

THE FORGOTTEN DEAD

By

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SARA, 20s, is huddled on the couch, half covered by a throw. She has a swollen black eye...a busted lip...dried blood beneath her nose...

The Cocteau Twins' "Know Who You Are At Every Age" (*This is a suggested song as are all of the ones from this point on*) plays from the stereo.

JOAN, 20s, enters the room, takes a seat next to Sara and presses the damp towel she holds against the cut on Sara's forehead.

JOAN

Goddammit.

On cue, there is a banging at the door.

LINCOLN (OS)

(muffled, through the door)

I know you're in there, Sara.

At the sound of Lincoln's voice, Sara shrinks back into the couch. Joan throws the towel onto the coffee table and stands up.

JOAN

The cops are on their way, asshole.

LINCOLN (OS)

Stay out of this, Joan.

Lincoln throws himself against the door and the loud thud makes Sara jump.

LINCOLN (OS) (CONT'D)

Get out here right now, Sara.

Another loud crash against the door and Sara flinches again.

A third crash and the door bursts open to reveal LINCOLN, 20s, standing in the doorway.

LINCOLN

Or I'll come in and get you.

JOAN

Motherfucker.

Joan runs at Lincoln. Lincoln manages to grab a hold of her hands but not before she manages to rake them across his face and draws blood.

(CONTINUED)

Joan continues to struggle but is unable to stop Lincoln from pinning her hands behind her back.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You know what? Stick around, dickhead, this way I get to see your face when they take your ass away.

LINCOLN

I told you to stay out of this, you fucking dyke.

Lincoln's punch to her stomach doubles Joan over and his knee to her face sends her back up. Lincoln tosses Joan's limp body to the side and then heads straight for Sara.

But halfway to her, he stops and listens to the song.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Holy shit. I can't remember the last time I heard this song.

Lincoln continues walking towards Sara.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

It's gotta be when we were in high school, right?

Lincoln reaches Sara and takes a seat right next to her.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

I took you to the prom and this is what I get. I give up.

He reaches behind his back and brings a gun out into view.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Do you know what I think I'm going to do? I think I'm going to blow your brains out and then mine and then we're going to live happily ever after, you fucking bitch.

POLICE OFFICER (OS)

Put down the gun, move away from the lady and put your hands in the air where I can see them.

Lincoln looks over at the POLICE OFFICER who stands OS. Lincoln turns back to Sara and gives her a smile.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER (OS)
I said: put down the gun and get
the fuck away from her, asshole!

Lincoln stands up and aims his gun at Sara.

A single gunshot rings out and Sara's face is splattered
with blood.

Silence.

POLICE OFFICER (OS)
Miss, are you alright?

Sara opens her mouth...

Everything that Sara has been holding inside comes roaring
out of her like a wave...

Sara screams.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

2

EXT. SARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

2

Joan stares at the name on the buzzer: Sara's first name
remains but her last name has been blacked out with a
marker.

Joan turns off her walkman and brings the Cocteau Twins song
to an abrupt stop. She picks up the Amazon package that is
at her feet and looks at the name that it is addressed to:
Sara Curtis. Joan looks back at the name above the mailbox.

Joan presses the buzzer. A few seconds pass and the speaker
squawks to life.

SARA (OS)
Just leave the package in the
hallway.

Joan presses down on the TALK button.

JOAN
It's not the mail man, man.

Joan releases her finger from the button...

The speaker comes on again but after a few seconds of
silence it goes dead. Joan presses down on the buzzer again
but gets only silence in return.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN
Goddammit.

CHINESE DELIVERY GUY (OS)
Excuse me.

Joan turns around and finds a CHINESE DELIVERY GUY patiently waiting for her to move.

JOAN
Sorry.

CHINESE DELIVERY GUY
Not a problem.

She steps aside and the delivery guy presses Sara's buzzer.

SARA (OS)
Go away.

CHINESE DELIVERY GUY
You ordered Chinese food?

A few seconds pass. The delivery guy looks over at Joan and they give each other a polite smile.

The door buzzes, the delivery guy pushes it open and enters the hallway.

3 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ENTRANCE WAY 3

The Chinese delivery guy starts up the stairs. Hearing the sound of footsteps behind him, he looks back to find Joan right on his heels and carrying the Amazon package.

4 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT 4

The delivery guy and Joan stand outside of Sara's door. An awkward silence hangs between them.

CHINESE DELIVERY GUY
How's it going?

JOAN
Good. And you?

CHINESE DELIVERY GUY
I got a roof over my head and a couple of bucks in my pocket so I can't complain.

JOAN
I heard that.

The door opens and Joan barges past Sara into the apartment. New Order's "The Perfect Kiss") blares from the stereo.

Sara looks back at the delivery guy.

CHINESE DELIVERY GUY
Great song. Chinese?

5 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

5

The place is a mess, littered with empty Chinese food containers and wine bottles. Joan stands in the center of the room and takes in the darkness and chaos around her. She still has the Amazon package in her hands.

Sara enters the room and Joan turns around to face her. Sara places her Chinese food delivery on a side table and walks over to the record player.

Sara goes through a nearby stack of albums, stops on one and removes the record from it sleeve. She stops and removes the New Order record and replaces it with the album she has in her hands, Hunters' DROWN. A few seconds pass and then the second track, "Slipping Away", starts up.

SARA
Are you thirsty? I have wine.

Joan picks up an empty bottle of wine.

JOAN
Do you?

SARA
I'm tired so say what you're going to say.

JOAN
It looks like dog shit in here and you look worse. You're not tired. You're fucking cracking up.

SARA
What do you care?

JOAN
I call and you won't pick up. I pass by and you won't open the door. I don't care? Shove it up your ass.

(CONTINUED)

Joan looks away. When she turns back to Sara, Joan looks at her with softer eyes.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I'm not saying you have to move on right now...

SARA

Because that would would make you stupid.

JOAN

...but you can't stay in here forever! At some point you're going to have to leave this room and get back in the game with the rest of us.

SARA

You'd be surprised what you can do with a computer and a high speed connection. The internet gives me everything I could ever want and tells me that I never have to leave.

Sara walks over to Joan, takes the Amazon package out of her hands and places it on the side table alongside her Chinese food.

SARA (CONT'D)

But you do.

Sara walks over to the door.

JOAN

You're not alone in this.

SARA

Just because you say it doesn't make it so.

Sara opens the door. She tries to maintain eye contact with Joan but fails and looks away.

SARA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

JOAN

You don't have to apologize to me.

Joan walks towards the door but stops just in its doorway.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN (CONT'D)

Please tell me that you've gotten
rid of his things at least.

Nothing from Sara.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I like the name change on the
mailbox. You have my number.

Joan walks out the door.

6 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT 6

Joan walks down the hallway. She disappears down the
corridor and Sara walks back inside her apartment.

7 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - BED ROOM - NIGHT 7

Sara stares at the closed closet doors in front of her. She
grabs a hold of its doorknobs and throws the doors wide
open.

Assorted men's clothing hang on the railing...shoes neatly
laid out in a row on the bottom...

Sara reaches into the closet...it looks like she's about to
caress the clothes...she grabs a hold of a jacket and rips
it off of its hanger.

The leather jacket hangs in her hand, loose, a dead animal
caught in her fist. She throws it away and it lands a few
feet away from her in a heap. She turns her attention back
to the closet and reaches into it again...

MONTAGE:

More of Lincoln's clothing are ripped off of hangers and
thrown onto the floor, piling on top of one another.

END MONTAGE

Sara sees a man's sweater on the top shelf. She grabs a
hold of it, yanks it back towards her...

It drops down and with it comes an OLD METAL BOX that nails
her right on the head.

Sara staggers backwards, slips and falls hard to the
floor. She stares at the metal box that now sits in front
of her. She leans forward, reaches out for it but then
stops and puts her hand up to the top of her head.

She winces, brings her hand back down and stares at her blood stained fingers.

8 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - BATH ROOM - NIGHT 8

Sara lifts her head up from beneath the running tap. She removes the towel from her scalp and examines the gash in the mirror.

She stops and stares at the pale and tired girl in the mirror. Ashamed, Sara looks down and sees that the water at the bottom of the sink is tinged with her blood.

9 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 9

Sara drops the bloody towel onto the pile of Lincoln's clothing, walks over to the metal box that is on the floor and scoops it up.

She turns it over in her hands a few times for a better look at it. She tries to lift its lid but no go. She looks OS...

10 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 10

Sara rifles through one of the drawers and finds a flathead screwdriver mixed in with the cutlery. She pulls it out and goes to work on the lid.

She jabs at the lid...pries into one of its edges...

The lock pops.

11 INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 11

Sara clears a space amidst the old Chinese fast food containers that clutter the coffee table and places the now open box in it.

She sifts through the box's contents: some old coins and bills...a set of cuff links...an old rusted straight razor...all of the items coming from more or less the same time period circa the turn of the century.

Spying a FOLDED DOCUMENT, she pulls it out from beneath the other papers and opens it up for a better look.

Her eyes scan the words in front of her...

CUT TO:

Sara is on the phone and listening to Joan's voice message.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN (OS)

I can't stop you so do what you gotta do.

SARA

I need you to come over. I found something.

INSERT:

A deed to a house and the name on it is Hillman Lincoln Curtis.

SARA (CONT'D)

I think I own a house.

12

INT. OFFICE - DAY

12

LAWYER

You don't own the house.

Sara and Joan sit in chairs across from Sara's LAWYER who sits behind his desk.

SARA

But that deed is under Lincoln's family name and Lincoln has no other family. So that means legally it belongs to me, right?

LAWYER

Except his family doesn't own it any more. At some point, the house went into arrears and the bank took it over.

SARA

Is it for sale?

JOAN

(to Sara, incredulous)

Is it what?

SARA

(to Lawyer)

Is it?

LAWYER

Up until recently, no, it was not. But then two weeks ago...

He hands Sara a paper.

(CONTINUED)

LAWYER

It got put back on the market.

Sara reviews the listing.

SARA

Why is the asking price so low?

LAWYER

I don't know if I'd say it was low...

JOAN

Are you seriously looking to buy a house? Because if you are that would entail you leaving the apartment every now and then, Boo Radley.

SARA

I'm not looking to do anything. I just want to know why the price is so low.

JOAN

Why? I mean it's not like you can afford it.

SARA

You don't know that.

LAWYER

You can't afford it.

SARA

I can't?

LAWYER

You can but I wouldn't recommend it. Not in your financial situation. The money that your husband left behind isn't the kind of cash that can support a purchase like this. Or at least not for long.

Sara looks back at the paper in her hand.

13

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

13

Sara sits in front of the computer and stares at the real estate listing for the house.

JOAN

What are you doing?

SARA

You're not in the least bit interested in this at all?

JOAN

Why should I be?

SARA

Because Lincoln was hiding this from me the entire time we were together.

JOAN

Because he was a lying piece of shit that's why. So fuck him and fuck his house that wasn't his. Or yours.

SARA

I want to go there.

JOAN

You what?

SARA

I need to see it. Come with me.

JOAN

You want to go then go but you can count me out.

SARA

I don't want do this without you.

JOAN

Well that's what's going to happen if do this.

SARA

You're the one telling me to get get back in the game.

JOAN

Don't try that with me. Forget this thing and put what's left of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOAN (CONT'D)
him out with the rest of the
garbage.

Joan turns to Sara and sees that the defeated look has returned to her friend's eyes.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Hey. Listen...

SARA
That first time, that first
beating, as I lay there losing the
baby, I looked up at Lincoln and
said to myself: he'll change. He'll
be better. Because he loves me. And
that's when I knew I would never
fight back and that I would never
leave.

JOAN
You were fifteen years old.

SARA
And so were you and you knew
better. You always knew better for
the both of us. And you never gave
up on me. I'm trying, dude. I
don't know if this is the way to go
but this is the only way I know for
now.

Pause.

SARA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

JOAN
You don't have to apologize to me.

Beat.

JOAN
Shit. You really know how to fuck
up a friend, you know that?

"Break The Walls" by Fitz & The Tantrums starts up OS.

SOUND CROSSOVER TO:

14 INT. JOAN'S CAR - DAY

14

Joan is behind the wheel and Sara is in the front passenger seat. Sara looks over at Joan's stone face.

SARA
You're angry.

JOAN
I'm not.

SARA
Well, you're driving angry.

JOAN
Well, I'm not.

Sara smiles, turns up Fitz & The Tantrums and looks out at the beautiful passing scenery.

MONTAGE:

Sara and Joan drive along the highway. This gives way to streets which then turns into roads that lead into the woods.

END OF MONTAGE

Sara scours the trees and the dirt road ahead.

JOAN
The guy at the Chinese restaurant
said it was close. Close my ass.

Sara turns off the stereo.

SARA
He also said we might miss it if
we're not careful so keep looking.

JOAN
I am looking. You know how I know
that? Because I have eyes.

SARA
Wait.

Sara points to something OS.

SARA
There.

15 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

15

Sara and Joan lean forward in their seats for a better look at the large house that looms in front of them.

JOAN

Fuck a duck. You gotta be kidding.

Sara gets out of the car and heads straight for the front door. Joan jumps out right after her.

JOAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SARA

I'm going to see if the door is unlocked.

JOAN

And why would you do that?

SARA

I want to see the inside.

JOAN

Are you not seeing the outside? Do you not recognize this house?

SARA

No. You do?

JOAN

Yeah. It's that house from that movie where everyone dies. You want to see the inside? Jesus Christ.

SARA

You're really not curious?

JOAN

Surprise: I'm just scared.

MARGE (OS)

Wait!

Joan and Sara look over to see MARGE, 50s, wearing the blazer of a ubiquitous real estate company and running towards them waving a real estate FOR SALE flag.

But halfway there, she stops, double backs and shoves the flag into the lawn. She stands up, gives the girls her back and collects herself: straightens her uniform, fixes her hair, etc.

(CONTINUED)

Ready to face them, Marge turns around and - with a salesman's smile on her face - heads back towards Joan and Sara.

The first thing that Marge does is hand Sara one of her business cards; it has her name alongside her smiling face.

MARGE

I'm Marge.

SARA

I'm Sara and she's Joan.

MARGE

Sara. Joan. Did you have a hard time finding us?

JOAN

(she holds her hands about a foot apart from each other)
This much.

MARGE

I'm sorry. I should have put the markers up. That's why I'm doing it now.

Everyone looks over at the lone real estate flag sticking up from the lawn.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Sara. Joan.
(Pause)
You're friends?

Sara and Joan look at each other and realization dawns in their eyes at the meaning of Marge's question.

SARA

Yes.

JOAN

And very good ones, too.

Marge's eyes go back and forth between Sara and Joan's faces.

MARGE

Wonderful! Alright, ladies. Let's get started.

Marge starts up the stairs.

JOAN

Marge?

Marge stops and looks back at Joan who holds her hand up in the air.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Joan here. Who exactly are we supposed to be?

Marge looks over at the girls and her smile fades away.

MARGE

Oh no.

Sara and Joan look at each other.

16

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

16

Marge takes off her jacket, folds it up and shoves it into her bag.

MARGE

They like us to wear the jackets while we're showing but maybe we could keep this between us. On a day like today they can be a little much.

Marge turns around to face the girls and her big, stage smile is back on her face.

MARGE (CONT'D)

How did you hear about the house?

SARA

I just happened across it.

MARGE

And it would be just the two of you? Big house for just two people.

JOAN

I know where you're going with this, Marge, and I told Sara I've been thinking the same thing. It's a big step and I'm not entirely convinced we need to buy. What with the economy being in the shitter the way it is.

(CONTINUED)

SARA

Has there been a lot of people to see the house?

MARGE

A few. There's been steady interest.

SARA

How many is a few?

MARGE

Listen: maybe you're having some doubts about being in the market right now but give me a chance to change your minds. Alright, ladies. Let's get started.

Marge walks and the girls follow.

17 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 17

Marge points to the fireplace that is set in the middle of a wall.

MARGE

One hundred years ago, this would have been what they called the parlor. Today we call it the living room. Put a chair over here and a Hi-Fi stereo over there and voila you have yourselves a parlor again. Wonderful part of the house to throw a party.

Marge walks and the girls follow. Sara looks over at the embers in the fireplace.

18 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 18

A large wooden table sits in the middle of the room.

MARGE

It's rustic in appearance and yet modern in its functionality. The stove is original. It's from abroad. European forged metal. Wonderful part of the house if you're an aspiring chef.

JOAN

Sara's a hell of a cook. Her specialty's Chinese.

(CONTINUED)

MARGE
(to Sara)
Then I would be talking to you.

Marge heads for a padlocked door at the far end of the kitchen.

JOAN
European forged metal from
abroad. Have you ever been abroad,
Marge?

Marge fiddles with a large set of keys.

MARGE
I've never been abroad.

JOAN
Have you ever wanted to be abroad?

MARGE
I do. My husband's been abroad.

JOAN
Your husband's been abroad? Did he
love being abroad?

MARGE
He did.

JOAN
He did what?

MARGE
He loved being abroad.

SARA
(whispers to Joan)
Stop it.

JOAN
(hisses at Sara)
Everything that comes out of my
mouth is your fault.

MARGE
Got it.

Marge unlocks the padlock, opens the door and heads down the basement stairs.

Sara and Joan look down into the darkness of the stairway, then at each other and then back into the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

A light from downstairs comes on and Marge peeks her head up at the girls.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Hello?

19 INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY 19

A single, naked bulb illuminates the room. Marge points at the fuse box and then at the water heater.

MARGE

Fuse box. Water heater. This is the basement.

JOAN

It's beautiful.

They head upstairs. Sara looks over at the small pile of firewood stacked up against the wall.

20 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 20

Another open and empty room.

MARGE

As you can see, this would make a wonderful bedroom.

JOAN

All you need is a bed.

MARGE

Exactly.

JOAN

We need a new one. We wore the old one out.

Marge heads for the door.

MARGE

Alright, we're walking.

Marge exits the room and the girls follow.

21 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 21

The room is open and filled with sunlight. A large bathtub is at the end of it.

JOAN
That's a big tub.

MARGE
Big enough for two.

JOAN
Bravo, Marge!

Marge blushes and heads for the door.

MARGE
Coming up: last stop.

Marge and Joan leave the bathroom. Sara walks towards the bathtub and gets within a few feet of it.

JOAN (OS)
Hey.

Joan stands in the doorway.

JOAN
Get back on this train,
motherfucker.

Sara walks towards the door.

22

INT. HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

22

It's a large room filled with an assortment of old furniture.

MARGE
Yes we have been using this as a kind of storage unit but we will obviously remove it all before you move in.

JOAN
If we move in. No strong arm tactics please.

MARGE
What? No. That's not what I meant. It's insulated so its perfect for either Summer or Winter.

JOAN
What about Fall and Spring? Those are the ones I worry about.

(CONTINUED)

Sara catches her reflection in the full length mirror; she turns to get a better angle of herself.

MARGE

Excuse me?

JOAN

I have allergies. So what do you think that this room would be good for, Marge?

MARGE

A host of possibilities. Do me a favor and close your eyes with me.

Marge closes her eyes but Joan just rolls hers instead. She looks over at Sara but she isn't paying attention to Joan. Joan frowns at this and turns her attention back to Marge.

Sara leans in on the mirror and sees something large and black looming in the background.

MARGE (CONT'D)

It's a wide open space. Can you see it?

JOAN

Sure can.

Sara turns around and sees what looks like a piece of furniture hidden beneath a heavy, black cloth.

MARGE

If you're the creative type, maybe a studio. For painting.

JOAN

I don't have an artistic bone in my body but I like that.

Sara walks over to the furniture and yanks it but it doesn't budge. She looks down and sees that the cloth is snagged on something.

MARGE

Or writing.

JOAN

I've always thought I'd make a good Hemingway. Sans the penis of course. And the suicide.

(CONTINUED)

Sara yanks the cloth hard and this time it comes off. Sara steps back and looks at the large ornate chair sitting in front of her.

Marge opens her eyes. Joan "snaps" her eyes back open and resumes the role of the interested buyer.

MARGE

You are a character.

JOAN

Did you hear that, Sara? I have character.

MARGE

No I said...

SARA

What happened in this house?

The heel on Marge's left shoe snaps off and Sara and Joan look over in her direction. Marge removes the one shoe and hobbles over to the window that overlooks the back yard.

SARA

Are you alright, Marge?

MARGE

Goddammit.

JOAN

Take it easy, Marge.

MARGE

You don't have to put up flags for people who'll never show. You don't have to wear an uncomfortable wool blazer on an unseasonably hot day. You don't have to walk around pretending that you don't hear the snarky remarks that the girls say behind your back.

Marge whirls around to face the girls.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Or to your face.

(pause)

The first and only occupants of the house were a young couple, both from prominent family names. A year after moving into their new home, the wife gave birth to a baby

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARGE (CONT'D)

boy and for the next several years the three of them lived a relatively quiet life. On the night of his wife and son's disappearance, the husband admitted to having a disagreement with his spouse and in a fit of anger struck her about the face. Realizing the severity of his actions, he claims to have left and stayed with his brother for the remainder of the evening, an alibi that was easily corroborated by his family. On the following day he returned only to find that his wife and child had disappeared. A search was immediately organized and for the next several days the entire area was combed acre by acre, tree by tree. But neither the wife nor the son were found. The husband was suspected of course but after a thorough and exhaustive investigation, no evidence of his involvement was ever found. A year after their disappearance, the husband lost the house to the bank and soon after that, the husband moved away, never to be seen or heard from again. I'm telling you this in compliance with the full disclosure law of the state.

Marge slips her broken shoe back on.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Take it easy? You take it easy. I'll take what I can get. Excuse me.

Marge hobbles over to the attic door and starts down the ladder.

JOAN

And that ends our tour for today. Exit through the gift shop, please. Jesus Christ.

Joan heads for the ladder. Sara takes another look at the chair and then hurries after Joan.

23

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

23

Sara looks away from the house and over at Marge who is busy planting more of her flags into the lawn. Joan stands next to her car.

Sara starts walking towards Marge.

JOAN
(to Sara)
What're you doing?

Sara reaches Marge.

SARA
Can I ask you a question,
Marge? Can I call you Marge?

Marge lights up the cigarette that dangles from her mouth. She takes a drag, looks at Sara and considers her.

She exhales a long, smoke filled sigh and gives Sara a tired smile.

MARGE
Sure.

SARA
Call me Sara. Please.

MARGE
What's your question, Sara?

SARA
Since it's been on the market, no
one's ever bought the house?

MARGE
Not since I took over, not that I
know of.

Marge takes another long pull...exhales...

MARGE (CONT'D)
Shit. I'm not sure but I don't
think that anyone's even taken a
look at it until you guys showed
up.

Joan joins Sara.

(CONTINUED)

SARA
And the husband? What do you know
about him?

MARGE
He liked to beat his wife.

SARA
Ok.

MARGE
Yeah, he was a real winner. Stuff
like that makes me wonder what she
was like.

MARGE
Why would any woman put up
with that kind of thing?

SARA
Why do you think that it's
never sold?

MARGE (CONT'D)
I don't know. No one wants to live
in a house where some asshole
killed his family?

Joan joins them.

JOAN
Technically he didn't.

MARGE
I've used that one a couple of
times. Not a crowd pleaser.

JOAN
Some people can't take a joke.

MARGE
You're preaching to the choir,
sweetie.

Marge and Joan look over to find that Sara has walked closer
to the house.

SARA
And the husband always owned the
house?

MARGE
Until he stopped making the
payments, he did.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

Sara. Are we done? Can we leave
and let Marge get back to work?

MARGE

Actually that's not true.

JOAN

You don't have to get back to work?

MARGE

(to Marge)

I wish.

(to Sara)

The husband didn't always own the
house.

Sara turns around to face Marge.

MARGE (CONT'D)

He did but only after.

SARA

After what?

MARGE

After they got married. The wife
owned it first and then she signed
it over to him. God knows why.

SARA

What was the wife's name?

Marge tosses her cigarette onto the ground.

MARGE

Goddamn thing.

She stubs out the butt with her shoe.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Sally something. Something
Dutch. Or maybe German?

SARA

Herboren.

MARGE

That's it! Herboren.

JOAN

Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

MARGE
 (to Joan)
 Do you know it?

JOAN
 Sara.

SARA
 I do.

Sara looks back over at the house and gives it a tiny, knowing smile.

SARA (CONT'D)
 It's my name.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

24 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 24

Several boxes labeled BEDROOM sit on the floor next to an empty wardrobe and a bare bed.

25 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 25

Several boxes labeled LIVING ROOM sit on the floor. A couch sits slightly askew in front of the fireplace. A large box with the picture of a Hi-Fi stereo sits a few feet away.

26 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 26

Several boxes labeled KITCHEN sit on the floor. A large box with the picture of a microwave oven sits on the table.

The sound of keys fiddling around with a lock can be heard OS.

SOUND CROSSOVER TO:

27 INT. HOUSE - FOYER - DAY 27

The front door opens and Sara stands in the doorway, a cardboard box in her arms.

She walks in and places the box off to the side.

The sound of a box hitting the floor comes from behind her and Sara turns around to find Joan standing in the doorway, a cardboard box at her feet.

Joan turns to walk away. Sara hurries after her.

(CONTINUED)

SARA

Joan.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

Joan stops just outside of the door. She turns to face Sara who stands on the other side of the doorway just inside of the house.

SARA

You said you were okay with this.

JOAN

I lied. Why are you doing this?

SARA

The wife has my name.

JOAN

Which is fucked up and why we should get the fuck out of here. This place is bad news. You don't feel that?

SARA

I'm not fifteen anymore so say what you're thinking: it won't hurt me any more. "It sounds stupid." Or "Why are you being stupid?" Is that what you want to say?

JOAN

Sara.

SARA

You've been cleaning up after me for a long time and maybe you're tired of it. If I was in your shoes I would be. Maybe that's why I'm here. To learn how to do this, whatever this is, alone.

Sara picks up the box that Joan left on the floor.

SARA (CONT'D)

Thanks for the ride. Be careful on your way back. I know how you drive when you're angry.

Sara gives the door a kick and slams it shut in Joan's face.

28

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

28

Sara turns around and the pain of her actions is written on her face. She takes a few steps further into the house but then stops. She turns left, then right; she looks confused as to what her next move should be.

Someone knocks on the door. Sara drops the box and rushes back over to it.

But when she opens the door, Sara finds only Marge standing on the porch.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

MARGE

Was that Joan I saw leaving? She's not staying?

Sara looks past Marge and sees Joan's car disappear down the road.

SARA

I wasn't expecting you.

MARGE

I just wanted to check in and see if Jacob had been by.

SARA

Who?

MARGE

Jacob. He takes care of a lot of the properties around town. You don't have to hire him but he's familiar with the house.

SARA

I just got here. Maybe he did but I don't think so.

MARGE

Well, he was supposed to. It's fine. I can show you what needs to be done.

SARA

What needs to be done?

Marge is in front of the open fuse box, pointing at a breaker switch which is currently set to the ON position. She flips it to the OFF position. The lights flicker above around them and then turn off.

MARGE

You need to find the one that's been switched to OFF. Then you're going to switch it back to the ON position.

Marge puts a hand on the side of the fuse box for support, reaches into the fuse box and flips the switch back to the ON position.

A large and angry spark jumps out and both women let out a scream.

MARGE (CONT'D)

I had Jacob check everything out beforehand and he said everything looked good but son of a bitch did you see that?! I could have been killed, right?

SARA

Right.

MARGE

Nuts!

SARA

Crazy!

Marge shakes her hand out and then points it at the water heater.

MARGE

From the sound of it, it looks good but I'll have Jacob come by tomorrow to double check. But just in case, you know what a pilot light is?

SARA

Like on the stove.

MARGE

Exactly. Same thing.

Marge gets down on her hands and knees. She looks up at Sara.

(CONTINUED)

MARGE (CONT'D)

Come on.

SARA

Right.

Sara joins Marge down on the floor. Marge points to the pilot light at the bottom of the heater.

MARGE

You see that?

SARA

Where?

Marge points to the bottom of the water heater again but jabs "harder" at it this time.

MARGE

There. You light that and then you're good to go.

SARA

Okay.

Marge looks past her and points to a small stack of firewood against the wall.

MARGE (OS)

Grab some wood.

Sara goes over to the stack of wood, grabs a piece...

30

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

30

...and Marge tosses the wood onto the wood piled in the fireplace.

SARA

Would you like some wine?

MARGE

A little too early for me. Do you know how to build a fire?

Sara shakes her head no.

MARGE (CONT'D)

I'll show you. Just in case.

SARA

In case of what?

(CONTINUED)

MARGE

In case you need to build a fire.

CUT TO:

Marge and Sara stare at the fire that rages in the fireplace.

SARA

Can I burn the house down?

MARGE

Why would you do that?

SARA

I wouldn't. So what do I have to do so I don't do that?

MARGE

Are you asking me how not to burn the house down?

SARA

Yes. That's right.

Marge walks out of the room.

The sound of water running from a tap is heard OS. Sara listens and looks over in the direction the kitchen.

Marge walks back in with a pot of water, walks up to the fireplace and throws it onto the fire, reducing it to a smoking mess.

MARGE

Don't burn the house down.

31 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

31

Marge stands next to her car and digs through her purse.

SARA

You're real handy, Marge.

MARGE

You have to be when you have a lump of coal for a husband like I do.

Marge finds one of her business cards and hands it to Sara.

MARGE

If you have any problems.

(CONTINUED)

SARA
I have your card already.

MARGE
Now you have another. If you have any problems, call. I'll have Jacob pass by tomorrow. And don't mind him. He can be a little on the cantankerous side.

SARA
Cantankerous?

MARGE
"Bad-tempered, argumentative, and uncooperative."

SARA
Oh that cantankerous.

MARGE
You know how to swing an axe?

SARA
No.

MARGE
He can cut a couple of cords for you, for a start.

SARA
Okay.

MARGE
I think you're going to enjoy your stay with us. I have a good feeling about this.

Marge opens her car door.

MARGE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry to hear about Joan. Good friends are hard to come by.

Marge gets into her car. She sticks her head back out.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Jacob: tomorrow.

SARA
Okay.

Marge starts up her car, shifts it into gear and pulls away. Sara looks over at her own car.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

Sara slams the trunk of her car closed, picks up a box of her things that sits off to the side and starts for the house.

About halfway there, she stops and looks over at a spot on the lawn: one of Marge's real estate flags sticks up from the grass.

32 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 32

Sara takes a look at herself in the bureau mirror. She stands up on her toes in an effort to try and see her entire outfit. She moves back and jumps up several times but that doesn't work either.

33 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 33

The couch faces the fireplace, no longer askew to it. The box containing the stereo system is open and on its side.

Sara sits on the floor. Her face is hidden behind a set of instructions that she holds. The Hi-Fi stereo lays out in front of her in various pieces.

Aggravated, she looks over at the Chinese take-out menu that lays on the floor just a foot or two away.

The fireplace poker that leans against the wall, slides over and hits the floor with a loud thud.

Sara stretches out, grabs the poker and places it back against the fireplace.

She goes back to her stereo instructions.

34 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 34

Sara pulls out her new microwave oven from its box and Styrofoam peanuts spill out from it onto the floor.

She places it onto the counter and plugs it in.

A big fat 0 pops up in the display. She opens the door. The light comes on. She closes the door and steps back to admire her new appliance.

She looks over at the Chinese takeout menu sitting on the counter.

35 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 35

The stereo system components still lay off to the side.

Sara sits on the couch and eats her Chinese food from out of it's Styrofoam container. A couple of chews in and her face scrunches up. She swallows it down but with some difficulty.

She picks up the plastic bag that the food came in and looks at the name of the restaurant on the side of it.

She picks up a bottle of wine that sits nearby and gives it a shake; it's nearly empty. She pours what's left into her waiting glass, tilts it back and downs the wine in one gulp.

36 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 36

Sara tosses the empty bottle into a waiting garbage bin. She looks out through the window at the surrounding trees on the edge of her backyard.

37 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT 37

Sara bends down and picks up a leaf, turns it around to examine it. She smiles and picks up another leaf, just as colorful as the first one.

She picks up a third leaf, stands up and sees a small figure, a YOUNG BOY, 8-10 years old, dressed in an old fashioned black suit and hiding behind a tree. His back is to her, however, so she can't see his face.

She gets behind a tree. It takes her several seconds but she finally realizes that the boy is doing exactly what she's doing: he's spying on someone else.

Sara turns sees a MAN DRESSED IN A BLACK SUIT, BLACK COAT AND TOP HAT hiding in a cluster of trees. Like the boy he has his back to Sara and like the boy he, too, watches someone else.

The someone in his case is a WOMAN IN A FULL LENGTH DRESS moving through the trees.

The man makes his way toward the woman but careful to use the trees as cover so as not to give away his presence to her.

Sara ducks behind a tree.

She looks back and the man is no more than a few feet away from his quarry...

(CONTINUED)

Sara opens her mouth...she is pained, wants to say something...anything...but nothing comes out. Shaking now, she ducks back behind the tree.

She looks over at the boy and sees him running into the trees away from her.

Sara looks over in the direction of the man and woman but they are gone. She looks back at the boy but he, too, is nowhere to be seen.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

38 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 38

The sound of something slamming hard against something else is heard OS.

Sara sits up and looks out into the hallway through the crack in her door.

39 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 39

Sara turns on the lights and looks around the empty room.

40 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 40

Sara flips the light switch on. Everything is exactly where she left it.

She looks over in the direction of the basement door.

CUT TO:

Sara stares at the open padlock. She starts to remove it but then locks it instead.

Something metallic hits the floor in the living room and Sara snaps her head in its direction.

41 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 41

Sara flips the lights on, looks into the room and sees that the poker is now sticking out from beneath the couch.

Sara picks up the poker, starts to place it back against the wall but then stops. She takes a last look around the empty room and then exits it.

42 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 42

The brand new, white shower curtain hides the tub from view. Sara stands in the doorway, the poker tight in her hand. She takes a step towards the tub...

A loud bang comes from the attic.

43 INT. HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 43

Sara pulls down the ladder that leads to the attic and stares up into its darkness.

44 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 44

Sara drops a battery and it rolls underneath the bed. She gets on her belly and reaches for it. She comes out with the battery in her hand and a grimace on her face. She massages her shoulder with her free hand.

45 INT. HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT 45

Sarah climbs into the attic and stares into the shadows.

A rustling noise comes from her left. She looks in its direction and sees the cloth covered chair.

A squirrel bounds out from beneath the cloth and runs straight for Sara. She lets out a scream, stumbles back and falls down onto her butt, dropping the poker that she was still holding.

Sara gets up and brushes at the dust and dirt that cover her.

Sara looks around but the squirrel is gone. She looks back over at the chair and sees the corner of a METAL BOX peeking out from beneath the cover.

Sara takes the metal box out from under the cloth, pulls it into the moonlight. It looks almost identical to the box she found in her apartment but this one has its own key which sticks out from its lock.

The window slams against the outside of the house and Sara lets out another scream. Crashing again and again, Sara quickly gets to her feet and rushes over to it.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON WINDOW

Sara leans out and grabs a hold of the window's handle but then stops.

(CONTINUED)

Past her backyard, a set of lights bounce around in the trees. Sara leans forward and tries to get a better look.

Without warning, a sudden gust of wind grabs a hold of her, drags Sara forward towards the open air. Sara yanks herself back and finally getting a hold of it, slams the window shut.

Sara turns her attention back to the lights which are now smaller and less bright.

46 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT 46

Sara looks away from the tiny cluster of lights and over at the axe that leans against the tree stump just a few feet away. She turns back to the lights which are disappearing into the darkness and adjusts her grip on the poker.

47 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 47

Sara sits at the table and stares at the metal box that sits in front of her. She reaches out, turns the key and the lid pops open.

Sara reaches in and pulls out a stack of photos.

The pictures are old, around the turn of the century from the look of the clothing that the man and woman wear in the first photo. The man, dressed smartly, hair combed back, stares into the camera with a stoic and stone-like gaze.

The woman is done up in a Victorian dress, her hair pinned up and away from her face. She lays her hands across each other, stiff and straight.

Like the man, she faces the camera but her eyes are not open and she is not standing on her two feet. She is propped up inside of a wooden box...

MONTAGE:

The woman in the photograph who stands next to the man is dead and the box is her coffin.

Sara pulls out another photo, each with with a similar set-up with only the people changing.

A dead baby sits in her mother's lap...

An entire family stands on both sides of a coffin with the deceased patriarch propped up in the middle of them...

(CONTINUED)

A man lies in a coffin that is in such a way so that he faces more away from the camera and more towards his wife and child who stand at his side...

END MONTAGE

In the one photo, an unknown person sits in a large ornate chair much like the one she found in the attic. The gender of this person is unknown because - save for their hands - the remainder of their body hides beneath a large black cloth. A young girl sits on the mysterious person's lap, her face calm and happy.

Sara sifts through the other photos which turn out to be more of the same: child after child sit patiently on the lap of an adult who hides beneath a black cloth.

And then Sara comes to the last one photo.

Like the others, a boy sits on the lap of a mysteriously covered stranger. But in this photograph, the boy is older than the other children and his face is motion blurred.

She puts the photos down and walks over to the window. She looks out but there is nothing to see but darkness. She looks back at the photos and then over at the phone that hangs on the wall next to the coat hooks.

She walks over to the phone, picks up the receiver and starts dialing. She looks out the window, waits for someone to pick up on the other side of the line.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

48 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 48

The bed has been made up, layered with pillows and blankets. The boxes with BEDROOM labeled on the sides are on the floor.

Tiny Victories' song "You're Gone" plays in the background.

SOUND CROSSOVER TO:

49 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 49

A small set of toiletries line the sink. The sun shines in and the room looks wide open and warm.

50 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 50

The couch faces the fireplace. The TV sits on a stand on the other side of the room. The music that plays in the background comes the stereo system that sits in the corner.

51 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 51

Like the other rooms, the space is tidy, everything - plates, microwave oven, etc. - is now in their proper place.

Sara stands at the window with a glass of wine in her hands and stares at the trees in her backyard. She looks over at the bags of groceries that sit on the counter. She finishes her wine with one gulp.

MONTAGE:

Sara is at the counter, unloading the groceries, one item after another going onto a shelf, into a cupboard inside the refrigerator.

END MONTAGE

She picks up a bag of flour, turns back to the cupboards...

A YOUNG AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN, 20s, stands at the backdoor staring at her.

The flour slips from Sara's fingers and hits the floor where it bursts open and empties its contents around her feet.

She locks eyes with the man and he smiles at her. Sara looks over at the knife rack sitting on the counter.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DOOR

Sara speaks to the man through the door's glass window.

JACOB
(smiling)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to
startle you.

SARA
Yes?

JACOB
I'm here to check up on the
house. I'm Jacob.

She slides the chain across the lock. Jacob stops smiling.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB
I'm sorry.

He takes a step back away from the door.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I'll come back.

He turns and starts across the backyard and towards the woods. He gets about halfway...

SARA
I didn't know that you were coming today. I thought that you were coming yesterday.

Jacob walks back over to Sara and stops a few feet away from her.

JACOB
Where should I start?

Sara takes in Jacob's dark eyes, his smile...

END SOUND CROSSOVER

52

INT. HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

52

Sara stares at the chair with the black cover for a few seconds and then hurries over to Jacob who is busy fixing the window.

JACOB
I heard you had some visitors.

SARA
Visitor. It was just one squirrel.

JACOB
The lights in the trees.

SARA
Oh, that! How do you know about that?

JACOB
You called the police. Now everyone knows.

SARA
Oh I see now. So this is life in a small town.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

Did you get a look at them?

SARA

I didn't get a look at all. All I saw were lights. It was probably just a bunch of kids.

JACOB

Kids don't come around here.

SARA

Why's that?

JACOB

Too scary. The house is haunted or haven't you heard?

SARA

Since when?

JACOB

Since always. At least that's what they say. Since I was a boy.

SARA

You were born here? You live here?

JACOB

Yes and yes. Like I said: kids don't come around.

SARA

That's not true.

JACOB

What's that?

SARA

Kids not coming around. I saw a boy, out back, just a couple of days ago.

Jacob digs into his toolbox and takes his time doing it.

JACOB

In the yard?

SARA

In the woods.

Jacob continues digging through his tools. He finds what he wants in the box and then goes back to the window.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB
What were you doing in the woods?

SARA
I was going for a walk.

JACOB
Did you get a look at him?

SARA
No. I mean, yes and no. He was wearing a suit.

JACOB
A suit?

SARA
He looked like he just got out of Sunday school.

JACOB
Did you get a look at his face?

SARA
No.

JACOB
Have you seen anyone else?

Jacob turns to face Sara. She gives him an embarrassed smile. He smiles back.

JACOB (CONT'D)
It probably was just teenagers. Like you said. The window looks good now. No more furry visitors in the middle of the night.

SARA
Okay.

JACOB
Anything else I need to look at?

Sara looks OS.

53 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

53

Sara stands at the stove and stares at the tea kettle on top of it.

SARA
Come on...boil already...European
forged iron my ass...

She turns around and finds Jacob staring at her.

JACOB
You were having problems with the
water heater and fuse box?

SARA
A little. I was making coffee.

JACOB
I saw that you're running low on
wood. Do you know how to swing an
axe?

SARA
No.

Jacob walks over to the door and opens it. He smiles at Sara.

JACOB
Then I'll show you.

54 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

54

Sara brings the axe down and hard...

She misses the piece of wood entirely, the momentum of her swing pulls her forward. The axe head buries itself in the stump and she loses her grip, slips and falls flat on her face.

Sara turns around to find Jacob holding his hand out to her. She takes it and he pulls her up to her feet with ease.

He takes the axe from her. He places another piece of wood on the stump, takes a step back and then brings the axe down in one smooth motion, splitting the wood in two clean halves.

He hands the axe back to Sara.

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

You're not trying to kill it.

Sara puts a piece of wood on the stump. She brings the axe back and around right down on the wood. It's not clean like Jacob's but the wood splits and splinter into two pieces.

SARA

I'm not trying to kill it.

JACOB

I'll be back to check on you. If that's alright.

SARA

Yeah, sure, of course.

They stay that way for several long seconds, staring and smiling at one another.

SARA (CONT'D)

Okay.

Sara turns to head back to the house. She stops at the door, turns around and opens her mouth to say something to Jacob.

But Jacob is already at the edge of the property walking into the trees.

Rod Stewart's "I'm Not Missing You At All" plays softly OS.

SOUND CROSSOVER TO:

55 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 55

The music comes from the record player.

56 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 56

Sara sits at the table and finishes up the last of her Chinese food. There is a half empty bottle of wine near her glass.

She stares at the photograph of the unknown boy and scratches at the face covered beneath the black cloth with her finger. She looks past the photo and over at the flour on the floor.

She gets up and goes over to the far side of the room, over to the broom and dustpan that leans against the wall. She grabs them and heads for the mess on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

She gets halfway across the room when lights go out around her.

SARA

I guess I'll be seeing you again,
Jacob.

She leans the broom and dustpan back against the wall, starts towards the basement...

She looks over at the window and sees that the lights in the woods have returned.

57 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT 57

Sara stares at the lights, watches them move further into the shadows and darkness of the woods.

She turns away, walks over to the axe and snatches it up.

58 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 58

Sara tightens her grip on the axe and walks towards the lights that are straight ahead of her.

The lights stop dead in their tracks and Sara ducks behind a tree. She peeks out and the lights are no more than twenty feet away from her.

Sara takes a couple of quick breaths...

SARA

You think you're big time! I'll
show you big time!

Axe raised above her head, Sara runs towards the lights and screams at the top of her lungs the entire time.

Sara trips, tumbles down into a gully and onto her face.

The axe is not in her hands. Sara gets to a sitting position quickly and feels around, grabbing for something...anything...

Sara screams out in pain and pulls her hand back. She reaches out with her other hand...grabs the ground, the grass...

She finds a flashlight. She fumbles with it, hits the ON button and she flashes the light on THREE TEENS - TWO BOYS and a GIRL - huddled together in fear.

(CONTINUED)

TEENAGE BOY

We don't think we're big time. I swear we don't.

Sara lets out the breath that she's been holding and sinks back into the leaves. She flashes the light onto her hand and sees that she has a cut across her palm.

She shines the light around and finds the axe, it's blade now stained with her blood.

59 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT 59

The police car pulls away and is followed by several other vehicles. The last car contains one of the teens, the girl, who sits in the back seat. She turns around and she and Sara make eye contact.

Sara takes a look at her bandaged hand and then heads for the front door.

60 INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT 60

Sara enters the dark house.

SARA

Shit.

She flips the useless light switch on and off several times.

61 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 61

Sara is on the phone.

SARA

Hey, Marge. It's Sara. I'm having some problems with the fuse box. When you get this message, if you could call me back, that would be great. Or just send Jacob. That would be good too. Okay. I'll be here. Just sitting in the dark. Waiting. Thanks.

Sara hangs up the phone and stares at the open basement door.

62 INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

62

Sara shines the flashlight into the open fuse box. She reaches for the switch that's now in its OFF position and with the flick of her finger, switches it back to its ON position.

Sara looks up the stairway. The lights flicker around her and then turn on.

63 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

63

Sara comes up from the basement, the flashlight still in her hand, and heads for the counter but then stops and looks back at the open basement door.

SARA

Lights.

ANGLE ON BASEMENT DOORWAY

Sara walks down the steps, turns off the basement light and heads back up the stairs.

She enters the kitchen and sees a WOMAN (her back is to Sara) down on the floor in front of her.

The woman is dressed in an old Victorian style dress, long and layered. She bends over the spilled flour and attempts to sweep it up with her hands.

The woman looks over in Sara's direction and Sara opens her mouth but nothing comes out.

The woman Sara looks at appears to be Sara's twin.

But there's something wrong with her doppelganger. Her features are too angular, her skin is sallow, almost grey.

A YOUNG BOY carrying a broom and dustpan comes up from behind Sara. This time Sara lets out a gasp.

The young boy goes straight to the woman and she takes the broom from him with a warm but nervous smile. The boy holds the dustpan and the mother quickly pushes the flour into it with quick short movements of the broom.

Shaking now, Sara slowly backs up towards the doorway that leads to the hallway. She turns...

Sara drops the flashlight.

Standing in front of her is LINCOLN.

(CONTINUED)

But it's not Lincoln. Like Sara's twin, there's something off with this version of her dead husband: he looks, like Sara's twin, a monochromatic copy of the original. He, too, is dressed in old-fashioned clothing.

(Note: Upon their introduction, all three members of the family start off physically looking "ghost-like": pale and sallow skin, their facial features hidden in the dark, deep shadows of their face. As the story progresses, they each become more "alive" and natural looking. By the time we reach the end of the film and their storylines are completed, they will be vibrant in color and wholly real in appearance.)

Lincoln's twin, holding a bottle of liquor in his hand, staggers towards Sara. Sara backs up but it is not her that he is aiming for but his wife/Sara's twin and the boy.

Sara gets out of his way. Lincoln's twin walks over to the Sara's twin, grabs her by the waist and pulls her to him.

Sara backs up until she hits the wall. She closes her eyes, her breathing fast and erratic.

Sara opens her eyes to find Lincoln's twin dancing with her own twin and whispering into the woman's ear the words from Bruce Springsteen's "Because The Night"...

LINCOLN'S TWIN

"Because the night belongs to
lovers...because the night belongs
to us..."

He spins Sara's twin away from him with enough force that she almost falls.

Lincoln's twin grabs the boy, holds him close and gives his son's hair a vigorous rubbing. The boy stiffens and hunches his shoulders up around his ears.

Lincoln's twin winces in pain and he pushes the boy away from him. He reaches into his mouth, his fingers searching for something...

He starts to cough and Sara's twin quickly runs over to the counter on which a pitcher of water waits. She pours a glass and hurries over to her husband, spilling water on the way.

But when she reaches him, Lincoln's twin repays his wife's thoughtfulness by slapping the glass out of her hand and onto the floor where it shatters into a thousand shards of glass.

(CONTINUED)

Lincoln's twin reaches into his mouth and pulls...

He lets out a loud victorious scream and with a blood filled smile holds a broken tooth up to the light like some trophy that he wants the world to see.

Sara turns and runs out of the room.

64 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT 64

Sara bounds down the stairs, takes the step so fast that she almost falls at one point. She gets to her car and yanks at the locked door.

She looks back over at the house and hugs herself in an effort to fight the cold.

65 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 65

The woman and the boy are nowhere to be seen.

Sara walks over to the basement and slams the door shut. She hurries over to one of the drawers, rifles through it and finds the skeleton key.

CUT TO:

Sara turns the key and the door locks.

She yanks the key out of the lock and takes several steps backwards, her eyes always on the door. Her foot slips on something and she looks down to see that she now stands in the flour; the broom and dustpan are just a few feet away.

Sara looks back at the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

66 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY 66

Sara holds the axe in both hands and stares at the small log that sits on top of the stump. She brings the axe around and in one smooth motion splits the wood in two.

She yanks the axe free from the stump, turns around to grab another piece of wood and finds Jacob standing off to the side.

JACOB
I heard you had some more trouble
with the house.

(CONTINUED)

Sara slams the axe down onto the waiting stump.

SARA
I made coffee.

67 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

67

Sara sits at the table. Two cups of coffee sit in front of her. She straightens up at the sound of Jacob coming up from the basement.

He walks over to Sara but doesn't take a seat at the table.

SARA
You were right about the
lights. Turned out to be kids.

JACOB
What did they want?

SARA
Like you said. A look at the scary
house and the crazy woman living in
it.

JACOB
Why did you go after them?

SARA
What do you mean?

JACOB
You didn't know who was out there
but you decided to go out anyway.

SARA
Stupid I know.

JACOB
Dangerous.

SARA
I suddenly became courageous.

Jacob looks over at the box of recyclables and the empty bottle of wine.

JACOB
You could have gotten really hurt.

Sara looks at her bandaged hand.

(CONTINUED)

SARA

Do you want some more coffee?

JACOB

Thank you but I can't stay.

Sara turns off the stove, walks over to the table and pushes the metal box that contains the photographs in Jacob's direction.

SARA

Please.

CUT TO:

Jacob and Sara sit at the table, the cups of coffee pushed to the side and the photos spread out in front of them. Jacob pulls one out from the stack and takes a long look at it.

JACOB

It was expensive to take a photograph back then. Sometimes a family only had one. Sometimes that one included a recently departed family member. It might seem strange to us now but it was commonplace back then.

He hands the photos back to her.

JACOB

They were called memorial photos.

Sara pulls out the photos with the seated children and pushes them over to Jacob.

SARA

And what do you call these?

Jacob takes the photos.

JACOB

A lot of children don't like to have their photo taken. But they would if their mothers sat with them. So the solution back then was to have the mother sit in a chair and cover her up with a black cloth, hiding her in the background. The mother sits still...the child sits still on the her lap...the flash goes off...It might seem strange...

(CONTINUED)

SARA

But it was commonplace at the time. Like memorial photos.

JACOB

Like memorial photos.

Sara pulls out the last photo of the boy with the blurred face and slides it over to Jacob.

SARA

I can't see his face but the boy seems too old in this one, doesn't he?

Jacob takes a few seconds to look at the photo and then slides it back over to Sara.

JACOB

How old is too old to be scared?

SARA

Right.

JACOB

You found these in the house?

SARA

In the attic.

JACOB

Anything else?

SARA

Any more photos?

JACOB

Anything that I can help you with.

Sara gives him a small, nervous laugh. Jacob gets up and heads for the door. He takes his coat off of the hook hanging on the wall, puts it on and walks out the door.

68

EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

68

Jacob walks towards the trees.

SARA

Thank you.

Jacob stops and turns around. Sara stands on the back steps.

(CONTINUED)

SARA (CONT'D)

For your help.

JACOB

In spite of what's happened here,
it's a good house. It's nice to
know I'm not the only one who
cares.

He turns, heads for the woods and Sara watches Jacob enter
the trees.

Sara looks at the axe that sticks out of the stump, goes
over to it and yanks it free. She picks up a log and places
it on top of the stump.

There is no consideration or hesitation: Sara brings the axe
down and splits the log into two new pieces.

69 INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 69

Sara, covered in sweat and wood chippings, places the last
piece of wood on top of a small pile against the wall.

She looks over at the window, sees the fading sun and the
shadows that it's leaving behind in the room.

70 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 70

Sara enters the kitchen from the basement. She strips off
her shirt and throws it to the side

71 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 71

Sara wipes away the condensation on the mirror with one
hand. She leans in and takes a closer look at her
reflection.

72 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 72

Sara steps away from the bureau mirror to try for a better
look at her herself.

The sound of a microwave beeping is heard OS. Bear Hands'
"Vile Iowa" starts to play OS.

SOUND CROSSOVER TO:

73 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 73

Sara opens the microwave door which silences its beeping. She pulls out a plate of leftover Chinese and places it on the counter right next to a glass of wine. She picks up the glass, brings it to her lips...

74 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 74

Sara takes several gulps from her wine before she puts it down on the table next to her half eaten plate of food.

CUT TO:

Sara shuffles through her albums. She stops on Mos Def's BLACK ON BOTH SIDES and slips it out of its sleeve.

Sara replaces Bear Hands album with the Mos Def record and then walks over to the fireplace. "Climb", the twelfth track from the album, comes on and Sara smiles. She grabs a log and throws it onto the fire.

She picks up her waiting glass of wine and plunks herself down on the couch. She lays down and watches the fire. Her, eyes full of sleep, open and close.

Open and close.

Open.

They close.

CUT TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

Sara awakens with a start. The fire is dead and the room is dark. The record player continues to spin but it's at the end of the album.

75 INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT 75

Sara looks out at the empty front yard. She checks and double checks the door locks.

76 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 76

Sara brushes her teeth in front of the mirror. She bends down and rinses her mouth out several times with water.

After the last rinse, she turns off the tap, stands up and sees that the young boy from the woods peeks his head out from inside of the bathtub.

(CONTINUED)

He climbs out of the tub and Sara, wide eyed and scared, turns around to face him.

The boy approaches Sara and she back pedals towards the door, one slow step after another. The boy raises his arms, his hands curled above his head like claws...

The boy screams and Sara turns around...

...and finds herself face to face with her twin. But her twin wears an macabre mask, the head of a pig.

The boy screams again but does so with a playful smile on his face.

Sara screams and she is not smiling when she does it.

The boy clamps his mouth shut. The boy lowers his arms and with one look into his eyes, becomes just another frightened child.

Sara turns around and finds that her twin has removed her own mask, a look of confusion, concern and fear in her eyes.

Sara's twin opens her mouth to say something to her son...

The sound of the back door opening draws everyone's attention.

Sara's twin hurries out of the room. Sara looks back at the boy and seeing the fear in his eyes, turns and hurries after the mother.

77

INT. HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

77

Sara comes out of the bath room and sees her twin standing at the top of the stairs looking down in the direction of the kitchen. The boy runs out of the bathroom, past Sara and down the hallway opposite the stairs.

Sara starts towards the boy but stops and looks back to find her twin disappearing down the stairs. Sara looks back over at the boy but he has already disappeared into the darkness.

Sara rushes after her twin and just gets a glimpse of the woman at the bottom of the stairs turning towards the kitchen.

78 INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 78

Sara gets to the bottom of the stairs, waits until her twin disappears into the kitchen and then runs into the living room.

79 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 79

Sara grabs the poker, gives it a couple of practice swings and then heads for the doorway.

80 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 80

Sara strides in, poker raised and ready for a fight...

The room is empty. She sees that the basement door is cracked open...

CUT TO:

Sara slams the basement door shut, turns the skeleton key and locks it. She steps back...

81 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 81

Sara climbs into bed and tightens the sheets around her. Little by little her breathing slows down. She lays the poker gently down on the floor and lets out one more breath...

She turns and finds herself face to face with Lincoln's twin who stares at her with black eyes, dead as a doll. He opens his mouth and Sara screams.

82 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 82

Sara falls out of bed and onto the wooden floor. Sara stands up and looks around the sunlit room; she is alone.

83 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 83

Sara, dressed and ready for the day, stands in the doorway and looks around the empty room.

84 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 84

Sara looks around: another empty room.

85 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 85

Sara looks around the room. Seeing the flour on the floor, she grabs the broom and dustpan and heads straight for it.

CUT TO:

Sara dumps the flour into the garbage, gives the dustpan a good shake and then looks over at the bottle of Windex and paper towels that sit on the counter.

MONTAGE:

Sara cleans the entire kitchen, from top to bottom. She has an intense look of concentration in her eyes.

END MONTAGE

Sara, satisfied, looks off into the direction of the hallway.

86 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 86

Sara adjusts the headphones on her ears and then presses down on the PLAY button of her Walkman.

A few seconds pass and then track five - "When Love Breaks" (from Prefab Sprouts' album STEVE MCQUEEN/TWO WHEELS GOOD) fills the air. Sara steps back, smiles and grabs the bottle of Windex sitting on the coffee table.

SOUND CROSSOVER TO:

MONTAGE:

Sara cleans the entire house, focused on the job at hand. She goes through room after room until everything sparkles.

END MONTAGE

87 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 87

Sara gives the bureau one last swipe and then steps back to admire her work. She makes a face at her disheveled, sweaty reflection in the mirror. Again she tries to see her entire figure, stands on the tips of her toes, but it's no good.

She looks OS.

88 INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 88

Sara looks up at the attic stairs.

END SOUNDCROSSOVER.

89 INT. HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT 89

Sara stares at her reflection in the mirror. In spite of the fact that she's been cleaning four the past several hours, she still looks quite put together. She tugs and pulls at her shirt, combs her fingers through her hair.

She gives a nervous glance at the chair in the mirror and then leans into the glass to inspect her face.

She sees the the silhouette of the BEARDED MAN from the woods standing in the background. Terror flashes across her face and she ducks down behind a table.

She peeks out and sees that the man stands over the body of her twin who lies on her back on the floor.

As the man gets down on one knee, her twin spreads her legs and pulls her dress up at the same time. She freezes, however, when he places his hand around her neck.

The man moves his hand gently to the side of Sara's twin's face and she kisses his fingers. She takes his hand and pushes it down, past her breasts, down the length of her body until it ends between her legs.

He moves his hand and her body arches up. The woman pulls the man down to her and they kiss. It is long and deep. Their hands reach out, searching for the other in the darkness.

Sara holds her breath and her grip tightens on the table leg. The dustpan slips from Sara's fingers and hits the floor, the metal clattering against the wood.

The man and woman shoot a look over in her direction. They stand up and head for the stairs.

Sara crouches down further behind the chair as they pass. They make it to the stairs and the man, with his back to Sara, heads down first. He is quickly followed by Sara's twin.

Several long seconds pass before Sara stands up. The sound of the front door opening is heard OS and Sara runs over to the front window. She looks out to see her twin approach Lincoln's twin. But he ignores his wife and continues towards the front door.

(CONTINUED)

Sara hears the back door close and she runs over to the back window. She looks out to see her twin's lover hurrying out of the house, into the back yard and heading for the trees.

Sara turns and heads for the attic door.

90 INT. HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 90

Sara starts down the ladder, slowly, looking for any sign of her visitors. She hears footsteps downstairs and she stops to listen.

91 INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT 91

Sara looks out into the front yard but again, no one. She locks the door.

92 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 92

Sara takes a look at the trees and then locks the door. She grabs a bottle of wine from the table and heads for the doorway.

93 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 93

Sara pulls out The Afghan Whigs BLACK LOVE from its sleeve and puts it on the record player. As soon as track number five - "Step Into The Light" - starts up, Sara walks over to the fireplace where she picks up a log and throws it into the fire.

She takes a seat on the couch and looks over at the bottle of wine. She reaches for it but then stops and instead lies down on the couch. She turns away from the fire, closes her eyes and lets the music drift over her.

Her hands start to explore her body and her breathing quickens. They move down her belly...then further...she takes in a breath...holds it...

The sound of knocking brings her back to the present and she sits up.

She runs over to the record player, turns it off and hurries towards the foyer.

94 INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT 94

Sara opens the door and finds Marge standing on the porch with her back to her.

SARA

Marge?

MARGE

I just noticed that I left one of my flags on the lawn. It's strange to see your own face smiling back at you.

Marge turns around and the smile she had a second earlier disappears when she sees Sara.

MARGE (CONT'D)

I was just heading back to the office...did I catch you at a bad time?

Sara looks down at herself and realizes that she's still covered in dirt, her face still sweaty from work.

SARA

I was busy cleaning. I must look a mess. What're you doing here?

MARGE

You left a message.

SARA

The fuse box? Jacob already took care of it.

MARGE

He did? He didn't say anything.

SARA

He came by yesterday. He said it looked good.

MARGE

Well, since I'm here I might as well take a look at it. He can be a little unreliable.

SARA

Really? He doesn't seem that way to me.

MARGE

Still, If it's alright, I'd feel better.

Sara steps aside and Marge enters.

95 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

95

Marge stands in the doorway and takes a long, silent look around the room. Sara sees the look on Marge's face and realizes that it's one of shock.

SARA

It doesn't always look this way. I'm still getting things in order.

Marge walks out of the room and deliberately avoids Sara's nervous gaze while on the way out.

96 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

96

Marge walks in and comes to a stop. She looks every which way around the room, every where but at Sara. She continues towards the basement.

But when she reaches the basement door and turns the knob, she finds that it's locked.

SARA

Sorry about that.

Sara runs over to the drawer, shoves utensils around, searches for the basement key.

Marge takes a long look around the room and then sneaks a nervous glance over at Sara.

Sara returns, slips the key into the lock and turns it.

But the door doesn't open. Sara jiggles the key around but it won't turn.

SARA (CONT'D)

I've been locking it.

MARGE

Why?

The lock finally catches and the door opens.

ANGLE ON DOOR

Sara heads down first and disappears into the darkness. The basement lights come on and Sara looks up at Marge.

SARA

Hello?

Marge gives Sara nervous smile and then heads down the basement stairs.

97 INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 97

Sara stares into the open fuse box and its switches stare back at her.

SARA
Jacob said it looked good.

She turns around to face Marge but finds Marge looking over in the direction of the wood piled against the wall.

MARGE
Have you been having trouble with the heater?

SARA
What? No, no, the heat's fine. It's a lot of wood, I know. I just thought I would get some practice with the axe. Just in case I need a fire like you said. I think I'm getting good at, too. Well, that's what Jacob said.

Marge gives Sara a weak smile and then hurries past her to the stairs. Sara looks back over at the small pile wood that captured Marge's attention.

98 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT 98

Marge is halfway to her car when Sara calls out to her.

SARA
Marge.

Marge stops and looks back at Sara.

SARA (CONT'D)
Did I do something? Are you alright?

MARGE
Yes. I mean no. I'm fine. I have to get back to the office. I'm catching up on things.

SARA
Right.

(CONTINUED)

MARGE

I have to go.

Marge turns back around and practically runs to her car. She steps on something which causes her to slip and almost fall. She looks and sees that she is stepping on one of her FOR SALE flags.

She bends down to pick it up...

Marge stands up, runs over to the driver's side of her car and gets in.

99 INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT 99

Sara watches Marge pull away and drive off down the road. She locks the door and the lights go out all around her at exactly the same time.

100 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 100

Sara stands at the top of the stairs that lead down into the basement. She flips the switch on the wall but the basement remains engulfed in black. She brings up the flashlight and with a flip of the switch it comes to life.

She shines the flashlight into the basement's darkness and sees shadows, harsh and angular, fall in every direction. She takes a deep breath and with the flashlight leading the way, disappears down the stairs.

101 INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 101

Sara opens the fuse box door, scans the switches and her eyes light up.

SARA

There you go, sucker.

Her flashlight suddenly goes out and she is plunged into complete darkness.

SARA (CONT'D)

No.

Frantic, she reaches out for the fuse box, finds the side of it with one hand and with the other she feels her way among the switches.

She finds a switch, flips it and a large spark of electricity shoots out, hits her hard in the chest and sends her down to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

She lays on the concrete, her eyes closed. After several long seconds, Sara bolts upright, gasping and coughing for breath. She opens her eyes and sees...

Someone's shadow flickers on the wall.

Sara turns around and finds Lincoln's twin standing in the center of the room with a bottle of liquor in his hands.

Sara slowly gets to her feet and starts for the stairs, her eyes always on Lincoln's twin.

Lincoln's twin move towards the stairs is so sudden that he is almost upon Sara before she can even blink. She stumbles out of his way at the last second and he disappears up the stairs.

Sara waits a few seconds and then follows.

102 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 102

Sara walks in but it is empty. She exits the room.

103 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 103

Another empty room. Sara looks in the direction of the stairs that lead to the second floor.

104 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 104

Lincoln's twin stands a few feet inside of the room, his back to Sara. He faces his son who lies in bed and fast asleep.

Lincoln's twin starts to unbuckle his pants, his eyes always on the boy. Sara stands at the doorway, the horror on her face growing when she realizes what is about to happen.

She moves towards Lincoln's twin and he turns to look at her. She freezes. He moves towards her and she walks backwards back out into the hallway.

105 INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 105

Sara has her back up against the railing. Lincoln's twin stands in front of her. Sara tries to look at him but she fails and looks away.

Lincoln's twin looks left...looks right...

Satisfied that he is alone, he turns and heads back into the bedroom.

Sara walks over to the table that sits off to the side, picks up the vase that sits on top of it and throws it onto the floor where it shatters.

Lincoln's twin jumps and looks around.

This time when he turns to face her, Sara doesn't look away. She leans forwards, looks him straight in his eyes and sees something new inside of him...

Fear.

He hurries past Sara and buttons his pants on his way down the stairs.

Sara waits until the sound of his footsteps have disappeared completely before she turns her attention back to her bedroom.

She looks into the room and finds the boy still fast asleep in his bed.

Sara around and finds her twin - her left eye is black and blue and swollen - staring at her. She turns back towards the bedroom and sees the boy standing in front of her. She turns, slips and falls backwards.

106 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 106

Sara bolts upright in bed. She looks around her empty bedroom that is now flooded with daylight.

107 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 107

Sara dries her face on a towel and then stops to look at herself.

108 INT. HOUSE - FOYER - DAY 108

Sara stops halfway down the stairs and stares at the set of dirty boot prints that start at the front door and head down the hallway towards the the kitchen.

Sara looks over in the direction of the living room.

109 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 109

Sara crosses the room and heads straight for the fireplace where she snatches up the poker. She turns...

110 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS 110

Sara walks in and stops when she sees that the boot prints head down into the basement. She adjusts her grip on the poker and starts towards the basement door.

She takes no more than a few steps, however, before she hears footsteps coming up the stairs.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

Sara runs back into the hallway when an OLD MAN emerges from the basement. Sara seems poised to say something but shrinks back further into the hallway when she sees that he is holding the axe.

He stares at the weapon, turns it over in his hands and then looks back over at the basement...

He turns, walks out the back door and into the backyard.

Sara waits and then waits some more. She rushes over to the doorway and through the window sees the old man walking into the woods.

111 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY 111

Sara walks out of the house and sees the old man moving among the trees. She looks over at the axe that now leans against the tree stump and then back over at the man who is disappearing from view.

112 EXT. FOREST - DAY 112

Sara moves from tree to tree and watches the old man the entire time. The old man, however, moves too fast to notice that Sara is following him.

But then, as if on cue, he stops in his tracks and looks over in Sara's direction.

Sara shrinks behind the tree in front of her. She looks back in the direction of the house. It's still there but so much more tiny now.

She peeks her head back out to look at the old man and finds him looking right at her.

The old man turns and runs.

It takes her a few seconds to process what's happening but then Sara starts chasing after him.

(CONTINUED)

The old man moves through the trees like he has a map. Sara tries to keep up but with every stride it almost seems as if she's falling behind.

SARA

Hey! I just want to talk!

Sara's foot comes down on something wet and slick. Her one leg goes out from under her and then the second leg follows right after. She lets out a yelp and hits the ground with a grunt.

She looks over in the direction of the old man. He stops but the moment is brief before he starts up again. Sara gets to her feet just in time watch the man's figure disappear into the trees.

Sara looks down at the mess she's made of herself. Disgusted, she brushes at the wet leaves, dirt and whatever else clings to her clothes.

She turns and looks down at a bright orange flag that lays crushed at her feet. She looks around: there are quite a few flags and they appear to be in a grid of some sort.

JACOB (OS)

They're markers.

Sara turns around and sees a figure approaching her. But she can't make him out at first...he appears blurred...

Sara takes a step back.

SARA

For what?

A smiling Jacob steps into frame and comes into focus.

JACOB

To help me get home. What are you doing out here?

She looks over at where she last saw the old man but he is gone. She looks back at Jacob.

SARA

Nothing. Walking.

Jacob takes off his coat and holds it out for Sara.

JACOB

It's cold.

(CONTINUED)

SARA

I'm fine.

Sara shivers.

SARA (CONT'D)

I'm lying.

She steps into the coat and Jacob wraps her up in it.

SARA (CONT'D)

I got turned around.

JACOB

It happens. It's getting dark. Let's get you back home.

They walk side by side while they talk.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Out for another walk. It's a good day for it.

SARA

It's beautiful.

JACOB

If you think so now, wait until later. You'll see something then. It probably sounds crazy but I can't imagine any other place in the world with a better view. Then again, I'm biased: I grew up here.

SARA

You've lived here your entire life?

JACOB

Good or bad, I have.

SARA

And you've never wanted to leave?

JACOB

For what?

SARA

For anything.

JACOB

Once. Years ago.

(CONTINUED)

SARA
But you didn't.

JACOB
I did not.

SARA
Why did you want to leave?

JACOB
For a girl.

SARA
Why did you stay?

JACOB
Same girl.

SARA
Some girl.

JACOB
She was.

SARA
Am I being too nosy?

JACOB
I'm not saying anything.

SARA
Where do you live?

JACOB
Not far. Right through the woods,
opposite the house.

SARA
So that's our secret.

JACOB
What's that?

SARA
Why you're always disappearing into
the trees when you leave.

JACOB
It's true: I live nearby.

SARA
You've always taken care of the
house?

(CONTINUED)

JACOB

My father was the original caretaker. I worked part-time, helped him out with the little things that became big things and then I eventually took over.

SARA

After you're father retired.

JACOB

After he died.

SARA

I'm sorry.

JACOB

Don't be. He doesn't deserve any condolences.

SARA

Oh. Do you hate the work then?

JACOB

It depends.

SARA

On what?

JACOB

The people. Are you warm enough?

SARA

Yes. Thank you.

JACOB

What are you plans for the house?

SARA

I don't understand.

JACOB

Why are you here?

SARA

It felt right before.

JACOB

But it doesn't now?

SARA

What happened in the house?

(CONTINUED)

JACOB
What do you know?

SARA
What I've been told.

JACOB
Which is?

SARA
The wife and son disappeared and
the father left shortly thereafter.

JACOB
Then you know what happened.

SARA
What do you know about him?

JACOB
He came from money.

SARA
He was rich?

JACOB
His family was but that was almost
gone by the time he met her.

SARA
She was wealthy.

JACOB
She was. And then they married and
he was, too.

SARA
Did he take those photos I found?

JACOB
He tried to make money and
photography was one of those
ways. Gambling was
another. That's how he lost the
house.

SARA
And their son?

JACOB
He was quiet, shy. He was a good
boy.

(CONTINUED)

SARA

I'm sorry. I've upset you.

JACOB

You hear these stories and they're upsetting. I'm sensitive as my father would say. Now I've upset you.

SARA

I guess I'm just sensitive, too.

They share a smile. Pause.

JACOB

Why don't you turn the house into - what do they call them? - a Bed-And-Breakfast.

SARA

A B&B.

JACOB

A B&B.

SARA

I'm not doing a B&B.

JACOB

Why not?

SARA

I wouldn't know where to start.

JACOB

You start with a bed and you end it with breakfast.

SARA

I like breakfast. I don't know what I want right now.

JACOB

Did you know before this?

SARA

I was an illustrator of children's books.

JACOB

I've never met an actual artist before.

(CONTINUED)

SARA

You still haven't. I stopped when I got married.

JACOB

How long were you married? If you don't mind me asking.

SARA

Not long. But I knew him a long time before that. None of that matters now anyway because he's gone and I'm here. I'm exactly where I'm supposed to be. "You are where you are through the choices you've made."

JACOB

Who said that?

SARA

I have no idea. I probably got it from some magazine I read in the doctor's office. I like to read. Makes it easier to fool people that I'm smart.

JACOB

You fooled me.

SARA

Ha! You're not cantankerous at all.

JACOB

Cantankerous?

SARA

"Bad-tempered, argumentative, and uncooperative." In the movies, the caretaker is always a "cantankerous, old man." You're not that at all.

JACOB

Or old.

SARA

Or that. Do you think that the house is haunted?

JACOB
That's what they say.

SARA
What do you say?

JACOB
I say bad things happen and
sometimes things linger
behind. And no matter how hard we
try, we can't wish them away.

SARA
What if they made it out? I mean
the mother and her son.

JACOB
I know what you meant and they
didn't.

SARA
You don't know that.

JACOB
I do and you do, too. Everyone
knows what happened here. And if
they did get out, how would they
have done that?

SARA
Maybe she had help. Maybe she had
a friend. Did she have any
friends?

JACOB
She had a sister but she doesn't
count.

SARA
Why's that?

JACOB
Because she didn't care.

SARA
That doesn't mean she didn't have
someone else in her life. It just
sounds nice. Nicer than the way
that everyone thinks that it
happened. That they're safe
somewhere else instead of where
they are now.

JACOB

"You are where you are through the choices you've made." I was just thinking about the woman and her boy and how this relates.

SARA

Wait a minute.

Sara stops and Jacob does the same.

SARA (CONT'D)

Are you saying that this was her fault? That she chose this?

JACOB

I didn't say that.

SARA

Then what did you say?

JACOB

That it must be hard to live by choices that you don't choose. I was thinking that it would be even harder to see a way out when there's nothing to see. And if they did get away and there was someone who helped them then you need to add something to your saying.

SARA

What's that?

JACOB

That the choices you've made include the people you've let into your life. I want them to be safe, Sara. Just like you. Look.

Jacob points and Sara sees that they're just at the edge of the woods; they're back at the house.

JACOB (CONT'D)

You need to leave.

SARA

Why?

JACOB

This isn't a place for an artist.

(CONTINUED)

SARA

I'm not an artist. Besides I can't go now. I'm going to open a B&B, remember?

Sara starts to remove Jacob's jacket.

JACOB

Hang on to it. I'll get it the next time I see you.

Sara starts to turn towards the house but stops.

SARA

I like talking to you.

JACOB

I like talking to you, too.

Sara walks towards the house.

113 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY 113

Sara looks back but Jacob is nowhere to be seen.

Sara goes over to the axe, grabs it and walks over to the stump. With one hand she brings it down and buries its head into it.

She looks over and sees a stray piece of chopped wood. She scoops it up...

114 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 114

Sara throws the wood onto the fire. She brushes the dirt off of her hands, turns around and strips off her shirt on her way out of the room.

115 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 115

Sara tosses her jeans onto the floor and steps into the shower.

She closes her eyes and leans forward to let the water flow over her. She looks over at the open shower curtain, grabs a hold of it and pulls it...

CUT TO:

Sara wipes the condensation from off of the mirror with one quick swipe of her hand. She stares at herself, tilts her head to get a better angle of her face. She leans in close to her reflection...

116 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 116

Sara steps away from the bureau mirror and smiles at the girl smiling back at her.

She turns and reaches out for something OS.

117 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 117

Sara brings the glass of wine to her lips, takes a healthy pull from it and then sets it down next to the half full bottle of wine on the coffee table. Sara walks over to her stack of records and flips through them.

She stops on Crystal Castles' album (II), pulls it out from its sleeve and turns on the player. She places the needle on the spinning disk, picks up her glass and after a few seconds "Not In Love" fills the room.

Sara walks over to the couch, takes a seat on it and picks up the bottle of wine. But her smile disappears after she gives the empty bottle a shake.

118 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 118

Sara drops the finished bottle of wine into the empty recycle bin on her way to the counter and grabs the new bottle of wine that sits on it.

She scoops it up with one hand...

119 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 119

Sara places the half empty bottle onto the table and stops to sing along with Robert Smith.

SARA

"I'm not in love...!"

She smiles, picks up her glass of wine and brings it to her lips...

The lights die around her and the record player along with them.

120 INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 120

Standing in front of the open fusebox, Sara scans the rows of switches with the help of a flashlight in her hand. Her eyes find the problem switch and she reaches for it...

The flashlight cuts out.

(CONTINUED)

Sara gives the flashlight a couple of good shakes but it's dead. She looks back into the shadows of the fusebox. She reaches into it and throws a switch.

The lights flicker on around her and Crystal Castles resumes playing OS.

121 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

121

She pours herself another glass and after another large gulp, looks back at her record collection.

CUT TO:

Sara sifts through her records and stops at Depeche Mode's BLACK CELEBRATION.

CUT TO:

Sara removes Crystal Castles album from the record player and replaces it with BLACK CELEBRATION. She places the needle on the record and after a few seconds "Question of Lust" begins to play. It starts off too loud and Sara turns down the volume.

She brings the glass of wine back to her lips, turns around...

The wine slips out of her fingers and smashes onto the floor.

Lincoln's twin stands in the middle of the room, swaying, a bottle of wine in his hands and looking in Sara's direction.

But he's not looking at her.

Sara follows his gaze and looks down to see that her twin is down on her hands and knees in front of her cleaning up the broken glass at her feet. Her twin suddenly stops what she is doing and both women look up just in time to see Lincoln's twin approaching.

Before she can even think to do anything, Lincoln's twin pulls Sara's twin up to her feet and then does the most surprising thing in the world: he slow dances with her.

Though she seems unsure, Sara's twin follows her husband's lead.

The husband begins to pick up the pace of the dance, however, and the two of them start to fall out of rhythm with the slow song.

(CONTINUED)

Sara's twin desperately tries to pull away but the husband pulls her back with a smile. The song reaches the chorus and Lincoln's twin repeats them.

LINCOLN'S TWIN

"It's a question of lust...it's a question of..."

He screams the last word into his wife's face.

LINCOLN'S TWIN (CONT'D)

"...trust!"

Sara stumbles backwards and stops when her back hits the wall.

He drags Sara's twin over to the table and continues to repeat the words of the song along the way.

LINCOLN'S TWIN (CONT'D)

"It's a question of not letting what we've built on crumble to dust..."

He flips his wife onto her stomach and on top of the table...

Sara slumps down against the wall, shrinks down into herself and shuts her eyes tight.

Lincoln's twin leans in and whispers into Sara's twin's ear...

LINCOLN'S TWIN (CONT'D)

"It is all of these things and more that keep us together..."

The man reaches under the woman's skirt...

Her twin cries out in pain and Sara brings her hands - which have turned into fists - up to her temples.

SARA

Stop it.

The woman tries to stand up and Lincoln's twin kicks her legs apart which forces her to fall forward.

Sara rocks back and forth on her heels; she's a baby again.

SARA (CONT'D)

Stop it.

(CONTINUED)

Seeing the empty bottle of liquor, the man snatches it off of the table.

The man presses his wife's tear stained face into the table with one hand and shoves the bottle under her skirt with the other. He leans into his wife's ear and opens his mouth to say...

SARA (CONT'D)

Stop it!

The husband is jolted out of the moment. He releases his grip on his wife and steps away from her. They look at each other and he sees from the look in her eyes that she, too, heard Sara's voice.

Sara gets up to her feet and backpedals towards the door, never taking her eyes off of Lincoln's twin the entire time. The floorboard creaks beneath her feet and she stops in her tracks.

Lincoln snatches up the poker from the fireplace and Sara, frozen in her spot, watches him walk right towards her.

With his face contorted with anger, he raises the poker above his head and brings it down on her.

Sara screams and puts her arm up to block it...

CUT TO:

Sara falls off of the couch and lands on the floor with a thud. She looks around the room; it is still night but the fire is almost out. She looks over at the empty bottle of wine and reaches for it...

There is a knock at the door and Sara looks over in its direction.

122

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

122

Sara opens the door and finds Joan and Marge standing on the porch.

SARA

Joan? Oh my God.

Sara throws her arms around her friend and hugs her tight. She lets go and looks over at Marge.

SARA (CONT'D)

Marge? Did I call you?

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

Forget Marge. Let's get in my car and leave right now.

SARA

You're the one who told me not to run away and now you're telling me to do just that.

JOAN

No, I'm not.

SARA

Good because I'm not going to. You just got here. You're upset. Let's have some wine...

JOAN

I don't want wine!

Joan steps away from Sara. Joan takes a pause. She walks over to the couch and takes a seat. Sara walks over and joins her.

SARA

I'm doing good here, Joan.

JOAN

Are you?

SARA

I feel good.

JOAN

What if I said you don't look good?

SARA

Thanks a lot.

JOAN

I want you to know that if you're in trouble, you can tell me. If there is something wrong, say something. Give me a sign.

SARA

Like what?

JOAN

Like anything. Like in the movies. Like Jodie Foster in Panic Room. Give me a signal so that the kidnappers in the house won't know what's going on, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH
I'm fine, officer. There's no one
in the house with me. Okay?

JOAN
Motherfucker.

SARA
Joan?

JOAN
All I want is everything good for
you. That's how I should have
started this off. That's what I
should have said.

Seeing that her friend is about to break down, Sara leans
over and gives Joan a tender kiss on her lips. Sara smiles
at Joan and then lays her head down on Joan's lap.

SARA
I'm sorry about the last time you
were here. I don't know why I said
those things.

JOAN
You don't have to apologize to me.

Sara stares at the fire with eyes that are heavy with
sleep.

SARA
I missed you.

JOAN
Sara.

Sara closes her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

JOAN (OS)
Sara.

Sara, still on the couch, awakens. Bleary and confused, she
sits up and looks over at Joan who wears yellow dishwashing
gloves.

SARA
What time is it?

(CONTINUED)

JOAN
It's late.

SARA
What are you doing?

JOAN
I'm just cleaning up a little.

SARA
I'm so tired.

JOAN
You need real sleep.

Sara sits up and her foot sends an empty bottle of wine spinning across the floor. The bottle ends up next to an empty Chinese food container.

SARA
Goddammit.

JOAN
Come on.

Joan gets a hold of Sara and pulls her up from the couch.

SARA
You don't have to do this. You
don't have to clean up after me.

JOAN
I don't mind.

SARA
Thank you.

JOAN
For what?

SARA
For coming back for me.

Sara stumbles but Joan has a firm grip on her and doesn't let her fall.

JOAN
Let's get you to bed.

124 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 124

Sara sits on the edge of the bed and watches Joan undo her shoes.

JOAN

Lay down.

Sara lays down and Joan pulls the covers over her.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Close your eyes.

Sara's eyes are heavy but she still tries to focus on Joan.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Go to sleep.

Sara gives in, does as she is told and closes her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

125 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 125

Sara sits up. She looks over to her right and sees Joan next to her, fast asleep.

The sound of running water is heard OS.

Sara sees that the bedroom door has been left ajar and through that crack she sees that the bathroom light is on.

126 IN. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 126

Standing in the doorway, Sara stares at the sink and the steady stream of water that runs from the faucet. She walks over to sink and turns off the tap.

The sound of water, however, continues OS.

Sara walks over to the bath tub, pulls the shower curtain to the side...

The sound of running water stops and the bathtub, like the room, is empty and pristine.

A thudding noise comes from downstairs and Sara looks over in the direction of the sound.

127 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

127

A bearded Jacob and dressed in nineteenth century clothing is down on his knees in the middle of the room.

His hair is matted with blood from a large, gaping wound on the side of his head. His eyes are partially open.

Lincoln's twin stands just a few feet away. He is sweaty, disheveled and his breathing is labored. He holds an axe in his right hand, the bloody blade side down on the floor.

Sara, shaking and terrified, takes in this horror scene from the doorway.

SARA

Jacob?

Lincoln raises the axe...

LINCOLN

Nigger.

...and brings the axe around and down on Jacob in one smooth motion.

SARA

No!

The axe head finds its mark in the side of Jacob's head and leaves another gaping wound that shoots out blood. Jacob lets out a choking sound and spits blood filled vomit all over himself.

Lincoln's twin looks over at Sara and she runs.

128 INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

128

Halfway up the stairs, Sara looks down to see Lincoln's twin walk out of the living room. She starts running again.

129 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

129

Sara rushes into the room and slides underneath the bed. Her breathing is fast and ragged, her eyes wide and terrified.

Lincoln's twin's shoes come into view in the hallway and Sara clamps a hand over her mouth.

Several long seconds pass. Lincoln's twin heads down the hallway and his feet disappear from sight.

(CONTINUED)

Sara uncovers her mouth, her breathing now slower. But the sound of someone breathing hard is heard OS. Sara turns to her right to find the boy just a few feet away and looking just as terrified as she does.

The boy screams and Sara looks back in the direction of the hallway. Lincoln's twin is now down on his hands and knees in front of the both of them and staring at the boy with a maniacal smile on his lips.

Lincoln's twin grabs a hold of the screaming boy and yanks him out from underneath the bed.

Sara scrambles out from her spot and catches a glimpse of the boy disappear around the door way.

130 INT. HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 130

Sara runs out just in time to see Lincoln's twin dragging the boy towards the bathroom.

JOAN (OS)

Sara?

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

Sara looks back into the bedroom to find Joan sitting up in the bed and staring at her. Sara looks back at the husband and runs after him.

Sara gets to the bathroom and gets the door slams shut in her face. She grabs a hold of the doorknob, turns it and...

131 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 131

Sara bursts into the room.

The sound of running water can clearly be heard coming from the bathtub but the shower curtain is pulled across and blocks Sara's view of the inside of the tub.

She slowly walks over to the tub and with a shaky hand rips the shower curtain to the side.

The tub is almost filled to the top with water. Before it has a chance to overflow Sara turns off the faucet. She steps back and sees the set of wet boot prints that lead from the tub to the door.

Sara hears a loud thud from above her and she shoots a look in the direction of the sound.

132 INT. HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 132

Sara stares up at the attic ladder and after several tense filled seconds, she grabs a hold of it and begins to climb.

133 INT. HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT 133

Sara looks around the attic; everything looks where it should be. She heads back towards the stairs when a camera flash goes off from behind her that lights up the room.

Another camera flash goes off. Sara turns around and sees the photo that she found has been recreated in front of her: the boy now sits on the lap of someone covered beneath a heavy black cloth.

And another flash.

Sara walks towards the tableau in front of her.

The flashes come fast now, like a strobe light.

The boy slips off of the mysterious, covered person's lap and the old fashioned camera that sits off to the side flashes at the exact same time. The boy falls and hits the floor with a sickening thud.

Sara rushes over to the boy, kneels down and flips him over onto his back. The boy is clearly dead, drowned, his skin blue and bloated from water.

Sara slowly looks at the covered figure who remains seated in the chair. She stands up, reaches for the black cloth...

The stranger beneath the cloth moves as if trying to get out from beneath it.

Sara screams, steps back and a hand comes down onto her shoulder. She screams again and turns around to find Joan standing behind her.

JOAN

Sara?

Sara bursts into tears and throws her arms tight around Joan. Sara looks around but the room is empty now save for her and Joan.

CUT TO:

Sara and Joan sit across from each other on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

SARA
I saw them.

JOAN
I know you did.

SARA
He's dead.

JOAN
Who's dead?

SARA
Jacob. He's dead.

JOAN
Sara.

SARA
But he's come back.

JOAN
Sara.

SARA
He wants me to find them.

JOAN
Sara. There's no one
here. There's you and there's me.

JOAN
I want to show you something.

Joan stands up and starts for the mirror. She looks back at Sara but her friend has not moved from where she's sitting.

JOAN
Sara.

Joan goes back to Sara, grabs a hold of her arm and yanks her to her feet.

SARA
No.

Joan drags Sara to the mirror.

JOAN
Look.

She shoves Sara in front of the mirror and Sara looks at her reflection. Gone is the put together Sara and in her place is one who's hair is stringy and unwashed, her clothes stained with old food.

Shocked, Sara steps back and looks over at Joan.

134 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT 134

Sara looks over at the tub and sees that the bottom of it is ringed with a thick layer of dirt and grime.

135 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 135

The bed is unmade, a jumble of mismatched sheets and pillows. Dirty clothes are strewn about the room.

136 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 136

The space is littered with old chinese take-away containers and empty wine bottles. The Hi-Fi stereo lays in pieces all over the place.

137 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 137

Sara stands in the doorway.

The flour is scattered all over the floor. More empty food containers. The sink is filled with dishes. The display on the microwave oven blinks a big fat 0 over and over.

JOAN (OS)

Sara.

Joan stands at the basement door holding her hand out to her.

JOAN

Please.

138 INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 138

The room looks exactly the same: there's the fuse box, the water heater...

And wood.

Stacks upon stacks of wood are piled against the wall. There is enough wood for a hundred fires.

Sara looks over at Joan.

(CONTINUED)

SARA
What's happening?

139 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

139

Sara and Joan are on the couch.

SARA
Marge called you?

JOAN
After Jacob passed by.

SARA
Jacob?

JOAN
Yes, Jacob, the caretaker. After
he saw the state the place was
in...after you chased him in the
woods...he called Marge and she
called me. Sara.

SARA
Yes?

JOAN
Do you trust me?

SARA
Yes.

JOAN
Good. Now get up because we're
getting out of here right
now. We're going home.

140 INT. CAR - NIGHT

140

Joan gets behind the wheel and slams her door closed. She
looks over at Sara who sits in the passenger seat

JOAN
Sara.

Sara looks away from the house and over at Joan.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Buckle up, kiddo.

Sara reaches for her seat belt and buckles herself in.

Joan shifts the car into gear and they start off down the
road.

(CONTINUED)

Sara takes a last look back at the house in the side view mirror...watches it dwindle in size...

She looks away from it and sees lights dancing among the trees in the woods. She leans forward...the lights move deeper into the woods...

SARA

Joan.

JOAN

What?

SARA

I know what I saw.

Sara unbuckles her seat belt, opens the door and jumps out.

JOAN

Sara, no!

Sara hits the ground hard but the moment she comes to a stop she is up on her feet and running as fast as she can towards the woods.

141 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 141

Sara runs and never lets the light out of her sight. She is close to it, no more than twenty feet away, when it goes out.

She comes to a stop and looks down. At her feet a small, bright orange flag sticks up from the ground.

142 EXT. FOREST - DAY 142

She reaches for it but then stops and sees Jacob standing just a few feet away from her.

JACOB

They're markers. They help me get home.

He smiles and blood pours out from the large gash in the side of his head.

143 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 143

Sara looks around. Along with Jacob, the orange flag is gone. Sara gets down all fours and starts digging into the dirt with her hands.

MONTAGE:

(CONTINUED)

Sara furiously digs and with each scoop, becomes more and more matted with dirt.

END MONTAGE

A flashlight hits Sara in they eyes and blinds her.

JOAN

Sara?

Sara blocks the light with her hand and is able to make out Joan's figure.

SARA

Joan?

JOAN

I called the police.

More flashlights hit Sara which further blinds her. SEVERAL POLICE OFFICERS are now standing next to Joan. Sara lowers her hand.

SARA

Did they bring shovels?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

The police cordon off the area with orange flags, dividing the area into a grid which helps them keep track of the area that they've dug up already.

END MONTAGE

144 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

144

From the steps, Sara watches the police officer's flashlights floating among the trees. Joan looks over at Marge who stands just a few feet away.

A SHERIFF approaches Sara and she jumps up.

SARA

Did you find them?

SHERIFF

We found someone.

Joan takes Sara by the shoulders and brings her back down to the steps.

(CONTINUED)

SARA
Jacob. That's who you
found. That's his name.

SHERIFF
How do you know this?

MARGE
(to Sheriff)
It's not Jacob.

SARA
(to Marge)
It is Jacob. Not your Jacob.
(to Sheriff)
My Jacob. Everyone knows what
happened here.

SHERIFF
Excuse me?

SARA
There's two more. You have to keep
looking. The mother and her son.

SHERIFF	SARA
We are but we need to ask	They'll be
you some questions.	together. You'll see.

JOAN
Can we maybe do this later, please?

SHERIFF
Can we reach you here?

JOAN
No.

Joan pulls Sara tight to her.

JOAN (CONT'D)
No, you cannot.

Sara looks back over at the lights in the forest.

145

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

145

Sara looks in the direction of the darkened kitchen.

JOAN
Sara.

Sara looks over at Joan who stands at the door.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN (CONT'D)

Time to go.

Sara nods and walks out the door.

146 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

146

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

Sara steps across the threshold and out into the night. Joan walks out of the house and joins Sara. Sara shivers from the cold.

JOAN

It's cold. Where's your coat?

SARA

I don't know.

JOAN

Wait a minute.

Sara watches Joan go back inside the house, head down the hallway and disappear into the kitchen.

Sara stares down the hallway. Several long seconds pass but still no Joan. Sara takes a step towards the door but stops; Joan reappears and is heading back down the hallway towards her.

Joan, just a few feet from the doorway, smiles and holds up Jacob's coat for Sara to see.

JOAN

I knew I saw it. It was in the kitchen. Is this a guy's coat?

Joan holds out the coat to Sara.

SARA

It is.

Sara reaches for the coat.

SARA (CONT'D)

It's Jacob's.

Sara lowers her arm and Joan stops just inside of the doorway.

JOAN

What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

SARA
I was dreaming when you found me.

JOAN
What do you mean?

SARA
Are we still here?

JOAN
Yeah but not for long.

SARA
Joan.

Sara reaches out for Joan.

A hand shoots out from the darkness, grabs Joan from behind and yanks her back into the house. The door slams shut.

SARA (CONT'D)
Joan!

Sara yanks at the doorknob but the door is locked tight. Sara throws herself against the door and bounces off of it.

Sara steps back...unsure...

Joan screams from inside of the house.

SARA (CONT'D)
No!

Sara runs towards the back of the house.

147 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT 147

Sara grabs the axe and slams it into the back door. She pries it loose, yanks it back and swings it again and again and...

148 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 148

The door crashes open and Sara steps into the kitchen.

She looks around, tightening and untightening her grip on the axe handle. She looks over at the basement door and heads straight for it.

149 INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 149

Sara bounds down the steps, axe raised and ready. But the room is empty. She looks back up the stairs.

150 INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 150

Sara stares at the flickering lights that come from the living room. She adjusts her grip on the axe and starts towards it.

151 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 151

Sara walks into the room.

SARA

Joan.

She drops the axe and runs over to Joan who lies on her back on the floor.

Sara kneels down next to her friend's body.

SARA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Joan opens her eyes and smiles at Sara.

JOAN

You don't have to apologize to me.

Joan's eyes roll into the back of her head and her body arches upward as a slit opens across her throat. The gash widens and Sara recoils from the blood that gushes from it and drenches the floor.

Sara stands up and on shaky legs backs away from Joan's body towards the doorway.

152 INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT 152

Sara grabs a hold of the doorknob...

Through the door window, Sara sees several police officers mill around the front yard. Sara looks past them and sees Joan standing next to an ambulance. Marge stands just a few feet away from Joan.

Joan is hunched over a gurney.

SARA

Joan.

(CONTINUED)

Joan spins around in Sara's direction. Sara smiles and pulls but the door will not open.

Joan takes a step towards the house but stops when Marge touches her on the shoulder. Joan turns to face Marge, breaks down and buries her tears into Marge's shoulder.

Joan breaks away from Marge and hurries over to her car.

SARA (CONT'D)

Joan?

Joan gets into her car and starts it up. Sara bangs on the door again and again.

SARA (CONT'D)

Joan! I'm here! I'm right here!

Sara pulls at the doorknob again and again but the door will not give.

Joan shifts the car into gear and pulls away from the house.

Sara looks around and sees that all of the cars are pulling away from the house.

Marge is the last person to remain. She starts for her own car but something on the lawn catches her eye. She walks over to it, bends down...

A hand touches Sara on her sleeve.

Sara looks down at the boy standing at her side and holding his hand out to her. She takes it and he leads her down the hallway towards the kitchen.

153 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

153

As they enter the room, the boy lets go of Sara's hand and rushes over to the table where his plate of food waits for him.

Sara sees her twin standing at the window and staring out at the woods. Sara starts towards her but stops when her twin turns around to face her.

Her twin has been beaten badly about the face. She has a gash in her forehead...her lip is bloody and split wide open...her black eye is already swollen shut...

Sara's twin whispers to Sara through bloody teeth...

(CONTINUED)

SARA'S TWIN

Fight.

Sara's twin looks past Sara's shoulder and Sara turns around.

Lincoln's twin stands in the doorway, a macabre smile on his face and a bloody axe in his hands.

Something has changed in Sara's face. All fear is gone from her eyes and has been replaced with something new: rage. Lincoln's twin sees this and his smile falls to the wayside.

He lifts his axe and moves forward towards her but Sara is already running at him.

154 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 154

Sara opens her eyes.

She sits up and turns to see Joan fast asleep by her side. She bends down, presses her cheek against Joan's face and Joan stirs in her sleep.

Sara kisses her friend on the forehead, slips out of bed and heads for the door.

155 INT. HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 155

Sara walks by the empty bathroom...

156 INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 156

Sara comes down the stairs and past the front door...

157 INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 157

Sara walks past the empty living room...

158 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 158

Sara enters the kitchen and heads straight for the basement door...

159 INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 159

Sara walks up to the fuse box, places her hand on its side and reaches for a switch.

160 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

160

Lincoln's twin stands above Sara's twin, his hands wrapped around her neck. She claws at him, desperate to breathe but he is too strong.

The lights in the room flicker and brighten. Lincoln's twin looks around and for a brief second releases his grip.

The wife slaps him in the face which catches him off guard and gives her enough time to kick him off of her.

But Sara's twin is only able to get little more than a few feet before Lincoln is back on top her.

He grabs her from behind by the back of her hair.

SARA (OS)

Hey, hey.

Lincoln's twin turns to face her and Sara cracks him in the face with the poker. Bits of flesh and bone fly from his face, his legs go out from under him and he hits the floor hard.

Sara brings the poker down on the Lincoln's twin's back once...

Twice...

The third one puts him down.

Sara grabs her twin and forces her to her feet. The woman gives her unconscious husband one last look as Sara drags her out of the room.

161 INT. HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

161

Sara opens the door and shoves her twin out into the night.

In that brief moment, that second when Sara stands on one side of the doorway and her twin on the other, they lock eyes and something - an understanding, a recognition of the other - passes between them.

Her twin opens her mouth but Sara slams the door closed on whatever she was going to say to Sara.

162 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 162

Sara walks over to Lincoln twin and turns him onto his back so that he now looks up at her.

Sara brings the axe up above her head. Lincoln raises his arm in front of his face...

Lincoln looks past Sara. Seeing this, Sara turns around.

The terrified boy stands at the foot of the stairs and stares at Sara, the woman who looks like his mother and standing above his father with an axe in her hands.

Sara freezes...

Lincoln's twin pulls Sara by the leg. She falls and drops the axe which spins across the floor away from her.

She looks back at the boy and sees him run up the stairs. Sara looks back at Lincoln and sees him trying to get to his feet. Sara gets up, kicks him in the face and he goes right back onto his back.

She stands up, grabs the axe and runs after the boy.

163 INT. HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 163

Sara gets to the top of the stairs and starts for the bedroom but then stops to look back to see that the attic stairs that have been let down.

164 INT. HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT 164

The boy is at the window and trying to force it open but stops when he sees Sarah come up through the door. The second she starts towards him, the boy starts to cry.

Sara stops in her tracks, lays the axe down on the floor and shows him her empty hands.

The boy looks unsure but stops crying.

SARA

I'm here to help, baby.

Sara takes a step towards him.

SARA

I'm here to set you free.

The boy takes a small step towards her...

(CONTINUED)

He stops and takes a step back towards the window. Sara hears the sound of footsteps behind her. She bends down, picks up the axe and turns around to find Lincoln entering the attic.

Lincoln and Sara stare at each other, waiting for someone to make the first move.

Sara screams and runs at Lincoln. She brings the axe around...

Lincoln steps to the side and she misses.

The axe head buries itself deep into the wooden floor. Sara's momentum continues to carry her forward and she falls face first.

Lincoln grabs Sara by the hair and pulls her to him. On her way up, Sara grabs the dirty covered black cloth that lays in front of her and mashes into Lincoln's face. He lets go of her, hacking and coughing up dust.

Sara sees the broom, snatches it up and with one good swing smacks Lincoln across the side of his head. It snaps in half but Sara brings it back anyway and swings again.

The jagged edges of the broken broom rake across Lincoln's face and he lets out a scream filled with rage and pain.

Sara swings the broom again but this time Lincoln is able to get a hold of it. He cocks his hand back, swings and his fist connects with Sara's face. Her head snaps back and she drops to the floor.

Lincoln grabs Sara by the hair and forces her up to face him. They lock eyes and the minute she sees his smile, Sara understands that she is in real trouble.

Lincoln punches her in the stomach and she doubles over like she's been cut in half. He yanks her back up, gives her a smile and then slaps her across the face. Sara staggers but doesn't fall; Lincoln's tight grip makes sure of that.

He backhands her with the same hand and her head snaps back in the opposite direction. He balls his hand up into a fist and hits her again snapping her back the other way.

He hits her again.

And again.

And again.

Sara's face now hides beneath a mask of broken bones and blood. Her head wants to snap off of its neck but Sara forces herself to keep looking into Lincoln's eyes.

He drags her towards the open back window. Sara tries to keep up but her legs keep giving out on her along the way.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON WINDOW

Lincoln holds Sara out of the window. Sara looks out at the back yard and then back at Lincoln. He leans in close and spits his words at her:

LINCOLN

I know not where you come from or
how you made your presence known,
but I will speak plainly,
apparition, so that my words will
not be lost on you: know this, you
cunt, you bitch, that your soul
will soon be burning in the fires
of hell and, make no mistake, it
will be because I have sent you
there.

Sara smiles and even though it's filled with blood, her voice is bright and clear when she speaks; she is alive.

SARA

That's funny. I was going to say
the same thing, motherfucker.

Sara grabs him by the hair with both hands and bites down on his nose. He screams and Sara spits out his flesh onto the floor. He rears back but Sara keeps him close by pushing her thumb into his eye and hooking his face with it.

She throws her legs around his waist, throws herself back and takes Lincoln out of the window with her.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

165 EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

165

A POLICE OFFICER speaks to Joan but she's busy looking over at the MEDICAL EXAMINER who is zipping up the body bag. Joan runs towards the Medical Examiner.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

Wait!

She reaches him and he steps away from the body bag.

Joan grits her teeth and pulls the body bag's zipper down, revealing Sara's corpse.

Something dark sticks out from inside of Sara's hand which catches Joan's eye. Joan pries Sara's fist open and examines the dark tufts of hair that Sara holds in her hand.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Sara.

SARA (OS)

Joan.

Joan snaps her head in the direction of Sara's voice. But Sara doesn't stand behind her. No one stands behind her.

Joan looks over at the house and peers into the darkness of the front door. She takes a step towards it but stops when she feels Marge's hand on her shoulder.

Joan turns around to face Marge, breaks down into tears and buries her sobs into Marge's shoulder. Marge does what all friends would do in this situation: she holds her.

Joan pulls away and hurries over to her car. Marge looks around and sees that everyone is getting into their cars.

Marge starts for her own car. But halfway there, she stops and sees one of her real estate flags sticking up from the lawn.

She walks over to it, bends down and fiddles with it until it stands straight up again.

Marge takes one last look over at the house and then continues to her car.

166

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

166

Sara lets go of the doorknob and watches the parade of cars drive off with Marge bringing up the rear.

Sara turns around to find the smiling boy at her side and holding his hand out to her.

CUT TO:

Empty attic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

106.

CUT TO:

Empty bedroom.

CUT TO:

Empty living room.

CUT TO:

Empty basement.

167 INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

167

The boy runs into the empty room and over to his waiting plate of food that sits on the table. Sara looks down at her clothing; she is now dressed in a nineteenth century style dress.

She walks over to the window and looks out at the surrounding woods. She looks over at Jacob's coat that hangs on a hook next to the door.

168 EXT. WOODS - DAY

168

The woods fill up the screen, flattened, a postcard made up of trees.

169 EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

169

Sara, wearing Jacob's coat, faces the woods.

She looks back at the house and sees through the window that the boy is still at the table eating his lunch.

She turns her attention back to the woods.

Several long seconds pass...

Jacob walks out from among the trees. His head is down so he doesn't notice Sara at first. But the second he looks up and sees her, he smiles and waves.

Sara gives Jacob a small smile and returns his wave.

She puts her hands in the coat's pockets and pulls out a walkman. She puts on the attached styrofoam headphones and presses down on the walkman's PLAY button.

Sara closes her eyes and listens to the sound of hissing tape as the cassette starts up.

She opens her eyes, looks straight into the camera and gives us a wide grin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

107.

CUT TO BLACK.

New Order's "Round & Round" starts up.

THE END