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THE GUARDIAN

(Angel of Darkness)

Screenplay

by

Stephen Volk
&
William Friedkin

From the novel

"The Nanny" by

Dan Greenburg

Director: William Friedkin

Producer: Joe Wizan

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Rev. 5/11/89 (pink)

Rev. 5/24/89 (blue)

Rev. 6/1/89 (yellow)

Rev. 6/20/89 (green)

Rev. 7/14/89 (goldenrod)

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

In every way possible this film must be rooted in reality -- acted, photographed and edited as though it were an actual occurrence -- a realistic treatment of an inexplicable series of events. It should play like a nightmare, which has its roots in existing fears.

We all know the fairy tale of the witch who lives in a candy house that would be nice to eat. Indeed, we have seen already what a scare she gave to a child who conjured her up in play. She is kind to children and invites them into her tasty house only because she wants to eat them. She is a cannibal. And for some six hundred thousand years of human experience cannibals... and even cannibal mothers... were grim and gruesome, ever-present REALITIES.

Joseph CAMPBELL

"The Masks of God"

1A EXT. SHERIDAN HOME - ALTADENA - LATE DAY

1A *

SHOOTING PAST the mailbox (which has the family name imprinted clearly), at a well-kept, lovely two-story Georgian House.

1B INT. LIVING ROOM - SHERIDAN HOUSE - ALTADENA -
- LATE DAY

1B *

A hideous ancient tree... The pop-up illustration in a children's book. The innocent, murmuring CRY of a baby, four weeks old...

LITTLE BOY'S VOICE

(softly)

Don't cry, Leah. I'll read you a story.

A little boy's hand gently rocks a cradle in which a baby lies, half-sleeping -- having a bad dream.

LITTLE BOY'S VOICE

(continuing)

Once upon a time, on the edge of a great forest... there lived a woodcutter and his wife...

2 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SHERIDAN HOUSE - LATE DAY

2 *

LITTLE BOY'S VOICE

They were very poor and had barely enough to live on. But they loved each other...

MRS. MOLLY SHERIDAN, 30's, pretty, applying the last of her makeup. Fidgeting around her for a corner of the vanity mirror, her husband ALLAN SHERIDAN, 30's, nice guy, doing up his necktie. Looking at his watch. He is worried about a tiny stain on the tie. His wife doesn't worry. She puts aftershave on her hands, slaps his cheeks lightly. He grins. Kisses her on the nose.

3 INT. LIVING ROOM - SHERIDAN HOUSE - LATE DAY

3 *

The voice belongs to a little boy aged 8, SCOTTY. He has a big, traditional children's book on his lap. He wears a 49ers T-shirt over p.j. bottoms.

SCOTTY (LITTLE BOY)

And they loved their two children,
Hansel and Gretel...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

It was a time of famine in the forest, and the woodcutter and his wife could hardly find food to fill their own bellies, let alone their two children. They didn't know what to do...

4 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SHERIDAN HOUSE - LATE DAY 4 *

An open suitcase is being packed with women's sweaters. A blouse. A Steven King novel. *

Her husband checks his wallet: AmEx card, Diner's, Visa.

SCOTTY'S VOICE

In the end, the woodcutter said, "We'll have to take the children into the wood and leave them to fend for themselves..."

5 INT. LIVING ROOM - SHERIDAN HOUSE - LATE DAY 5 *

The baby dribbles disinterestedly. A rubbery toy interests it a lot more.

6 INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS - SHERIDAN HOUSE - LATE DAY 6 *

Sheridan writes a note "IF NEEDED" and phone number, tucks it next to the phone. The pad has the names Allan and Molly Sheridan imprinted at the top.

7 INT. LIVING ROOM - SHERIDAN HOUSE - LATE DAY 7 *

Mrs. Sheridan kisses her baby on the cheek. So does Mr. Sheridan.

8 BABY'S POV 8

Its parents are glowing and angelic being in the gradual dawn of infantile consciousness, associated with a sense of beatitude.

9 BACK TO SCENE 9

Mrs. Sheridan kisses Scotty. The parents give a Stan Laurel wave goodbye but the boy doesn't break the stride of the story.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

SCOTTY

While his wife was still sleeping next morning, he took the children out with him when he went to chop wood. He said, "Sit and sleep under this tree while I get to work. I'll wake you when it's time to go home..."

10

BABY'S POV

10

as his angelic parents move away. Behind them, a living shadow moves, bat-like, shimmering with evil aura seen only by the newborn child.

11

BACK TO SCENE

11

A twinge of reaction from the baby before the door closes.

12

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SHERIDAN HOUSE - LATE DAY

12

*

Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan put the suitcase in the trunk of the car and close it. Mr. Sheridan starts the ignition. They exchange glances. She gives his leg a rub that says, I love you. There's a sparkle in the eye contact.

SCOTTY'S VOICE

But when they awoke, it was dark, and there was no sign of their father. They were alone in the big, dark forest. All alone...

The headlights spring on.

13

INT. LIVING ROOM - SHERIDAN HOUSE - LATE DAY

13

*

In the picture book: the moon above the trees.

A shadow moves over an overfull toy box. Fuzzy bear, balls, spinning tops and silly beings from the world of the under-fives. The shadow of a person in the room, seemingly tidying the toys away.

A picture in the book: Hansel and Gretel, tiny figures lost in the mass of the Great Forest...

We catch a figure, indistinctly, in the mirror. Someone else is in the room.

(CONTINUED)

The person seems closer now. Although Scotty is unafraid.

A baby's bottle, almost empty, sits on its side on a table. A bead of milk falls imperceptibly slowly from the rubber teat.

A hand reaches in and picks up the bottle, examines it, then takes it to a child's trash bin, where it is unceremoniously dropped.

SCOTTY

Now Hansel and Gretel were very scared. They ran through the woods but everywhere they could see the wild animals were waking...

In the book, a wolf's red eyes stare from the undergrowth. The trees themselves have menacing faces.

SCOTTY

(continuing)

Then they saw ahead of them... A wonderful house... made of sugar icing, and cake, cherries and chocolate...

In the book, the gingerbread house. A shadow falls over it, and over Scotty as he looks up into somebody's face. And smiles.

Allan Sheridan driving. The night passing around them. Idly Mrs. Sheridan opens the purse on her lap and takes out a hotel brochure, smiling with anticipation. She starts to read it but begins to squint. She reaches into the purse again and takes out her glasses case. Flips it open. It's empty.

Her husband, catching the moment, looks over. His face drops, trying to hide he's pissed off. Her face says sorry. He looks in the mirror.

The indicator light in the dash blinks as he does a U-turn.

SCOTTY'S VOICE

A woman stood in the doorway of the gingerbread house. She said, "Come in out of the cold, little children. You'll come to no harm..." And the children... went ... inside...

15 INT. SCOTTY'S BEDROOM - SHERIDAN HOUSE - NIGHT 15

Now the little boy lies in his little bed. The room is in darkness. Two hands -- a woman's hands -- gently pull up the blanket and tuck it under the pretty boy's chin. He is fast asleep. The book slides off his lap in SLOW MOTION.

The same woman's hand reaches over and switches off a grinning crescent-shaped Man-in-the-Moon bedside light.

CUT TO:

16 INT. BABY'S ROOM - SHERIDAN HOUSE - NIGHT 16

The dimness of the baby's room. The door opens and casts, in the light from the hall, a woman's shadow across the crib of the sleeping baby.

In the crib, the tiny thing is sleeping soundly and beautifully -- a picture of healthy, perfect innocence -- huddled next to a furry rabbit with big buck teeth.

The woman's hands peel back the overblanket. And -- in a moment that makes our hearts drop -- the hands reach in and lift out the baby...

17 EXT. DRIVEWAY - SHERIDAN HOUSE - NIGHT 17

The Sheridan car returns, crunching on the gravel, and stops.

18 INT. SCOTTY'S BEDROOM - SHERIDAN HOUSE - NIGHT 18

As if having a bad dream -- and disturbed by the SOUND of the car, Scotty turns over in his sleep.

19 INT. BABY'S ROOM - SHERIDAN HOUSE - NIGHT 19

Mrs. Sheridan enters the baby's room on tiptoe, looking around. She feels over a surface -- fingering discarded jigsaw pieces. She finally finds her glasses just where she left them.

She moves slowly towards the crib, a smile on her face. Just can't resist the temptation to give her little honey one more kiss.

20 HER POV 20

The vague shape of the crib, OUT OF FOCUS.

21 BACK TO SCENE

21

She comes closer, putting on her glasses. As she focuses now, her wide grin drops. Oh my God...

The crib is empty.

22 EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

22

The hideous, ancient tree dominates, bathed in moonlight. Now, seeing it for the first time at night, the place seems gut-wrenchingly evil. Alive. This place is emblematic of our movie: the dark threatening forest of the fairy tale, made absolutely real.

And towards the tree, moves a shape. The shape of a woman --

Carrying the baby in a blanket --

Into the moon-glow...

23 INT. BABY'S ROOM - SHERIDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

23

Allan Sheridan bursts into the room now. Absolute nightmarish panic reins. He hits the crib, tears down into it, ripping away the bedclothes in disbelief. A sheet covers a rocking horse's head. The baby bottle falls to the floor, starting a trickle of milk. The rabbit bounces across the room. The CAMERA is keeping with him, wildly.

His face blindly refusing to express horror, he races back to the door, almost pushing through his dumbstruck wife.

SHERIDAN

(a breath)

Where's the baby?

24 INT. HALLWAY - SHERIDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

24

HIGH ANGLE DOWN at the spiral staircase, like a mad vortex as Sheridan and his wife scramble -- they can't move fast enough -- up to the bedroom --

25 INT. SCOTTY'S ROOM - SHERIDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

25

A lifesize luminous skeleton swings aside (it's pinned on the back of Scotty's bedroom door).

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

His father's feet crunch over a train set, the rails twisting and bending, carriages spinning. He tears the sheets back from the other bed -- it's empty too.

Now, roused by the light from the hall, Scotty is groaning awake. Mrs. Sheridan kneels by his bed.

MRS. SHERIDAN

It's okay, honey. It's only us.
Nothing's wrong. Okay? Where's Leah? Where's little Leah, do you know, sweetheart?

SCOTTY

(half-awake)

She -- she was sleeping...

SHERIDAN

Where's Diana?

SCOTTY

She was here...

The boy knows something is wrong. He starts to sob. His mom holds him tight. Her knee crumples an evil face in the storybook on the floor. Scotty starts to cry --

Sheridan rushes/falls out into the upstairs landing --

26 INT. HALLWAY - SHERIDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

26

Sheridan tries one door then another. It's as if he's in a nightmare, a rat in a trap. No way out. Lights flash on, off. Doors slam.

27 INT. SCOTTY'S ROOM - SHERIDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

27

Mrs. Sheridan is holding Scotty so tight she might break him. Harsh acid tears are drawing black eye makeup down her cheeks. Scotty is weeping horribly --

28 INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS - SHERIDAN HOUSE - NIGHT

28

ANGLE UP at Sheridan, bent over the landing rail, looking down into the hall well. His face is contorted, ready to burst with horror...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Ready to explode, almost...

And like in all moments of impenetrable shock or horror, time loses grip -- the moment seems to last forever. Every millisecond of his moan of anguish is drawn out many times longer than it takes to cry out --

SHERIDAN

Dear God! Diana!!!!

*

CUT TO:

29 EXT. FULL MOON - NIGHT

29

Sharply clear in definition, the great white orb of the full moon against the deep blue-black of the night sky, FILLING THE SCREEN like a huge eye. Sheridan's VOICE VOICE still REVERBERATES.

*

A dark shape flies across it, for all the world like a damned witch on a broomstick. A light halates INTO CAMERA, and the shape is clearer now. The SOUND becomes a thudding...

It's a helicopter. A police helicopter. The rotors CHOPPING the air like a driving heartbeat...

Closer. Clearer. Glass cockpit, spindly black fuselage. Like a big insect. In the abstract texture of SOUND, the sharply electric CRACKLE of police radio communications -- RASPING and CLICKING, a run of unintelligible mumbo-jumbo.

30 EXT. FOREST - POV FROM THE POLICE CHOPPER - NIGHT

30

a searchlight is angled down, scanning the expanse of trees like a follow-spot.

A couple of nightbirds awaken and take flight. It's a deep, gloomy canopy that doesn't give away secrets. The cop RADIO gabble CONTINUES...

31 ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE WOODS, LOOKING OUT

31

Light from the sky defines the stark outlines of big, ancient trees.

32 ANOTHER ANGLE

32

Chopper NOISE still provides a bass sensurround...

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

As we lose the cops and dive slowly deeper down into the dense, dark, greenery -- tendrils, bark, thorny bushes, cobwebs, tangled weeds glistening with moisture...

And we bring up louder and louder the SOUNDS of the forest, as before... as we reach in final

33 CLOSEUP - A BULLFROG

33

sitting like a fat despot on a stone, bubblegum jowl puffing. Grey-brown, hump-backed, warty and stickly with dirt and slime and leaves.

Lit blue, lit red by the cop car lights. Big, gluey button eyes staring at the moon...

And there is a long pink earthworm, just dangling, wriggling from his mouth like a long tongue -- waiting to be eaten but the bullfrog's in no hurry...

Now the chopper NOISE has become the fantastically amplified CROAKING of the bullfrog, like we have a mike down his ugly throat... We HOLD on the gruesome-looking bastard...

And suddenly -- SSSSCHLLLLLIIP! -- the most horrible sound in the world -- the worm is gone, in one gulp.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

34 EXT. VENICE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

34

The crazy melting-pot of Venice, from SIDEWALK LEVEL. And INTO SHOT walk these --

35 SOCKS

35

Argyle socks and top coat -- worn by --

36 PHIL STERLIN

36

Phil is in his late 20's, early 30's. Probably a gangly kid once. Dark, good-looking, and quirky. A little off-beat.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

Around him, by contrast, the residents of L.A. are in their shades, light trousers and Armani blazers. Phil wiggles hands in pockets to cover his socks with his pant bottoms.

We FOLLOW him as he walks toward the Frank Gehry-designed ultra modern entrance of the KRASNO/LEE Agency.

37

INT. OUTER OFFICE - ADVERTISING AGENCY - DAY

37

An advertising award dedicated to "GAIL KRASNO." A wall full of advertising awards. In one of them, Phil's face -- a little daunted -- is reflected. He sees a curl of hair is sticking up stupidly, and licks it down with the flat of his hand.

The agency is done out in vivid primary colors, the furniture like pieces of art -- in fact it's like an art-gallery.

RALPH (O.S.)

Expecting snow?

The overdressed Phil turns. A door has opened unexpectedly in a metal, riveted wall. RALPH HESS, a 30-year-old copywriter, appears -- notably cool in contrast to Phil, he wears rolled-up sleeves, chino pants and tennis shoes.

*

RALPH

(continuing)

Phil Sterlin? Hi. I'm Ralph Hess. Welcome to the "Belly of the Beast"...

Ralph leads the way into the meeting room.

CUT TO:

38

INT. MEETING ROOM - ADVERTISING AGENCY - DAY

38

A stunning Frank Gehry-style room that feels like the hold of a giant whaling ship, the belly of the beast.

Ralph and GAIL KRASNO are looking at Phil's portfolio of laminated print ads. Gail, 40, is an account executive at the Chiat/Day-style boutique interviewing Phil for a job. She wears black, a complement to premature gray hair. She's as sharp -- and as latently sexy -- as any news anchorwoman.

(CONTINUED)

GAIL

How was the flight?

PHIL

Terrific.

RALPH

First time out here?

Phil nods.

GAIL

(referring to Phil's
portfolio)

These are good. It's unusual to
see a public service campaign with
a sense of humor and irreverence,
that doesn't look like anything
else.

PHIL

Thank you.

RALPH

We're doing more public service
than ever and frankly we want it
to be up to the rest of our stuff.

PHIL

I understand.

Phil has his legs crossed. He is aware that Gail's
eyes have been looking him up and down. They get to
the argyle socks. He thinks, shit. He slowly un-
crosses his legs.

GAIL

At the agency in Chicago it was a
hands-on thing for you. It's a
little different out here... We
have media planners, marketing
consultants... Creative Directors
... Is that going to be a problem?

*

PHIL

(reflects)

Yeah. The way I work is, once we
agree on a concept, it's my
baby. I worked at a shop where
every time the client sneezed the
agency wiped its nose. That's not
how I want to create advertising.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED: (2)

38

RALPH

You sound like Michael J.
Doonesbury.

PHIL

God, y'know you're right.

GAIL

What do you say, Ralph?

RALPH

(to Phil)

I looked through 100 art
directors' books, and yours was
the one that made me smile. Most
of them made me cry...

PHIL

I'm comfortable where I am now.
I've built a reputation in Chicago
and we love the town.

GAIL

(cuts in)

Do you want the job?

PHIL

(taken by surprise)

Yes.

GAIL

Well, Ralph, you're the one who
has to work with this guy. Is
there anything else you want to
ask?

Ralph zippers the portfolio closed.

RALPH

Just one thing, Phil. Where'd you
get those socks?

CUT TO:

39

EXT./INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - THE CANYON - DAY

39

*

The front door of an empty room in darkness. A key in
the lock, and the door opens to reveal two silhouettes
against the warm California sun. One is Phil and the
other is his wife JULIE, around the same age.

(CONTINUED)

As she comes in -- right up CLOSE -- we see she's young, bubbly, and very pretty. She's a modern girl, serious about her work and serious about her private life. Her clothes show arty flair. She looks around her.

JULIE
Can we afford this?

PHIL
We can rent for six months. Till
we find something.

JULIE
It has potential.

PHIL
Potential? Julie, we're coming
out of an apartment on the west
side of Chicago.

JULIE
There are no sidewalks.

PHIL
Huh?

40 EXT. SALTAIR STREET - NEAR PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

40

Julie's feet walking peg-leg up and down a grassy verge curbing the road.

We see around them the suburban environs of the house. Nice, well-tended gardens. A swing. Nothing out of place.

JULIE
You and I walk. Remember that
snowstorm on Christmas Day?
Fifteen inches of snow and what
were we doing?

PHIL
Freezing. For God's sake the
Pacific Ocean is ten minutes from
here...

JULIE
So what do we do? Walk on water?

PHIL
We get in our rented Jeep and we
drive to the beach, then we walk!

Time lapse.

40A EXT. EMPTY LOT - SALTAIR - DAY

40A

Phil puts his nose up against a wire fence behind which we see an empty lot.

PHIL

Look over there. Grass!

JULIE

Incredible. That's that green stuff, right?

PHIL

No, look. It's some kind of empty lot. Couple of acres, probably. Our own private park. Or somebody's.

(he notices a
padlock)

We'll find out who owns it.

An ice cream truck passes in the road behind them. From its tinny speaker, we hear the haunting REFRAIN of Brahms' "Lullaby." Phil pays no attention to it. But Julie turns to listen, and seems vaguely disturbed, as though an unpleasant thought has come over her.

*
*
*
*
*

JULIE

Why?

We see the fringe of a familiar-looking forest...

PHIL

You wanted to walk. We'll walk in the woods!

The LULLABY CONTINUES OVER the empty lot.

*

41 EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

41

Phil and Julie walk round the perimeter.

JULIE

It's a make-over. Post-modern. So it cries out for something warm and traditional in the way of furniture.

PHIL

You're not planning to turn it into the Ponderosa!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

JULIE

Why is it you love my ideas as
long as they cost other people
money?

She gives him a kiss.

JULIE

(continuing;
comes clean)

It's great. Really. It's a Ned
Runcie house. Did you know that?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

PHIL

Runcie?

JULIE

The architect.

Julie looks around once more, and as she turns back she sees that Phil is unzipping his pants... unbuckling his belt...

PHIL

I've got a surprise for you.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. SWIMMING POOL/YARD - DAY

42

It's not impressive by California standards. In fact, it's tiny. Next to the pool is an open woodshed, filled with stacks of cut wood. An axe is embedded in a large log.

There's an almighty SPLASH as Phil and Julie dive naked into the David Hockney blue water. What they don't know, though, is that the heating has been switched off for about six months! With a burbling YEEEEAAOOOOWL, they break the surface water, tossing their heads and faces contorted with shuddering shock and laughter, all mixed up.

Time lapse.

43 INT. "GUEST BEDROOM" - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

43

Phil is now wrapped like a red Indian in a heavy and itchy blanket, shivering as if he's stepped out of an ice box. He attempts to strike some matches to light a fire, but he is shivering so much he breaks them.

In the end, Julie strikes a match and the fire is underway. In a blanket too, she resumes rubbing him back to humanity. Phil puts his socks on -- the argyle ones.

PHIL

I love these socks. I'm going to frame them and put them up on the wall, right up there.

Julie looks at him as if he's crazy. Phil lies on his back. Julie sits across him, rubbing his chest.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

(continuing)

This'd make a fantastic den.

JULIE

We need a guest bedroom.

PHIL

I don't want guests. Who do we know out here anyway? You think people are going to "pop in" from Chicago?

JULIE

You never know when someone might arrive -- unexpectedly...

PHIL

You mean one of your relatives?

JULIE

Yeah. A relative, you could say. Not to visit, though. Permanent.

Phil sits up, horrified.

PHIL

Your mother.

JULIE

Not my mother. Smaller. Much smaller.

PHIL

Smaller than your mother. A mouse. An ant. A germ.

JULIE

Close. Try "sperm" and you're warm.

It dawns on Phil. Slowly. She's pregnant.

PHIL

Jesus.

Phil is dumbstruck. Can't find the words or the actions. She looks so damn beautiful he can't believe it. He is frozen.

JULIE

Just a suggestion, but you could say you love me...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

In a rush he hugs her breathing "I love you I love -- ," then he backs off, scared he might hurt her.

PHIL

Is hugging okay?

Julie looks at him with a grin so wide it brings tears.

JULIE

(choked)

Hugging's fine.

She puts her arms round his neck and envelopes herself in his voluminous blanket -- they are wrapped together as one.

Their lips lock in a passionate kiss -- Julie kisses really deeply. She wants him. The kiss is a long, incredible come-on. Unable -- and unwanting -- to resist, Phil gets into it -- they roll on the floor, OUT OF SHOT...

44 INT. BABY'S ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY (A MONTH LATER) 44

Phil's hand runs a paintbrush up the inside of the front door. A trickle of white paint dribbles down his hand -- he wipes it off in the chest of his old T-shirt.

The CAMERA MOVES to the nursery where Julie -- in dungarees and with a headscarf, is up a stepladder, working on a trompe l'oeil wall painting of an enchanted forest. The whole room is in the throes of redecoration.

*

The front door, ajar, opens inwards and in walks a biggish guy of about 40, in checkered shirt, jeans, and NASA cap -- NED RUNCIE.

*

RUNCIE

(inside now)

I've been meaning to fix that door. I was hoping to get round to it before you moved in.

He tests the door, which is slightly unhinged. Phil and Julie look at him.

He looks at them. It's a totally inappropriate moment to make an entrance, but he's not aware of it.

(CONTINUED)

RUNCIE

(continuing)

Hi, I'm Ned Runcie.

JULIE

The architect?

RUNCIE

That's right.

JULIE

Well, come on in. Phil, come meet
the man who designed this house.

PHIL

(overlap)

Hello...

They shake hands.

JULIE

(overlap)

My husband Phil... I'm Julie...

RUNCIE

(overlap)

Pleased to meet you.

JULIE

Mr. Runcie's built what -- twenty
houses in the canyon --

RUNCIE

Twenty five.

(gets on his knees)

Oh my God, will you look what they
did to my parquet floor? Looks
like they had bike races on it.
Tell you what -- I'll sand and
polish it for you, no charge.

JULIE

Can I get you a coffee?

RUNCIE

No thanks.

JULIE

(overawed a little)

I can't tell you how -- pleased I
am to meet you -- I'm an interior
designer. God, Phil, Mr. Runcie's
houses have been in Architectural
Digest.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED: (2)

44

RUNCIE

This one was, too -- before Conan
and all the little barbarians
moved in. Anyway, listen -- just
wanted to say hello, see if I can
be any help. I live up the road.
Astral Drive. The house with the
big chimney and the skylight.

*

There is a low RUMBLE, and a VIBRATING sensation --
Phil and Julie react as though the floor has moved
under their feet. Julie grabs Phil's arm -- they're
both scared -- and he catches round her...

They've never experienced a quake before. What was
that??? They cling to each other.

But Runcie is unruffled.

RUNCIE

(continuing)

I think we just had a five.

With a smile, he walks to the stucco wall and runs his
hand over it.

RUNCIE

(continuing)

Look at that. Not a crack.

Phil and Julie still cling.

Time lapse.

45

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

45

Julie stands before a full-length mirror, in her
nightgown, examining the extent of her bulge. Phil is
sitting up in bed, working with pen and layout pad.

JULIE

Do I look terrible?

*

PHIL

You look fantastic.

She looks hard at her reflection.

JULIE

(gives it thought)

I am never going to be human-
looking again.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

Julie walks disconsolately to the other side of the bed, gets in, pulls up the covers high up to her cheek. Her back emphatically to Phil. She switches off her bedside light.

After a few seconds...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

PHIL

Hey. I love you, Roseanne Barr.

Julie turns over, to lie on her back now, staring up.
She kisses him on the chest.

46 INT. DELIVERY ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

46

Two hands, Phil's and Julie's, conjoined against a
backdrop of surgical blue.

DOCTOR'S VOICE

(deep, warm)

How're you doing?

PHIL'S VOICE

Fine.

47 ON THE FACES

47

Julie there, on the birthing bed, delivering
"sideline," Phil in smock but no mask. Touching her
face soothingly. Her big belly looks ready to explode.
Phil has a video camera recording the procedure.

*

48 JULIE'S FACE

48

The pain and struggle -- the Lamaze breathing which
Phil is encouraging, but they're way beyond that.
She's in a sea of perspiration, hair wet, groaning, as
if she's trying to shit a football.

49 ANOTHER ANGLE

49

Phil stares at her, blinking, trembling -- scared.

DOCTOR

Julie, your baby's got dark hair.

Julie quivers a smile. Phil, dumbstruck. This is
unbelievable.

*

50 OMITTED

50

*

51

ANGLE

51

Phil gently wipes the beads of sweat from Julie's face. She's in a dreamstate.

The DOCTOR picks up a scissors and takes it to cut the perineum --

*

Phil blinks -- we just STAY on his face. The sense of wonder that overcomes a first-time father when he sees his child emerging...

DOCTOR

(handing him the
scissors)

Go on, Phil. Cut the cord.

Phil does what he's told without hesitation. Just the merest implication of the baby's presence so far...

DOCTOR

(continuing)

Congratulations. You've got a healthy little boy... Want to give him his first bath?

The nurse assists Phil as he gently sponges the tiny child in his hands and the little thing's looking up at him. Phil is stunned. It's an almost religious moment.

This magical, marvelous thing -- almost literally glowing -- emerges from the towel. Now it's a real human being. Tiny. So vulnerable. So beautiful...

JULIE

(tears of joy)

Oh, Phil... it's our baby...

Phil is in tears... He's torn between attending to Julie or the baby.

Any bloodiness is removed -- a foot pedal is kicked and WHOOSH -- it's gone...

Julie, exhausted, disbelieving -- looks up as Phil approaches. Her face just melts with relief and joy, as the three of them FILL THE FRAME. Mother. Father. Child...

PHIL

I love you, darling.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

52

Phil's rental car crawls up the driveway and stops. He gets out and opens the passenger door. *

Phil takes the baby -- this pink face in copious white blankets. With his other hand he helps out Julie, who's radiant in white.

The front door opens and we GO IN with them...

53 INT. LIVING ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

53

It's just incredible. The whole room is full of flowers. Not just flowers. Red roses.

And not just a few bunches, a couple of bouquets -- we are talking a lot of roses. Phil must've bought virtually the entire shop. This is the work of the world's greatest romantic. Phil and Julie stare at each other. She's overwhelmed and doesn't need to say so.

Then they both look at the child.

JULIE

What do we do now?

Time lapse.

53A EXT. SWIMMING POOL/YARD - LATE DAY

53A

Phil and Julie are in leisure clothes near the pool. He's working on a yellow pad, totaling their finances. He wears glasses. Julie is making a list of baby and child care employment agencies from the yellow pages. The baby is resting in a bassinet nearby.

PHIL

We can do it. We can just about make it.

He hands her the yellow pad.

JULIE

(examining it)

With both of us working.

PHIL

Well. Yes. Have you had second thoughts?

(CONTINUED)

53A CONTINUED:

53A

JULIE

(reflective)

No, I want to work. It's just --
I want to do what's right for
Jake.

PHIL

Your folks worked. Mine did.
It's normal. It's right for him
to grow up knowing that people
have to work.

JULIE

I agree and I want to keep my
decorator's license but I want to
be there for Jake. I want to be
his mother. I don't want to miss
his childhood.

PHIL

If you can stand it for two years,
I think we can get solid. Maybe
even pull together enough for a
vacation. The three of us.

He takes her hand.

JULIE

(sighs)

Okay. Here's a list of the
agencies. I thought I'd give this
one a try... Guardian Angel in
Santa Monica... I'll call 'em now.

PHIL

(taking the list and
setting it aside)

Julie. Call 'em in the morning.

They embrace.

54 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

54

The darkness of the bedroom. A light rain at the
window. Dimly, the shape of Phil and Julie in bed.
The baby lies in his crib at the foot of their bed.
The baby begins to CRY. Shapes turn and tug blankets.
A sigh. Julie elbows Phil. Phil grunts.

*

JULIE

Your turn.

PHIL

It was my turn last time.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

Wrong. You slept through my turn.

PHIL

Well, let's both sleep through my turn.

Phil gets out of bed. There is real pain under the humor. He LEAVES SHOT.

PHIL (O.S.)

You know, sleep deprivation is a well-known form of torture.

55 OMITTED

55

&

&

56

56

57 INT. LIVING ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

57

A sweet, young, wide-grinning Guatemalan nanny, ROSARIA, is staring at us.

PHIL (O.S.)

How long have you been in this country, Rosaria?

*

ROSARIA

(hardly intelligible)

Oh -- I -- bin this contry now -- leven yir, sir.

JULIE

Have you -- have you taken care of a lot of children, then?

ROSARIA

Yes, yes -- I take care all time. I take care Mrs. Honez, Herman Ox, three yir -- I take care Mistamisis Hanson, 4 yir, wrong bee...

PHIL

Wrong bee? Oh, yes -- Long Beach.

He glances at Julie.

Time lapse.

On a middle-aged English nanny, MRS. HORNIMAN, who looks like a good, sturdy, old-fashioned mother.

MRS. HORNIMAN

I carry my own five sons as my best references.

(hands them
photographs)

You know, children really aren't the bother you're led to expect. I suppose you want to breast feed, don't you, Julie? The first six months.

JULIE

Six months? Dr. Brunner said four would be plenty!

MRS. HORNIMAN

Well of course, there are differing opinions these days...

JULIE

Actually, I've had some difficulty... too watery... or... something... I...

Phil sees a TV guide and a local TV magazine poking out of Mrs. Horniman's basket... They are marked every other page or so with paper clips.

PHIL

(smiling)

You like television, Mrs. Horniman?

MRS. HORNIMAN

Oh, yes. I love the comedies, "Family Ties," "The Golden Girls," the -- good, heartwarming stuff... "Hawaii Five-O"... "Magnum"...

PHIL

"Miami Vice."

Phil and Julie try not to react.

A dark, slender, very attractive young woman, FRANCES TAYLOR. She seems to be over-qualified for the job, and in some ways, resembles the nanny who "took care of" the Sheridan children.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCES

You both intend to work full time?

JULIE

Yes.

FRANCES

Mmm.

PHIL

What do you mean "mmm"?

FRANCES

Well, even infants can get very angry, sometimes depressed when there's too much separation, especially from the mother.

JULIE

You sound like a psychiatrist, Ms. Taylor.

*
*

FRANCES

The last family I worked for, it was actually the father -- the parents had separated -- the little girl, Melanie, was six months old. She started to develop anxiety problems, I would say when she was about one. I worked for Mr. Strickland for two years and it was painful to see little Melanie become manipulative and detached -- to the point where she wouldn't trust anyone, not even me.

PHIL

What are you suggesting?

FRANCES

It's not a suggestion, really -- I mean, it isn't up to me to tell you how to live.

Time lapse.

58B AT FRONT DOOR

58B

Phil shakes hands with Ms. Taylor.

(CONTINUED)

58B CONTINUED:

58B

PHIL

Thank you.

FRANCES

I'll wait to hear from you.

PHIL

Yes, we'll let you know.

She goes out. He closes the door then leans against it and slides down.

PHIL

(continuing)

Whew!

JULIE

I kind of liked her.

59 EXT. SWIMMING POOL/YARD - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

59

It's sunny and they're sitting outside now. The baby's inside, in the shade, but within earshot. Nearby is the woodshed and the embedded axe.

They're interviewing a black woman, ARLENE RUSSELL, aged around 23, wearing sweatpants, a T-shirt, and a Walkman round her neck. She's in terrific shape and her personality is constantly on the boil --

ARLENE

I'll be straight with you -- I've only looked after one baby... and, you know, it's not what I want to do for the rest of my life.

*

JULIE

We're just concerned with the next four or five years, Ms. Russell.

ARLENE

Arlene. I want to teach Phys Ed -- I'm going to Clairmont College, evenings -- so we'd have to work out a schedule.

JULIE

(looking at references)

You say you taught this little girl to swim at three months?

ARLENE

One month.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

You're kidding.

ARLENE

That's the time to start 'em.
Kids are natural swimmers. They
haven't learned to be frightened
of things like water.

PHIL

I didn't learn to swim till I was
twelve. We couldn't afford a
swimming pool. All we had was
Lake Michigan and that was full of
dead perch.

JULIE

(uncertain)

A month old?

ARLENE

Babies love water! It's where
they come from! Hell, he was
doin' freestyle inside you for
nine months.

Time lapse.

60 EXT. SWIMMING POOL/YARD - ANOTHER AREA - PHIL'S HOUSE 60
- DAY

Now a European woman, MISS GRANDIER, is sitting
there. She's a rather plain-looking woman in her late
twenties. A nurse-type, starched clothes, sensible
shoes; efficient, scrubbed-clean look about her. A
little remote, but that seems like shyness.

MISS GRANDIER

(quiet accent)

... I also worked for the Tasso
family. They had two lovely girls
and we all did a lot of
traveling. Last summer we went on
a sail to nine of the Greek
Islands. Now they've moved. Back
to Rome. And I wanted to stay
over here.

JULIE

You say you think early education
is important?

(CONTINUED)

MISS GRANDIER

I think so today. The world is moving so fast... and children need interaction with other children, don't you think?

JULIE

Do you have a steady boyfriend?

MISS GRANDIER

Nobody I've met so far quite makes the grade.

PHIL

(gesturing to a
manila envelope
she holds)

Are those references?

MISS GRANDIER

Oh... yes...

She hands them over. Phil opens the envelope and glances briefly through a sheaf of typed and handwritten letters.

PHIL

Is there -- er -- anything you'd like to ask us, Miss --

MISS GRANDIER

Grandier. How old is your son?

JULIE

He'll be two weeks this Thursday.

MISS GRANDIER

October's child.

JULIE

Yes.

MISS GRANDIER

Is it possible to see him?

61 INT. BABY'S ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

61

The room is dim as they come in -- the drapes are drawn. A small bottle of formula is almost empty on a cribside table. The baby is sleeping peacefully in a cradle over to one side of the room. Julie tiptoes in, and switches on a dim sidelight. As the trio approach and lean over the crib, little Jake opens his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

MISS GRANDIER

Oh, he's so beautiful.

For a fraction of a second, we see the baby's POV from the crib, similar to the SHOT in our OPENING SEQUENCE -- as Miss Grandier comes closer, out of silhouette, and into the light. The reminder is just enough to give us a shiver...

MISS GRANDIER

(continuing)

To be like a child, to have the innocence, the purity of a child... It's a shame we ever have to grow up, don't you think?

She lifts the child up to her.

MISS GRANDIER

(continuing)

What is he called?

PHIL

Jake.

MISS GRANDIER

(holding him close)

Jake... Yes... Such a dear boy...
Is he breast feeding?

JULIE

I tried the first few days... I think I'm too small. The colostrum was kind of watery and I don't think he liked it much. He seems happier on the formula.

MISS GRANDIER

Size isn't important. The milk comes from deep inside you and it's supposed to be watery. Water is what he needs most. Especially in the first month. There are antibodies in mother's milk no formula can duplicate.

JULIE

You think I should try again?

MISS GRANDIER

It's very important. Did you know that all of their little blood cells change after four weeks?

(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

MISS GRANDIER (CONT'D)

After four weeks, they're not baby
cells anymore. They're just like
ours.

Time lapse.

62 INT. LIVING ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

62

Julie and Phil changing a dirty diaper. Phil is also
trying to capture the event on his small, portable
video camera.

KATE

She's very attractive.

*

PHIL

Not bad.

*

KATE

Some may say too attractive.

*

PHIL

Do I detect a note of jealousy?

*

KATE

Maybe a note of concern.

*

PHIL

If I looked like you, I wouldn't
be concerned about anybody.

*

PHIL

Rosaria's out of the question.

JULIE

I thought she was sweet.

PHIL

Julie, we can afford a nanny but
not a translator.

JULIE

Okay.

*

PHIL

Oh yes, please. Spare me.

JULIE

It's down to Mrs. Horniman, the
girl, what's her name? "FloJo" --

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Arlene... Arlene Russell. And
Miss Grandier from the Sound of
Music...

JULIE

Well, Mrs. Horniman wins hands
down on experience --

PHIL

Of what? 450 episodes of "Knots
Landing?" She's a couch potato!

JULIE

She worked for a cousin of the
Royal Family.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

PHIL

She ought to be programming CBS --

JULIE

So it's between FloJo and little
Miss Lichtenstein...

63 EXT. VENTURA BOULEVARD - DAY

63

Arlene, hunched, eyes forward. An orange plastic crash
hat covers her hair. She wears shades.

She is pedaling a sleek, silver racing bike -- this is
her sport, and keeps her in good shape.

PHIL (V.O.)

I want Jake to learn to swim.

JULIE (V.O.)

When he's a month old? Give him a
chance to learn to breathe first!
What -- are we going in for the
Olympics or something? Maybe you
want Greg Louganis to be his
nanny.

Arlene's muscular legs, pumping those pedals.

64 INT. LIVING ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

64

PHIL

I want someone who'll add
something to his life...

JULIE

Well, she's not Dr. Spock, Phil.
She's only taken care of one
child.

PHIL

I like that! So she's not a
professional nanny, so what?

JULIE

Personally, I'd rather he grow up
speaking four languages than
swimming the 400 meters butterfly.

65 EXT. A RISING SLOPE - DAY

65

Arlene's legs are grinding slower, to get up a hill.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

From behind, her firm ass rises and falls. We hear some WOLF-WHISTLES and HOWLS from some guys.

JULIE (V.O.)

But you're right -- Arlene's so
laid back. She'd be a great
influence, wouldn't she?

*

As a red sports car sidles past her with three young guys blowing kisses and stuff, Arlene gives them a forceful "fuck off" with her middle finger.

PHIL (V.O.)

I like her...

66 INT. LIVING ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

66

Phil is rocking the baby up and down on his crossed knee.

JULIE

I'd go for...

PHIL

Well, I...

JULIE

Go on...

PHIL

... You go first...

67 EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY

67

Reflecting in Arlene's shades -- the clear blue sky, fluffy with clouds. The day is gloriously bright and warm.

PHIL

Okay. Write it down... Are you
ready?

68 INT. LIVING ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

68

They reveal their slips of paper to each other: they both read "FloJo"...

HARD CUT TO:

69 EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY

69

In Arlene's shades -- the open road.

70 ARLENE'S POV

70

For a fraction of a second -- like a flash of sheet lightning -- appearing out of nowhere, a wolf stands directly in front of her as if to block her way. Arlene looks up, squinting up at the sun. When she looks back, the wolf has burst into flames like a vision by Magritte.

*
*
*

71 ANOTHER ANGLE

71

Attempting to swerve, Arlene's front wheel hops. Her hands lose the grips. She tries to nip back onto the road, but a car HORN screams at her. The handlebars twist instinctively the other way -- too hard --

The racing bike leaves the road, bucks like a pony, kicking Arlene out of the saddle -- pawing helplessly --

The shades fly off into oblivion --

Her face full of horror as she is forced into a somersault and lands full on her back with a sickening crunch across a spiked, thorny bush shaped like five fingers of a hand ready to catch her.

And...

As the dust settles, the only SOUND in the stillness -- the tick tick tick tick of the broken bicycle wheel turning... then...

The SOUND of a doorbell.

72 INT. LIVING ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

72

The door opens. It's Miss Grandier. She has her suitcase. Outside, the day is bright and birds are SINGING in a conspicuously, almost Disney sort of way.

MISS GRANDIER

Mrs. Sterlin.

JULIE (O.S.)

Call me Julie.

We haven't seen Julie and Phil yet.

PHIL

Come in, Miss Grandier.

MISS GRANDIER

(enters)

... Call me Carmilla.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

We hear the baby making NOISES O.S. and we HOLD on the closed door as the three of them LEAVE SHOT...

She's in the house.

A MONTAGE

73 INT. BABY'S ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

73

The cherubic face of little Jake as Carmilla (Miss Grandier) dresses him in a colorful romper suit (no pink-for-a-girl, blue-for-a-boy here; he's the best dressed baby on the block). She puts a little sun hat on his head and kisses him.

74 INT. PHIL'S NEW JEEP - SALTAIR - DAY

74 *

Phil in the driver's seat of his new car, a white Renegade Jeep. Julie sits beside him.

PHIL
(turning the ignition)
Fantastic, isn't it?

He's not having much luck.

JULIE
Does it move?

PHIL
I'm not used to manual...

The gears CRUNCH.

JULIE
How about neutral?

She reaches over and puts the stick in neutral. Phil is beaming as the engine REVS.

PHIL
Teamwork.

Julie returns a big grin.

74A EXT. SALTAIR - DAY

74A *

The Jeep takes off along the peaceful suburban street, past the empty lot.

*
*

75 INT. BABY'S ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY 75

The stroller is ready for action, and Jake is ready inside. It LEAVES FRAME.

76 OMITTED 76

77 EXT. OPEN FIELD NEAR PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY 77

The baby raised up high in Carmilla's arms. She rolls him a little on his tummy -- a big grin appears up there as she holds him above her head, then low down between her knees -- then high up there again -- as if he's on a swing...

But he's loving it. They're both laughing. In the background, beyond the clearing, is the forest.

Time lapse.

78 OMITTED 78

79 EXT. THE OPEN FIELD - DAY 79

Bouncing baby in the grass, on its back. Carmilla on all fours, over him, grinning with delight. She plays with him, snuggling her face into his round tummy and going GRRURRURRRURRRRRURRRUH until he chuckles like crazy. She places her finger next to his tiny mouth, and he suckles it, as though it was a breast.

80 EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - LATE DAY 80

Phil and Julie arrive at the front door at the same time. Phil pulls up haltingly, in his new Jeep, from which he emerges with a briefcase.

Julie carries a bright plastic folio. Working Mom and Dad. They play on it -- After you, no after you. Then, Lauren and Hardy -- both do it and jam the door.

END MONTAGE.

As the door closes after them...

Time lapse.

81 EXT. SWIMMING POOL/YARD - PHIL'S HOUSE - DUSK 81

(CONTINUED)

81

CONTINUED:

81

Carmilla has baby on her knee. Phil and Julie are sitting around, casually. Julie on the floor, between Phil's knees. Phil takes pictures with his video camera.

*
*

CARMILLA

It was a wonderful day, wasn't it,
Jake?

(speaks for the baby)

I -- went to the park... Aaaand --

I played on the grass...

Aaaaaaand -- I discovered what

dirt was... Aaaand --

Phil and Julie smile.

CARMILLA

(continuing)

And this other little baby came up
to us, this pretty little girl
about three... You should have
seen her eyes light up when she
saw Jake...

*

JULIE

Like father, like son.

*

PHIL

Big smile!

With his video camera he pans from Jake to Carmilla.
Carmilla covers her face with a hand, then tries to
cover the camera lens.

*
*
*

CARMILLA

Please! I -- I take such awful
photographs...

Phil's taken aback by her reaction, switches off.

PHIL

Sorry... I didn't mean to...

CARMILLA

No, it's all right.

(laughs)

None of us like being reminded
what we really look like, I
suppose.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

The baby GRIZZLES some more...

CARMILLA

(continuing)

Oh -- he's tired. He's had a tiring day.

(to the baby)

It was all a great adventure, wasn't it?... I'd better get him to bed. Then Mommy and Daddy can kiss you good night, uh?.

She kisses the baby warmly.

PHIL

Thanks, Carmilla.

A moment -- just as Carmilla reaches the door to the house and turns back.

Carmilla and child. Then the door slides closed, after them...

Julie snuggles in tighter to Phil. They're warm. They're together. It's all working so well, now.

PHIL

(continuing)

I can't believe that girl... She makes Snow White seem like Freddy Kreuger.

JULIE

She's an angel.

PHIL

There's only one angel in this house, baby. Move that halo.

He leans forward. A big kiss.

Time lapse.

82 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

82

The stillness of night. A LIGHT WIND and RAIN against the window pane.

The bed is dimly distinguishable in the darkness, from moonlight cast through the window edge.

(CONTINUED)

Phil and Julie lie there, both on their backs. Both with their eyes open, looking happy and content.

PHIL

Beautiful.

JULIE

Mm?

PHIL

Just listen.

A few seconds.

JULIE

I don't hear anything.

PHIL

Exactly.

Julie gives a little moan of happiness.

Phil hugs her. Kissing and cuddling develops in rapid stages -- at least in Phil's mind -- towards foreplay. But Julie withdraws from his French-kiss.

PHIL

(continuing)

Whassamatter?

JULIE

It's too soon, Phil.

He tries to back off and lie on his back again without seeming pissed-off. He doesn't succeed.

PHIL

(doesn't want
reminding)

I'm sorry.

JULIE

Don't make me feel bad.

PHIL

It was only a cuddle.

He remains still, focused at the ceiling. She snuggles into him, her face on his chest. She kisses him lovingly. The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY away from them and INTO:

JULIE
You know, five years ago
when we... when I first
got pregnant... I wasn't
ready.

PHIL
I know, Julie. I know.

JULIE
It wasn't that I didn't...

PHIL
Don't... don't. It's
okay. We have Jake now.
And I love you. I love
you both.

83 INT. BABY'S ROOM - 83
PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Carmilla's face in the
dark. She can hear
clearly through the
walls, as if they are
paper-thin.

JULIE'S VOICE
(from the next
room)

At least I still turn
you on, huh?

PHIL'S VOICE
More than ever.

Carmilla smiles as she moves forward.

The baby's face in CLOSEUP, smiling too. A big, furry-
brown face ENTERS SHOT -- frightening for a moment.
But it is only a harmless, furry toy rabbit with big,
black button eyes.

CARMILLA
This is Holt...
(a weasel type
toy next)
This is Jarmara...
(a fox type thing
now)
And this is Pyewacket...

A chilling NOTE: These are the same toy animals we
recognize from the Sheridan House of our opening
SEQUENCE...

Carmilla -- in her gossamer-thin, almost ethereal
nightdress now -- starts to position the trio of furry
forest animals on each corner of the crib -- like
little gargoyles looking down...

CARMILLA
(continuing)
They're your friends, Jake --
They're your bestest friends...

Finally, she places a musical toy on top of Jake's
crib: a tiny little lovebird that goes round and round
when you wind it up and PLAYS a Mother Goose-like
version of Brahm's "Lullaby."

*
*
*
*

85

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

85

Phil and Julie lie peacefully in each other's arms. Reflected light plays on the wall behind them and the forest seems to intrude on the room.

From Jake's room, the SOUND of the musical toy over his bed is heard -- Brahm's "Lullaby." (It CONTINUES UNDER the following scene.)

Julie reacts and pulls away from Phil. She sits up, listening. He sees her distraction.

PHIL

What's wrong?

JULIE

That music...

PHIL

Brahm's Lullaby...

JULIE

I'd forgotten it... When I was seven or eight there was a man called Uncle Wayne. He had a radio program and he was a friend of my mother's. He used to read children's stories on the radio in South Bend. Brahm's "Lullaby" was his theme song. One day after school my mother took me to the station to meet him. On the radio he always sounded very warm -- everybody's uncle. He made you feel as though you were in all the places he was talking about. But the studio was dark and cramped like the inside of a spaceship with a lot of lights flashing and tape machines turning. Uncle Wayne was tall and pale, he wore glasses and he had -- his face was -- had pock marks. He was reading a story about the druids in medieval Europe, how they used to worship animals and plants and they believed that terrible things happened to anybody who even cut a twig in the sacred grove. And it really scared me, it scared me to watch him read this story because that morning I was playing in the woods near where we lived and I broke off the branch of a tree that I pretended was a magic wand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

85

JULIE (CONT'D)

I asked Uncle Wayne if it was --
if something awful was going to
happen to me and he just, I
remember he just stared at me -- I
thought he was going to say
something nice and make me realize
how foolish it was, but he just
kept looking at me and he said,
"Everything has a soul and to
destroy anything is to kill its
soul."

(pause)

I used to have nightmares about
that for years... but then I
forgot...

The LULLABY CONTINUES SOFTLY.

Time lapse.

Phil can't sleep. He turns over. Looks at the clock.
Lets out a long sigh. Rubs his eyes.

He decides to get up, pulls on some loose pants, and
wanders out of the room...

86

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

86

Phil turns on the RADIO. The only light is cast by the
desk lamp arched over a drawing board Phil is trying to
work at.

One corner of the living room has been set aside for
his "work space" and books, drawings, references,
photographs clutter it. We hear a SAXOPHONE solo
end...

ON THE RADIO - LOW

(a sexy-sounding
woman DJ)

I'm Yvonne and -- this is the mood
for midnight...

The RADIO plays a haunting blues melody --

Phil's magic marker SQUEAKS on the paper as he ticks in
an idea -- a smiling face. The night is hot -- humid.
He wears the draw-string pants he wore at the birth
scene, which he's gotten rather attached to, but other-
wise he's stripped to the waist.

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86

Suddenly, a basso profundo RUMBLE. Just for a FEW SECONDS. A picture on the wall -- an Ansel Adams photograph -- shudders like shit, and Phil's patch of yellow light wobbles unsteadily.

He thinks: HOLY FUCK!

ON THE RADIO

(continuing)

Did you feel that?

Phil double-takes.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

ON THE RADIO

(continuing)

That one sure made the earth move here at K-RIB, but hang in there. We'll -- ah -- we'll have a -- a report -- from Cal Tech as soon as we... we'll keep you posted on that one.

Phil turns the RADIO way down.

He gets up, wipes his sweaty hands on his thighs. He's shaken, uncomfortable. He switches off the desk light.

He takes a gulp from his half-empty Mountain Dew and crosses the darkened room...

87 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

87

He looks into the dim bedroom. He sees that Julie has slept through the aftershock, unconcerned. She lies, curled up in a tangle of bedsheets, naked and gift-wrapped. She looks deliciously lovely, like a model from a magazine.

88 INT. BABY'S ROOM - NIGHT

88

Phil looks in. The room is quiet and dark. He moves closer to the crib and leans over it. The crib is empty. Phil turns and looks around.

89 INT. OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

89

As he walks back, he passes the door to the bathroom, and hears a little SPLASHING.

He pauses, curious.

He can hear WATER LAPPING. And the quiet SOUNDS of the baby ECHOING in there. He raises his hand to knock at the door.

90 INT. BATHROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

90

*

Inside we see Carmilla is sitting in the bathtub, naked, her arms supporting the baby in her lap, so it lies floating there on the water. They are in the tub, together. Both naked. Carmilla's bare breasts are glistening with water. The baby is looking innocently around. While Carmilla is staring down at it, absolutely expressionless... Then she turns, suddenly aware of Phil's presence.

*

*

91

INT. OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

91

PHIL

(uncomfortably)

Excuse me.

CARMILLA

It's all right...

PHIL

Did you feel that?

CARMILLA

Another earthquake, wasn't it?

PHIL

I couldn't sleep and I went into
the baby's room...

CARMILLA

It's okay. I ran a bath and guess
who woke up and decided it was
playtime. *

She picks up the wet baby. Kisses him.

CARMILLA

(continuing)

He's so beautiful. Aren't you a
beautiful, beautiful little boy? *

PHIL

I think we're so lucky sometimes.

CARMILLA

Jake's the lucky one. To have a
father like you. I never knew
mine. And my mother died when I
was -- not much bigger than Jake.

PHIL

I'm sorry.

CARMILLA

It's okay. I survived.

(she kisses Jake)

But I never had someone to love,
like you and Julie... Did I, Jake?

PHIL

One day you'll find Prince
Charming.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

CARMILLA

Would you like to put him to bed?
I think he's about ready now.

She offers Phil the child, and Phil takes him.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

CARMILLA
(continuing; softly)
Good night, Jake.

She turns and steps out of the bath now, as Phil and Jake leave.

*

92 OMITTED

92

*

93 INT. BABY'S ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

93

Phil brings in the baby -- it's snuggled warmly into his chest -- ready for bedtime --

PHIL
Sweet dreams, pal... Don't let the
bed bugs bite... I love you...

Phil kisses him and places him softly in the crib. The little kid is already fast asleep.

94 INT. OUTSIDE BABY'S ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

94

Phil gently pulls the door shut. Careful not to make a sound.

He turns and sees -- through the open door --

95 INT. BATHROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

95

Carmilla is standing there, brushing her hair in a mirror. She has one leg up in the tub. She's completely naked. Her head turns -- and for a split second, if that -- there is eye contact.

*

96 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

96

Phil shuts the bedroom door.

Phil sits on his side of the bed. slips out of his draw-string pants. Thinking for a while. It's a hot night. He wipes sweat from his face.

Julie moans in her sleep and turns over...

Phil gets into bed and cuddles into Julie's back, kissing her neck and shoulder. Drifting off to sleep...

Phil tosses and turns. One position, then another. The sheets tangle around his legs.

He can hear outside the SOUND of the forest. The WIND. Distant OWLS. Other ANIMALS. Night BIRDS. The TREES.

He can't sleep. He's hot. He can't keep his eyes closed, but he can't keep them open.

He stares at the window. The forest NOISES are amplified in his head now -- almost jungle-like. Shadows play outside the window -- branches moving in the wind -- or in his mind.

He turns his back to the window.

Uncomfortable, he lies on his stomach, clinging to the pillow. The bedside clock is TICKING loudly -- It reads 4:14 a.m.

Phil drifting in and out of sleep --

The clock beside the bed is so LOUD now it is like an incessant croaking, animalistic, alive...

Phil lies on his back, breathing, eyes closed. CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY to reveal that, across his hips lies the open covers of the Fairy Story Book we saw in the Sheridan House...

Phil, exasperatedly turns over, and the Fairy Story Book slides off his lap, as it did off Scott Sheridan's bed...

As he lies there, the shadows on the bed sheets are seeming to congeal in the vague impression of the tree from the clearing in the forest...

Now Phil lies on his back again, eyelids flickering with rapid eye movement. As he enters sleep again, his arm falls limply over the side of the bed...

But as it touches the floor -- what looks like the floor -- concentric circles radiate as if he has touched water...

And in the fine surface layer of water, a few feet away from his hand, lies the baby Jake... Naked, vulnerable ... Throughout the next series of images, there appears to be no apparent illumination, a kind of non-mechanical locomotion, and a rapid and magical transformation.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

And as we PULL BACK SLOWLY from the watery floor of the room and Phil's draped arm and the baby... We see in the six inches of darkness under the bed -- two yellow, slanted eyes open... and then rising up slowly from the water, first in the shape of a small sprout and then suddenly filling the room, like an outsize pop-up from a children's illustrated story book, is the ancient, gnarled tree.

Phil's arm jerks up onto the bed. He stares in fear at the twisted shape that dwarfs the room. He turns over, hugging close to the pillow, stuffing his hands underneath it. And we watch as, slowly, thin trickles of blood seep out from under the pillow, over the edge of the bed...

*

99 THE ROOM

99

is silent, very peaceful. Normal. Now all he hears is the soft, regular breathing of Julie next to him...

She seems to begin to wake too.

But the room still feels strangely unreal -- half-in, half-out of the dream, almost...

Phil reaches round his wife for comfort.

JULIE

Darling...

Julie's hand starts stroking his chest, then, teasingly going down his body, past his navel, where it sets to work encouraging his erection...

He groans in pleasure. In and out of dreamlike euphoria.

PHIL

Oh, Julie...

She pulls him over onto her, and he starts to fuck her. It's wonderful. His hands are around her. Her face is looking up to him, enraptured. It feels delicious -- the more delicious because she wants it so much.

He rolls over onto his back, encouraging her to straddle him.

*

The naked shape of his wife gets up on top of him and starts riding him with powerful urgency -- taking control now. She is fucking him like crazy.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

She is unrelenting, extrovert, grinding with athletic rhythm. Sensationally, almost unbearably good.

His hands are cupped over her breasts. The heat of her body gleams on the edge of her silhouette.

PHIL

(continuing; a moan)

Julie...

His eyes dreamily open as they near orgasm together and...

His hand touches a vivid birthmark he doesn't recognize --

100 PHIL'S POV

100

The face above him, looking down at him --

-- with that now-sickly smile is Carmilla!

Phil's head jerks to his side to see Julie is lying there next to him in the bed -- sound asleep! --

With a soundless scream of horror, Phil recoils, turning away from the figure above him.

And --

They are alone. Phil and Julie lie in the bed back to back. There is no one else in the room. Nothing. Stillness. Silence. Only the mere SOUND of the ticking alarm clock.

Julie turns over, as if in a dream, and puts her arm around Phil. He tenses, trembling. His eyes are staring out into the night. Was it a dream, or was it for real? He doesn't know what the fuck has happened, but he's scared to fucking death.

Time lapse.

101 INT. KITCHEN - PHIL'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

101

Phil comes in the kitchen, buttoning a shirt. He doesn't expect to see Carmilla there.

She's brewing coffee. He finds himself keeping his distance. Avoiding her glance.

(CONTINUED)

CARMILLA

'Morning.

PHIL

(embarrassed)

How's Jake?

CARMILLA

(smiles)

Slept like a log. What about you? *

He doesn't answer. *

CARMILLA *

(continuing)

Would you like some breakfast?

PHIL

Just a -- coffee... black...

He notices that she is barefoot. Warm flesh on the cold tiles. Something about that makes him uncomfortable.

PHIL

(continuing)

I think I'll take it with me, if that's okay...

CARMILLA

Sure.

She takes a small Thermos flask from a cabinet and begins to pour the steaming hot coffee from the big glass jug of the filter machine.

Carmilla's eyes are on him as she starts to pour. Phil's eyes wander down and stare in that fixated early-morning sort of way, at the dark liquid pouring into the mouth of the flask. He watches as it seems to pour forever.

He looks back up at Carmilla, and is surprised to find that, unexpectedly -- people usually watch what they're doing when they're pouring boiling liquid -- she is looking right into his eyes.

She finishes pouring. The Thermos of coffee steams like a witch's cauldron. The liquid's black as hell.

Phil comes from the kitchen, Thermos in hand, picking up his briefcase and a few scribbles from the drawing board in passing.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

Before going though, he can't resist the lure of the baby's room. He goes to the door. Something draws him there.

103 INT. BABY'S ROOM - BABY POV - PHIL'S HOUSE - MORNING 103

The door opens and Phil comes in, slowly, from darkness into light as he approaches the crib.

PHIL

Have a good day, buddy. See you soon, okay?

Before he goes, he reaches over and STARTS a little toy that is hanging over the crib -- a little merry-go-round MUSIC BOX type of thing. It starts to play a tinkly version of Brahms' Lullaby...

Phil backs away, leaving the room.

The merry-go-round turns, a toy unicorn revolving on top of it, over the crib.

CARMILLA (O.S.)

Have a good day, Mr. Sterlin.

PHIL (O.S.)

'Bye...

After a few beats --

Through the open door of the baby's room, looking out, we see Carmilla step out of the kitchen. All she does is stand there, looking into the baby's room.

And after a moment the merry-go-round lullaby STOPS. Dead.

Time lapse.

104 INT. KITCHEN - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

104

Scissors snip a carton and thick pure orange juice pours into a glass. It is on a tray with a croissant, jam, and coffee. Also a single white flower in a thin-stemmed glass. The tray is lifted.

105 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

105

Carmilla lays the tray beside the bed.

(CONTINUED)

She circles the deeply-sleeping, stretched-out form of Julie, and silently opens the window drapes about six inches, enough to let in a shaft of sunlight that falls on the bed, a warm stripe across Julie's shoulder and face.

She returns and sits on the bed, next to Julie's bare, warm, outstretched arm.

Carmilla touches -- almost strokes -- it, as if to wake her gently.

Slowly, Julie turns over. Hair ruffled and bleary-eyed.

JULIE

(groans)

What time is it?

CARMILLA

Nine thirty.

JULIE

(up on elbows)

What year is it?

Carmilla gives her the juice -- brings the glass right up to her lips and tilts it gently. Julie gulps. A trickle of orange runs down her chin -- her throat -- Carmilla puts the glass beside the bed and uses her forefinger to wipe away the dribble.

JULIE

(continuing)

My neck feels like a punching bag...

CARMILLA

Relax... Turn over...

Julie turns over onto her stomach, head in the pillow, but Carmilla removes it so her cheek rests on the sheet.

Carmilla starts to soothingly massage Julie's neck, unknotting her shoulders and spine...

JULIE

Ohhhh... Hey, you have hidden talents...

(then)

How's Jake?

CARMILLA

Asleep.

(CONTINUED)

*

*
*

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

Carmilla's hands gently pull back the thin sheet that covers Julie. Julie trembles a little as the air goosebumps her skin, or at the thought of being exposed -- naked -- but, hell, it's another woman. Julie's warm, soft, tanned body lies against the whiteness of the sheet under her.

JULIE

I wish I felt this relaxed with Phil.

CARMILLA

Give it time. The "baby blues," remember.

JULIE

The obstetrician said I could think about having sex after six weeks, but I feel like I'm depriving Phil, you know?

CARMILLA

I'm sure Mr. Sterlin doesn't feel deprived. Relax... You're all knotted up...

Carmilla straddles her now -- like a real masseuse --

Her hands knead into Julie's shoulders, thumbs digging into the tensed-up vertebrae, working on the neck and back muscles. It is a soothing, yet harsh, ritual. A mixture of pleasure and pain.

CARMILLA

(continuing)

... Feel good?...

JULIE

(drowsily)

...Mmmmm...

CARMILLA

You should think about breast-feeding again, Julie... In the first month is when it's most important. Before the blood cells change.

Carmilla's lips are close to her ear now. Her breath tingles against Julie's cheek. Effortlessly, she turns her around so that they are now facing one another. Julie is aroused and frightened. Carmilla's hands are now at Julie's shoulders and working downward. Julie's nipples are firm and moist. Carmilla bends slowly and tastes the milk.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (3)

105

CARMILLA
(continuing)
Perfect.

106 EXT. THE EMPTY LOT - DAY

106

A pastoral setting on the edge of a wood -- seen in LONG SHOT, FROM ABOVE. The CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to find Carmilla and Jake in the middle of the field of tall grass. The stroller lies unused nearby.

Carmilla and Jake are in a little clearing surrounded by wild flowers. An abandoned tool shed, its ancient shutters FLAPPING in the wind, is a few yards away sheltered by tall trees.

Carmilla whispers to the child...

CARMILLA
Everything has its spirit, Jake...
and everything is alive...

She takes Jake's little finger to her lips and licks it, then as though it were a game, Carmilla gives her finger to the baby's lips and he sucks it.

*
*
*

CARMILLA
(continuing)
You'll have mother's milk today.
You missed it, didn't you? It
tastes so much better...

There is a STIRRING in the grass nearby -- Carmilla looks around. All is peaceful. She looks toward the old shed. Again, a shutter FLAPS in the breeze.

Behind her, a SOUND, like the hissing of snakes on a summer lawn. A pair of figures appear out of the tall grass -- like mechanical pieces of a medieval clock -- TWO BOYS -- tall, leather-jacketed, T-shirts, jeans and boots. In their 20's. One of the boys wears a large, grinning cat's head mask. The other wears a donkey head. He speaks first.

FIRST BOY
What's your name?

CARMILLA
What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

The cat's head speaks:

SECOND BOY

Is that your purse? Over there?

From behind the shed, a THIRD BOY appears, wearing a gorilla mask, drinking from a beer bottle. *

He moves toward the others. Jake stares helplessly but happily at his newfound friends.

THIRD BOY

(to Jake)

What's your name, little guy?

(he approaches
close)

Cat got your tongue?

Jake reaches for his finger.

The Second Boy picks up Carmilla's purse, riffling through it quickly. He holds up a few crumpled bills, then lets the rest fall to the ground.

FIRST BOY

He yours?

CARMILLA

Yes.

FIRST BOY

Shouldn't be out here so late. It gets weird out here.

SECOND BOY

We'll walk you home.

CARMILLA

No thanks.

THIRD BOY

Why not?

CARMILLA

Keep away. I warn you.

THIRD BOY

(takes off his mask)

You warn me? You don't fuckin' warn me, bitch. I warn you.

He moves to her, tossing away the beer bottle. The others close in, as well. The Third Boy now reaches behind his jacket for a large hunting knife. Carmilla grabs little Jake and runs with him toward the woods. *

107 EXT. FOREST - DAY

107

MOVING quickly with Carmilla and Jake. She is swift and purposeful and doesn't seem afraid.

108 MOVING

108

with the Three Boys. Not in the best of shape, yet menacing in pursuit of this fragile woman and child. Their masks have been dropped.

109 EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY

109

Carmilla is backed up against an ancient, gnarled tree. We will see its hideous shape more clearly later.

For now, she is surrounded, trapped. The baby is CRYING.

FIRST BOY

Got no money, huh, bitch? I'm gonna take it out o' your ass --

The Three move in tighter. The Second Boy takes little Jake from Carmilla's arms, as the Third Boy rips across her chest with the hunting knife.

*

SECOND BOY

Where do you live, little boy?
Wanna come home with us?

A thick branch of the tree, blown by the wind, smacks him on the side of the head, a thunderous CRACK that splits his head in two.

In SLOW MOTION, the baby seems to fall away, endlessly.

The other two Boys stare in amazement. In an instant, in the blink of an eye, Carmilla is gone. In panic, the two Boys look around. The First Boy kneels over his fallen companion.

FIRST BOY

Christ... he's dead.

The Third Boy hears a RUSTLING above his head. Looking up, he sees:

110 HIS POV - CARMILLA

110

holding the child, sitting on a tall branch of the tree towering above them.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

Without warning, the two Boys are swept up in the tree's many thick branches, entwined and squeezed as though by an octopus. The Third Boy is thrown to the ground and impaled by a giant tusk-like root that seems to erupt from the earth.

MOVE IN on the face of the First Boy, frozen in shock and horror as the tree squeezes the last breath of life from his helpless body and then swallows him into a kind of "toothed" vagina.

On the ground, his body broken and twisted, is the Third Boy. In agony, he looks up to see the First Boy being wrapped completely in a cocoon as though mummified by the tree --

*

Their shrieks of agony are swallowed by the WIND, and the CAMERA MOVES IN to the face of little Jake, nestled in a tall bower of the tree, watching intently, as though the show was all for him. His flesh seems to glow.

111 INT. LIVING ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

111

The glow of flesh becomes the glow of romantic candlelight.

PHIL

Damn!

(he's spilt his
wineglass)

It's okay -- it's only wine...

As Phil mops his thighs, he looks across the dinner table to where Julie is unwrapping a gift for the baby from Ned Runcie.

Carmilla reaches over to touch a match to a candle. Julie gives Runcie a kiss. The gift is building blocks -- naturally!

JULIE

Thank you, Uncle Ned.

RUNCIE

Start 'em young, I say! My parents took off one weekend when I was thirteen. When they came back, I'd completely rebuilt the living room. Put in a skylight, and a terracotta-tiled bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

(laughs)

What did they say?

RUNCIE

They loved it!

RALPH

So why didn't you ask their permission?

RUNCIE

Would you agree to let a thirteen-year-old rebuild your house?

As Carmilla circles the table, we are aware that the first time we saw her she was rather plain, but here in this light she's pretty -- quite beautiful, in fact. She moves in to refill Phil's glass. Almost imperceptibly, Phil feels her hip press against his shoulder. He is still phased and confused by his "dream" of the night before.

RALPH

When did you first know you could build, Ned?

RUNCIE

In another life.

JULIE

(laughs, then realizes
he's serious)

Like Mozart writing concertos, at three.

PHIL

Where does it come from? D.N.A.?

RALPH

Or G.O.D. By the way, are you guys thinking of bringing up baby in any particular religious persuasion?

JULIE

We haven't thought about it.

Constantly aware of Carmilla's presence, Phil gets up to change the CD.

PHIL

We'll let him make up his own mind.

(CONTINUED)

RUNCIE

What, when he's 35 you'll let him
decide if he wanted to be baptized
or not?

PHIL

I don't think baptism would go
down well with Julie's dad...

RALPH

Why?

PHIL

He's Jewish.

RALPH

Bu-dum-bum.

Spontaneous loud laughter. They all share the joke.
Phil watches as Carmilla goes from the kitchen to the
baby's room. Unnoticed, she winces from a pain beneath
her shoulder.

RALPH

(continuing; impressed)
Who is that woman? She cooks,
cleans, takes care of the baby.
What else does she do?

PHIL

(clears throat)
The shopping.

RALPH

Where's she from?

JULIE

England. She was a nurse in
London, Ormond Street hospital for
sick children...

Phil's eyes are still on the closed door to the baby's
room as he becomes increasingly edgy.

RUNCIE

(to Julie)
How'd you find her?

JULIE

Well, that's really funny. This
other girl was our first choice.

RALPH

Another girl was your first
choice? I want to meet her.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (3)

111

JULIE

Yeah, well, that's not possible...

PHIL

(gets up)

Excuse me --

He rises just as Carmilla comes out of the baby's room, closing the door. She sees Phil and mimes that baby is fast asleep.

Runcie has decided to assist Carmilla in clearing the dishes.

RALPH

So what happened... To your first choice?

JULIE

She died... Her bike went off the road. It was the same day -- the exact same day we spoke to her.

Time lapse.

112 EXT. BATHROOM - RUNCIE

112

comes out of the bathroom. Hearing a loud INTAKE OF BREATH and the SOUND of muffled pain, he pushes open the door to Carmilla's room.

113 RUNCIE'S POV

113

In darkness, Carmilla sits on the edge of the bed. Her blouse is pulled down and she appears to be in pain, though she bears it stoically. She peels away from her skin what appear to be pieces of a bloody, rotted wooden substance below her shoulder.

RUNCIE

Something wrong?

CARMILLA

Nothing. It's fine. An accident.

She stands quickly, covering herself.

RUNCIE

Let me see.

CARMILLA

No, please.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

RUNCIE

Do you have a doctor?

CARMILLA

(moving past him
to the door)

Yes.

RUNCIE

Who are you seeing?

CARMILLA

I have an appointment tomorrow.
After work...

RUNCIE

Where is he?

CARMILLA

In Westwood.

RUNCIE

How are you getting there?

CARMILLA

I --

RUNCIE

Let me take you.

CARMILLA

No, please. It's nothing.
Really. Thank you.

She moves past him.

114 OMITTED

114

115 INT. KITCHEN - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

115

Julie is in the kitchen as Carmilla enters. She and
Carmilla share getting the cups and saucers for coffee.

116 PHIL'S POV - THE KITCHEN

116

A moment out there as Julie whispers softly to Carmilla
-- lips close to her ear.Time lapse.

117 INT. LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - PHIL'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT 117

Carmilla is helping Runcie on with his coat. Phil, Julie and Ralph are exchanging smalltalk in the background.

RUNCIE
(to Carmilla)
Do they ever give you a night off?

CARMILLA
(jokes)
Every Tuesday, the chains are unlocked.

RUNCIE
Tomorrow? Listen, I have a couple of houses going up over on Saltair. Why not stop by? I have crews up there every day --

CARMILLA
I don't know... that time belongs to you-know-who.

Runcie shrugs: that's life. The baby, from the other room, starts to CRY.

RALPH
Oh-oh, that sound means: all good bachelors head for home. Good night, Mom. Good night, Dad...

PHIL
(matches "Waltons" joke)
Good night, John-Boy...

Phil and Julie go off to pacify the child, as Runcie and Ralph say their goodbyes. Runcie quickly pecks a kiss on Carmilla's cheek. She stands there as the door closes, expressionless.

118 INT. BABY'S ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 118

Julie is trying to rock the baby in her arms back to sleep. She is frowning, as if it's not usually that difficult.

PHIL
Here, let me try. You go to bed.

She hands Jake to Phil, who hugs him. Julie kisses Phil, en passant.

Time lapse.

119 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT 119

Julie sitting at her dressing table, now down to her underwear. She removes her earrings and jewelry. The baby is CRYING from the other room and she rubs her neck -- remembering the massage...

120 INT. BABY'S ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 120

Phil is walking the baby, to see if he has wind, but no. Julie walks in. Phil shrugs. He puts down the bottle of formula. Julie and Phil both hold the child, crying inconsolably. Phil looks up, and Julie follows his eyes to see --

Carmilla standing in the doorway in a diaphanous nightgown. Lit the way it is, it's virtually invisible. But she's unaware -- or unconcerned -- about her apparent nakedness.

Carmilla comes forward -- smiling - and holds out her arms.

She gently takes the child from them.

And, as the baby is enfolded warmly in Carmilla's arms -- it gradually stops crying...

CARMILLA

(to baby)

Time for bed...

In the silence, Carmilla brushes between Phil and Julie, to put Jake back in his crib. As she bends down, we HOLD on Phil and Julie, both astonished, perplexed, and so sexually teased they cannot even meet each other's eyes...

Time lapse.

121 INT. PHIL AND RALPH'S OFFICE - ADVERTISING AGENCY - DAY 121

The black screen of a personal computer -- Phil's distorted face reflected. The TAPPING of keys. Nothing comes up. It's fucked. Phil's features look strained with tension.

RALPH

You know something? I was thinking, about last night?... I need a nanny. I don't need a wife. I need somebody very like -- Carmilla...

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

I'll see if she's interested in moonlighting.

We are in Phil and Ralph's "bubble" -- a sectioned-off part of the open-plan Creative Department. They work back-to-back in swivel chairs. The walls are pinned with copious layouts, proofs, photographs and junk. Both have a PC terminal.

RALPH

I don't know about the nanny business, but I guess you must be pretty lucky to find such a -- God knows -- presentable woman, I mean, good with Jake, all that other stuff...

Ralph is looking at some Polaroids on Phil's notice-board -- pictures of Julie pulling a funny face -- a photograph of Jake --

RALPH

(continuing)

You hear weird shit about babysitters. Guys coming home to find them stoned, in bed with Hell's Angels. Did you read that story -- the other day -- It was in Long Beach, I think -- a baby girl, Leah Sheridan... missing, stolen, probably by the nanny. Four week old... found in Wickham Woods, eaten by coyotes...

*
*

PHIL

Ralph, do me a favor, would you?

Ralph comes over, thinking it's to do with work.

RALPH

(bends close to Phil)

What's that?

PHIL

Don't believe everything you read in the National Enquirer -- huh?

Time lapse.

The sky is turning the warm orange/purple of dusk, around the still and peaceful shape of Phil's house.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

A couple of large birds are in the sky. A homey glow comes from the windows. An owl somewhere is HOOTING...

123 INT. CARMILLA'S ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

123

In EXTRA CLOSEUP, Carmilla's face as she carefully applies makeup to her eyes. She looks stunning --

In the mirror appears Julie, with the baby in her arms. Carmilla, only half-clothed in panties, smiles up at her reflection.

JULIE

You look terrific.

CARMILLA

So do you.

JULIE

I started breast-feeding again this morning.

CARMILLA

How did it go?

JULIE

You were right. Jake loved it and it felt wonderful.

Julie -- a little plain now by comparison -- sits on the small bed and watches Carmilla draw black stockings up her long, shapely legs. Carmilla's hands smooth them, ironing out the creases, hitching them up.

Carmilla stands up and slips a dress over her head.

CARMILLA

Would you zip me up?

JULIE

What's wrong with your shoulder?

CARMILLA

Just a bruise.

Julie sets Jake on the bed -- and zips Carmilla's dress.

JULIE

Going somewhere exciting?

(CONTINUED)

CARMILLA

Just down to Melrose, look at the shops.

JULIE

Meeting someone?

CARMILLA

No, just me.

JULIE

I miss girls' night out in Chicago. We were a wild bunch, art school crazies. I met Phil in a pizza parlor. They dared me to ask him if he was a virgin.

CARMILLA

(laughs)

Was he?

JULIE

He's never said, to this day. Hey -- how are you getting down there?

CARMILLA

I'll walk.

JULIE

Walk? Have you any idea how far -- I'll call you a taxi.

CARMILLA

No, please. I love to walk. Remember, burp him after each breast. If you're sore, his formula's on the kitchen table. All you need to do is warm it up.

(to baby)

Be a good boy for mommy.

Looking at Julie, Carmilla applies red lipstick to her lips.

JULIE

Be careful.

124 EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

124

Julie and baby are bidding bye-bye to Carmilla at the doorstep.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

JULIE

Phil's working late again, so if
you're back early, give me a
knock. I'll make some tea.

CARMILLA

That'd be nice.

She kisses Julie on the cheek, turns and goes down the
driveway to walk along the roadside. Julie goes back
inside.

125 JULIE'S POV - FROM THE WINDOW

125

Carmilla, smart, young, pretty, walking away into the
night...

126 INT. THE LIVING ROOM

126

As Julie looks out. She touches her cheek, where the
smear of lipstick is.

Time lapse.

She is on her hands and knees, tidying up the spread of
discarded soft toys. Her face seems confused, troubled
with inner conflicts, or just plain exhausted.

The doorbell RINGS, and she answers it.

JULIE

Oh, hi, Ned. Come on in. Mind
the duck.

Runcie sidesteps a wooden duck on a string. We see
he's very spruced up.

She sniffs.

He touches his neck embarrassedly, and she knows it's a
powerful quantity of aftershave. We see -- but she
doesn't -- he has a half-dozen red roses behind his
back.

RUNCIE

Actually, Julie -- Is Carmilla
around?

JULIE

Well, no. Was she expecting you?

(CONTINUED)

RUNCIE

No, no -- we, ah, didn't make any firm plans. It's just, someone told me there's a new band from Austin at the Palomino. And I thought maybe I could take her first to the doctor.

JULIE

Doctor?

RUNCIE

Something wrong with her shoulder.

JULIE

She didn't say anything about a doctor. She said she was going to do some windowshopping. She just left.

RUNCIE

(losing his courage)
Oh, well, I expect she -- here, you have these. I'll...

He hands her the roses.

JULIE

Hey! You're too much! She just went out the door. You can still catch her.

RUNCIE

Naw. I'm too late...

JULIE

(thrusts roses back)
Ned Runcie. Go for it, dammit!

Runcie puffs up, renewed with vigor.

127 EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

127

Ned Runcie turns over the ENGINE of the pickup truck and drives off with determination.

128 EXT. PHIL'S STREET - NIGHT

128

Quiet. Almost unnaturally so. Nobody is about. Nothing is moving. No cars. CAMERA TRACKS along with Carmilla as she follows the line of houses.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

Behind, way back, we see the shape of a pickup truck in the distance.

Carmilla, in CLOSEUP now, and expressionless, as if programmed to follow a predetermined course -- turns a corner OUT OF SHOT. We HOLD as the pickup truck draws slowly closer, to the same corner, and stops.

129 INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

129

Runcie's head turns and looks down the

130 SUBURBAN STREET

130

into which Carmilla has turned. He can see her at the very far end. A silhouette under the diffuse yellow cone of light shone by a streetlamp. She turns the far corner.

131 INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

131

The roses on the passenger seat rock as Runcie ups the speed of the truck. He squints into the dark, impatiently. Stopping under the pool of lamplight at a "STOP" sign. Again, he looks out --

132 EXT. STREET WITH EMPTY LOT - NIGHT

132

Nothing. But she can't have disappeared.

He gets out of the pickup, now worry starting to show in his face.

He moves towards the criss-cross wire fence, topped with barbed wire, that Phil and Julie already discovered leads to the empty lot.

133 RUNCIE'S POV - EMPTY LOT

133

A shape, fifty yards away -- Carmilla -- quickening her speed towards the densely wooded area...

Runcie tugs the wire. Looks around. How the hell did she get in there? It's padlocked! He looks again. Frowns. It's dangerous in there.

RUNCIE

(yells)

Carmilla!

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

He steps back, walks up and down the street to see a gate or entrance. There isn't one.

He reaches up to a tree that happens to overhang the road. With difficulty, he manages to hoist himself up into it, clambering through the foliage and --

134 EXT. EMPTY LOT - NIGHT

134

-- drops into the desolate and untended patch of rough ground, scuffing his knees and hands. He picks himself up and dusts himself down, looking round in the dark --

135 RUNCIE'S POV

135

as Carmilla enters the dangerous darkness of the woods...

RUNCIE

Carmilla!

136 THE LOT

136

Runcie scrambles in the tall grass through some discarded trash -- rusted, antiquated machinery -- the carcass of an abandoned automobile... and heads after her.

137 EXT. THE WOODS - EVENING

137

Runcie enters into a colonnade of dark tree trunks. The branches above him form a lattice-work canopy. His feet CRUNCH on a thick layer of twig and leaf. Trying to tread softly, he creeps through the undergrowth...

Up ahead -- far ahead -- and moving in and out of the trees -- is Carmilla. He loses her momentarily between thickets and trees, or a gnarled branch covers his vision -- but he keeps with her...

He uses his arms like machetes, clearing tangles of bush that bar his way -- tripping over a coil of wiry ivy... A rusted car sits, sinisterly overgrown, discarded, like a dead husk...

Carmilla moves in and out of moonlight...

Runcie's panting, out of breath. He wipes his face, but only smudges it with dirt. He squints harder as it's more difficult to make out Carmilla -- and more difficult to keep up --

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

It's darker now. The canopy of leaves tighter entwined. He can't see anything of the night sky at all...

Runcie looks back the way he came -- he can't see the empty lot anymore -- he looks right and left -- every direction looks the same -- endless foliage and trees...

He jumps as three fat birds break from the cover of a thicket -- a brown flutter of wings -- CAWING shapes spiraling towards the heavens --

He's scared...

Now there are other NOISES starting to intrude -- RUSTLING moments in the undergrowth -- more bird SOUNDS, closer... Owls...

Runcie hurries on ahead -- weird dark shapes are out there --

He circles a tree, finding his hand coming into contact with fleshy, fungoid protuberances -- he wipes the goo on his jacket --

A glimpse again of Carmilla -- the bushes move -- NOISES, getting louder --

He walks stiffly onward, towards where he saw her -- there's no further sign of her now -- maybe he's lost her too -- his pace gets faster -- almost in a run now -- the forest NOISES are coming alive --

The woods seem to be getting darker and more evil round him, he hears bird NOISES -- SNARLS -- the distant HOWL of a dog or coyote -- He stiffens, gripping to the nearest tree, terrified -- cobwebs are caught round his face -- he spits them out --

Then he blinks his eyes open...

138 EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

138

An almost magical glade -- Ethereal light is coming down through the trees as if through stained-glass in the high dome of a cathedral. Leafy particles give the air a mystical haze. It's like: "Toto, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore." This seems like a whole other world...

And in the clearing, before an Ancient Tree...

139 RUNCIE SEES

139

The nude figure of a woman, with three huge wolves circling round her in timeless SLOW MOTION...

*

He stares, aghast in disbelief -- he must be dreaming --

The woman is Carmilla.. with her nails she scratches into the bark. Peeling it back, she applies her mouth to the cut and begins to sensuously suck the dripping sap.

And then she raises her arms as if in sexual congress with the gnarled and misshapen tree. A tree that looks as old as the world. As big as a redwood, and twice as ugly. Its bark is knotted like bare muscles, stretching up into the sky. Even in the misty half-light, it has the appearance of some kind of twisted demon god... its grotesque arms seem to caress Carmilla. Her nipples are erect -- A syrupy orgasmic substance drips down the uppermost branches. Carmilla rubs herself with it.

And Runcie watches -- frozen -- as --

The spindly branches of the tree reach down and envelop her, enclosing her bruised rib in what seems like a cocoon. From a distance it would appear as if she has become the tree --

There is a SOUND from close by Runcie, and he turns, just for a second --

But when he looks back into the clearing --

Carmilla is gone... (DETAIL: The three gang members who menaced Carmilla are now entombed like mummies in the body of the tree, their faces frozen in shrieks of agony. They are part of a gallery of faces, only partially and briefly glimpsed in the darkness, that the tree has dispatched through the years.)

*

Now Runcie is really fucking scared...

Where the fuck is she? The glade, still criss-crossed with moonlight, is empty -- the wolves are gone...

*

Runcie swallows drily. Oh, shit. From the womb-like cavity, pairs of what appear to be piercing yellow eyes stare at him.

A moan of horror is wrenched from Runcie's lips... Too late, he covers his mouth with his hand. He is too freaked to even throw up...

140 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

140

Runcie runs through the forest like -- almost literally -- a bat out of hell. He's never moved so quick in his life. He piledrives through the bushes that he tippy-toed through on the way in, he smashes through branches -- his breath is stuttering, gasping, terrified, almost asthmatic, ready to scream or ready to just give up -- he hits a fallen log with his shin and sprawls ten yards into a bush --

He gets up -- in the darkness, two yellow eyes flash --

He's up and on the move -- a bird dives past him, with a SCREECH -- his arms are over his head -- he can't see -- he's blubbering now, he's weeping -- he's going insane -- he's walking into trees like a ball in a pinball machine --

He's on his knees, crawling --

The shapes of the trees are flashing, strobing by him -- out there, past them, some dark shapes keeping pace -- things with heavy, snarling breath -- they're all round him, whatever they are -- they're closer -- he's running like fuck -- they're close -- they're on his fucking heels and -- Jesus! --

141 EXT. EMPTY LOT - NIGHT

141

Suddenly all is quiet.

The forest sounds are gone.

He's alone. Back in the empty lot. Facing the normal-looking facade of trees with the darkness within...

He runs like fuck to the barbed wire and throws himself up over it. He lets out a screech of pain, stifling it as best he can. The barbed wire rips across his hands --

He rips off his jacket, sobbing, throws it onto the barbed wire and scrambles over. WOLVES follow behind. *

142 EXT. SALTAIR STREET WITH EMPTY LOT - NIGHT

142

Runcie leaps into his pickup truck, slamming --

143 EXT. RUNCIE HOUSE - NIGHT

143 *

143A INT. MAIN ROOM - RUNCIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

143A

-- a drinks cabinet door. He feverishly unscrews a bottle of whiskey and downs the equivalent of about six doubles. He closes his eyes, still panting, as it hits the back of his throat.

He stands there, peeling off Band-Aids which he uses to plaster his cut hands.

The sense of openness feels threatening now -- vulnerable.

Nursing the bottle of Jameson's Irish, Runcie sits and puts the phone in his lap. He picks up the receiver, and -- who the hell can he call? What would he say?

He hangs up, closes his eyes tightly.

*

THUD.

What was that? Then, quiet... Then -- THUDDER, THUDDER...

He doesn't move an inch.

It was outside. He turns slowly, staring at the front door. Silence.

*

Runcie goes to the window. Looks out --

144 RUNCIE'S POV - OUTSIDE

144

In the blackness of night, on the fringe of the woods, there are these large, low, sulking shapes. Dog-like shapes, out there, waiting, staring at him with baleful yellow eyes --

Runcie closes the drapes sharply.

He looks back at the front door. He slowly makes his way to it, towards the key in the lock -- and we TRACK with him -- with his hand -- until he securely turns it, and throws the one, two, three bolts.

He backs away. Shit-scared now.

145 INT. BEDROOM - RUNCIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

145

He comes in, drops to his knees by the bed, and brings out from under it a hunting rifle.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

He checks that it's loaded. It is. Outside, coyotes are YELPING as if in communication. Oh, God...

146 INT. MAIN ROOM - RUNCIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

146

Runcie's FOOTSTEPS ECHO as he returns to the big room. The place has the feel of an empty house -- a haunted house --

147 INT. KITCHEN - RUNCIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

147

Runcie enters the kitchen, bolts the back door, too. On second thought, he turns back -- he puts a straight-backed chair against the door, too. A pedal-bin sits, full to capacity.

148 INT. MAIN ROOM - RUNCIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

148

Runcie comes back in. He's feeling cold and turns up the gas on the flame-effect log fire under the big, central chimney.

He slumps in an armchair, grabbing the phone again. He props his rifle between his knees. Listens to the RINGING tone. Answer, dammit! Answer!

RUNCIE

(on phone)

My name's Runcie, 1201 Astral Drive. I want to report a --

(listens)

Runcie, R-U-N, that's right. Twelve-oh-one. That's correct. Now please listen to me. There's -- there are -- coyotes -- in my yard -- look --

(pause)

Yes, I am quite sure. I'm absolutely sure, I -- I --

As Runcie speaks, the CAMERA MOVES AROUND him to reveal wolves circling outside.

*
*

RUNCIE

(continuing)

Look, don't tell me it isn't possible. They're right outside the damn house.

(CONTINUED)

Runcie is waving his hands. The shadows behind him blow up his gesticulations to ghostly proportions.

RUNCIE

(continuing)

So... So they don't come down till they're hungry! Fine! They're hungry! All right? No, no -- you listen!

He puts his rifle on the floor, stands. Holds up the receiver to the air. The TV casts his shadow this way and that. HOWLING outside gives us the creeps.

RUNCIE

(continuing)

Hear that? They're out there! They're baying at the fucking moon, pal! You hear it?

Behind, against the expanse of wall, it isn't just himself in moving shadow -- other shapes are in the room -- circling --

RUNCIE

I'll throw them your bone, mister!
(the cop has hung up)
Sonofabitch!

He has dropped the matchbook he was playing with and bends to pick it up. But when he sits back up, he sees --

A shadow on the far wall, from around the corner -- seemingly nothing at first -- then it moves -- it moves into the shape of a dog... In the corner, way off. Shit, a coyote, or a dog, or some fucking thing in the house...

He jumps up, picks up the rifle. Looks back --

The shadow is gone. But there is a GROWLING from somewhere...

Once again, he lifts the phone and dials frantically. After one ring, we hear the SOUND of Phil's answering machine. It is Julie's voice, reassuring, announcing the phone number, "we're not in right now, please leave a message after the beep."

149A INSERT - INT. PHIL'S HOME - NIGHT

149A *

CLOSE on the answering machine which is under the phone at the foot of the stairs. We hear the end of Julie's taped VOICE and most of Runcie's MESSAGE, as the CAMERA MOVES from the telephone, through the house, into and past the baby's room, and into the sleeping figure of Julie in the bedroom.

*
*
*
*
*
*

149B BACK TO SCENE

149B *

RUNCIE

Damn!

BEEP.

RUNCIE

(continuing; into phone)

Phil! Listen to me -- I'm not crazy! I saw something tonight. You've got to understand. You've got to believe me. I can't believe what I just saw. Carmilla is... Phil... She's... some kind of a... monster... Don't let that woman back in your house...

A shape appears in the window opposite him. A silhouetted figure. Carmilla. The door is open next to her.

*

Setting the phone down, he walks across the room. Shivering with fear. Eyes peeled. Behind him, we can see other shadows -- loping, skulking -- moving across the walls --

Something in his peripheral vision scampers from the sofa to behind a chair -- his rifle barrel pans with it, but then it seems to be gone.

One of the sidelights moves, and pitches over as if something has tugged the flex. It throws a weird shadow. Again, behind him, a fluster of shadow -- now he turns and sees it, looming --

From a space in the dark, he is being watched by two, three pairs of gleaming eyes...

He backs against a mirror, and in the mirror reflection we see what he can't -- a wolf-type thing, half-in-shadow, creeping along his kitchen surfaces toward him ... Another leaps up to join it, silently.

Runcie moves toward the bedroom...

*

(CONTINUED)

As he does so, he reveals something lurking, close to the floor, in the darkness behind the sofa, a massive grey wolf with searing white eyes, and glistening fangs ... It rises on all fours, back bristling -- emitting a chilling, throaty SNARL...

Runcie raises his rifle, just as two wolves jump up onto his sofa. A third appears from nowhere -- and a fourth. And one of them is at him!! -- the teeth clamp onto his shirt, tearing off a rip --

Runcie falls back -- the rifle falls to the floor as the two, three, four wolves are coming for him --

*

On his hands and knees, he scampers to the bedroom, kicking at the wolves at his heels -- he is moving like crazy, as if possessed -- somehow he's on his feet again, his ankles ripped and bloodied --

*

The wolves seem to hang back, in no particular hurry then, as he reaches the bedroom door, give chase again --

*

150 INT. RUNCIE'S BEDROOM - RUNCIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

150

With them after him, Runcie sprawls into the bedroom, onto the floor, slamming the door into one wolf's face -- the bones CRUNCH -- the head's pulled back -- the YELPING and SNARLING is an unholy cacophony --

Runcie keeps his shoulder against it, listening to the fearful TEARING of teeth and claws into the wood -- He turns the key in the lock, then hurries to manhandle a big dressing table in front of the door -- just as the weight of a dozen big wolves is threatening to bust it down --

He backs away from his triple reflection in the shuddering mirrors, towards the bed. He is literally trembling from head to foot in terror, weeping with fear, when --

A she-wolf lies in the bed, rousing from the blankets six inches from him, and draws back her teeth viciously...

Runcie runs for another door --

151 INT. BATHROOM OFF RUNCIE'S BEDROOM - RUNCIE'S HOUSE
- NIGHT

151

Runcie slams the bathroom door, backs away from it. It starts THUDDING, bowing inwards, too. GROWLING, SNARLING on the other side. HOWLING -- desperate, terrifying, hungry howling fills the house...

151A INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

151A

Runcie backs out of the bathroom into a corridor that leads to a stairwell.

151B INT. STAIRWELL (SET) - DAY FOR NIGHT

151B

He bounds quickly down a flight of steps -- shutting fast the door behind him.

152 INT. RUNCIE'S WORKROOM - RUNCIE'S HOUSE (SET) - DAY FOR NIGHT

152

As he backs into the darkness -- fumbling for the light switch but not able to find it -- he starts to scream at the top of his voice -- as if the world around him is too much --

Stumbling around his junkroom of drawing boards, paperwork, drawing stuff and acquired artifacts from various buildings: wrought iron, panel work, timber beams -- it seems like a bizarre junk shop in this lack of light.

Slowly, Runcie looks up, sniffing back tears...

The howling has stopped. The house is quiet.

*

He looks up.

The door back into the upstairs landing is wide open -- and yet -- no wolves. Just warm, friendly light...

He walks toward it... Bewildered...

153 INT. MAIN ROOM - RUNCIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

153

On shaky feet, as if walking for the first time, Runcie pads down, one step at a time. His face shows how scrambled his emotions are. Death has had him by the heels. He looks like a zombie.

The room is empty. Quiet. Peaceful.

He reaches the top of the stairs.

And stands there, staring at the front door, unblinking.

Staring at the big, old wolf that sits there, staring at him.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

Runcie blinks, tiredly. He sees the rifle lying near his feet. He chooses the moment. The wolf is staring at him. He bends slowly.

The wolf is up, poised.

Runcie bends some more -- his quivering fingers creep down towards the rifle --

And touch a woman's foot.

She is standing there beside him.

CARMILLA

You shouldn't have followed me.

*

RUNCIE

... I'm sorry... I didn't know...

She moves toward him -- and the HOWL of the wolves fills the room.

He turns and runs back to the workroom.

153A INT. WORKROOM (SET) - DAY FOR NIGHT

153A

He slams the door. Everything is quiet. Darkness save for a single work light.

Suddenly the room is alive with wolves, coming out of the woodwork, almost literally -- dozens of them -- they knock him to the floor and they're in there, diving in for the kill as if they've just felled a deer at a waterhole -- a morass of fur covers him entirely --

-- in FAST CUTS with that -- teeth, fangs tearing meat and flesh -- pulling sinew, chewing bone, gnawing, splattering blood -- Runcie's head protruding as his body is devoured -- there is an awful, almost operatic, impressionistic frenzy of bloodletting --

Four about ten seconds, then --

Then -- in a blur -- as STATIC crackles on the TV, still -- we see that the floor is empty --

Wolf-like shapes are dragging something vaguely -- and only vaguely -- human, across the polished floor...

A bloody shoe is left behind...

Stillness...

Carmilla, and the wolves, and Runcie, are gone...

154 EXT. RUNCIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

154

And, as we TRACK SLOWLY AWAY from Runcie's house, just the silence of the night...

All that we hear, and see, is the gentle SOUND of the screen door still swinging, slamming with a gentle tap... tap... tap... tap... in the wind.

FADE OUT.

154A INT. STAIRWELL - PHIL'S HOUSE - VERY EARLY MORNING

154A

The house is silent, empty; sunlit. Very few pieces of furniture, packing crates, some unopened. Phil enters slowly from the bedroom in pajamas. He is half-awake. Noticing the red blinking light on the answering machine, he sits down on the steps and presses the "playback" key.

MOLLY SHERIDAN'S VOICE

(halting; tentative)

Miss... Mr. Sterlin... We don't know each other... My name is Molly Sheridan. I got your number from Carol Robinson at The Guardian Angel Employment Agency. I hope I'm not inconveniencing you. I need to talk to you and it's difficult to explain over the phone. Would you please call me at 805-295-8170?

Phil scribbles the number on a pad next to the phone.

BEEP.

RUNCIE'S VOICE

Phil! Listen to me -- I'm not crazy! I saw something tonight. You've got to understand.

Carmilla appears.

CARMILLA

Mr. Sterlin.

Phil is caught off guard. He pushes the "stop" key on the answering machine.

CARMILLA

(continuing)

Could you come have a look at Jake?

(CONTINUED)

154A CONTINUED:

154A

PHIL

Something wrong?

CARMILLA

I don't know.

154B INT. NURSERY - EARLY MORNING

154B

Phil and Carmilla enter quickly and go to the crib.

PHIL

What is it?

CARMILLA

He looks a bit flushed, don't you think?

Phil picks up the baby and holds him close -- looking at him.

PHIL

(to Jake)

Yes... Yes... That's my big fella
... How you doin'?

CARMILLA

I got worried when I came in this morning. He's usually awake and he wasn't.

PHIL

I don't know. What do you think?

CARMILLA

I think he needs a bit of fresh air.

PHIL

Do me a favor. Call Dr. Klein.

CARMILLA

I don't think it's anything serious, really. *

PHIL

Let's not guess. Call Dr. Klein.

She moves in close to Phil and takes the child.

154C EXT. SHERIDAN HOUSE - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

154C

The Jeep pulls into the driveway and Phil gets out. A "FOR SALE" sign is set discreetly in the lawn. He looks at the mailbox: "SHERIDAN," then goes to the front door and rings the bell.

(CONTINUED)

154C CONTINUED:

154C

The door opens and Molly Sheridan appears.

PHIL
Mrs. Sheridan?

MRS. SHERIDAN
Yes.

PHIL
Phil Sterlin.

MRS. SHERIDAN
Please come in.

154D INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

154D

as Phil and Molly enter. Scott is there, standing next to the stairwell, in partial shadow. He holds something. A book.

MRS. SHERIDAN
This is my son, Scott.

PHIL
Hello, Scott.

SCOTT
Hi.

Phil and Molly move into the parlor. Scott hangs back. Next to Molly on the mantle is a picture of her baby, Leah.

MRS. SHERIDAN
Do you know anything about me?

PHIL
I'm sorry I...

MRS. SHERIDAN
A few months ago, my daughter Leah was kidnapped. You may have read about it. It was on television.

PHIL
Yes. Yes I did. I'm sorry.

MRS. SHERIDAN
(overlap)
No that... that's --

PHIL
(overlap)
... I didn't realize you...

(CONTINUED)

154D CONTINUED:

154D

MRS. SHERIDAN

(overlap)

... No... No... That's alright...

PHIL

She was a baby.

MRS. SHERIDAN

The police think she's dead.

PHIL

The body was found. In Wickham Woods, wasn't it?

MRS. SHERIDAN

The body of a baby was found,
yes. It was so badly decomposed,
nothing left really. No way to
tell... possibly a baby girl...
but...

*

*

(she starts to break
up; she moves away)

I'm sorry.

(long pause; then
she turns to
face him)

I don't believe that's my
daughter. That twisted scrap
of... flesh and bone is not my
Leah... My Leah is alive. I hear
her sometimes. I'm not crazy, Mr.
Sterlin. I have to do everything
... everything possible to find
her and I will find her. And
the... person... that took her.

PHIL

(gently)

Why did you want to see me?

MRS. SHERIDAN

Do you know a woman called.. Diana
Julian?

PHIL

I'm sorry I don't.

MRS. SHERIDAN

That's not her name. She always
uses a different name. But it's
possible that you do know her.

(CONTINUED)

154D CONTINUED: (2)

154D

PHIL

Why do you think so?

MRS. SHERIDAN

You know The Guardian Angel Agency?

PHIL

Yes.

MRS. SHERIDAN

The woman who takes care of your child is from them?

PHIL

(wary)

That's right.

MRS. SHERIDAN

The... woman who took care of Leah, Diana Julian, she called herself, was recommended by Guardian Angel, or so we thought. She worked for us for just under a month. We loved her. We trusted her. Then she -- took Leah away. Now the police can't find her. All her references, fake. The addresses she gave us, fake. We didn't find out until it was too late.

*

PHIL

I want to help you but I don't understand what this has to do with --

MRS. SHERIDAN

The police are doing all they can but you see, they think Leah is dead. If I thought that -- I couldn't... So I'm doing whatever I can. I hired a private detective who got the client list from Guardian Angel. I thought maybe somebody else had this woman in their house.

*

PHIL

I see.

MRS. SHERIDAN

I called everyone I could find on the list.

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

154D CONTINUED: (3)

154D

MRS. SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

People have been very cooperative.

(pause)

It's happened before. I'm sure
it's her. You have a young child,
don't you? A little boy...

PHIL

Yes. We -- This is too...

He stands up.

MRS. SHERIDAN

Who takes care of him?

PHIL

Mrs. Sheridan. I understand how
you -- what you're going
through...

MRS. SHERIDAN

No you don't. I hope you never
do. I hope you never have to wake
up and find out your worst
nightmare... is real... Never have
to see your wife, looking at you
with hatred, as though it was your
fault -- To have this happen...
kills whatever was inside you that
let you love somebody...

PHIL

Do you have a picture of Miss
Julian?

MRS. SHERIDAN

No.

PHIL

What does she look like?

MRS. SHERIDAN

She's... about 27... my height...
Thin... grey eyes... fair skin...
attractive...

PHIL

What color hair?

MRS. SHERIDAN

Dark brown. Almost red.

(CONTINUED)

154D CONTINUED: (4)

154D

PHIL
(shakes his head,
relieved)
The girl who works for me has
light colored hair... She...

SCOTT
(suddenly in the
room)
She has something on her stomach. *

PHIL
What?

SCOTT
Like a mark or something...
here...
(gesturing)
... on her stomach. *

Silence.

MRS. SHERIDAN
You know her, don't you?

PHIL
It's not possible.

MRS. SHERIDAN
Is it Diana?

PHIL
It can't be.

MRS. SHERIDAN
Will you let me see her?

PHIL
(moving to the door)
She could have changed her
appearance, but it's just... Let
me talk to her first... No, no,
it's not Carmilla.

MRS. SHERIDAN
Carmilla?

PHIL
It isn't her.

MRS. SHERIDAN
Why won't you let me see her?

(CONTINUED)

154D CONTINUED: (5)

154D

PHIL

I will... but I'll have to talk to her.

MRS. SHERIDAN

Where is she?

PHIL

She's...

SCOTT

(moving close to him)

Do you know where Leah is?

PHIL

No, Scott, I don't.

Scott shows him the book he's been carrying. "Hansel And Gretel."

PHIL

(continuing)

What's this?

Scott opens it. The pop-up illustration of the tree takes shape. The tree that was in Phil's dream.

SCOTT

Diana gave it to me.

PHIL

(to Molly)

What do you want me to do?

MRS. SHERIDAN

I want you to arrange for me to see her, not so she'll know. If it is her, she'll panic -- and she's dangerous.

PHIL

I don't believe it's Carmilla. Our baby's fine. She takes wonderful care of him. As though he were hers.

MRS. SHERIDAN

That's how we felt. How old is your son?

PHIL

Four weeks.

MRS. SHERIDAN

That was Leah's age. The last time I saw her.

154E EXT. PHONE BOOTH AT GAS STATION - DAY

154E

PHIL

(on phone)

Julie... How are you... Where's
Jake...? Is Carmilla with him?
How is he feeling? Thank God...
No... No... It's... What time will
you be back? I'll tell you when I
see you... I can't talk right now
... I'm late... We have to talk
about... about Carmilla... No... I
don't know.

154F INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

154F

Julie hangs up the phone. She's about to leave. She
looks out in the yard. Carmilla is with Jake.

154G EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

154G

JULIE

Carmilla. I'm going to work.
Will you call me after the doctor
sees him?

*

CARMILLA

Thought I'd take him to the zoo
this morning. He really doesn't
need the doctor.

*

*

*

JULIE

Do you think he should be out?

CARMILLA

A little fresh air will be good
for him.

*

*

155 INT. CUTTING ROOM - DAY

155

Phil stands before a KEM editing machine, staring at
the sequence he's been editing on a small screen. It
rolls silently while he talks on the phone. Spread out
in front of him are Carmilla's reference letters.

PHIL

(on phone)

This is the right number?... I'm
trying to reach Mr. Harold Freeman
... uhuh, I appreciate that. You
don't have a number I -- ? No, of
course. I see... I'm sorry to --

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

155

Gail enters.

PHIL

(continuing)

Thank you.

On his desk is the video camera with which he has been taking home movies. He stares at it absently, then with curiosity. He goes to it and presses the eject button. A small cartridge pops out. It is hand-lettered, "JAKE, 3 WKS., W/JULIE & CARMILLA." He sets it into a playback machine, rewinds to heads then pushes "PLAY." Disconnected video images of little Jake come on the television monitor (from Scene 81), accompanied by a soundtrack:

(From Sc. 81)

CARMILLA (V.O.)

... It was a wonderful day, wasn't it, Jake?

(speaks for the baby)

"I went to the park... And... I played in the grass... Aand... I discovered what dirt was... Aand... this other little baby came up to us, this pretty little girl about three... You should have seen her eyes light up when she saw Jake...

JULIE (V.O.)

Like father, like son.

PHIL (V.O.)

Big smile!

The video camera now pans from Jake to Julie to Carmilla.

CARMILLA (V.O.)

Please! I -- I take such awful photographs...

At which point we see Carmilla cover her face, then her hand covers the lens -- there is a glitch, then the picture goes black.

Phil pushes the STOP button, then rewinds to the last few seconds, to the point where the camera pans from the baby to Julie to Carmilla. He lets it play -- Carmilla's hand covers her face then the lens, then the glitch appears and the screen goes dark.

Phil looks closely at this sequence. Then rewinds. Again. And again.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED: (2)

155

Now he presses the freeze frame buttons just before Carmilla covers her face.

We MOVE IN CLOSE on Phil as he studies the freeze frame.

HIS POV

It shows not the image of Carmilla, but the torso of the hideous, ancient tree, there for the length of one frame of video, it appears to hover threateningly over Jake.

BACK TO SCENE

As Phil stares at the frame in disbelief and confusion.

Gail enters briskly.

GAIL

How goes it?

PHIL

It isn't working.

GAIL

Then make it work. You wanted to run with the ball.

She moves around to face him.

GAIL

(continuing)

What's happening?

Phil shakes his head.

GAIL

(continuing)

Problem at home?

PHIL

Not what you might think.

GAIL

What might I think?

PHIL

It's so weird. I don't know where to start. This woman we brought in to take care of Jake --

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED: (3)

155

GAIL

You want nanny horror stories, I
can give you chapter and verse.
I've had more nannies for my
daughters than George Steinbrenner
has managers.

PHIL

This is something else.

Pause.

GAIL

I'd love to sit here and play Dear
Abby with you, but I need this
spot wrapped and shipped tonight.
Remember? Before you leave here,
tonight.

*

PHIL

(putting on his
jacket)

I can't do it now, Gail. I'm
sorry. I've got to take care of
something.

He pops the video out of the machine and into his
pocket.

GAIL

You've got to finish this spot.

PHIL

Fuck the spot.

He exits.

156 INT. LIVING ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

156

Silence, stillness by contrast. The peaceful house is
in darkness. We hear a key in the lock and the front
door opens. It's Phil.

PHIL

Hello!...

He flicks on the lights, crosses the room -- there is
no sign of anybody else. He drops his briefcase on the
floor, eager to discard the symbol of his woes. He
throws his jacket on the sofa. Arches his back as if
the mother of a headache has crippled him all the way
down the spine. Where is everybody?

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

PHIL
(continuing)
Julie? Carmilla?

157 INT. KITCHEN - PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

157

Phil saunters in, looking around. Nothing on the kitchen table. No messages on the "Message" tablet on the wall, he notices.

158 INT. LIVING ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

158

Phil comes out of the kitchen and goes to where he keeps his drinks.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

He takes out a rare bottle of 14-year-old bourbon from the Berghof Tavern in Chicago. He contemplates it for a moment, then unscrews it and pours himself a glass.

He knocks it back in one -- which is clearly something he's not used to -- and pours a second. Now, he finds that he is facing the Baby's Room, and that the door is open an inch or two. *

A sense of anxiety creeps up on him. The silence suddenly has loaded implications. He puts his glass down...

PHIL

Carmilla?

Afraid of what he might find -- he walks to the Baby's Room, starting to quicken as he reaches the door and pushes it open and -- *

159 INT. BABY'S ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

159 *

The room's in darkness. He switches on the light. There's a ping as the bulb goes. A flash, and the room is still in darkness. He comes in fast now -- his breath fearful -- towards the small crib in shadow, over which hangs the music box, and round which sit the furry animals.

The baby's not there -- only a ruffle of blankets and pillow.

Now Phil's scared as well as angry.

160 INT. LIVING ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

160 *

Noticing the blinking red message light on the answering machine, he presses the playback button. Ned Runcie's voice is heard in mid-message. *

RUNCIE'S VOICE

You've got to believe me. I can't believe what I just saw. Carmilla's... Phil... She's... some kind of monster... Don't let that woman back in your house! (followed by an unearthly HOWL) *

Phil presses the stop button, picks up his second glass of the bourbon. Knocks it back. Then he hits the rewind button; the tape rewinds at high pitch, high speed. Stop. Play.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

RUNCIE'S VOICE

(continuing)

... Carmilla... Phil... She's...
some kind of monster... Don't let
that woman back in your house!
(and the unearthly HOWL)

Stop.

He tapes the "R" tab of the telephone book, it springs open on "NED RUNCIE." He dials -- but hears just an insistent "busy" tone.

Phil gets up, grabs his jacket, and slams the front door after him.

161 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE EMPTY LOT - DAY

161 *

Phil's on the streets now, anxious, concerned.

He passes the crosswire fence that leads to the EMPTY LOT -- and we see the shadowy fringe of the woods beyond -- although he walks right on past. Somewhere, we hear a DOG -- or coyote -- or wolf...

162 EXT. RUNCIE'S HOUSE - DAY

162 *

Runcie's house, just as we left it. The lights are on, it looks completely quiet, peaceful, almost inviting -- but only we know what went on in there. Phil comes INTO SHOT, looking up at the open door...

PHIL

(looks around)

Ned?

163 INT. MAIN ROOM FOYER - RUNCIE HOUSE - DAY

163 *

The door opens inwards and Phil walks in, right up TO CAMERA. Into the belly, the openness of the house, the arena of horror where Runcie was torn apart.

As Phil looks around him, we see no sign at all of the horrendous attack we saw. The furniture is pristine, nothing even an inch out of place. Not a bloodstain, not a scratch. If the Jackson Pollock-style paintings with their red splashes have implications for us, there are none to Phil.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

PHIL

(to the house)

Ned! You know your door's wide open?...

The TV is ON, STATIC still crackling from its blind, silent eye... at its base, Ned's bloody shoe, left behind as the wolves dragged him out. Phil picks it up and studies it.

He slowly goes up into the main room.

164 INT. MAIN ROOM - RUNCIE HOUSE - DAY

164 *

The light from the hallway picks out what we think is the shadow-profile of a face for a moment -- but it's the shadow of a carved beam. Nothing more... He notices the phone is off the hook. That explains the "busy" tone. He replaces it. Where is Runcie?

Phil walks down the corridor. Wide, open, long...

There's not a sound in the house -- it's like a morgue. He reaches the door to Runcie's bedroom. He knocks politely...

No answer. He sighs...

165 INT. RUNCIE'S BEDROOM - RUNCIE HOUSE - DAY

165 *

Phil gently opens the door. He looks in and sees the bed -- the bed on which the massive, ugly wolf was sitting -- the bedcover is wrinkled, a dent in the pillow...

166 INT. STAIRWAY - RUNCIE'S HOUSE (SET) - DAY

166 *

Phil slowly goes down the stairs, looking mystified. His hand slides along the rail, SQUEAKING. His shoes CREAK on the old stairwell.

166A INT. MUNCIE'S WORKROOM (SET) - DAY

166A *

A single work light picks out the junk, drawing material, desk. The throw rugs are ruffled and some of the furniture has been knocked about as though there had been a struggle, but no other signs of conflict are evident.

(CONTINUED)

166A CONTINUED:

166A

We HOLD on him, TRACKING IN with anticipation, but...

Then he walks out to...

167 INT. KITCHEN - RUNCIE'S HOUSE - DAY

167 *

Phil's shoes ECHO on the polished tile. The door no longer has the straight-backed chair against it -- it's four feet away, where it used to be.

And the pedal-bin is upright, as it was before the wolves invaded the house. Everything is back to chilling normality.

Phil takes out a pocketbook, writes a note, tears out the page and pins it with a clown-faced magnet to the refrigerator door. It reads; "Ned -- stopped by. Weds. 1 P.M. Phil"...

*
*

Suddenly two yellow eyes flash by the dark outside the window with a LOUD SHRIEK like the cut of a knife. Phil nearly jumps out of his fucking skin! It was a hawk or some fucking thing sitting on the window ledge and then taking flight. Phil staggers back in shock. Composing himself, he takes another long look around, then exits the way he came in.

168 EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

168 *

Running at top speed, Phil approaches his house, trying not to admit to himself he just had the shit put up him. But he takes a glance over his shoulder before turning up the driveway, home.

169 INT. LIVING ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAY

169 *

Phil comes in and -- again, unexpectedly -- finds that Jake is sitting there, quite happily, in the middle of the floor. Jake looks up at him and grins. Carmilla comes out of the kitchen with a bottle of formula she has just prepared. Phil bottles in his anger.

PHIL

He hasn't been fed? What is this?

CARMILLA

Hello, Mr. Sterlin.

PHIL

Where've you been?

*
*

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

CARMILLA

We spent the morning at the zoo.
Then we had to wait for a bus.

*

PHIL

Did Dr. Klein see him?

*

CARMILLA

I didn't think it was necessary.

*

*

Carmilla turns. She decides it's best to let Phil stew in his own paranoia -- but Phil won't let her go. He follows her into the nursery, where she puts Jake carefully to bed.

PHIL

I told you I wanted Dr. Klein to see him.

*

In the background, Julie is home from work, too. She drums her own stuff -- briefcase, sets of plans, etc. She watches a moment.

CARMILLA

(insistent)

He's perfectly fine. He had a lovely time, actually.

*

PHIL

Sure he had a lovely time. Babies always have a lovely time. He has a lovely time lying on the rug.

CARMILLA

Will you please stop shouting.

170 OMITTED

170

171 RESUME

171

as Phil leads her out of the nursery.

JULIE (O.S.)

What's going on here?

CARMILLA

I told Julie I didn't think he needed the doctor.

*

Phil turns to his wife -- he wants her to deny it.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

JULIE

That's right, she told me. What's
the matter with you?

Phil presses the play button on the answering machine
and Runcie's terrified VOICE comes on once again. Phil
turns the VOLUME UP.

(CONTINUED)

Carmilla stands frozen, staring at Phil through the painful recitation. *

PHIL
(to Carmilla)
What does this mean? What's he
talking about?

He presses the stop button.

CARMILLA
I have no idea.

PHIL
(pressing the rewind
and play buttons)
Listen to his voice!

RUNCIE'S VOICE
... Carmilla... Phil... She's...
some kind of a monster... Don't let
that woman back into your house!
(and the unearthly HOWL)

Stop.

PHIL
He's scared to death!

CARMILLA
I don't know what you're talking
about.

JULIE
Neither do I.

They stare at one another. *

PHIL
I want you out of here!

JULIE
Phil!

The baby starts to CRY in the nursery.

CARMILLA
I've got to see to Jake!

PHIL
(moves to block her)
Stay away from my son!

CARMILLA
You're cruel!

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: (2)

171

*

PHIL

I had a crazy day. You know who I
saw today, Carmilla? I saw Molly
Sheridan -- you know Molly
Sheridan, don't you?

CARMILLA

No.

PHIL

You "took care" of the Sheridan
children, didn't you? Didn't you
"take care" of Leah Sheridan?

CARMILLA

No.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

Phil, what is this?

PHIL

She took the Sheridan baby --

CARMILLA

No!

PHIL

I made some calls. Calls I should have made a long time ago. But thank God I made them today. The first was to Harold Freeman of Waukesha, Wisconsin.

CARMILLA

How is Mr. Freeman?

PHIL

I don't know how he is but I know he's not in Waukesha, Wisconsin. People at this number never heard of anybody called Harold Freeman.

CARMILLA

I remember getting a letter from Mrs. Freeman. They moved to Oak Park, Michigan. To be near Mrs. Freeman's mother...

PHIL

I don't suppose you have the letter.

CARMILLA

I may have.

PHIL

And this number for Dr. Miller in Athens, Ohio. Conveniently unobtainable. Non-existent.

CARMILLA

Dr. Miller must have changed his phone system. It was a real antique, you know, with these plug-in things...

PHIL

According to the operator, this number never existed.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: (4)

171

JULIE

Phil, Carmilla's not responsible
for the --

PHIL

No of course not! But, you see,
-- every single number I called --
nobody's heard of you. I phoned
the employment agency, Guardian
Angel... talked to Carol Robinson.

(to Julie)

Remember Carol, honey? Nice
woman. Very helpful. You know
what she said? She said yes,
Carmilla Grandier is registered
with them, but no, she wasn't
recommended for this job.

*

JULIE

Why are you doing this?

PHIL

Let her do the talking. What do
you say, Carmilla? Or is it Diana
-- Diana Julian!

*

*

CARMILLA

It's true. I wasn't recommended
by the agency.

PHIL

Who are you?

(leans forward)

Tell me one person who can confirm
who you are. Besides Molly
Sheridan.

CARMILLA

I -- I heard about the job through
a very close, dear friend...

PHIL

Who was she?

CARMILLA

She persuaded me to come along.
She got my resume to you. Put me
on the list. I didn't want to do
it at first...

PHIL

Give me her name. Give me her
number.

(CONTINUED)

CARMILLA

She was so kind to me. She was a
real friend...

PHIL

What was her name!

HOLD on Carmilla.

CARMILLA

Arlene Russell.

The name sinks in on Phil. His face trembles. FloJo.
The only person who can confirm Carmilla is the dead
girl!!! That's just so convenient!! Phil starts to
laugh in disbelief.

PHIL

Flo-Jo?

JULIE

(to Phil)

You want the truth?... Tell him,
Carmilla...

Carmilla can't.

JULIE

(continuing)

She has no green card. She was
scared to tell you. She has no
passport. She had to leave Rome.
You want to know why? One of her
former employers --

PHIL

One that actually existed?

JULIE

One of her employers forced her to
have sex. Raped her.

PHIL

(angry now)

You believe that? That's
bullshit, like everything else she
told you!

Carmilla's head is bowed. She's on the edge of tears
again.

JULIE

Leave her alone!

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: (6)

171

PHIL

The references are fake. She's a liar. Worse than that, Julie. I think she's a killer.

CARMILLA

Why do you want to hurt me?

JULIE

What's wrong with you? I think I know.

PHIL

What do you know?

JULIE

Carmilla told me.

CARMILLA

(in the doorway)
Mrs. Sterlin, please...

PHIL

Told you what?

JULIE

You tried to make it with her.

He stares hard at Carmilla.

PHIL

Another damn lie! She's evil.
She wants to hurt us.

CARMILLA

I don't want to hurt you. I never meant to hurt you.

She turns and goes into her room. Phil follows.

PHIL

I want you to come with me to Molly Sheridan's house. I want to see if --

CARMILLA

I certainly will not!

PHIL

No -- of course you won't.

CARMILLA

I won't stay in this house another minute.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: (6A)

171

PHIL

Good! Because I want you out.
Miss Diana Julian or whoever the
hell you are -- you're fired. As
of now.

(stops Julie
interrupting)

Get out. Right now. Get your
coat. Pack your things. Clear
your room. And get the hell out
of my house.

Julie moves to stand and retaliate. Carmilla reaches
over and touches her arm, as if to say, it's okay.
It's better I go. Julie's eyes are burning into Phil
-- how could you? Phil doesn't meet her glare. He's
strong. Committed. He's not about to change his mind.

When Carmilla has gone, Phil goes to follow her. Julie
heads him off. Face to face.

JULIE

This is total paranoia --

PHIL

Paranoia? Yeah. What's the word
for paranoia when you're right?

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

What are we supposed to do till we
find someone else?

PHIL

Nobody else! No more strangers in
this house!

JULIE

We had this discussion way back.
We both need to work -- we both
need her to stay.

PHIL

She's dangerous! She's a
murderer...

JULIE

I don't believe I'm hearing this.
You're a different person tonight.
I don't like what I'm seeing.

PHIL

Our lives have changed since that
woman came to this house. Don't
you see what's happening?

JULIE

No, I don't. I don't see.

An uneasy pause. The argument is not over -- not be a
long way. Their eyes are fastened on each other and
for once, if not hate, then poles-apart difference hold
them bristling at arm's length, like there's a force-
field between them.

172 OMITTED
thru
177

172 *
thru *
177 *

178 NURSERY

178

Phil enters the nursery.

179 HIS POV

179

Carmilla sits holding the child. She is bent over its
face, as though devouring it.

PHIL

What the hell are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

He goes to her -- she moves to protect the baby. He wrests it from her.

PHIL

(continuing)

Get out!

*

CARMILLA

He was unconscious... choking on his own spittle... I was trying to breathe life into him... I can't wake him up.

JULIE

(taking the baby)

What's wrong --

Phil grabs Carmilla, drags her into her room. Piles clothes into her open suitcase on the bed. Jamming it shut, he takes her arm forcefully and shoves her out the front door, slamming it in her face.

PHIL

God damn you!

*

*

Julie runs into the living room... holding Jake.

JULIE

He looks strange... I think something's wrong.

The baby appears to be unconscious in her arms.

180 INT. ELEVATOR - ST. JOHN'S MEDICAL PLAZA, SANTA MONICA - DAY

180

Phil and Julie -- dead on their feet -- stand nervously in the middle of a crowded elevator. Phil has the wrapped baby up by his shoulder. The baby is still unconscious. An OLDER WOMAN peeks admiringly at Jake.

OLDER WOMAN

What a well-behaved child.

The doors open. An old man in a wheelchair is wheeled in by a nurse. A button's pressed. Now all twenty are lit up. It's stopping at every floor.

The doors open again. A girl sipping Pepsi decides to take the next elevator.

Jake is being weighed in surprisingly primitive fashion, with counter-balancing lead weights. DR. LEONARD KLEIN is a young man but very much in the Marcus Welby school. A sentimental Landseer picture is on one wall. Chinese puppets sit on the shelves amid volumes of Abt's Pediatrics. On a coffee table near Phil and Julie is a plastic toy cash register, appropriately next to a thick medical tome. Dr. Klein uses his opthalmoscope on the child, shining a light into his eyes and ears to check for obvious signs of infection. *

DOCTOR

(his head close to
Jake's mouth)

How long has he been like this?

PHIL

About an hour. *

JULIE

He hasn't opened an eye. *

DOCTOR

Breathing's normal.

JULIE

Oh, thank God.

DOCTOR

Has he eaten anything?

Julie and Phil shake their heads.

PHIL

Why won't he wake up?

The Doctor attempts to arouse Jake with light taps of a small instrument.

DOCTOR

Several possibilities. One would be meningitis --

PHIL

What's that?

DOCTOR

Inflammation of the lining of the brain. Which could be why he isn't responding to stimuli.

JULIE

How long can he stay like this?

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR

Not more than twenty-four hours,
but that's --

JULIE

(smashes her fist
into the wall)

Oh, God. God, no!

DOCTOR

Is he on the new formula?

JULIE

I started breast feeding again.

DOCTOR

I see. You didn't tell me.

PHIL

You don't think that's --

DOCTOR

No, no. Well, we could do a
series of tests with Julie -- but
that's -- so remote.

He starts preparing an intravenous unit.

DOCTOR

(continuing)

I want to check his glucose
levels, just to rule out
hypoglycemia -- then we'll start
looking at the neurological
possibilities.

Time lapse.

182 INT. TOWER MAGNETIC IMAGING - CEDARS SINAI HOSPITAL
- DAY

182

In the MRI Scanner Room, another nurse is preparing the
baby. He seems so small, so alone -- so helpless.
He's laced to a respiratory monitor up his nose and
there's a hepacath attached to his arm into which they
inject a dosage of sodium pentathol.

Julie closes her eyes. She and Phil are in an oppres-
sive control room, like a recording studio, staring
past the mystifying hi-tech consoles through a window
at their baby.

(CONTINUED)

The tiny sonar-like BEEP BEEP BEEP is his little heart-beat.

Jake is laid on a platform-table which rises with un-oiled mechanical GRINDING to the level of a round, metallic mouth, that slowly ingests him. He's inside, dwarfed by the big, cold machine, the 1.5 Tesla General Electric MR Scanner. His tiny, peaceful face facing its own reflection. His soft, sleepy breathing, AMPLIFIED all around.

In front of Phil and Julie -- powerless observers -- sit two young male and female TECHNICIANS, touching buttons on orange-lettered computer screens that flank:

an incredible X-ray-like image that looks literally like a slice through the baby's head, in profile. We can see the mappings of his little brain, the anatomy of his skull, his tiny neck and shoulders.

TECHNICIAN

EKG shows normal sinus rhythm.

A small screen shows the cardiac cycle with a normal PQRS wave.

RADIOLOGIST

We can rule out brain tumor. No abnormal fluid.

TECHNICIAN

Ventricles don't look enlarged at all. No blood pooling.

The tiny baby is in the bowels, there, of this claustrophobic hell-hole of modern technology. It emits a HUM. It THUMPS as the waves are turned on and off. He sleeps on, innocently, in that grinding torture-chamber.

Julie stares in horror. Tears are trickling down her face. She is gripping a chair-back tightly. Phil touches her hand, but she withdraws it.

Now they bring Jake out -- he emerges like a coffin at a crematorium, in reverse -- the nurse applies 7ccs of Gd into his arteries, emotionlessly.

Julie feels it herself. She shudders and has to turn away. Now Phil catches around her, and she has to hug to him. He holds her tight. There are tears in his eyes, too, and he is biting his lower lip.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

JULIE

(in tears)

What are they doing to my baby?

The baby slides back into the maw of the lead cocoon...

184 LATER

184

Hard copy emerges from a machine, a sheet like twelve X-rays boxed together, hung against a light-box. Sections of Jake's brain from every angle. The Radiologist and Technician peer at them.

Julie is up against the window, looking in at the MRI. Her eyes are red with tears. And as the anaesthetic wears off Jakie, we hear his slow MUFFLED deep sleep.

DOCTOR

(concerned)

Let me analyze these. I may have to send them out.

(pause)

We'll have to admit him to the hospital. I'll make all the arrangements.

PHIL

Then what?

DOCTOR

I'm going to have to do a spinal.

185 INT. HOSPITAL OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY FOR NIGHT

185

The room is bare. A bed, two chairs, a screen on which little Jake's vital signs are monitored. He's hooked up to an IV unit. The child's silence is like a drill boring into his parents' brains.

Julie is standing over Jake -- almost mindlessly. Deep dark rings under her eyes.

Phil is sprawled on the floor, against the wall, like a boxer out for the count and trying to get back on his feet.

JULIE

Wake up, Jake -- wake up, darling
-- Oh God, please, wake up...

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

You should try and get some sleep.
I'll wake you when the doctor
comes back.

JULIE

I'm afraid... I'm afraid he's
going to die.

PHIL

It's something she did... *

JULIE

It's not her fault and it's not my
fault. I'm not to blame, all
right?

PHIL

I am not blaming you! God! --

JULIE

You are. It's in your eyes.

Phil takes her in his arms -- she pulls away at first
-- but he hugs her to him tight. Drained of every-
thing, Julie seems to just wilt in his arms, sink to
her knees, to baby-level.

JULIE

(continuing)

Oh, God. If there is a God, I'll
do anything. Just make my baby
well. Please, God, help my
baby. Please... *

Phil, shell-shocked beyond endurance too, finds himself
sinking to his knees beside her. He takes her tightly-
gripped, praying hands and kisses them.

Then, at that moment of their completely lowest ebb,
their most hopeless, mindless nadir of near-suicidal
despair...

Their baby awakens slowly, with a little CRY.

A hush falls over the room like a sudden, unexpected
calm at sea. So sudden, it's eerie...

Phil and Julie open their eyes and look at each other,
tentatively chancing smiles. Their eyes dance in dis-
belief. Afraid to breathe in case they tempt fate, but
the emotion is ready to dam-burst out...

But there's a presence in the room, a kind of unnatural
glow.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: (2)

185

And then a shadow stretches over the baby's bed...

CARMILLA

I couldn't leave little Jake. He
needs me. And I need him...

She's in the room.

Phil and Julie stare up at her as she approaches.

CARMILLA

(continuing)

Don't be afraid. He won't come to
harm.

She is seductive and totally self-assured, and the more
chilling for that.

CARMILLA

(continuing)

See? He's not afraid. He knows.
Think of it, Julie. He'll have
eternal life, through me. Isn't
that beautiful? Never die, never
suffer -- isn't that what we all
want? For the children not to
suffer?

*

Julie is immobile. They are both in a weird, hyper-
sensitive state -- emotions pushed way beyond the
limit...

186 OMITTED

186

&

&

187

187

188 BABY'S POV

188

Through the baby's eyes, Carmilla as she stands over
him is the evil shadow of our opening in the Sheridan
house --

-- The halating auras that come off her silhouette are
like Kirlian psychic photographs -- like the brachiae
of lungs or the branches of trees.

CARMILLA

Look. He wants to come to me.
Bring him to me, Julie. He's
cold. Let me hug him tight.

Julie draws the baby to her.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
No, Julie! Don't!

Julie is on her knees. And --

Carmilla reaches down her arms to take the child...

Phil is immobile, drained, can't move. Staring, almost fainting as indistinct shadows seem to crawl over the walls -- shadows in the forest --

Carmilla wrenches the baby from Julie's hands. Julie's arms are up, extended, almost as if in worship, reaching out. She's trembling, her head lolling as if on the cusp between exhaustion and hysteria.

Now the room is seething with NOISES of the forest, and Phil is looking around himself terrified -- he doesn't know if he's dreaming or what the fuck's going on -- there are eyes out there in the painted forest. Then he sees --

Carmilla brings the child up to her face as if to kiss it or to --

PHIL
Take your hands off my child!

Phil grabs the baby from her, hugging it to his chest --

And, in an automatic reaction -- with a sudden impulsive explosion of emotion -- delivers a BACKHAND across Carmilla's face that has the force of a sledgehammer --

Sending her flying across the room --

SLAMMING into a wall with a twisted crunch before crumpling to the floor, a gout of blood straining her lips. She must have broken her neck.

For a moment, Phil's shocked at his own strength. Then he snaps out of it. He hugs his kid to him and grabs the kneeling Julie by the wrist, dragging her with him.

They've got to get out of there.

Phil races to the Jeep, CAMERA TRACKING with him as he hurries down the driveway, shooting glances over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

189

He has one arm around the baby -- who's starting to BAWL again -- his other hand is glued to Julie, who he's pulling along desperately behind, but she's near collapse, she can't take any more, hardly has the strength to keep up with him.

The street is alarmingly prosaic, peaceful. Houses where nothing can go wrong. But --

190 INT. HOSPITAL OBVERSATION ROOM - NIGHT

190

Carmilla's eyes open wide. She wipes the blood that smears her lips.

190A INT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

190A

Julie and Phil, holding the baby, burst into the darkened garage. Phil searches for his parking ticket.

JULIE

Where the hell is it?

They look around frantically.

JULIE

(continuing)

Over there against the wall.

They have to zigzag around several aisles before they can get to the Jeep. Phil fumbles for the keys, as the baby CRIES -- at least he's alive. Phil hands him to Julie.

JULIE

(continuing; to Jake)

Jake... thank God... thank God...

Phil looks at the door through which they entered. No sign of anyone.

PHIL

I can't find the ticket.

*

He hurries around to help Julie and Jake into the passenger seat then he gets behind the wheel and GUNS the engine, backing out of his space with a SQUEAL of brakes.

190B EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

190B

The Jeep slams through the wooden gate.

The Jeep barrels up the road to the house and pulls quickly into the driveway. Phil helps Julie and Jake, taking the child from her.

A harsh wind starts to come up from nowhere around Phil and Julie, blustering their clothes and chilling them to the bone.

Phil turns with Julie to run to the house, when...

There, right in front of him in the driveway, between the parked Jeep and the house -- six WOLVES. Blocking the door. Staring at him from under the downlight of the street lamps. Black-grey shapes, bead-eyes gleaming.

He backs off. Backs a few steps. Julie is whimpering. He hugs her to him protectively. She turns.

And sees --

MORE. The other way. Even closer. And these are savage-looking fuckers, and moving towards them, breath PANTING, tongues lolling, ears pricked up. Eyes.

From somewhere far off, a chilling HOWL.

A mist is setting in, mixing with an ethereal, weird light and the unnatural wind to give an unreal quality -- almost dreamlike -- as the wolves close in, eyes and teeth sparkling against the night -- horrid panting becoming grumbling SNARLS of intent...

Phil runs, Julie with him...

Except Julie isn't. She's missed his grip. Their hands have parted --

Phil makes back to get her --

A big wolf is there, suddenly separating him from his wife with great slavering jaws --

Now he sees Julie, sprawled on her knees, five yards from him. He makes for her again, but the wolf makes a lunge, and he's forced back. Evil eyes like lasers. He clings the baby to him. The wolves are around her --

PHIL

Julie!!!

JULIE

(terrified)

Run! Phil, it's the baby she
want!! GO!!!!!!

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

191

The wolf comes at him, and Phil stumbles back. He doesn't know what to do.

JULIE

(continuing; screams)

GO!!!

The powerful wind is in his face, forcing him back. The wolves are advancing on him, GROWLING. WHINING nightmarishly. Under his feet he even feels the uneasy RUMBLE of a kind of earthquake, as if the very earth is unsettled. But the blasting wind and the advancing wolves force him back -- across the street --

He's swept further and further from Julie -- trying to cling to a fencepost of somebody's house -- swept along by the leaves and garbage in the wind -- blinded --

PHIL

Julieeeeeeee!!!

His hands lose grip --

He's gone --

Julie is curled in a ball, hands over her head. She looks up and sees the wolves, closing in, and also -- the house -- the Jeep -- if she's going to make it, she has to act now --

She makes a mad dash -- screaming --

The wolves are on her heels -- YAPPING like hounds after the fox -- snapping at her feet -- fangs flashing -- a monstrous blur around her, jumping up --

She hits the Jeep as a wolf is on her back. She screams, flinging it forward off her, keeping her feet on the move as she gets in the Jeep door and slams it. There's a CRUNCH and YELP of wounded animal --

A crazed hairy face is up at the window, flecking bloody saliva, a monstrous mouth trying to chew at the window --

Julie screams --

192 EXT. EMPTY LOT - NIGHT

192

Phil hears it, as he sprawls onto the ground, buoyed by the wind as if it's tornado-force now --

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

Barbed wire peels back as if bent by invisible hands. The wire crisscross gates that we know lead into the empty lot and the forest beyond, are now blown open by wind -- open and inviting for the very first time --

The wolves come forward, creeping out of the smoke and terrifying shadows cast by the moon and the trees --

Phil has nowhere to go with the baby but into the lot -- the stalking wolves are forcing him in there --

He hears more SCREAMS from Julie --

PHIL

Nooo!!!

193 EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

193

Teeth and claws are tearing like demons to get through the window --

Julie's entombed in the box-like claustrophobic Jeep. Her fingers scrabble for the ignition key in the dash. It's not there. Big shapes out there are jostling the car. It's shaking. Something RATTLES the tailgate --

She looks and sees the tailgate isn't locked. It's shaking like fuck. Something's about to get it. She can hear them under the car, too, scrabbling, GROWLING like they're already in a feeding frenzy --

She searches her pockets for the keys --

There's an almighty THUMP as a heavy weight lands on the hardtop, starting to nuzzle and bite and try to claw its way in --

*

She fumbles, trying to get the right key in the ignition -- she's blubbering with absolute fucking wild fear --

Then in front of her through the glass, a salivating monstrous face, up close, inches from hers, only the glass separating them --

There's the SOUND of claws thumping above her --

*

194 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

194

Feet and arms flailing through dense foliage, the baby, CRYING, carried along protectively by its father -- The wind is even wilder here, raising grit and leaves and shit all around him, like the spirit of the forest throwing him from tree to tree --

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED:

194

He's yelling but his voice is almost inaudible --

Behind and around him, the slinking wolves -- dark shadows as they seemed on the nursery walls -- are flanking him, stalking him through the undergrowth, keeping pace --

The forest seems to be drawing him in --

The NOISES around him, also whipped up by the wind, the wild sounds of the forest -- a CACOPHONY of demonic SOUNDS -- hooting, howling, screeching, buzzing, hissing --

195 CARMILLA

195

She's there in the forest, pursuing him with slow but dogged intensity -- walking purposely forward through the trees -- wolves like lapdogs escorting her --

196 PHIL

196

He comes face to face with a tree, a branch scratches his face -- He looks back, heads off to the right --

A low-flying hawk, at eye level, comes right at him -- he instinctively throws his arm up -- it's gone -- He staggers backwards, almost falling --

Through wind-blown branches whipping him forward and into --

197 EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

197

The forest SOUNDS CUT as Phil and baby sprawl out of the ring of trees into a clearing, the timeless place where it all began. We have been here before. Phil looks around him...

There is a RUMBLE of an earthquake again, and he can feel it in the ground, almost like breathing. Mist clings to the periphery of the clearing, swirled by the spiralling wind -- the place seems unreal, dreamlike, hallucinatory... Bathed in the weird light of a supernaturally enormous full moon...

Phil backs into the center of the clearing, looking around at the sparklings of white eyes circling in the darkness of the trees out there, watching him...

He is alone, he and Jake.

(CONTINUED)

Then, the RUMBLING he has been feeling comes back -- a low, bass POUNDING, like a muffled reverberating drum -- like the footsteps of some imaginary giant coming closer, or just the beating of his heart...

He stands in the middle of the clearing, absolutely frozen in horror, clinging the baby to him tightly. As we see, behind him, Carmilla emerges from the darkness of the trees, gliding like a spirit as she walks towards him....

He senses her, and turns, startled. He holds Jake tight to him.

Backs away.

Carmilla is smiling, her arms extended. She has no fear of him at all. She moves closer, with slow, relaxed determination. Two hawks circle the clearing silently.

Phil's walking backwards away from her... Unbeknown to him, he's backing towards the huge and threatening shape of the ancient, skeletal tree that we have seen before. Strangely organic, like a parody of flesh and limbs, somehow a sentient thing with some dark, ugly soul. It stands starkly against the night, and the moon. Within it, we can see the twisted agonized shapes of the three dead boys, and encircled in a cocoon, his face a mask of pain, Ned Runcie.

It dwarfs the figure of Phil and his child, now backing up close towards its peeling, plated trunk. A trunk that at its base has that gnarled cavity, and twisted octopus-arm roots. It's a giant, statuesque monster...

198 EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

198

The ignition catches in a ROAR, thank God. The Jeep bounds forward, sending the wolf on its hood sprawling. Julie brakes. The wolf on the hardtop flies off too --

She wrenches the stick shift and puts down her foot and we hear a horrible CRUNCH and pained YELPS as the wolf is run over -- The white Jeep leaps into the night with a SCREAMING of tire rubber --

199 EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

199

Phil's back is almost against the tree. Almost right up against the gaping mouthlike cavity. The crisscross of gnarled roots lie all around his feet...

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

199

There's no more backing off. There's nowhere to run. He is terrified, yet his face shows an absolute strength: you are not getting my baby! The wind is fiercely beating his face, whiopping up the branches all around him --

Carmilla is advancing -- the forest rim beind her seeming to recede supernaturally -- as if there is only her --

Then he begins to hear NOISES, out of the wind, the wailing wind -- he thinks he is finally going crazy now -- because the noise is like the screaming of cats at night -- no, not cats -- the terrible cries of a thousand babies' lost souls!!! It tears him to the bone, this weird hallucinatory place has taken him right to hell --

Carmilla stands before him with her arms outstretched --

Phil stares up at the unbelievable SOUND which he realizes is coming from above him -- he arches his head, open-mouthed -- staring --

200 PHIL'S POV

200

Phil lets out a long, low moan of horror --

The tree above him is beginning to move. It is alive!!! -- And hungry!!! --

Suddenly two eyes in the darkness of the forest amongst the trees seem to flare like beams cutting through the dark haze of the storm. A distant GROWLING becomes the ROAR of an engine and the tearing of tires through bracken and wood. These two glaring eyes -- these two beams of light -- loom larger, like twin moons --

201 HEADLIGHTS OUT OF THE DARK

201

ROARING. Bearing down towards Carmilla, spotlighting her, pinning her there as a target in light.

Carmilla turns slowly --

202 THE JEEP

202

Scratched paint. Julie at the wheel. Emotionally torn. Wrecked. Face grimly determined. Eyes ablaze.

203 CARMILLA IN THE HEADLIGHTS

203

staring at the oncoming Jeep. She seems passive. Un-
afraid. Shows no sign of emotion, as if she's going to
stare it down. She seems like an apparition now, a
demonic apparition --

204 THE JEEP

204

The face of the mother. Julie. Gripping the wheel.
Finally letting out a scream of anger and rage and
fearlessness and --

Phil dives to one side and --

WHAM!!!

Carmilla is hit by the full metallic weight of the
Jeep, square on with sickening force hitting the mortal
body of a woman. It sends her reeling back through the
air and --

205 IN THE CLEARING - NIGHT

205

Phil, holding the child, scrambles through the bracken
and the fierce wind. Branches tear at him, as he
clutches the child protectively. He struggles with the
door handle of the Jeep, tearing it open at last.

A CRY of rage is heard from the obscene mouth of the
tree and Phil turns to see --

206 PHIL'S POV

206

Carmilla's broken body on the ground near the tree,
entwined in its limbs, as the tendrils and branches of
this hideous freak of nature reach out now like a Venus
flytrap to clutch the Jeep in its grasp.

*
*

207 THE JEEP - NIGHT

207

as Julie jams on the accelerator, throws it in reverse
and cuts back through the path by which she came.

208 INT. THE JEEP - NIGHT

208

Phil hugs the child tightly to him as Julie plows
through the thick foliage, her face set in firm
resolve.

209 THE FOREST - NIGHT

209

Winds HOWL and the pale unforgiving moon hangs suspended as mute witness.

Time lapse.

210 INT. BABY'S ROOM - PHIL'S HOUSE - DAWN

210

DISSOLVING OUT of the real forest, the painted forest on the nursery walls is now warm, charming, benevolent...

In absolute stillness, the CAMERA FINDS Phil lying immobile on the nursery floor, as if he has dropped there. He's unshaven, his clothes a mess. He could be dead. The CAMERA DISCOVERS that, spread across the bed above him, one arm clasped to his, is a fully-clothed Julie, also wrecked. She could be dead too, we think...

The very first SOUND we hear is the tentative voice -- not so much crying, but that exploratory announcement of innocent joy that a baby makes on first waking...

Phil and Julie's hands fall apart, as if they have been holding hands all night. They begin to rouse...

Half-awake, they move around the crib, which is right next to them...

211 THE BABY

211

Jake looks up at them with dreamy, inquiring eyes. He is beautiful, perfect -- wonderful. And his face opens in a happy smile...

Phil hugs Julie close.

PHIL

You okay?

*

Julie nods.

JULIE

Where are you going?

PHIL

I'll be back soon. I promise.

JULIE

Phil, don't -- for God's sake --

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

211

PHIL

Whatever that is -- I've got to
destroy it --

JULIE

Why?

PHIL

So it doesn't happen to anyone
else --

JULIE

Don't go out there, please --
please --

PHIL

I won't leave you, Julie -- I'll
come back --

JULIE

Let me go with you --

PHIL

Stay with Jake...

Then he turns and goes out of the room.

In the living room he makes sure all the windows are
secure. Outside, a gentle wind. The forest beckons.

212 EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

212

The morning is cool and clear. Phil goes directly to
an open shed next to the swimming pool and takes up a
chain saw.

213 EXT. PHIL'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

213

Phil walks purposefully down the road -- chain saw at
his side.

214 THE EMPTY LOT - DAY

214

The gates are open and askew; wrecked from the impact
of Julie's Jeep. The woods beckon in the distance as
Phil wades toward them in the tall grass.

*
*

215 INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

215

Julie plays gently with Jake on the living room floor.
His bottle is nearby and he reaches forward to knock it
over.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

215

He seems to feel a presence in the room, and Julie responds to his look. The SOUND of Brahm's "LULLABY" is heard, not gentle and child-like, but harsh and dissonant.

*
*
*

CARMILLA (V.O.)

(a man's voice)

Hello, Julie, remember me? I'm
Uncle Wayne.

*
*
*
*

216 JULIE'S POV

216

Carmilla stands in the doorway, towering above them. Her appearance is unnatural -- her skin the sickly grey color of the monstrous tree. Julie scrambles to protect the child.

CARMILLA

I don't want to hurt you.

JULIE

Leave us alone.

CARMILLA

I need the child.

JULIE

(desperate)

Why?

CARMILLA

Before the blood changes. After tomorrow he will be a month old -- no longer with the blood of a child.

JULIE

(rising with anger)

No!

CARMILLA

He'll sleep peacefully for a time until the next awakening --

217 INT. FOREST - DAY

217

Phil moves slowly, steadily through the thick foliage that seems to surround him. He has to saw away at the grasping vines.

218 INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

218

Julie throws a lamp at Carmilla. It breaks against her body as it would against the bark of a tree.

219 INT. FOREST - DAY

219

For several long moments, Phil is lost, surrounded by dense foliage. Then, in the distance, he sees the horrifying visage of the creature. Now, he moves steadily toward the ancient place.

The monstrous tree now looms threateningly above Phil. It appears still, inanimate.

PHIL

God damn you!

He turns on the saw and jams it against the base of the tree. A powerful branch swings out and knocks him to the ground. *

220 INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

220

as Carmilla moves toward Julie, clutching the baby. A piece is splintered away from Carmilla's arm.

CARMILLA

You left him with me -- because
you couldn't care for him -- You
gave him to me -- because you
didn't really want him! And now
he's mine! His life is bound up
with us -- We need him, Julie --
He belongs to us!

JULIE

Get out!

Clutching the baby, Julie turns and runs from the room. Carmilla comes after her, down the stairs, and into the living room where Julie and the baby are cornered. *

221 EXT. THE FOREST - DAY

221

Dazed, Phil gets to his feet. The chain saw tears away at the immense hideous apparition. Its branches and tendrils swing out wildly in pain and rage, lashing at Phil -- attempting to seize him in its deadly grasp. *

222 INT. THE HOUSE/EXT. THE FOREST - DAY

222

Blood splatters from Carmilla's body -- and from her face. She screams in agony. *

CROSS-CUT between the tree as it struggles against Phil's merciless chain saw and Carmilla literally being ripped apart. *

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

222

Another cut of the saw rips away a piece of her abdominal flesh.

Branches and great sections of bark fall away from the tree. Cut, bleeding and out of breath, he painfully flails away.

Julie runs frantically through the house, clutching Jake to her.

Carmilla is in pursuit, her body now a frozen wooden block, with great hunks of it ripped away. Effortlessly, she shoves furniture out of her path.

The tree drips blood. Great rivulets of blood cascade down its wounded limbs to drench the earth below.

The upper torso of the tree bends toward Phil, knocking him to the ground. His saw falls away. Phil is dazed. Around him, he feels the earth rumble -- before him, the gaping jaws at the base of the tree open wide and try to snap at him. The jaws have the shape of a toothed vagina. A low GUTTURAL SOUND emanates from the bowels of the tree.

As Phil reaches for the saw, the earth opens and the giant tusk-like root erupts next to him with a powerful deadly force. Phil rolls out of the way. He is cut and bruised. He scrambles away, grabbing for the saw.

Julie, clutching the baby, runs back up the stairs, Carmilla in close pursuit.

A powerful snake-like tendril of the tree entwines around Phil's leg.

Carmilla has Julie by the ankle near the top of the stairs. Julie sets the baby down on the landing, out of reach.

The saw is just out of Phil's reach.

Carmilla pulls Julie down the stairs. Julie reaches for the telephone on her way down as

Phil reaches for the chainsaw. He has it -- He swings and cuts sharply into the base of the tree. Blood erupts everywhere.

Carmilla has Julie's leg tightly in her grasp -- when her own arm separates from her body. Julie kicks at her.

The mighty tree shrieks in anguish.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED: (2)

222

Julie throws the phone at Carmilla. It catches her flush on the forehead.

With one arm Carmilla backhands Julie, knocking her across the living room, as

Phil advances on the tree, cutting again into the bloody base.

Carmilla moves toward Julie, but her legs snap apart like bark ripped from a tree.

The baby lies in agony at the top of the landing, arms and legs pumping.

Phil cuts deeper into the roots of the tree as

Blood gushes from Carmilla -- She tries to hobble up the steps toward the baby.

She struggles up the stairs and toward the crying child.

Phil whacks at another branch of the tree as more blood spurts forth.

Julie regains consciousness in the living room. She sees Carmilla tottering at the top of the stairs, over the baby.

Struggling to his feet, Phil brings the saw down hard once again into the base of the tree, into its mid-section --

Great sections of flesh, bone and bark fly away from Carmilla's body. Julie crawls up the stairs to grab at what's left of Carmilla and pull her away.

The mighty tree totters and sways. Phil raises his hand protectively -- looking up. He sees, for an instant -- the agonized face of Carmilla crying out from the body of the tree. In a frenzy, he staggers out of the way -- and the horrible creature crumbles and splinters and crashes to the ground once and for all.

Julie's hands reach for the baby. She takes him into her arms.

Phil stares in disbelief at the destruction wrought by the fallen creature that was the tree. Its blood begins to pool around him and the forest appears to be drenched in the lava-like liquid.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED: (3)

222

Phil struggles to his feet and backs away. Behind the fallen trees are the vague outlines of other similar "creatures." He turns and runs. The CAMERA HOLDS --

222A EXT. FOREST - DAY

222A

Several RUNNING SHOTS of Phil cutting through the forest, pursued by the terrifying WAILS of pain.

222B EXT. EMPTY LOT - DAY

222B

as Phil emerges from the forest, bloody, terrified. He staggers back into the peaceful neighborhood. The CRIES of pain are distant now, blending into the comforting suburban traffic.

223 INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

223

In the living room -- the body of Carmilla is splintered into a thousand pieces on the floor. Julie lies amid the rubble, sheltering little Jake.

Phil enters the room, his mind aflame. He stands for a moment, transfixed at the tableau of destruction. Then he moves toward Julie and Jake, crunching debris underfoot. He avoids stepping on the splintered pieces of Carmilla, then, he kneels down and takes his wife and child into his arms.

*
*

Father, mother and son are bathed in the light of day that fills the room as the CAMERA PULLS AWAY.

*

ROLL END TITLES.

FADE OUT.

THE END