



Written By

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BRITTLE TEXT FADES ON SCREEN:

"Evil thenceforth became my good."

- Mary Shelley
From her novel
Frankenstein, 1817

DISSOLVE INTO FOG:

BREATHING...

slow...

controlled...

INT. A DECREPIT HOUSE - NIGHT - JAYNE'S POV

Thick fog unveils a shadowed hallway. Amber lights flicker. Wind howls through crumbling walls. A brittle door trembles on rusted hinges.

A woman's timid hand, OUR HAND, presses into the door. An agonizing CREEAAKK spills out, revealing an ABANDONED BEDROOM.

Dead leaves drift through the walls. Tattered curtains shudder in the breeze. Lightning paints harsh shadows.

A **SHADOW WOMAN**, draped in haunted sadness. Spiderwebs cling to her torn jacket as it flutters in the wind. She's at the edge of a ragged bed, still as a tombstone, gazing out a shattered window, then senses US. Her head turns with a sickening CRACK.

JAYNE (O.S.)

N-No, ple... please...

She rises, limbs and joints twitching with forgotten movement. Bones grind like rusted gears. Broken neck. Her head droops to one side. A desperate WHEEZE seeps from her snapped windpipe.

Each step stays confined to shadows. She emerges through the billowing fog. Her dirt-crusting jeans. Blood-stained tee.

Her hair drapes like matted seaweed, clinging to a skull-pale face. Hollow sunken eyes. Split lips.

Then-- a violent jolt! She hurls through the haze like a banshee, shattered fingers clawing the frame-- GRABBING US. We're locked to the horrors in her eyes. She **won't** let go.

Muddy tears streak from her decrepit face. Her deformed mouth pries open, inhaling a sad, droning WHEEZE...

SHADOW WOMAN

You shouldn't be here...

JAYNE CRIES-- strains for air-- CAMERA STRUGGLES TO ESCAPE--

INT. JAYNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JAYNE SALGADO, 34, jolts up in bed, frazzled, breathless. Fresh sweat stains her oversized sweater. Wet hair and panic cling to her skin as her wide eyes scan the dark room.

Lightning flashes. Shadows of rainfall bathe her. Did that just happen... or was it just another nightmare? As she relaxes--

Her throat seizes. A SHARP DRY INHALE, like choking on air--

She LUNGES for the glass on her nightstand. GULPS the water. She lets out a deep, guttural UGH, and sighs... pulling the sticky hair off her face. Not scared. Just annoyed.

JAYNE

Gross...

This wasn't her first night terror.

INT. JAYNE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jayne shuffles in and yanks the mirror cabinet open. From the row of prescription pill bottles, she snatches one and plops it on the counter, enough to make a point.

ON BOTTLE: *"Clonazepam: For REM Sleep Behavior Disorder. Not to exceed 4 mg. Prescribed By: Dr. Chandra Salgado."*

She forces a slow exhale. In the mirror, her blood-shot eyes glare back at her, trying to shake that --

JAYNE

Fucking dream...

Her eyes drift to the quote written across the top of her mirror in red lipstick: *"Be the hero, NOT the victim!"*

With a tired eye roll, Jayne pops an ORANGE PILL into her hand.

INT. JAYNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jayne places the pill on her nightstand then straightens her blankets and climbs back into bed. She grabs her cell phone.

She scrolls to CHANDRA's name, then hovers a beat... knowing it's a bad idea, taps CALL. After a couple rings -- CLICK.

CHANDRA (O.S.)

(Weary cigarette exhale)

Hello?

JAYNE

Hey...

INTERCUT INT. JAYNE'S BEDROOM / EXT. E.R. - NIGHT

A rainy night at the E.R. as DR. CHANDRA SALGADO, 55, tired from years of night shifts, smokes a cigarette. Jaded. Cold.

CHANDRA

Jayne. It's 4am. Why are you up?

JAYNE

I had another dream-- I needed
someone to talk to--

CHANDRA

Dreams never were my department...
Are you taking your pills?

JAYNE

No I--

CHANDRA

Well you should. They'll help--

JAYNE

I just-- They make me feel numb.
And the nightmares are getting
bad. Like I'm being held down by
some... thing--

CHANDRA

Come on Jayne not this again--

JAYNE

Right. I shouldn't have called...

CHANDRA

(Sigh)

Look it's the middle of the night
and, once again, I'm the only
doctor here. I just popped out for
a quick smoke break, so I'm sorry,
I don't have time to talk about
the *ghosts in your head*. Nothing's
trying to get you. OK? It's
just... stress. Take your pills.
They'll help you sleep... without
the nightmares.

JAYNE

Yeah-thanks for the pep-talk, doc.

CHANDRA

(Inhales cigarette)

What do you want from me here?

JAYNE

I honestly don't know...

Chandra exhales-- hard. Her words hit her a beat too late.

CHANDRA

Hey... I ran into Dr. Bancroft
today.

(MORE)

CHANDRA (CONT'D)

She said she'd love to see you
back in her class--

JAYNE

I don't want to talk about this--

CHANDRA

It's what we *should* be talking
about--

JAYNE

No it's what YOU want to
talk about! Jesus, I can't
even focus-- I'm not going
back to fucking school
because I can't even go one
fucking night without waking
up from a fucking nightmare!

CHANDRA

(sigh)

Jayne...

Jayne stop it!

CHANDRA

If you could just... You are so
smart. You could be running this
place. You could be... helping
people. Helping me. Maybe take
some of these night shifts off my
hands... Lord knows I could use a
break...

JAYNE

Yeah... Me too...

Behind Chandra, a small, stubborn **NURSE, 60s**, rushes up.

NURSE

Doctor, he's awake.

CHANDRA

Alright-- I gotta go.

JAYNE

K.

Chandra wishes she could tell Jayne she loves her instead of...

CHANDRA

Just... take your pills, ok?--

NURSE

Doctor!--

CHANDRA

Yeah, I'm coming--

Jayne drops the phone. Rain shadows flicker on her numb face.

JAYNE

Thanks anyway, mom...

She lays back down, staring down that orange pill. Breathes In
through the nose, out through the mouth, until her eyes close.

INT. DECREPIT BEDROOM - HER DREAM - JAYNE'S POV

SHADOW WOMAN SCREAMS AT US IN A CHAOTIC STORM OF WIND AND LIGHTNING -- VISCOUS, BLACK BLOOD OOZES OUT OF HER MOUTH.

SHADOW WOMAN
STAY AWAY FROM ME!!

INT. JAYNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

ALARM BLARES. Jayne JERKS herself awake in bed, now a jostled mess. She heaves for air. Her narrow eyes scan her room.

She stops the alarm and scratches her fingers through her hair. Glares daggers at the damn sunlight beaming through the window.

CUT TO BLACK:

"Awful Thing" by The McCharmlys starts playing. Non-Diegetic.

TITLE Fades In: PARASOMNIA

INT. AROUND JAYNE'S CONDO - OPENING TITLES SEQUENCE

BEDROOM: Still in bed, Jayne grabs her phone.

ON SCREEN:

Calendar alert: "!!!☀️Don't Forget Morning Meeting☀️!!!"
An alert for the Glimmr dating app: *Message from PATRICK.* Her dismissive hand flicks the Glimmr alert.

She rolls out of bed like gravity holds her down. With mundane instinct, her heavy feet drag across the room.

CLOSET: She rifles through her clothes. Nothing fits. Nothing feels like her. In this headspace, she hates all her outfits.

BATHROOM: She wipes steam from the mirror, revealing tired, red-rimmed eyes. She applies makeup with muscle memory. Dark enough to blend into the perennial rings around her eyes.

LIVING ROOM: Scattered mail on a table. One envelope reads: "Pre-Med Admissions - FINAL DEADLINE TO ENROLL" in red ink.

A briefcase record player spins *"Awful Thing,"* now diegetic.

A small BAMBOO potted plant. Jayne waters it with care.

JAYNE
Good morning, Oscar.

KITCHEN: Hot coffee brews into a mug that reads "~~Like~~ A Boss." (Red-Line through "~~Like~~".) Jayne grabs the mug and walks away.

EXT. JAYNE'S CONDO - LATER THAT MORNING

A window reflects a beautiful day. Curtains open to reveal...

Jayne, an apathetic contrast to the world outside, sipping the coffee; her brief escape from the oncoming night terrors.

Her "normal person" uniform answers the question, "What if Lydia Deetz worked at the bank?"

INT. JAYNE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jayne sets her mug beside a laptop and that scattered mail.

ON LAPTOP: She types *Dr. Ángel Salgado* into a search bar. Articles fill the screen: "*Respected Therapist Convinced Of Afterlife*" and "*Night Terrors Author Dies of Cancer*," etc.

Her eyes hover on the video labeled: "*Dream Doctor Goes Mad: Uncut Final Interview.*"

ON RECORD PLAYER: Jayne lifts the arm, stopping the song.

Jayne sits down, and with a weighted sigh, clicks play.

INTERCUT INT. JAYNE'S LIVING ROOM / INT. INTERVIEW

A 90's DATELINE-type video. The **INTERVIEWER**, cynical, pompous, sits across a man whose unseen face carries quiet authority.

INTERVIEWER

We're joined by Dr. Angel Salgado,
an expert in *Nightmares* and
Dreams... Doctor, welcome.

DR. ÁNGEL SALGADO, mid-40s, a confident man with a comforting presence. He dabs his peaked skin with a worn handkerchief.

ÁNGEL

It sounds ominous when you put it
that way. Just ANG-hehl is fine.

ON JAYNE: Sips her coffee, watching Ángel hold his composure.

JAYNE

Hi, Dad...

INTERVIEWER

I'm... *fascinated* by your paper
"*Parasomnias and Night Terrors*"

Ángel clears his dry throat into his handkerchief.

Jayne looks away. His struggle is hard to watch. Her eyes catch the Pre-Med letter: "FINAL DEADLINE TO ENROLL" stamped in red.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Your article is well-written, as usual, but the subject matter is... a bit unnerving.

ÁNGEL

Ah, you're a skeptic...

INTERVIEWER

In so many words--Now is it possible your recent illness may be distorting your perspective?

ÁNGEL

No. My health hasn't impaired my reasoning. In fact, it's sharpened by the pain my patients endure. A weight they can't explain.

Ángel suffers a fit of coughs. Interviewer plows through.

INTERVIEWER

In your paper, you claim a "*foreign consciousness manifests once test subjects enter their REM sleep stage.*" And your interpretation is... *ghosts?*

(beat)

Surely this is metaphorical...

Jayne rolls her eyes, then absently opens the letter.

Ángel dabs his mouth, easing back into his composure.

ÁNGEL

"When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth."

(Lets the silence hang)

I didn't want to believe it, at first, but I can't deny the fear in these young people's eyes.

Interviewer leans back with a smug swagger.

INTERVIEWER

So you're not clouded by personal experience... but isn't your own daughter one of these patients?

ÁNGEL

(Measured)

I never claimed to be neutral. I sought what's right. The truth--

INTERVIEWER

OK, for argument's sake, what do these *ghosts* want?

ÁNGEL

Hm... That's the question. Maybe they just want to be seen, like anyone, really. To escape their... eternal darkness.

Jayne grabs her mug, but at the mention of "eternal darkness," her hand quivers, spilling coffee on the admissions letter.

JAYNE

Ah, shit... Come on, Jayne...

INT. JAYNE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The interview continues off screen as Jayne rushes to set the mug in the sink. She dries that letter with some paper towels.

INTERVIEWER

Right, this "eternal darkness" you mention in your article, what exactly are we talking about here?

ÁNGEL

(Calm, deliberate)

Imagine you're a ship lost at sea. You drift without purpose through thick, endless fog... waiting for a rescue that may never come. Then, off in the distance, a bright light. An unmistakable *beacon* of hope piercing the dark.

Jayne stops and leans into the counter. Closes her eyes. One breath. Then another. Her dad's voice cuts through the noise.

ÁNGEL

It's not a lighthouse. But a living person. Someone... open. Spirits grab hold, it might be the first light they've seen in years. But the beacon, the person, is vulnerable. Completely unaware. I believe this light shines during deep, deep sleep.

(MORE)

ÁNGEL (CONT'D)

And the terror it invokes, that
panic, bleeds into their waking
life.

Jayne's deep mantra breaths steady her flinching hands, until--

SHADOW WOMAN (O.S.)

STAY AWAY FROM ME!!

Jayne jolts back with a GASP! Heaving. Coughing.

She can't shake that dream... She chugs a glass of water and
flexes her strained fist, grabbing the counter for balance.

ÁNGEL

That, sir... is what I intend to
understand... Because no one
deserves to face that fear alone.

Her hand grazes the letter. With a huff she snatches it. Stomps
the trashcan lever. Flicks the letter-- but STOPS herself.

Her fingers tremble. She exhales through pursed lips. Not ready
to toss the letter. Not ready to read it, either.

INT. JAYNE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back on the laptop:

INTERVIEWER

I'm sorry Doctor but this is
unethical. An exorcism instead of
offering any real help?

ÁNGEL

Don't be ridiculous--

INTERVIEWER

There's already a pill for this--

ÁNGEL

No! The pills only make it worse.
Sedation is not treatment--

INTERVIEWER

Oh, of course you'd rather watch
these **test subjects** suffer--

ÁNGEL

These are **people!** Hallucinatory
drugs will warp their already
fragile minds!

INTERVIEWER

I'm done with this nonsense.

ÁNGEL

These people are suffering. We need to hear them before they lose their grips on reality!--

Jayne pauses the video on her dad's scared, sickly face.

She takes a moment to calm her heightened nerves, then stuffs that letter in her purse and closes the laptop.

INT. A DARK VOID - NIGHT

Black soil stretches beneath us... thick, cold, endless. We move towards a pale light in the distance.

Tired, mournful WHISPERS echo in the air.

DEAD HANDS... our hands, shoot into view. Dirt-crusted nails. Broken, bloody fingers. They claw into the dirt, each dig met with a GUTTURAL GRUNT. Dragging us forward. Faster. Closer.

In the light, bathed in a stark silhouette, A WOMAN, lies in the dirt still as a corpse. She stirs. Sits up with effort. Her head turns. Her breath catches... And we RUSH towards her--

Dig after dig. Claw after claw. Grunt after grunt. The world sharpens... we're under FLOOR BOARDS.

The woman becomes clear. It's JAYNE, dirty, tattered, terrified. She sees us. Her eyes widen.

She SCREAMS! Raw and visceral. It distorts into the high-pitched vibration of a--

INT. JAYNE'S CAR - DAY

Cell phone vibrates in the center console, followed by a distinct DING-DING. Jayne jerks awake in the driver's seat.

Her system shocked, she looks around and remembers she's parked at work. With an ARGH!, She punches her steering wheel.

Jayne calms herself and breathes through her frustration. Then-- DING-DING from the phone. This time she checks it.

ON PHONE: *Glimmr app: New message from PATRICK.*
Glancing up at the time--

JAYNE

Aw, shit-shit-shit...

Jayne bolts out of the car and paces towards...

INT. KING FAMILY BANK - DAY

Jayne stomps through the empty, quiet bank-- startled by...

JAYNE

Jesus! Vera...

VERA CHIC, 28yo Filipina, with pink-purple pixie hair and skull-and-cross jewelry, sits in a stiff work uniform, glued to her phone with wide-eyed focus. Earbuds in. She pops candied almonds in her mouth. Even in uniform, she makes the look hers.

Jayne scoots past and stashes her purse under her station.

VERA

You're late, again. Vickers called you out at the meeting... I told him you were stuck in traffic. His beady little eyes saw right through me.

JAYNE

Yeah, he's lucky I'm here at all--

VERA

(Comes alive)

HOLY SHIT THE MOM DID DO IT!

Jayne jumps back as Vera pops to her feet.

VERA

Ugh, I freaking knew it. This podcaster just telegraphed the whole thing and then, BOOM, most obvious outcome ends up being true... I mean look at this!

Vera tries to show Jayne murder victim pictures. Jayne leans back with disdain. She's seen enough death in her dreams.

JAYNE

I don't need to see that--

VERA

You can't just give a chronicling of every boring detail then drop the reveal like it's some big surprise. Where's the allure? Where's the tension? I'm not doing that on my podcast. Nope.

JAYNE
 (Playful jab)
 Yeah when's your first episode
 dropping again?

VERA
 Ouch... The trailer's got a few
 subs. My fans expect perfection,
 that shit ain't quick'n easy.

JAYNE
 Yeah, we're all foaming at the
 mouth-- Did you set up the coffee?

Eyes on her phone, Vera points at the brewing coffee across the
 room. But, the cups and straws are still in their packages.

JAYNE
 (Ugh...)
 Come'on, Vee...

Jayne paces across the room. A FOLDED PAPER falls out of her
 purse. Vera picks it up, reads, and saunters across the lobby.

VERA
 How would your dad diagnose these
 people. Bipolar? Schizophrenic? Or
 just plain crazy?

Jayne fights to open the bag of straws.

JAYNE
 He wouldn't call anyone crazy, I
 know that much.

The straws cascade to the ground.

JAYNE
 Son of a bitch...

She slumps against the counter and rubs her forehead... Vera
 grabs a cup and pours some coffee, handing it to her friend.

VERA
 You alright? You seem a bit...
 heightened.

JAYNE
 No...

VERA
 (Warm)
 You wanna talk about it?

Jayne takes a breath and holds her coffee cup's warmth.

JAYNE

What'd I miss at the meeting?

VERA

Oh! We almost lost Mrs. Hingle today. Took a free ride in the fire rescue... She said my makeup makes me look like a used-up groupie. Ha! Salty old sea hag...

Jayne scoffs and sips her coffee when her phone-- DING-DING!

JAYNE

Mm--Shit...

Jayne silences her phone, but catches Vera's jaw-dropping grin.

JAYNE

What?

VERA

(Overly playful)

Jayne Salgado! "Searchin' for a light in the darkness?" When'd you get on Glimmr?! I am personally offended that you didn't share these deets with your most adorning fan. What's his name?

JAYNE

Of course you know the ringtone...

VERA

Uh-Yeeah, going to see Mercy Girl tonight 'cuz some poor dude just happened to have an "extra ticket." Ugh, a whole new world just opened up for you, girl. Let's finally get you some D!-- Is he cute? Let me see his pic.

JAYNE

No! What if you met him already? I don't wanna know that shit... He's in your age range.

VERA

Ha! Fair... What's he sayin? Is he pushy? Come on!!!

Jayne rolls her eyes and pulls out her phone. She lifts it like it's Thor's hammer... and she's not worthy.

JAYNE

OK, jeez... New message from...
Pa-trick. "Hey, just freed up. How
'bout tonight? What'd'ya say?"
(winces)

VERA

Aww, what's wrong with that? He
could'a just said "Sup?"

JAYNE

I don't know... I don't wanna meet
some stranger and end up on your
gory little podcast like some
nameless harpy from the streets...

VERA

(smirks... classic Jayne)
"Harpy?"

JAYNE (CONT'D)

You know you're playin with fire
yourself. Lotta sickos out there.

VERA

Trust. First guy who tries sump'in
like that will be torn to shreds,
Pilipino's don't play...
(narrows eyes)
These sound like excuses.
(holds up that letter)
Clearly sump'ins up if you're
thinking about med school again.

JAYNE

(snatches letter)
Hey!...
(scans letter again)
Maybe I'm just bored... I know I
gotta do something different...
It's either back to school or--
No, this is stupid, I don't need a
boyfriend to solve my problems.

VERA

Gross, who said anything about a
boyfriend?...

Jayne's heavy eyes float over to meet Vera.

VERA (CONT'D)

Maybe more like... a distraction.
(MORE)

VERA (CONT'D)

(Gets real)

You're just tryin' to get out of your head for a minute, y'know? I mean, yeah, it's freaking scary, but, what isn't scary these days? Might as well have some fun.

Jayne chuckles at how ridiculous that sounds. Not convinced.

JAYNE

I can't even remember the last time I went on a date... I wouldn't know what to say--

VERA

UGGGH-- Jayne, you goddess among us mere mortals... You need a confidence boost... Just keep him talking. Ask questions. It takes all the pressure off of you. And if he gets lost in something he's really passionate about. Mmm... THAT'S pure gold.

JAYNE

I dunno--

VERA

Quit being a salty old hag, Mrs. Hingle! It's just one drink. I'll even hit you up with an easy out text so if you're not feeling it, just bail. NBD. BUT! If you're having a nice time... well... tell me about it in the morning.

Can't fight Vera's wisdom. Jayne HUFFS, then sends a text.

JAYNE

Fuck it... Done.

Jayne paces off to work as Vera relishes in her victory.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A perfectly painted finger nail travels the rim of a wine glass. The glass raises to Jayne's sharp, red lips.

She sits alone at the bar in a soft flowing trench-length fleece, its sleeves scrunched at her elbows, draped over a

light fitted dress: simple, sexy, but worn like she hopes no one notices.

She scopes the place with her guarded eyes, watching strangers pass by. Her eyes follow a **BAR COUPLE**, across the room, through the masses, sitting down to a table. She watches them.

The couple: He gets the chair for her. She smiles. Laughter. Connection. Romance. Acceptance. The perfect date.

Jayne's somber face looks down at her phone:

*Glimmr app: An endearing picture of **PATRICK**, late-40s, a charming smile in a t-shirt on a bright, sunny day.*

She scrolls through their conversation on the phone:

Jayne: *I'm not real sure what you're looking for, here...*

Patrick: *I just want to hold your hand, and go from there.*

JAYNE
(Yeah right...)
Smooth...

She glances back at that bar couple. They catch each other's eyes after a playful joke. The man brushes his hand across her knee. The woman cups her hand over his.

Jayne scowls. She's fidgety, flagging the bartender while she gathers her phone and purse.

JAYNE
I'll go ahead and close out.

She hands him her card and waits for the receipt, then shifts her eyes over to the EXIT sign when... Patrick strolls in.

Shielded in a leather jacket and collared shirt. They lock eyes, causing Jayne's unsure sigh to escape her pursed lips.

He pushes through the crowd, armed with a charming smile.

PATRICK
Jayne?

Jayne masks her nerves with a calm, elegant grin, and gives a small wave, just enough to pass for ease.

PRE-LAP laughter between the two as we DISSOLVE TO...

INT. BAR - LATER

Jayne and Patrick sit across from each other at a small high-rise table amidst the busy bar. A waiter drops off a fresh round of red wine and whiskey. Their nervous laughter trails off as they bond over the absurdity of dating apps.

JAYNE

So... what do you do?

PATRICK

I, uh... I take pictures.

JAYNE

Like social media? Are you an influencer?

PATRICK

Ha! No... that's funny. I don't care for the digital stuff. I'm hooked on film and my own prints.

JAYNE

I love the look of film... Like the texture. It's classic.

PATRICK

Well... that's the thing. It's timeless. There's nothing like setting the right aperture and waiting for the perfect moment. It's like catching a memory that I can physically hold and admire...

Jayne's seeing what Vera meant by 'Gold.' His passion is palpable. She notices his hands... his eyes... his lips...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Finally got my hands on a gorgeous vintage medium format camera...

(a savory grin)

Ugh... It's mechanical and heavy. It's taken me all over, too... Australia. The Amazon. You can't just snap pics out there, you have to wait for it. Feel it. Get the moment just right. God, and when you do... It's yours. Forever... I guess I'm a bit of a nerd, huh?

He looks away, as if bashful about his passionate rant.

JAYNE

(playful dig)

Definitely.

PATRICK

Ha... thanks...

He chuckles, collecting himself, then lifts his head and connects with Jayne's sharp eyes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I would love to take your picture.

Jayne has to hold back a sigh after that. She fidgets. This train got away from her. Gotta get back on track.

JAYNE

I don't know. Not sure there's much worth capturing....

PATRICK

Oh, come on... everyone has a story to tell.

JAYNE

Yeah? Alright then, what do you see? What's my story?

PATRICK

You mean without the camera?

Jayne poses as Patrick takes a long look.

PATRICK

I see... a proud woman hiding a lot of pain behind her beautiful eyes. Something's holding you back. But, still waters run deep.

She didn't expect that kind of honesty. She exhales, raises her goblet like a toast, masking her vulnerability in dry irony...

JAYNE

"The privilege of a lifetime is to become who you truly are."
(Takes a drink)

PATRICK

(Tickled)
What is that, the Bible?

JAYNE

No. That was Jung, just happens to be a quote that's stuck with me...

Jayne catches his smile. She thinks she hides her own while brushing her hair over her ear, but, Patrick caught it.

PATRICK

Well hey, you're not the only one who's camera-shy. Some remote tribes, like deep in the jungles, still won't let me take their pictures, either. They think it *steals your soul...* Ha...

JAYNE

Hm... maybe I'll change my mind.

PATRICK

(chuckles)

So what do you do?

JAYNE

See if you can guess. Both parents were doctors. If it wasn't a therapy session with dad, then it was a pill from mom. So...

PATRICK

Gotta be a fancy surgeon or somethin', yeah?

JAYNE

(scrunches face)

Bank teller.

PATRICK

Really?

JAYNE

Yup. My mom's still trying to get me back in pre-med...
(Sips her wine)

PATRICK

Is that what you want?

JAYNE

(Ponders to herself)

I'm trying to figure that out...
It'd be nice to help people...

PATRICK

Quite the goal for a bank teller.
So... what's holding you back?

JAYNE

(lost in thought)

I have my nightmares...

She catches herself and shifts her body, going back on guard.

PATRICK

We all have nightmares, right? I guess it just depends on how you can manage them. I started taking these pills to help my brain relax... now I sleep like a rock.

JAYNE

That's not really what I meant. I mean, yeah, most people have scary dreams at some point. But, mine are pretty... extensive.

She notices Patrick hanging on every word.

JAYNE (CONT'D)

Are you familiar with Parasomnia?

PATRICK

(leaning in. smiles)

No.

JAYNE

Fancy word for Nightmare Disorder. When I fall into a deep sleep, I'm transported, maybe somewhere else, maybe someone else. Maybe *lying in bed looking through my own eye lids* as they say. It's always a power struggle with some... thing.

PATRICK

(whoa)

Wicked...

JAYNE

Yes... Vivid. Creepy shit. Can't explain it, it just... happens... I never talk about this--

PATRICK

(Give me the goods!)

Go on...

JAYNE

(Sigh)

OK, so, when I was a child...

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A simple bedroom, but something's off. It's TOO still. The shadows are too clear. There's no ambient sounds. No crickets. No A/C hum. Nothing, except...

Deep, muffled thumps from a young girl's heartbeat echo throughout.

Blue moonlight shines through the window's swaying curtains, reflecting off a sliding-mirror closet door in the background.

YOUNG JAYNE, 11, innocent, struggles in her bed, restless.

JAYNE (V.O.)
It'd hit me in the middle of the night. At the time, I didn't realize I was asleep...

Young Jayne rolls onto her side, a moment of peace.

JAYNE (V.O.)
I'd just hear something crying, or screaming... maybe both...

We don't move away from Young Jayne's face. Focusing on her eyes, SOFT, PAINFUL WHIMPERS pepper in... Someone is there with her, a tormented presence... Shivering... Gurgling...

Young Jayne cracks her eyes open... then, they widen. She can't speak. She can't look away. Tears form in her gaze.

YOUNG JAYNE
No... n-n-n...

DECREPIT FIGURE (O.S.)
(Whispers)
Answer me.... Answer... me...

Young Jayne tenses up. She tightens the grip on her blanket. Paralyzed in fear.

DECREPIT FIGURE (O.S.)
(Super soft)
What have you... done...
(Gurgling)
I can't f-f-feeeeeel...

Young Jayne fights to hold back her staccato breath.

DECREPIT FIGURE (O.S.)
Why won't you answer me? Why won't you answer me?! Why won't you...

The mirror behind Jayne: A DECREPIT FIGURE SHOOTS UP, a mangled corpse, drenched in fresh blood, towers over the tiny bed!

DECREPIT FIGURE
(Loud, Angry)
ANSWER ME!!!

Young Jayne SCREAMS, blood curdling, top of her lungs. They echo and reverberate as we push in on her terrified face--

CUT TO:

YOUNG JAYNE'S RED EYES SNAP OPEN. She's now awake... barely.

The room around her feels normal: the shadows feel dark. Moonlight is more pale than blue. The ambiance of crickets and A/C hum is obvious.

She just woke up from a nightmare. She whimpers and tightens her grip on her blanket (for real this time).

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jayne relives that painful memory as the whimpers fade away. A single tear escapes from her eye. She tries to hide it.

JAYNE

My dad would say that I was like a lighthouse for these *lost souls*... A "beacon" he'd call it. And they'd just... flock to me.

PATRICK

(Stunned by the story)
Jesus...
(Chuckles)
That's scary, alright... wow...

The tear streaks down Jayne's face...

JAYNE

I don't know where that came from... Thank you for listening.

Patrick slides a napkin across the table.

PATRICK

Yeah, of course... Look at this, I have chills... That happens often?

Jayne tries to hide any smeared makeup.

JAYNE

Every. Fucking. Night.

PATRICK

Wow. How do you live like that? I mean, you were just a kid, yeah?

JAYNE

My dad helped. Every time it'd happen, he'd teach me a new way to wake myself up mid-dream.

(Grins)

He always said I was stronger than I know... hm...

PATRICK

Has he figured out anything new? He still studies it, yeah?

JAYNE

He's passed on.

By instinct, Patrick rests his hand atop Jayne's on the table.

PATRICK

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to--

Jayne doesn't pull away. She grins and rubs his hand.

JAYNE

You're fine. Would, um. Would you excuse me for a sec?

She pulls her hand back and stands up. Patrick stands with her, but before she walks away--

PATRICK

Yeah sure-- Hey... So what do you think? Are they just ghosts looking for a lighthouse?

Jayne stops and thinks. She's never said this part out loud.

JAYNE

I don't think so.

(beat)

They seem more like drowning victims. Like, dangerous because they're flailing, grabbing anyone to survive. If I'm not careful, they could drag me down with them.

PATRICK

What if you just ignore them?

JAYNE

... I guess they drown... I'll be right back.

Patrick leans back in his seat, drapes an arm over the empty chair beside him. Glances around - quiet, casual, like a man who just won a victory no one else would notice.

PATRICK
(Light. Genuine.)
Nice...

INT. RESTARAUNT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jayne rushes in with a deep breath. Grabbing tissues, she dabs her eyes while giving herself a little pep-talk in the mirror.

JAYNE
Get out of your head, Jayne...

She stands back and looks at her reflection. Then, she quickly pulls out some lipstick and touches up her lips.

JAYNE
Maybe we don't run away this time.

She washes her hands. Fixes her dress. Checks herself out in the mirror... forcing herself to enjoy just one night.

JAYNE
You deserve to have some fun.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jayne struts with a lighter step, hair fluffed, caught in a moment of hope. But, she stops... seeing Patrick pay the tab.

PATRICK
Yeah, put it all on there, thanks.

Her pace quickens, her glow dimmed. She digs for her wallet...

JAYNE
Hey, I can cover half-- I'm sorry,
I didn't mean to dump on you--

PATRICK
Nah, it's cool, I got it-- I'm
enjoying getting to know you.

JAYNE
You weren't trying to leave?

PATRICK
What?! Oh, no. Ha. Not at all.

After all this time, she actually smiles. She steps closer.

JAYNE
Do you wanna get out of here?

PATRICK
 (She beat him to it.)
 What do you have in mind?

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Jayne waits on the curb with her cell phone to her ear.

CHANDRA (O.S.)
 (Voicemail)
 You've reached Dr. Salgado. Leave
 your name and number. (BEEP)

JAYNE
 Hey, I know you're working, but,
 I'm out on a date. It's nice to
 get out. So, um, I think I'm ready
 to talk about school. I'll call
 you tomorrow, k?... Night, mom.

Jayne drops the phone in her purse as Patrick's car pulls up.

DREAMLIKE MONTAGE

Over-cranked and melodic. Each moment dissolves into the next like the fading memory of a dream.

Viewers may not notice the ghosts hiding deep in the shadows, but since you're reading, you'll know exactly where to look.

DRIVE WAY: The bloom of approaching headlights blow out the frame. Patrick's car parks in his driveway.

Jayne waits in the passenger seat as he opens her door and offers his hand with a chivalrous smile.

They walk, arm-in-arm, up a secluded path.

LIVING ROOM: Jayne enters with a smile. She scans the room.

The POP of a wine cork. Red Wine pours into a glass.

FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS line the walls.

Jayne's wry grin is framed in the reflection of one of the photos: *Patrick smiles on a boat holding a fresh-caught fish. His full dating app picture.*

Patrick appears behind her, two glasses of wine in hand. Charismatic smile across his face.

Deep in the shadows, a brief glint of pale eyes watches them.

COUCH: Jayne sips her wine, softening into the moment. She meets Patrick's eyes. His smile. His hand cradles her head, pulls her in. Their passionate kiss defies expectation.

HALLWAY: They can't keep their hands off each other as they bounce through the hallway.

Peering out of the cracked bathroom door, a glimpse of a soaking wet dead woman cowers into the dark.

BEDROOM: Mid-sensual embrace, they both push through the door. She beckons him to the bed. He kicks off his shoes. The door eases shut as they fall onto the bed in each's arms.

Only the most observant might catch the Shadow Woman in the far corner, still as death, frozen with regret.

BLINDING FLASH like a shutter. *One frame of JAYNE'S DEAD FACE.*

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK...

Jayne's long exhale; a pleasurable release.

A moment of silence.

RINGING fades in as an out-of-focus, discolored shape sloooooowly appears from the blackness...

DESPERATE WHISPERS creep in... The object gets clearer...

Whispers become audible... distant... tortured... painful...

MULTIPLE FEMALE VOICES
(Sporadic)
Wake up... Wake up...

AGGRESSIVE SCREAMS fade in as the object is finally in focus--

INT. CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT

Jayne's closed eyes fill the frame, wild and chaotic twitches under her lids. Then, they snap open! Wide. Glassy. Frozen in terror and confusion. Her body can't move. Not yet.

The air hangs heavy, a dirty haze, thick as fog. No lights. No sound. Just the soft rasp of her steady but strained breath.

Her tense eyes quiver from side to side, scanning the darkness.

We follow her stare down...

... along her tense arm, wrapped in the soft folds of her fleece, frozen atop light-colored, unfamiliar bed sheets...

... to her clenched fist. She grips the fabric as panic sets in. She pulls it into loose bundles... until it ends.

Her breath catches. Her fingers plunge into THICK, BLACK DIRT.

JAYNE

Not now...

(takes a breath)

Ok, Jayne... You're just dreaming.

(regulates breathing)

That's all this is. Nothing new.

With a strained exhale through her pursed lips, she moves her arms. Raises her hands. Channels her inner Yogi.

JAYNE

Now, simply wake. Yourself. Up--

A CRUNCH, distant and wet, cuts through the silence. Too distinct to ignore. Too close to deny.

Jayne's eyes stretch wide, trembling, drawn toward the black.

In the black void: another CRUNCH followed by a slow, grinding DRAAAG, as if something pulls itself across the packed dirt.

She can't look away, holding her breath behind clenched hands.

From the darkness: A DEAD HAND shoots into view. Skin glassy and pale. Nails cracked. Fingers bent and broken. As if it's been digging for an eternity. It reaches out... for Jayne.

Her breath shudders. Her eyes glisten with guarded fear.

The hand grips to the dirt like a horrid claw. It digs in with a defiant CRUNCH, unleashing a flood of DEADLY, DESPERATE WHISPERS... Crying. Pleading... Jayne's eyes clamp shut!

JAYNE

No-no-no!

Another hand CRUNCHES down, DRAGS its own dead body into view:

A **DIRT WOMAN**. Her eyes gouged out, her tangled hair matted with packed clay. Blood and soil streak the remnants of her shredded plaid jacket and tattered dress. She was buried alive.

Jayne's breath bursts out, sharp and ragged. Her fists clench. Intense force. She jolts upright-- WHACK!!

Her head SLAMS into wooden planks. Hard. She drops back, dazed.

JAYNE
 (What the fuck?)
 Ow...

She rubs her head, then presses her hands against the solid planks above. They won't budge. She pushes them.

The Dirt Woman drags closer... thick dirt cascades from her gaping mouth with a A LONG, DRAWN-OUT MOAN.

Pressure rises. Jayne SLAMS her fists against the planks.

CRUNCH. CRUNCH. DRRAAGGG. Dirt Woman inches closer. Her mouth opens wider, dirt spilling loose. An echo of her dying words...

DIRT WOMAN
 STAAAHHHP...

Tears streak down Jayne's face. But her eyes narrow. She swallows her fear and stares down the Dirt Woman. Holds her ground. Steadies her breath. She won't back down-- Until--

Something else shifts behind her. Jayne turns her head, her dread rising, as another ghost gallops into view...

A **CRAWLING WOMAN** hunches in the low ceiling of the crawl space.

A creepy-ass smile carved across her mouth with a rusty blade. Her left arm dangles, bones broken. One of her twisted legs drags limp, the other scoots her across the dirt in jerky, twisted bursts. She's fast... Like a fucking contortionist.

Her pure white eyes lock with Jayne's. Muddy saliva drools from her grotesque smile.

JAYNE
 Leave me alone!!!

Jayne fights against the wooden planks, jostling, frantic.

The two ghosts close in as SCREAMS AND WHISPERS increase. Jayne closes her eyes tight and steadies her breathing.

JAYNE
 (Chanting)
 Just wake up... just wake up...

SCREAMS--WHISPERS--GHOSTS all descend upon her--

JAYNE
 (A deep inhale...)
 Wake! UP!!

Jayne sits straight up, through the planks, and into--

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick's bed. Jayne's peaked face is covered in sweat. Her heavy hands grab the heart thumping out of her chest.

Looking around the room, it's dark, full of shadows, cold.

Next to her on the bed, Patrick sleeps like a rock. Jayne grins, rests her hand on his shoulder.

JAYNE

Don't get up...

Patrick doesn't budge--

Jayne's throat seizes. A SHARP DRY INHALE. She reaches for a glass... but, it's not her room. The nightstand's empty.

She climbs out of bed, still in her date attire from last night. She pulls her fleece coat tight, covering her dress, warding off the cold... and the lingering embarrassment.

JAYNE

Classy...

Pacing across the room, she grabs the door handle-- Her legs wobble. She stumbles into unsteady footing, bracing herself against the wall. She clutches her temple.

Maybe she just stood up too fast... She shakes it off.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Light switch flicks on, revealing a simple, bare bathroom. Jayne staggers to the sink. She turns on the water, splashes her face and reaches for a towel, wiping her face dry.

She takes a moment to laugh through her nerves. She searches through the medicine cabinet...

JAYNE

Where's your aspirin...

She fumbles through different bottles when her hand grabs a PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLE -- Her muscles constrict --

She jerks her hand back-- She gasps for air-- She drops the bottle-- It bounces in the sink. She's able to breathe again.

With deep inhales, Jayne's red, watery eyes inspect this pill bottle. She's timid, but picks it back up... opens the cap--

An ORANGE PILL drops into Jayne's hand... just like her pills-- She can't breathe-- She keels over in aggressive torment--

INT. BAR - EARLIER (DATE NIGHT)

Back on the date, we watch Patrick. Glowing, like it's a dream.

PATRICK

We all have nightmares, right?...
I started taking these pills to
help my brain relax...
(On his lips)
Now I sleep like a rock.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Jayne JOLTS back to life with a deep inhale-- Shaking the bottle, the pills fly everywhere.

She dives her mouth under the faucet and inhales water.

JAYNE

(Struggles for air)
Fuck....

Orange pills lay scattered out across the floor. She looks around at the mess she caused.

JAYNE

Shit...

Dropping down, she tries to cup pills into her hands when--

WATER DRIPS catch her ear...

Jayne stands and tightens the water faucet, but, still, water drips... behind her... The shower, behind the curtain.

Polite whimpers echo throughout the tiled walls... Jayne pulls the shower curtain open to find--

A **DRENCHED GIRL, 20's**, pale skin, soaked head to toe in a moldy sun dress. The freshest dead ghost we've seen yet. She shivers in the tub, water still dripping from her hair, as if the drowning never stopped. A scared woman drowned to death.

DRENCHED GIRL

I'm cold...

JAYNE

(Eyes widen)
You're not real...

DRENCHED GIRL

I'm s-so cold....

Drenched Girl reaches for Jayne, nearly grabbing her--

Jayne jerks back with a yelp, swatting the air like something just crawled across her skin, stumbling out the door and into--

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jayne SLAMS against the wall-- A deep inhale--

INT. HALLWAY - EARLIER (DATE NIGHT)

Jayne lands against this wall. Passionate smile as Patrick matches intensity with his sloppy kisses. Full pleasure--

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Jayne bounces off the wall. Reeling from a painful migraine.

Through the bathroom door: Orange pills start to dissolve into the wet tiled floor as soaking, lifeless feet step towards us.

Jayne follows the decayed limbs up to Drenched Girl's eyes. Her lips tremble with the last words she ever spoke...

DRENCHED GIRL
DON'T TOUCH ME!!

The door SLAMS with thunderous force on its own!

Jayne jumps back against wall, clutching her pounding heart... Then it hits her.

JAYNE
I'm still asleep...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jayne dashes in, rubbing her eyes, fighting to force herself awake... There's wheezing in the air...

JAYNE
Come on, wake up!--

She stops... that wheezing... she *knows* that wheezing... Then she looks up and sees it--

The room is darker, laced with heavy shadows from stark moonlight. The bed is perfectly made. No Patrick, but, sitting alone on the edge of the bed in the dark...

Draped in haunted sadness, familiar torn jacket flutters in the breeze. Sitting at the edge of the bed, still as a tombstone, gazing out the sealed window... The SHADOW WOMAN from Scene 1.

Jayne loses her footing and stumbles back.

Shadow Woman slowly turns her head with that sickening CRACK.

JAYNE

No, no-no-no...

Her legs buckle beneath her. She braces her trembling hand on the wall. Eyes fixed on the dark figure.

Behind her, the door eases shut... sealing her inside the room.

SHADOW WOMAN

It's... you...

We've seen this before... She rises, limbs twitch, bones crack. But this isn't a decrepit house. It's Patrick's bedroom.

JAYNE

(Tears well up)

What the fuck is going on...

Shadow Woman steps towards Jayne. Bones grinding. Head drooped to one side. THAT DESPERATE WHEEZE. Her dirt-crusting jeans. Blood-stained tee. The light avoids her.

SHADOW WOMAN

You're... here...

Jayne backs up into-- the closed door. She spins and fights to open the door. But, it won't budge.

She BEATS HER FISTS against that door. Sheer panic.

JAYNE

Let me out of here!

SHADOW WOMAN

You... shouldn't... be.... here...

Terrified, Jayne turns back...

Shadow Woman is right there! Muddy tears streak her decrepit face. That hideous wheeze drones from her deformed mouth.

JAYNE

(in tears)

Please leave me alone...

Shadow Woman's broken fingers reach out for Jayne's face.

SHADOW WOMAN

(Rambling. Stuttering.)

Away... stay... away...

Jayne presses against the door, fights to avoid the crinkled, rotting fingers from grabbing her face.

Shadow Woman's words repeat like she's searching for a memory... Then she finds it--

SHADOW WOMAN
STAY AWAY FROM ME!!

JAYNE SCREAMS WITH EVERYTHING INSIDE HER!! The dead hands JERK back-- Jayne opens her eyes with a GASP--

INT. CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Tight on Jayne's closed eyes, we pull back with a tilt to reveal that she is on her back, on the dirt, in the dark crawl space. Her heart POUNDS like a jackhammer.

Slowly building in the distance... WHISPERS. CRIES. SCREAMS.

MULTIPLE FEMALE VOICES
Wake up... STAHP... Don't touch
me... STAY AWAY FROM ME!

DEAD HANDS erupt from the dirt. GRAB JAYNE. Her face. Her legs. Jayne FLINCHES, JERKS, FLAILS and SCREAMS!

To the left of her: Dirt Woman watches and moves closer--

To the right of her: Crawling Woman smiles, tilts her head--

JAYNE
No! NNOOOOOOO!!

Jayne is slowly pulled into the dirt by these decaying hands. She kicks at the planks above her-- they rattle in place.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A TRAP DOOR with a SLIDING METAL LATCH bounces on the floor.

INTERCUT

Jerking her body free, Jayne braces on her back and THRUSTS her legs against that trap door.

JAYNE
ARGH!!

The trap door bounces up and down. The metal latch CLANGS in tension. Screws holding it down RIP out of the wood.

The dead hands claw at Jayne's straining face, pulling but losing their grip. Jayne rips the hand from her face, sucks in all her fury... then SCREAMS it back in a savage war cry!

She kicks the trap door! Harder and harder!

The door jolts. The screws shoot out. The latch breaks in two!

Jayne rage peaks as she coils her legs back for ONE LAST PUSH!

JAYNE
COME! ON!

The trap door FLIES open. It SLAMS down with a resounding BOOM!

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jayne climbs out of the crawl space and onto a wooden floor. Her tan, trench-long fleece clings to her, dust-smudged and fraying at the edges. She's out of breath and frazzled.

She looks down at the ghostly hands still reaching from the crawl space. Jayne lifts the heavy door and SLAMS it shut.

The ghosts scream. They rattle the trap door, trying to escape. Jayne paces... until she sees the broken metal latch.

By instinct, Jayne throws all her weight onto the trap door. It bucks beneath her as she fumbles with the broken latch.

She almost gets it into place, but the dead hands jostle the door violently, tossing her like a rag doll.

She BANGS! SLAMS! Wedges the latch into place as dead hands claw at the edges of the trap door.

She fights and screams with a guttural and defiant UUUARRGHHH!!

She... almost... gets... it... LOCKED! Finally.

The rattling stops. The pounding of dead hands slowly fades.

Jayne sits back on her knees and celebrates her victory.

JAYNE
Ha! I beat you...

She slams her fist against the trap door! She takes heavy breaths and stumbles in place. Their painful cries evaporate.

JAYNE
(Deep breath)
I BEAT YOU!

Jayne slumps on the wall, laughing... manic, exhausted, alive. She's all alone in this dark, quiet room. *But, is she dreaming?* After a moment, a deep, throbbing THUMP in Jayne's head brings her to her knees. Her muscles strain with another loud THUMP. Jayne stumbles along the wall-- There's a door! She grabs the handle-- THUMP! She forces the door open, hoping to escape--

INT. BASEMENT - CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

A narrow, tight space. In the darkness, another THUMP pulsates through Jayne's head like a migraine.

She clenches her temple. Cringes with each distant THUMP.

She feels along the walls, finds a light switch, flicks it on--

A RED LIGHT blooms inside a tall, closed WARDROBE on the far wall. Surrounding it are Indigenous Death Artifacts: Aztec Death Whistles, Dayak Trophy Skulls, Mexican Calaveras... a curated altar of death relics from around the world.

Jayne feels drawn to that wardrobe... Her steps are timid. Her eyes peeled. The faint THUMPS pulse through her, doubling up like a heartbeat. Jayne pushes through the pain.

Her trembling hands grab the handles. She pulls the doors open... bathing herself in dense the RED LIGHT.

Inside the wardrobe: A row of WOMEN'S PURSES line the inner walls. Stained with blood, dirt, or both. One is hers, but, the THUMPS lead her eyes to the center shelf...

An OLD, RUSTIC BOOK. Cracked leather stretched across a bone-like binding. A copper engraved cover: The Grim Reaper sits on a throne made of skulls, surrounded by distressed flames.

The THUMPING quickens. Louder. Angrier. The sound of RAGING FLAMES and MUFFLED SCREAMS flutter from within.

Jayne's breath catches. Her hand reaches toward the book...

MULTIPLE FEMALE VOICES
(Whispered. Desperate.)
Don't touch it... Stay away...

As Jayne's fingers barely graze the book's edge--

IT BURSTS OPEN. PAGES FLIP. WIND. FIRELIGHT BLOW THROUGH JAYNE.

FLASH CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: Flames. Screams.

FLASH!

CLOSE UP: Mouths wailing in agony.

FLASH!

CLOSE UP: Shadows of tormented people flicker across mud-packed walls.

FLASH!

ECU: A man's mouth. Dirty lips. Salivating with joy. Sinister.

It's Patrick's mouth. We know, because we're reading this script. But to those watching, it's indistinct.

PATRICK

Scrip-too-rah Moor-teese...

The book SLAMS shut. Jayne jumps back, out of breath. *What the fuck was that???*

She snatches her purse and backs away from the deadly artifacts. The wardrobe doors creak closed on their own.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jayne slams that closet door closed and digs through her purse.

JAYNE

Come on... come on!

She pulls out her cell phone and turns it on. It slowly boots up, beaming just enough of a glow to scan around the room.

There's a single light switch on the wall.

Jayne dives to flick on the light switch.

More RED LIGHT reveals a bench with photographs hanging over rectangular bins full of water and chemicals...

She's in a PHOTOGRAPHY DARKROOM.

Curious, Jayne glides over and snatches down one of the photographs. It's not fully developed:

A crowd shot at a rock concert, with the focus on a short-haired woman... too dark and blurry to make out.

DING-DING. Jayne's phone. Battery is at 2%.

JAYNE

Shit...

She stumbles through her recent calls and clicks on CHANDRA.
Before she can hit dial--

BLOOP: A text message pops up... from Chandra.

Text Messages pop on screen as Chandra reads OFF SCREEN.

CHANDRA (V.O.)

"Hey, did you make it home?"

Before Jayne can respond--

BLOOP... Another message.

CHANDRA (V.O.)

"Your work called me. They can't
get a hold of you."

JAYNE

OK, let me respond...

Tries to type a response--

BLOOP. *Dammit...*

CHANDRA (V.O.)

"Jayne, I haven't heard from you.
What's going on?"

BLOOP.

CHANDRA (V.O.)

"I'm worried. Please respond."

JAYNE

It's only been one night. Give me
a fuckin' second--

BLOOP.

CHANDRA (V.O.)

"I'm heading to your place."

BLOOP. Messages pop up faster...

CHANDRA (V.O.)

"I need to know you're safe."

JAYNE

I'm fine, I'm--

Messages engulf Jayne. BLOOPS in rapid succession.

CHANDRA (V.O.) CHANDRA (V.O.)
 "Where are you?" "Answer your phone!"

JAYNE
 I'm here...

CHANDRA (V.O.) CHANDRA (V.O.)
 "Jayne, open your door!!" "Are you with somebody?"

CHANDRA (V.O.) CHANDRA (V.O.)
 "Is your phone turned off?" "Jayne, where are you??"

JAYNE
 Stop-- just give me a sec--

CHANDRA (V.O.)
 "It's been 2 weeks..."

JAYNE
 Two weeks? What?

Jayne's overwhelmed by the flood of messages and BLOOPS.

CHANDRA (V.O.) CHANDRA (V.O.)
 "I've called the police." "Jayne, please respond!"

CHANDRA (V.O.) CHANDRA (V.O.)
 "Did you run away??!" "What happened to you?"

CHANDRA (V.O.) CHANDRA (V.O.)
 "It's been over a month." "Where are you???"

JAYNE
 (Hyperventilating)
 Please... Enough...

CHANDRA (V.O.) CHANDRA (V.O.)
 "I can't stop crying." "I pushed you away."

CHANDRA (V.O.) CHANDRA (V.O.)
 "Jayne... I miss you." "Please come back home."

The messages-- It's too much--

JAYNE
 STOP!!!

Jayne's cry echoes throughout the small room.

The text messages disappear.

DING-DING. The phone battery is now at 1%.

JAYNE
 Fuck...

She calls Chandra.

Ring-Ring...

JAYNE
Come on mom...

Ring-Ring...

JAYNE
Pick up-- please pick up...

Ring-Ring-- Click...

A soft whimper through Jayne's earpiece. After a long silence, a timid, tattered voice appears...

CHANDRA (O.S.)
Hello?

JAYNE
Mom-I don't have time-I need your help--

CHANDRA (O.S.)
Who is this?

JAYNE
Listen to me-- my battery is going to die. I'm trapped in a--

CHANDRA (O.S.)
All I hear is static.

JAYNE
FUCKING cell phones-- Mom! I don't know where I am. I was unconscious--

CHANDRA (O.S.)
(Sobs)
Please, I can't... I hear you breathing... just say something...

JAYNE
Listen. To. Me. This is Ja--

CHANDRA (O.S.)
(Gasp!)
Jayne? Is that you?

JAYNE
YES!! Can you hear me?? I need you to listen--

CHANDRA (O.S.)
Please... It's been three
months...

JAYNE
(Three months?)
What...?

CHANDRA (O.S.)
(Tears)
I'm sorry, baby... I'm so...
(Inhale)
If you're the person who took
Jayne, please, she has people who
care about her. We just want her
back. Please bring her home...

Jayne's breath stammers. Eyes widen. Disbelief sinks in.

DING-DING (battery).

JAYNE
Wait-- wait, it's me. I'm here!

CHANDRA (O.S.)
(Deep Inhale)
Stop breathing and say something!

JAYNE
Mom?! I'm here! What do you mean
it's been three months???

CHANDRA (O.S.)
(Cries harder)
Where is my daughter?!!--

CLICK. Phone battery dies.

JAYNE
Mom? Hello?
(Breathing quickens)
Mom! FUCK!!!

Jayne HURLS her phone across the dark basement. It shatters.
Silence rolls back into the darkness...

Jayne is overwhelmed. She's woozy. She sways, knees buckling.

Through the darkness, there's a soft, distant BOOM...

She clutches her chest. Feels that BOOM throb through her.

Another deep... BOOM... She braces her hand on the wall.

Her mouth goes dry. She fights her eyes from closing. She follows along the wall...

Another BOOM... Faint TORTURED SCREAMS creeps around her...

She grabs the back of her head... A sharp pain.

BOOM... Getting louder...

JAYNE
(Woozy)
Please...

She pushes on, her hand grazing against the wall... her knees on the edge of buckling...

Her lips crack. Bone-dry. Airless.

BOOM! The painful screams build louder and LOUDER...

JAYNE
Stop...

Jayne's dizzy. She can't breathe. She's about to pass out.

The sounds creep closer in behind her...

BOOM... Screams... BOOM... SCREAMS!!

In utter frustration, Jayne SLAMS her fist against the wall--

JAYNE
I said STOP IT!!

A puff of fog, like a tiny shockwave, bursts around Jayne. Easily missed if not noticed. She didn't see it.

Then... Silence. No booms. No screams.

Jayne turns around to see: A flimsy, creaking staircase. Fighting for balance, she runs up the stairs--

Another door. She pulls it open to-- a solid wall.

Jayne rams her shoulder into the wall. Again. And again. It won't budge! She fumbles... then finds a metal latch.

She pulls it--

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The wall drags open into Patrick's Hallway. She steps through a FAUX BOOKCASE hiding the basement door.

There's two doors to either side of her--

Jayne stumbles with crippling headaches!

She fights to run down the hall. Wind blows through her, as if to force her back down stairs.

But, Jayne persists...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jayne's knees land on the living room floor.

She gasps for air, as if her heart stops.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DATE NIGHT

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP: An ALARM CHIRPS at the front door. Patrick rushes in to an ALARM PANEL disarms it with a code.

He flicks on a light switch and welcomes Jayne inside.

PATRICK

Watch your step...

Jayne, back in her clean and classy date attire, enters, pleased as he closes the door behind her. He softly locks the deadbolt.

PATRICK

Make yourself at home. I'll grab us something to drink...

He heads off to the kitchen. After a beat, glasses clank, a wine bottle pops, and cabinets open and close.

Jayne looks around the living room. Minimal furniture: couch, tv, coffee table, floor lamp, a generic bachelor pad.

JAYNE

This place is huge--

PATRICK (O.S.)

What's that?

JAYNE

(Projects a little louder)
I was saying your place... it's impressive... You live here alone?

Framed photographs hang on the wall. Exotic jungles. Beaches.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Oh, yeah... Got a hell of a deal.
Old roommate had to move out, so,
the landlord let me take over her
lease. Shouldn't have a place like
this to myself in the valley, huh?

DING-DING! Jayne checks her phone. It's a text from VERA.

Vera: *Hey hey! Easy out
text inbound. You safe?*

Jayne smiles. She poses and snaps a selfie with Patrick's living room in the background. Then, sends it with a message.

Jayne: *I'm a bit... distracted 🙄*

Vera: *That's my girl! HAVE FUN!!*

Back to the wall, Jayne lands on a photo of Patrick smiling:

A wider view of his profile picture. His warm smile on a fishing boat. Having fun in the sun. A nice photograph.

Jayne smiles and shakes her head at the cheesy picture.

In the frame's reflection: Patrick returns, wine glasses in hand. Jayne turns around to greet him.

PATRICK

You were drinking red, right?

JAYNE

MmHm.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Jayne, her dirty dress and tattered fleece, is back on her knees. She gasps for air. She strains to regain consciousness.

JAYNE

EEEEeeffffFFFFFFUCK!...

She SLAMS her hands on the floor and forces herself to stand.

The room spins around her. It's disorienting.

Through the dizziness, she muscles one big step forward--

INT. LIVING ROOM - DATE NIGHT

Two wine glasses land on the coffee table.

PATRICK

Well, uh... Wanna have a seat?

Jayne grabs her glass and sits on the couch. She swirls the wine. Her face reads as distant and cautious.

PATRICK

Everything alright?

JAYNE

Huh?... Oh, yeah. Sorry...

Jayne sips her wine. Patrick grabs his glass and does the same.

JAYNE

So... Patrick... This is all working for me. I almost ignored your messages, but, I'm actually glad we met tonight. I needed this... to get out...

PATRICK

Is there a but?

JAYNE

(Exhales)

But... I can't stay the night.

Patrick places his glass on the table, softening his posture.

PATRICK

There's no pressure for you to do anything. I'm playing it all by ear, myself...

JAYNE

(Grins)

I'm not saying I'm closed off to the moment. I wouldn't have come to your house if I wasn't attracted to you...

(Beat)

I don't want to make it weird, let me just get this off my chest.

Patrick rests his arms across the back of his couch.

PATRICK

Sure, go ahead.

JAYNE

(Takes a breath)

I told you about my... condition.

(MORE)

JAYNE (CONT'D)

Well, it's hard for me to sleep next to someone without freaking them out. Because, nine times out of ten, I wake up screaming...

PATRICK

From your dreams...

JAYNE

Yes. So, I'd rather just take that card off the table. And if that's not alright with you, then--

PATRICK

No, no, that doesn't scare me away at all. I'm fine with whatever makes you comfortable.

Patrick leans forward and cups her face within his hand. His thumb traces her jawline. He looks directly into her eyes.

Jayne leans into Patrick's warmth.

JAYNE

(grins)

So... what happens next?

Jayne's gaze drifts between his eyes... and his lips...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Jayne lands on her scuffed knees, hands clenched. It takes everything not to collapse.

JAYNE

ARGGG!!!

Looking up, she can see the front door. Her escape.

Strong wind holds her down. But, she's so close to THAT DOOR... She forces herself forward... reaches out for it... stretches her arm for the handle... Her fingers almost reach it... She jumps forward and GRABS the handle.

In an instant, she can breathe again. She's able to stand.

JAYNE

Oh-my-fucking-god...

She turns the handle and pulls... The door doesn't budge.

JAYNE

No-no-no-no-no...

Putting her weight into it, she pulls harder. Straining.
 This time, the door cracks opens, closing just as fast.
 Whispers sprinkle back in around her... Mostly indistinct.

MULTIPLE FEMALE VOICES
 We can't leave... Please help
 me... Don't leave us...

Jayne uses her foot for leverage. The door resists...
 She belts out a FRUSTRATED scream, pulling with all her
 might... Fighting with the door...
 As the whispers around her turn into CRIES...

JAYNE
 Let...

Cries turn to SCREAMS...

JAYNE
 Me...

Screams turn to PAINFUL MOANS...

JAYNE
 OUT!!!

The door is almost open, but-- A tortured mass of angered and
 erratic voices respond--

MULTIPLE FEMALE VOICES
 NO!!!!

The handle slips from Jayne's hand-- The door SLAMS!
 Jayne collapses to the floor. A tear falls from her eyes.

JAYNE
 Why?...

She sits against the solid door. Pulls her long hair from her
 face. Sniffs her runny nose. Not sobbing, just... defeated.

The whispers continue, distant and incoherent.

JAYNE
 What do you want from me, huh?!

Bracing to stand, she pats herself down, shakes off the dirt.
 Whispers vanish. No answer.

JAYNE

You've taken everything from me.
My life... My sanity...

(Silence)

I'm so... FUCKING tired.

(Rage building)

Come on! What are you afraid of,
huh? Look me in the eyes. Tell me
what you want from me! Cuz once
I'm out of here, you won't get
another chance.

Her rage hangs in the air, demanding a response.

Behind her... the floor lamp's light flickers, dimming in and
out. It's the most light she's seen all night.

Jayne scoffs with an annoyed chuckle. She slishes over to the
lamp and reaches out to turn it off...

JAYNE

I'm done--

Upon grabbing the lamp-- Jayne's breath evaporates...

INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLIER (DATE NIGHT)

On the couch: Patrick leans into Jayne. She closes her eyes,
ready for a kiss, but, he passes her lips.

PATRICK

(Whisper in her ear)

Tonight, is all about you...

He kisses her neck. Jayne surrenders herself to elation. Her
hands wrap around his head, gripping his thick hair.

She releases a long, pent-up sigh...

INTERCUT LIVING ROOM - "NOW" AND "DATE"

NOW: Jayne's knees buckle, being gut punched with memories. Her
mouth: dry. Her air: depleted. Her pain: unbearable.

DATE: Patrick stands. Jayne offers her hand. He pulls her in to
a passionate embrace. She reaches out and clicks the lamp off.

NOW: Lamp hits the ground. Bulb shatters. Jayne's hand slams
down. With her intense migraine, all she can do is crawl...

DATE: Jayne playfully pulls away from the embrace. She grabs
Patrick's hand, leading him into the hallway.

INTERCUT HALLWAY - "NOW" AND "DATE"

Single Camera Angle down the hallway.

NOW: Jayne crawls, hands and knees, into the dark hallway--

DATE: Jayne pulls Patrick into the hallway. He yanks her back into a kiss, falling against the right-side wall--

NOW: Jayne's body flings up from the ground, crashing against the right-side wall. She pleads for air--

DATE: Patrick and Jayne spin onto the left-side wall--

NOW: Jayne, a screaming rag-doll, flies to the left wall--

DATE: Jayne leads Patrick, pushing open the bedroom door--

NOW: On the ground, Jayne is dragged by an unseen force, down the hallway. Fighting. Flailing. She grabs onto the door frame, struggling for freedom, but, is pulled into the bedroom.

JAYNE
NOOO!!! SSSTTTOOOPPPPP!!!

INTERCUT BEDROOM - "NOW" AND "DATE"

DATE: Jayne falls onto the bed, pulling Patrick down with her.

NOW: At the foot of the bed, Jayne falls to her knees.

JAYNE
Please... Enough....

DATE: On Patrick: Kisses up Jayne's arms to her wrists.

On Jayne: Sultry eyes are tight, focused on him.

On night stand: Patrick's hand slides the drawer open...

NOW: Jayne's face as the nightstand drawer opens on its own...

DATE: Patrick straddles Jayne. He holds her wrists, pulls her body, aggressive kisses to her face and neck... she's into it.

NOW: Jayne sits up against the bed. Her migraine at its peak. Her neck strains her face upward, fighting against the torment.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (DATE NIGHT)

Jayne's head falls onto the pillow. Closing her eyes, she's ready for passion. With a deep, trusting breath--

SLIT!!!

Ruby red droplets land on Jayne's face. Her eyes open. Confused... they widen as more drops of dark blood rain down.

On Patrick: He's elated, holding a LARGE BLOODY KNIFE and squeezing blood from the fresh wounds on Jayne's wrists.

Jayne's eyes flutter. Betrayal amidst blood splatter.

FLASH!

Jayne's dying eyes squint from an intense, blaring light.

FLASH!

Patrick looks down on Jayne through the lens of a CLASSIC HASSELBLAD CAMERA WITH A FLASH BULB ATTACHMENT.

Jayne gasps to breathe, but, as her life leaves her eyes--

Patrick takes a final-- FLASH!

Straddling JAYNE'S CORPSE, Patrick relaxes in his victory.

CAMERA CREEPS BACK from the heinous murder, revealing a shoulder... dark hair... a familiar, tattered fleece...

Jayne. No longer alive. Now, a ghost. She has witnessed the sick murder of Patrick's victim... her.

She can't move, just watches Patrick dismount from her corpse.

Patrick slips his camera over his shoulder and wraps the bloody corpse in his sheets. He's careful not to let a drop of blood touch the floor, as if he's done this many times before.

He grabs the legs and drags... inching the corpse off the edge of the bed--

THUMP! The head hits the floor. Painful. Brutal. Solid.

Ghost Jayne feels the back of her head. She looks at her hands: they are covered in red blood... Then, she notices the sliced wounds in her wrists... Her face and hands tremble.

She watches Patrick drag her corpse out of the room.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. Patrick drags the corpse down the stairs.

The THUMPS morph into muffled BOOMS in Ghost Jayne's head as she emerges from the shadows, flinching with each painful hit.

Ghost Jayne's pale eyes watch with morbid curiosity as Patrick drags the corpse across the room to the trap door. With her purse in his grip, He stretches and saunters over to the--

INT. BASEMENT - CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Patrick flicks the light switch and heads for the wardrobe as Ghost Jayne peers into the door frame. With a CREAK, the RED LIGHT washes across her pale skin.

Patrick hangs Jayne's purse at the back of the wardrobe. Then, looks down at the Scriptura Mortis.

It's open. The brittle and rigid pages are covered in Old Latin and crude drawings inked in crimson. Scribbles in the margins.

Jayne inches closer, as if the book is calling to her. But, Patrick slams it shut. He closes the wardrobe and paces out of the closet.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick flicks on the RED LIGHT over his development station, basking the basement in a hellish glow.

He ejects the film from the camera and searches the negatives. Stops on a single frame, and inspects with a magnifying glass.

PATRICK

Everyone has a story...

He starts the developing the film in the chemical bath. Ghost Jayne steps out of the shadows, watching him...

Patrick bends down under the bench, digging through heavy objects, oblivious to Jayne approaching the bench.

Patrick reaches up from under the bench and places a stack of 4x6 photos, which cascade across bench. Jayne's jaw quivers as she scans across these candid photos:

Jayne asleep in her car at work. Jayne waiting for a drink at a coffee shop. Through the window at the bank, Jayne leans against the counter with Vera smiling in the background...

Tears flow down Jayne's pale face. She notices one of the fresh photos hanging dry:

Still developing. Blurry. Just blobs of people at a concert, focused on a woman with short hair dancing in the center...

Jayne grabs for this photo. Her hand phases through. She huffs. Rage builds. She YELLS with each swipe, but can't grab it.

She flails and slams against the bench--

The bench rocks back and forth.

Patrick jumps up with an ORNATE WOODEN FRAME as a weapon.

He looks around the quiet, dark, and empty room.

He notices the photos wafting in the air.

He turns to confront whoever's there... But, it's nobody... just darkness and silence.

Ghost Jayne stands frozen. Breathless. *Did she move that bench?*

Patrick chuckles to himself. He puts the frame down and wipes the sweat from his face.

He braces his hands on the bench and takes a deep breath.

PATRICK

Yeah...

He dries his hands on a towel and paces to the TRAP DOOR, unlocks it, and pulls it open.

Jayne watches Patrick pick up her corpse, walk it over to the trap door, and drop it in the solid dirt.

Ghost Jayne feels that THUD. She looks down the hole in the floor. Down at her own dead body.

CAMERA FLOATS DOWN to...

INT. CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Jayne's corpse rests on a bedsheet in the dirt. PUSH IN on her face. Splattered in blood. Still. Eyes open.

Stone, stone dead.

Up through the hole: Patrick towers over us, peering down with a proud smile. He lifts and holds the trap door...

PATRICK

And now... you're mine.

He SLAMS the door and slides the lock in place. Red shafts of light lead us back down to Jayne's cold corpse. Footsteps echo across the floor... The light cuts out.

Jayne's corpse rests in silence... After a moment, her vacant eyes blink. Tears streak her face. She looks around.

In the darkness, Dirt Woman rests propped up on her hands. Shadows swallow her, revealing only the glint in her dead eyes.

DIRT WOMAN
You're awake...

JAYNE
What is happening to me?

DIRT WOMAN
You're... one of us... now...

Crawling Woman also retreats into the shadows.

JAYNE
No, I can move. I can feel. I'm not rotting away like you.

DIRT WOMAN
You will...

Jayne is alone. She can't fight her dreadful tears.

In the distance, maybe even in her mind, the soft whimper of a scared child. Jayne closes her eyes, focusing on a memory...

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASH BACK)

Young Jayne lies in bed, eyes closed. Crying. Trembling. The door opens, with a warm, amber light reflect off her tears.

A protective, strong, male hand brushes back her hair.

ÁNGEL
Mi Amor, It's ok. I'm here.

She opens her eyes and looks up at him--

ÁNGEL
No-no, like I showed you. Eyes closed. You have to face your fears to overpower them...
(beat)
You're stronger than you know...

Her eyes are tight as he wipes the tear stains from her face.

YOUNG JAYNE
Please don't go...

ÁNGEL
Never...

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

A low rumbling. Deep, heavy male breaths. Slow. Controlled.

Muffled footsteps, high heels, in the distance. Warped amorphous blobs move through the black screen.

EXT. CLUB ALLEY - MIDNIGHT

The screen edges wobble. Our vision is fuzzy. Something feels off. We can't see this world with the clarity we've come to expect thus far in this story. We are a voyeuristic camera POV, watching and waiting... hunting...

CLUB DOOR: Three women burst into the alley, enjoying the remnants of their night. Tipsy. Singing... We follow them.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - MIDNIGHT

The women stumble through the garage, laughing, fumbling with their keys. They had a fun night.

We GRUNT with each step, peering at them from behind cars and pillars. Our breathing gets heavier as we stalk these women.

We stop and hide as two of the women hug the third, then trot off to their car. Leaving our victim alone. Vulnerable.

As we step closer: DESPERATE WHIMPERS IN THE DARK pull our focus. We pan over to find a pale woman with deep rings around her eyes step out of the shadows. A ghost. Her wide eyes lock with ours. She reaches out for us, full of anguish when--

She is YANKED straight back, disappearing into the darkness.

We run to catch up with our victim at her car. She screams!

INT. BASEMENT - CLOSET

Red light glows from the wardrobe. The doors open on their own.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - MIDNIGHT

The woman runs away. Frantic. Terrified. We chase her.

INT. BASEMENT - CLOSET

That book. The Scriptura Mortis. It opens by itself with a gust! The brittle pages flip with aggression.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - MIDNIGHT

The woman twists her ankle. Falls to the ground. Swats her purse as we approach. Our palpable heavy breathing.

Another ghost distracts us. Pale. Drenched. Crying in pain.

In an instant, she's yanked into the darkness with a sharp wail.

The women crawls away from us. She pleads for mercy. We stomp to her. Slow. Deliberate. Intimidating. Salacious.

INT. BASEMENT - CLOSET

Page after page. Horrific imagery inked in crimson. Tension builds. The pages stop on a crude image of souls being sucked from, their bodies and captured in large wooden frames.

The sounds of FLAMES and SCREAMS ring throughout our ears.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - MIDNIGHT

We grab the woman's legs and drag. She kicks and screams.

Another ghost emerges from the darkness, dirt falls from her mouth. We fight to look away from her, we WANT to focus on our victim! But we struggle. We can't look away from the ghost--

Until-- the ghost is yanked into the darkness, ejected from sight! We return to our victim. She SCREAMS IN AGONY.

INT. A DARK SPACE

Out of the POV, we now look up at PATRICK. He holds us down. Face covered in impassioned sweat. Eyes wide with determination.

A high-pitched tone, a Shepherd's Tone, rises around us as Patrick raises his HASSELBLAD CAMERA to his eye.

FLASH!

He's choking us. His mouth curls into a maniacal smile.

FLASH!

He holds us down, breathing with elation and joy. We hear intense GURGLES OF WATER. His eyes and smile widen with joy.

FLASH!

His large knife in hand. He SLASH! SLASH! SLASHES down at us. We hear SCREAM. CRIES. GURGLES. Blood erupts around him. His maniacal laughter turns euphoric. It's unnatural.

The Shepherd's Tone peaks with undying frustration then morphs into the piercing sound of--

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - MORNING

A SOFT CLOCK ALARM BEEPS in the distance.

An all-too normal house perfectly isolated in Anytown, USA.

It's a beautiful day outside. Birds chirp. Cars drive by. Neighbors walk their dogs.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The sun shines in from the windows. An alarm clock blares on the night stand. A hand reaches over and clicks it off.

Patrick opens his groggy eyes. He sits up in bed. Yawns.

We get a good look at him. His hair is much longer. A full beard, covering his face. He looks almost like a different person... as if three months have passed.

He pulls his hair back and picks up a single ORANGE PILL from his nightstand, swallowing it down with a glass of water.

With a tired moan, Patrick stands and stretches, recovering from a deep yawn, glancing around the room with gleeful pride.

He picks up his phone and walks across the room. He opens up an app on his phone, then sets it down on his dresser.

ON PHONE: *The Lingo Buddy App* plays a cheesy musical intro.

Patrick gets ready for the day, making practical decisions on what to wear, releasing grunts and farts around the room.

LINGO BUDDY APP

Welcome to Day 30 of "Mastering The Southern Accent." Today we venture down to the swamps of Central Florida. Let's start there. Repeat after me: Floor-Duh... That's right. Yer speaking like uh low-cul ah-ready.

PATRICK

(tickled)
Floor-Duh... Like a low-cul.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cereal pours into a bowl, followed by milk. Patrick, now wearing glasses, closes a few cabinets then heads off into...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room has changed: a new record player stand with shelves of vinyl, nice speakers on either side. Some pictures still hang, but a few are missing. The couch and TV remain.

Patrick slouches into the room when--

PATRICK

(No southern accent)

What the fuck is this?

The floor lamp has fallen over, the bulb shattered. He puts his cereal bowl on the coffee table and inspects the lamp.

PATRICK

Huh... Son of a bitch...

Closet: Patrick fiddles around for a spare light bulb.

He stands the lamp back up and turns the light on and off. Good job, Patrick. Feel proud of yourself. You deserve it.

He plops down on the couch, turns on the TV and clicks through news channels, finally stopping on an old cartoon.

Patrick leans forward, grabs his bowl, laughs and takes a bite.

Sitting back-- JAYNE'S GHOST sits next to him on the couch!

Her hair is frazzled. Skin: pale and scuffed. Her fleece hangs in tatters over the same dirty dress. Tears, blood, and dirt mark her like a painting of pain. She looks very dead.

JAYNE

(Staring through him)

Why did you kill me?

Patrick can't hear her as he crunches his cereal. *Roadrunner is really giving it to that coyote...*

JAYNE

ANSWER ME!

Jayne SLAMS her fist down on the coffee table! And it shakes. It's slight. Jayne takes notice...

Patrick noticed it, too... He mutes the TV and stands from the couch... searches the room... A cool chill pours over his neck.

Patrick sees nothing... it's quiet and empty. Is he hearing things, or starting to crack? He turns the TV off, grabs his bowl and head to the kitchen, disappearing around the corner.

PANNING back into the room, we see Jayne seated on the couch. Her eyes are glued to that coffee table... *Did she move it?--*

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK -- Jayne jumps up. Turns to the front door. Patrick pokes his head around the hallway corner. He waits...

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK -- Patrick adjusts his composure.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

DETECTIVE BROWN, 40s and stoic, AND DETECTIVE CLEMENT, 30s and agitated, stand on Patrick's stoop, surveying the area.

Patrick peeks through the blinds. He studies these cops.

Beside him, *Jayne's ghostly, open-eyed face watches the men. She looks at Patrick with welcomed hope.*

The Detectives look back to find the empty blinds wafting. The door unlocks, barely opens a crack with Patrick peaking out.

DET. BROWN
Are you Mr. Bates?

PATRICK
(Cold)
Who's asking?

DET. BROWN
I'm Detective Brown, and this here is Clement. We're following up on a standing case. Do you have a few minutes?

He opens the door further, cautious and on guard.

PATRICK
Sure. What's going on?

Jayne walks up beside Patrick, watching the whole interaction.

Clement holds up a phone with a photo of Jayne.

DET. CLEMENT
She look familiar?

Patrick inspects the picture. *Jayne looks over his shoulder at the phone. It's a pic of her smiling. She glances at Patrick...*

JAYNE

They got you.

PATRICK

Uh, maybe? I can't place her.

DET. CLEMENT

Feels like you know her.

DET. BROWN

According to her Glimmr app account, you two met at a bar close by. Ring any bells?

Jayne grins, savoring the pressure he's under.

JAYNE

They can see through your lies...

PATRICK

Yeah, ok, Janet, or something?

DET. CLEMENT

Jayne Salgado.

PATRICK

Right, we grabbed some drinks, what, a while back I think.

DET. BROWN

You don't remember?

JAYNE

*(Shows him her wrists.)
He remembers... Don't ya, babe?*

PATRICK

That's the thing with these dating apps. Always meeting someone new... Is she ok?

DET. BROWN

Well, no. Her, uh, mom and friend reported her missing a few days after your date, actually.

PATRICK

Really? First I'm hearing of it.

DET. BROWN

Yeah, about three months back. They dropped the case on our desk the other day, we're just trying to fill in some of the gaps--

DET. CLEMENT
When'd you last see her?

Patrick hesitates for a moment...

JAYNE
Let's see you get out of this one.

PATRICK
(Southern accent returns)
Ooo, I guess it would have been
that one night. We never talked
again. She kinda ghosted me.

Clement holds Patrick with that cold stare.

JAYNE
They know you killed me, Pa-trick.

DET. BROWN
(Breaks the tension)
Hm... Women, huh? Am-I-rite?

*Jayne's eyes widen, quickly turns back to the detectives.
Patrick's shoulders relax as the mood lifts. His smile emerges.*

PATRICK
Ha, yeah. I ended up deleting the
app after that. Too much bullshit.

JAYNE
Oh, no...

Brown nudges Clement with his elbow. Clement forces a cigarette
into his mouth and lights it up.

DET. BROWN
Clement can tell you some stories
about those apps, eh, rookie?

DET. CLEMENT
Yeah-yeah. Friggin' bane of my
existence. I went on three dates
and never heard from them again...
What, I can't tell a stupid joke
just to break the goddamn tension?

Brown and Patrick laugh at Clement. *Jayne staggers back,
stunned. Silent.*

PATRICK
Oh, nobody can take a joke these
days, it's ridiculous...

DET. CLEMENT
Don't get me started...

DET. BROWN
We rib him about those apps all
the time after hours, don't we?

DET. CLEMENT
Yeah, I prob'ly deserve it.

JAYNE
You're all... sick...

PATRICK
Huh... I tell ya, I wish I could
help. This one seemed pretty nice.
Would've liked to see her again.

DET. BROWN
In most cases, they take some
money off ya and skip town--

DET. CLEMENT
You missing any money?

Patrick pats around his pockets, it's performative. They bond
with boys-club laughter.

PATRICK
Now that you mention it, wallet's
been a bit light... Ugh, women...

*Jayne backs against the wall behind Patrick. Her head shakes.
Her lips quiver. Her heart pounds in her chest.*

DET. BROWN
Hey, I'm sorry to bug you about
this. It's just, well, the mom
calls us every few days or so. We
gotta tell her something.
(To Clement)
Hand him a card, will ya.

DET. CLEMENT
Alright, just give us a call if
you hear anything.

PATRICK
Yeah, of course. Good luck with
yer search. I hope you find her.

DET. BROWN
Have a good one.

The cops turn away as Patrick closes the door-- Jayne lunges forward. Reaches for the door.--

JAYNE

WAIT!!!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SLAM! The door closes on Jayne's face. She collapses against it, resting her head on the solid wood. Panting.

Patrick locks the door with a key then strolls towards the kitchen. Proud smile as he practices his southern accent.

PATRICK

Floor-duh... A low-cull...

Jayne turns her head, her eyes a deep red with heavy standing tears. Disgusted. She watches Patrick get away with her murder.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Water runs from the faucet. Patrick washes his dishes. In the background, Jayne appears in the hallway, swallowed by the shadows. Her white eyes pierce through. They don't blink.

JAYNE

You... can't...

Patrick keeps washing dishes. Oblivious. Jayne's looks down at the counter top... A BUTCHER KNIFE lies in wait.

A sliver of life gleams behind her dead gaze...

JAYNE

You can't get away with this...

Patrick perks up. He shuts off the water... listens...

Jayne GRABS the knife -- LIFTS it up -- SLASHES down into Patrick's back! Over and OVER! RED BLOOD splatters her face.

JAYNE

(viking's war cry)
MURDERER!!!

Patrick turns around... There's no knife. No blood. No Jayne...

He grabs a towel and dries his hands, walks over to the hallway, looks around. Nobody's there. He's alone.

He tosses the towel onto the counter, next to that knife that never actually moved.

Patrick's eyes narrow. He scans the quiet space. Rubs his forehead... a familiar headache. He paces out of the kitchen.

Once gone, Jayne stands as if she had just stabbed Patrick, except, there's no knife in her hand. No blood spray...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Patrick enters and stops-- the wet floor is covered in half-dissolved ORANGE PILLS. He's stunned. Speechless.

PATRICK

What the-- No no no no no...

He dives down, cupping any tiny bits in his hand. It's useless.

PATRICK

Mother fucker!

Jayne steps in, blank-eyed, watching Patrick grovel like some greedy troll... The sound of shivers draws her eyes to the tub.

Drenched Girl cowers away from Patrick's presence.

Jayne turns back on Patrick.

He grabs a small broom and dust pan, sweeping up the mess.

JAYNE

Let me out of this house.

No reaction. Patrick is determined to clean up this mess.

JAYNE

You got what you wanted let me go!

Jayne rants and raves, but her voice fades away as we move in into Patrick's rumbling, tinnitus-like head space. He picks up the bottle. Shakes one lone orange pill into his meaty hand.

PATRICK

Not now... Not today...

He closes the pill in his fist, stands and storms out of the bathroom. Once gone, Jayne steps back into view, mid-rant...

JAYNE (CONT'D)

... and let me out of here!

She stops to catch her breath, Glances over at Drenched Girl, still cowering in the tub. Jayne's eyes narrow.

DRENCHED GIRL

Please... I'm so... c-cold...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick digs through his nightstand drawers. Frantic. No pills.

From one of the drawers, he finds a medical form with a phone number. Patrick dials the number. It's an automated system.

PATRICK

Yes... YES... Uh...

(Read from the paper)

467-85Q-FN19... YES...

(Should I take this pill?)

Operator... OP-ER-A-TOR... fuck...

He places the pill on his nightstand, next to a glass of water.

In the door threshold, Jayne glides into the room...

PATRICK

No-no-no don't put me on-- Fuck!

Jayne glances around the room: Shadow Woman sits on the bed. Avoiding attention. Wheezing. A statue averting her eyes.

Patrick opens his closet door. Jayne turns to confront him--

Shadow Woman steps into her path, locking eyes. Jayne tries to look around her... Shadow Woman won't let her.

JAYNE

What are you doing?

SHADOW WOMAN

You shouldn't see...

Patrick smiles, stepping into the closet. We can't see inside, but, we do hear an echoed CLICK and DRAAAAAGGGG...

Jayne shoves Shadow Woman, like shoving a brick wall...

JAYNE

Get out of my way!--

SHADOW WOMAN

(A force of nature)

OUUUUUTTTT!!!

Violent wind forces Jayne backwards--

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The bedroom door slams in Jayne's face. She can't open it. She can barely breathe, let alone stand.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hearing the door slam, Patrick jumps back from the closet. Phone to his ear, he scans the empty bedroom...

There's an open window. Curtains blowing. Sigh-- CLICK!

PATRICK

Hello? Hello! Son of a bitch!

Patrick stomps across the room, swinging the door open, almost off its hinges, revealing a stunned and timid Jayne. He blows right past her down the hallway.

Jayne's painful eyes creep back over to the Shadow Woman, back on her perch on the bed. She lets out a tattered wheeze...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom door creaks shut on Jayne's confused gaze.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP from the living room. Jayne follows the sound...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Patrick is at the open front door, now in a leather jacket. He stops and checks his pockets for...

PATRICK

Keys... Where'd I put my keys?

He rushes away, off into the kitchen.

Jayne passes him, stopping at the sight of the open door. Her eyes soften. Her tears turn joyful. It's her way out.

Her feet stumble into a glorious run, ready to embrace the sweet severance of escape!

She crosses the threshold. Freedom! A bright light!

INT. CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Jayne opens her eyes in the dark, familiar space.

JAYNE

What? No! NOOOOO!!!

She pounds on the trap door, then slumps, hiding her face in her hands. In the darkness, Dirt Woman mutters.

DIRT WOMAN

We can't leave... He won't let us.

The muffled front door SLAMS with another BEEP-BEEP-BEEP. Jayne sneers at Dirt woman in the dark... The ghost is right.

EXT. FRONT PORCH / CAR - DAY

Patrick walks down the path, proud and conceited. He slides into his car and scrolls through his phone's music app.

PATRICK

OK, what was this new band...

He puts on a song, it's pop-rock, modern and fun. He cringes, judging his "homework" with a disdainful scowl. He grips the steering wheel, revs his engine, and squeals down the road.

INT. PODCAST ROOM - DAY

We creep up on Vera at her computer working on recording her podcast. Her heart just isn't in it. She's numb. Distracted.

VERA

"She didn't expect her ride share friend to be a literal monster."

(stop. rerecords)

"But, something changed. Her once trusted friend became--" Shit...

She hits stop and plays it back, cringing at her voice.

VERA

God...

She rubs her temples, frustrated. Back on her computer, she switches over to her web browser search bar.

ON SCREEN: She types out *Patrick 40's GLIMMR App Profile Close to me*. It shows a long list of links and pictures.

We focus close on the text under the results: *No new articles since you last searched this topic.*

Vera slouches into her chair. She can't fight this funk.

A notification chimes. She checks her phone. A text from BILLY.

BILLY: *Hey, you still going to that show tonight?*

She checks the time... and sighs through her nose...

VERA: I honestly don't know if I can after all.

BILL: Yeah, I gotcha. I'll be there if ya change your mind.

She grins. That was sweet... Then, her screen fills with an incoming call from "CHANDRA (JAYNE'S MOM)." She answers...

VERA
(caught off guard)
Hey Chandra.

INTERCUT CHANDRA'S CAR / PODCAST ROOM

Chandra drives in her doctor scrubs. Tired but pushing through, with Jayne's disappearance waiting behind her timid eyes.

CHANDRA
Hi Vera. Sorry I didn't call you back sooner. Things have been... just... I don't know...

VERA
No, I get it. Is everything ok?--

CHANDRA
I subscribed to your podcast. I like your little preview episode. You sound so natural and fun.

VERA
Oh, ha... Thanks.
(beat of awkward silence)
Are you ok? You sound... sad.

CHANDRA
(exhausted sigh)
Yeah, just... you know... everything going on. I don't know if I'll ever be fine.
(collects herself)
I promised I'd update you with any developments, so, I just got off the phone with a new detective.

VERA
Another one? What made them jump this time?

CHANDRA
I don't know...
(MORE)

CHANDRA (CONT'D)

I got this call the other night, thought it was Jayne, but... it was just static and cut out. So, I called and talked to someone named Brown. He said he'd look into it... I guess he went to that man's house--

VERA

(jumps up)

Patrick?! They talked to him?

CHANDRA

Yeah...

VERA

Holy shit, Chandra, I've been searching every where for this guy and they just pop up at his house? What did they say? Did they send you a picture or something?

Chandra tears up, but holds onto her strong voice, hiding her pain from Vera. But, Vera notices... and stops pushing.

CHANDRA

Well... ugh... so, this detective told me they still have no answers. The guy is clean.

VERA

What?! Chandra, that doesn't make any sense at all.

Chandra's instinct is to stick to the facts they told her.

CHANDRA

It doesn't, no...

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - DAY

A WIDE-SHOT of Patrick, leather jacket and dark sunglasses, leans against his car on the side of the road. He's eating a messy hot dog, mustard stains stuck to his beard, no cares.

We begin a slow and delicate ZOOM IN on him, like an old 70's crime thriller. Chandra and Vera finish their chat OFF SCREEN.

CHANDRA (OS)

But, they said there was nothing... no grounds to implicate him, no evidence worth pursuing.

(MORE)

CHANDRA (OS) (CONT'D)

Their questions were direct, and he didn't so much as blink. He was calm. Polite. Cooperative to a fault. He said all the right things with a steady voice and a friendly smile. No red flags. No contradictions. No cause for concern... Her case is still open.

ZOOM stops with Patrick's face filling the screen. He finishes the hot dog, wipes his face, crumples and tosses the wrapper.

INTERCUT CHANDRA'S CAR / PODCAST ROOM

VERA

So what, we just sit around hoping these randos magically care enough to do some fucking leg work? This is bullshit!

Chandra holds back her frustration.

CHANDRA

I... think we should... keep doing what we're doing. We're not alone. Neither of us. Please don't let this distract you from your life.

Vera sighs through her anger. She needs to show up for Chandra.

VERA

Are you gonna be ok tonight?

CHANDRA

I'll be fine. I'm pulling into work now. It keeps my mind busy. Do something that makes you happy tonight. Jayne would like that.

VERA

Yeah. Thanks for calling Chandra.

CHANDRA

Take care.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - DAY

Now OVER PATRICK'S SHOULDER, we see the Emergency Room across the street... the same one where Chandra works.

Chandra's car turns into the parking lot.

Patrick gets back in his car and starts the engine. He probably revs it a few times, too... he's *that* kind of prick...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Darkness clings to the walls like rot, echoing Jayne's descent into cursed isolation. She drifts, aimless, through the hallway into the cold silence of the living room.

At the front door, she studies the handle with learned hesitation... then, reaches for it--

But, once again, her hand phases through.

Jayne recoils. Depleted. Confused. She stomps to the coffee table, fists clenched, pacing back and forth in anger....

She eyes that damn coffee table...

JAYNE

You moved...

She lifts her foot and stomps... phasing *through* the table.

JAYNE

Son-of-a bitch. I KNOW you moved!

She slams her fists down on the table... they phase through.

JAYNE

YOU FUCKING MOVED!

She crouches, grabs for the table legs, braces herself... and with a guttural scream, tries to flip it over--

But, again, her hands phase through as if she's not there. Her anguish howls through the room as she storms into...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jayne stomps past the slightly cracked bathroom door, where Drenched Girl watches through the shadows.

She stops at the bedroom door. It's closed tight. Jayne lifts her foot and KICKS IT-- Her leg phases straight through...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jayne enters *through* the door, determined to get answers.

JAYNE

How did you move that door?

Shadow Woman sits on the bed... Wheezing and motionless...

JAYNE

Hey! Creepy Ghost Lady... What, you don't want to talk, now?

(Silence...)

Oh, I'm sorry, I thought I was being haunted by my worst nightmares, not a bunch of stagnant cowards...

DRENCHED GIRL

She's been here too long...

Jayne turns to see Drenched Girl creaking the door open.

JAYNE

That, right there. How did you push that door open? That's all I need and I'll leave you alone.

Drenched Girl pushes the door open further.

DRENCHED GIRL

It's not anger. It's...

SHADOW WOMAN (O.S.)

Fear...

Shadow Woman now stands behind Jayne, a statue in the dark.

JAYNE

That doesn't make sense. I should be able to tear that door apart--

DRENCHED GIRL

He... won't let you--

JAYNE

OK I don't have time for self-defeated ghost routine. Nothing's holding you back, except you.

Drenched Girl struggles to speak. She pleads with Shadow Woman.

DRENCHED GIRL

She should know...

Jayne's eyes shift between the ghosts, her impatience building.

JAYNE

Know what?

With a tired moan, Shadow Woman turns towards the closet.

JAYNE

Know what?!

Drenched Girl connects with Jayne's eyes. Even in her rage, Jayne can feel the pain this poor girl avoids.

Drenched Girl averts her eyes, pointing her finger at the closet doors... her body shakes. She's terrified...

JAYNE

(compassionate)

What is it?

DRENCHED GIRL

In there...

Jayne plods over to the closet doors. She reaches out, knowing she won't grab the handles... Her hands phase through them.

Annoyed, she turns back... Drenched Girl backs away in fear.

Shadow Woman stands like a gothic saint, eyes lit up in the shadows. She exhales an tired wheeze... extends her hand...

The closet door opens on its own.

A low rumble in the air as Jayne looks inside--

THE CLOSET: Just clothes on hangers-- there's a CLICK! Then, the back wall, a hidden door, DRAAAAGGGGGSSS open...

Jayne leans in, a dread already clawing through her chest...

FIVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF WOMEN WITHIN WOODEN FRAMES hang on the back wall. A shrine of suffering, curated for an audience of one.

Each frame has three photographs of the ghosts' final moments as they died... murdered by Patrick.

Jayne is shocked to her core as she scans the demented photos--

A sequence that mimics the FLASH CUT style of Patrick's dream about murdering women... except this time we see the victims.

DIRT WOMAN PRE-DEATH:

DIRT WOMAN

STAHPP!!!

She screams in terror, struggling to lift her head out of the heavy dirt shoved onto her face, into her mouth, held down by Patrick's thick knees when we see the bright--

FLASH!

CRAWLING WOMAN PRE-DEATH:

CRAWLING WOMAN
No!! PLEASE!!! AHH!!

She shrieks as Patrick's caullous hand clamps her jaw. He presses a rusty knife to her cheek... and drags it across her mouth, carving a bloody, gaping smile. His hand pulls back and we're blinded by the bright--

FLASH!

DRENCHED GIRL PRE-DEATH:

DRENCHED GIRL
(Gurgling)
I can't... breathe...

She struggles in a tub filling with water from the faucet. Patrick's arm holds her down as the water surrounds her face. She flails, gasping up from the water one final time--

DRENCHED GIRL
DON'T TOUCH ME!!!!

FLASH!

Jayne falls to her knees. Her whole body cringes. Tears flow from her red eyes. Collapses into a fetal position, feeling the pain each of these women felt as they were murdered by Patrick.

JAYNE
No... NO!

Her muscles constrict. She can't look away or catch her breath.

ON HER PHOTO: Three pictures of her confused dying eyes and blood splattered face. One shows her parted lips, as if trying to scream... but it's too late.

JAYNE
NOOOO!!!!

Jayne GRABS the door with both hands and FORCES it closed.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Patrick sits in a plastic chair. He still has his sunglasses on. His leg fidgets. He glances around the corner, waiting.

His phone buzzes: *Calendar Alert: Get Ready For Tonight.*

PATRICK
Aw, shit...

He sits straight up, more antsy than before.

The disgruntled NURSE, 60s, stomps up to the counter and sorts her clipboard. Patrick shuffles up to the counter.

PATRICK

Hey... hi, yeah, how much longer you think it's gonna be? I really gotta see the doctor--

NURSE

Sir, like I said, she's swamped with emergencies. Have a seat.

She walks away with stern focus.

PATRICK

Yeah, but-- Fuck...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jayne's still on her knees, gasping for air... Confused and saddened tears drop from her eyes as she scans the room.

Jayne smears the tears away and forces herself up. She doesn't have the words to speak... but she tries.

JAYNE

What... the ffff... what did I just see in there?...

Jayne stumbles, turns around--

Shadow Woman. Inches from her face. Silent. Still--

She GRABS Jayne's face. Jayne fights back. Trembling. The dead hands wrap with a firm grip. Jayne suffers a whirlwind of pain.

Jayne's eyes roll back. The air is ripped from her lungs--

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - YEARS AGO

Young Jayne sits on a bench outside of a hospital room. Her hands on her nervous shaking knees...

Heartbroken SCREAMS erupt from inside the room behind her.

The door opens and out walks a stern **MALE DOCTOR** showing his clipboard to a kind-hearted **NURSE in her mid-30s**.

After a long moment, Chandra steps out. Her eyes are red, but her posture holds a quiet, proud reserve.

Chandra kneels down in front of Jayne. She takes a deep breath.

CHANDRA
 (Fighting back all tears)
 Jayne... Baby. Your father is
 gone... Look at me. We have to
 stay strong. It's just us, now.

Jayne's eyes well up. She sniffles. She shivers.

Chandra kisses young Jayne's forehead. She has to show her daughter strength and resolve. She stands and returns to the Male Doctor.

He hands Chandra a bottle of ORANGE PILLS. But, we focus on...

The compassionate nurse, her nurturing smile as she kneels down to Young Jayne. And somehow, she looks familiar...

Her name tag says **ARIANA**.

ARIANA
 Hi, Jayne. It's ok to cry right
 now. You don't have to be ok.
 (locks eyes with Jayne)
 It's ok.

Young Jayne's sniffles become full on flowing tears after losing her father.

Behind them, Chandra watches... but her face darkens, as if knowing Jayne will carry this pain longer than she can imagine.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - YEARS AGO - LATER

Ariana exits her car. Her clean attire should be very familiar: a loose jacket over a graphic tee-shirt and a pair of jeans.

She loops her purse on her arm, and walks up the entrance path... wait a minute... It's Patrick's house...

INT. LIVING ROOM - YEARS AGO - CONTINUOUS

The front door unlocks and opens. There are no BEEPs. No alarm.

What a day-- Something on the floor catches her attention. A stack of photographs. Curious, Ariana picks them up and looks through the stack... Her eyes widen with shock and disgust...

ARIANA
 What... the... fuck?!

INT. BEDROOM - YEARS AGO - MOMENTS LATER

On a desk sits THE SCRIPTURA MORTIS. Closed.

The desk shakes, and we can hear Patrick grunting in disappointment. The sounds of a drawer slams closed--

PATRICK
Mother fucker!

He stands up, stubble beard and glasses. Distressed and sweaty.

PATRICK
They were right the fuck here!

He all but tears apart a backpack, looking for his lost item...

BANG-BANG-BANG on the bedroom door. Patrick ignores it until another BANG-BANG-BANG!

PATRICK
Jesus... What?!

He rushes to the door and swings it open to find--

A furious Ariana, scared, stern teetering on livid. She's holding a HANDFUL OF PHOTOGRAPHS up at eye level.

ARIANA
Are you fucking kidding me? I let a lot of things slide to let you live here, but you're a nothing but a creep. Pack up your shit and get the FUCK out of MY house.

She throws photographs on his floor, and they fan out showing--

Random candid shots of Ariana at a coffee shop, dancing at a concert, eating lunch in the hospital cafeteria...

Patrick bends down to pick them up. He shuffles through to a pic of Ariana getting dressed through her window.

PATRICK
(Shows off that photo)
Oh, come on, this one's stylish--

ARIANA
Uh-uh, I don't want to hear another -- SICK -- word. You're a fuckin'-- I'm ending your goddamn lease and calling the cops--

Ariana pulls out her cell phone and dials 911...

Patrick's breathing builds-- Enraged, he SMACKS the phone out of her hand and pulls her into his room. Slams the door closed!

From the hallway: we push in on that closed door... we hear a fight... Ariana screams... The door violently shakes!

PATRICK (O.S.)
SHUT UP!

The door shakes again with another loud BANG!

Then, silence... the door opens... Ariana is alone, on the ground, banged up, gasping for air, crawling to her escape.

Her face is covered in tears. Out of breath, she tries to scream, but can't. All she can do is mouth the words "Help me."

Patrick returns from the closet, with his HASSELBLAD CAMERA. He walks over to his desk... Flips a few pages in that book...

Ariana tries to find any strength to pick herself up. She inches closer towards the door...

Patrick nods, mouthing phrases from that book, then notices Ariana muscling herself up. He sets the camera down, stomps over and forcefully pulls her back into the room by her feet.

Ariana grabs the door frame, exactly how we saw Jayne earlier when she was dragged into that room. She SCREAMS through her tears. Her grip gives out, and he drags her underneath him.

She slaps him away... kicks her feet... He's unfazed... With an inhale, she's able to muster just enough strength...

ARIANA
STAY AWAY FROM ME !!

Patrick wraps both of his beefy hands around her throat. Her arms flail about, wafting the photographs into the air...

We follow one as it floats to the ground nearby: *Ariana smiling and laughing with a group of friends...*

In the background: Ariana kicks her feet, fighting for her life as Patrick holds her down, and with a loud grunt--

CRACK! -- a closeup of Ariana's wind pipe SNAPPING.

Ariana inhales... WHEEZES... just like Shadow Woman.

Her arms fall to the floor as she gasps for air.

Patrick grabs his camera off the desk, then straddles Ariana's dying body, stretching his neck, cracking his shoulders...

PATRICK

OK... Let's do this...

He looks through his camera-- FLASH!

He winds the film... then another-- FLASH!

Ariana gurgles and wheezes... Patrick seems impatient...

PATRICK

Come on... c'mon-c'mon...

He holds his camera to his eye, steadying his breath...
watching Ariana coughing through the eye piece...

She takes her last breath as-- FLASH!

Ariana dies... Patrick sits up with a victorious smile.

In Ariana's POV: Patrick is quite proud of himself. We sink
deeper into darkness as the circular window through Ariana's
eye pushes further in the distance. Patrick cracks his neck.

PATRICK

Got'ya...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Shadow Woman's hands drop Jayne's face and Jayne's body falls
against the wall, gasping for air...

JAYNE

What-the-fuck-was-that?

She watches Shadow Woman stumble back into the darkness...

Jayne's face softens through the pain, realizing this ghost was
that kind, soft nurse who comforted her the day her dad died.

DRENCHED GIRL

He won't let us leave...

Jayne's eyes dart around the room as Patrick's words echo...
The room spins... she's woozy... She can't hold her head up...

PATRICK (V.O.)

(From the date.)

You have to massage the moment...

God, and when you do... It's
yours. Forever...

I would love to take your picture.

Jayne chuckles. Delirium. *He's a fucking psychopath...*

Shadow Woman, zero energy, sinks back onto the bed.

SHADOW WOMAN

You... shouldn't... be here...

Jayne finally sees the pain these ghosts are forced to endure.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Patrick paces back and forth in the waiting room.

Out of a side room, Chandra bursts through a door with the older Nurse handing her a clipboard. Patrick runs up.

PATRICK

Oh, doc-- Hey, Doctor!

NURSE

Sir, I told you to wait
until--

CHANDRA

Oh, Mr.--

PATRICK

(cuts her off)

Yeah-hey, it's gettin' bad, doc.--

CHANDRA

This is highly irregular, we
should only be meeting in my
office during our usual hours--

PATRICK

Well, I had this accident, whole
bathroom flooded. The pill bottle
wasn't on tight, and, yeah, I
kinda lost them all.

CHANDRA

No-no-no, it's not that easy. We
have to monitor you to make sure
you're not abusing the dosage--

PATRICK

Hey, look, I didn't ask for this
shit, alright? I got no one else
to go to...

(beat)

I can't tell if I'm asleep or
awake. I gotta have those pills.

Chandra studies his pain. She takes in the crowded ER, then scrawls on her clipboard.

CHANDRA

OK, I'm giving you a refill for Clonazepam. But I want you to talk with my nurse before you leave, she'll note your vitals for our next appointment.

PATRICK

Yeah, anything you want, doc. Seriously, I can't thank you.

She rips the paper from her clipboard and offers it to Patrick.

CHANDRA

(busy sigh)

It's fine, I'm just glad to hear they're helping. I'll do a full report the next time I see you--

NURSE

Doctor, we need you in 215, like now. Sir, wait for me over there.

Chandra is hurried off to help other patients. Patrick saunters backward. He pockets the papers and paces out the door.

The Nurse returns, but Patrick is nowhere to be seen.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Jayne stands and dusts herself off. She collects her composure.

JAYNE

We have to kill him... Show me how to move that door.

Shadow Woman lets out a soft moan from her torn throat. Drenched Girl glances over, uncertain, shrinking back.

DRENCHED GIRL

But... we can't...

JAYNE

You keep saying that, why not?

Shadow Woman points at the night stand. The ORANGE PILL.

JAYNE

No, that's just a sleeping pill--

DRENCHED GIRL

No, that's not it! We can't fight back. He won't let us!

Drenched Girl backs away... she runs out of the bedroom.

JAYNE

Wait!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The bathroom door creaks closed. Jayne braces up against it.

JAYNE

Stop! I can't do this alone...

DRENCHED GIRL

No...

JAYNE

If you just show me--

DRENCHED GIRL

NO!!!!!!

The bathroom door slams closed, sending Jayne to the ground.

There's a creak from the bedroom door. Shadow Woman stands in silhouette as the door eases shut on its own...

SHADOW WOMAN

They don't suppress... dreams...
It's us... We can't see the light.

JAYNE

(catches her breath)
The beacon...

The bedroom door shuts. Jayne slides down the wall, small and defeated. Her eyes go white as her hope slips away.

She drops her head into her hands... pulls at her hair with sheer frustration... A frail lock comes out in her fingers.

Her breath hitches. She stares at the strands... They float away like dead cobwebs.

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lightning flashes in the sky. Thunder rolls as cold and steady rainfall darkens the quiet neighborhood.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Heavy rain patters on the roof. It's the ONLY sound we hear.

We float through the house, drained of color, lit only by bursts of lightning.

Jayne steps from the shadows. Her tattered fleece flows weightlessly. Her hair floats in the still air. Her white eyes are wide open. She looks lost as she glides with each step.

She reaches for the doors... but her hands phase through. Each failed attempt grows more hollow... more heartbreaking.

Oh, what Jayne would do just to feel the pain of this defeat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jayne peers in, timid. Her dead eyes scan the space.

Lightning flashes cast the room in harsh, stuttering contrast.

It feels like solitary confinement. She can't make a sound.

Then, the photographs catch her eye.

She floats to them like a specter on the moors of an old Hammer Horror film. Exotic beaches. Jungles. But something's off.

She leans in. One photo should be Patrick on the boat... but he's long-haired, bearded, laughing with a beer at a rock show.

She stares at it, confused... The lightning flashes--

Jayne sees her reflection in the glass... cracks spider-web around her eyes. The skin flakes like dust.

She touches her face... a small chunk falls into her palm.

Her fingers... they're thinner... bonier... cracked...

A flash of lightning... new fractures crawl across her skin.

Her lips quiver. Her brow tightens. A tear slides down her cracked cheek... The darkness swallows her.

She scratches and claws at the frame, but her hands phase through. Her anger builds. She can't stop seeing her face.

Jayne SCREAMS, then collapses to her knees... dust and tears fall into her hands...

JAYNE
I'm rotting away...

The lightning paints her in solemn silhouette.

Then... a WARM, BRIGHT LIGHT blooms through the window. It's blinding. She shields her eyes as wind flows through her hair.

And from the distance... a strong, familiar voice calls out...

ANGELIC VOICE

Jayne... Jayne...? Are you there?

Jayne's dead heart skips a beat... Her breath stutters... She stands, moves to the window, as if trudging thick mud.

She peers through that bright light as a tall, dark shadow steps into focus. The warm, strong silhouette of...

JAYNE

(In tears)

Daddy?!

It's Ángel Salgado, his warm smile bathed in a heavenly glow.

ÁNGEL

Mi amor... I've missed you...

Jayne hesitates. She can't hold back her fear and pain.

JAYNE

Help me. I'm scared-- I don't know what's happening to me. I can't get out of here... I'm so alone.

ÁNGEL

Do you remember what I told you every time you woke up from a nightmare?

(beat)

You have to face your fears.

JAYNE

But I can't... I... I can't do it alone. These... fucking ghosts... won't fight back, they just accept it...

(Sniffles)

And I'm becoming one of them. I'm falling apart... I want to be with you-- I want to be where you are.

ÁNGEL

Jayne, you have to fight. Every time it got dark. Every time you were lost. Every time you were held down... You pulled yourself free. You did that. Nobody *could* help you. It was always you--

JAYNE

But I wasn't alone! I had you! I
always had you...

(breaks down)

Then you were gone... And I--I--

ÁNGEL

Jayne, listen to me. This place...
it's unnatural. Dig deep inside of
yourself and find that fire,
whatever it is, use it, let it
consume you... and fight back.

JAYNE

But what if I can't?

ÁNGEL

You must. Nobody can rescue you.
You have to fight... before it's
too late.

Jayne fights to understand... But, the light begins to fade--
Ángel steps back into the silhouette...

JAYNE

No...

ÁNGEL

I'll be right here... waiting...

JAYNE

No! Don't Go! Don't leave me!

As the light disappears...

ÁNGEL (O.S.)

You're stronger than you know...

The bright, white light fades away... Jayne presses her hands
against the glass... she's utterly alone...

JAYNE

Don't go...

She drops her head. Defeated. Alone.

But, out the window... in the rain... Another light appears...
yellow lights... headlights... pulling into the driveway...

The light wraps Jayne's pale face and whitened eyes.

It's Patrick's car. Jayne can't look away...

He jumps out of the car and runs to open the passenger door. He
takes off his jacket and throws it over a WOMAN in the rain.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - HEAVY RAIN - NIGHT

Patrick helps the woman out of his car. His jacket covers her face, we only see her black pants and rad combat boots.

WOMAN

Thanks!

PATRICK

Came out of nowhere, huh?

He grabs her purse from inside the car and shuts the door...

PATRICK

Come on inside...

He grabs her hand and trots up the driveway. She slips into his jacket. That vintage Tee. That pixie cut. We know this girl...

It's VERA.

Patrick leads her like a lamb to slaughter...

THE CAMERA shoots past the couple, hard-stopping dead on Jayne's blank face watching through the window.

Lightning flashes. Thunder cracks. Jayne's ghostly face looms.

JAYNE

No...

INT. BASEMENT - CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

SNAP-ZOOM ON WARDROBE. DOORS FLING OPEN. RED LIGHT GLOWS.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - HEAVY RAIN - NIGHT

Patrick and Vera run onto the stoop--

Jayne SLAMS her hand on the window with a heavy BANG!

JAYNE

NO!

It's as if thunder cracked around them. Patrick and Vera jump.

PATRICK

That thunder?

VERA

Sounded like something hit the window.

INT. BASEMENT - CLOSET

THE SCRIPTURA MORTIS FLIES OPEN. RAPIDLY FLIPS THROUGH PAGES.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - HEAVY RAIN - NIGHT

The empty window now has a small crack... Patrick holds his stare for a moment, then fiddles with the door lock...

Jayne watches-- helplessness curdling into rage. Her senses spike. She BANGS on the glass, SCREAMS, convulses in fury!

INT. BASEMENT - CLOSET

BOOK PAGES STOP ON DRAWING OF A POLTERGEIST WITH DARK, BLACK EYES. SHE STANDS POWERFUL, SURROUNDED BY OTHER ANGRY SPIRITS.

SHE'S COMMANDING AN ARMY OF GHOSTS.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jayne hides her face behind her bony hands. Black veins spider across her cracked pale skin.

Lightning flashes swallow her, as if it owns her. She removes her hands to reveal... her eyes are now a deep, glossy black.

In this instant, Jayne succumbs to the dark supernatural power. Her pain is gone. Her fear dissolves. She's not rotting... she's transformed with purpose. And now, she fears for Vera.

Her fingers SCRATCH down the glass, a high-pitched piercing.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - HEAVY RAIN - NIGHT

Vera freezes. She glances back at the window... No one's there, just FIVE JAGGED LINES carved into the humid glass...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HEAVY RAIN patters on the roof. Flashes of sporadic lightning.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP as the door opens.

Patrick rushes in and disarms the alarm. *The most attentive viewer would notice Jayne descend into the shadows, watching.*

PATRICK
(his southern accent)
Watch yer step...

He clicks on the light switch, illuminating a Jayne-less home.

Vera steps in, a relieved smile across her curious face, panting from the trot through the rain.

VERA

Thank you... Whew... Do you have a towel or something?

PATRICK

Yeah, sure... um...

He closes and locks the door behind her, then dashes out of the room. Vera keeps herself warm in his jacket and looks around.

There's something familiar about this place, but she can't place it. Then, she notices his vinyl collection. She thumbs through the records and pulls one album out with a smile.

PATRICK

Here you go.

Patrick returns with a clean towel.

VERA

(The vinyl)

This is the one I recommended.

PATRICK

Yeah. I found it at that thrift store. That place I met you... the, um... Atomic records, yeah?

Vera nods her head and grins. She takes the towel.

VERA

MmHmm. That was a fun day... I needed a fun day.

PATRICK

Go ahead and have a seat.

Vera saunters to the couch, impressed with his layout.

As she passes the floor lamp:

Jayne's ghostly body leans against the lamp. Her glossy black eyes follow Vera... then, the drift up to the light bulb, and, in a quick electrical flicker... Jayne disappears.

Patrick's caught by the light's flicker. He paces over to inspect the bulb. Once his face is close, the light brightens--

CRACK! The bulb shatters in Patrick's face, blinding him.

PATRICK

It's kinda nice--
 (Snap!)
 Do you want the grand tour?

VERA

(Hold your horses, buddy.)
 Maybe later... But, I can't help
 but be reminded that you make a,
 how'd you put it-- "pretty mean
 old-fashioned?" And I'd be remiss
 if I didn't judge for myself...

PATRICK

Alright, get yourself warm. I'll
 be right back--

VERA

Uh, actually, I like to watch. Can
 never be too careful. No offense.

PATRICK

(Smiles)
 None taken.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Patrick grabs a couple tumblers and makes a text-book Old
 Fashioned. He's clearly done it before. Adds some flair.

Vera watches with amusement. It's cute.

PATRICK

You like your glass chilled?

VERA

Yes, please.

He grabs two fancy ice-spheres from the freezer and stirs it
 all together with a bar spoon. Vera leans against the threshold
 to the hallway, drying her hair with that towel.

Low rumbles of THUNDER echo throughout the house...

Deep in the dark hallway, there's a slight tumbling of heavy
 objects... *a slow CREAK of a door closing by itself...*

Vera lowers the towel and looks into the dark hallway.

VERA

What was that?

PATRICK

I just hear rain...

VERA

I thought I heard something...

Patrick takes a look, wiping his hands dry... then, he smiles.

PATRICK

I mean, it's a pretty old house.

Vera shakes it off. She goes back to drying her hair, when--

Jayne emerges from the darkness and whispers in Vera's ear...

JAYNE

You shouldn't be here...

Vera jolts back with a startled SCREAM. It's as if a spider just crawled up the back of her neck.

PATRICK

What? What happened?

Vera rubs the back of her neck, unsettled by her own reaction.

VERA

Ugh, I don't know. Freaking chills just ran up neck. Felt like a spider or something...

(Shivers)

Oof... sorry... maybe I'm just cold, I dunno...

Patrick grins. He studies her reaction. Her tiny frame. So delicate... He's tickled and entertained.

He grips that knife and slices an orange peel.

PATRICK

That show was fun, yeah? Can't believe they ended with... damn, what was it...?

VERA

(Teasing)

Same Graves, it's like their most famous song. All us REAL Ghost Club fans love it. Recording is great, but, feeling that crowd, getting lost in the mood... Mm.

PATRICK

Doesn't compare. You were right.

VERA

(Cheeky smile)

I usually am.

Vera leans puts her hands in the jacket pocket. She feels around... and pulls out Patrick's prescription bottle.

Patrick's smile skips a beat as Vera looks it over.

PATRICK

Sleeping pills. I told you about my overactive brain... well, those help me shut that stuff off so I can actually sleep.

VERA

(Reads label.)

"Dr Chandra Salgado..."

She hands him the pills.

PATRICK

Everything OK?

VERA

Yeah, it's fine. I, uh, actually know your doctor...

Patrick grins, placing the bottle by the sink. He washes his hands in the sink...

PATRICK

Oh yeah? She's great. Been seeing her for, god... like twenty years.

Vera's face looks sad, for a moment. Patrick turns off the water and shakes his hands dry in the sink. Then, he spins around and grabs the two Old Fashioned glasses.

PATRICK

Viola!

VERA

(Smile returns)

Ooh... fancy-fancy

He leads Vera back into the living room.

We stay on the pill bottle... creeping up on them. The light flickers, then, the cap unscrews by itself. The bottle teeters, tips, and spills into the sink... orange pills tumble out, scattered among the pooled water... starting to dissolve.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick heads to the couch and places the drinks on his coffee table. Vera saunters over to the photos hanging on the wall...

VERA

These are really great...

PATRICK

Oh, thanks... Yeah, that was the Amazon River a few years ago.

She moves to the one with Patrick smiling at a rock show.

In the glass, we see Vera's grin. But something's off... Her face is doubled up. Maybe the moisture in the air fogged up the glass... But, she catches the reflection of the opposite wall.

She turns around just as Patrick walks up behind her.

PATRICK

A buddy of mine took that one at a Green Day show. Now THAT'S a band.

VERA

Let me know when they're in town.

She saunters over to the couch. A subtle glance of that hallway along the way. Why is that familiar?

As they clear the picture frame: *Jayne's hauntingly, pale face comes into focus, reflecting in the glass. Watching them.*

Vera sneezes, shaking off another weird chill down her back.

PATRICK

You're not catching a cold on me, are ya?

Vera smiles. Shakes her nerves as she heads to the couch.

VERA

Oof... Just didn't expect the rain. Just keep me warm.

(Wink)

That for me?

She grabs one of the glasses as she sits.

PATRICK

Yes, ma'am.

She takes a whiff, enjoying the aroma.

VERA

Mmmm... I love barreled rye. You have good taste.

PATRICK

As fate would have it, so do you.

VERA

Fate... Hm... how about we put
fate to the test...

Patrick grins as Vera raises the glass to her lips. She takes a quick sip. Smacks her lips. A long sip, tasting the bourbon.

PATRICK

What do you think?

VERA

Hmm... I'll say... a little
stronger than I'm used to, but,
once the bitters kick in...
(beat)
Ok... I'm impressed.

PATRICK

(Relaxes)
Almost makes the rain worth it.

VERA

Mmm-hmm... So. What's your last
name?

PATRICK

Uh oh, we're there already, huh?

VERA

I'm afraid if I'm going to get to
know you any better this evening,
then I'm going to need to know
your last name, good sir.

PATRICK

Fair enough. It's Warden.

VERA

Warden... William Warden.

Wait, what? A gasp escapes in the corner of the room. Almost unnoticeable, save for the truly observant ear...

PATRICK

(Charming smile)
Eh, Billy's fine. Not too formal.

Billy? What the fuck?

A lightning flash blasts the room, and in the intermittent light, we see a dark glimpse of Jayne, slamming her fist into the Rock Show picture frame with a thunderous CRACK!

Vera and Patrick jump to attention.

VERA

Jesus, that sounded way too close.

In the background, that frame falls off the wall, SMASHING hard against the ground. Patrick jolts up to attention.

Vera's eyes follow as he rushes to pick up the now-broken frame. He inspects the nail on the wall... perfectly fine...

He fully inspects the frame in his hand.

The glass is shattered, as if someone punched it.

PATRICK

(What the fuck?)

Huh...

He notices Vera on the couch, watching with tender curiosity.

VERA

Are we two-for-two so far?

He laughs off the weirdness. Rubs his head. Looks around.

VERA

Is your picture alright?

PATRICK

(Confused)

Um, yeah...

(Laughs it off)

Yeah, it's good.

He makes his way back to the couch.

PATRICK

It's just... stuff. Everything can be fixed one way or another.

VERA

You're in a good mood.

PATRICK

You kidding' me? I had a great night with a beautiful woman.

(locks into her eyes)

What's to complain about?

Patrick studies Vera. Her sweet skin. Her styled hair. The way her lips purse as she takes another sip... His face softens.

PATRICK

I would love to take your picture.

VERA
 (chokes on whiskey)
 Well... Mr. Photographer... You
 may get your chance.

She scoots closer to him on the couch. Connects with her vibe.

PATRICK
 Nice...

He closes in the distance, gently brushes his burly hand
 through her hair, cups her head and pulls her close.

She lets him kiss her, sweetly... then, a spark of passion as
 Vera takes control with a sensual kiss of her own.

A slight breeze blows through Vera's hair... A chill races down
 her spine... As if a cold presence blew *through* her...

She pulls back with a gasp, catching her breath, leaving a
 cushion-length gap between them on the couch.

PATRICK
 What happened?

VERA
 (Queasy)
 That was weird... Got light-headed
 all of a sudden.
 (Beat)
 I'm sorry... I didn't mean to--

PATRICK
 No, you're fine.

Vera takes a breath, then drinks the rest of her whiskey.
 Patrick is impressed. She shakes off her nerves, looks at him.

VERA
 (sweet)
 Do you have a blanket? I'm feeling
 a little cold...

PATRICK
 Pretty sure I have something in
 the bedroom...

Vera smiles sets the empty glass back down. Flashes her eyes.

VERA
 (on the same page)
 Maybe it's time I take that
 tour...

Patrick sets down his drink, stands, and straightens his shirt.

Vera looks up at him. She offers up her hand. Patrick raises her up for another kiss... Instead, Vera scrunches her smile and playfully runs into the hallway.

Patrick is tickled, watching her. She wants to be chased.

Vera pokes her head around the corner, and, with a mischievous grin, curls her finger. He should join her...

A dark smile curls onto his face. Shooting fish in a barrel.

We PAN RIGHT, following Patrick stroll across the room and disappear around the corner. We keep PANNING until land on...

The black TV screen across from the couch. Jayne's haunting reflection on the glass as she sits on the middle cushion of the couch, exactly between where Patrick and Vera kissed. She watches them leave, waits an eery beat, then slowly stands.

She walks until her reflection leaves the TV screen.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The steady rain falls outside the windows. There's a sense of dread as we slowly PAN AROUND this room. LIGHTNING FLASHES bathe the simple furniture with long, sinister shadows.

We STOP on the closed door. Vera's playful laugh can be heard.

VERA (O.S.)
(Having fun)
Oh, not that one... must be...

The handle unlatches and the door slowly creaks open. Vera poses in the threshold, then steps in, having fun. Bit tipsy.

VERA
Yup. This will do.

After a moment, Patrick, and his adorably, cute, "honest" smile, follows behind her through the door.

PATRICK
Looks like you found it.

He closes the door behind him--

LIGHTNING BATHES THE ROOM IN WHITE. A defiant silhouette of Jayne stands in front of one of the windows. Patrick saw her.

PATRICK
Holy shit!

He SLAPS the switch, turning on the lights-- Vera jumps--

VERA
What the fuck, man?!

Patrick's breath stutters as he looks around the room. Jayne is gone. Maybe she was never there... Patrick calms down.

Vera watches him with her arms crossed.

PATRICK
(Beat)
Rain must be getting to me.

VERA
(Laughs)
Maybe you need something warm...

She turns and opens the closet--

PATRICK
Wait--

VERA
(Gasps)
Huh... That is one. Big. Closet.

Patrick runs over. His hidden door is closed and tucked away, as it should be. Vera sorts through his clothes and pulls out a long, comfy black robe. She slides into and models it for him.

VERA
(Bundled up)
Mmm... this is comfy.

PATRICK
Oh, you like that one, eh?

She struts over to Patrick and tosses her arms around his neck.

VERA
(Flirting)
I'll keep you warm, Mr. Warden.

She pulls him into a passionate kiss. Her hand flicks the light switch back off. Patrick looks around the dark, empty room.

VERA
You don't mind darkness, do you?

PATRICK
Not at all... No...

He wraps his strong arms around her petite frame and leans into the kiss. He picks her up and carries her to the bed.

Vera welcomes the embrace and falls back on the bed. She squirms in pain, breaks the kiss. Patrick stands up.

PATRICK

You ok?

VERA

There's something under here...

Vera rubs her hand over the bed. Hard edges shapes the blanket.

She yanks the blanket off the bed-- LIGHTNING FLASHES show the outlines of WOODEN EDGES under the white sheets.

Patrick wanders backward, scanning the room. He's cautious, walking to the other side of the bed.

Vera bundles up the sheet in her hands then whips it free--

THOSE ORNATE FRAMES, from the closet, display across the bed. LIGHTNING FLASHES reveal the pictures... the dead women...

VERA

(Serious)

What the fuck is this?

Vera picks up one of the frames. A stack of photographs lay loose on top. She flips through them: *Vera dances at a concert. Vera laughing at a record store. Vera outside a movie theater. Through the window at the bank, A CU of Vera walking across the bank floor. A wider shot of Vera smiling in the background as Jayne leans against the counter in the fore ground (Same photo we saw earlier). Jayne asleep in her car.*

Vera's hands tremble. Her jaw quivers. She scatters the loose photos to reveal the ones set into the frame... covered in blood, a parted mouth trying to scream... her dead friend.

VERA

Jayne...?

Her grip tightens. Her eyes well up with pain. Rage... Fear...

PATRICK

(Drops the accent)

Ah, shit...

Vera's timid eyes float up to meet him. Stunned. Frozen.

PATRICK

You weren't supposed to see any of these... They're kinda private...

Patrick rubs his hands through his hair, pacing back and forth in front of his nightstand.

PATRICK
 (Chuckles)
 Ugh... this wasn't the plan--

Vera carefully backs away, on guard... She studies his every moment, Inching towards the door.

VERA
 Stay-the-fuck-away-from-me...

PATRICK
 Oh come on... I spent all this time making sure tonight was perfect... Months of planning... This is NOT what I had planned!

Patrick slides open his night stand and digs through it.

PATRICK
 I mean, the music, the records. The rain was perfect, too. It was going to be electrifying!

He stands back up with that LARGE KNIFE in hand. Vera sees the knife, then looks down at that frame in her hands...

PATRICK
 And now... I'm gonna have to... improvise--

Vera HURLS the frame like an axe--

It NAILS Patrick right between the eyes! He flinches and stumbles back. Then dive down just before the frame shatters.

PATRICK
 No!

Whew... he caught it. He checks it for cracks. It's damaged, not broken. He relaxes then stands up.

Vera BOLTS out of the room, whipping open the bedroom door, bouncing it hard off the wall, and speeding down the hallway.

Patrick darts after her when--

SLAM!

The door shuts right in his face... all by itself...

He YANKS the handle. PULLS on it-- But it won't budge.

PATRICK
 Fuck!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vera rushes the front door. Pulls on it. She checks the handle, the lock, looking for anything to open this door, when she discovers the deadbolt needs a key to open.

She's locked in.

She runs over to the windows, fighting to get them open. But they also have locks. They won't budge.

VERA
Shhhhhhhit!!

She grabs her purse, digs for her cell phone, and throws her body against that from door. Over. And Over.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick salivates, hearing Vera scream and thrash in the living room. She won't get that door open.

VERA (O.S.)
LET ME OUT OF HERE!!

Lightning Flashes surround Patrick's sweaty face as his sadistic smiles creeps across his lips.

PATRICK
(Freddy's comin' for you)
One, two... I'm-a-gonna get you...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vera stashes herself in a dark corner and turns on her phone. She pants in fear and panic, keeping a look out for Patrick...

EXT. ER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Chandra grips her keys in her hand and throws her purse over her shoulder, approaching her car.

She opens the door and takes one last, good inhale before tossing her finished cigarette.

Her phone rings in her purse.

She digs it out, answers, and puts it to her ear.

CHANDRA
(Concerned)
Vera? What's going on, honey--

INTERCUT BETWEEN LIVING ROOM AND ER

Vera hunches in the dark, whispering fast. Frantic but focused. Chandra settles into her car, alarm rising.

<p>VERA Sh-Sh-Chandra, it's him. It's Patrick... he did it... he, mother fucker, he fucking killed her. He... killed Jayne.</p>	<p>CHANDRA Who??!! (Panics) Where are you??? (It hits her) WHAT?! Oh-My-God!</p>
---	--

Vera scrolls through screens on her phone. She sends a location ping to Chandra's phone.

VERA
I'm here. He blocked the door, I
can't get out--

Chandra throws the car in drive and peels out of the lot.

CHANDRA (O.S)
I'm on my way!

Then across the room, Vera spots the Alarm Panel on the wall.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick grunts and slashes his knife through the puny door.

He backs away and kicks... the door splinters and bulges.

WOOSH!

The nightstand flies across the room. Patrick barely ducks out of the way as it smashes against the wall.

He slowly stands up, studying the room.

It's eerie and quiet, just rainfall and Patrick's breathing...

LIGHTNING FLASHES bounce off the sweat beading on his brow.

He inspects the smashed nightstand... His HASSELBLAD CAMERA has fallen out of the broken drawer...

PATRICK
You don't know who I am...
(Beats his chest)
You belong to me! That's the deal!
You're mine! She's mine!

From the living room, a PANIC ALARM erupts... Patrick's face droops... He spins around, but runs face-first into--

Jayne. Out of the darkness. A vengeful ghost. Obscured by shadows, we glimpse her warrior face... It's pale, white with black veins cracked across her skin. Her eyes are pure black.

Patrick's breath tightens-- He SLASHES the knife--

It phases right through her...

Stunned at the sight, Patrick drops to the ground, backing into a corner as Jayne steps towards him with defiance...

PATRICK
Get away from me!

She continues moving forward... Loathing him.

Patrick sees the over-turned nightstand. Crushed under one of the corners is a piece of an ORANGE PILL...

Just like Shadow Woman, Jayne reaches out her hands.

Patrick swipes at that pill. It's just out of his reach...

He's freaking the fuck out!

Jayne grabs his face. Blood pools from her wrists, bathing his face in her pain... Patrick screams in terrifying confusion.

His fingers nick the pill crumb into his hand. Closing his eyes, he shoves it in his mouth and forces it down his throat.

INT. DARK VOID - CONTINUOUS

Jayne stands alone in endless blackness. Dense fog coils around her, thick and suffocating... Her hands still cup what would be Patrick's face... but he's gone

Silence stretches for eternity. Jayne trembles... then SCREAMS!

JAYNE
NOOOOOO!!!!!!

She inhales deep, then erupts with a guttural, rage-filled WAR CRY. Shockwaves blast through the fog like an explosion.

BACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick opens his eyes, drenched in blood and sweat. Jayne is gone. There's no one left to stop him.

He wipes his brow and flips over that nightstand. The rest of the pill is mashed into the carpet.

He dives to his knees, face to the floor, and inhales the dust, licking it off the crusty carpet. Then, he stands. He laughs.

He picks up his camera and slings it over his shoulder...

With a flippant TSK TSK, he storms *through* the splintered door. He peers into the empty room, knife in hand, and stomps off.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Patrick rushes in, bolting to that pill bottle he left on the counter... Wait, where is it?

In the sink: it's empty. Every pill is dissolved. Gone.

PATRICK
No-no-no-no--FUCK!

Patrick SMASHES the bottle then HURLS it across the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The PANIC ALARM continuously blares throughout.

Patrick rushes to that alarm panel. The cover lid is wide open. The screen readout displays: *Panic. Police have been notified.*

Patrick quickly types in the disarm code...

Unknown to him, the floor lamp shakes right behind him, seemingly on its own.

The alarm stops. Patrick breathes a sigh of relief. He grips that knife. Closes his eyes. And smiles, ready to strike.

PATRICK
Here, kitty-kitty...

He doesn't see that shadow glide past the wall.

WHACK!!

He's SMASHED across the face with the floor lamp, knocked to the ground. Again-- WHACKED in the face, shattering the bulb.

He opens his eyes-- A bright light blinds him... It's Vera with her cell phone camera in his face... the selfie Jayne took.

VERA
I FUCKING found you, Patrick!

Patrick coughs up dark blood.

PATRICK
No, I'm, Bill--

BAM! Again, lamp-to-fucking-face, breaking his nose--

VERA
Where's Jayne?!

Patrick protects his camera, resting at his side.

His painful cough morphs into a crazed laughter.

PATRICK
Oh... Patrick was a good name.
(Chuckles)
She's dead... She's mine...

A psychotic smile as blood flows from his nose.

VERA
(guttural)
Son of a bitch!

She winds up and swings the lamp again, but--

Patrick catches it before it connects.

He uses the leverage to send Vera to the ground.

He stands and spits blood on Vera. He tosses the lamp stand aside, and retrieves his knife. Wipes the blood from his face.

Vera tries to stand-- BAM! He kicks her to the ground.

Patrick chuckles as Vera backs away. He stomps his foot down at her. Vera screams as she dodges each strike.

PATRICK
(Stomp)
You're--
(Stomp)
Fucking--
(STOMP)
Dead!

CRACK! That last stomp connects with Vera's ankle, breaking it!

Vera SCREAMS IN PAIN. She fights to scoot away.

A lightning flash silhouettes Patrick's domineering figure.

Thunder cracks morphs into his evil laughter.

Vera tries to hide behind the coffee table--

In one swipe, Patrick flips over the coffee table.

Vera screams! She tries to sprint, but her ankle buckles.

She can't run. She can't escape. But, she KICKS at him...

PATRICK

(Catching his breath)

Well, that's one hell of a workout, huh? I knew you'd be a good time, but, damn, you really blew me away, here.

VERA

(Scooting away)

Stay away from me!

Patrick flips the knife in his hand and paces towards Vera.

PATRICK

Oh, don't fight back Vera...

He looks through his camera, framing his shot.

PATRICK

(nefarious smile)

It's better when you're scared.

FLASH!

Patrick STABS the knife through Vera's bad leg. She screams!!!

FLASH!

The light blinds Vera-- She knows her time is ending.

Patrick pulls the knife out of her leg, raises it high above her face... frames up his camera angle...

She's cornered. She can't escape. Sheer terror.

Patrick screams an ungodly war cry.

Vera's eyes widen.

The knife slashes down!-- She screams!!!--

FLASH!

The tip of the blade stops right in front of Vera's face.

She opens her eyes to see--

The blade is caught by a picture wooden frame floating in mid-air. The glass is shattered. The blade sliced through the dying picture of... Jayne...

PATRICK
(Enraged)
No!!!

Patrick's camera falls to the ground with a heavy thud.

He fights to pull the knife out of the frame... but he can't.

Vera jumps up, limps on her good leg, and grabs his camera--

SHE SMASHES IT AGAINST PATRICK'S HEAD. IT SHATTERS!

Patrick falls limp, straight to the ground. Out cold.

Vera catches her breath... Making sure Patrick doesn't move, she grabs his keys out of his pocket... Then, she kicks him.

VERA
Sick fuck...

She turns towards the door, smack into the face of-- Jayne...

Her eyes are closed. Black veins stretch across her face bloody face. She stands like a statue. Her hair and fleece flow in the air around her. She's a Gothic Angel realized amidst lightning.

Vera's stunned. Her breath stutters. She stumbles backward.

VERA
No-no-no-no-- Jayne...

Holding her eyes closed, Jayne opens her mouth.

JAYNE
You shouldn't be here...

DISTANT WHISPERS pepper in around Vera...

Patrick MOANS and GRUNTS behind her.

Vera looks back as he painfully rolls over, holding his side.

Vera turns back to Jayne, who is now right in Vera's face.

The front door behind her slowly opens on its own...

Jayne slowly opens her eyes. They are dark, black and compassionate. She softens her brow and makes eye contact...

JAYNE
Run.

Vera hesitates... then, she limps to the front door. She looks back at Jayne, taking one last look at her friend.

JAYNE

Go.

Tears in her eyes, Vera crosses the threshold--

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

The front door SLAMS shut behind Vera. She jumps, then spins around, **banging her fists** on the door.

VERA

Jayne!!!

Distant sirens wail. Red and Blue flashing lights flicker to life, growing brighter as they approach.

Vera clutches her broken ankle, limping toward the street.

VERA

Help... HELP! He's in here!!!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick grunts and aches, turns himself over, slouches against the wall. Blood coughs out of his mouth and nose.

PATRICK

Ugh... fuck me...

The broken picture frame scatters around him. He swipes at the wreckage, no energy to move. His cough becomes chuckles.

He crawls on the floor, through the dark, clinging haze, until he finds... the frame for Shadow Woman. Then Drenched Girl, Crawling Woman, and Dirt Woman, leading his eyes to--

Defiant feet. Flowing shreds of a trench-like fleece. That ruined, darkened dress. Bony, crackled fingers at the ready. And that once perfect face covered in organic, black and pale war paint. Lightning flashes display a terrifying silhouette.

Jayne. The warrior. Stands with unbridled, quiet confidence.

Patrick coughs up more blood, disguising it as laughter.

PATRICK

I fuckin'... I killed you...

JAYNE

Yup...

She steps forward-- Her foot smashes through Dirt Woman's picture frame... A tortured scream releases into the air.

PATRICK
(Flinches)
Wait! Stop!

Jayne takes another step towards him.

JAYNE
No.

Her foot smashes Crawling Woman's frame... Another scream.

PATRICK
You don't know what you're doing!!

Jayne takes another step...

JAYNE
I don't care.

SMASHES through Drenched Girl's frame... her scream released.

PATRICK
(Panic)
Please!! Wait!

Jayne stops, her foot raised, waiting to strike down on Shadow Woman's frame... She hesitates, towering over Patrick.

PATRICK
I-I can let you go! I just have to burn the photos, and boom, free!

JAYNE
Good to know...

Her foot SMASHES, solid, as a statement, shattering the final frame. Shadow Woman's tortured WHEEZE fills into the air.

LIGHTNING FLASHES show all the ghosts standing behind Jayne. Waiting. Terrifying. Determined. Impassioned. Another flash--

All five ghosts now surround Patrick, looking down on him.

PATRICK
What the fuck?!

Soil clumps out of Dirt Woman's mouth. Crawling Woman stands, leaning into that etched smile.

PATRICK
Stay back! I-I'm sorry, ok?

He scoots back, his hand grazes water pooling on the floor,
Water flows around Drenched Girls' focused, piercing eyes.

PATRICK

AHH!!!

Stepping through shafts of light, Shadow Woman reaches out her
claw of a hand, wheezes a low growl, piercing Patrick's cries.

Jayne completes the circle, as they all push him towards the
center of the room. Whispering... Shouting... Screaming...

MULTIPLE FEMALE VOICES

STAHHP... DON'T TOUCH ME!...

Please! No!... STAW AWAY FROM ME!!

Patrick trembles. Speechless. Small.

JAYNE

Everyone has a story...

(walks into view)

And this is where yours... ends.

THE GHOSTS DESCEND ON PATRICK. TEAR HIM APART! TEETH. NAILS.
BLOOD. SCREAMS. SCREAMS. AND DEATH IMPACTING SCREAMS.

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - HEAVY RAIN - NIGHT

Patrick's final, gut-wrenching screams fade into the downpour.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The ghosts step away from the crouching, sniffing, cowardly
man on his knees, his face drooped in his hands.

Patrick's whimpers become joyous laughter. He inspects his
hands. Feels his body. He's ok. Not harmed at all. He relaxes.

PATRICK

Oh. You. Idiots! Y-you c-can't
hurt me I'M IN CONTROL!. You're
all DEAD!

He stands with a strong sense of empowerment.

PATRICK

You're MINE! I OWN YOU! FOREVER!

He laughs like a little man on a power trip. He paces back in
forth. He cackles into the deep, dark space. Hysteria builds.

And all the ghosts just watch him without a glint of passion.

A LOW RUMBLE echoes through the house. Distant screams. Flames ROAR through the space. Wind billows in violent gusts.

Patrick feels the wind. He's startled by the sounds of flames. The screams. The rumbles. His footing shakes. He stumbles back.

Then, he trips and slams down hard on his face. He pushes himself off the ground... his hands covered in deep, red blood.

He freaks out. Scatters in place. Flesh. Tattered cloth. Skin.

He falls, now face to face with... his own mangled corpse.

PATRICK

Wait, what's happening?!

Patrick is a ghost. Flames erupt under his hands and feet.

PATRICK

No. Wait! STOP!!

Flames surround him. THIN BLACK HANDS shoot out the ground and grab Patrick's face. His arms. His feet. They pull him down.

PATRICK

It burns-- IT BURNS!!!

The ghosts shield their eyes as red and yellow flames open a fire pit under Patrick. He claws his bloody fingers into the flooring, skin and nails ripped away as he's dragged with fury.

He kicks. Screams. Flails. But is DRAGGED TO HELL!

Man, fuck Patrick. He deserves to rot forever. Fuckin' prick.

Patrick's screams get lost in a cacophony of flames, moans, and agony... Before finally-- Silence.

Patrick's body parts rest in a bloodied puddle. That broken Hasselblad camera lies in the mess.

The ghosts look at each other around their circle. They each begin to breathe. Their eyes read "It's actually over."

Suddenly-- All their photographs BURST INTO FLAMES.

The ghosts all gasp in a deep, resolved breath.

And in the darkness, a lock's CLICK echoes through the room.

Each ghost turns to look. One by one... Then finally, Jayne.

Warm light blooms around the cracks of the front door.

Jayne walks to the door. She hesitates. Looks at the handle...

MULTIPLE FEMALE VOICES

Open it... open the door...

Jayne looks back and sees the longing in all the ghosts eyes.

Shadow Woman steps into frame... A soft wheeze as she nods.

Jayne looks back at the handle. She reaches her cold, clammy hand. And GRABS the handles. Turns it. Opens the door. She's bathed in an ÁNGELIC WHITE LIGHT...

Her foot raises, passing the threshold, moving her to...

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

It's a bright, sunny, perfect day.

Jayne's living, warm, bare feet step on the concrete. Her toes curl in the warmth. Her repaired fleece flows around her.

She walks down the path. Her hands brush across the greenery. Life flows around her. Her hair, no longer matted, now wavy and healthy. Jayne spins. Laughing. We see her face.

Color has returned to Jayne's cheeks. Her eyes, no longer black, again full of life. Natural. Beautiful. Complete.

She looks back at the front door.

The other spirits step through. No longer the dark ghosts we've seen, now, just like Jayne, the best versions of themselves.

The Shadow Woman, Drenched Girl, Dirt Woman, Crawling Woman. All at peace. All exuding their natural inner beauty.

Jayne smiles. She sheds a tear. One by one, each ghost dissolves into the flowing breeze, becoming one with the light.

One woman remains. Shadow Woman. Ariana. A thankful tear in her eye. With a deep inhale, and welcomed sigh, she disappears.

ARIANA

Thank you.

That bright, angelic light glows around Jayne. A calm voice comforts her. A warm voice. A welcomed voice.

ÁNGEL

Jayney...

Jayne turns around and sees her DAD, the warmth of an angel. She laughs in joy and runs up to him, jumping in his arms.

JAYNE

Hi, Dad.

ÁNGEL

Mi amor... Let's go home.

He takes her hand, but Jayne is distracted... her smile fades. She looks into the distance as a faint, timid cry whimpers...

JAYNE

Wait...

A child's cry echoes through the breeze. Jayne's eyes widen.

ÁNGEL

Jayne?

A young, terrified SCREAM! Jayne flinches. Then, focuses.

Jayne turns back to her dad... her eyes shifting, as if she's searching for a way to articulate her thoughts.

JAYNE

I... can't...

ÁNGEL

The light won't wait--

JAYNE

(She's made her choice)

No... I have to stay.

Her dad's confused look fades as a smile rises. He kisses Jayne's forehead, and brushes the hair out of her face.

Jayne finally found her strength. Ángel sheds a proud tear.

ÁNGEL

Go.

Jayne smiles. She walks backward, out of the light...

JAYNE

Bye, Dad...

The wind blows around her. The light blooms until... it's gone.

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - HEAVY RAIN - NIGHT

Vera holds an umbrella, bundled in a heavy jacket. Chandra's car speeds into view. She jumps out of it and runs up to Vera.

CHANDRA

Vera! Oh-my-god, are you ok?!

Vera locks into Chandra's eyes. Her face is stained with tears. She leads Chandra's eyes to the porch... the front path...

Coroners roll a gurney out of the house with a dead body under a sheet. The detectives squeeze around them through the door. Clement leans around a corner and vomits into the bushes.

Brown sees Chandra and Vera. He takes off his hat and steps to them. Chandra tears up... her knees buckle... she crumbles.

Vera kneels down, holding Chandra. They weep. Together. Neither are alone. They'll always have each other.

INT. CRUMBLING HOUSE - NIGHT

Debris and broken furniture scatter through a heavy, dense mist. A child's small, frail feet step through the space.

This is **CHRISTINA, 10yo**, a scared little girl. Shafts of light blind her. Tears streak her face. She's lost.

Shadows envelop her in darkness. Creaks make her jump.

CHRISTINA
(sniffles)
Hello?!

She tenses up as ANGRY WHISPERS trickle in around her--

ANGRY VOICES
Get away from me!... Leave me
alone... I can see you... Come
over here... help me... HELP ME!

Christina screams! Petrified. Confused. Alone.

CHRISTINA
I want to go home...

A DARK FIGURE approaches her, locked in the shadows. Christina's, frightened. She backs into a corner...

CHRISTINA
Please, I want to go home...

The figure steps into the light... We recognize the elegant dress... We recognize the warm smile... It's Jayne.

Jayne kneels down, her angelic, soft face at the child's level. Christina trembles. Closes her eyes. Jayne locks into her eyes.

JAYNE
No-no. Keep your eyes open. Face
your fear. You can do this.

Christina's watery eyes open, meeting Jayne's. Jayne caresses her hair. Her warmth pulls Christina into her open arms.

CHRISTINA

I can't...

Jayne's smile is safe. She looks Christina in the eyes.

JAYNE

You don't have to be ok. And,
you'll never be alone.

(beat)

You're stronger than you know.

Christina's brow softens. She feels safe around Jayne.

CUT TO BLACK.

The End...

MID-CREDITS

FADE IN:

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Police tape flows in the breeze in front of the dark house. We move up the pathway... A pair of hands breaks the tape...

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Within an unknown POV, we move through the opened front door...

A FLASHLIGHT clicks on, as we scan the abandoned, cluttered LIVING ROOM. The aftermath of a brutal battle.

Evidence markers mark the broken picture frames. A bloodied sheet covers an area of the floor.

We move into the HALLWAY... To that BOOKSHELF...

OUR HAND pulls it open with a ragged CRREEEAK...

We descend the small staircase, into the BASEMENT...

Our FOOTSTEPS echo. The flashlight grazes the work bench. We PAN AROUND to the OPENED CLOSET DOOR...

We enter the closet, it's untouched. Still. Quiet.

We approach the WARDROBE. Our careful hands pull the cabinet doors open, and the flashlight's beam lands on--

The SCRIPTURA MORTIS.

After a moment, our hands grab the hefty book. We hear footsteps scurry away, but, we stare at the empty wardrobe, where that book once rested.

CUT TO BLACK.