the ash tray beside him. Its nearly overflowing. He sits there in front of the TV, but his mind is somewhere else.

He gets up off the couch and goes to the kitchen. He picks up the phone. He dials a number and waits. It rings and rings. But it goes to voicemail.

WILSON

(over the phone)

Detective Wilson. Leave a message.

Beep.

GOODMAN

It's me. Where are you? Just wanted to see how you're doing.

He sighs, trying to think of the words to say.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

I hate seeing you like this.

For a moment he's lost in thought. He chuckles dishonestly, trying to lighten his tone with feigned sarcasm.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

So man up and get your shit together.

He's quiet. The fake smiles fades fast.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

Call me back when you get this.

He hangs up. He sits down at the kitchen table and lights a cigarette. He tries to relax. But his mind is plagued by anxious thoughts.

90 INT. LORNA'S RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

90

Lorna drives down the dark suburban streets. The bags of groceries in the back seat behind her. She turns a corner and heads down Reyburn Drive.

She stops at the end of the Matheson's driveway. She parks her car and gets out.

91 EXT. THE MATHESON HOUSE - NIGHT

91

Lorna takes the grocery bags from the back seat, locks the car and heads up the driveway.

But as she approaches the house, she sees a man. Standing on the front lawn, staring up at the house. Muttering to himself, his hands twitching.

It's Detective Wilson. But to Lorna, he's a stranger. Keeping her distance, the paper bags tense in her arms, she calls out to him.

LORNA

Hello?

But he doesn't so much as turn to look at her. He just keeps staring up at the house. His gaze transfixed on one of the upstairs windows.

LORNA (CONT'D)
Excuse me?

No reply.

LORNA (CONT'D)
Excuse me, sir?

He just keeps muttering. She looks around. There's not another person or car in sight. But the lights are on inside the Matheson house.

Cautiously, she walks up the driveway towards the house, maintaining a safe distance from the man on the lawn.

She keeps her eyes locked on him the whole time as she walks. Her heart racing, ready to run at any moment.

But the man pays her no attention. He's focused on the house.

92 INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE - NIGHT

92

Lorna walks in and quickly locks the door behind her. She breathes a deep sigh of relief. She puts the grocery bags down on the floor and tries to catch her breath.

LORNA
Mr. Matheson?!

He calls out from another room.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
In here!

She rushes down the hallway to the living room where William and Faith are watching TV.

LORNA
Mr. Matheson, there's a strange man standing on your front lawn.

William sighs. Seeming nothing more than mildly annoyed, he stands and walks over to the windows on the other side of the room.

LORNA (CONT'D)
I tried to get his attention, but I think there's something wrong with him.

William peels back the curtains and looks out. He sees Detective Wilson standing outside the house staring up at the upstairs window. William shakes his head and goes to the phone.

Lorna's confused by William's reaction to what she's found quite odd.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Do you know him?

William speaks into the phone.

WILLIAM

He's here again.

He listens.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Yeah. Okay, see you soon.

He hangs up the phone.

LORNA

Who is he?

William sits back down on the couch.

WILLIAM

He's a cop.

Lorna walks to the window.

LORNA

What's he doing?

She watches Wilson with that wide eyed stare, muttering to himself endlessly.

WILLIAM

Who knows. He worked a case here before we moved in. Now he won't leave us alone.

William wipes drool from Faith's lower lip. Her eyes are glazed, but there's a smile on her face as the helpless woman watches the television.

LORNA

A case?

Lorna's tension starting to alleviate, she tries to lighten the mood.

LORNA (CONT'D)
I hope it wasn't a murder.

She laughs playfully.

William doesn't react. Lorna's smile fades as she eats her words.

LORNA (CONT'D)
Oh god, it was, wasn't it.

William smiles awkwardly.

WILLIAM
Would you want me to tell you if it was?

93 INT. GOODMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

93

Goodman drives along the dark streets with Wilson sitting in the passenger seat beside him.

GOODMAN
You gotta stop it with this shit.
Does your wife know where you are?

Goodman keeps his eyes on the road, unable to look his partner in the eye. Even if he could, he'd see nothing there. There's a dazed, empty look on Wilson's face.

Wilson reaches into his pocket and pulls out his gun. He pulls back the safety and holds the weapon below his chin.

But Goodman's eyes are locked on the road and he doesn't notice.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
You're driving yourself crazy.
I'm sorry I ever said anything.

The gun poised and ready to shoot.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
Think about your family...

Goodman turns to look at his partner. And sees the gun.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
Shit!

He reaches for Wilson's arm. Knocking the gun in his grasp. But Wilson pulls the trigger. Blood splatters across Goodman's face.

Goodman slams on the breaks, skidding to a stop. Wilson's body flops onto Goodman's lap. Blood oozes from the side of his face. His eyes still open and blinking, looking around in confusion.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)

No no no no no. What did you do?!

94 INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

94

Lorna stands at the counter chopping vegetables, preparing dinner for William. William sits at the table beside his wife in her wheelchair.

Lorna watches as the man spoon feeds his catatonic wife. The moment is difficult to watch. Faith, at the moment, is in a total catatonic state. Her eyes glassy, wide, and far off.

William scoops a spoon into the small jar of baby food and holds it to his wife's limp lips.

WILLIAM

That's it.

He eases the spoon into her mouth and then manually moves her jaw and rubs her throat to help her swallow.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Doin' good, babe.

Lorna watches how gentle and calm he is with her.

LORNA

You're so sweet with her.

He doesn't take his eyes off his wife as he continues to feed her.

WILLIAM

She's been sweet to me my whole life. Its the least I can do.

She watches how dedicated and unbothered he is as he does this otherwise tediously upsetting task.

LORNA

How long have you been married?

WILLIAM

Fifty years next month.

He says it with a smile. He wipes away the food dribbling down his wife's chin with his thumb, lovingly, and kisses her forehead.

95 INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (GUEST BEDROOM) - NIGHT 95

It's the middle of the night. Lorna is fast asleep. She tosses in her sleep. Rain beats down outside.

Suddenly, the closet door starts to creep open. Ever so slightly. The room is so dark, you'd never be able to tell if something was emerging.

Lorna shivers in her sleep. She pulls the covers tight up over her. Slowly, she stirs awake.

Groggy, she stands and walks to the thermostat across the room. She looks down at the strange black inky substance rubbed into the carpet.

She avoids the stain and continues to the thermostat. She turns up the heat and goes back to bed.

Slowly she starts to hear something. The sound of a woman crying coming from down the hall. Lorna sits up.

She looks around the darkened room as the sound of the woman's tears set in. A look of sadness across her face.

She rolls over and tries to go back to sleep. But the woman keeps crying. And she just lays there listening to the cries. Eventually, she gets out of bed.

96 INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (HALLWAY) - NIGHT 96

Lorna steps into the dark hallway. Her eyes slowly adjust to the darkness. In the hallway the crying is louder.

Slowly she walks to the bathroom. It's eerily tense as she walks down the dark hall.

97 INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (BATHROOM) - NIGHT 97

She flicks on the light switch. But the lights don't work. She tries again. But still nothing. She sighs, closes the door and locks it behind her.

She sits down on the toilet in the dark room. There's something unsettling about being in the small dark room in the middle of the night. The only light coming from the moon through the window.

When she's done, she stands at the sink and washes her hands. She avoids the mirror in the dark. Then she hears something. The sound of someone breathing. Behind her.

She looks up, accidentally staring back at her reflection in the mirror. But there's no one in the room with her.

She breathes deeply. Feeling a sudden sense of unease. She turns and peers out the window.

The backyard is dark and empty. Blanketed in harsh shadows. The grass is tall and unkempt, blowing in the breeze.

Just then, she notices the crying has stopped. She unlocks the door and pushes it open.

But the moment she opens the door, a woman screams. Fiona Landers screaming in the middle of the hallway, her back to Lorna.

Lorna quickly tucks back into the room. Her heart racing in a panic. The screaming stops. But Lorna can hardly catch her breath.

Slowly, she leans into the doorway and peers into the hallway. The woman is gone. Lorna steps back into the hallway.

She doesn't notice, but as she goes, there's a shadow of a small girl standing on the other side of the shower curtain just behind her.

98

INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

98

She steps back into the dark hallway. From the top of the stairs, she can see William downstairs. He's in the living room asleep in front of the TV.

Then the crying again. From a room behind her. She looks around for the woman she'd seen only moments ago. But there's no sign of her anywhere.

Lorna turns towards the sound of the cries down the hall. She hesitates for a moment. But starts to walk towards it. Growing louder as she approaches.

As she passes the bedroom she'd been sleeping in, we notice the shadow of a little girl curled up on the foot of the bed. Rocking back and forth. But Lorna doesn't notice.

Focused on the growing noise of the uncontrollable sobs behind the door in front of her.

She gets to the door and knocks quietly.

LORNA
Mrs. Matheson?

As if in response, the crying subsides. She knocks again, her voice shaking.

LORNA (CONT'D)
Mrs. Matheson, are you alright?

No response. Slowly, she pushes open the door.

99 INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT 99

Lorna steps into the dark room. Faith in the bed, her back to Lorna.

LORNA
Are you alright, Mrs. Matheson?

No response. She steps closer.

LORNA (CONT'D)
Mrs. Matheson?

The woman in the bed turns over. But it's not Faith Matheson. Fiona Landers lays there hysterically crying.

Lorna screams and stumbles back. Just as William bursts into the room and turns on the lights.

WILLIAM
What's wrong?

There's a panic in his voice as he looks around the room. Lorna is shaken with fright. Panting, out of breath.

William looks to her.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
What happened?

Lorna turns to the bed. Under the sheets, tucked in neatly and untouched, is Faith Matheson. Her eyes open in a comatose stare.

100 INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT 100

Lorna sits at the kitchen table sweating bullets. Eyes wide, she sips a cup of coffee. Her hands are shaking. William stands leaning on the counter by the sink.

LORNA
Mr. Matheson--

Her voice quivers.

LORNA (CONT'D)
I hope you don't take this the
wrong way but--

She can hardly muster the words.

LORNA (CONT'D)
I believe that your house is
haunted.

He stares back at her, unaffected by the revelation.

WILLIAM
I thought someone like you might
not mind our... *unique* situation.

Clearly he was wrong, as the woman is visibly shaken.

LORNA
So you've seen her too?

He nods. She looks back at him, bewildered.

LORNA (CONT'D)
Why are you still here?

He thinks for a moment, as tears well in his eyes. But he
smiles.

WILLIAM
Seeing them gives me hope that
maybe she'll stick around too.
After it's all over.

Lorna thinks about the sentiment. But she doesn't know how to
feel about it.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
It's the only hope I have.

The morbidly twisted logic is oddly heartwarming.

101 INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

101

Upstairs in the bedroom, Faith still has that wide-eyed
comatose look on her face as she lays in bed. But the look in
her eyes is now filled with terror.

Because Fiona Landers is laying on top of her. Their faces inches apart. The pregnant woman's lips parted. That gruesome, seeping wheeze oozing from her tattered lungs.

Thick, black, fetid tears drip from her eyes onto Faith Matheson's frozen cheeks. The old woman paralyzed with fear.

102 INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY

102

The sun has come up and its now well into morning. William stands at the counter preparing breakfast. Faith in her wheelchair, more coherent today, wheels herself into the room. William turns to her and smiles.

WILLIAM
Still feeling good?

She keeps looking behind her, a paranoid look in her eye.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

FAITH
There's a woman upstairs.

She lowers her voice to a whisper.

FAITH (CONT'D)
She's asleep in the guest room.

WILLIAM
That's Lorna sweetheart. Remember?

FAITH
Mmm.

She nods, feigning remembrance as she wheels herself to the table.

FAITH (CONT'D)
But what's she doing here?

WILLIAM
She's here to help us.

FAITH
With what?

WILLIAM
Don't you remember sweetheart? We called her together. Last week.

He can tell from the look on her face that Faith is frustrated. He rubs her shoulders.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
It's okay, babe. She's here to end
all of this.

But there's an odd, skeptical look in Faith's eye.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Wanna help me with breakfast?

103 INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (HALLWAY) - DAY 103

Lorna emerges from the guest room dressed, packed, and ready to get back on the road. She walks down the stairs.

LORNA
Mr. Matheson?

At the bottom of the stairs she hears a noise in the kitchen.

104 INT. THE MATHESON HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY 104

She walks into the kitchen where, much to her surprise, she finds Faith Matheson, standing at the counter chopping vegetables. Faith's back is to Lorna, standing in the doorway.

LORNA
Mrs. Matheson?

There's no response, but the sight makes Lorna smile.

LORNA (CONT'D)
I'm happy to see you on your feet.

Her back still turned, Faith doesn't respond.

LORNA (CONT'D)
Mrs. Matheson?

She just keeps chopping at the cutting board on the counter.

Just then, Lorna sees something out of the corner of her eye. Something on the floor. She looks down.

William is face down on the floor with a fork stabbed into the side of his neck. He's dead.

But the scuff marks on the linoleum floor left by the soles of his shoes indicate a terrible struggle.

LORNA (CONT'D)
Oh my god. What did you do?

Faith just keeps chopping. Lorna screams.

LORNA (CONT'D)
What did you do?!

Slowly, Faith turns around, twisting oddly at her hips and Lorna sees that she hasn't been chopping vegetables at all.

Faith's been chopping her fingers with a kitchen knife. Her left hand, a mangled, fleshy mess of stumps. The woman's face, unbearably sad.

FAITH
He wanted to kill me.

Lorna backs away.

LORNA
Oh my god.

Just then, she hears something. That horrible, croaking gurgle. She turns.

And standing right behind her in the corner of the room is the skeletal form of Fiona Landers. Limbs broken and twisted at every joint.

Fiona rubs her pregnant belly with her mangled hands, jerking back and forth at the broken elbow. Blood streams down her legs.

Lorna screams and runs for the door. Desperately clawing and scrambling as she goes. She fumbles with the door and then bolts out of the house.

She runs down the driveway out to her car.

105 EXT. THE MATHESON HOUSE - DAY 105

Running like she's never run before, she finally reaches her rental car parked at the end of the driveway. She gets inside, slams the door, starts the engine, and speeds off.

106 INT. LORNA'S RENTAL CAR - DAY 106

Panicked, she speeds down the wooded back roads. Panting, out of breath, a crazed look on her face. She mutters to herself.

LORNA

*You're okay. You're okay. You're
okay.*

But her heart races. She looks to the rearview mirror. And Fiona Landers is sitting there in the back seat behind her.

Her arms outstretched, gripping the steering wheel tight, she swerves as she screams.

And just then, her elbow hyperextends, seemingly on its own. The bones violently cracking the wrong way with a snap.

107 EXT. SERVICE ROAD - DAY

107

The car spins out of control. Spinning wildly down the street. Bouncing back and forth between the guard rails.

But eventually it comes to a stop, screeching from the friction under the tires. And the car just sits there in the middle of the road.

The chaos quiets.

And time passes.

Days turn to nights many times over.

Days, then weeks, then months go by. The remainder of the winter's snow melts. The trees regrow their leaves and then lose them once again.

All the while, the car and Lorna's corpse remain untouched.

As the months pass and seasons change, not a single car drives down the road.

Eventually a truck comes along and the driver stops when he spots Lorna's wreck. He makes a call and before long the place is swarming with cops and emergency vehicles.

When the fire department arrives, they pry the car's doors off with the jaws of life and reveal the twisted body inside.

And then Goodman and Muldoon arrive at the scene.

Uniformed officers escort the detectives under the tape line surrounding the scene.

And Goodman and Muldoon head into the chaos. Unaware of what's to transpire.

CUT TO BLACK.

108 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

108

Melinda lays on the floor of the living room thrashing and screaming and crying.

Her arms bound to her sides by her father's belt strapped tight around her body.

Her parents are fighting in the kitchen, but she can hear everything.

SAM (O.S.)

How dare you speak to me like that!

Melinda hears the slap across her mother's face. She kicks and flails.

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

Don't look at me like that.

And then the sound of pots and pans crashing. Plates smashing. And the sound of her mother crying.

FIONA (O.S.)

I'm sorry, Sam. I'm sorry.

Melinda screams and wails. But her parents aren't listening.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: "GOODMAN & MULDOON"

109 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY 109

Burke sits at the table, a birthday cake adorned with seven candles in front of him. Goodman and Muldoon stand on either side of the boy.

GOODMAN & MULDOON
(singing)
*...Happy birthday dear Burke. Happy
birthday to you!*

Goodman is uncharacteristically enthusiastic as he sings. But Muldoon is distracted. Her mind is elsewhere.

Goodman takes notice, but pretends to ignore it.

GOODMAN
Alright kid, make a wish.

The little boy smiles and blows out the candles. Goodman watches, beaming. The family he never thought he'd have.

But he can tell something is wrong with Muldoon.

110 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY 110

Muldoon, Burke and Goodman sit on the couch watching an old movie. Burke cuddles close to his mother, the two of them under a blanket. Muldoon has dozed off.

Goodman glances over.

GOODMAN
(whispering)
Ey, Muldoon.

She shakes awake and looks around, groggy. She's shaken.

MULDOON
Did I fall asleep?

GOODMAN
Why don't I get out of here.

Goodman watches as Muldoon rubs the sleep from her eyes. There's something off about her demeanor.

111 EXT. THE MULDOON HOUSE - NIGHT

111

Muldoon walks Goodman out to his car.

MULDOON
Thanks for tonight.

GOODMAN
Yeah, of course. I love the kid.

She puts on a smile.

MULDOON
It's nice to feel normal for once.

Goodman finds the remark odd. He stares back at her concerned.

GOODMAN
You alright?

MULDOON
Me? Yeah, of course. Just tired.

GOODMAN
Been sleeping much?

She smiles.

MULDOON
I'm fine! Stop worrying about me.

112 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE - NIGHT

112

Muldoon has fallen asleep on the couch in the living room in front of the TV. She stirs awake and looks around disoriented. She gets up and turns off the TV.

She shuts off the lights in the living room and then the hallway, room by room, sending the house into darkness.

In the kitchen, she goes to the thermostat and turns up the heat. She flicks the lights switch and the kitchen goes dark.

She looks to the sliding doors across the room, leading to the dark backyard outside. They're unlocked.

She walks through the dark kitchen towards the large glass doors. She reaches for the lock and turns it. As she does, she peers outside into the darkness.

There, standing in the shadows, looking back at her through the glass doors is Fiona Landers. Just staring at her. Her heart skips.

Quickly, she flicks on the light illuminating the backyard. But there's no one there. She catches her breath, shakes it off, and walks out of the room.

But there in the shadows in the corner of the room. Is little Melinda Landers. Sitting on the floor. Rocking back and forth.

113 EXT. THE MULDOON HOUSE - NIGHT 113

The night is calm and quiet. But there's an eeriness to the sway of the trees in the wind.

114 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (MASTER BEDROOM) - NIGHT 114

Muldoon is now asleep in bed.

Suddenly, the lights turn on in the hallway outside. The lights are off in the bedroom but a sliver of light peeks in from beneath the closed door.

Muldoon starts to stir awake.

Suddenly, she hears something. A wheezing sound. Quiet, but it's there, creeping from the corner of the room. Then she hears it again, louder this time.

Slowly, she looks to the corner, Staring into the deep black shadows lurking by the door. It's so dark, she can hardly see a thing, but she can tell there's someone there.

Her voice quivers as she whispers.

MULDOON

Hello?

Just then she notices a shadow.

It steps into the sliver of light beneath the door, as though someone were now standing on the other side of the door.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Burke?

And then the shadow peels back, as if whoever was standing there has turned and left. She gets out of bed and opens the door. But no one's in the hallway.

115 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (HALLWAY) - NIGHT 115

Muldoon steps down the hallway to her son's room. The only light on in the house is the light in the hallway.

She opens Burke's door and looks inside. He's alone in the room and fast asleep in bed.

Muldoon turns to leave quietly, but all of a sudden the TV turns on in the living room. The volume all the way up.

The cacophonous burst of noise startles Burke awake. He lifts open his groggy eyes.

BURKE
What's going on?

Confused, Muldoon looks down the hallway into the rest of the house.

MULDOON
I think its a power surge. Go back to sleep.

Burke lays back down and closes his eyes. Muldoon steps out of the room, flicks off the light, and shuts the door.

116 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT 116

She walks down the hallway into the living room and looks around. Nothing seems out of the ordinary. But she finds her self on edge. Frightened.

She tries to shake it off. But she can't.

She turns off the television.

117 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT 117

She walks into the kitchen and finds the dog sitting and staring oddly at the sliding door to the backyard.

MULDOON
Need to go out Frank?

She unlocks the door and slides it open to let the dog out. But the dog doesn't budge. Frank just sits there staring.

Muldoon's heart starts to race.

Then the dog gets down low to the ground, belly to the floor, and whimpers, staring out into the backyard.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

She looks out into the dark backyard.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Do you see something?

It's getting harder to breath. The dog whimpers and still won't move. Muldoon steps outside.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Come Frank.

Still nothing from the dog.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Come on bud.

Finally, the dog reluctantly steps outside.

118 EXT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (BACKYARD) - NIGHT

118

For a moment the dog just stands there at Muldoon's side, his gaze transfixed on the table a few yards in front of them.

MULDOON
What's wrong?

Frank starts to growl at the table. Muldoon looks at it.

The table is covered in a table cloth that hangs down, obstructing the view underneath.

Just then, the TV inside the house turns back on. Her eyes dart to the house. Her mind starts to race and all of a sudden, she's terrified.

The dog keeps growling.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

Muldoon stares at the table cloth rustling in the wind.

MULDOON (CONT'D)
Is there something under there?

The dog just keeps growling.

Slowly, Muldoon steps towards the table, inching forwards carefully. A frightful tension building within her.

Each step, her heart beats faster. The dog growls louder.

Finally, she gets to the table and reaches for the cloth. She lifts the edge peeling it back off the table.

And there she sees a little girl.

Melinda Landers.

Wide black eyes, crouched underneath the table staring back at her.

The little girl with swollen eyes squeezes the tattered doll in her arms. And the doll lets out a terrifying little mechanical giggle.

Muldoon screams. She staggers back, panting, trying to catch her breath. As the tears stream down her face.

119 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT 119

Muldoon sits at the kitchen table, her teary eyes downcast.

MULDOON

You're the only person I have.

Goodman sits across the table from her, a sympathetic look on his face.

GOODMAN

Was it happening at all before you went to the house?

Muldoon shakes her head.

MULDOON

I don't know.

She picks at the skin around her fingernails nervously.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

I just think that I've been thinking about all this stuff too much.

GOODMAN

The case?

Muldoon's leg shakes under the table.

MULDOON

Looking at all these photos.
Reading all the horrible stories.

Goodman chews on the toothpick between his teeth twirling it back and forth with one hand. He sips a cup of coffee with the other as he listens. There's a genuine look of understanding in the older man's eyes.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

I don't care how immune to it you are. It gets to you. I can't close my eyes without seeing this shit.

Goodman looks at the shaken, broken woman. Tears well up in Muldoon's eyes. It's a sad sight, Muldoon sitting there, so desperate, so helpless. For the first time, she locks eyes with Goodman.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

I think I'm losing my mind.

She looks back down the hall towards her son's bedroom. She hesitates for a moment.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

I'm just afraid that I won't be able to handle everything, and I'll...

She chokes up.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

And I'll make him go through it again.

Muldoon regains her composure. Muldoon shakes her head in dismay. Goodman stares back at her, clearly overwhelmed.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do. I'm trying so hard to pretend like I'm not scared. But he can tell.

She shakes her head.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Maybe I am going crazy.

She takes a deep breath. Muldoon knows how to cut through. She looks up at Goodman.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

I went to see Wilson.

Goodman's heart skips a beat. He tries to hide it.

GOODMAN
Why'd you go do a thing like that?

Muldoon stares deep into his eyes with a crazed look.

MULDOON
I need to know what he saw and why
you won't go near that house.

120 INT. GOODMAN'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT 120

Goodman lays awake in bed, lost in thought. He turns and looks at the clock.

Nearly 5AM. He hasn't slept a wink.

121 INT. POLICE PRECINCT (BULL PEN) - DAY 121

Goodman walks into the precinct amidst the morning bustle. But today seems particularly hectic.

More officers than usual, hustling back and forth between offices. Three men in suits stand with the Captain in his office.

Goodman looks around for Muldoon. Detective Greco walks over and stands by Goodman. His arms crossed, he sips his coffee.

The two men stand at the edge of the room, surveying the scene.

GOODMAN
Where's Muldoon?

Greco shrugs.

GRECO
First time in weeks she isn't first
one in.

Goodman nods towards the men in the Captain's office.

GOODMAN
What's with the suits?

GRECO
Prints came back on the body from
the other day.

Goodman's stomach drops.

GOODMAN

Mmm.

Goodman walks away towards his desk, but Greco calls out after him.

GRECO

Aren't you curious?

Goodman casually calls over his shoulder as he goes.

GOODMAN

Nope.

Greco laughs.

GRECO

Oh come on! Prints never take this long. Three guesses.

Greco shines with boyish glee.

GRECO (CONT'D)

Come on!

But Goodman doesn't entertain the challenge. He sits down at his desk and turns his computer on. Greco calls from across the room.

GRECO (CONT'D)

Prints belong to a dead body. One of yours.

He's got a smile like a kid with a secret.

GRECO (CONT'D)

Case from January.

Goodman doesn't turn to look at him, but listens intently.

GRECO (CONT'D)

Fiona Landers.

Goodman's expression changes to one of deep-seeded terror. A crass smile across Greco's face.

GRECO (CONT'D)

Spooky shit, huh? You think someone cut her fingers off at the morgue?

The chilling waves of fear build within Goodman. Unlike anything he's ever felt before. Greco walks away as the thought sets in.

Goodman sits there for a moment, stunned. Then slowly, he lifts the phone and dials a number. Holding the phone tensely to his ear, he waits as it rings.

But it just rings and rings.

Eventually it goes to the answering machine.

BURKE
(over the phone)
Hi! You've reached the Muldoons.

122 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (MASTER BEDROOM) - DAY

122

Muldoon sits at the edge of her bed staring off. Burke's cheery voice emits from the answering machine.

BURKE
(on the answering machine)
We can't come to the phone right now, but you can leave us a message after the beep.

Muldoon is motionless, paralyzed.

BEEP.

GOODMAN
(on the answering machine)
Muldoon, it's Goodman.

Muldoon is terrified. Staring, eyes wide with fear.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
(on the answering machine)
Call me when you get this.

Because Melinda Landers is standing there in the doorway staring back at her.

Eyes dark and swollen. Bile flowing from the little girl's lips.

And then Muldoon hears it. That terrible, wet, groaning wheeze right behind her head.

Slowly, she turns. Painfully afraid of what she might see. And right there behind her, their face mere inches apart...

Is pregnant Fiona Landers. Screaming at the top of her lungs.

123 EXT. THE MULDOON HOUSE - DAY

123

The school bus pulls up and stops in front of the Muldoon house. Burke steps off the bus and heads towards the house, passing his mother's car parked in the driveway.

124 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE - DAY

124

Burke walks in through the front door and calls out.

BURKE

Mom?

It's quiet. He closes the door and hangs up his jacket. He calls out once more.

BURKE (CONT'D)

Mom?

Still nothing. He looks around the room. Nothing seems out of place, but the TV is still on.

BURKE (CONT'D)

Frank?

The little boy waits and still there's no response. He walks over to the TV across the room and shuts it off.

As the house goes quiet, he hears Frank whimpering down the hall. Burke turns the corner and sees Frank at the other end of the hallway.

The dog is whimpering, desperately scratching at the door to Muldoon's bedroom. Slowly, the young boy walks down the hallway.

BURKE (CONT'D)

What's wrong bud?

The bedroom door is so scratched, we can only imagine how long the panicked dog has been here like this. Burke tries the door knob, but it's locked.

He calls through the door.

BURKE (CONT'D)

Mom?

There's no response. He tries the door again.

BURKE (CONT'D)

Mom?

The dog keeps scratching at the door, crying. The young boy shakes the knob in his nervous hands.

BURKE (CONT'D)

Mommy?!

125 INT. THE MULDOON HOUSE (MASTER BEDROOM) - DAY

125

Muldoon's body lays in the middle of the floor. The sight is gruesome.

Her heart literally ripped out of her chest. Her hands bloody, chunks of skin under her finger nails. A terrified look on her face.

Officers move about the room collecting evidence.

OFFICER MICHAELS

We still haven't found the heart.

Goodman and Michaels stand over the body staring down. Officer Michaels shrugs.

OFFICER MICHAELS (CONT'D)

Wounds on her chest look self-inflicted. Callin' it suicide for now, but...

He trails off in disbelief. Goodman is horrified and saddened by the sight.

GOODMAN

This wasn't suicide.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: "THE LANDERS FAMILY"

126 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 126

Heavy rain beats down on the manicured lawns. Wind whistles through the trees. The signpost on the corner reads: "REYBURN DRIVE". At the end of the cul-de-sac is the LANDERS' HOUSE.

A "FOR SALE" sign planted in the front lawn sporting Peter and Nina's smiling faces.

127 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE - NIGHT 127

The inside of the home is nice; nothing overly elegant, but there's a definite taste and style to the decor. Children's toys and smiling family photos indicate nothing but the life of an ordinary family. A mother, a father, and a young daughter.

The hallway. The kitchen. The living room. Moving boxes litter the rooms. We know the house well. But there's something different about it.

No sign of Peter Spencer anywhere.

128 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (MELINDA'S BEDROOM) - DAY 128

Fiona rushes into Melinda's bedroom. Her heart racing.

FIONA

Baby, come on, we have to go.
Before daddy gets home.

Fiona rushes to the window and looks out to the street.

MELINDA

Where are we going?

Fiona goes to Melinda and puts on a big smile.

FIONA

We're going on a trip. But we have
to go right now.

Fiona gets Melinda's doll from the dresser and hands it to her.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Here's Lisa. We need to go to the
car now, okay baby?

Fiona goes to the closet and takes out a small, already packed duffle bag.

Fiona's energy starts to make Melinda nervous. Fiona sees it. She rushes to the girl and hugs her.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Shh. Its okay baby, it's gonna be okay. I'm going to get you out of here. I love you so much. Everything will be okay. *I promise.*

Just then the front door swings open downstairs with a slam. Fiona's eyes dart to the doorway.

SAM (O.S.)

Fiona?

The voice sends a chill up her spine.

She hurries Melinda to the closet and guides her inside.

FIONA

Stay in here baby. Okay? Whatever you do, don't come out unless its me. Okay?

Melinda hides in the closet and Fiona rushes into the hallway.

129 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (HALLWAY) - DAY

129

Fiona darts out of the bedroom, closing the door behind her. But as she turns to continue down the hall. Sam is right there behind her.

SAM

What's going on?

Fiona pushes past him towards the stairs.

FIONA

We're leaving.

He stops her.

SAM

What do you mean?

FIONA

What do you think I mean?

Sam stands there stunned.

SAM
You can't leave.

FIONA
Watch me.

Finally she pushes past him.

SAM
Don't just walk away from me!

She stops at the top of the stairs. She turns back and stares deep into his eyes. Pale faced and red eyed, she chokes back sobs.

FIONA
Our daughter needs help. And you
won't let me help her.

He stands there heartbroken, angry, distraught.

FIONA (CONT'D)
We're leaving, Sam. For good this
time.

Fiona pants through her adrenaline wall of tears as Sam's rage starts to brew.

FIONA (CONT'D)
I'm taking her. And I'm going to
get her help

Sam starts towards her. His heart racing. His blood starting to boil. His face red with fury, waiting to explode.

SAM
You aren't taking her *anywhere*.

She backs away as he grows nearer. Closer to the edge of the steps. She shudders at the sight of him. The disgust drips from her voice.

FIONA
You're a coward, Sam. *You're weak.*

That sends him over the edge.

SAM
Why did you make me do this?

FIONA
What?

Sam pushes his wife down the stairs.

The pregnant woman topples down the staircase. Step after step after step. Her body breaking and contorting at the joints.

A look of confusion and sadness on her face as she falls. Never did she think it would come to this. And then she stops. Breaking her neck at the bottom of the steps.

Sam's face is still red with rage. He pants like an animal. Nearly unable to catch his breath.

He hasn't yet noticed the tears in his eyes, for the wall of the adrenaline put up by the rage as dulled all his senses.

He staggers down the hallway to Melinda's bedroom.

130

INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (MELINDA'S BEDROOM)

130

This whole time, Melinda has been hiding in her closet. Terrified, clinging to her doll.

Its quiet through the house. All she can hear is that sound that we've heard so many times before. That ominous sound.

The chilling, wheezing sound, seeping from the pierced lungs and broken ribs of Fiona Landers' dying body.

Melinda holds her doll close.

Just then, she hears the door to her bedroom open. The closet door is open just ever so slightly.

SAM

Baby?

Melinda watches through the crack in the door as her father looks around the pitch black room.

SAM (CONT'D)

Baby? Where are you?

Melinda, frightened to her core, peels back into the shadows of the closet.

SAM (CONT'D)

We have to go baby.

Her father kneels down to look under the bed. He lifts the sheets, hoping to find his daughter hiding underneath.

But he doesn't.

SAM (CONT'D)
WHERE ARE YOU?!

Shocked by the sound, the girl clings tighter to her doll.
But in doing so, triggers the doll's mechanism.

And the doll lets out a small, mechanical giggle. Sam's head
darts to the closet.

He throws open the door and Melinda starts to scream.

SAM (CONT'D)
No, no, no! It's okay baby. It's
okay. I'm here.

Melinda starts to swing her arms, her fists flapping. She
starts to hit herself.

SAM (CONT'D)
Stop! No. Baby. Stop. It's okay.

He grabs her by the wrists and tackles her to the ground.
Trying to restrain her. But only adding fuel to the fire.

She thrashes in his arms.

SAM (CONT'D)
Stop! Stop!

She screams and flails.

SAM (CONT'D)
STOP!

He holds his hand over her mouth to stop her from screaming.
His other hand hold's her by the shoulder pressing her to the
ground.

The grown man's weight on the girl is too much for her. So
she thrashes harder.

And in his panic he starts to shake the little girl.

SAM (CONT'D)
STOP! STOP!

But she can hardly breathe as Sam shakes the little girl more
and more violently.

SAM (CONT'D)
Please stop!

Blood rushes to the little girl's eyes. Her eyelids bulging under the pressure. Bile starts to dribble from her lips beneath her father's hand.

All the while, he shakes her and shakes her and shakes her.

Trying to make her calm down. But killing her instead.

Eventually her thrashing slows.

SAM (CONT'D)
That's a good girl. That's my girl.

Until she isn't moving.

SAM (CONT'D)
Shhh. It's okay. It's okay.

He looks down and notices her swollen, glassy eyes. He shakes her to try to wake her up.

SAM (CONT'D)
Melinda?

Nothing.

SAM (CONT'D)
Melinda?

131 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE - NIGHT

131

An old home movie plays on the TV in the living room. On the tape, it's Christmas morning. Wrapped presents beneath the decorated tree.

Fiona, four months pregnant, sits on the floor beside Melinda. Fiona turns to the camera, a huge smile across her face.

FIONA
Sam, are you filming?

A man's voice from off camera:

SAM (O.S.)
Yeah.

Fiona turns to her daughter, rocking back and forth, with a worried look across her face. A wrapped present waiting patiently in her lap.

FIONA
Okay, open it Melinda!

The little girl tears away the wrapping paper with feverish excitement. She tosses off the wrapping and reveals a box with a doll inside.

MELINDA
Laughing Lisa!

The little girl suddenly bubbles with glee.

SAM (O.S.)
Pick it up and let daddy see!

The little girl holds up the doll for the camera.

SAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Is that the one you wanted?

The little girl nods. Fiona watches her daughter, smiling.

And then the tape stops. Paused on a frame of the happy family.

Sam sits on the couch watching the tape. The remote in his hand, he stares at the still image. With tears in his eyes.

132 EXT. THE LANDERS HOUSE - NIGHT 132

He walks across the driveway to the shed on the side of the property. His head hanging low, his feet shuffle as he walks.

He goes inside and looks over the shelves of power tools. He takes a circular saw off the shelf and walks out of the shed.

133 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE - NIGHT 133

He heads up the stairs to the second floor. He steps down the long hallway. He pushes open the door at the end of the hall and flicks on the light. A bathroom.

He looks around the small tiled room. He bends down in the corner, plugging the saw into an outlet. He stands and walks over to the bathtub. He kneels down beside it. And starts to cry.

He can hardly look at what he's done.

He starts the spinning blades of the saw, leans into the tub and begins to saw the lifeless, pregnant body of Fiona Landers.

He sobs as he does it.

- 134 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (CRAWL SPACE) - NIGHT 134
Sam hides the bags filled with Fiona's dismembered body in the crawl space.
- 135 EXT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (BACKYARD) - NIGHT 135
Sam digs a small grave in the backyard. He still can't stop the tears.
Melinda's body, wrapped up in her bed sheets, sits beside the small child-sized hole. He rolls her body into the hole and covers it with a small mound of dirt.
He can't believe what he's done.
- 136 EXT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (BACKYARD) - NIGHT 136
Sam is having a fit. Smashing and breaking everything in sight. Throwing things from the house in a angry fit of rage. Screaming uncontrollably.
Until finally he collapses to his knees. Sobbing.
- 137 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (GARAGE) - NIGHT 137
Sam rushes to his car parked in the garage. He gets in in a hurry and thrusts the keys into the ignition. He starts the car.
He's sweating bullets. His heart is racing. He's panicked.
Beside the rearview mirror is the remote for the garage door. He clicks to open the door. But it doesn't open.
He tries again, but still the door behind him won't open.
He looks to the button on the wall outside the car. He tries to open the car door, but its locked. He unlocks it. But it immediately locks on its own.
He tries again. But again, it locks on its own.
The car running, exhaust fumes rise around the car. Increasingly frantic, Sam tries to escape the vehicle. Trying to bust through the door.

SAM
Come on! Come on!

Suddenly, the windows of the car slowly go down just a few inches on their own. Not open enough to reach through. But open enough to let the fumes in.

Sam watches, confused.

He coughs. Gagging on the fumes as the garage continues to fill with smoke. He crawls through the car to the backseat. Trying all the doors.

SAM (CONT'D)

No! No!

But he can't get out. He's trapped.

His eyes bright red. His face blue from the lack of oxygen. He coughs, spitting up bile. Desperately gasping for air.

He starts to feel faint. Dizzy and woozy. Weak as he loses consciousness. Coughing a wet and violent cough as he blacks out.

He looks up, and there, outside the car, standing right in front of it, are Fiona and Melinda.

Staring back at him through the clouds of smoke. Smiling.

He stares back. His eyes wide and terrified.

138 EXT. THE LANDERS HOUSE - NIGHT

138

Sam's screams echo through the night. Dark clouds pass over the moon. Neighborhood dogs bark in the distance.

But the screams fade. And the house lays quiet in the night.

139 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (CRAWL SPACE) - NIGHT

139

Fiona's dismembered corpse remains parcelled away in plastic bags in the crawl space. Her eyes forever open.

And time passes. A little over a week. And we watch as her body decomposes in time-lapse. Transitioning to the way we saw it when Peter discovered it.

And then Peter is standing there looking at it, having just found the body in the fly-ridden crawl space. Just where we left him.

Half out of his mind with fright, he tumbles back down into the Landers' master bedroom.

140

INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

140

Peter scrambles back into the hallway and rushes to Melinda's bedroom. He swings open the door, but she's gone. He rushes back into the hallway crying out.

PETER

Where are you? We can't stay here!

Panicked, he runs down the stairs. Running from room to room.

The living room. The guest room. The bathroom. All empty. The little girl is nowhere to be found. He runs to the kitchen. But there's still no sign of her.

Just then, he hears a thud from the second floor. As if something heavy has fallen. He looks up.

There's a sound coming from the staircase in the other room. Like someone dragging wet plastic. The sound gets closer and closer.

Little Melinda, suddenly right next to him, holds his hand.

Slowly, the door creeps open. Then he hears it again. That chilling, wheezing sound. Seeping from the pierced lungs and broken ribs of Fiona Landers' dying body.

Fiona's mangled corpse crawls through the doorway.

Peter's strength drains from his body. His vision goes blurry as his knees fold under him, collapsing on the spot. He slumps against the wall, staring off into space. Horrified, terrified, overwhelmed.

Fiona's pregnant body, broken and twisted. She desperately crawls across the floor towards him. Her broken arms feebly tugging her limp body weight behind her across the linoleum tile.

Her fingernails peeling off the soft flesh of her rotten fingers as she slithers her gnarled corpse even closer.

Rotted limbs tear from the corpse as she drags herself, leaving behind a trail of organs and entrails spilling out of her. Flies swarm around her festering wounds.

Clutched in her arms is the body of her dead fetus still attached to Fiona by the umbilical chord. The slimy mass decaying in her arms.

But behind the ghostly eyes, Peter sees the solemn stare of a mother who lost her child and it's haunting.

Suddenly, the house phone starts to ring. Peter's heart pounds wildly in his chest. *Ring ring. Ring ring.*

Melinda, still tightly holding his hand, has bile pouring from her lips. The girl seems not to mind as she hold her doll tightly. But Peter is paralyzed with fear.

Ring ring. Ring ring.

Fiona's body shiny with blood and wrapped in clear plastic. She opens her mouth halfway, dribbling fresh blood, emitting that horrific croaking sound from the back of her throat.

Peter, still on the floor, frantically scrambles backwards. Fiona's swollen and decaying lips move as if trying to speak.

Ring ring. Ring ring.

Peter groans as he slides further back. Boxed into the corner of the room by Fiona's crawling corpse with nowhere to run.

Her hair, stringy and oily and black, falling out by the clump, leaving a trail behind her, like some fetid slug.

Ring ring. Finally the phone goes to the answering machine.

FIONA

(on the answering machine)

Hi! You've reached the Landers! We can't come to the phone right now, but leave your name and number after the beep and we'll get back to you as soon as we can!

BEEP.

SAM

(on the answering machine)

Why did you make me do this?

The sound that plays from the answering machine is terrifying. A collage of sounds building to a chaos.

Fiona's screams and cries and the sound of her bones breaking as she topples down the stairs. The sound of little Melinda squealing and gasping for air. The sound of a circular saw against bone.

PETER

Oh my god.

His heart racing, his eyes wide. Peter is frozen.

Overcome with fear.

141 INT. THE SPENCER HOME (BEDROOM) - NIGHT 141

Nina is in bed watching TV when the front door of the house opens. She freezes for a second. And then calls out:

NINA
Hello?

She calls out again.

NINA (CONT'D)
Peter?

No response.

NINA (CONT'D)
Peter?

Gently stroking her belly, she stands up with a grunt of effort and heads into the hallway.

142 INT. THE SPENCER HOME - NIGHT 142

Nina creeps through the dark house slowly.

NINA
Peter?

Still no response. She grows more and more tense with every step. She moves from room to room looking around.

The walls of the house lined with windows. She feels an odd sort of vulnerability in her own home. As though through the windows, she's being watched. She can almost feel the eyes on her.

She stops and looks around.

NINA (CONT'D)
Peter?

Its dead quiet. Nina stands in the living room surrounded by large plate glass windows, petrified.

From where she's standing, she can see the front door. It's open. But no one's there. At least from what she can see.

She walks out of the living room and through the kitchen. A fear building in her as she gets closer and closer to the door. Her breath quickens, her heart races.

The rain is coming down hard outside. She tries to calm herself. But it doesn't work.

She reaches for her pregnant belly, rubbing it, as though to comfort the infant inside.

Eventually, she gets to the entry way. Its dark and all the lights are off. But the front door is open. And Peter is standing right there next to it. Soaked from the rain. Dripping onto the floor.

She breathes a heavy sigh of relief and smiles.

NINA (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, you scared me.

She laughs.

NINA (CONT'D)
Parents finally come home?

Peter doesn't respond.

NINA (CONT'D)
Peter?

Nothing.

NINA (CONT'D)
Peter?

Nina is still. A silent stand off. His demeanor is cold and menacing. She smiles to cover the fear, but her voice shakes.

NINA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

He turns and shuts the door behind him. He locks the lock. He steps further into the room and then stops. His coat dripping onto the hardwood floors.

Nina steps back, her voice shaking as she speaks.

NINA (CONT'D)
What're you doing?

Her smile quickly fades.

NINA (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you?

He stares back at her with his bloodshot eyes. An odd glint in his eye. Something isn't right.

PETER
Why did you make me do this?

143 INT. THE SPENCER HOME (BEDROOM) - DAY

143

Morning light pours into the bedroom. Peter hangs from a beam in the ceiling. An extension cord as a noose. The body flops sloppily side to side from the choppy motion of the ceiling fan tangled in the cord.

Nina's body, bloody, lays on the floor by his feet. Her lifeless eyes, open, staring up at him. Her blood splashed and splattered across the walls.

The telephone rings as sirens blare outside and officers pound and shout at the front door.

144 EXT. THE LANDERS HOUSE - DAY

144

The rain is relentless. There's a hustle and bustle of soaking wet Crime Scene Investigators, Police Officers, EMTs, Firemen, and small town news teams scuttling about the front yard of the Landers House.

Police tape stretched across the Landers' front door. Peter's car at the end of the driveway roped off by more tape.

Detective Goodman, a cigarette balanced between his lips, talks to one of the uniformed police officers outside the house. He looks younger and fresher than we saw him last. He nods his head, taking copious notes as the nervous young officer speaks.

He turns and ducks under the police tape surrounding the perimeter of the property. He struts with poise towards a nondescript sedan parked down the street.

He takes one last puff of his cigarette and tosses the butt to the side of the road as he opens the car door and gets in.

145 INT. WILSON'S CAR - DAY

145

Goodman sits down in the passenger seat. Detective Wilson, looking spry and healthy sits in the drivers seat.

The two men sit there in the car, quietly watching intently. Their eyes fixed on the house in that way that cops nonchalantly stare intensely to take in every detail. Eyes wandering behind dark sunglasses, surveying, assessing.

WILSON
ID the bodies yet?

GOODMAN
Fiona and Melinda Landers. Mother
and daughter.

WILSON
Locate the husband?

Their eyes still on the house. Wilson takes a sip of his
coffee.

GOODMAN
Haven't been able to get a hold of
him yet. His car's still parked in
the garage.

Wilson grimaces and smacks his lips.

WILSON
Coffee's shit today.

GOODMAN
Don't I know it.

There's a casual rhythm to their rapport.

WILSON
Cause of death?

GOODMAN
Not yet. It's a mess in there.

They sit in silence for a few moments. Still just staring out
at the house.

WILSON
This connected to the bodies a few
streets over?

GOODMAN
Bingo.

WILSON
Is that why we're here?

GOODMAN
You got it.

Wilson sips his coffee as the rain beats down on the
windshield.

GOODMAN (CONT'D)
Found the kid in a grave out back.
Wife all chopped up. Make's you
think.

WILSON
Don't think too hard. It'll drive
you crazy.

The men, deep in thought.

WILSON (CONT'D)
The husband good for it?

GOODMAN
Seems about right.

He turns to Goodman.

WILSON
Alright, well let's go see it.

But Goodman's still transfixed by the house. He takes a
moment.

GOODMAN
You think it's haunted?

WILSON
Excuse me?

GOODMAN
You know, when this sort of thing
happens...

WILSON
I hope to God you're kidding.

Wilson gets out of the car and Goodman follows.

GOODMAN
My mother was into all that. Raised
me superstitious.

They close the car doors.

Wilson looks at Goodman across the roof of the car.

WILSON
Scariest things I've ever seen were
done by people.

He smiles.

WILSON (CONT'D)
So I'll take my chances with the
ghosts.

Wilson turns and heads across the street towards the house. But Goodman stays by the car. He takes a cigarette from the pack in his jacket pocket and calls out to Wilson.

GOODMAN

I'll catch up at the precinct.

Wilson ducks under the police tape and laughs. He turns and looks back at Goodman. He shakes his head. A child like smile across his face.

WILSON

They're gonna put you in a nut house one day, you know that?

He laughs and continues to the house. Goodman stands at the car watching him go. He stares up at the house. He knows it doesn't feel right.

Wilson walks up the front steps to the front door of the Landers House. For just a second, it's as though he can feel it too. The closer and closer he gets. A strange quiet. But he shakes it off and goes inside.

Neighbors have started to gather around the property despite the rain. People in uniforms bustle in and out of the house.

146 INT. THE LANDERS HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

146

EMTs carry Fiona and Melinda out of the house in body bags. Wilson passes the last of them on his way into the house. He steps into the entryway and looks around.

He walks slowly down the hallway, taking note of everything. Eventually, he makes his way to the living room. Alone in the house, he takes it all in.

He notices something across the room. Atop the mantle, sits a family photo of the Landers family. He walks over and takes a closer look.

Fiona, Melinda, and Sam. All smiling. All happy.

An odd quiet comes over the house. And then that horrible sound. That chilling, wheezing sound...

That seeped from the pierced lungs and broken ribs of Fiona Landers' dying body futilely clinging to life.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: THE GRUDGE

END CREDITS

End credits play over crime scene photos of the various crimes we've seen throughout the film mixed with the family photos of the characters we've come to know and love.

CUT TO:

147 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE (CONFERENCE ROOM) - DAY 147

An array photos are pinned to the bulletin board on the wall. Crime scene photos and photos of the deceased arranged in a massive web. There have to be at least twenty people up there on the wall. People we know. Peter and Nina. Muldoon and Wilson. Lorna, Faith, and William. Fiona, Melinda, and Sam. As well as people we don't know. Other neighbors, EMT's, other cops. But at the center of the chaotic web of faces is a picture of the house. The Landers House. 44 Reyburn Drive.

Two FBI agents are sitting at a table staring at the wall. It looks like they've been doing this for hours.

AGENT COLE

What if it's the house?

AGENT HORNE

What do you mean?

AGENT COLE

Well, everyone who's set foot inside that house is dead. Right now, that's the only thing all of these people have in common. So maybe it's the house.

Another agent pops into the doorway with a folder.

AGENT PALMER

Finally found you a match on VICAP. Old Interpol case out of Japan. I don't know if it'll help, but it's the only similar case I could find.

He hands Agent Cole the folder and leaves. Cole opens the file and looks at the pictures inside. A Japanese woman and her son. Labelled: "KAYAKO AND TOSHIO SAEKI. TOKYO, JAPAN." He flips through the pages of the file and looks up.

AGENT COLE

I think something very strange is going on.

CUT TO BLACK.

