

DIAL TONE

by

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FADE IN

EXT. WINTERS MANSION - HARTFORD CT - DAY

A huge, stone mansion sits amongst a grove of oak trees—cold and foreboding.

Classical music pours from an open window at the side of the house.

Wind blows a white curtain in and out of the window.

Through the window, inside the room...

INT. WINTERS MANSION PAINTING STUDIO - DAY

Half-finished paintings lean haphazardly against the wall.

At a paint-spattered easel sits MARISSA WINTERS DRYSDALE, 25, raven haired, brown eyes, delicate features, and a tense a bundle of nerves. She sips red wine from an expensive wine glass - her hand is unsteady, but she manages not to spill.

Marissa pulls the paintbrush from the canvas.

The face of a smiling, pretty, blond woman glistens, still wet on the canvas.

Marissa leans away from the canvas and sets her wineglass on a nearby table. The full painting is revealed. The smiling lady's body is in bloody shreds. Blood-red paint oozes from the painting.

JULIAN DRYSDALE, 30, dark blond hair, cold blue eyes, dressed in jeans and a dress shirt, enters.

His lips part in a half-hearted smile.

JULIAN  
I thought I'd find you...

Julian leans over Marissa's shoulder to view her painting.

JULIAN

Jesus!

MARISSA

It's therapy, Julian.

Marissa stands; readies to walk past Julian.

Julian grabs Marissa's shoulders, pins her.

JULIAN

She's gone, Marissa.

Marissa's lip trembles. Her eyes tear up.

Marissa pulls away, angry. The phone rings. She answers it.

MARISSA

Hello.

Julian stares at Marissa's paintings on the floor. Most of them are gruesome scenes of her sister's death - dark browns, black, and blood-red paint cover the canvases. He shakes his head.

MARISSA

Hello?

Marissa listens hard, as though she hears something. The DIAL TONE ramps up to a SCREAMING PITCH. She pulls the phone from her ear, hangs up.

INT. MARISSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marissa tosses and turns in her bed, whimpers. Julian sleeps next to her.

Moonlight shines on the night table, on which sits several prescription pill bottles and a half empty glass of red wine.

MARISSA

(moans)

No...

EXT. PARK - NIGHT - MARISSA'S DREAM

A low-pitched drone of a dial tone drowns out the screaming voice of JESSICA WINTERS, 22, blond-haired diva in sneakers.

Jessica screams angrily at someone in the shadows, pointing her finger.

Stab wounds and blood slowly fade in over Jessica's beautiful face and body. Darkness envelops her.

INT. MARISSA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marissa turns fast; screams as she bolts upright.

Julian sits up, groggy.

JULIAN  
What is it?

Marissa sobs.

MARISSA  
She was here!

Anger washes over Julian's sleepy face.

INT. MARISSA'S BEDROOM - DAY

On the bed lays an open suitcase. Julian emerges from a walk-in closet carrying a handful of Marissa's clothes.

Marissa enters the room.

JULIAN  
I called Dr. Morrison.

Julian places her clothes in the suitcase.

MARISSA  
I'm not going.

Julian stares hard at Marissa. Silence. He continues to pack.

MARISSA

Did you hear me?

Julian ignores her. Rifles through Marissa's drawers.  
Grabs bras and panties.

JULIAN

It'll do you good.

MARISSA

You can't do this to me!

Julian grabs a document from the top of his dresser and  
holds it out to her.

Marissa takes the forms. She reads them and throws them on  
the bed, then exits.

EXT. JULIAN'S SEDAN - DAY

The car drives through the winding Connecticut countryside.

The tree leaves are green, the occasional splash of red and  
orange show late summer colors.

INT. JULIAN'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Marissa stares vacantly out the window. She holds a  
document in her hands.

INSERT DOCUMENT

The header the doc reads:

BRIDLEWOOD SANITARIUM VOLUNTARY INTAKE FORM.

At the bottom of the document is Marissa's shaky signature.

END INSERT

Julian drives, steady, concerned. He pats Marissa's hand.

She pulls away.

INT. BRIDLEWOOD SANITARIUM - DAY

Bright, open concept lounge and foyer area, where patients sit on couches watching a soap opera on TV. The reception desk is in the middle of the room.

A NURSE stands at attention, but is slow to move her gaze from the TV.

Julian gently guides Marissa to the reception desk.

NURSE  
Can I help you?

The nurse smiles.

NURSE  
Mrs. Drysdale.

Marissa slides the intake document onto the reception desk.

The nurse scans the paper.

NURSE  
I'll get you settled. It hasn't  
changed much since the last time.

The nurse steps from behind the counter and leads Marissa away by the arm.

Julian's cell phone rings. He stays back to answer.

JULIAN  
Hello?

Marissa looks over her shoulder to Julian, frightened. Julian turns his back to Marissa.

MARISSA  
Julian!

He turns around. Motion he'll be right there.

JULIAN  
(on phone)  
She's in again. Look,  
I gotta go.

He snaps the phone shut and walks to Marissa.

MARISSA

You can't leave me.

JULIAN

Hon, you know I have to go to  
New York. It's only for a few days.  
Fran will...

MARISSA

Fran? Why does she...

JULIAN

Because she's going to check  
in on you while I'm gone.

They hug.

NURSE

C'mon, Marissa. We set up  
your room, same as the last time.  
You'll like it.

The Nurse leads Marissa away. They walk down a long, stark  
corridor. Marissa shakes with fear, but becomes more at  
ease as she walks with the Nurse.

A hall door opens. DR. ALAN MORRISON, 40'S, lean jogger  
physique, bookishly handsome steps into the hall.

Marissa smiles a seductive grin his way. He acknowledges  
her with a coy nod. The Nurse is oblivious.

INT. DR. MORRISON'S OFFICE - DAY

The wood-paneled office is warm and dressed with a leather  
couch and chair. Decorated with browns, blacks and reds  
- very masculine - hunting scene paintings line the wall.

A window behind a huge oak desk looks out over a green  
space - trees and flowers, patients basking in the sun.

A closed door leads out of the office to parts unknown.

Dr. Morrison welcomes Marissa into his office. They shake hands slowly, intimately.

MARISSA

She was here.

Marissa pulls away and sits at a chair in front of his desk. Dr. Morrison sits at his desk.

DR. MORRISON

I spoke with Julian...

MARISSA

Alan, she wants something.

Several pigeons flutter outside of the window, taking flight. Spooks Marissa.

DR. MORRISON

Have you been taking your medication?

Marissa watches a larger spider crawl across the window glass and eat a fly caught in its web.

MARISSA

Poor little rich girl always does what she's told.

DR. MORRISON

The pills help. Your mind needs a break from the stress.

MARISSA

Mom always wore L'Origon.  
The perfume. Did you know that?

Dr. Morrison shakes his head no.

MARISSA

I loved the way she smelled.

DR. MORRISON

It's only been two years since  
Your parents car accident...and now  
your sister...



MARISSA

What a difference a year makes.

Marissa tries to laugh.

DR. MORRISON

Allow yourself a break. You need to be strong. You're solely responsible for your family's holdings now.

MARISSA

I hire people for that. I paint.

DR. MORRISON

How are you and Julian getting along?

Marissa laughs a little.

MARISSA

Don't worry. He doesn't know about us. What's it been? Three years?

Dr. Morrison looks away, uncomfortable.

Marissa grins, then walks behind Dr. Morrison's chair.

Marissa leans, whispers into his ear...

MARISSA

I know of one treatment that would be helpful right about now.

DR. MORRISON

You're angry.

Marissa stomps back to her chair.

DR. MORRISON

Julian didn't put you here.

MARISSA

Daddy hated him.

DR. MORRISON

Is that why you married him?

MARISSA

Julian and I'll be fine. I  
just need...need to find...

Marissa stares at the spider as it releases its webbing and slips to the floor.

DR. MORRISON

The police are still working  
on the case.

MARISSA

It's a cold case now.

DR. MORRISON

Is that why you think you might  
be dreaming of your sister?

MARISSA

No.

A heavy silence rests between them. Marissa gazes out the window. Her faint reflection stares back. She smiles, knowingly, like Mona Lisa.

MARISSA

She's coming back.

INT. BRIDLEWOOD SANITARIUM - HALLWAY - DAY

Pastel pink and green painted halls with doors that open into small, clean rooms.

Marissa walks down the hallway. She wears white hospital issue pajamas, and is wrapped in a brown and red sweater.

She holds the sweater tightly to her as she walks past psychotic patients.

A WOMAN, 30's, hair uncombed, walks towards her. Her face flushes red with anger. She spits as she yells.

WOMAN

Jessica wants to talk to you!

The woman lunges at Marissa. Claws Marissa's face. Punches her. Marissa fights her off. The two tumble to the floor.

WOMAN

She wants to talk to you!

Orderlies run toward Marissa and pull the woman off her.

Marissa's lip bleeds. She wipes the blood with her hand. Looks at it.

FLASHBACK

JESSICA'S DEATH SCENE IN PARK - HER DEAD BODY, COVERED IN BLOOD LAYING ON THE GROUND.

END FLASHBACK

Marissa stares at the blood on her hand, fascinated.

INT. DR. MORRISON'S OFFICE - DAY

A black-eyed Marissa sits in front of Dr. Morrison.

MARISSA

I want to go home.

DR. MORRISON

Give it time.

MARISSA

She could've killed me.

DR. MORRISON

That woman died last night. Had a seizure.

MARISSA

She said Jessica wanted to talk to me.

DR. MORRISON

No one heard that.

DR. MORRISON

Give it six months. I'll  
even set up the private room  
for you.

They both walk to the door on the far wall. Dr. Morrison  
opens the door.

Inside is a lavishly decorated suite.

MARISSA

That's your room.

DR. MORRISON

And now it's yours. I'll be at  
your beck and call.

EXT. WINTER'S MANSION - DAY

SUPER: 6 MONTHS LATER

Julian and Marissa drive up to the mansion. He parks the  
car and they get out.

There's a sold sign on the front lawn. Marissa sees the  
sign.

JULIAN

I told you it was a surprise.

Fear washes over Marissa's face. Julian grabs her suitcase  
from the trunk and walks her inside.

INT. WINTER'S PAINTING STUDIO - DAY

Marissa's paints, paintings and books are boxed up.

The boxes are piled on top of each other. Marissa moves  
around the room, dazed.

MARISSA

Julian...why?

JULIAN

So we can move into our own home!  
I've already bought the land and  
started working on the designs.

Marissa tears into taped up boxes, agitated.

Julian pulls her to him, holding her tightly.

MARISSA

This is my home!

JULIAN

It's a dungeon!

MARISSA

But where will we live?

JULIAN

The cottage. Until our place  
is ready.

Julian releases her from the bear hug.

JULIAN

It's quiet out there and  
you can get all the rest  
you need in the country.

MARISSA

I don't need rest. I need  
to work.

JULIAN

And it's the perfect place  
to be creative. You love the ocean.

Julian gives her a tender hug.

JULIAN

C'mon. It'll work.

Marissa pulls away, walks to the window. There's a crack in  
the lower pane of glass.

MARISSA

But this place has been in my  
family for years.

Marissa touches the window frame. Traces the crack with  
her finger. It draws a tiny line of blood.

JULIAN

We need a new start.  
A home where you don't  
see Jessica in every room.

Marissa wipes her hand and nudges a chair out of her way.

Julian brings boxes down from upstairs.

Marissa spies a poker chip on the floor under the chair.  
She picks it up.

Marissa glares at Julian. He places his boxes on the  
chair.

MARISSA

Relapse?

JULIAN

I haven't spent a penny on the  
tables in months.

He takes the chip from her hand.

JULIAN

Promise.

MARISSA

With this move, you have enough  
riding on our marriage.

JULIAN

Funny.

Marissa gives Julian a hard glare.

EXT. WINTER'S COTTAGE - DAY

Julian and Marissa stand at the front door, in front of

several suitcases and boxes.

Julian inserts the key, pushes a few boxes inside the door.

They enter.

The cottage is dusty, from another time - the 1930's. Old style faucets, an aged wood floor, and an old rotary telephone from the 70's.

In every room, furniture hides under white sheets.

JULIAN

You'd think it'd been years  
since we were here last.

Marissa begins to yank the sheet off the couch.

MARISSA

Dr. Morrison told me that time  
is very subjective.

Julian grabs the other end of the sheet and helps.

JULIAN

So is his opinion.

Julian stares at Marissa, challenging her.

JULIAN

And I know you've known him a long  
time, but sometimes I think he  
could be doing more for you than  
feeding you a bunch of crap and  
writing prescriptions.

Marissa saunters up to Julian.

MARISSA

I think you're jealous!

He pushes her gently onto the couch and falls on top of her.

JULIAN

Insanely.

They kiss. Marissa pulls away, playfully.

MARISSA

Well never get set up. C'mon.

Julian gets up, offers his hand to Marissa; pulls her to her feet.

Marissa grabs a few paint brushes from the coffee table and follows Julian. Julian grabs a box marked OFFICE and takes it into...

THE DEN

The den is wood paneled, with computer table and credenza, as well as a huge table for drafting.

JULIAN

Dibs on the den!

Marissa follows Julian into the den. She places her brushes on the computer table. Julian sets down the boxes.

Marissa reaches into the box on top and picks up a rolled up architectural drawing.

Julian takes the drawing from her and sets it on the floor in the corner.

MARISSA

I can't paint in here anyway.  
No light.

Julian flicks on an ancient table lamp.

MARISSA

Natural light.

Julian picks up a key from the credenza as the two leave the room. He locks the door as they exit.

INT. LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marissa gives Julian a quizzical look.



JULIAN

So you can't peek.

She doesn't understand.

JULIAN

The house drawings. I want them to be a surprise.

A knock at the door interrupts them.

Marissa answers the door. Standing before her is ALBERT FARTHINGHAM, 60'S, weather-worn, messy gray hair.

He's dressed in dirty overalls and is wiping his greasy hands with a dirty rag.

ALBERT

Howdy, Miss Winters.

MARISSA

Albert! Did Julian call?

Julian shakes his head.

ALBERT

No ma'am. I just wanted to make sure it was you, that's all. I thought someone was in here a while back...saw smoke from the chimney...came by to check it out but whoever it was had hightailed it outta here.

MARISSA

No, that's impossible.

Albert looks into the room, sees the covered furniture.

ALBERT

Well I've been taking care of your place for a long time.

JULIAN

Everything's fine here, Albert.

MARISSA

Thanks, though.

Albert turns and exits, waving.

He stops and yells over his shoulder...

ALBERT

Just give me a call if you need  
me.

Marissa nods and shuts the door.

Julian's cell phone rings. He quickly scans the call  
display.

JULIAN

Hello?

Walks into the bedroom.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - DAY

GEORGE LOBARA, 50's, huge, scarred nose that's been broken  
a few times, sits in his car at a red light.

GEORGE

I want my money.

INTERCUT: JULIAN IN BEDROOM / GEORGE IN SEDAN

JULIAN

George! What's shakin'?

GEORGE

You'd better be, my friend.

Julian paces, nervous.

JULIAN

What's a few thou between  
partners.

MARISSA (O.S.)

Julian?

Julian slams his hand over the speaker and hollers back.

JULIAN

Be right there!

GEORGE

You ain't my partner. I want the money you borrowed by next week or you can kiss your ass goodbye.

JULIAN

I just need...

GEORGE

What you need is twenty thousand dollars by next Friday.

JULIAN

Fuck, George. I only borrowed ten.

GEORGE

Consider it a holding fee.

JULIAN

Holding fee?

GEORGE

Yah, I'm holding myself back from killing ya.

Fear sweeps over Julian's face. George clicks his phone shut.

END INTERCUT

INT. WINTER'S COTTAGE - DAY

Marissa looks at a calendar hanging on the wall in her kitchen.

MARISSA

Wow - crazy for the whole summer. Time flies when you're nuts...

She stares at the calendar for a moment, then uses her fingers to counts days...a concerned look crosses her face.

EXT. WINTERS COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Near the cottage is an old garage. It leans with the wind, the shingles are worn.

The metal garage door squeaks as it rocks to and fro with the wind.

METAL ON METAL HAMMERING from inside. Julian, covered in grease, sits on the floor holding a wrench, tinkering with a motorcycle, which is as old as the garage.

MARISSA

I'm going into town. Need anything?

JULIAN

A mechanic.

He throws a wrench to the floor.

JULIAN

A six-pack.

Marissa turns, exits.

INT. PHARAMACY - DAY

Marissa walks up and down the aisles.

A young saleslady, early 20's, rake thin, heavy makeup, hovers in the background. Her happy-face nametag shows her name is AMY.

She zooms in for the kill...

AMY

Can I help you find something?

MARISSA

No, no, that's fine.

Marissa moves away from Amy, strolls down the candy aisle.

Marissa grabs a Mars Bar, then moves to another aisle.

She stands in front of several home pregnancy kits.

INSERT

SHELVES:

EASY THREE DAY, CLEAR BLUE BABY, PROOF POSITIVE, ETC.

END INSERT

Before Amy the stalking saleslady can move in, Marissa grabs a box and takes it to the counter.

Amy runs to the cash. She picks up the box, smiles.

Marissa's peeved.

INT. MARISSA'S CAR - DAY

Beside Marissa sits the pharmacy bag, a six-pack and a bag of groceries.

Marissa riffles through the pharmacy bag as she drives. Grabs her candy bar, eats it.

As Marissa comes to a curve in the road, she sees a YOUNG WOMAN who looks like Jessica. Marissa slows down to look. Nope. Just a girl.

Marissa shakes her head.

MARISSA  
(mutters)  
Get over it.

INT. WINTER'S COTTAGE - DAY

Marissa steps out of the car, pharmacy bag tucked in her purse, grocery bag in one arm, six pack in hand.

She walks to the garage. It's quiet. She peers into the darkness.

Julian steps out from the shadows. Scares her. She drops the beer. One opens and fizzes a shower of ale.

JULIAN

Shit.

He grabs the beer and rips off the leaky one. Tosses it into a garbage can.

MARISSA

You shouldn't scare me like that!

Julian grabs another can of beer, opens it. Takes a huge gulp.

JULIAN

What's for supper?

Marissa shrugs.

MARISSA

A surprise.

INT. WINTER'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Marissa drops the grocery bag on the counter and searches her purse for the pregnancy kit.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marissa squats over the stick and pees. She pulls the stick from between her legs and places it on the counter.

Standing, she zips up quickly. Washes her hands as she watches the wand. No color change.

Marissa dries her hands thoughtfully.

MARISSA

Maybe not.

She turns around, readies to throw the stick into the garbage. It's changed.

INSERT

PREGNANCY STICK - POSITIVE READING

END INSERT

MARISSA

I am.

Marissa jumps up, excited.

MARISSA

I am!

She calms herself. Throws the stick in the trash and hides it with toilet paper.

INT. COTTAGE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

At the dinner table sit Julian and Marissa, eating spaghetti.

JULIAN

This is great!

MARISSA

Your favorite.

JULIAN

I must be part Italian.

Julian moves to pour more wine into Marissa's glass. She puts her hand over the top to stop him.

JULIAN

You? Not drinking? What?  
You pregnant or something?

Julian laughs.

Marissa stares down at her plate.

Julian's laughter fades.

JULIAN  
You're pregnant.

She nods. Julian pushes his plate away, grabs the bottle of wine and his glass, exits the cottage to sit on the porch.

The porch swing squeaks as Julian sits on it and rocks.

Marissa watches him through the front window. Wind blows the curtains, they dance.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julian lays as far away from Marissa as possible. It's dark. His eyes are wide open. His fists clench his pillow.

Marissa also lies in bed awake. She stares at the ceiling.

JULIAN  
Accidents happen. We must have  
slipped when I visited you  
in the hospital.

Marissa is silent.

JULIAN  
Get rid of it.

MARISSA  
(softly)  
No.

JULIAN  
You aren't stable and I don't  
know if I'm ready.

Marissa sits up.

MARISSA  
You're a natural daddy.



JULIAN

But you're too sick to take  
care of a tiny baby. When the  
time is right...

Tears well in Marissa's eyes.

MARISSA

The time is right!

JULIAN

I'll call Dr. Morrison. We'll  
see what he says.

MARISSA

I'm not killing my baby!

Marissa jumps from the bed and runs out of the house to  
the...

BEACH

Marissa, clad in a nightgown, runs down the beach crying.  
She slows to an eventual walk. Her nose runs. She wipes  
it with the back of her hand.

Marissa looks out over the black waves. The moon is high.  
A strong breeze carries strong waves to the shore.

Marissa's gaze follows the shoreline. In the distance, a  
GHOSTLY FORM walks towards her.

Marissa stops fast.

The ghost moves closer. Jessica!

Jessica frowns. She shakes her head, looks out over the  
waves.

Marissa clenches her eyes shut tight. She reopens them  
quickly. Jessica's ghost moves closer by twenty feet.

Jessica's ghost stares at Marissa.

Marissa runs back to the cottage, looking over her shoulder  
as the image fades. She stops and bends over, gags.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

As Marissa moves closer to the cottage, she steadies herself, but she's still shaking.

MARISSA

I'm not crazy. It's a sign.  
She needs me.

Taking a deep breath, Marissa opens the door and enters.

INT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julian, in shorts and tee shirt, sits on the couch. He runs his hands through his hair.

Sees Marissa through the window. Julian stands and greets her at the door.

JULIAN

You're shaking.

Julian rubs Marissa's arms.

MARISSA

The water always makes me  
feel better. It's just a little  
cool outside.

Marissa turns to walk to the bedroom. Julian reaches for her hand. Holds her still.

MARISSA

I don't care what Dr. Morrison  
says Julian. I stopped taking  
the really strong stuff a  
few months ago. She'll be okay.

JULIAN

She?

MARISSA

The baby. Little Jess.

Marissa's hand moves protectively to her stomach.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Julian loads a suitcase into the trunk of his car. He hugs Marissa and pats her belly.

JULIAN  
Take care of your mom.

MARISSA  
You be careful.

JULIAN  
I'm not staying on the strip.

MARISSA  
There's a lot of temptation—

Julian slams the trunk.

JULIAN  
This trip is for us as much as it  
is for me.

MARISSA  
What if you get the job?

JULIAN  
Then maybe we put our house plans  
on hold and move to Vegas for a bit.

Marissa frowns. Julian shakes his head then swiftly climbs into the car.

MARISSA  
Good luck.

JULIAN  
I know you don't mean it.

Marissa shrugs. Julian drives off.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Marissa sits on the couch, pen and pad in hand. She has scribbled several attempts at a middle name for her baby. "Jessica Eve Drysdale, Jessica Maeve Drysdale, Jessica Faith Drysdale"

MARISSA  
I like Faith.

She stares at her tummy.

MARISSA  
What do you think, Jess?

The phone rings. Marissa reaches over to answer it.

MARISSA  
Maybe it's daddy.

She holds the phone to her ear. STATIC screeches over a young woman's voice.

MARISSA  
Hello? We have a bad connection.  
I can't hear...

Through the static, A WOMAN'S VOICE...

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O)  
I know...I miss you, baby.

MARISSA  
Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O)  
I can't wait to see you either.

MARISSA  
Who is this?

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O)  
The cottage? Sure I love sailing.  
What time?

Recognition washes over Marissa's face.

MARISSA

Jessica?

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O)

Can't you get away now?

MARISSA

Jessica! It's me!

WOMAN'S VOICE / JESSICA (V.O)

I know. She watches you like a hawk.

MARISSA

(screaming)

Where are you?

The SCREECHING DIAL TONE returns. Jessica laughs, her laughter echoes over the tone.

JESSICA (V.O)

Where are you?

Her question echoes over the line. The line suddenly goes dead.

Marissa drops the phone and sobs.

She runs for her sketchpad and searches through her bloody drawings.

MARISSA

I'll find him, Jessica.

I'll kill him.

INT. WINTER'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Marissa dries a few dishes, puts them in the cupboard. She picks up a cup, wipes it dry.

The phone rings. She stares at it for a moment, then answers, juggling the cup.

MARISSA

Hello?

Silence. A mouse runs across the dishes in the cupboard. Marissa flinches, lets out a small scream, and drops the cup she was drying. It breaks.

MARISSA

Hello?

She kicks the cup aside and removes the dishes from the cupboard. There's a load of mouse poop at the back, but the mouse has scampered into a hole.

JULIAN

Hey. What's going on?

MARISSA

How do you kill a rat?

Marissa shivers.

JULIAN

What?

INTERCUT - MARISSA IN THE KITCHEN / JULIAN PACING OUTSIDE OF THE MGM GRAND.

MARISSA

Rats. We have rats.

JULIAN

Mice. There are traps in the cupboard under the sink.

Marissa peers into the cupboard.

MARISSA

Mice. Yuck.

Marissa grabs a paper towel and scrapes the mouse poop out of the cupboard. She dumps the paper towel into the garbage.

JULIAN

Look, I'm sorry 'bout the job thing. You know I it's been months since I had a decent contract.

Marissa washes her hands. Dries them on a tea towel.

MARISSA

I have money.

Marissa peers out the kitchen window.

END INTERCUT

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

A white sheet tangled in the branches of a huge oak tree is blown by a HOWLING wind.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marissa stares harder. The sheet morphs into THE BODY OF HER SISTER DRESSED IN A BLOODY, WHITE NIGHTGOWN.

Marissa lurches forward, blinks hard and the image is gone.

INTERCUT - MARISSA IN THE KITCHEN / JULIAN PACING OUTSIDE OF THE MGM GRAND.

JULIAN

Yes. You have money.

Silence. Marissa regains her composure.

MARISSA

You don't have to prove anything to me.

Marissa pulls the window blind shut. She moves to the fridge. Stuck to the fridge with a magnet is a photo of herself and Julian.

JULIAN

Maybe I have to prove it to myself.

Marissa pulls the photo from the fridge and traces Julian's face.

On the photo, a faint X has been etched across her face.

MARISSA

That's why I love you.

She frowns, looking at the picture closer, tracing the X.

JULIAN

I love you too. Sleep tight.

Marissa hangs up and places the photo on the counter. She stares at the window. Wind blows through the screen, causes the blind to move.

Marissa grabs a knife from a kitchen drawer. She tucks it into the side of the blind and moves it over, so she can see outside.

Tree limbs flail in the wind.

With knife in hand, Marissa steps to the door. She walks outside and stands on the porch. Her hand clenches the knife. White knuckles.

She is alone.

INT. CASINO LOBBY - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Flashing lights and bells call out from the slot machines at the entrance of the casino.

MIKE JASON, 32, blond haired and blue-eyed former football quarterback who still forces his overlarge form into tight jeans and a sports jersey, holds a hand out for Julian to shake.

MIKE

Buddy! You made it!

They shake hands.



JULIAN

Gotta win back some of the cash I lost in the last few months, before George puts a hit on me...or Marissa finds out.

MIKE

So she's back for good this time?

JULIAN

I don't know. I hope so.

Julian digs into his pockets, withdraws a few fifties.

MIKE

George that pissed?

JULIAN

He's charging me double what I borrowed.

Mike slaps Julian on the back. They walk towards the poker tables.

MIKE

Let's see if we can keep you alive - and married.

INT. MARISSA'S CAR - DAY

Marissa drives down her laneway. Her cell phone rings. She fumbles for it.

MARISSA

Hello?

RANDY (V.O)

Darling, you've been out of action far too long.

INTERCUT: BALLENTYNE ART GALLERY / MARISSA'S CAR

RANDY BALLENTYNE, 50's, stands admiring one of Marissa's paintings in the Ballentyne Art Gallery.

The canvas is covered with shards of earthen red, brown and black paint.

Randy's hair is wrapped with a scarf, her make up, immaculate, concealing 10 years.

MARISSA

Randy! How's Big Apple life?

RANDY

Smoggy, crowded and wonderful!  
Look, I've sold the last of your  
larger works. When can I expect  
more?

Marissa passes by a long driveway. The drive winds to the shore, back to a cottage.

A black Subaru sits in the drive.

MARISSA

(whispers)

Fran...

The cell phone crackles.

RANDY

Are you playing hard to get  
with me, Marissa?

MARISSA

No, of course not. I'm just  
not set up yet. Give me a  
month, maybe two.

RANDY

That long?

MARISSA

Things have changed.  
I'm pregnant.

RANDY

(flustered)

Pregnant? Well...  
congratulations. I hear that  
pregnant artists produce  
work with far more emotion.

MARISSA

If that's the case, my work  
should scream.

Marissa laughs a little.

Randy stares at the painting before her. Red, black and  
brown shards of color in a gothic, haunting scene of death.

END INTERCUT

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Marissa stands before the PHARMACIST, a man in his mid  
50's, balding, large ears holding dark-framed glasses.

She digs through her purse and pulls out a dog-eared  
prescription.

The pharmacist takes the prescription, reads it, shoots  
Marissa a look of pity.

PHARMACIST

I'm not sure I carry this...

The pharmacist checks the shelves behind him.

PHARMACIST

Oh, you're in luck.

MARISSA

I need it filled today.

The pharmacist looks over his glasses at Marissa.

PHARMACIST

It'll be about twenty minutes.

Marissa looks down at her watch. The second hand has stopped and the watch reads 12:00. A clock on the wall behind the counter reads 1:20. She taps the watch face.

MARISSA  
(to self)  
Shit.  
(to pharmacist)  
Watch batteries?

He points to an aisle close by.

Marissa steps over to the aisle, grabs a watch battery and then wanders over to the magazine section.

She glances through various baby name books and parent magazines.

The pharmacist steps up behind her, taps her on the shoulder.

Marissa jumps and drops the batteries.

PHARMACIST  
Your insurance covered it.

MARISSA  
Has it been twenty...

Marissa looks at her watch. It reads 2:20 and the second hand is ticking.

The pharmacist hands her the bag containing her prescription.

PHARMACIST  
It's been an hour.

Marissa takes the bag, shakes her head.

PHARMACIST  
I got busy. Wife called...sick.  
She's always sick.

She looks at her watch again. The ticking is louder.

PHARMACIST

You okay?

EXT. FRAN'S COTTAGE - DAY

Marissa pulls into Fran's driveway, parks next to the Subaru. She gets out of the car and knocks on the back door. A strong gust of wind blows her hair across her face.

FRAN HUFF, 28, an athletic tomboy, with short hair and a short stature, answers the door.

FRAN

Howdy stranger!

They hug. Fran welcomes Marissa inside.

INT. FRAN'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens into a wood paneled living room. A fire blazes in a large, stone-faced fireplace.

MARISSA

Are you ever a sight for  
sore eyes.

INT. FRAN'S COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - LATER

Fran and Marissa sit on a large over-stuffed couch. The fire has burned down to glowing red embers.

FRAN

I just can't believe you're  
gonna have a baby.

MARISSA

Does it hurt as much as they say?

FRAN

(shrugs)  
You forget.

MARISSA  
You up here alone?

FRAN  
Ben and I are splitting.

Marissa chokes on her coffee.

MARISSA  
What?

FRAN  
It's been coming.

MARISSA  
What about Angie?

FRAN  
She's five. She'll get used to  
it.

Fran stands and moves to the fire. She puts out her hands  
to warm them.

Marissa shrugs. What's up...

FRAN  
An affair. He found out.

MARISSA  
I didn't know...

FRAN  
My lawyer.

MARISSA  
Your lawyer? Julie Simmons?

Marissa leans back, confused.

FRAN  
Yeah.

MARISSA  
Lesbian?

FRAN

Lesbian.

MARISSA

Wow. When'd you find that out?

Fran grins. They both laugh; Marissa's laughter is a nervous chatter.

MARISSA

Lesbian.

Fran plops down on the couch.

FRAN

Everyone has secrets.

Marissa shakes her head.

MARISSA

I'm crazy and you're a lez. What a pair.

FRAN

You? Crazy?

MARISSA

Do you believe in ghosts?

FRAN

Is this about Jessica?

MARISSA

I see her. I hear her.

The phone rings. Frightens Marissa. Fran answers the phone.

FRAN

Hello? Sure. Okay.

Fran moves out of Marissa's earshot. Her voice is muffled.

She hangs up.

MARISSA

Everything alright?

Fran smiles and nods.

FRAN

More coffee?

Marissa walks to the kitchen with Fran. The wind picks up and blows through the kitchen window, knocking over several porcelain figures sitting on the windowsill. One is an angel.

Marissa and Fran are startled.

MARISSA

She's here, Fran.

The women stare at the fallen figurines and the wind-blown curtain.

MARISSA

She's trying to tell me something.

INT. WINTER'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Marissa sets up her easel near the kitchen table. She places a fresh canvas on the easel, sorts through a supply of brushes sitting in an old tin can on the table.

MARISSA

Where's my fuller brush?

She dumps the tin can.

MARISSA

I can't work without the right brush.

Marissa lays her paints down and searches a kitchen drawer.

MARISSA

Where'd I leave it?

Marissa looks toward the den.



She walks to the den door, peers through the glass. A large brush lies on Julian's computer table.

Marissa tries the knob. Locked.

Marissa walks back to the kitchen, smiling guiltily. She reaches in a cupboard on the top shelf. Grabs an old fashioned key.

Walks back to...

THE DEN DOOR

Marissa places the key in the door and opens it.

INT. WINTER'S COTTAGE - JULIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marissa steps into the den. She tip toes around the room, running her hand across the computer table. She picks up her brush.

Marissa turns to leave, notices several drawings rolled up with rubber bands, piled in the corner.

Moving closer, she sees a label on one drawing that reads: DRYSDALE RESIDENCE.

MARISSA

Our home.

She tucks the brush into her pants pocket and lifts the drawing, places the roll on a drafting table. She unrolls the paper to reveal a stark sheet of paper.

A knock on the front door interrupts the silence.

Marissa rushes to the front door.

AT THE DOOR

Marissa opens the door, but the wind blows it wide open. Fran runs inside, shivering.

FRAN

Man, a cold one has blown in.

Marissa fights to close the door. A mouse scurries in before she slams it shut and runs under the stove.

MARISSA

Damn it!

FRAN

That's not the greeting  
I was expecting! Just came  
to invite you to a party.

MARISSA

A mouse followed you inside.

Marissa bends down, looks for the creature.

FRAN

I've got a live mousetrap.  
I'll bring it over tomorrow.

MARISSA

I feel better knowing it's  
dead.

Marissa opens a cupboard door, very gingerly pulls out a mousetrap.

The trap is spattered with blood. She stares at it.

MARISSA

Bet that hurt.

The phone rings. Marissa passes the trap to Fran - who doesn't want to hold it - and walks to the phone. Answers

MARISSA

Hello?

Shushing static plays over the line. Marissa bangs the receiver on her hand.

Fran sets the trap on a newspaper lying on the counter.

MARISSA

Hello? Julian is that you?

Fran rummages through the fridge and pulls out a beer. She opens it and takes a drink.

A conversation begins through the dial tone - low at first, but then two voices, a male and a female, are clearly heard.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Last night was sooooo good.

MALE VOICE (V.O)

I could still smell you  
after I got home.

FEMALE VOICE V.O)

Do you think she knows?

Marissa strains to hear the conversation.

MARISSA

Jess? Is that you?

Fran sets down her beer.

FEMALE VOICE / JESSICA (V.O)

I don't feel guilty. I never  
liked her.

Fran sneaks up on Marissa.

FRAN

Who's on the phone, Marissa?

Marissa jumps, drops the phone. The DIAL TONE SCREECHES, then beeps hypnotically.

INT. FRAN'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

HIP-HOP MUSIC booms from a stereo in the living room. Men dance with men, women with women, a threesome congos seductively.

A fire blazes in the fireplace. Some people dancing around the fire remove their shirts - the heat.

Half empty drink glasses are left sitting everywhere. This party is rockin'.

Fran leads Marissa through the crowd, holding her hand. A woman reaches out to grab Marissa's free hand.

FRAN

Straight as a pin, honey.

Marissa smiles shyly. Fran pulls her into the living room.

FRAN

Sit tight. I'll get you  
a Shirley Temple.

Marissa nods. She scans the room. Two gay men kiss, she looks away.

She spies Fran in the kitchen talking to someone. Marissa fidgets in her seat.

Uneasiness crawls up the skin of her arms. She rubs her arms with her hands, chilled.

Marissa looks down the hallway that leads to the bedrooms. She gets up, walks...

DOWN THE HALL

One bedroom door is ajar. Two bodies writhe in the darkness.

Marissa moves to the next door. Opens it. The room is empty. She enters and closes the door.

The room is bathed in moonlight from a full moon. In the room is a bed, a dresser and a mirror. Marissa sits on the bed - it squeaks. Wind blows tree limbs outside - shadows play on the bed.

Marissa looks out the window. A ghostly, human form slowly emerges from the darkness. Marissa jumps, catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror - SCREAMS. The music blares and the base beat echoes in her head.

She looks at the door, then to the walls. The walls begin to bleed. Marissa falls to the ground, weeps.

The door bursts open. It's Fran.

FRAN

What are you doing?

Fran drops to her knees. Picks up Marissa.

MARISSA

The walls.

Fran flips on the light. The walls are covered in faded wall paper.

FRAN

What about them?

MARISSA

I-I

FRAN

They need redecorating, but-

MARISSA

I want to go home.

FRAN

What's up?

Marissa sits on the bed.

MARISSA

Jessica. She needs me.

FRAN

She's dead, hon.

MARISSA

I hear her-on the phone.

FRAN

You've been through a lot.

MARISSA

Walk me home?

FRAN

Sure. Gimme a sec.

Fran gets up. Exits.

INT. FRAN'S BEDROOM

Fran's room boasts a four-post bed, dresser and a rocking chair. Fran stands near her bed, her cell to her ear.

FRAN

I think she's in trouble,  
Julian.

Two of Fran's friends laugh and YELL her name over the blaring music, looking for her.

FRAN

Look, all I'm saying is I think  
you need to come back here.

The door opens. PETER, 28, and ALFREDO, 30, stand in the doorway, laughing.

PETER

There she i...

FRAN

(to gay men)  
Just a sec guys.

They close the door.

FRAN

I'll do what I can.

She hangs up.

WINTER COTTAGE - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Marissa paints. The painting is more gruesome than usual.

Blood red paint streaks across a white, pink and brown canvas looking like an open wound, magnified.

A car engine announces someone's arrival. Marissa wipes her hands on a paint-encrusted cloth.

A knock at the door.

Marissa opens the door. Dr. Morrison stands before her. Marissa stares at him in silence, then...

MARISSA

You making house calls now?

DR. MORRISON

I'm concerned.

MARISSA

Julian called you.

DR. MORRISON

Yes, but-

MARISSA

He has nothing to worry about.

DR. MORRISON

Do I?

Marissa opens the door, Dr. Morrison enters.

WINTER COTTAGE - LIVINGROOM - LATER

Dr. Morrison and Marissa sit on the couch. He takes Marissa's blood pressure.

DR. MORRISON

This won't bring Jessica back.

MARISSA

Where there is death, there is life.

DR. MORRISON

Is it-ah-is the baby-

MARISSA

Julian's the father.

DR. MORRISON

Can you be sure?

Marissa pulls away from him. Rises from the couch. Paces.

MARISSA

I could have you disbarred.  
Taking advantage of your patients.

DR. MORRISON

You seduced me. What were you, sixteen  
the first time?

Dr. Morrison stands, puts his stethoscope into his suit  
coat pocket.

DR. MORRISON

We have a history.

MARISSA

A secret past. No one ever knew, Alan.

DR. MORRISON

Are you threatening me?

MARISSA

The baby is Julian's. We're making  
a new start of things. Don't get  
in my way.

Dr. Morrison stares angrily at Marissa.

MARISSA

Jess told me all about you.  
And I thought you were mine  
alone.

Guilt washes over Dr. Morrison's face - a dear in the  
headlights.

FLASHBACK

DR. MORRISON RECALLS JESS' LONG LEGS LEADING UP TO A SHORT  
SKIRT.

END FLASHBACK



Marissa stands before him, arms folded, angry.

MARISSA

Get out.

EXT. BEACH - TWILIGHT

Fran and Marissa sit on a blanket on the sand near the ocean by Fran's cottage.

It's cool, the wind is whipping through their hair.

A storm brews - blowing in from off shore. Dark clouds move in.

The two are silent.

FRAN

Penny for your thoughts.

MARISSA

You never really know anyone,  
do you?

A peal of thunder booms from offshore.

FRAN

We still friends?

Marissa has zoned out.

MARISSA

Yeah, sure.

FRAN

Even though I'm queer?

MARISSA

I've been queer most of my life.  
Just not gay.

They laugh.

FRAN

No, I picked up on that real  
early.

MARISSA

Oh! And here I thought I just  
wasn't your type.

Fran frowns, thinking.

FRAN

I need to tell you something.

MARISSA

What?

FRAN

I had a thing with Jess last year.

MARISSA

Jess? My Jess?

Fran nods.

MARISSA

But she-

FRAN

She hit on me. She went both ways,  
honey.

Marissa is silent. Thoughtful.

MARISSA

Why didn't you tell me before?

Lightening strikes the water and thunder cracks - the storm  
is closer.

FRAN

You didn't know I was gay - how  
would I have told you that?

MARISSA

Why are you telling me now?

FRAN

You worship her. But you didn't really know her. She was into all kinds of shit. Coke, acid...

Marissa scowls. The wind picks up, blows up under the blanket.

MARISSA

She was in trouble.

FRAN

I think she just tried to hard to be loved by everyone.

Rain pours from the gray clouds above.

Marissa and Fran quickly gather the blanket, run to Fran's cottage.

INT. FRAN'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

It's dark inside. Lightening courses through the sky outside.

Fran finds the light switch. The two are drenched. Fran grabs some towels from the bathroom. She hands one to Marissa and they both dry off.

Thunder booms and the lights go off. Marissa and Fran bump around in the dark.

FRAN

Great.

MARISSA

Ow!

FRAN

What?

MARISSA

Stubbed my toe.

The phone RINGS.

FRAN

This could be interesting.

MARISSA

Where'd you leave it?

RRRIIINNNGGG.

FRAN

Who knows!

MARISSA

Sounds like it's coming from the  
bedroom.

The phone stops ringing. Another crack of thunder.

FRAN

That one was close.

The phone rings again.

Marissa feels her way into the kitchen. The phone sits on  
the counter, illuminated by a strike of lightening. She  
grabs the phone.

MARISSA

Found it!  
(answers phone)  
Hello?

Silence - then breathing. A boom of thunder.

MARISSA

Hello?

JESSICA (V.O.)

It hurts, Marissa. It hurts.

Marissa screams and faints.

INT. FRAN'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

The lights are back on. The storm has subsided. Marissa  
lays on the couch in the living room, a cool cloth over her  
forehead.

Fran is in the kitchen. She speaks quietly into the phone receiver.

FRAN

Really, Julian, you need to come back. She's losing it.

JULIAN (V.O)

Tomorrow. I'll leave tomorrow.

Fran glances to Marissa, who seems to be sleeping.

FRAN

Hurry.

Marissa's eyes open wide with terror.

EXT. WINTER'S GARDEN - DAY

The hot sun beats down on Marissa as she plants tulip bulbs.

She digs into the dirt, hits something. Marissa digs in with her fingers, displacing hundreds of ants and their larvae.

She shakes her hand free of the bugs.

She finds a gold bracelet inlaid with rubies and diamonds in the dirt.

MARISSA'S FLASHBACK

INT. WINTER MANSION/ DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jessica, Marissa and Julian sit at a formal dining room table. A birthday cake sits in the middle of the table, surrounded by several presents.

Julian looks uneasy. Rattled. Distracted. He takes a large drink from his cocktail.

Marissa takes a small, festively wrapped box from the middle of the table.

MARISSA  
Happy Birthday, Sis.

She leans over and kisses Jessica on the cheek.

Jessica takes the box, opens it. A gold bracelet.

JESSICA  
It's beautiful. Thank you.  
You shouldn't have.

MARISSA  
Julian picked it out.

Marissa smiles at Julian husband. Julian squirms uncomfortably.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. WINTER'S GARDEN - DAY

Marissa dusts the dirt from the bracelet. A puzzled look crosses her face.

She looks back to the house. The wind blows the kitchen window curtain.

INT. WINTER'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Marissa sits on the couch, her sister's bracelet in her hands.

She turns on the TV - STATIC. She turns it off. The phone RINGS. Marissa stares at the bracelet, then to the phone.

She rises slowly, answers with shaking hands...

MARISSA  
Hello?

JULIAN (V.O)  
Hey baby. It's me.

Marissa is mesmerized by the bracelet.

JULIAN (V.O)  
Just driving home from the airport.

A smile flutters across Marissa's lips.

MARISSA  
You're a day early.

JULIAN (V.O)  
Disappointed?

MARISSA  
Sorry, I'm just tired.

Marissa lays the bracelet on the end table.

JULIAN (V.O)  
You haven't been overworking yourself  
have you?

MARISSA  
No. Just digging up weeds.

She stares at the bracelet.

JULIAN ((V.O)  
Ok. I'll be home soon.

MARISSA  
K...see you then.

Marissa hangs up the phone. She picks up the bracelet and  
stares at it.

The phone RINGS again.

MARISSA  
Jules.

Marissa answers, smiling.

MARISSA  
What'd you forget?

The DIAL TONE screams into her ear. She pulls the phone away from her head.

Voices cut through the tone. One is Jessica's.

JESSICA

I'd love to go. When can you leave?

MAN'S VOICE(V.O)

(distorted)

When she's asleep.

JESSICA

Do you think she knows?

MAN'S VOICE(V.O)

(distorted, cuts in and out)

No, she's too busy...New...  
the drugs...

The phone goes dead.

Marissa grabs her coat and heads out of the cottage.

INT. FRAN'S COTTAGE - LATER

Fran and Marissa sit on the couch, looking through an old photo album.

Pictures of Fran, Marissa and Jess from childhood. Each picture is clearly marked with a name and a funny caption in child's scrawl.

Marissa is dressed in a floral printed white dress. Her baby bump barely shows.

FRAN

I've had this book forever.

She turns a page and points to a picture of Marissa, 13 then, covered in mud, crying.

INSERT PHOTO ALBUM

The caption reads, "NOT AS HAPPY AS A PIG IN SHIT!"



END INSERT

MARISSA

The day Jess dunked me in the mud.

They laugh.

FRAN

Yeah, but you got over it.

Marissa pushes the album away and sits back on the couch.

MARISSA

I think Jessica was having an affair.

Fran flips another page, uninterested.

FRAN

Maybe.

MARISSA

If she'd just say his name. The voice  
is so garbled but still familiar.  
I know it.

FRAN

What?

Fran looks up from the album, confused. The phone rings.  
Fran rises and answers it.

FRAN

Hello?

Marissa turns a page of the album. She sees a series of  
pictures of herself, Julian and Jessica.

One picture shows Jess being thrown into the pool by  
Julian.

MARISSA

If I had a name, I could get the  
cops involved again.

FRAN

This is bullshit! I'm supposed to  
get Angie every other weekend!

Marissa flips the page. She stares at a faded, dog-eared  
photo of herself and Jessica at ages 12 and 8. She is  
choking Jessica, jokingly, and Jessica is making rabbit  
ears over her head.

FRAN

That's not fair. And it's not true!

Marissa closes the photo album, walks...

OUTSIDE FRAN'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Wind howls through the trees. Jessica's voice calls  
Marissa's name into the dark forest. The voice starts off  
as a quiet whisper, but grows louder.

An owl hoots and takes flight. Tree limbs swing back and  
forth as the wind picks up speed.

JESSICA (V.O)

Marissa!

Marissa runs towards the trees. She leans onto a huge oak  
as the wind whips her hair across her face.

MARISSA

Jessica!

She looks frantically into the trees. The forest floor is  
illuminated by moonlight.

MARISSA

Jessica!

Fran appears on the porch. She spies Marissa and runs for  
her.

Marissa stares harder into the trees.

BLOODY JESSICA APPEARS FROM BEHIND THE OAK, ONLY INCHES  
FROM HER FACE.

Marissa screams and faints. Fran rushes to her.

Blood drips down the inside of Marissa's leg.

INT. LOCAL HOSPITAL - LATER

Marissa lays on a gurney while a doctor examines her. He pulls his hands back from under the blanket, snaps off his rubber gloves.

DOCTOR

You've got to take it easy.

MARISSA

The baby-

DOCTOR

It's sometimes normal to bleed during the first few months. You just have to be careful because you're at the four month mark. It's a little more dicey now.

MARISSA

Four months...

Realization washes over Marissa's face. She looks panicked.

INT. WINTER'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - DAY

Marissa lies on the bed under a blanket. Fran brings in a tray of food. Marissa pushes it away.

FRAN

For the baby.

Fran places the tray across Marissa's lap.

Marissa glances to the dresser mirror. Her reflection stares back.

MARISSA

The stranger within.

FRAN

Pardon?

MARISSA

Nothing.

Julian enters holding roses and a teddy bear.

JULIAN

How's my girl?

She shrugs.

JULIAN

Everything'll be fine.

Julian leans down and kisses her forehead.

Fran reaches for the flowers.

FRAN

Here, I'll take care of those.

Fran exits with flowers.

JULIAN

You'll be back to your old self  
in no time.

MARISSA

That's a comfort.

She stares at her reflection.

JULIAN

I'm going to work on the house drawings.  
Call me if you need anything.

Marissa bites her lip and holds back her anger.

INT. WINTER'S COTTAGE - DAY

Marissa, dressed in sweatpants and tee-shirt, walks out of the bedroom to the kitchen. She holds her tummy.

At the sink, she fills the teapot with water. Places it on the stove.

Julian peeks out from his den.

JULIAN  
Should you be up?

MARISSA  
I think we're ok. The bleeding's stopped.

JULIAN  
Do you need any help?

MARISSA  
I'm fine. Really.

Julian exits, closes the door behind him.

Marissa turns on the stove.

The phone RINGS. Marissa stares at the phone. She hesitates, then answers. The DIAL TONE SCREAMS. Marissa pulls the phone away from her ear, shaking. She stares at the receiver. The dial tone stops.

Dead silence.

VOICES break the silence. Marissa stares at the receiver, quivering.

Slowly, Marissa brings the phone to her ear. Wind blows the kitchen curtains.

JESSICA (V.O)  
I love you.

MAN (V.O)  
I love you too.

Marissa's eyes grow large. Her shaking hands barely hold the phone to her head.

JESSICA (V.O)  
When do we tell her?

MARISSA (V.O)

Julian?

MAN (V.O)

Tomorrow night.

MARISSA (V.O)

Julian?

JESSICA (V.O)

I can't wait to be with you.

Marissa lowers the phone from her ear, drops phone to the floor.

Julian enters.

JULIAN

Who were you calling?

MARISSA

I-I didn't. The-the phone rang-

JULIAN

I didn't hear anything.

MARISSA

You-you didn't?

Marissa trembles, her knees begin to fail her. She grabs the counter for support.

JULIAN

No, Marissa.

Julian picks up the receiver. Places it back into the cradle.

JULIAN

Why don't you go lay down?

Marissa stares at the phone, then to Julian.

She nods and hobbles to the bedroom.

INT. ROSE'S RESTAURANT - WATSON CT - DAY

Marissa and Fran sit in a booth, drinking coffee. ROSE, a plump lady in her 40s, walks over and fills Marissa's cup.

MARISSA

How's it goin' Rose?

ROSE

Slow now that summer's over.  
And I don't mind that one bit!

MARISSA

Rose, do you know if Mary Watson  
still does tarot card readings?

Fran chokes a bit as she sips her coffee. She grins.

ROSE

Oh yeah. Last week she told Sarah  
Clayton that she was pregnant and  
lord knows how she knew that, but  
she was right! Twins!

FRAN

You've got to be kidding?

Marissa shrugs.

INT. MARISSA'S CAR - DAY

Marissa drives the quiet country road to the cottage.  
Past a curve in the road, she spies a form in the distance.

JESSICA'S GHOST WALKS ALONG THE BEACH. HER SILKY WHITE  
DRESS BLOWS IN THE WIND.

Marissa pulls the car over to the side of the road. She  
hunts through her purse for her photo/ cell phone. Marissa  
opens the phone to take a picture of Jessica's ghost.  
She's too far away.

Marissa, phone in hand, gets out of the car, runs to the  
beach.

She trips over a rock. Falls to her knees. Marissa rises, holding her stomach.

Her cell phone rings. She looks through the viewer to take a picture. CLICK.

She answers the phone.

MARISSA

Hello?

Julian answers, his voice is breaking up.

JULIAN

Where are you?

The line goes static. Marissa looks to the beach. Jessica's ghost is gone.

She scrolls through the photos she's taken. There are only pictures of the beach.

Marissa crumbles to her feet, sobbing.

INT. FRAN'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Fran and Marissa plant flowers in pots at the kitchen table. Dirt spills onto the table and floor.

FRAN

You're really feeling better?

MARISSA

Sure.

FRAN

Why don't I believe you?

The lights go out.

FRAN

Shit.

Fran finds the sink. Washes dirt from hands.



MARISSA

It's her.

FRAN

Nonsense. She's dead.

Fran reaches into a cupboard and finds a flashlight. Turns it on.

MARISSA

She wants something.

The phone rings. Fran answers it.

FRAN

Hello?

Dead air.

FRAN

Hello?

MARISSA

It's Jessica.

FRAN

No, Marissa. Something must be wrong with the lines.

Fran hangs up. The lights come back.

Marissa stands before Fran, holds a large butcher knife, protectively.

Fran steps back, surprised.

Marissa lowers the knife.

INT. WATSON PHONE COMPANY - DAY

Fran and Marissa stand at the counter at the small town phone company. From the antiquated décor, it's clearly been there since the early 1900's.

BEA, an elderly lady in her 60's, moves to the counter.

BEA

How can I help you?

MARISSA

My phone line has been acting  
kind of wonky lately.

FRAN

Mine too. Rings, but no one answers.

BEA

Could be kids...

Bea opens a log book on the counter.

BEA

No, they've been working on the lines  
in your area.

Bea moves to a computer behind the counter.

BEA

I think they should be done next  
week. What's your number?

MARISSA

535-6668

Bea plugs the number into the computer.

BEA

Winters?

MARISSA

Yes.

BEA

That line was disconnected months  
ago.

MARISSA

But—

BEA

If you have service, you're  
not being billed for it.

Marissa frowns.

EXT. TOWN OF WATSON - STREET - DAY

Fran and Marissa sit on a bench in front of an ice cream parlor, eating an ice cream cone. It's a warm, autumn day. They sit in silence; watch the odd car drive by.

FRAN

You're lucky - free phone service. I'd be making as many long distance calls as I could, while it lasted.

MARISSA

(laughing)

I should call Randy. She probably thinks I've dropped off the face of the earth!

FRAN

I don't know about you, but I always feel better getting something for nothing.

MARISSA

That's because you're cheap!

FRAN

I am not!

They rise and head for the car.

MARISSA

Are so.

FRAN

Am not!

Marissa

Are so!

INT. WINTER COTTAGE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Julian and Marissa sit at the table, finishing supper.

JULIAN

Where did you and Fran take off  
to today?

MARISSA

Watson. Went to the phone company.

JULIAN

What for?

MARISSA

The phone's been acting up.

Marissa pushes her plate from her.

MARISSA

And then I find out it's been  
disconnected. Months ago.

Julian

But we have service.

MARISSA

We aren't being billed, apparently.

JULIAN

You don't believe that?

MARISSA

No, I think Jessica is trying-

Julian slams a fist on the table.

JULIAN

I've had enough! Marissa,  
for the baby's sake leave  
the past where it belongs.

MARISSA

You're right. I'm sorry.

The phone rings.

JULIAN

I'll get it.

He rises. Answers phone.

JULIAN

Hello? Hi Fran. Just a sec.

He holds the phone out for Marissa.

EXT. WINTER COTTAGE - DAY

Julian drives off. Marissa waves from the porch. He waves back.

Marissa pulls her sweater tightly around her. Her belly bulge is quite noticeable. She moves inside...

INT. WINTER COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marisa stands in front of her easel. Picks up her paint palette and brush and lays a few strokes onto the canvas.

The painting is of a baby in the womb. Serene, motherly.

A knock at the door interrupts her. Marissa lays down her paints and moves to the door.

She opens the door. It's Dr. Morrison.

Dr. Morrison steps inside, peers around the room.

MARISSA

Julian's not here.

Dr. Morrison relaxes.

DR. MORRISON

You look tired.

MARISSA

I'm not. Why are you here?

DR. MORRISON

Julian asked that I check in...

MARISSA

I don't need your help.

DR. MORRISON

Marissa, you know I love you-

MARISSA

When was the last time you saw  
Jessica?

DR. MORRISON

A few weeks before she was  
killed.

MARISSA

Giving her your special treatment?

DR. MORRISON

Jessica wanted a prescription  
for methadone.

MARISSA

Methadone?

DR. MORRISON

I told her she'd need to seek  
active treatment and sent her to  
a colleague who specializes in  
addictions.

MARISSA

Did she go?

DR. MORRISON

No.

MARISSA

You really cared for her.

DR. MORRISON

Your father and I were good friends.  
I've watched you both grow up. But  
I fell in love with you.

Marissa moves away from him.

DR. MORRISON

Do you remember how I taught you  
to dance?

MARISSA

I love Julian now. He can't  
know about us. No one can.

Dr. Morrison frowns. All hope has left his eyes.

DR. MORRISON

I understand.

Dr. Morrison steps to the door.

DR. MORRISON

How well do you know Julian?

MARISSA

As well as you know me.

A perplexed look crosses the doctor's face. He exits.

The phone rings. Marissa stares at it. She's frightened.  
She lets it ring.

EXT. WINTER COTTAGE GARAGE - DAY

The large double door of the garage is open. Julian works  
on the old motorcycle, trying to get it to start. Marissa  
enters.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

MARISSA

How much longer will you be?

JULIAN

Not long. Got something you  
want me to do?

Julian smiles, sexy - stands, hugs her.

MARISSA

I love you. Jules.

They kiss. Julian touches her belly.

JULIAN

Does it move yet?

MARISSA

She - and not yet.

JULIAN

She seems to have gotten bigger  
this past week. Look at the  
bump.

Marissa pulls back.

MARISSA

I'm eating like a horse. I'd  
better watch myself or I'll  
never lose my baby weight.

JULIAN

You have lots of time before  
you have to worry about that.

Marissa steps away, looking back over her shoulder.

MARISSA

Hurry in.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

It's a cold, windy day. The waves are high. Marissa sits  
on a blanket, watching the water. She scans the shoreline,  
it's empty.

Julian walks up from behind her, scares her.

JULIAN

What are you looking for?

Silence.

JULIAN

Fran called a while ago. She's  
worried about you.



MARISSA

Did you know she's a lesbian?

JULIAN

Who said?

MARISSA

She did.

Silence.

JULIAN

Are you mad at her?

MARISSA

Because she's gay? No.

(beat)

How are the house drawings coming?

JULIAN

(flustered)

House - oh, ah, I have the elevation done. Working on the floor plan.

MARISSA

When can I see them?

Marissa moves to stand, Julian helps her up. Marissa stops fast, her hand moves to her stomach.

MARISSA

She just moved.

Julian places his hand on her stomach.

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - DAY

Marissa picks up the phone. It's dead.

MARISSA

Now what?

She stares at the receiver, wiggles the lines and tries again. Still dead.

Marissa pulls on a sweater and grabs her car keys. Exits.

INT. WATSON PHONE COMPANY - DAY

Marissa enters the office.

Bea stands behind the counter, glasses perched on her nose. She reads a romance novel.

Marissa steps to the counter.

MARISSA  
My phone isn't working.

Bea slowly sets her book down, removes her glasses, moves to the counter.

BEA  
Service isn't free.

MARISSA  
Just turn it back on. Please.  
We just need a working phone.

Bea turns to her computer.

BEA  
Sure. Should be up and running  
within 24 hours.

Bea prints off a WORK ORDER. She hands it to Marissa.

BEA  
Just need a signature on the  
work order.

Marissa signs.

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - DAY

The phone rings. Marissa runs to answer it. She stops quick. Reaches out a shaking hand.

BEA (V.O)  
Phone's workin'.

MARISSA

Yes, I see. Thanks.

She places the phone back onto the cradle.

INT. WINTER COTTAGE/ KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marissa slices vegetables into a salad bowl. She sips Perrier from a bottle.

Julian works tirelessly in the den. The door is open. Marissa glances his way. Smiles.

The phone rings. Marissa trembles. RINGGGGGG!

JULIAN

Are you going to get that?

Marissa stares at the phone. Holds the knife by her side. She shakes, but moves toward the phone.

Marissa answers.

MARISSA

Hell-

The dial tone screeches into her ear. She jumps and pulls the phone away from her ear. Drops the knife, it narrowly misses her foot.

Marissa haltingly pulls the phone to her ear, shaking. A conversation begins to unfold through the static.

JESSICA (V.O)

I need to see you. Tonight.

A MAN'S VOICE faintly replies.

MAN (V.O)

(faint)

No, I can't. She's here.

JESSICA (V.O)

I have something to tell you.

MARISSA

What is it? Who are you talking to?

JESSICA (V.O)

(fading)

I think I'm pregnant.

CLICK. The phone call ends.

A knock on the door interrupts Marissa's thoughts. Marissa shakes her head.

Marissa hangs up the phone. She stares at the knife on the floor. She picks it up and walks to the door.

Fran's face peeks through the window and sheer curtains.

Marissa opens the door.

FRAN

You look like you've seen a ghost.

Marissa shivers as she shuts the door behind Fran.

FRAN

Ah - you've talked to a ghost?

Marissa nods.

Fran raises her eyebrows, pitying her friend who's gone over the edge. She throws a quick glance to Julian, working in the den.

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Julian washes the dishes. Fran and Marissa are drying them.

FRAN

(to Julian)

So, how much more work  
do you have to do on the house  
plans?

JULIAN

A bit - you know how it is. I mean, sometimes I get nearly done and trash it. Just not happy with it yet.

Julian pulls the sink plug and dries his hands on Marissa tea towel.

JULIAN

In fact, I should get back to work.

Julian leans in and pecks Marissa on the nose. Exits.

MARISSA

Thanks for helping with clean up.

FRAN

Least I could do. It's great to have friends so close by this time of year. Usually deserted here, ya know?

Fran puts her towel down.

FRAN

Have you thought about more counseling? Before the baby comes.

MARISSA

Please, don't tell Julian about my troubles.

Fran moves to object.

MARISSA

I just need to rest a bit more.

FRAN

For now, then. But if I see you sliding-

MARISSA

I know you'll catch me.

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Julian works in his den. Marissa sits in front of a roaring fire.

The phone rings. Fear shines in Marissa's eyes. She steadies herself.

MARISSA

Hello?

High pitched screeching from the phone.

She's ready to hang up when...

JESSICA (V.O)

It's Jessica, can you talk?

Marissa holds the phone to her ear. Julian looks up, smiles.

MARISSA

Hi F-Fran.

Marissa moves away from Julian.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O)

Yeah, for a second.

JESSICA (V.O)

I-I just wanted to say, I love you, Julian.

Marissa stares at her husband in disbelief.

JULIAN (V.O)

I love you too. Meet me at the park. Tonight.

FLASHBACK - CRIME SCENE

Jessica's dead body lies on the ground under a tree. BLOOD  
COVERS HER CLOTHES. Her eyes stare ahead, lifeless.

END FLASHBACK

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Marissa looks to Julian. He looks up again and lifts a coffee cup, points, silently asking for more.

Marissa slowly hangs up the phone.

Marissa steadies herself and walks into the den, retrieves Julian's empty coffee cup.

He grabs her hand. Pulls her in for a kiss. She fights it a bit, then gives in.

INT. FRAN'S COTTAGE - LATER

Fran and Marissa stand in the kitchen. Fran takes a whistling tea kettle off the stove.

MARISSA

It was Julian.

FRAN

Julian what?

MARISSA

I hear them. The night Jess was murdered, they planned to meet.

FRAN

How do you—

MARISSA

The calls. I hear the voices.

FRAN

When's the last time you talked to Dr. Morrison?

MARISSA

You think I'm crazy.

FRAN

I think you need help.

MARISSA

I heard hea—I heard—

Fran leans toward Marissa, whispers angry.

FRAN

You're going to have a baby.  
She needs a sane mother.  
Right?

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Marissa looks like crap. Her hair is stringy and she wears no makeup. She puts a few groceries into her basket and gets into the checkout line.

A CHECKOUT GIRL of 16 stands at the till. Her nose ring is larger than it should be, and so is her nose. She's blond, but it's not real. She chews her gum loudly.

CHECKOUT GIRL

Paper or plastic?

Marissa stares at the girl, at her nose, her nose ring. Then, THE GIRLS FACE SLOWLY MORPHS INTO JESSICA'S BLOODY FACE. It's now Jessica posing the question:

CHECKOUT GIRL / JESSICA

Ma'am? Paper or plastic?

Marissa stifles a scream, shaking. She grabs her purse and runs from the store.

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Marissa cuts carrots in the kitchen. Julian approaches her from behind. Hugs her. Kisses her face.

MARISSA

Remember how Jess used to laugh?

Julian doesn't answer.

MARISSA

The way her dimples lit up  
her smile?



JULIAN

Stop.

He places his hand on hers, stopping her from cutting more vegetables.

JULIAN

I know you miss her, but this has to stop. It's time to move on.

Marissa shakes off his hand and chops the carrots into tiny bits. She looks maniacal. The knife is sharp, the edge glistens off the light.

JULIAN

I'm almost happy with the new set of drawings.

CHOP. CHOP. CHOP.

JULIAN

We should be able to start construction next month.

The CHOPPING grows louder. The knife slips.

MARISSA

Ouch!

Marissa cuts her finger. Blood spurts from the wound.

Julian reaches out and grabs her hand. He pulls loose some paper towel and wraps them around her wound.

JULIAN

Stitches for sure.

MARISSA

No, I'm not going to the Hospital again. It'll be okay.

INT. WINTER GARAGE - DAY

Julian, in dirty blue jeans, stands by his motorcycle. His cell phone is perched on his shoulder - he steps out and takes a quick look outside. He is alone.

JULIAN  
Dr. Morrison please.

OPERATOR (V.O)  
One moment please.

Julian walks around the garage, investigating the garage bric-a-brac.

DR. MORRISON (V.O)  
Alan Morrison speaking.

JULIAN  
It's Julian Drysdale. I think we need to talk about Marissa.

EXT. WINTER'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Marissa leans against the door, eavesdropping.

INT. WINTER'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

JULIAN  
She's really goin' off the deep end this time. I think she needs to go back. And we'll need to talk about the baby-thing. Still not too late to take care of it.

EXT. WINTER'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Marissa moves away, frightened, angered. She silently creeps back to the cottage.

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marissa tosses and turns in her bed as Julian sleeps beside her.

MARISSA'S NIGHTMARE

Jessica, a knife, blood splashing through an eerie, dark landscape.

END NIGHTMARE

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marissa screams herself awake.

JULIAN

What?

He sits up. Understands Marissa's having a bad dream.

Julian pulls her into his arms.

JULIAN

C'mere.

Marissa wipes tears from her eyes and snuggles into him.

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - DAY

Marissa sits on the couch knitting baby-wear with bright pink yarn.

The phone rings. Marissa stares at it. Out of the corner of her eye, a mouse runs past.

The phone insistently rings. She doesn't answer it.

MARISSA

Leave me alone!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A cool breeze sends shivers up Marissa's arms. She pulls her sweater tight to her body.

The waves pound the shore, rhythmically.

Marissa walks along the beach, taking in the birds, the shells, the boats in the distance.

Her cell phone rings.

INSERT PHONE CALL DISPLAY

DR. MORRISON.

END INSERT

Marissa chucks her phone into the ocean.

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY

Marissa and Julian sit on the couch. He reads the paper. She leafs absently through a Cosmo magazine.

MARISSA

Julian?

JULIAN

Hmm?

MARISSA

I had to grab some cash today.

She turns a page. A pretty, anorexic model smiles at her.

MARISSA

I noticed that there's some money missing from the savings account.

Julian folds the paper over. He looks as though he will growl.

JULIAN

I needed money to pay off a few credit cards.

Julian pulls the paper back up, covers his face.

MARISSA

Fifty thousand dollars?

Julian throws the paper to the floor. Rises to his feet and towers over here.

JULIAN

You think your therapy was free!

MARISSA

But fifty grand?

JULIAN

It doesn't last forever, you know.

MARISSA

I want to review all our accounts.

Julian paces in front of Marissa.

JULIAN

You think I'm stealing from you?

MARISSA

No. I think you could use help managing...

JULIAN

Your money! Yes, go ahead and say It!

MARISSA

I didn't mean...

JULIAN

That's exactly what you meant!

MARISSA

Is that why you want to send me away again?

JULIAN

What are you talking about?

MARISSA

I heard you!

Julian shakes his head. He storms out of the cottage.

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - NIGHT

The silence is loud enough to cut glass.

Marissa stares out the window.

Julian paces across the grass in the front yard.

The phone rings. Marissa, though shaking, answers.

MARISSA

Hello?

JESSICA (V.O)

I can't wait to see you, Julian.  
I wanna feel you inside of me.

JULIAN (V.O)

Oh, girl, don't get me started.

Anger hardens on Marissa's face as she listens.

JESSICA (V.O)

Are you hot?

JULIAN (V.O)

So hot, baby.

JESSICA (V.O)

Be right over.

Silence - no dial tone, not one sound permeates Marissa's misery.

MARISSA

She was there. Every time I was  
in New York, she was there.

EXT. WINTER COTTAGE - GARDEN - DAY

Marissa, on her knees in the garden, digs frantically in the dirt. She claws at the earth with her fingernails. She gazes into the dark hole, drops the bracelet into it and pulls dirt over it.

Marissa stands. Glances up to the heavens, stamps her foot on the dirt where the bracelet is buried.

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - DAY

Julian watches Marissa walk on the beach. He smiles, but then sees that she's taking off her coat and walking into the water.

He runs out of the house.

JULIAN

Marissa!

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - LATER

Julian, soaking wet, carries a drenched Marissa through the cottage to the...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARISSA

I know all about it. She-  
Jess was there. She wanted me-  
in the water.

JULIAN

Stop it, Marissa. Help me get your  
clothes off.

Marissa wriggles as Julian removes her wet garments.

MARISSA

Three may keep a secret...if two  
of them are dead. She told me-

JULIAN

Jessica is dead!

MARISSA  
(pleading)  
Don't call Dr. Morrison.  
Please don't send me away again.

Julian tucks Marissa under the blankets. He scurries to the bathroom and returns with a towel.

He dries Marissa's hair and face, gently.

MARISSA  
Please, Julian.

JULIAN  
All right. Just stay calm.

MARRISA  
Honest?

JULIAN  
Honest. For now.

Julian sits, tiredly, on the side of the bed.

JULIAN  
Rest.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Marissa slowly wakes up. The bed is empty. She holds her head, trying to remember.

INT. LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marissa walks through the cottage, looking for Julian. She finds him in the den.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

JULIAN  
Go back to bed.



MARISSA

No. I'm fine now. Really.

Julian shakes his head.

JULIAN

You'll catch cold.

MARISSA

The cold water was good for me.  
Made me see things clearer.

The phone rings. Neither of them jump to answer.

Julian

They'll call back.

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marissa chops potatoes and throws them into boiling water.

Soft music plays in the background.

Julian enters. He pours himself a glass of red wine.

Candles are lit on the table. A fire roars in the fireplace. The mood is set for romance.

JULIAN

Are you sure you're all right?

Marissa moves a pot, burns her hand.

MARISSA

Ouch!

Julian walks up behind her, takes her hand, kisses her finger.

JULIAN

Better?

Marissa smiles and nods sheepishly, then pulls away.

INT. WINTER COTTAGE - KITCHEN - LATER

They sit in front of empty plates. The phone rings.

Marissa smiles, knowing.

MARISSA  
I'll get it.

Marissa moves to the phone in the...

LIVINGROOM

Marissa shakes, though she grins manically as she answers the phone.

Jessica's screams emit from the receiver. Marissa holds the phone out, shaking.

MARISSA  
It's for you.

She walks unsteadily back to the...

KITCHEN

The scream turns into the high pitched DIAL TONE.

Julian listens for a moment.

JULIAN  
Is this a joke?

MARISSA  
Listen! Just listen!

Julian holds the phone out to Marissa.

JULIAN  
There's no one there. Hang it up.

MARISSA  
All along it was you.

He shakes the phone impatiently.

JULIAN

Take this, will you?

Marissa backs away from the table.

MARISSA

You planned it all along.

Marissa spies the butcher knife on the counter.

JULIAN

Are you fucking nuts?

Julian stands. His chair falls over behind him. He stumbles.

Marissa grabs the knife and holds it out in front of her.

MARISSA

You killed Jessica!

Julian's eyes widen, stunned.

JULIAN

You're crazy!

MARISSA

I know all about your affair.  
Was she pregnant?

JULIAN

How'd you...

Julian gives his head a shake. He steps toward her.

JULIAN

You should never have known.  
She's dead. It was over.

MARISSA

Funny, she didn't think it was over.  
That's why she planned to meet you  
at the park.

JULIAN

But I didn't go.

MARISSA

Was she going to tell me? Is that  
why you killed her?

Julian lunges for Marissa. Marissa, dazed, confused, stabs  
at him. She wings him, cutting his hand.

JULIAN

Fuck!

He quickly looks at his wound. Bleeding but not severe.

Marissa is shocked by her own actions. She turns and runs  
into the bedroom. Slams the door, frantically searching  
out the lock with trembling fingers, Marissa drops the  
knife and locks the door.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marissa stands by the door, shaking.

There's a phone on the dresser. She picks up the receiver  
and puts it to her ear - a FAST BUSY SIGNAL RINGS. She  
tries to dial but can't dial out.

Marissa throws the phone, frustrated, scared.

INT. WINTER COTTGE - CONTINUOUS

JULIAN

For Christ's sake, Marissa!  
I didn't want to have to do this.

He rams himself against the door. It doesn't give in.

Marissa cries behind the door. Her hand reaches down for  
the knife.

JULIAN

Marissa, you're sick. You need help!  
Let me help you.

MARISSA

How? Like you helped Jess?

Marissa runs to the window, pulls it open.

Silence. Julian thinks for a moment. The window squeaks as she opens it.

Julian cocks his ear, realizes she's gone out the window. He runs out of the house after her.

EXT. WINTER COTTAGE - NIGHT

Marissa runs, knife in hand, into the night.

Julian rushes to the front door.

JULIAN

Damn it!

Julian gives chase.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Marissa runs down the beach. Jessica's smiling face FLASHES into her mind.

Julian runs to catch Marissa.

Julian trips and is slowed down.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

MARISSA'S FLASHBACK

Marissa and Jessica yell at one another. Marissa's heartbeat drowns out their voices.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. OCEAN CLIFF SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Marissa runs up the rocky cliff side. It's steep and rises to over 50 feet above the rocky shoreline. As she runs, rocks pull loose and plummet to the water and rocks below.

Julian runs after her, trips. He's quite a distance behind her. He still can see the outline of her body in the dark.

JULIAN  
Marissa! Stop!

Julian sprints after her.

Marissa looks back over her shoulder. She sees Julian getting up. She pushes herself to run even faster.

FLASHBACK - PARK - NIGHT

Jessica and Marissa scream at each other. OCEAN WAVES THAT POUND THE SHORE drowns out their voices. All that is heard over the crashing waves are occasional curses of BITCH, SLUT, WHORE.

Marissa pushes Jessica to the ground.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. OCEAN CLIFF SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Marissa shakes her head, loses her footing, falls. She clutches her stomach.

Julian is right behind her now.

JULIAN  
Marissa! Stop!

MARISSA  
You killed my sister. Now you  
want to kill my baby.

JULIAN  
You're sick, I can help.

Julian lunges for her. He goes over the side of the cliff but is holding onto grass and rock with bleeding hands.

EXT. OCEAN CLIFF SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Marissa peers over the edge at Julian, clenches her eyes shut.

JULIAN  
Please Marissa. Help me.  
Help me. Please!

Marissa leans forward. Julian reaches a shaking hand out to her.

Marissa smiles.

MARISSA  
You really wanted her, didn't  
you, Julian. You wanted to be with  
Jessica that bad.

JULIAN  
Please, help me. It was a mistake!

Marissa leans over him, laughs.

FLASHBACK - SECLUDED PARK - NIGHT

GLINT OF A BLOOD COVERED KNIFE. Marissa stands over the bloody body of her dead sister, under a cove of trees. She's covered in blood.

Wind blows through her blood-streaked hair. An acrid smile slowly slips across Marissa's lips.

END FLASHBACK

MARISSA  
Funny. That's what she said.

Marissa stomps on Julian's hands. He falls, SCREAMS on his way down to the rocks below

JULIAN  
Marissa!

NOTE: His screams echo in the darkness.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. BEACH - LATER

The dark night is lit by a full moon and a sky of stars.

An ambulance attendant wraps a blanket around Marissa's shoulders.

Fran runs to Marissa and wraps an arm around her.

FRAN

I'm so sorry.

MARISSA

You know the way he was,  
always taking risks, gambling  
he could beat the odds.

FRAN

I never thought he was capable  
of murder.

MARISSA

You never really know anyone, do  
you, Fran?

Marissa looks over her shoulder, to the cliff. She shivers, then smiles furtively.

Fran pulls the blanket around Marissa's shoulders and they walk toward the ambulance.

FADE OUT

THE END