

some things aren't worth remembering



The quiet ones

# The Quiet Ones

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The following is intended to be filmed in what appears to be a single, continuous, unedited take.

BLACK SCREEN.

The distant, echoing cry of an infant is heard. It gradually fades away, and is replaced by a low rumble.

INT. NURSERY - NIGHT

Looking down into a dusty, empty crib. The rumbling gets closer, and lights through the nearby window cast the crucifix-shaped shadow of the pane across the room.

We make our way over to the window, and outside a bright full moon illuminates a white SUV as it turns into the driveway at the end of a long dirt road, surrounded by dense forest on either side.

No other houses anywhere to be seen.

As the engine cuts off, a stunning brunette in her early twenties gets out of the driver's seat. This is MADISON. She is intelligent and radiates confidence, but there is something guarded about her, too.

Her boyfriend, JAKE, emerges from the passenger side, a little older than Madison, clean cut and in good physical shape. From the back seat, ISAAC, Madison's cousin, gets out. He is about her age, but smaller and more awkward than Jake.

Madison finds herself staring up at the house, almost awed to be standing in front of it. Jake puts an arm around her.

JAKE

You okay?

She nods absently.

MADISON

Yeah. It's just...

Her voice trails off, her eyes searching each window of the house. She pauses directly on the camera.

JAKE

What?

Madison snaps back to reality.

MADISON

It's just weird. I remember it,  
but not like this, you know?

JAKE

It's been a long time. You're not  
looking through the eyes of a kid  
anymore.

Madison turns to him, smiles.

MADISON

No, I'm not.

She kisses him.

MADISON

You're sweet to do this with me.

Jake smiles back.

JAKE

Wouldn't miss it for the world.

Isaac pops the trunk, and pulls a crowbar and three  
flashlights from it.

ISAAC

We gonna do this, or do you two  
just want to make out in the front  
yard?

He hands them two of the flashlights.

JAKE

You're awfully excited to get in  
there.

ISAAC

I just don't want to be here any longer than we have to be.

JAKE

You didn't have to come.

Madison touches Jake's arm.

MADISON

I asked him to.

JAKE

Why?

MADISON

This is hard for me. Believe it or not, I need you both.

Isaac gives Jake a smug look.

MADISON

Now you two behave.

ISAAC

Yes, ma'am. Now can we please do a little B&E?

He brandishes the crowbar with some familiarity, and Jake rolls his eyes.

JAKE

That's why you wanted him here...

ISAAC

Fuck you, Jake!

JAKE

Suck it, delinquent!

MADISON

Boys!

They both look at her like bickering five-year-olds being scolded by their parents.

Madison gestures toward the front door.

MADISON

Shall we?

They start toward the wrap-around porch that leads to front door. Isaac mutters -

ISAAC

He started it.

We drift down, THROUGH THE FLOOR, and into -

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Madison, Jake, and Isaac can be seen through a big bay window that looks out on the front yard. Isaac checks around the door frame, expertly figuring out where to place the crowbar.

ISAAC

Mom would kill us if she knew what we were doing.

Madison shrugs.

MADISON

I think Aunt Nor expects this kind of thing from you. Me, she might kill.

He finally jams it into the door frame, and pushes with all his might.

Nothing happens.

Madison and Jake look at him. He shrugs sheepishly, pushes again, harder. The wood groans under the pressure, but the door doesn't budge.

Isaac looks at them, embarrassed.

Jake nudges him out of the way, grabs the crowbar, and tries to force the door open.

He's really grunting with the effort, and Isaac grabs hold of it with him, and together they're giving it everything they've got, to no avail.

Madison steps back, off of the porch. Some stones line the pathway from the driveway up to the steps. She turns one of them over, and underneath finds a key.

MADISON

Let me.

The guys see her with the key, shake their heads, and step out of the way. She turns the lock with a rusty *click*, and the door swings open.

ISAAC

Show off.

Madison is the first to enter the small foyer that leads into the living room. Her steps are slow and cautious. Twenty years worth of dust is accumulated on the furniture, paint peeling, but otherwise, the house looks as though its occupants left moments ago.

Jake and Isaac follow, equally awed by the condition of the house.

JAKE

It's like they just left.

MADISON

Nobody really wanted to come out here and do anything with it. So they just left it exactly the way it was.

They move further into the living room. It is large, and would probably be bright and inviting during the day. It extends off to their right, the bay window looking out on the front yard.

There are some unopened boxes stacked in the corner, labeled 'LIVING ROOM' with a black sharpie, a playpen set up in front of the window, and a few toys strewn about the floor.

Above them, a second floor landing looks down on the living room. They fail to notice a SMALL BOY, about four and pale, watching them from between the wooden bars holding up the bannister.

This is SETH.

After only a few seconds, he silently DISAPPEARS into a room at the end of the landing.

Isaac turns to Madison.

ISAAC

Alright, fearless leader. What are we looking for?

MADISON

Peter Panda!

Isaac and Jake both respond with a cockeyed look, until she crosses to a stuffed panda bear on the floor and picks it up.

ISAAC

Oh. Well, I guess we can go then.

JAKE

Don't be such a pussy, Isaac.

Madison stares at the stuffed animal, and doesn't seem to hear them.

MADISON

This was mine.

JAKE

It still is. Take it.

Madison's expression changes, darkens.

MADISON

No. It's too weird. I just... I remember playing here. Right here.

She indicates a spot on the floor next to the playpen.

MADISON

Olivia was in her play pen. Mom was in the kitchen. And I was playing with Peter Panda. It's like this picture that's frozen in my head.

She tears her eyes away from the spot, shaking the memory from her brain.

MADISON

I think it's the last time I remember being in this house. Then I went to play with Isaac at Aunt Nor's and just... never came back.

JAKE

Well, it sounds like a pretty good memory. Take that with you.

She smiles at him. Isaac clears his throat to get their attention.

ISAAC

That's beautiful, really. But if it's possible that there's some more valuable things to take, I'd like to start looking for them.

MADISON

Oh, Isaac... what could be more valuable than a cherished childhood memory?

He scoffs.

ISAAC

Seriously, what are the ground rules here?

MADISON

It all gets plowed under on Monday, so take whatever you want. BUT - I get final say. Deal?

Isaac grins like the proverbial kid in a candy store.

ISAAC

Deal.

He's still staring at her with that stupid grin. She finally nods at him.

MADISON

Go on.

He disappears up the stairs, taking them two at a time. At the top he looks both ways, unsure where to look first, and finally settles on the door immediately to his left. The door the small boy went into.

Madison turns to Jake.

MADISON

Can we just look around some?

JAKE

Sure.

They move further into the house, past the stairs leading to the second floor, and through a short hallway. Jake pauses in front of a door on his right.

JAKE

What's this?

MADISON

Basement. Don't worry, we shouldn't have to go down there for anything.

JAKE

Who's worried? I love basements.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen adjoins a dining room, with a bar separating the two. There are two sliding glass doors behind the table in the dining room, leading out to a small deck.

Both the doors and the small window over the sink overlook a dense forest behind the house.

Madison starts toward the sink, but FREEZES with one foot in the air.

On the ground is a large, rust-colored STAIN. She stumbles back and Jake catches her.

She pulls away from him, regains her composure.

JAKE

What is it?

MADISON

Blood.

JAKE

Jesus... Maddy, let's just go, okay? You don't need this.

Madison shakes her head.

MADISON

No. It's my last chance to do this. I know it's weird, but I can handle it.

She kicks a shard from a broken glass into the corner. Above them, something *clatters* onto the floor in the master bedroom.

Both their eyes look up.

JAKE

What the hell is he doing up there?

As they look up, the camera follows their eyes, rising above them, through the ceiling of the kitchen and into-

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

-where it emerges from the floor to find Isaac on his knees, reaching under the bed for a picture that he's knocked off the dresser.

He finally grabs, gets to his feet and replaces the framed photo in the dusty outline where it was - MOTHER (KATE), blonde and smiling, DAD (DANIEL), a big guy with glasses and a beard, DAUGHTER (a young MADISON, about 4), and a large black labrador, SHADOW.

Then he opens the drawers and begins rifling through them, but finds only clothes.

He turns, searching the room, and decides to check out the master bathroom.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside, he opens the medicine cabinet and finds dozens of prescription bottles.

ISAAC

Jackpot.

He checks a few of them, finds one that reads XANAX and pockets it.

Behind him, the shower curtain FLUTTERS, as though something inside were moving. He instinctively closes the cabinet, and catches the faintly swaying curtain in the mirror.

He turns around and yanks back the curtain.

The tub is, of course, empty.

He pokes his head out into the bedroom, looks around. Nothing moves.

He goes back to the medicine cabinet, but when he opens it fails to notice in the reflection that the CURTAIN HAS BEEN DRAWN AGAIN.

He hears creaking on the steps. He pockets two more pill bottles and closes the cabinet.

ISAAC

That you guys?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

He finds Madison and Jake at the top of the stairs.

ISAAC

Your mom didn't have any jewelry?

Madison shakes her head at him, and moves past him to the bedside table. She opens a drawer and removes a jewelry box.

JAKE

'Attaboy, Sherlock. Didn't think to look in drawers, I guess.

ISAAC

Who keeps it there?

Madison pokes through and emerges with a simple gold ring, which she hands to Jake.

MADISON

Why don't you hang onto this?  
Might need it someday.

She winks at him, and he smiles. Isaac takes her spot, picking through the jewelry, mostly tossing things aside.

Madison pulls Jake down the hall.

MADISON

Come on.

JAKE

Where?

MADISON

I want to show you my room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Madison tugs Jake past one door on their left - a small full bathroom - to the second door, which reveals a room that could only have belonged to a young girl.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small bed with a pink comforter to the right, piled high with stuffed animals. Pink, flowery curtains on the windows, a dresser painted with fairies.

Jake takes it all in.

JAKE

It's so... pink. Are you sure this was your room?

She smiles, and nods.

MADISON

I wasn't always the fierce, fiery feminist you fell in love with, you know.

She picks up a stuffed animal off the bed.

MADISON

As a matter of fact, I used to be a little girl.

Jake looks at the one she's holding, and up at her.

JAKE

A troubled little girl?

She looks down and realizes that its EYES ARE MISSING.

MADISON

What-

She throws it on the bed as though it had bitten her. Jake goes over to the pile of stuffed animals and dolls.

ALL OF THEM ARE MISSING THEIR EYES. Stuffing leaks out of the gaping holes of the stuffed animals. Plastic is chipped around the empty sockets on the dolls.

Madison is visibly shaken by the discovery.

MADISON

I didn't do that!

JAKE

C'mon, Madison. It's okay. After what you went through, it makes perfect sense.

He tries to hug her, but she pushes him away.

MADISON

No, I told you! I never came back here.

JAKE

This is definitely the only time you've been back?

She nods.

JAKE

You mean you did this-

MADISON

I told you, I didn't do it!

ISAAC (O.S.)

So someone's been in here since then and thought it would be funny.

They turn to find Isaac in the doorway, now sporting a nice, if dusty, leather jacket.

ISAAC

You don't think we're the first vandals that had this bright idea, do you?

JAKE

He must be right. It's just some kids fucking around.

Isaac holds open the jacket, modeling it.

ISAAC

What do you think? Pretty good  
fit, right?

Madison smiles, relieved at Isaac's explanation.

MADISON

Very dashing.

ISAAC

C'mon. There's still plenty of  
good looting around here.

Jake follows Isaac back into the hall, and Madison starts to,  
but stops, looking at the stuffed animals.

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Isaac is headed for the nursery at the end of the hall, but  
Jake stops him with a hand on his shoulder.

ISAAC

What?

JAKE

Just... keep an eye on her. She's  
been a little weird the last few  
weeks. I don't think this is good  
for her.

ISAAC

She's a big girl now, Jake. I  
think she knows what she can  
handle.

Madison joins them in the hallway. She looks past them, into  
the nursery.

MADISON

Can we just leave that room alone  
for now?

Isaac smiles at her.

ISAAC

Sure. Probably nothing but a bunch of baby toys in there anyway.

MADISON

Right.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Instead, they head down the steps, back to the living room. With each step, the pills in Isaac's pocket shake like a rattle. A few steps down, Madison stops, Jake behind her, then Isaac.

The rattle stops.

Madison starts down the steps again, then Jake, then Isaac, and the rattle starts again.

MADISON

Alright, what the hell is that?

ISAAC

What?

They both roll their eyes at him.

ISAAC

Fine...

He pulls the prescription bottles out of his pocket and shows them to them.

MADISON

Xanax?

JAKE

Dude, those expired two decades ago.

ISAAC

Maybe that just makes them more potent.

JAKE

No, dumbass. That makes them more poisonous.

ISAAC

Oh.

JAKE

How did you get into the same college as us?

ISAAC

It was really weird. They didn't even ask me how many tackles I had senior year.

Madison snatches the bottle from him, and stares at it for a moment. Something dawns on her.

MADISON

You weren't going to take them.  
You were going to sell them.

Isaac looks away sheepishly. Madison hurls the pills across the room, into the kitchen.

MADISON

You could have really hurt somebody, Isaac!

ISAAC

Aw, c'mon, Maddy-

MADISON

Give me the rest.

He pouts a little, but Madison sternly holds out her hand. He finally relents and gives them to her.

She takes the bottles into a half-bath not much bigger than a closet (next to the basement door in the hallway).

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She has to hold her flashlight between her cheek and shoulder to see as she undoes the cap and dumps the pills into the toilet.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She goes into the kitchen to get the Xanax she threw in there, but stops when she sees that it's resting on the blood stained tiles.

Behind her, she hears-

JAKE (O.S.)

-such a dick. We're supposed to be helping her.

ISAAC (O.S.)

What're you, a fuckin' boyscout, Jake?

She shakes her head at their bickering and grabs the pills, careful not to touch the tiles.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Flashlight again pinned against her shoulder, she dumps the pills in the toilet, then tries to flush it but, of course, nothing happens.

When she reaches to take the lid off the tank, the light catches the wall behind it, and there, in the same rust colored red with which the tiles are stained, two words are written:

DO IT

She gasps, and the flashlight slips from her shoulder, landing in the toilet. The bulb POPS and the light goes out.

In a split second, Jake and Isaac are both behind her.

JAKE

Are you okay?

ISAAC

What happened?

Their lights now illuminate the room, and when she looks from them to the wall, the words are gone.

She stares at the blank spot for a moment.

MADISON

Nothing. I just dropped my flashlight. I think the water killed it.

Jake hands her his light, and tentatively fishes hers out of the toilet water. He shakes it a few times, bangs it on the heel of his palm, but it remains dark.

JAKE

Yeah, I think you killed it.

They move back into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Isaac hangs back, looking at the pills in the toilet like a child looks at a toy that's been put on a high shelf.

JAKE

That's okay. I think we're about ready to go anyway, right?

MADISON

No, I want to stay a little longer.

JAKE

What for? Maddy, you've got to let this stuff go and move on.

MADISON

It's not that simple, Jake.

She turns away from him, and he puts a hand on her shoulder, trying to comfort her.

JAKE

Look, I know that what your mother did... you think there's got to be some explanation, right? Some order to the universe that allows something like that to happen. But if there is, you're not going to find it here. Cops and forensics and reporters and everyone else went over and over this. It's just... one of those things.

MADISON

Is that what they teach in your psych classes? 'One of those things'?

When Madison turns back to him, there are tears brimming in her eyes.

MADISON

That's not good enough. What if... what if it's not just *one of those things*?

Isaac has rejoined them in the room, but hangs back.

JAKE

What do you mean?

Her tears start to spill down her cheeks.

MADISON

I went to see my father last week.

Jake stares at her, incredulous.

JAKE

What?

MADISON

At the... at the hospital. They let me talk to him. And he said that it wasn't my mother's fault. That something in this house made her do it.

Jake and Isaac are quiet for a moment. Madison looks at them, her eyes desperate for a reaction.

JAKE

Postpartum depression made her do it, Madison. You know that.

Isaac decides to chime in.

ISAAC

There's a reason he's been in the psycho ward all these years, Maddy.

Jake punches him.

ISAAC

Ow!

JAKE

*Psych ward, jackass.*

MADISON

Stop it! What if he's right? I mean...

She tosses some boxes out of the corner, and behind them finds a photo album on the shelf. She opens it to reveal pictures of a normal family - Kate and Daniel's wedding. Madison as a baby. Shadow as a puppy. All of them at the beach.

Smiling. Happy.

MADISON

Look at us. We were normal.  
Happy.

(MORE)

MADISON (cont'd)

And then mom got pregnant again,  
and we needed more room, and here  
was this house, so cheap dad  
couldn't believe it. And three  
months later...

She trails off, almost hysterical.

MADISON

Why? Why does this house sit all  
alone surrounded by undeveloped  
land in an otherwise suburban area?  
After it was built, it just sat  
here, vacant, for years. Why? As  
far back as anyone can remember,  
and I checked, people have avoided  
*this* place. Why?

They are silent for a moment, unsure how to respond.  
Finally, Isaac looks her dead in the eye.

ISAAC

'Why?' will make you crazy if you  
let it, Mads. Just ask your dad.

MADISON

I'm not crazy.

She looks down at the photo album, but what was only a second  
ago a photo of her mother in a hospital bed cradling an  
infant Madison is now of SETH, maybe 4 years old, BLOATED,  
BLUE AND DEAD IN A BATHTUB.

THE BOY'S EYES OPEN, staring right at Madison.

She drops the photo album, and looks up at Jake and Isaac -  
their blank stares indicating that they didn't see anything.

She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, and looks at the  
picture again. This time, it is back to Kate and Madison in  
a hospital bed.

Madison's breathing is deep, and ragged. She slowly closes  
the album, and puts it back on the shelf.

Jake and Isaac watch her with obvious concern. Jake gives Isaac an 'I told you so' look.

Then he tries to put an arm around her, but she shakes it off.

MADISON

Don't.

JAKE

Madison... You know there's nothing here but dust and bad memories.

MADISON

Just listen to something, okay?

JAKE

If we do, then can we go?

MADISON

Yeah.

JAKE

Promise?

MADISON

Promise. C'mon.

She pulls out her cell phone and presses a few buttons as they walk down the hall toward the kitchen.

Suddenly, Madison's voice comes from the phone's speaker.

MADISON (ON RECORDING)

What happened, Dad?

Isaac and Jake stop in their tracks and stare at her. She ignores their look and continues.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As they enter, sunlight, inexplicably, begins to stream through the trees, into the kitchen.

JAKE, MADISON AND ISAAC DO NOT SEE OR REACT TO WHAT UNFOLDS. It's more like the camera is *remembering* along with Daniel.

As the rays of the setting sun hit various surfaces in the kitchen - the counter, the dining room table, the floor - the accumulated dust and effects of twenty years of stillness EVAPORATES, leaving them looking new.

DANIEL (ON RECORDING)

I don't want to...

MADISON (ON RECORDING)

Please, Dad. It's important.

There is a long moment of silence.

DANIEL (ON RECORDING)

I was worried about your mom, you know. I could tell something was wrong. I dropped you off at your Aunt Nor's to play with Isaac, so maybe she could take it easy. My god... that was the last time I saw you until today, wasn't it?

MADISON (ON RECORDING)

It's okay, Dad. Just tell me what happened. What did you find?

DANIEL (ON RECORDING)

There was blood... everywhere. In the kitchen.

SUDDENLY, KATE IS SEATED ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO A POOL OF FRESH BLOOD. She looks gaunt and pale, as though she hasn't slept in days. She chokes back a sob as she pulls a long shard of glass from her foot.

DANIEL (ON RECORDING)

On the stairs.

Kate gets to her feet, limping badly on her cut foot, clutching the piece of glass she pulled from her foot like a weapon.

INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Like the kitchen, these areas, for the moment, look clean and new, but the effect passes as the memory of Kate - trailed by Madison, Jake, and Isaac - moves through them.

Upstairs, there is the piercing SHRIEK of a sobbing infant. She hobbles through the hall, stopping to catch herself on the wall, leaving a bloody handprint.

As soon as she passes, the stain goes from fresh to the old, rusty red outline left after twenty years. Madison touches it as they follow Kate up the stairs, leaving wet, bloody footprints as she goes that fade to the faint outlines we saw earlier a few seconds later.

At the top of the stairs now -

DANIEL (ON RECORDING)

I could see her footprints. And someone else's.

MADISON (ON RECORDING)

What?

DANIEL (ON RECORDING)

It was like someone followed her up there. Small, like a child's. Like someone was telling her to do it.

Madison leans down as close as she can to the stairs, and sure enough, can make out the very faint line of a second, smaller set of footprints up the steps.

Ahead of her, Kate turns to the nursery. The dying sunlight silhouettes the crib in a red glow. Her hand is clutching the glass so hard that it cut her palm, trailing drops of blood blood down the hallway as she slowly walks toward the half-open door.

Kate and Madison's hands meet the nursery door at the same time as they push it open simultaneously.

INT. NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the nursery shows no evidence of the last twenty years. A crib against the far wall with a mirror hung over it, a window at the foot, a dresser opposite.

On the dresser, one of those rotating shadow-lights is on, casting moving shadows of animals and clowns on the walls.

DANIEL (ON RECORDING)

The baby...

On the recording, his voice cracks.

DANIEL (ON RECORDING)

The pillow was next to the baby.

A mirror hangs over the crib, and we see the reflection of Kate's empty face (but not what she's doing) as her arms lift the pillow. There's no change in her reflected expression as the baby's crying is suddenly muffled... then silent.

Suddenly, we find DANIEL standing in the doorway.

DANIEL (ON RECORDING)

When I found her, she was...  
laughing.

He sees Kate now slumped against the wall in the corner. She's laughing hysterically. Her hands cover her eyes, but trails of blood run down her face from beneath them.

DANIEL (ON RECORDING)

She said she could see *everything*  
now. She asked where you were.  
She said she wanted to show you.

Daniel moves to her, leans down...

DANIEL (ON RECORDING)

I just... I just wanted her to stop  
laughing. I wanted her to tell me  
why... but when I pulled away her  
hands... there was so much blood...

Daniel disappears out of frame, taking the flashback with him. The nursery is dusty and ancient again, and the rotating shadows disappear.

On the recording, his voice CHANGES, takes on a scratchy echo. The near hysteria of his retelling is replaced by an eerie calm.

DANIEL (ON RECORDING)

I had no idea the blood would be...  
so *beautiful*. She still wants to  
show you, Maddy. She wants you to  
*see*.

Madison looks down at the phone -

MADISON

He didn't say that! That's not-

DANIEL (ON RECORDING)

Do you want to see? Then do it,  
baby girl. Do it.

Jake swipes the phone from her hand, punches buttons, trying to stop it.

DANIEL (ON RECORDING)

Welcome home, baby girl.

MADISON

Stop it! Make it stop!

Jake finally turns it over and pops the battery out. Silence engulfs them. They stand there, staring at each other. Finally-

ISAAC

What the fuck was that?!

MADISON

I don't know.

ISAAC

If you are fucking with us Maddy,  
it is not funny!

JAKE

Calm down.

ISAAC

No! What the fuck? Why would you  
do that? Why would you record  
that?

MADISON

He didn't say that when I was  
there. He was scared. Twenty  
years later, he was still scared.

Beat.

MADISON

Now do you believe me?

They guys share a look, ready, perhaps, to nod their ascent.  
But then they hear a sound. A CREAKING.

Like a taut rope, swaying. Coming from the living room.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

They collect on the landing, where they can hear it clearly,  
like it's right under them, but there's no movement.

MADISON

You guys hear that, right?

They both nod.

JAKE

Now can we agree that it's time to  
get the hell out of here?

Isaac nods vigorously.

JAKE

Madison? I think you proved your point.

MADISON

Okay.

They start down the steps. As soon as they hit the bottom -

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- Jake and Isaac's flashlights die. Simultaneously.

ISAAC

Seriously?

He bangs it against his palm a few times. Nothing. Jake tosses his in the corner.

JAKE

Whatever. We're out of here.

Isaac drops his, and they open the front door.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Outside, standing between them and the car, is a big, black DOG. Madison's eyes flicker with recognition, and she pushes past Jake. Isaac's face shifts from worry to terror, and he takes a step back.

MADISON

Shadow? Is that you?

JAKE

What?

MADISON

I think it's-

She takes one step onto the porch, and the dog's teeth are suddenly bared, its hackles go up, and it growls a deep, demonic snarl.

MADISON

It's okay, boy. It's me.

She takes another step, and the dog CHARGES. Jake grabs Madison and pulls her back inside, slamming the door behind them.

As soon as the door slams shut, all sounds of the dog - the growling, the expected click of its claws on the wooden porch - disappear.

JAKE

Okay. Plan B.

He sprints across the living room, through the kitchen to the  
-

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where the double glass doors open onto the backyard.

Impossibly, the dog is there, too. Waiting, just on the other side of the glass. Teeth bared. Growling.

JAKE

Fuck.

Madison and Isaac catch up to him.

ISAAC

I don't like this, guys.

MADISON

There's a window in the basement that opens onto the side of the house.

JAKE

Let's try it.

They run back into the hallway, and open a door on their left. What little moonlight makes it into the hallway illuminates a set of rickety wooden stairs.

Below, via a rectangle of moonlight from a small window near the ceiling they can make out damp cement walls, a dirt floor and a workbench covered with tools against the far wall.

At the far end of the workbench, a coil of ROPE is half-buried under a stack of boxes.

JAKE

Everybody be careful.

Hands pressed against the wall, they slowly make their way down the steps.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Once safely off the steps, Jake scrambles up onto the work bench so he can see out the small window above it.

The light GLINTS off the dog's eyes, just a few feet from the window, looking right at him.

JAKE

It's impossible.

MADISON

I don't understand. They couldn't have just left him here-

ISAAC

Madison. That's not your dog.

MADISON

It has to be! It looks just like him!

Jake is getting down off the workbench when he PUTS HIS HAND DOWN ON A RUSTY NAIL, tearing the web between his thumb and forefinger.

JAKE

Ow! Shit!

He grabs his hand, and Madison pulls it down so she can see. She rips a bit off the bottom of her shirt and wraps it around the wound.

ISAAC

That was twenty years ago, and  
Shadow wasn't exactly a puppy the  
last time you saw him. Trust me,  
Shadow's dead.

Madison closes Jake's fingers around the cloth, then scurries  
up onto the workbench.

The dog snarls more fiercely, and takes another step toward  
the window. But Madison doesn't look afraid - she's looking  
at the red collar and tags dangling from it.

MADISON

He has the same collar, Isaac.  
Tags and everything.

ISAAC

It is *not* the same dog!

*WHAM!* The basement door SLAMS SHUT above them.

The three exchange a look, then creep up the stairs. Jake  
gets to the door first, pauses with his hand on the knob, and  
puts his ear flush with the wood.

*BAM! BAM! BAM!*

They all jump back as something pounds on the other side of  
the door. But Jake's fear is immediately replaced by anger.

He throws open the door.

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

It's empty. He looks left and right - nothing.

JAKE

Who's there?!

He sprints to the living room, then back, past Madison and  
Isaac, who have come forward a step but both look shaken. A  
glance and the kitchen and dining room are empty too.

JAKE

I said who's there?!

He stops outside a closet directly across from the basement. He looks at them, then yanks the door open.

Inside there's only tools, cleaning supplies, and linens. Jake turns to Madison and Isaac.

JAKE

There's somebody else here. That's the only explanation.

MADISON

Is it?

His look is a stern rebuke of her explanation.

MADISON

I have an idea. Let's split up.

ISAAC

Oh, well, that's a brilliant fucking idea, Maddy. I don't think I've ever seen a horror movie where that didn't work!

Madison ignores him.

MADISON

Jake, you go to the front door. Open it. Watch the dog. Isaac and I will go to the back door. It can't be in two places at once, right?

JAKE

(reluctantly)

Right.

He goes over to the front door and opens it. Outside, the dog takes a step toward him, growling again. Madison and Isaac can see it from their spot in the hallway.

Even so, Jake calls over his shoulder:

JAKE

Still here.

Madison and Isaac turn the other way.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The same dog is on the other side of the patio doors.  
Madison calls back across the house -

MADISON

Here too.

JAKE (O.S.)

Bullshit!

They hear him slam the front door and run to them - but he stops short when he sees exactly what they do.

Jake stares at it through the glass.

ISAAC

So what do we do now?

Jake closes his eyes and rubs his temples.

JAKE

Something rational.

He opens his eyes, inspired, then turns and heads back to the living room. Madison and Isaac follow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake marches over to the fireplace and grabs a fire poker.

JAKE

I don't care how many of them there are. They're still just dogs.

Maddy is incredulous.

MADISON

What? You're gonna kill the dog?

JAKE

According to you, it's already dead.

MADISON

But what if I'm wrong? You can't just...

She grabs his arm but he snaps-

JAKE

What do you want me to do?!

The outburst startles her, and she backs off. Jake takes a deep breath to calm himself, and opens the front door again.

EXT. PORCH/FRONT YARD

The camera hangs back in the doorway with Madison and Isaac as Jake takes a few cautious steps out.

The dog sees him and SNARLS.

JAKE

Easy, pooch. I don't want to hurt you.

He moves down a step, and the dog advances a step. He tightens his grip on the poker.

Another step, and the dog bristles with fury.

He swings it a few times, showing the dog its reach. It only seems to make the dog angrier.

There is a tense beat between them as his foot touches the ground. The dog's muscles tense-

JAKE

Come on, then!

He takes one more step, and with unbelievable speed the dog CHARGES HIM.

JAKE

Fuck!

He stumbles backward, trying to swing the poker, but the dog is too fast.

In a second, the dog is ON TOP OF HIM, and Jake tumbles back onto the porch. In the doorway, Madison SCREAMS and starts for him, but Isaac grabs her.

JAKE

Stay there!

The dog tears at his arm, disengages and goes for Jake's throat. To stop him, he throws up his other arm, which the dog grabs and shakes furiously.

Jake manages to throw his weight and get the dog on the ground. He rears back with the poker and IMPALES the dog repeatedly, blood spraying him and his clothes.

Finally, he stands up, gasping for air and wiping at the blood on his face.

MADISON

Are you alright?

He pauses to examine his own wounds. His hand is badly bitten and bleeding heavily. He holds it against his shirt, glances at the front door of the house, then-

JAKE

I'll live.

He turns to the car-

AND THE DOG IS THERE AGAIN. Just as before, with none of the stab wounds, growling furiously. He looks at the spot where the dog's body just was, and sees that there's nothing there anymore.

JAKE

No...

The word seems to set something off in the dog, and when it CHARGES this time, Jake runs back up the steps, the dog nipping at his heels.

Madison and Isaac step back -

MADISON

Come on!

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

As soon as he crosses the threshold, she SLAMS the door behind him. Again all sounds of the dog disappear as soon as the door closes.

Jake leans against the door, breathing hard and cradling his injured arm for a beat, then turns around and checks through the peephole.

JAKE

Jesus fucking Christ! What the hell is going on?!

He turns back to them, but they're just as confused - and afraid - as he is.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake snaps, and the living room bares the brunt of his frustration. Madison and Isaac hug the wall and look on.

He throws the poker against the wall, then tosses some boxes, kicks the toys, overturns the coffee table. He grabs a lamp off an end table, and STOPS JUST SHORT of throwing it through the big window at the front of the room.

The dog, of course, waits on the other side.

JAKE

Fuck fuck fuck fuck *fuck!*

He turns and smashes the lamp against the wall, then slumps to the ground in front of the couch.

Finally, Madison takes a step forward.

MADISON

Are you done?

JAKE

(ignoring her)

Trapped. We're really fucking trapped.

ISAAC

What're we gonna do?

Madison kneels in front of Jake, looking at his wounded arm. Jake reaches in his pocket and pulls out the torn scrap of her shirt she gave him earlier for his hand.

She opens it to wrap it around his arm, but stops when she sees that the blood staining it has messily spelled out two familiar words -

DO IT.

She stares at it until Jake grabs it from her.

JAKE

What?

He looks at it... the words are GONE.

MADISON

You... you don't see anything there?

He shakes his head.

MADISON

It doesn't say anything?

JAKE

No. It's a bloody rag.

MADISON

But the blood-

She cuts herself off and takes it back from him.

JAKE

What did you see?

MADISON

Nothing.

JAKE

Tell me.

MADISON

Nothing!

Behind them, Isaac is glued to the peephole.

ISAAC

It's still there. How can it still  
be there? You killed it!

JAKE

Madison was right. I don't know  
what it is, exactly, but I don't  
think we can kill it.

Isaac starts to hyperventilate.

MADISON

Calm down, Isaac. We're going to  
figure this out. Let me just take  
care of Jake-

ISAAC

Fuck Jake!

Tears are streaming down his face now.

JAKE

Fuck you! You need to man up,  
Isaac, instead of whimpering like-

ISAAC

If you call me a pussy again I swear to Christ I'm going to kick your fucking ass, Jake.

MADISON

Shut up! Both of you! Jesus, you're like toddlers.

Jake mutters-

JAKE

He started it.

She shoots him a look, then takes his hand and presses it to the bites on his arm.

MADISON

Keep pressure on it.

Isaac moves from the door to the bay window looking out on the front yard. The car is only fifteen yards away.

Then his eyes focus on a large TREE in the front yard.

ISAAC

Wait.

MADISON

What now?

ISAAC

That tree.

MADISON

What?

ISAAC

That tree! The branches go to the roof. If we could get to them, we could almost get to the car.

JAKE

That's not a bad idea.

Madison shakes her head, and goes to the photo album she had picked up earlier.

ISAAC

That window in the nursery... if we climb out there...

Madison pulls a photo from the album and joins Isaac at the window. The picture is of her family and Shadow at a picnic.

She holds it up to the window - the dog in the picture is very near the one on the other side of the glass.

MADISON

Do you guys see that? It's the same dog. Look at the collar. The tags.

She drops the picture.

MADISON

My father was right. There is something in this house. I don't know what it is, but it wants something from us. We're not going to outsmart it by climbing a goddamn tree. We've got to figure out what it wants and...

She pauses.

MADISON

...and do it.

Jake looks from her to Isaac, then down at his bloody hand.

JAKE

Maybe she's right, man.

ISAAC

Fuck that.

Isaac makes his way determinedly to the stairs, taking them two at a time.

MADISON

Isaac, wait!

She and Jake follow him.

JAKE

Come on, hold up a sec.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Isaac doesn't even look back at them, just marches down the landing to the nursery.

As soon as he crosses the threshold, they all three hear WHISPERING. All around them, the words impossible to make out.

Isaac stops when he hears it and turns back to them. The door to the nursery SLAMS SHUT with Isaac inside.

MADISON

Isaac!

They hurry to the door and try to open it, but it won't budge. Jake pounds on it with his fist.

JAKE

Open the door! Isaac!

Still they hear the whispering around them. Jake throws his shoulder against the door a few times, to no avail. He turns to Maddy-

JAKE

Stand back.

He backs up a few steps, meaning to kick the door open. Maddy stands back with him.

Under the door, she can make out Isaac's feet, silhouetted by the faint light from the window. Jake is ready to kick the door down when they hear Isaac, faintly.

ISAAC

I can see... everything...

The silhouette of his feet disappears. The whispers do too.

Jake KICKS the door, nothing happens. He pulls back to kick it again when the handle TURNS, and the door drifts open.

Inside, the nursery is EMPTY.

Madison charges inside.

INT. NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

MADISON

Isaac?

The room is small; there's not much of any place to hide. But Madison searches anyway. She opens a small closet-

MADISON

Isaac?!

But there's nothing. She turns to Jake.

MADISON

Where'd he go?

Jake shakes his head. They go to the window, which is still closed. The branches of the tree aren't even close enough to jump to.

They see the dog looking up at them, but nothing else moving.

Jake starts tugging on the window, trying to yank it open.

MADISON

What are you doing?

The old paint finally gives way, and the window slides up.

MADISON

The tree's too far. We'll never make it.

Jake ignores her, and instead leans as far out the window as he can and shouts:

JAKE

Help! Somebody help! Please!

His cries echo throughout the woods. There is no response.

MADISON

Jake. Nobody can hear us.

JAKE

Jesus Christ! We're in America for God's sake. Nobody can-

He stops. His eyes light up and he pats his pockets.

JAKE

My phone.

He turns back to the window.

JAKE

Dammit! I left it in the car.

Madison pulls out hers, but something about it still feels alien after listening to the recording of her father.

MADISON

I have mine.

JAKE

Well call 911! Tell them the house is on fire!

But she's hesitant.

JAKE

And if you tell me there's no signal...

She opens the phone - four bars.

JAKE

There's a signal, right?

She nods.

JAKE

And the battery's not about to die?

She shakes her head.

JAKE

Then fucking call somebody!

She dials 911 and presses talk.

JAKE

I can't believe we didn't think of  
this sooner.

Madison's face is skeptical, though. He can hear the other  
line ringing, even pressed against Maddy's ear.

MADISON

I don't know... it's been ahead of  
us the whole-

911 OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

911. What's the nature of your  
emergency?

Jake and Madison both react with giddy relief.

MADISON

Oh, thank God. Listen, we're  
trapped in a house... it's 155  
Ballahack Road. My cousin's...  
gone missing... please, just send  
help.

The voice that answers is no longer the operator's. It's  
DANIEL'S, and filled with the creepy, demonic echo we heard  
before.

DANIEL (ON PHONE)

Don't worry. Help is on the way,  
baby girl.

She gasps and pulls the phone away from her ear, holding it out in front of her.

Still, they can hear Daniel on the other end.

DANIEL (ON PHONE)

But you don't want to leave yet.  
The show's just about to start.

JAKE

What do you want from us?

DANIEL (ON PHONE)

You'll see... you'll see...  
*everything...*

His voice draws out that last word until it disappears into static. The phone's screen reads CALL LOST.

When it resets to the main screen - SEARCHING FOR SIGNAL.

JAKE

Oh, god-DAMMIT!

He grabs the phone from her, carries it over to the window, holding it out as far as he can, trying to get the signal back.

Madison's face is ashen, shaken, and resigned.

MADISON

It's not going to work.

Jake holds it open a moment longer, sighs heavily, and closes it again. He turns back to Madison, who looks like she might crumble.

MADISON

Nothing will.

She collapses against him, and he holds her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They come down the steps slowly, her face still buried in his shoulder. At the bottom, they sit on the couch, which kicks up a cloud of dust.

They both cough, which makes Madison smile a little. She pulls away from him, looks in his eyes.

MADISON

I'm sorry, Jake. I didn't think...

Her face and her voice start to crack again.

JAKE

Save it. We're going to get out of this. And I'm thinking of at least a dozen very kinky ways for you to make up for this.

He strokes her hair, and she smiles at him.

MADISON

Anything. As long as they don't involve any of my girlfriends.

His face turns to mock disappointment.

JAKE

Damn.

Silence settles over them. It's filled by an eerie *creaking*, like taut rope swaying. It seems to be coming from directly over their heads.

They both look up.

JAKE

What *is* that?

When Madison looks down again, her eyes light up.

MADISON

Jake!

JAKE

What?

MADISON

Your arm!

He looks down - all evidence of the dog bites on his arm are GONE. He turns it over, looking at it from different angles. There's nothing there, except the cut on his hand from putting it down on the nail in the basement.

JAKE

What the hell?

Madison touches his arm, lost in thought.

MADISON

It didn't really hurt you.

JAKE

But my thumb is still cut.

MADISON

The dog didn't do that. You did.

JAKE

It's a trick.

Madison shakes her head.

MADISON

I don't think so.

JAKE

Well it sure hurt like hell.

MADISON

What you saw hurt. Maybe... maybe it can't really hurt us. It just shows us things until we hurt each other. Maybe that's what it wants.

JAKE

It wants us to kill each other?

MADISON

That's what happened here before.

JAKE

This is insane.

MADISON

I know.

JAKE

So we can just walk out that door?  
Get in the car and drive away? And  
whatever the dog does to us will  
just magically heal?

MADISON

I'm not sure I want to test it, but  
yeah.

JAKE

I still think it's a trick. We go  
out there, get mauled, it wins.

MADISON

Everything up to this point has  
been about keeping us in the house.  
And now it has Isaac.

Jake gets to his feet.

JAKE

Okay. Then I say we do it. We can  
send the cops for Isaac.

MADISON

What?

JAKE

Lets go for the car. Right now.

MADISON

Wait.

But he's already heading for the door.

MADISON

Jake - what if I'm wrong -

He opens the door -

And ISAAC IS ON THE OTHER SIDE. Face blank. Eyes wide, staring at nothing. Pupils insanely dilated; they are almost entirely black.

MADISON

Isaac!

His eyes shift to her, and in a sudden fury he LUNGES AT HER. He throws her back into the foyer. Before Jake can even react, Isaac is on top of her, hands wrapped around her throat.

Madison tries to scream, but she can barely draw a breath.

Jake grabs him from behind with a choke hold and drags him off of her. Isaac struggles violently for a moment, then relaxes in Jake's arms, unconscious.

Madison gasps for air, bruises already emerging on her neck from the ferocity of Isaac's grip.

MADISON

What happened to him?

JAKE

I don't know.

MADISON

How did he get out there?

JAKE

I don't know!

Jake lets Isaac slip out of his grasp, laying him on the floor. He turns to the open door and freezes.

JAKE

Oh no...

Madison gets to her feet, follow's Jake's eyes. The hood of the car is UP, wires ripped out and dangling over the grill.

JAKE

He did it.

Madison looks over his shoulder.

MADISON

We can still make it.

Jake just shakes his head.

JAKE

Maybe the blood isn't real, but the pain sure is. We wouldn't make it to the end of the driveway.

He closes the door and turns away from it. Isaac GROANS. Jake leans over him, grabs the front of his shirt and lifts his torso off the ground.

Isaac's eyes start to flutter open. Jake PUNCHES him, hard, square in the face, and Isaac goes out again.

Madison starts to object, but there's a calm resignation to the act; he lets Isaac fall to the floor and doesn't even think about hitting him again.

He looks up at Madison.

JAKE

I saw some rope in the basement.

She pauses, looking down at Isaac.

MADISON

Did you see his eyes? A bunch of us did X at a party a few years ago. Our pupils looked like that.

Jake nods.

JAKE

I dropped acid a few times in high school. Same thing.

He picks up the fire poker from where he flung it in the living room, then hands it to her.

JAKE

Keep an eye on him. If he moves, if he moves at all, hit him again. I'll be right back.

Jake walks down the hall and opens the door leading to the darkened basement.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jake moves cautiously down the steps, keeping one hand on the wall as a guide.

There, at the end of the work bench, he sees the length of rope with the boxes stacked on top of it. He tugs on the rope, and they TUMBLE down.

MADISON (O.S.)

Are you okay? What happened?

JAKE

It's okay. Some boxes fell. That's all.

A SCRAPBOOK tumbles out of one of the boxes, along with some toy cars and a clay set of handprints, landing directly in the square of light from the window.

As he watches, the scrapbook FLIPS OPEN all by itself.

JAKE

Fuck.

He can't help himself - he leans over to examine the page that lies open.

It's Kate and Daniel, but this time with a small BOY (SETH). He is about 4, and they are all smiling happily in front of a Christmas tree and a pile of presents.

Next to it, he sees the handprints. Scrawled in childish letters in the bottom corner is - "Seth Shaw - 1979".

He grabs the scrapbook and the rope, but when he looks up, SETH - the little boy from the picture - pale and vacant, steps out of the inky blackness under the steps.

He stares at Jake. Jake stares back, mouth agape. Finally, he whispers -

JAKE

You can't hurt me.

The boy SMILES, and his eyes look up.

MADISON (O.S.)

Jake? What's going on?

Her voice is genuinely frightened, and Jake follows the boy's eyes up to the top of the steps. The door is still open, and Madison appears in its frame, looking down at him.

When he looks back down, the boy is GONE.

JAKE

Stay there. Don't come down here.

He carries the scrapbook and the rope up the stairs and meets her at the top.

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Madison looks at the scrapbook.

MADISON

What is that?

JAKE

I was hoping you could tell me.

He nods his head at Isaac.

JAKE

But lets get him squared away  
first.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jake grabs Isaac under his arms, Madison grabs his legs, and together they drag him toward the kitchen.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake turns one of the chairs away from the table, and they manage to sit Isaac upright in it. Madison retrieves the scrapbook and opens it on the bar separating the kitchen from the dining room.

Jake takes the rope and sets about tying a knot in it.

Madison's jaw drops as she turns the pages of the scrapbook. Inside are photos of her mother, much younger than we've seen her, with a small boy asleep in her arms. A child's drawings. More photos of the family.

JAKE

Who is he?

Madison doesn't seem to hear him. She turns another page. A birthday party - a 2-year-old Seth is staring wide-eyed at his cake while seated on Daniel's lap. Finally, she looks up.

MADISON

My brother.

JAKE

What?

MADISON

I have a brother. Or had one, I guess. I wonder how old this is?

JAKE

There was a plaster cast of his hands in the same box that said '79.

MADISON

He'd be five years older than me.

JAKE

You've never seen him before?

MADISON

No.

She turns to Jake, about to say something else, when she sees that he's fashioned the rope into a NOOSE.

MADISON

What're you doing?

JAKE

Trust me.

He slips the noose around Isaac's neck, then fastens the rest of its length to his hands, tying them behind the chair. He then loops it around the legs of the chair, and begins tying his feet.

MADISON

Jake-

JAKE

If he struggles too much, or tries to get up, it'll choke him.

MADISON

Where exactly did you learn to do that?

JAKE

TV.

She looks at him skeptically.

JAKE

Really. Look, what does that kid  
have to do with all this?

Madison just shakes her head.

JAKE

And you've got no idea what  
happened to him?

MADISON

No.

She pulls the picture of Seth's birthday party out of the  
scrapbook, then turns to Isaac.

MADISON

But maybe he does.

JAKE

Maybe.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jake goes into the kitchen, opens a couple of cabinets,  
searching for something. Finally, he finds a glass, and goes  
into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He takes the top off the toilet tank - there's still water in  
the back. He fills up the glass.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake throws the glass of water on Isaac, then sets the glass  
on the counter next to the scrapbook.

Isaac sputters as he starts to regain consciousness. The  
first thing he does is tug on his restraints. Sure enough,  
the noose tightens around his throat, cutting off his airway.

JAKE

Stop struggling if you want to breathe.

His eyes pop open, the pupils still dilated to the point of filling his eyes, making them a deep black. He looks all around him, frantically, like he sees something they don't. Something all around them. He keeps tugging on his restraints, trying to kick his legs.

The noose tightens further.

JAKE

Stop struggling!

His creepy eyes cease their frantic searching. His struggles lessen, the noose loosens, and he takes a few gasping breaths.

JAKE

Better?

He nods.

MADISON

What happened, Isaac?

Isaac doesn't even look at her, keeping his eyes fixed on Jake.

ISAAC

Let me go.

JAKE

Tell us what happened.

Isaac leans forward, as close as he can, the ropes choking his voice to a whisper.

ISAAC

She's going to do it, Jake. They showed me.

JAKE

Do what? Who are 'they'?

For the first time, his blackened eyes flick to Madison, as though he expects her to answer.

ISAAC

She knows.

Jake turns to Madison.

JAKE

What's he talking about?

Instead of answering, Madison thrusts the picture in front of his eyes.

MADISON

What about him? What do you know about him?

ISAAC

You can't see him?

Madison looks confused.

MADISON

No.

JAKE

This is pointless.

ISAAC

You will. You'll see everything.

MADISON

I had a brother, Isaac. His name was Seth. Did you know that?

He nods, slowly.

ISAAC

I overheard my parents talking about him once. He had an accident. But so many people had accidents around your mother.

MADISON

What accident? What happened to him?

ISAAC

He was in the bathtub. She should have been watching. That's how they got him. They showed me that, too. They showed me so many things. It's all I can see now.

JAKE

What about the car? Why did you do that?

ISAAC

We're never leaving. You know that, right?

He closes his eyes, rocking slightly as though to some unheard music.

ISAAC

It's been so quiet here, for so long. They like our sounds. Our screams.

JAKE

Is that all they want? Because I will scream bloody-fucking-murder for the rest of the night if we can all just walk out of here in the morning.

ISAAC

Let me go, Jake. I don't want to see anymore.

JAKE

Not until you give us some fucking answers, Isaac. How did you get outside? Where did you go?

ISAAC

Let me go. Please.

Isaac starts to get fidgety. Desperate. He's tugging at the ropes, even though it's choking him.

ISAAC

Please. Please, I don't want to see. Please make it stop.

He wraps his feet around the legs of the chair, pulling the rope taut.

MADISON

Isaac, stop.

He pulls the rope tighter, completely cutting off his airway. His eyes bug out of their sockets, and a thin whining sound escapes his lips.

MADISON

Isaac!

His eyes roll up in their sockets. He blacks out, and his head falls forward, so that the ropes continue to choke him.

MADISON

Jake! Do something!

Jake runs into the kitchen, along the way knocking into the scrapbook, which knocks over the glass. It shatters on the floor, but neither seems to notice, as Isaac's lips are starting to turn blue.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jake yanks out a drawer of kitchen utensils. They spill out onto the floor, and he selects a good-sized kitchen knife.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He runs over to the chair, and cuts the rope where it runs between the back of Isaac's neck and his hands.

Isaac slumps forward out of the chair, onto the ground.  
Madison grabs the noose, loosening it from around his neck.  
She lowers her ear to his lips, listening.

After a tense beat, his chest rises, then falls.

JAKE

Is he alright?

MADISON

I think so. Is this what happened  
on TV?

JAKE

I didn't know he would try and  
choke himself. And what the fuck  
was he talking about?

MADISON

I don't know.

JAKE

What happened to him?

MADISON

I don't know!

She buries her face in her hands, on the verge of tears.  
Jake takes a deep breath, then puts his arms around her.

MADISON

We never should have come here.

JAKE

We're going to get out of here.  
All of us.

He looks down at Isaac.

JAKE

Now let's tie him up again.

Together, they haul him back into the chair. Using one half of the now-cut rope, and leaving the noose on the floor, Jake again ties his hands behind the chair. He wraps the the rest of the rope around his chest, fixing him upright to the back.

When they're finished, Madison turns to Jake.

MADISON

Alright. What now?

JAKE

Whatever we do, he's not going to be much help.

MADISON

I still say we make a run for it.

JAKE

We're fifteen miles from civilization. Even if Cujo can't really hurt us, it's a long way to go with him trying to rip our throats out. And I'm still not sure it isn't a trick to get us to try.

MADISON

We can't stay here.

JAKE

Even if we do run, what do we do with him?

He nods in Isaac's direction.

JAKE

Leave him tied to a chair?

Madison looks at Isaac, then motions Jake toward the living room. They round the corner, leaving Isaac alone in the dining room, their voices from the living room an unintelligible whisper.

They're only gone a few seconds when Isaac opens his eyes. Behind him, a shard of the broken glass slides down out of shirt sleeve and into his bound hand.

His constantly-shifting eyes always return to the direction of their whispering, but his hand is busy cutting through the rope with the shard of glass.

Blood drips from his hand as the glass digs into it, and Isaac struggles to stifle a whimper of pain. There's a nervous, fearful energy to him, like a coyote with its leg caught in a trap.

Finally, the ropes *snap*. Isaac pulls his hands free, rubbing his wrists. When he stands, he looks a little shaky, keeping a hand on the bar to steady himself.

He takes a step and FREEZES, as a piece of the broken glass *crunches* under his feet. Even freed, he's like a cornered animal, a deer frozen by the scent of a nearby predator.

When there's no reaction from the living room, he creeps forward to the edge of the hallway.

INT. KITCHEN

He casts a look around the corner, then pulls his head back, eyes now fixed on the closet across from the basement, only a few feet away.

From here, he can make out what Madison and Jake are talking about.

MADISON (O.S.)

-happened to him, we have to get him away from here.

JAKE (O.S.)

He tried to kill you!

MADISON (O.S.)

It's just using him. If we get him out of here-

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Isaac darts across the hall to the closet. He can see Madison and Jake standing near the window, but initially they don't notice him.

He tries to open the closet door as quietly as possible, but there's no covering the soft *click* as the latch opens.

Madison and Jake both turn at the sound and see him.

JAKE

Isaac...

Before they can cross the fifteen feet separating them, Isaac reaches into the closet and pulls out a bottle of BLEACH.

MADISON

Isaac! Stop!

Isaac unscrews the cap. Jake TACKLES him, sending them both sprawling. Isaac lands flat on his back with Jake half on top of him, but he's still holding the bottle.

Madison tries to grab the arm that's carrying it, but he rips it away from her.

Before either of them can stop him, he turns the bottle upside down OVER HIS OWN FACE, doing his best to hold his eyes open. His open mouth ingests a good bit of it as well.

Isaac SCREAMS...

Madison kicks the bottle out of his hand after less than a second, but the damage is done.

And SCREAMS...

The bleach actually *sizzles* on the soft tissue of his eyeballs. The skin around the sockets is instantly inflamed and red.

And SCREAMS...

Jake leans over him, watching the color drain out of his burning eyes. He turns to Madison-

JAKE

Water! Get some water!

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Remembering where Jake got it earlier, she runs into the bathroom, where the tank cover is still off, and scoops water into her hands.

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Then Madison is above him, dumping the water onto his face, and racing back for more. Jake continues holding him down, and by the time Madison rinses his eyes again, Isaac's screams have quieted to whimpers, and he's no longer struggling against Jake.

Madison goes back once more, and Isaac lifts his head off the floor, whispering-

ISAAC

She's going to do it, Jake. You have to stop her.

JAKE

What-

Madison pours more water over Isaac's face, and when she starts to go back, Jake stops her.

It's too late for Isaac's eyes. The pupils that were huge and dilated just a few moments before are now almost entirely white, a few blotches of color, and the texture eroded from the slick sheen of healthy eyes to something closer to sand paper.

They still dart around, as though looking at various faces in a crowd standing over him. Madison kneels next to him, stroking his cheek.

MADISON

Why, Isaac? Why did you do this?

His expression changes from waning agony to absolute horror.

ISAAC

Oh god...

MADISON

What?

ISAAC

I can see...

She recoils as the blank eyes turn to her.

ISAAC

I can still see...

She and Jake share a look. Something isn't right. When Isaac speaks again, his voice takes on the echoing, other-worldly sound that Daniel's voice had.

ISAAC

...everything.

His head falls back against the floor. His eyes don't close, but some part of him just... goes away.

MADISON

Isaac?

Nothing. Jake slaps his cheek lightly. Isaac's head lolls to one side. Jake checks his neck for a pulse.

Checks again. He and Madison exchange a nervous look. He picks up his wrist, checking there.

Finally, he looks at Madison, and shakes his head.

MADISON

Oh my god. Oh my god.

They both back away from him, still sitting on the hallway floor. Jake slides through a pool of blood from Isaac's cut hand, smearing it over the carpet.

They both just sit for a moment, trembling, stealing a glance now and then at Isaac's perfectly still form.

MADISON

It's my fault. It's all my fault.

JAKE

He said you were going to do something. That I had to stop you.

MADISON

He's dead, Jake!

JAKE

What's he talking about?

MADISON

I don't know!

JAKE

He said you do.

Madison just shakes her head at him, refusing to meet his eyes.

JAKE

Tell me!

Madison looks away from him, tears streaming down her face.

MADISON

Twenty years ago, my mother smothered... my baby sister. And then she tore out her eyes with a piece of glass.

She gets to her feet, and walks away from him, into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She keeps her back to him, unable to face him.

MADISON

For a long time, I had these dreams. My mother's coming to get me. And there are these bottomless black holes where her eyes should be. It doesn't matter where I run, she always finds me. And she tells me, 'It's to time to come home.'

Jake gets to his feet, too, but senses that she needs some distance, and hangs back.

MADISON

I'd wake up screaming, thrashing around... I gave Aunt Nor a bloody nose once, when she was trying to wake me up. I didn't think I could ever be more terrified than I was then.

Behind Jake, Isaac suddenly SITS UP.

MADISON

And then something happened... I had no idea how much worse it could be.

JAKE

What happened?

MADISON

There's a reason I went to see my father. A reason I had to come here before they tear this place down.

Behind Jake, Isaac gets silently to his feet. His deformed eyes stare at the two of them, who both have their backs turned. His lips peel back into a sinister smile.

MADISON

I'm pregnant. And I *have* to know... am I going to do what she did?

Isaac takes a few steps toward Jake.

MADISON

I think that's what they showed Isaac. That I'm going to kill my own child. Just like my mother did.

When Isaac speaks, it's with a voice borne out of Hell, and a calm that's seen wonders and horrors they can't even imagine.

ISAAC

Twice.

Jake whips around and finds himself nose to nose with Isaac, his awful smile, and his empty, burned eyes.

Jake starts to stumble back, but before he can get one foot down, Isaac's hand SLAMS his head against the wall. Jake crumbles to the ground.

Madison SCREAMS.

MADISON

Jake!

ISAAC

That little boy was very helpful to us.

She grabs Jake's arm and drags him away. But there's only so far to go, and soon she's backed up in the corner. Isaac takes a few steps toward her.

The fire poker she had been holding over him earlier is resting against the couch. Isaac picks it up nonchalantly.

ISAAC

Although she took very little convincing. Because she wanted to, Maddy. All we did was show her how beautiful all the blood would be.

MADISON

Why are you doing this?

ISAAC

And now, we're going to show you.

Isaac raises the fire poker and SMASHES it down where Madison is cowering. She DUCKS, just enough that the blow glances off her shoulder and connects more fully with the television.

Madison scurries away, out of the corner, pulling Jake's arm by his sleeve. But the cuff RIPS in her hand, and she falls backward against the couch.

Isaac turns to her, slowly, deliberately, still smiling.

MADISON

Please... just let us go.

Isaac's smile widens. He's between her and Jake now. She slides along the couch, inching toward the stairs. Behind Isaac, Jake STIRS. A groan escapes him.

MADISON

Jake!

Jake's eyes flutter open. It takes him only a second, looking from Isaac to Madison, to assess the situation.

Isaac looks back over his shoulder at him. Jake realizes that Isaac is standing over his legs. He ROLLS over suddenly, scissoring his legs and sending Isaac CRASHING to the ground.

He and Madison lock eyes.

JAKE

Run!

Still, she hesitates, not wanting to leave him. Isaac is already getting back to his feet. Jake lunges at him, grabbing his waist and pulling him back down.

Madison realizes she has no choice. Still clutching her shoulder, she bolts up the stairs and into the master bedroom, pausing for one second in the doorway to look back at Jake.

He's clinging to Isaac's leg as Isaac towers over him. He jerks the poker back and DOWN on Jake-

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Madison closes the door before she sees the blow, but she hears it connect. And then she hears Jake SCREAM.

She turns the lock on the door and takes a few steps away from it, eyes fixed on the door. Downstairs she hears more blows, and more screams.

She bumps into the foot of the bed, and almost involuntarily sits on it, choking back sobs by holding her hands over her mouth.

Jake's screaming subsides. She can still hear him moaning though, and movement downstairs. It sounds like Isaac is in the kitchen.

She's listening so intently that she JUMPS when she hears another sound, closer. She looks to her right - the master bathroom.

Inside, the shower curtain, drawn around the tub, FLUTTERS, like it did when Isaac was in there earlier. Like there's something inside it. Something moving.

She glances at the door, then back at the bathroom. The curtain flutters AGAIN. And the tinkling of water moving.

Madison stands. On the other side of the door, she hears a repetitive THUMPING. Someone coming up the steps, dragging something.

The THUMPS are punctuated by moans from Jake.

She closes her eyes and clenches her fists, trying to compose herself. She takes a few steps toward the bathroom, keeping her feet in the bedroom.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She doesn't even realize that the bathroom is DIFFERENT. The paint, the placement of the tub, the fixtures... this is not the bathroom Isaac was in an hour ago.

MOVEMENT behind the shower curtain. Like a hand reaching out of the tub. Water splashing.

She YANKS back the curtain, and behind it sees a BLOATED, DROWNED and unquestionably DEAD Seth submerged in the water. He looks like he's been in there for weeks.

Madison shrieks. And then his eyes OPEN. They're staring right at her.

She stumbles backward, out of the bathroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

Madison lands on her ass, eyes still fixed on the bathroom. The boy's hand grabs the side of the tub. Clings to it. Hoists its disgustingly swollen form over the porcelain edge.

Madison scrambles backward like a crab until she backs into the dresser.

On the other side of the door, she can hear Jake, too. His agonized cries are much closer than they were before.

Seth's turgid form begins groping blindly across the floor toward her. The way he uses his limbs is more akin to an animal than a person, yet have none of the fluidity attributed to living things.

They are jerky and inhuman, especially when he turns his empty, vacant face toward her. Then he opens his mouth and VOMITS water onto the floor in front of him.

On the landing outside, Jake's cries get louder, reaching a crescendo -

JAKE (O.S.)

No! No! Isaac, don't-

There is a *THUNK* from the other side of the door. Simultaneously, Seth's movements suddenly speed up, and he slithers under the bed that dominates the room.

Outside the room and inside it, there is complete and utter SILENCE.

MADISON

Jake!

As if in answer, there is a persistent *creaking* noise - what she and Jake heard earlier in the living room.

MADISON

Answer me!

No response but that same, intermittent sound. Her hands find the top of the dresser, and she uses it to pull herself to her feet.

For just half a second, she glances at the family photos collected on the dresser. And then, the dust on the surface of the dresser MOVES.

A small spot the size of a pencil eraser, is drug along the wood, like an invisible hand using its index finger. Slowly, at first, but then faster. It's spelling something out.

Something Madison expects.

DO IT

The moment the invisible hand crosses the 'T', a more visible, tangible hand GRABS HER ANKLE.

She looks down, and Seth is half out of the darkness under the bed, clawing at her ankles.

She SCREAMS, kicking her legs, even as he's trying to pull her under. She breaks free, and tries to pull away, but he catches her ankle and sends her CRASHING TO THE GROUND.

From here, she can see under the bed, where he shifts back into the darkness, and then comes LUNGING OUT with the same sudden burst of speed that carried him under the bed.

She shrieks and kicks at him. As he pulls at her legs, the thin, waterlogged skin of his hands tears like tissue paper. He vomits more water onto the ground between her legs.

He's climbing up her body. Tugging on her thighs, dribbling water onto shirt. She struggles, but for some reason this small child is too heavy.

Then she stops struggling. She closes her eyes. When she speaks, her voice has the quality of a frightened child, talking to herself as much as the monster under the bed.

MADISON

You can't hurt me. I know you  
can't hurt me. Whatever it is you  
want me to do, I'll do it. Please,  
just go away. Just leave me alone.

When she opens her eyes again, the child is retreating back under the bed. She watches the darkness swallow its cold, empty face.

After a beat, she lets out a breath she didn't realize she was holding. Still clinging to the wall, she crawls over to the door, and looks under it.

Nothing on the other side.

She gets to her feet and presses her ear against the door. There's still that creaking - longer now, between the sounds.

Tentatively, she turns the door handle. Opens it a centimeter, ready to slam it shut. But it looks clear. She opens it further.

*Creak. Silence. Creak. Silence.*

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Madison takes a step out, eyes frantically searching for whatever might be coming for her next. But there doesn't seem to be anything.

*Creak. Silence. Creak. Silence.*

She takes a few more steps. Checks the bathroom to her left. Empty.

MADISON

(whispering)

Jake?

She goes over to the railing of the landing that looks down on the living room. Looking down, at first, she doesn't see anything.

*Creaaaaaak. Silence.*

But the sound draws her eyes further down, and she sees JAKE'S BODY HANGING FROM THE BANNISTER. The rope from the kitchen. The familiar noise comes from his body swaying, slowly, back and forth.

MADISON

Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus no. Please no.

She barrels down the stairs, no longer concerned with being quiet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Now she's standing right under him, his feet just about level with her eyes.

MADISON

Jake? Jake please wake up. I need you. Please!

His left leg TWITCHES suddenly, and it sends Madison back several feet, and wrings fresh tears from her eyes.

MADISON

Jake! I'm coming!

The knives are still spread out on the kitchen floor from where Jake emptied the drawer. She grabs one and bounds back up the steps.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

She finds the spot where the rope is tied on and begins sawing at it with the knife.

MADISON

It's okay, baby. I'm here. I'll save you.

But the knife is not very sharp, and she's quickly frustrated with how long it's taking to sever the knot.

MADISON

Come on!

Once a few of the strands are cut, though, the weight of Jake's body takes care of the rest, pulling the rope free, and sending his body crashing to the ground in the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In a second, Madison is kneeling over him, slapping his face.

MADISON

Jake! Wake up! Jake!

She starts to tilt his head back to open his airway, and give him mouth to mouth. Two breaths, then she puts her ear next to his mouth.

Nothing.

Two more breaths. Listens for breath. Nothing.

MADISON

Come on!

Two more breaths. Her ear is right next to Jake's mouth when he suddenly GASPS. Madison JUMPS, but then laughs with relief.

She leans over and kisses him.

MADISON

It's alright. You're okay.

But his lips do not return her affection. And when she looks in his eyes, she sees that his pupils are huge and dilated. His eyes are almost entirely black, and staring straight up at the ceiling.

MADISON

Jake?

The expression on his face is close to horror. His breathing is coming in short gulps of air.

MADISON

Say something.

Her hand reaches for the fire poker, resting on the ground not far from where he fell. But her eyes never leave his hyperventilating form.

Finally, his eyes turn to lock with hers.

JAKE

They're right, Maddy.

Madison's relief has given way to fear.

MADISON

We have to get out of here.

Jake sits UP. He looks at her as though she were a monster.

JAKE

They showed me. You're going to do it.

MADISON

I won't! I swear I won't! Please,  
Jake-

His eyes dart around the room.

JAKE

I have to stop you.

He LUNGES for her, but she's ready with the poker, and swings it hard, knocking him to the side. She scrambles away from him, but he grabs her, pulling her back to him. She tries to kick him, but he grabs her foot and PULLS OFF ONE OF HER SHOES.

Then he's on top of her. He grabs her head and SLAMS it against the ground. She tries to fight him off. He slams her head against the ground again.

Madison is fighting to stay conscious. She CLAWS his face with her fingernails. Jake screams, and blood runs down his face into his eyes.

She squirms out from beneath him, and runs into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

She grabs a knife off the floor and turns to face Jake, who's coming at her with a frightening determination.

She swipes at him with the knife.

MADISON

I don't want to hurt you, Jake.  
Please, we can go. We can run.

JAKE

We're never leaving, Maddy. I can  
see that now.

She swipes again.

JAKE

I can see everything.

MADISON

Stop saying that!

He walks around to the left, backing her up against the bar.

JAKE

It's okay, Maddy. They'll show you too.

Madison shakes his head.

MADISON

I've seen what they want to show me every night of my life. But it's not up to them, Jake. It's up to us.

He CHARGES her, and she PLUNGES THE KNIFE INTO HIS ABDOMEN. All the air rushes out of his lungs. Blood runs down her hand, pooling on the ground.

MADISON

I'm not going to die here, Jake.

But Jake's hands find their way up to her throat. His bottomless black eyes are inches from hers as his hands close around her neck.

She pulls the knife out and SLASHES at his hands, but they don't budge. She's gasping through his grip, still slashing at him, but if he registers any pain at all, there's no evidence of it.

JAKE

Shhhhhh.

Madison's getting faint. Her eyes are starting to flutter. With the last of her strength, she raises the knife and PLUNGES it down into his neck.

He releases her and stumbles back a few steps. She falls to her knees, gasping for air.

Jake reaches up and pulls the knife from his neck. He touches the blood seeping from the wound, rubs it between his fingers, and stares at it.

JAKE

I had no idea... it would be so beautiful...

Then he COLLAPSES. Madison watches him for a moment, and finally gets to her feet. She stares down at his body, then SCREAMS:

MADISON

Is this what you want?! Is this  
what I'm supposed to do?! Well I  
fucking did it! Now LET ME OUT!!!

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She runs over to the patio door. Shadow is waiting for her on the other side, growling and leaping on the glass. She tugs on the door, but it doesn't move. She pulls harder, throwing her whole body into it.

But she can't move it an inch.

She grabs the chair that Isaac was tied to and SMASHES it against the glass. The wood cracks into splinters. The door remains perfectly intact.

MADISON

GODDAMNIT!!

She starts to run toward the front door, but cries out when her bare foot - the one Jake pulled the shoe from in the living room - comes down a shard from the glass that broke when he knocked the scrapbook into it.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Madison hobbles a few more steps, then can't go any further. She leans against the kitchen cabinets under the bar and examines her foot.

The glass is maybe five inches long, and a good two inches of it is buried in her foot.

She grits her teeth and PULLS IT OUT. The blood spilling from her foot falls onto the rust colored stain on the tiles. As she watches, it spreads and covers the EXACT SAME AREA.

MADISON

No.

Then, from upstairs, she hears the sound of an infant CRYING. She looks up at the sound. Across from her, Jake's body lies still. She finds that she's clutching the glass she pulled from her foot like a dagger.

She staggers to her feet. Jake's body is between her and the hallway, and she steps over it cautiously, watching his still form like a hawk for any sign of movement.

It still surprises her, though, when his hand SHOOTS UP and grabs her by the ankle. She shrieks, trying to pull away from him. She can just get the tips of her fingers to the refrigerator, and they claw at it, trying to pull free.

When Jake speaks, it's not with his voice, exactly, or Daniel's, but some malignant amalgam of them.

JAKE

It's time, baby girl. We're waiting for you.

His grip slips just an inch, and her fingers get hold of the back of the refrigerator. As she's trying to pull herself free, it starts to TIP.

Behind her, Jake sits up, his other hand grabbing her calf, pulling her back to him.

Then gravity takes over, and the refrigerator TIPS OVER ON TOP OF HIM, crushing him.

She whirls around, but Jake's body is still again. She stares at him, waiting for something to happen. Nothing does.

Upstairs, the crying becomes more insistent. She turns back in it's direction, and continues down the hall.

INT. HALLWAY/STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Madison follows the sound all the way up the steps, slowly, the crying now plainly coming from the nursery.

At the top, she can see that all the doors are dark except for the nursery. Under the door, she can see light and shadows falling across them. MOVEMENT.

With a chilling calm, she looks next to her and finds SETH, not bloated and dead, but just a normal little boy, standing next to her, looking up at her. Behind him, she sees that there is now a second set of footprints following hers up the stairs.

Small footprints. A CHILD'S BLOODY FOOTPRINTS.

Seth raises his hand and points at the nursery, returning her attention to that door. When she starts down the hall toward the door, we can see that Seth is GONE, no longer beside her.

She walks slowly toward it, until she can see that it is open a crack. Her hand clutches the glass so hard that it drips blood onto the carpet like a trail of bread crumbs.

She pauses just outside the door, looks down at her bleeding hand, then slowly pushes it open.

INT. NURSERY

Isaac waits on the other side, leaning over the crib, his disfigured face and blinded eyes focused on something inside.

Isaac looks up from the crib, over his shoulder at her. She's a mess - beaten, bloody, limping on her cut foot. They lock eyes for a beat. Then Isaac returns his gaze to the crib, and holds a finger to his lips.

ISAAC

Shhhhhhhhh....

The crying FADES until totally gone. He turns back to Madison, and they hold each other's stares again.

Finally, Madison breaks the silence.

MADISON

It's done. I killed him. That's what you wanted, isn't it?

Isaac SMILES at her.

ISAAC

Oh no, baby girl. We're not done with you yet.

MADISON

Why are you doing this to us?

ISAAC

Because you came back, Maddy. You came back to us. We've missed you... so much.

Isaac takes a few steps toward her.

ISAAC

And we don't ever want you to leave again.

MADISON

I want to go home.

He gestures around him.

ISAAC

This is your home.

MADISON

Who are you?

ISAAC

We're your family. Your mother, your father. Your brother. Little Olivia. We're all here, baby girl. Welcome home.

He comes a step closer.

MADISON

You killed them. All of them.

ISAAC

They gave themselves to us. They wanted to, Maddy.

He takes one more step toward her. Too close, because she can't listen to him anymore. She rears back and slams the glass shard into his sickly pale, blind EYEBALL.

He LAUGHS.

Madison TACKLES HIM, yanking the glass from his eye. In a second, Madison IS ON TOP OF HIM, and STABS HIM over and over, the blood splattering up onto her.

She continues stabbing for several seconds, a deeper, animal-sound emerging from her now.

When she knows that Isaac is dead, she stops, but sits over him, her breath coming in gasps. Tears stream down her face, mingling with the spots of blood.

At last, she stands up, but her eyes stay locked on the corpse underneath her.

Then WHISPERING picks up all around her, causing her to look up. She turns to her right, finding the MIRROR on the wall.

She seems mesmerized by her appearance, haggard and wild-eyed. She looks like Jake did after she cut him down, or Isaac when they found him outside.

Something's gotten inside of her.

She walks over to her reflection, very close. Her pupils are dilated, black, dominating her eyes. She touches her face, smearing the blood around.

Then the CAMERA moves around behind her, right over her shoulder, sharing her POV.

But in the mirror, where we should see someone holding the CAMERA, WE INSTEAD SEE KATE, Madison's mother - THIS IS THE POV THROUGH WHICH WE HAVE BEEN LOOKING ALL ALONG!

HER EYES ARE BLOODY HOLLOW SOCKETS, from where she has torn them out. Two thin streams of blood flow from them, down her cheeks.

Madison's face melts into horror, but she makes no other move.

Kate puts a tender, motherly hand on her shoulder, and leans until her lips are right next to her ear. Madison's eyes are locked on those bloody sockets, the blackness in the middle seeming to go on forever.

Finally, Kate WHISPERS-

KATE  
(whispering)  
Do it...

As though controlled by some outside force, Madison lifts the hand holding the shard of glass...

Up past her waist...

Over her shoulder...

Until the tip of the blood-stained glass is just under her left eye, pressed against it so hard that a trickle of blood runs down her cheek, mimicking her mother's.

Kate smiles.

BLACK SCREEN.

END