

ALONE IN BLACK

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EXT. EMPTY ROAD - DAY

A small car drives down the snow covered road. Tall pine trees stretch for what seems like miles.

INT. CATHERINE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE (33) nervously keeps her hands at ten and two. Her eyes dart around the road as she drives.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
It's more than most people can
bear.

INT. DR. BURTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Catherine sits on the edge of a long COUCH. Her body is still, outside of the nervous toying with her WEDDING RING.

CATHERINE
Yeah.

DR. BURTON (45) stares at Catherine with a NOTEPAD in one hand as he twirls a PEN in the other.

DR. BURTON
How has it been at your sister's?

CATHERINE
It's okay.
(beat)
I think she's growing tired of me,
it's been a rough year. The kids,
well . . .
(beat)
They're too young to understand.

DR. BURTON
They will, in time.
(beat)
Have you thought any more about
what we talked about at the end of
our last meeting?

CATHERINE
Oh . . .
(beat)
I can't.

DR. BURTON

Think about it for a little bit.
You can finally put the property on
the market. And your sister and the
kids can finally take that weekend
trip to Chicago.

CATHERINE

I know what I need to do. It's just
. . .
(beat)
It's just too hard.

DR. BURTON

No one is going to make you do
anything, I promise. But you can't
just lock your belongings away, and
pretend nothing happened. You have
to meet every challenge head on.
(beat)
Your recovery has been remarkable.
You know that, right?

Catherine looks back up at Dr. Burton.

CATHERINE

I feel . . .
(beat)
Better.
(beat)
Yeah. I feel better.

DR. BURTON

It shows.
(beat)
I do think it will be beneficial
for you to put this behind you once
and for all. It's time to take your
life back.

CATHERINE

I . . .

DR. BURTON

Just give it an evening. A couple
of hours to pack everything up.

CATHERINE

It's just . . .
(beat)
I can't stop thinking about him.
Everything that's happened . . .

DR. BURTON

I know what I'm suggesting seems impossible. But . . .

(beat)

It's like you're reading a novel.
You can't move on to the next
chapter until you finish the
previous one.

Catherine nods her head.

EXT. HISTORIC DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The wind softly blows over the historic Detroit neighborhood. The entire area is covered by an ugly coat of snow and ice, leftovers from a harsh winter.

The car drives past an ice covered sign that reads *Bridge to Canada*.

Catherine's vehicle slowly pulls up to the driveway of the house on the corner. A large GATE opens, and the car slowly pulls past it.

EXT. HISTORIC MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls up to the end of the driveway, and parks. The engine cuts out, and CATHERINE steps out of the drivers seat.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

I'll go back to the house.

The nervous woman's long, brown hair blows every which way in the wind. The dark bags under her eyes highlight the fact that she quit caring for herself long ago.

Catherine opens the door to the backseat, and a large BLACK LAB, HOGAN, runs out. He BARKS as he enjoys freedom from the cramped car.

Catherine grabs a small BAG from the backseat, and turns to face the house.

She takes her first careful step over the thick ice and towards the house.

Catherine puts the KEY into the lock. She SHUDDERS as she unlocks the door.

CLICK -

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FOYER - DAY

- The door UNLOCKS, and swings open. Young realtor RUBIN WALLACE (35) walks in.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

RUBIN

And, here we are.

Rubin stands aside, allowing the couple to enter. A bright and energetic Catherine walks through the doorway, struck with awe by the beauty of the old house.

Catherine is healthier. Her skin is clear, her hair is kept. But the most notable change is her *pregnant stomach*. Just a small bump, maybe twelve weeks along.

Catherine's husband, DANIEL (50) stands by her side. He looks around the house with a little less enthusiasm than his wife.

CATHERINE

It's beautiful.

RUBIN

And this is just the foyer. Come on, I'll show you around. Dan, you're gonna love this.

Rubin walks through the foyer, towards the kitchen.

Catherine looks at her husband.

CATHERINE

It's amazing.

DANIEL

Yeah, it all looks great . . .

CATHERINE

Oh, come on. You promised to give it a chance -

DANIEL

- I know, I know. I'm here, aren't I?

RUBIN (O.S.)

Did I lose ya?!?

CATHERINE

(towards Rubin)

Coming -

DANIEL

- Look, I'm sorry. This house looks beautiful, it does. It's just hard for me, that's all.

Catherine gives her husband a coy smile. She takes his hand, and leads him towards the kitchen.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rubin smiles as the couple joins him -

RUBIN

- There you are.

CATHERINE

Sorry, we were just looking around.

RUBIN

No worries, that's why we're here.

(beat)

So, what do you think so far?

CATHERINE

I love it.

RUBIN

Great!

(turning to Daniel)

And what about you?

DANIEL

Well, I love the price.

RUBIN

I thought you'd say that. It might become a bit of a project. But it's not without it's character. This house goes all the way back to the early eighteen hundreds.

Catherine's eyes grow wide with excitement.

RUBIN (CONT'D)

It's one of the oldest houses in the entire city. There is actually a petition on the governors desk to declare it a historical landmark. The whole neighborhood, in fact.

DANIEL

Wow, that's . . .

(beat)

That's something.

RUBIN

Of course, it has been renovated numerous times over the years. The last one was in the sixties, right after the riots.

(beat)

I'm sure you noticed the river when we pulled in. At night, you'll see the beautiful lights coming from Windsor.

Daniel is losing interest in Rubin. He walks over to the door leading outside, inspecting the kitchen as he goes. He reaches the window.

RUBIN (CONT'D)

It may get a little cold in the winter. These old walls aren't as insulated as they used to be.

CATHERINE

I can imagine.

RUBIN

Quite a change from California, huh Dan?

Daniel doesn't respond. He squints his eyes, staring hard at the old BRICK GARAGE in the backyard.

RUBIN (CONT'D)

Where was it you said you were from, again?

(beat)

Dan -

CATHERINE

- Los Angeles. Well, Daniel is. I'm from the suburbs, here. I moved out west a few years ago, and soon after . . .

(beat)

We fell in love.

Daniel turns towards the pair, his face flushed.

DANIEL

That's right.

CATHERINE

We wanted to settle down a bit, and
this seemed like a perfect
opportunity for us.

RUBIN

It looks that way, doesn't it?
(beat)
Let me show you the upstairs. I
know you're going to love the
master bedroom.

Rubin walks out of the kitchen. Catherine follows, leaving
Daniel. He takes one last look at the old garage before
exiting.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FORBIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom door swings open, Rubin standing in the doorway.

RUBIN

And here is the second largest
bedroom.

Rubin steps into the room, closely followed by Catherine and
Daniel.

Catherine's eyes light up as she gently touches the woodwork
on the doorframe.

CATHERINE

Oh.
(beat)
It's perfect.

Catherine turns to a hanging PORTRAIT of a little girl.

Clara

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Pretty name . . .

RUBIN

Yeah. A lot of the decor upstairs
is original. The previous owners
had the home in their family for
nearly a hundred years, so change
was not common. Lucky us, huh?

DANIEL

(under his breath)
In with the new, out with the old.
That's my motto -

RUBIN

- Throughout the years, the family
often used this room for the first
born . . .

(towards Daniel)

Looks like you guys are two steps
ahead.

Catherine beams, while Daniel manages a meek smile.

RUBIN (CONT'D)

Boy or girl?

CATHERINE

It's too early to tell. We just
want to have a healthy baby, the
gender doesn't matter. Right,
honey?

Catherine leans into Daniel, who puts his arm around her.

DANIEL

Yes, absolutely.

Again, Daniel's fake smile leaves something to be desired.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FOYER - LATER

Daniel opens the front door. Rubin walks out onto the porch
before turning around.

RUBIN

We'll have the paperwork ready for
you tomorrow. Take as much time as
you want today.

Rubin takes another step before turning around once again.

RUBIN (CONT'D)

Oh, and Daniel? Don't hesitate to
ask me if you're looking for some
local connections. You know, a
chance to get out of the house. I
know the transition can be hard.

Daniel's smile fades.

RUBIN (CONT'D)

It's just . . .

(beat)

I looked up to guys like you. You
know? I wanna have millions in
projects, too.

(MORE)

RUBIN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Anyway, enjoy looking over the place.

Daniel waves. Rubin turns, and walks down the driveway.

Daniel's smile turns to a glare, and he shuts the door with a soft THUD.

Daniel walks through the foyer, past his confused wife.

CATHERINE

What was that all about?

Daniel stops, and turns to Catherine.

DANIEL

(under his breath)

That kid . . .

(beat)

Did you hear what he said?

CATHERINE

What, about the paperwork?

DANIEL

Don't patronize me -

CATHERINE

- I'm not! I don't know why you're so upset!

DANIEL

About his agency. He knows who I am, he knows why I'm here.

CATHERINE

He was complimenting you -

DANIEL

- He was showing off, trying to look tough. I know it when I see it, I was the same way -

CATHERINE

- You're right, you're right.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Catherine approaches Daniel. She stands close, wrapping her arms around his waist.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Just think about it. Remodeling
this place, together. It's what we
always talked about.

DANIEL
Yeah, but in LA, not here.

Catherine covers his mouth with her index finger.

CATHERINE
Shhh.

Catherine brings her face closer to his.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
You're the perfect husband. Coming
all the way out here . . .

Catherine kisses her husband passionately. Daniel puts his
hands on her cheek, becoming more enticed.

The couple breaks free. Daniel smiles.

DANIEL
C'mon. Let's check out the basement
again. I have some ideas.

The pair exits the foyer.

The beautiful chandelier CUTS OUT -

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FOYER - DAY
- silently hovering in the shadows.

END FLASHBACK

The heavy door swings open, revealing present day Catherine.
She enters.

Catherine takes one long step into the foyer with her wet
boots, and stares at the inside of the house she once loved.

It looks the same as it always did. Everything is still in
place, every LAMP, every PICTURE FRAME, every other household
item imaginable.

Catherine apprehensively moves through the foyer.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Catherine enters the kitchen. She approaches the small island in the middle of the room, and drops her BAG on top.

Catherine trudges over to the window on the door. She looks out, staring at her yard. The snow has covered the entire property.

Catherine turns away from the window, and freezes.

A fancy looking BOTTLE of WINE rests on a small breakfast nook, right next to a VASE with FLOWERS that have long since perished.

The red wine has a fancy gold label that stretches across the middle. The gold top also gives the wine a unique design.

A piece of crumpled PAPER is folded, and jammed underneath the bottle of wine.

Catherine quivers as she stares at the bottle.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine enters the spacious living room. She scopes the place out, emotion boiling over.

Hogan trots in, snuggling his head against her hand.

Catherine smiles through the tears. She pets the dog, looking down.

CATHERINE
Better get started, huh, boy?

The dog PANTS, looking up to his owner.

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. HISTORIC MANSION - DAY

Catherine drags a large stack of folded up BOXES from the car. The dog circles her as she trudges over the ice, "helping" in his own way.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Catherine sits on the floor of the living room, constructing the boxes.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - LATER

Catherine opens a drawer, and pulls the SILVERWARE out. She lines them up in a small cardboard BOX close to her.

A GLASS of WINE sits on the counter -

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - LATER

- TTHHHHHRRRRCCCCHHH

Catherine RIPS a piece of tape free from the ROLL, and tapes a large BOX shut. She slides the large box against the far side wall, lining up with a few others.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Catherine sits on the living room couch, surrounded by BOXES and miscellaneous HOUSE HOLD ITEMS that have yet to be packed.

She stares ahead, an empty expression stained on her face.

Catherine takes the last drink of her GLASS of WINE. She places the empty glass on a small table next to her.

END MONTAGE

EXT. HISTORIC MANSION - NIGHT

Night has fallen over the historic mansion.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The wind HOWLS outside of the large, beautiful door.

The historic door handle suddenly moves ever so slightly. It turns faster, and more aggressively until the door *opens*.

The large door slowly pushes open. The wind and snow pours into the house, engulfing the foyer.

A dark FIGURE slowly steps forward, his wet boots leaving ugly stains on the rug.

The dark Figure moves away from the door, and into the house -

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- Catherine suddenly lifts her head up. She has dozed off.

Hogan lifts his head from the ground, staring at his owner with some confusion.

Catherine stares into the foyer. The door is shut and secure.

Catherine shivers, and pulls the light sweater that is wrapped around her body closer to her face. But that's no good.

Catherine gets up from the couch, and walks towards a nearby open BOX. She digs through it, and brandishes a TEAPOT.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Catherine saunters into the kitchen.

Catherine fills the pot with water from the sink. She walks over to the old stove, places the pot on top, and lights a flame.

Catherine then turns to her small BAG, and grabs a pack of TEA BAGS. She places them on the counter next to the teapot.

Catherine then turns her head towards the far-side window. She watches the last few colors of daylight over the horizon disappear behind the snow covered stable in the backyard. The garage looks downtrodden and uninviting.

The teapot patiently sits on the stove . . .

Catherine shivers, mesmerized by the brick garage. She stares hard at it, remembering what happened there before she left.

Catherine shakes her head.

CATHERINE

No . . .

Catherine turns away.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The teapot on the stove SCREAMS.

Catherine approaches the pot from the other room, an OLD MUG in hand. She places the mug down on the counter, and grabs the teapot off of the stove. She places it on the counter, next to her small BAG.

Catherine turns towards the stove where she put the TEA BAGS. She shakes them a bit as she turns around, back to the teapot.

Catherine grabs the teapot, and reaches for the mug.

Except . . .

The mug is gone.

Catherine stares down at where she put the mug for a few moments. She put the mug there, she's sure of it.

Or is she?

Catherine turns her back to the window, leaning against the counter -

- PING

Her eyes jet around, listening for any other noise.

Nothing.

Catherine shakes her head -

- PING

That time, the "ping" was louder.

CATHERINE

Hogan?

Silence.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Are . . .

(beat)

(gulp)

Are you getting into trouble?

Still, no sign of the dog.

Catherine steps away from the counter, and exits the kitchen.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine tentatively walks into the living room. Hogan is still lying down in the same place, tuckered out from the exhausting day.

Catherine surveys the room, trying to find the noise. She looks back down at the dog.

CATHERINE
(under her breath)
You don't scare easy, do you?

The dog YAWNS. Catherine CHUCKLES.

Catherine shakes her head, and walks back towards the couch -
- PING PING

Catherine whips her head around, and looks up towards the ceiling. The quick movement scares Hogan, who jumps to attention.

Hogan BARKS as Catherine hurries towards the grand staircase.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Catherine strides up the stairs, but slows down when she reaches the hallway. She listens again, trying to discern where the noise is coming from.

PING

Catherine spots the closest room. She peers down the hallway before approaching it.

Catherine shakes as she grasps the brass handle. She turns, and pushes, the door open.

CREEEEEAAAAKKKK

The room is pitch black.

Catherine shakes as she reaches for the light switch. She turns it on.

Catherine SIGHS when she looks inside the small, empty room.

At the end of the room rests an old BOILER coil, circa 1950's.

The boiler PINGS, showing Catherine that her suspicions were correct.

DANIEL (O.S.)
It's the only thing keeping me
going.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Catherine sits on the ground with her husband. The couple is surrounded by boxes, almost creating a makeshift fort.

The boxes are in an eerily similar position to where they are at the present time . . .

Daniel holds a BOTTLE of WINE in his hand, inspecting it.

Catherine LAUGHS.

CATHERINE

Oh, please. If only you had as much excitement for our family as you did the wine collection.

DANIEL

Hey -

- Daniel points the bottle in his hand towards Catherine, like a sword. He breaks character, and smiles.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You're right, I can never hold a straight face.

Daniel places it down. He reaches into a nearby BOX, and pulls out another.

Not just any BOTTLE, that is the fancy bottle that now resides in the kitchen. The gold label gives it away immediately.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

This one . . .

(beat)

This is the one.

CATHERINE

Oh, there it is. The prized jewel.

DANIEL

Well, I mean, it is nice. Definitely excited to crack into this.

CATHERINE

You have to wait until I can drink it with you! It was a wedding gift for both of us!

DANIEL

I know, I wouldn't dream of opening it without you.

Daniel's eyes shift from the wine to his wife's stomach. He reaches out, and rubs it gently with his free hand.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
How were you feeling today?

CATHERINE
Better. Must have just had a bug or something. Nothing to worry about.

DANIEL
What about with your meds? Are you feeling okay without -

CATHERINE
- Yes, I'm fine. I haven't needed those in years, anyway. I just kept up with it to make my sister happy.

DANIEL
Good.
(beat)
Once I sort out the transfer with the firm, I'll be able to be home a lot more. And we can really start with this place.

CATHERINE
I'd love that -

- PING

Catherine turns her head towards the noise.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
What was that?

DANIEL
It's nothing. These old boilers are effective, but noisy. If you hear anything like that, it means the heater is working. I used to work with them a lot. My early properties.

Daniel opens a nearly empty BOTTLE of WINE. He pours the contents into a GLASS.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Don't touch the units if you hear that noise. That's a quick trip to the hospital.

Catherine looks towards the PING. Daniel takes a long drink from his glass.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Catherine stands in the doorway of the room, remembering what her husband told her.

Catherine softly LAUGHS at herself as she realizes how foolish she must look.

Catherine's smile fades as goosebumps appear on her skin. She rubs her shoulders, trying to warm up.

She shivers -

- *If the heat was on, why am I so cold?*

Catherine steps forward -

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - UPSTAIRS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- into the room.

She approaches the boiler, staring hard at it.

Catherine extends her hand towards it, testing to see how hot it is.

DANIEL (V.O.)
(whisper)
So don't touch the units in each
room if you hear that noise . . .

Catherine's hand hovers over it. Her eyes grow wide as she doesn't feel any heat radiating off of the unit.

Catherine quickly touches the boiler with her finger. She taps it a few more times, realizing that the boiler isn't even on.

CATHERINE
What -

- PING

The boiler emits it's loudest PING yet, sending a startled Catherine backpedaling out of the room.

PING PING PING

The boiler SCREAMS louder and louder!

Catherine jets into the hallway, SLAMMING the door shut.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine jogs into the living room. Hogan stands up from the floor and BARKS.

CATHERINE

Hogan!

The dog WHINES and circles the room simultaneously.

Catherine stares at the animal, and steps back. She raises her hands in a defensive position.

Hogan BARKS. Without warning, he runs out of the living room. Catherine follows.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Hogan races in front of the staircase. He stops right in his tracks, as if there was a fence preventing him from moving further.

Hogan continues to pace around the foyer, and WHINE.

CATHERINE

What is it?

The dog grows more agitated. Catherine runs her hands through her hair as she too becomes frustrated.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Hogan, stop!

Catherine grabs the dog by the collar.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I can't deal with you right now -

- Hogan SNARLS, almost biting Catherine!

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Hey!

Hogan backs away, WHIMPERING. He knows he made a mistake.

Hogan slinks away from the foyer, into a small DEN. He curls up onto an old DOG BED.

Catherine stares at her beloved pet in shock.

INT. DR. BURTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Burton puts on a heavy COAT, and slings a MESSENGER BAG over his shoulder. He takes a few steps towards the door, before he stops.

BEAT

Dr. Burton turns around, staring at his desktop COMPUTER. He takes his bag off, and walks to the desk.

Dr. Burton boots the computer back up, and puts his GLASSES on.

He opens a few different digital FILES, and scrolls through them. He finally finds the file he's looking for.

The PRINTER ROARS to life. Several DOCUMENTS are ejected out of the printer. The one on top has CATHERINE'S HEADSHOT.

Dr. Burton retrieves the files. He flips through them, and circles a section with a thick, black MARKER.

Emergency Contact

Dr. Burton puts the files into his bag, and latches it closed.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Catherine SKEWERS a fresh log with the long FIRE POKER.

The flames have already begun to eat away at the wood, illuminating the large room in an orange glow in the process.

Catherine stands back, and admires her work. She takes the fire poker, and places it back on the rack with the others.

Catherine slowly back pedals towards the furniture, her body facing the fire.

CREAAAKKKKKKK

Catherine's head tilts up, searching for the sound.

CATHERINE

What . . .

Catherine listens. Nothing.

Until -

- CREEEEEEAAAAAKKKK

Catherine jumps to attention.

Heavy, slow FOOTSTEPS emit from the upstairs hallway. Catherine's wide eyes follow the faster sound of the footsteps, until they sound like they are *right above* her.

Just as soon as the FOOTSTEPS arrived, they disappear.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Is someone there?

Silence.

Catherine wraps her fingers around the rustic FIRE POKER. She holds it like a baseball bat, and walks back towards the foyer.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

FOOTSTEPS echo down the dark hallway, as she climbs the stairs.

Catherine takes a deep BREATH, and treks down the narrow hallway. As she passes closed off rooms, Catherine slows down to peer inside. One room after the next, she opens the door to make sure that the coast is clear.

Then she reaches the room with the butterflies . . .

Catherine approaches the room. She reaches for the door handle, but her hand stops in midair.

BEAT

Catherine continues to raise her hand. She gently touches the wood, much like when she first came to the house.

RUBIN (V.O.)
. . . The family often used this
room for the first born. Looks like
you guys are two steps ahead.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FORBIDDEN ROOM - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Catherine sits on the floor, HUMMING as she paints a BABY CRIB.

Her brush strokes slow down, and her HUMMING ceases. She drops the paint brush, flinging RED PAINT onto the floor. Catherine GASPS, and puts her hand over her small, pregnant stomach.

CATHERINE

Wha -
 (screams)
 - AHHH!

Catherine buckles over, in searing pain. She tilts her head up, staring at the open doorway.

Catherine reaches her arm out, trying to crawl towards the hallway. Her eyes are bloodshot, and sweat is dripping from her forehead.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Daniel . . .

Catherine YELPS in pain -

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

- Daniel!

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallway is empty.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

Daniel! Help!

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is empty.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

(muffled)

Please!

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is empty.

Catherine's WAILS are nearly impossible to make out.

CATHERINE
(muffled)
Where are you?

END FLASHBACK

CUT TO: BLACK

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Catherine stares ahead at the door. Her hand slowly falls, resting at her side.

CRRREEEAAAKKKK

Catherine listens for the light CREAKS down the hallway, but they are nearly inaudible. She turns away from the forbidden room.

Catherine turns the corner, revealing the end of the hallway. The CREAKS stop simultaneously.

Catherine slowly tilts her head up, and the entryway to the ATTIC comes into view.

Catherine takes a deep breath as she stares at the attic door.

BEAT

Catherine tightens her grip on the fire poker. She lands under the attic door.

Catherine grabs a small END TABLE, and lines it up directly under the attic door. She carefully stands up on it, trying not to fall. Every time she shifts her weight, a small VASE teeters back and forth.

Once she has her balance on the small table, Catherine pushes on the door. It's heavy, and tough to move when there is so little leverage.

After one last push, Catherine is able to crack the attic a smidge. Another push allows her to swing the door completely open.

Catherine peers inside, searching for whatever could possibly be making the footsteps.

Though swallowed by darkness, there doesn't appear to be anyone in the attic.

Catherine slowly puts the fire poker into the attic, and hoists herself up.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Catherine picks the fire poker off the attic floor, and scans the space.

The attic is much bigger than she expected. Large BOXES fill the space, with a pathway created in case someone needed to walk through.

The light from the hallway billows up, clashing with soft moonlight coming from a far window. This splashes harsh shadows on the walls and boxes, along with causing the floating DUST to sparkle.

Catherine walks over to a hanging STRING, attached to a single LIGHT BULB. She grabs the string, and yanks it down.

CLICK

The bulb is dead. Catherine is stuck in the dark.

Catherine shuffles past the boxes, briefly surveying each one. She gives a quizzical look at each, having trouble remembering what each box contains.

Catherine stops in front of an old CHEST.

CATHERINE

Oh . . .

Catherine squats down, and runs her hands over the beautiful engravings in the wood.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I totally forgot about you.

Catherine softly pats the chest, brushing her hand over an old CREST.

She looks past down the attic, where something catches her eye against the far side wall.

Catherine approaches the wall, where a wooden SHELVING UNIT stands. Dusty, old TRINKETS are scattered around each shelf.

Catherine reaches out, and grabs something off the shelf. She runs her fingers over it, giving it a closer look.

An old TOY SOLDIER, ready for battle.

Catherine smirks, and puts it back with the others. As she does, she notices a dozen MASON JARS filled with a clear liquid.

Catherine grabs one, and feels the weight in her hands. She looks it over, trying to read the text in the dimly lit space.

Catherine reads the lid of the mason jar:

BUCHANON BOTTLING CO.

Along with the text, a family CREST is stamped on the dome top.

Catherine's eyes grow wide. She puts the fire poker down on the floor, and uses both hands to open the jar. She twists, but it won't budge.

Catherine gives it one last go, and she barely moves the CAP. A soft HISS emits from the jar.

Catherine pries open the jar, dropping the top in the process.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Shit.

The top of the mason jar rolls away, and into the darkness. Catherine places the open jar near her nose, and takes a quick whiff of the old alcohol.

Disgusted, Catherine puts it back on the shelf. Catherine turns back to the familiar chest . . .

As she looks over the chest, a dark FIGURE slowly emerges from the shadows!

The dark Figure, covered by a BLACK CLOAK, hurries over to the open attic door.

Before Catherine realizes what is happening, the Figure SLAMS the door shut, trapping the two of them in the darkness.

Catherine SCREAMS and falls to her knees. She feels around for the fire poker, but she cannot find it.

The FOOTSTEPS force Catherine to retreat amongst the boxes.

Catherine covers her mouth with her hands, trying to make her SOBS less audible.

The FOOTSTEPS are nearly upon her. Catherine closes her eyes, silently begging for her life.

The FOOTSTEPS stop.

BEAT

Catherine opens her eyes. She stays still, listening for the Figure.

Nothing.

Catherine slowly drops her hands from her quivering face. She takes a deep breath from her mouth, and sputters it out.

Suddenly, the FOOTSTEPS return. The Figure RUNS towards the attic door, and swings it open. Before Catherine can peer from her hiding place, she hears the Figure leaving the attic and LEAPING on the small table she used as a ladder.

CRASH

The vase upon the table must have fallen to the floor, breaking.

Immediately, the air is still.

BEAT

Catherine scans the cracked floor. She spots her fire poker right where she left it. She peers around from her hiding place, and reassures herself that the coast is clear.

Catherine scampers over to her fire poker, and grabs it. She turns and retreats back to her hiding place.

Catherine raises the fire poker, and holds it close to her body as if it were a shield.

Catherine tries to control her breathing, but it is a long process.

BEAT

Catherine puts the side of her head to the floor, listening for any noise.

BEAT

Nothing.

Catherine finally has control of her body. She peers out from her hiding place once more, and tip-toes towards the door.

Catherine stands at the foot of the attic door, with her fire poker held at the ready. She peers down, making sure the coast is clear.

The vase lies on the floor, shattered in a dozen pieces.

Catherine YELPS, putting her hand to her mouth.

BEAT

Catherine removes her hand from her mouth.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Hel . . .

(beat)

Hello? Who's there?

(beat)

Hogan?

Nothing.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'm calling the police.

Still, nothing.

Catherine leans back into the attic -

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

- Fuck.

Catherine ponders for a beat, before grasping her fire poker tightly.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'm armed!

Catherine takes a deep breath, lowers herself from the attic.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Catherine lands on the table, and hops down to the floor. She steps around the broken pieces.

She scans the hallway, where there appears to be no danger.

CREAKKK

Catherine turns down the hall, her back facing her bedroom.

CREAK CREAK CREAAAKKK

Catherine raises her weapon -

CATHERINE

- Shit . . .

Hogan walks around the corner of the hallway. He BARKS.

Catherine GASPS, relieved.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Oh, Hogan. God . . .

The dog turn around, and bounds down the stairs.

Catherine kicks aside a piece of the vase, and peers up to the attic.

Something was up there . . .

Tears begin to well up in the corners of her eyes.

CATHERINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dr. Burton?

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine has her CELL PHONE pressed against her ear as she sits on the end of her old bed. Tears have fallen down her face, but they appear to be under control now.

CATHERINE
I . . .
(beat)
I'm really scared.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
What? What's happening, are you hurt?

CATHERINE
Ummm . . .

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton paces around his living room, his CELL PHONE against his face. His shoes are off, and his sleeves are rolled up. He is off the clock.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
No, it's not that.

DR. BURTON
Then what is it?

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE
I saw someone.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
What? What do you mean?

Catherine purses her lips.

DR. BURTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Catherine?

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton ceases his pacing.

DR. BURTON
What's going on?

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine rubs her eye with her free hand.

CATHERINE
I was up in the attic, and
something was up there with me.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
Wait, was it *something*, or *someone*?

CATHERINE
It was something big, it . . .
(beat)
I think it was a man.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
You think someone got into your
house, and was in . . .
(beat)
The attic?

CATHERINE
I don't know. Maybe?

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DR. BURTON
If you really think someone is in
the attic, you should call the
police -

CATHERINE (O.S.)
No, I . . .
(beat)
I don't know.

Dr. Burton takes a sip of WINE from a GLASS.

DR. BURTON
I know you're scared, just breathe.
It could have been an animal trying
to get warm.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
Yeah, but other things have been
happening, too.

DR. BURTON
Oh?

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine stands up from the bed.

CATHERINE
Yeah! Earlier, the boiler was
making this noise, but it wasn't
even on. Which doesn't make any
sense. And then I couldn't get the
dog to stop barking -

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
- Catherine -

CATHERINE
- I also had this coffee mug
sitting on the counter. I just got
it, and it -

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DR. BURTON
- Catherine!

Dr. Burton takes off his glasses.

DR. BURTON (CONT'D)
Listen to what you're saying.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine's mouth is ajar as she internally goes over the past events.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
We talked about this, remember?

Catherine's line of sight matches up with the entrance. The table is just visible beyond the frame, and a stack of dark COATS are hung from behind the open door.

She gradually paces towards the entryway.

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton holds for a beat, calming himself down.

DR. BURTON
The human brain does extraordinary things to protect itself. If you see or hear things in the house, you must take a moment to think clearly.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine peers through the doorway.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
Your mind is trying to do everything it can to get you out of that house. Do you understand?

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DR. BURTON
You sound petrified, and yet, what really happened?

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine stares through the doorway, bewildered. The vase is together, standing proud on the hallway table.

CATHERINE
Well, I . . .

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
Exactly.
(beat)
A loud dog? Shadows in an old
attic?

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Catherine walks into the hallway, and holds the vase in her free hand. She examines it for a beat, before putting it back down.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
This is all normal, but you must
not let your paranoia get the
better of you.

CATHERINE
Yeah, but . . .
(beat)
What if it was him? What if he
comes back?

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton SIGHS from the other end of the phone as Catherine re-enters the bedroom.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
He's not coming back. I can say
that with a whole lot of certainty.

BEAT

CATHERINE
Okay.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
Make yourself comfortable, and get
a bit more packed away.

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DR. BURTON
Don't stay too late. If you need
anything else, please call. I'm
only a short drive away.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
I will. Thanks.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine hangs up her cell phone, and her arm drops to her side. She trembles, and her breathing becomes irregular.

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton takes his phone away from his face, as well. He stares ahead, grinding his teeth as he interprets the conversation.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine stares ahead, out of the large window. The moon is a beautiful waning crescent.

BEAT

Catherine steps back, and sprawls across the sleek bedspread.

She curls her body on it, as if she was cuddling with her husband. Just like she did so many times before . . .

The 1950's LIGHT FIXTURE FLICKERS.

Catherine closes her eyes. A single TEAR fights through her sealed lid and travels down her cheek.

CREAK

Catherine pays no attention to the bedroom door.

CCRRREEEEAAAKKKK

The door to the bedroom CREAKS closed, revealing the dark cloaked FIGURE behind the door. It wasn't hanging coats at all!

As soon as he appears, the lights suddenly CUT OUT.

Catherine GASPS.

She pops up from the bed, and glides to the window. Catherine peers through the glass, and scans the street.

All the streetlights are on. Every house on the street has light pouring out of it.

It's just Catherine's house.

Catherine turns towards the darkness, and moves towards the door to the bedroom. That section of the room is completely covered in black.

Catherine approaches the spot where the Figure was *just* hiding.

But, there is nothing. He's gone.

Catherine looks down the hallway for a beat, before exiting through the door frame.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Catherine slides past the table. She does not notice the *broken vase* at her feet.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Catherine enters the foyer, with her fire poker in hand. She takes a deep breath, and thinks to herself what she needs to do to get the power back on.

She has an a-HA moment.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Catherine steps through the dark kitchen. She brushes past the expensive WINE BOTTLE that she was saving with Daniel.

Near the back of the kitchen, there is another staircase. But this one goes down, down, down . . .

Catherine peers down into the dark basement. She turns to a CUPBOARD right next to the basement, and rifles past all the old junk. After a moment, she takes out an old FLASHLIGHT.

Catherine shakes it for a moment, before it turns on. She points the soft light down the stairs, into the basement.

BEAT

Catherine puts her foot forward, and places it on the first creaky step.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Catherine descends into the unfinished basement with her flashlight raised about hip high.

The basement is a skeleton of what it was supposed to be. A half finished wine cellar stands before Catherine as the memories flood back to her.

Catherine stares at the unfinished project, her lower lip quivering. She turns away, and moves towards the far side wall.

Catherine approaches the old fuse box. She raises her flashlight, trying to get a better view of the complicated unit.

The not-so-reliable flashlight flickers.

Catherine bends down, with the flashlight close to her stomach. She SMACKS it a few times, trying to force it to life.

CATHERINE

Come on . . .

Catherine SMACKS it a few more times. It comes back to life, sending a beam towards the WINE RACK.

Catherine stares at where the light has landed, almost as if she is stuck in a trance.

A power saw ROARS to life.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BASEMENT - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Daniel moves the small CIRCULAR SAW across a long WOODEN BEAM. Once the cut is made, Daniel turns off the saw, and places it down on the workbench. He looks over the cut as he pulls down his SAFETY GOGGLES.

Daniel takes a deep breath, and wipes the sweat off his forehead.

DANIEL

(to himself)

Fuckin' thing . . .

FOOTSTEPS come from upstairs. Daniel looks up.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Babe?

(beat)

Are you back from the store
already?

No answer.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I assume you got the stuff on the
list I gave you this morning?

Still, no answer. Daniel shakes his head.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(to himself)

It's always something . . .

Daniel walks to the stairs. He tilts up -

DANIEL (CONT'D)

- Catherine!

Nothing. Daniel SIGHS and walks back towards his station.

Daniel STUMBLES over a couple of boxes. Nearly falling, he
braces his fall on the work bench, a foot or two away from
the saw.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

God dammit . . .

Daniel straightens himself up. He scans the cluttered
basement, and tosses several boxes at the near wall.

Daniel places a large box down, when something catches his
eye.

Daniel squints towards the wall. There is something there,
but he's not sure what.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(to himself)

What the fuck . . .

Daniel peers past the work station, and into the darkness.

The floor CREAKS ahead as FOOTSTEPS walk in the kitchen.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(to himself)

No way . . .

Daniel crawls closer to the wall, moving old CRATES and BOXES out of the way.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Honey, you're not going to believe
what I found!

The CREAKING FOOTSTEPS have reached the staircase. Something is descending down the stairs, one step at a time.

The shadow that spreads across the wall has a large brimmed hat . . .

INT. CATHERINE'S CAR - DAY

Catherine HUMS the SONG on the radio as she drives her car down the road.

INT. CATHERINE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Catherine's car pulls up the driveway. Catherine presses a BUTTON, and the old gate slowly comes to life.

As the gate slowly opens, Catherine GASPS.

A MAN, wearing some type of black cloak, is streaking through the back yard. He also wears a dark, large brimmed hat.

Catherine watches in utter confusion as the Man opens the door to the garage, and disappears inside.

CATHERINE
Hey!

EXT. HISTORIC MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The gate finally opens enough for the car to squeeze through. Catherine slams on her breaks just in front of the door.

Catherine cuts the engine, and jumps out of the car.

She reaches the window next to the door, and peers in through. It is too greasy to see anything.

CATHERINE
Shit . . .

Catherine opens the door -

INT. BRICK GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

- and pokes her head into the brick garage.

It is a small garage, with most of the space being taken up by Daniel's car.

There is no one there. The large garage door on the opposite end is *closed*, so whoever entered has no where to go . . .

CATHERINE

Who's in here? I saw you!

Still, nothing.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Fine -

- Catherine steps back into the yard.

EXT. HISTORIC MANSION - CONTINUOUS

She shuts the door.

CATHERINE

Wanna play?

Catherine takes out her keys, and LOCKS the door.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'll play.

Catherine heads back towards the house, grabbing her CELL PHONE out of her bag as she walks.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Catherine enters the kitchen from the back door, cell phone pressed to her ear.

CATHERINE

Yes, a trespasser. I locked him in the garage.

(beat)

Yes, my husband is home.

(beat)

We'll stay inside, thank you.

Catherine hangs up the phone, and places it on the counter.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Honey! Something happened outside,
I called the police.

Catherine walks through the kitchen, and places the GROCERIES on the kitchen counter.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
There was a man in our backyard! I
locked him in the garage, the
police said we need to stay in the
house.

No answer.

Catherine looks towards the basement, perplexed.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Daniel?

Catherine walks towards the stairway to the basement, where she can faintly hear the HUM of the circular saw.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Can you hear me?

Catherine GROANS.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The circular SAW, splattered red, lies on the ground with the SPINNING blade centimeters away from the concrete.

Catherine walks halfway down the stairs, and SCREAMS. She bolts down the rest of the way, and rushes towards the scene.

Daniel's body is a bloody mess. The saw ROARS right next to his lifeless body, and a massive head wound pours blood onto a section of the wine rack.

Boxes surrounding Daniel have been crushed, leading one to presume that Daniel once again tripped while handling the saw.

Catherine kneels down to Daniel in complete shock. Her body convulses, and she releases a blood curling SCREAM.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The lights come to life.

Confused, Catherine looks at the fuse box. She didn't touch a thing, but the lights have returned.

Catherine wipes a tear from her eye and takes a deep breath. Being back in the basement has suddenly taken a physical toll on her.

Catherine places the FLASHLIGHT on the work bench, and maneuvers around the boxes on the ground. As she does . . .

Something catches her eye.

Catherine reaches down, picking up a MASON JAR top off of the ground.

BUCHANON BOTTLING COMPANY

The same top as the attic. And with the same crest . . .

Catherine rubs her thumb over the raised crest. She grips it tight.

CATHERINE

How did this get down here?

Catherine looks around the basement. Not seeing a viable option, she turns back to the mason jar top.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

This crest . . .

(beat)

I've seen it before.

Her eyes light up.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Of course!

Catherine bounds towards the stairs.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Catherine moves past the topless MASON JAR. She reaches her goal, and smiles.

CATHERINE

There you are.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THUD

Catherine drops the old TRUNK onto the floor. The CREST stares back at her, beckoning. She opens the latch, and swings open the top. A mess of DOCUMENTS stares back.

Catherine slowly works through them. Memories come flooding back . . .

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BASEMENT - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Daniel lies on his back, trying to drill together two pieces of WOOD to hold a side of the wine rack. He's having trouble positioning the flashlight in a way that he can also use some leverage to move the screw into the wood.

Daniel GROANS.

DANIEL

Babe?!?! Can you come down here, I need your help.

FOOTSTEPS emit from upstairs, and come to the staircase. After a few moments, Catherine comes into view. Her hair is in a messy bun, and it looks as if she hasn't showered in days.

CATHERINE

What do you need?

Daniel holds up his FLASHLIGHT.

DANIEL

Could you hold the light? Please?

CATHERINE

Sure.

Catherine walks over, and grabs the light.

DANIEL

Thanks.

(beat)

Could you hold it steady?

CATHERINE

I can hold a flashlight.

Daniel ignores her. He turns on the drill, and starts to piece the wood together.

As he does, Catherine looks around the basement. Through the chaos of TOOLS, BOXES, and LUMBER, something stands out.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

What's that?

Daniel finishes drilling. He tries to move the wood apart with his hand, but it is held tightly.

DANIEL

What?

Catherine walks over to the old TRUNK sitting on the middle of the floor.

CATHERINE

This.

Daniel shrugs.

DANIEL

I found it down here. Just a bunch of old papers and shit.

Catherine opens the trunk. She slowly rifles through the old PAPERS and PHOTOGRAPHS before she stops on a brown, leather DIARY.

CATHERINE

It looks old . . .

DANIEL

Yeah.

Catherine opens the first page:

PROPERTY OF CLARA BUCHANON

Catherine flips through a couple of pages, inspecting the old ink on the tan paper.

Daniel peers over her shoulder, confused by her infatuation with the documents.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I think we should move stuff like that into the attic.

Catherine looks up from the diary.

CATHERINE

Why?

DANIEL

It's just getting so congested around here. We're already dealing with enough stuff as it is.

CATHERINE

Okay . . .

Catherine closes the diary, revealing the SAME UNIQUE CREST.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Catherine turns back to the trunk.

CATHERINE

(under her breath)

That diary . . .

Catherine rifles through them for a moment, looking for the DIARY. She sifts through the PAPERS, reading a bit before placing individual pages back.

She stops on one PAGE, reading aloud -

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

- Issac, Kentucky.

(beat)

Betty, Mississippi.

(beat)

Ruth, South Carolina.

(beat)

Mack, Louisiana. Age four . . .

She looks at the date: *Jan. 4, 1860.*

Slaves. They were runaway slaves.

Catherine lowers the page, taking a moment to digest this information. She gently places it down on the carpet, separating it from the rest.

Catherine picks up a LETTER, addressed to *Theodore Buchanan*. She quickly scans over the document.

Theodore, I can no longer risk the safety of my family. The bounties from the south are piling up.

I will be there in the morning. Please be ready to make the trade.

Catherine puts down the letter, and falls deep into thought.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Trade?

Catherine fishes through the trunk, and pulls out a few more documents. She shifts through them, and stops at the last one.

It is a receipt. A large sum of money for unspecified property.

Catherine turns back to the trunk, where a black and white PHOTOGRAPH sits on the top of the pile.

Catherine reaches down, and picks up the photo. She stares at it hard, looking at each member of the family. She scans through the children, the wife, and finally . . .

Theodore Buchanon. Dressed in the same black cloak and hat that the Figure has been wearing.

She turns the photo over -

- *Theodore Buchanon and Family.*

Catherine's bloodshot eyes grow wide. She gently places the photograph down on top of the letter.

Catherine rubs her eyes, and stands up.

DANIEL (O.S.)
Don't be paranoid!

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Daniel takes off his coat, and tosses it on a lone chair. Catherine sits on the couch, next to the lit fire. She is fuming.

CATHERINE
That's all you have to say, hm?
Don't be paranoid?

DANIEL
Pretty much -

CATHERINE
- I sit here all day, waiting for you. You spend all day with developers.

DANIEL
It's my job -

CATHERINE
- We were supposed to work on this house! Raise a family together!

DANIEL

Maybe that's just not in the cards,
Cat! You heard the doctor, it isn't
going to happen.

CATHERINE

My body is not some black hole! It
could happen -

DANIEL

- We're not talking about this
again! The doctor said you cannot
conceive a child. It's not safe for
you, and it's not safe for the
baby! That's pretty cut and dry.
And now I'm stuck here in this
fucking house.

CATHERINE

I can't believe you just said that.
I cannot believe -

DANIEL

- You're so fucking selfish. You
think it's easy for *me*? You think
any of this is easy for me?

Daniel grabs his coat back off of the chair. He throws it on,
and storms towards the door.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Whatever. I'm getting a drink.

CATHERINE

When will you be back -

- SLAM

The door echoes to her core.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Catherine stares ahead, remembering that fight. The glazed
look returns.

Catherine notices some old INK smudged on her hand. She tries
to rub it off, but it's no use.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Catherine dips her hands into the running water. She scrubs the ink off of her hand.

Catherine looks back at the mirror as the faucet still runs. She stares quizzically back as she *thinks* she heard another noise.

Catherine slowly turns off the faucet, and listens closely.

Silence.

Catherine reaches for a decorative TOWEL, and dries her hands.

CRRREEEAAAACCKK

Catherine drops the towel.

Soft FOOTSTEPS emit from the kitchen. They grow LOUDER as they come closer to the bathroom.

Catherine's eyes grow wide as she realizes what is happening. She bounds towards the door, and LOCKS it. She then backpedals away from the door.

The FOOTSTEPS grow louder and louder until they STOP on the other side. A SHADOW blocks light from seeping into the bathroom from the bottom of the door.

Slowly, the door handle turns!

Catherine SCREAMS!

The door handle shakes more violently, being held by the deadbolt. Whoever is on the other side, they want to get in. Now.

Catherine looks around the small bathroom for something to defend herself. Nothing.

Catherine turns to the window behind her, and quickly opens it. Cold air and SNOW fly inside.

The RATTLING stops. Catherine turns her head, looking to the door.

BEAT

A set of KEYS begin to JINGLE together.

Out of nowhere, the LOCK turns.

Catherine SCREAMS, and turns back to the window. She hoists herself up as the bathroom door creaks open.

Without looking behind her, Catherine throws herself out of the window -

EXT. HISTORIC MANSION - CONTINUOUS

- and onto the frozen ground.

Catherine scrambles to her feet.

CATHERINE

Help!

Catherine YANKS on the metal gate. It's no use.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

God dammit -

- Catherine runs away from the metal portion of the gate, and tries to scale the brick portion. She hoists herself up, and topples over the top of the fence.

Catherine gets to her feet, and runs towards the house across the street.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Someone help me!

EXT. NEIGHBORS HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Catherine runs to the door, and BANGS on it with her closed fist.

CATHERINE

Someone, PLEASE!

A light inside the house turns on.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Help!

The front door slowly opens. SILAS (65) opens the door with a BASEBALL BAT in his hand. His wife, GRACE (61) stands behind him.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Thank God. Someone's in my house!

Silas stares at Catherine, his eyes wide as saucers. He slowly lowers the bat, as he turns to his wife.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(wailing)
I need help.

GRACE
Oh, you poor dear. Come inside,
we'll take care of you.

SILAS
I'll go check it out. You call the
police.

GRACE
Please be careful.

Silas nods, and jogs towards Catherine's house.

INT. NEIGHBORS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Catherine sits on a large chair, silently staring out the
window.

Red and blue light flash through the glass. A POLICE OFFICER
talks with Silas from the yard while another searches the
house.

Catherine raises her hand, feeling the cold pane of glass.
She brings her hand back, leaving a quickly evaporating palm
print.

Grace enters, with two CUPS of TEA in her hand.

GRACE
Here. This should help.

Catherine accepts the tea. Grace sits down on an old couch,
across from Catherine.

GRACE (CONT'D)
They'll make sure it's safe, I
promise.

Catherine nods as she BLOWS the steam away.

GRACE (CONT'D)
So . . .
(beat)
Do you want to talk about what
happened?

BEAT

CATHERINE

I was . . .

(beat)

I'm not sure. But someone was
there. He had . . .

Catherine slows down, listening to herself as she speaks. Her face contorts, realizing how ridiculous her story sounds.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

He had . . .

(beat)

Keys . . .

GRACE

Keys? To the house, or -

CATHERINE

- No, the bathroom . . .

(beat)

I . . .

GRACE

It's okay, sweetheart. Just drink
your tea.

(beat)

I didn't realize you moved back
into the house.

CATHERINE

I'm not. Just collecting some
things. Packing, really.

The flashing lights have ceased. Catherine turns back to the window.

GRACE

Oh, I see.

The SQUAD CAR has turned off the colored lights. Silas walks across the street.

GRACE (CONT'D)

It must have been hard, if I may
say.

(beat)

You're a strong woman. I knew you'd
get back on your feet.

Catherine glances over towards Grace. The color is beginning to return to Catherine's face.

CATHERINE

I . . .
(beat)
Yeah.

The door opens. Silas enters the room.

SILAS

The officers searched the house.
They want to talk to you.

Cathrine sheepishly stands up. She hands her mug to Grace.

CATHERINE

Thank you.

GRACE

Think nothing of it. We're always
here.

Catherine purses her lips, and exits the house.

EXT. HISTORIC MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Catherine drags her feet as she walks across the street. Two young OFFICERS stand next to the parked squad car.

OFFICER STEVENS (28) steps forward.

OFFICER STEVENS

Are you the homeowner?

CATHERINE

(softly)
Yes.

OFFICER STEVENS

We searched the property
thoroughly. We didn't find any sign
of an intruder. Your window was
open, obviously.

CATHERINE

Yeah.

OFFICER STEVENS

We're going to have a car come by
every hour just to make sure you're
okay. If you need anything else, or
don't feel safe -

CATHERINE
 - No, it's okay. I think . . .
 (beat)
 I think I just scared myself, is
 all.

The Officer nods his head.

OFFICER STEVENS
 It happens. If someone was in
 there, the dog would know before
 you.

Officer Stevens hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

OFFICER STEVENS (CONT'D)
 Here is my number. Just in case.

Catherine accepts it.

OFFICER STEVENS (CONT'D)
 Have a good night, ma'am.

Both officer's enter their vehicle. Catherine watches as they
 drive into the night. She pans her head to the house.

Something is still not right . . .

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

An exhausted Catherine trudges through the foyer, and walks
 into -

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- the living room.

Catherine stares at the old TRUNK, and the PAPERS that are
 scattered around it.

Catherine puts the documents and photos back in the trunk in
 an orderly fashion.

One black journal sticks out. Catherine pushes aside a page,
 and the crest stares back at her.

There it is. The diary.

Catherine grabs it, and opens to the first page. She GASPS.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BASEMENT - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Catherine inspects the old diary as Daniel works.

CATHERINE
It looks old . . .

DANIEL
Yeah.

Catherine opens the first page:

PROPERTY OF CLARA BUCHANON

END FLASHBACK

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PROPERTY OF CLARA BUCHANON

Catherine feverishly flips through the old pages. After turning a few, she accidentally RIPS one page.

CATHERINE
Shit!

Catherine gingerly holds the diary, trying not to damage it further. She places it on the nearby COFFEE TABLE, and tries to put the page together.

As the tears in the page meet, Catherine reads what is printed.

Father scolded me today. It's my house too, why shouldn't I go where I please?

Catherine stares at the page with intrigue. She slowly turns the torn page.

I went back into the basement while Father was away. He tried to keep it from me, but I found the tunnel where he hides the Negroes.

Catherine's mouth DROPS open. She pulls the diary closer to her face, reading the faded ink. Catherine's hands shake in fear.

I wish they would stop screaming.

Catherine's tremors jostle a PHOTOGRAPH loose from the back of the diary.

She stares at it, her eyes stuck in a petrified state.

The photo is of young Clara, and her father: Theodore Buchanon.

Catherine GASPS, and drops the photograph. It flutters to the floor.

That black cloak still haunts her.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

God . . .

She stares at the face down photograph, afraid to touch it. It rests beside a thick, folded sheet of PAPER.

Catherine GULPS, and snatches the sheet. She unfolds it -

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

What?

The paper is very large. She cannot make out what the designs mean, but the lines are very precise.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

This . . .

She swiftly places the sheet on the nearby coffee table. She spreads it out, knocking MAGAZINES onto the floor.

Catherine moves her finger along the intricate lines.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

This is *my* house!

A BLUEPRINT. The sheet is a large blueprint of the house. Catherine moves from room to room -

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

- That's the front yard, the foyer.

Catherine moves to the foyer -

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

- The living room, the kitchen.

Her finger moves up to the attic. The color drains from her face.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

And the attic . . .

Catherine pulls her finger off of the page. But something about the design of the space catches her eye.

The far side of the blueprint includes some type of long shaft. This shaft connects the attic all the way down . . .

To the basement.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

What? It . . .

(beat)

It can't be . . .

The same shaft morphs into a passage that leads away from the house.

Catherine's head tilts up, off of the page.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - ATTIC - NIGHT

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Catherine pops the top of the mason jar off. It rolls into the darkness.

The top falls off a ledge, down a shaft.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Catherine picks up the mason jar cap. She runs her fingers over the family crest.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BASEMENT - DAY

Daniel crawls closer to the wall, moving old CRATES and BOXES out of the way.

DANIEL

Honey, you're not going to believe
what I found!

END FLASHBACK

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daniel's voice fades. Catherine stares at the map, putting together the secrets the house holds.

Catherine lowers the blueprint, and stares towards her kitchen.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The door to the basement CREAKS open, beckoning her.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Catherine cautiously dips down the steps, back into the basement.

Catherine reaches the bottom of the stairs. With some light, the basement doesn't look nearly as menacing.

Catherine approaches the far side wall, looking for any sign of a 'tunnel.' She reaches out her free hand, touching the rugged wall as she walks.

She reaches the location of her husbands death. Catherine GULPS, and moves on.

Catherine stops. She grabs the FLASHLIGHT that she left downstairs, and CLICKS it on.

She steps towards the back, moving BOXES out of the way.

Catherine reaches the back wall. She looks down at a pipe that goes through a slit in the wall.

Catherine GASPS.

It's a door. A wooden door.

Above the door is a long shaft. Long enough to reach the attic.

Catherine inspects it, and discovers a DUMBWAITER connected to rusted chains. It's small enough to transport supplies from the attic to the basement.

Catherine turns away, and looks to the secret door.

Catherine YANKS on it. She forces the splintered door open, and peers down.

A tunnel. A secret tunnel.

CATHERINE

It's here . . .

Catherine picks the flashlight back up, and points it down. She takes a deep breath, and lowers herself onto the dirt ground -

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - SECRET TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

- and at the head of the tunnel.

The ground is made of tightly packed dirt, making it easy to walk. Hundreds of old BRICK line up to form the walls of the fairly large tunnel. Old MORTAR has fallen to the ground over the years, begging one to question the safety of this old tunnel.

Catherine pans around the opening with her flashlight, as she soaks in this new revelation.

She pulls out her CELL PHONE, and looks at it. No service. Catherine clasps her free hand into a fist, puts her phone back into her pocket.

Catherine points her flashlight straight through the darkness. There is no sign that there is an end to the tunnel.

She takes an uneasy step forward, followed by gradually more confident ones.

The further she walks, the more the darkness overcomes her.

Catherine tilts her head every which way, examining the old walls. She approaches one section that stops her in her tracks.

Long, curvy lines are imbedded into the brick. They inconsistently run downward, usually about four lines deep.

Catherine squats down, and points her flashlight where the brick meets the ground. Catherine looks closer, noticing something imbedded into the brick.

Catherine reaches for the small object, and plucks it from the grove in the brick.

Catherine stands straight up, and holds the flashlight close to the object.

The object is a small, off white, circular object. Catherine flips it around, and notices a dark black stain on the back.

Catherine SHRIEKS and drops the object when she realizes what it is . . .

A FINGERNAIL.

Catherine backs up against the opposite side of the tunnel, and flashes the light across the entire space.

The FINGERNAIL MARKINGS are everywhere along the walls.

She turns around, and notices the same on the other wall.

Catherine stares ahead, horrified.

SCREAMS echo through the small tunnel. They almost sweep Catherine up, as she tries to cower away from them.

She twirls around, trying to escape the screams. She turns, nearly running into a large MAN!

Catherine SCREAMS and falls to the ground. She brings her knees to her chin, covering herself.

But the Man walks past her. She stares at him, and notices he is in SHACKLES.

She stares in horror as more SLAVES trot past her. It's as if she was transported back in time.

Women and children WEEP as they move down the tunnel. Three WHITE MEN lead them down the tunnel.

A large slave, BUCK, fights against his chains.

BUCK

Naw, stop!

Buck tries to break through the back end of the line, but two White Men hold him back.

Buck fights the restraints as he stares at a MAN standing at the rear. The low light makes it impossible to make out any physical details, but he is wearing a dark cloak . . .

BUCK (CONT'D)

You said we were gon' be free! You said!

The Man in the shadows stares ahead without saying a word.

BUCK (CONT'D)

No!

Buck reaches his long arms out, trying to grab at the brick walls. His fingernails dig deep, making long scratch marks.

The two white MEN restraining Buck take him to the ground, and begin to drag him down the hallway.

Buck SCREAMS, and continues to dig his fingernails into the bottom of the brick wall.

Catherine turns, and looks towards the entrance to the tunnel.

The Man in the shadows LIGHTS a PIPE in the darkness.

The light briefly illuminates THEODORE BUCHANON's unmistakable face.

The flame goes out, shrouding him in darkness.

The SCREAMS of the slaves fade out. Once again, Catherine is alone.

Catherine picks up her cracked flashlight, and stands up. She shakes as she points the light towards the house, and back down the tunnel.

A MATCH STRIKES, again!

Catherine turns around.

Buchanon's figure is re-lighting his pipe.

He takes a puff, and starts to walk towards Catherine.

CATHERINE

No . . .

Catherine backs away a few steps, before turning around and *running* down the tunnel.

Buchanon continues at a leisure pace.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - DEEPER TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Catherine slows down as she approaches a wall of some sort.

CATHERINE

Shit!

She shines the light every which way, looking for any way out.

Buchanon is getting closer . . .

Catherine frantically runs her hands all along the crumbling brick. Some dirt falls to the ground, revealing a small door.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Yes, yes!

Catherine drops the flashlight. She grabs the handle to the door, and pushes against it. No good. So she *pulls against* it.

Again, no good.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

No!

Catherine continues to push against the door with her shoulder. It opens a CRACK.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

C'mon -

- Catherine continues to lower her shoulder against the door. It opens enough for her to squeeze through.

Catherine falls through the door, and it shuts behind her.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - TUNNEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine rolls on the dirt, breathing HEAVILY.

She rises to her feet, and brushes the dirt off. She looks around the dank room.

It is fairly large, but there is nothing in it outside of an old, WOODEN TABLE.

Catherine struggles to see without her flashlight. She looks back towards the door, but decides against retrieving it.

Catherine walks into the shadows, trying to see the entirety of the room.

Catherine notices some oil LAMPS that line up along the wall. She approaches one close to her, and stares at the rusted, old tool.

Catherine raises a finger. She TAPS on the old glass.

Once.

Twice.

The third time, the flame LIGHTS.

CATHERINE

Wha -

- BANG

Buck SLAMS into the wall next to Catherine. She SCREAMS, and backs herself into the corner.

The room is now full of people. The slaves are all shackled together, and the white men are beating Buck mercilessly.

All the oil lanterns are lit, creating intense shadows on the individuals in the room.

One white man, WALTER, grabs an iron SHOVEL off of the wooden table. The once bare table is now covered with CHAINS, WEAPONS, and other barbaric TOOLS.

WALTER
You stay down!

Walter STRIKES Buck. A woman CRIES.

WALTER (CONT'D)
And you! Quit your bellyaching.

Walter turns back to Buck, who lies bleeding on the ground.

WALTER (CONT'D)
You messed up, boy.

Walter stands straight up, facing the kiddy-corner from where Catherine watches.

A dark figure steps forward, still hidden by the shadows.

BUCHANON
Don't you want to return him alive?

Walter shrugs.

WALTER
Dead or alive. Bounty is the same.
Especially for this one.

Buck squints at Walter. The blood from his wounds is covering his eyes.

BUCK
No, please!

Walter beats him mercilessly. The other slaves CRY louder with each strike.

BUCK (CONT'D)
I want to live -

- SLAM

Walter continues his assault until Buck no longer reacts.

Walter steps back, and holds the bloody shovel with both hands. He SMIRKS.

WALTER

Do you have any idea how close you were?

Walter turns back towards the others.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I mean, right across the river.
Canada. Freedom.

(under his breath)

Underground railroad . . .

(beat)

Psshhhtt!

An older WOMAN WEEPS in the corner.

WALTER (CONT'D)

All those weeks of traveling . . .

(beat)

Wasted.

Walter turns away from the crying slaves.

WALTER (CONT'D)

My employer would like to thank
you, personally. Alabama sure is
nice this time of year.

Theodore Buchanan steps out from the shadows. His dark eyes stare down at Walter.

BUCHANON

Tell him we will continue to work
together. So long as slaves keep
finding ways to escape his
property.

Walter smirks. He turns back towards the slaves -

WALTER

- Alright, let's go. Git!

Buchanon reaches out, and grabs Walter's shoulder firmly.

BUCHANON

Please be quiet exiting the
grounds. I do not want my daughter
disturbed.

Walter nods.

WALTER
You heard him!

Walter leads the slaves through the tunnel, right past Catherine's shaking body.

A silhouetted Buchanon stands tall. Catherine stares in horror and his head slowly starts to turn towards her.

Catherine slides to the ground as she SOBS. She covers her face with her hands, tears running through the cracks in her fingers.

The light fades to darkness.

Catherine raises her head, and is shocked to see the room back to normal.

The air is quiet. Empty.

Catherine stands. She walks to the middle of the room, where Buchanon stood tall.

She stares at the corner of the room, where the slaves cowered in fear.

Catherine tilts her head to the ceiling, and where another TRAP DOOR is in plain view. A LADDER is imbedded into the wall, making her escape easy.

She climbs up, and presses against the door with all her might.

It opens, and an endless supply of moonlight pours into the room.

Catherine pokes her head through the trap door -

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

- and stares at the garage. The secret room is *directly* below her garage.

Catherine hoists herself up, and shuts the door behind her.

Catherine moves around the garage, as if in a daze. She walks through the center of the space, where Daniel parked his car so many times, and heads to the door.

Before exiting, Catherine stares through the glass window, towards her quiet home.

All the lights are still on in the kitchen.

Catherine shakes with fear.

A CLOAKED FIGURE slowly passes by the window. Buchanan.

Catherine GASPS, and moves away from the window. She turns around, and exits the garage through the opposite-side door.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Catherine staggers down the brick alley way. She wraps her arms around her shoulders, trying to warm up as she walks.

Catherine stops when she reaches the end of the alley. She looks up, and stares at the lights in the night sky.

The mighty Detroit River flows, with Canada on the other side.

Canada. Freedom.

Catherine stares at the old, recognizable sign on the street:

BRIDGE TO CANADA

Catherine grinds her teeth. She turns back towards her house, which stands tall among the other beautiful homes.

CATHERINE

You were supposed to save them.

A shadow DARTS past the window.

Catherine clasps her hands into two fists. She walks back down the alley, heading towards the house with a new found confidence.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You took something I loved . . .

(beat)

Now, I'm going to take something
you love . . .

Catherine digs into her pocket, and pulls out her CELL PHONE. She dials as she walks, and holds it to her ear.

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A WOMAN'S LAUGH comes from the neighboring kitchen.

Dr. Burton's CELL PHONE RINGS as it rests on a small coffee table.

Dr. Burton briskly walks into the living room, holding a full glass of red WINE.

Dr. Burton picks up the phone, and looks at it.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Don't be long!

Dr. Burton smiles, and answers the phone.

DR. BURTON
Catherine, how are you? Are you finished packing? I had hoped you would have returned home by now.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Catherine glares as she charges.

CATHERINE
I know what happened to Daniel.

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton stops in his tracks.

DR. BURTON
Wha . . .
(beat)
Well, of course you know what happened to Daniel.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Catherine bursts through the door, and hurries through the garage.

CATHERINE
It's this house.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
What?

CATHERINE
This house. Something is seriously fucked up in this house. And I know what it is. Daniel wasn't ready, he couldn't fight it. But I can.

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton slowly paces around the living room. He places his glass of wine down on the coffee table.

DR. BURTON

We talked about paranoia, about how
we need to -

CATHERINE (O.S.)

- No! You have to listen to me!

EXT. HISTORIC MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Catherine stops in the middle of the yard, keeping the house in view.

CATHERINE

It was Theodore Buchanon. He did
it. He sold slaves back to the
south, killed them, too.

(beat)

I saw it all. I don't know how.

(beat)

He has a weakness, he has to have a
weakness.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)

(under his breath)

Jesus . . .

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daniel runs his free hand through his hair.

DR. BURTON

Catherine, you're really starting
to scare me -

CATHERINE (O.S.)

- I know it was him. Everything was
because of him.

EXT. HISTORIC MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Catherine CHOKES up.

CATHERINE

He did it. First it was my baby,
and then it was my husband.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
What . . .
(beat)
What do you mean -

CATHERINE
- He killed Daniel. I always knew
it.

Dr. Burton GASPS over the phone.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
What?

CATHERINE
I saw him that day. Running towards
the garage, I saw him. I even
locked him inside, but the cops
could never find him.

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DR. BURTON
Catherine, listen to me. Nobody
killed Daniel. He wasn't murdered,
you know that -

CATHERINE (O.S.)
- No! He did! I found his secret
tunnel, the one he used to escape.
Remember? I had him trapped in
there, that's how he escaped!

The color drains from Dr. Burton's face. He runs over to his
BRIEFCASE, and almost rips it open.

DR. BURTON
Catherine, I need you to listen to
me. Stay where you are, don't do
anything rash.

He fishes through it, and pulls out the FILES he took from
his office.

EXT. HISTORIC MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Catherine nods her head, psyching herself up.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
You're a strong woman. You can beat
this.

Catherine walks over to a window in the stable. She glares at the house.

CATHERINE
You're right. I'm going to do it.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
Catherine, no.

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton quickly puts on his SHOES. He frantically runs over to the door, and grabs his COAT off of a crowded rack.

Dr. Burton's DATE pokes her head out from the kitchen.

DATE
Rick? Is something wrong -

DR. BURTON
(snaps)
Not now!

Dr. Burton turns back to his phone.

DR. BURTON (CONT'D)
I'm coming. Do you hear me? I'm
coming to you right now!

EXT. HISTORIC MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Catherine lets the phone fall to her side.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
(muffled)
Catherine?

Catherine drops the phone in the snow.

DR. BURTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Catherine, please! Don't do
anything!

Catherine walks towards her house with ANGER in her eyes.

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton looks down at his phone.

DR. BURTON
Shit!

Dr. Burton opens the door, and bounds into the cold.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SLAM!

Catherine enters the kitchen. Her head whips around the kitchen, looking for Buchanon.

INT. DR. BURTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton frantically dials a number on his CELL PHONE. He copies the number from the FILE he took from his office earlier.

Once he finishes, he holds the phone to his ear.

DR. BURTON

Hello? Yes, my name is Dr. Richard Burton. I'm Catherine Fornier's psychiatrist, and I'm extremely worried about her. Can you get to her house to check on her? You much closer than I am at the moment.

(beat)

I wouldn't ask you if I didn't think it was an emergency. I . . .

(beat)

I'm afraid she is going to hurt herself. Yes, I'll call the police. You'll be better suited to help her

-

EXT. DR. BURTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

- Dr. Burton's car races down the snowy road.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CREEAAAAKKKK

Catherine, nearly out of the kitchen, whips her head towards the basement stairs.

The DOOR to the basement CREAKS open.

Catherine stares at the door, her eyes moving to the floor. She GASPS.

Some MUD has been tracked in from the underground tunnel.

Catherine's eyes grow wide. She frantically hurries past the BOTTLE of WINE, out of the kitchen -

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- and into the living room. She grabs the fire poker for defense.

Catherine circles the room, searching for the Figure. She sees nothing.

CATHERINE
I know what you did! You sent all
those people to die!
(beat)
(whispers)
You ruined everything I loved . . .

Silence.

Catherine pans around the room.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Something you love . . .
(beat)
Something you love . . .
(beat)
Something . . .

Catherine continues to whip her head around the room. Every which way, until . . .

The floor. Catherine stops frantically searching, and stares hard at the floor.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Of course . . .

Clara's diary.

Catherine bends down, and grabs Clara's diary off of the floor.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
This is it. This is how I destroy
you . . .
(beat)
By destroying your daughter.

Catherine holds the diary up confidently.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
This is it, huh? This is Clara's.
The last memory left. This is *her*.

She waits for the spirit to respond. She scans the room,
landing on the roaring fire.

Catherine runs to the fireplace, and holds the diary high.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I'm going to fucking burn your
daughter unless you come here now!

THUMP

Catherine spins around, her weapon at the ready. She stares
at the foyer, thinking that is where the noise came from.

Catherine steps over the old DOCUMENTS, and walks towards the
Foyer.

She holds the diary tight as she walks out of the living
room.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Catherine walks through the foyer. She looks around, her eyes
and ears open.

CLICK CLICK CLICK

Catherine spins towards the large entry to the living room.
She breathes deep, raising her weapon.

CLICK CLICK

Something is coming closer . . .

CATHERINE
(under her breath)
Shit . . .

CLICK CLICK -

- Hogan sullenly walks out from the den.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Oh, baby!

Catherine hurries over, and hugs the dog.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I forgot all about you! I'm so
sorry!

The dog accepts the hug, but does not show any affection back.

Catherine breaks free from her hug.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
C'mon, boy. I need your help.

The dog stays put.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
C'mon! Who's a good boy?

The dog WHIMPERS, and backs away from Catherine.

A shadow *DARTS* across the ceiling above Catherine.

CREEEAAK

Catherine looks straight up. FOOTSTEPS from the upstairs begin to grow louder and louder.

Catherine GLARES at the staircase. She raises her fire poker, and advances towards it.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Of course you're upstairs . . .

Hogan backs away from the staircase, WHIMPERING.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Catherine climbs the stairs, her FIRE POKER at the ready.

The soft FOOTSTEPS are definitely emanating from somewhere in the hallway.

Suddenly, the FOOTSTEPS stop. Realizing this, Catherine stops as well.

Catherine looks around the hallway -

- THUMP

Catherine looks towards *the room*. She GULPS, and walks over to it. The noise definitely came from the forbidden room.

Catherine raises her hand, and grasps the door handle. She closes her eyes -

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FORBIDDEN ROOM - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK

- and sees herself, the last time she was in the room.

Catherine stacks BOXES in the room, one after the other. They are all labeled with DANIEL'S name.

The half-painted CRIB is nearly hidden behind the large BOXES.

Catherine opens a small box labeled *Memories*. She drops a male WEDDING BAND inside, and quickly closes it.

DR. BURTON (V.O.)
- You can't just lock your
belongings away, and pretend
nothing happened.

Catherine stands in the doorway, looking over the cardboard mountain one last time.

CATHERINE
(whispers)
Not this room . . .

Catherine closes the door.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Catherine pushes the door open -

CATHERINE
(whispers)
Not this room -

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FORBIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- The door to the forbidden room CREAKS open. Catherine stands at the entrance.

She GASPS.

The room is nearly empty. All of the boxes have been removed, somehow.

The only thing remaining is the half painted BABY CRIB.

CATHERINE
 (whimpering)
 What . . .
 (beat)
 (whimpering)
 I don't . . .

Catherine enters the room, frantically pacing around the empty space.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
 (whimpering)
 No. It can't . . .

Catherine RIPS open the closet door. Still, nothing.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
 Where are all the boxes? Where are
 his things?

Catherine steps backwards, stopping in the middle of the room. She covers her face with her hands, and CRIES.

As she becomes more hysterical, a Figure rises from the floor by the window. The moonlight silhouettes him in the dark room.

Catherine turns around, and YELPS when she sees the Figure. She backs up, nearly tripping on her fire poker.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 You . . .

The Figure does not respond. His large, black boot steps forward, into the light.

It is Theodore Buchanon, dressed in his black cloak. His ashen face is partially eaten away, and his piercing blue eyes never blink.

He takes another step closer to Catherine. She tries to scream, but her voice gets caught in her throat. Every ounce of bravery she *thought* she had has gone out the window.

Catherine snatches the fire poker off of the ground. As she rises, Buchanon grabs at her -

Catherine SCREAMS, and swings wildly through the air. She stumbles to the ground, dropping the diary.

Buchanon is nearly upon her!

Catherine scampers to her feet, and jets out of the room!

Buchanon stops. He reaches down, and grabs the diary off of the floor. He raises it up as sorrow washes over his rotting face.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Catherine bounds down the stairs, landing in the foyer. She sprints -

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- into the living room.

Catherine runs past the DOCUMENTS lying out on the floor, sending many of them flying in the air.

She turns to face the opening of the room.

Hogan JUMPS at the ready, BARKING and WHINING. He slinks in between the boxes, looking ready to hide instead of fight.

Catherine circles around the living room -

CATHERINE

- Something from Clara . . .

Catherine wheels around. She catches the end of a black CLOAK sprint by the foyer.

Catherine YELPS. She fights back the tears, and holds her weapon up strong -

- BANG

Catherine crouches, and peers towards the kitchen. She GASPS.

The kitchen door is wide open. The wind BANGS the door against the wall as snow pours in.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

What . . .

Catherine strides into the kitchen.

INT/EXT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Catherine passes the island, and reaches the door. She looks out, staring at fresh footprints leading to the garage. Just as her eyes reach the door to the building, it abruptly SHUTS. Something has taken refuge.

Catherine shakes. She SLAMS the door, and LOCKS it.

Catherine slides a CHAIR to the basement across the kitchen, and props it against the basement door.

Secure. Finally.

Catherine steps back, her breathing finally under control. She turns around to exit the kitchen, but stops.

That bottle of wine still haunts her.

She approaches it apprehensively.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The front door stands tall. Hogan the dog approaches it, with intrigue.

The historic door handle slowly moves. Just like in Catherine's dream.

Hogan WHINES and paces about.

The door OPENS. Snow billows in as the shadowy Figure returns.

Hogan BARKS.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

BARK BARK

Her head whips towards the foyer, her fear returning.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Catherine rushes into the foyer.

CATHERINE

Shit . . .

The door is wide open, with no one in sight. Hogan WHINES, and retreats to the safety of the closet.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Hogan!

Catherine stares at the dog. She sways ever so slightly, revealing Buchanon *directly* behind her. She turns, and YELPS in shock.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

No -

- Buchanon charges at her!

Catherine SCREAMS and raises the fire poker. Just before Buchanon accosts her, she strikes him down over the top of the skull.

Buchanon crumples to the floor. Catherine continues to beat him over and over. Each blow more CRUNCHING than the last.

Hogan BARKS incessantly!

Finally, Catherine steps back. She bursts into TEARS, and drops the fire poker onto the ground.

Hogan WHINES, and bounds out of the foyer.

Catherine backs up to the middle of the room, her buckling knees about to give way.

From behind her, someone enters the house through the wide open front door . . .

Catherine turns her head, surprised to see Dr. Burton.

Dr. Burton stops just inside the house, and nearly crumples to the ground. He stares at Catherine with a look of horror on his face.

DR. BURTON

Catherine . . .

(beat)

What did you do?

Catherine's look of relief is replaced with one of confusion. She looks down at Buchanon's body, and GASPS.

It's Daniel.

The bloody mess on the ground, the one that Catherine beat mercilessly . . .

Daniel.

Catherine backs up, shocked by this reality.

CATHERINE

I . . .

(beat)

No, it wasn't . . .

(beat)

Daniel?

Dr. Burton raises his hands, trying to keep a safe distance between himself and Catherine.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

He . . .

(beat)

It can't be. He's dead.

Catherine looks at Dr. Burton, her eyes welling up.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You don't understand. It was
Theodore Buchanon.

Catherine approaches Dr. Burton, who quickly shuffles backwards.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Look!

Catherine aggressively moves towards the living room, causing Dr. Burton to jump.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine rifles through the DOCUMENTS and JOURNALS that were hidden in the trunk.

Catherine's face turns sour as she shifts through the documents.

Everything is blank. There are no photographs, and each separated document is empty.

Catherine slowly tilts her head up towards Dr. Burton.

From the foyer, Dr. Burton stares at Daniel's mangled body. His head tilts up to Catherine with immense fear in his eyes.

DANIEL (O.S.)

I found it down here. Just a bunch
of old papers and shit.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BASEMENT - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Catherine looks down at the old trunk.

Catherine opens it, and slowly rifles through the old PAPERS and PHOTOGRAPHS.

CATHERINE
It looks old . . .

Daniel looks down at the papers, confused about his wife's attraction.

DANIEL
Yeah.

Catherine opens the first page of the diary:

Blank. Nothing at all.

Daniel apprehensively approaches Catherine.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I think we should move stuff like
that into the attic.

CATHERINE
Why?

DANIEL
It's just getting so congested
around here. We're already dealing
with enough stuff as it is.

Catherine glares at Daniel.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Catherine's lips quiver as she remembers what *really*
happened.

Dr. Burton walks around the body, entering the living room.

CATHERINE
The diary, where is the diary . . .
(beat)
That . . .
(beat)
That'll prove it.

Catherine searches for the diary among the mess. She stops.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FORBIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Buchanon reaches down, and picks up the diary off of the floor.

He puts it in his coat pocket, right across his heart.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine stares at Dr. Burton, almost pleading.

CATHERINE

He took it, Buchanon took the
diary. He has it, I can prove it -

DR. BURTON

- Catherine!

(beat)

(whispers)

Please, this is lunacy . . .

(beat)

Remember . . .

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BEGIN FLASHBACK

DR. BURTON

The human brain does extraordinary
things to protect itself. If you
hear things in the house, you must
take a moment to think clearly
. . .

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Catherine holds her CELL PHONE to the side of her face,
talking to Dr. Burton.

CATHERINE

(whispers)

What if he comes back?

BEAT

Dr. Burton SIGHS on the other end of the phone.

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton shakes his head, and rubs his eyes with his free hand.

DR. BURTON
He's not coming back. I can say
that with a whole lot of certainty.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Catherine shakes. Her head droops down, almost in a trance.

CATHERINE
No, it can't be. Daniel . . .

Catherine lethargically walks through the living room. She moves past Dr. Burton without even looking at him.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Catherine looks out the wide open front door.

INT. CATHERINE'S CAR - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Catherine watches the "Man" run from the house, and into the garage.

Where there was A MAN running in the backyard, now there is nothing.

INT. NEIGHBORS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Catherine sits on Grace's couch, cup of TEA in her hand.

GRACE
It must have been hard, if I may
say.

INT. NEIGHBORS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Grace watches Daniel load BOXES into a large moving truck. She shakes her head, as Silas rubs her shoulders.

GRACE (O.S.)
You're a strong woman. I knew you'd
get back on your feet.

INT. NEIGHBORS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Catherine stares at Grace with a hint of confusion.

INT. DR. BURTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CATHERINE (O.S.)
- He killed Daniel. I always knew
it.

Dr. Burton GASPS.

DR. BURTON
What?

CATHERINE (O.S.)
I saw him that day. Running towards
the garage, I saw him. I even
locked him inside, but the cops
could never find him.

Dr. Burton shakes with fear. He takes a deep breath, before -

DR. BURTON
- Catherine, listen to me.

EXT. HISTORIC MANSION - DAY

Daniel shuts the truck door, all packed up. He turns around,
noticing Grace watching him.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
Nobody killed Daniel. He wasn't
murdered, you know that -

END FLASHBACK

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Catherine enters the kitchen. She stops at the island,
holding onto it for support.

Catherine pans her head over to the basement door.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - SECRET TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Catherine stares at the brick wall. She SHRIEKS when she realizes she is holding a FINGERNAIL. But it isn't a fingernail; just a jagged rock mixed in with the old concrete.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - TUNNEL ROOM - NIGHT

Catherine stares in shock at the horrors that the room contains.

However, now the room is completely empty. No chains, no weapons, no oil lanterns.

Nothing but the large table she used to hoist herself up.

Catherine runs her hands over it. No weapon marks, no blood stains.

It's clean.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Catherine shakes her head.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton takes his CELL PHONE out of his pocket. He looks at it for a moment.

INT. DR. BURTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Dr. Burton's PRINTER ROARS to life.

Dr. Burton retrieves the files. He flips through them, and circles a section with a thick, black MARKER.

Emergency Contact

Daniel's name appears.

Dr. Burton puts the files into his bag, and latches it closed.

INT. DR. BURTON'S CAR - NIGHT

Dr. Burton flies down the snowy road.

DR. BURTON

Hello? Yes, my name is Dr. Richard Burton. I'm Catherine Fournier's psychiatrist, and I'm worried about her. Can you get to her house to check on her? You much closer than I am at the moment.

(beat)

I wouldn't ask you if I didn't think it was an emergency. I . . .

(beat)

I'm afraid she is going to hurt herself.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daniel sits on his couch. A younger WOMAN is curled up in the corner, with a GLASS of WINE in her hand.

DANIEL

What?

DR. BURTON (O.S.)

I know you're separated. But -

DANIEL

- Divorced, actually.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)

Yes . . .

INT. DR. BURTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton shakes his head.

DR. BURTON

I'm afraid for her. You're only a few minutes away. The police could only trigger a deeper state of mania. I think that if we talked to her together, we can get her to check in to a facility. Or, we can at least get her some immediate help.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daniel takes a deep breath.

DANIEL
You know, divorce is usually the
last step in a relationship . . .

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
I understand your frustrations. I'm
just happy you're here, and not in
California.

DANIEL
Yeah, I'm splitting my time now.
I'm as surprised as you, trust me.

INT. DR. BURTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

DR. BURTON
I'm heading over now. As soon as I
get there, you can head back home.
I . . .
(beat)
I don't want my patient to hurt
herself.

Daniel SIGHS on the other end.

INT. DANIEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DANIEL
Alright. I'll go now.

Daniel hangs up the phone. The Woman looks at Daniel,
perplexed.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I have to finish something.

Daniel stands up, and exits the living room.

INT. DR. BURTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Burton puts down the phone, and grips the steering wheel.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Burton DIALS a three-digit number. He holds the phone to his ear.

DR. BURTON
Hello, I just called. I'm afraid
the situation has become more
severe . . .

Hogan SNIFFS the body of his former master. He SIGHS, and lies down next to the pooling blood.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The fancy bottle of wine sits proudly on the breakfast nook. Catherine trudges over, and finally picks it up. There is a small NOTE underneath.

Catherine reaches for it.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BASEMENT - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK

The basement is quiet. No sounds of the SAW, no cursing Daniel.

Catherine moves about upstairs.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
There was a man in our backyard! I
locked him in the garage, the
police said we need to stay in the
house.

The FOOTSTEPS move closer to the staircase.

CATHERINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Daniel? Can you hear me?

Catherine walks down the stairs, exactly like when she found his body.

However, now there is no body. Instead, the expensive bottle of WINE sits on Daniel's work bench.

Catherine walks up to the work bench, and reaches for the NOTE under neath the bottle. She brings it close to her face.

Catherine slowly opens the folded note.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daniel packs a small SUITCASE as Catherine stands just inside the doorway.

DANIEL

I have to make money, I don't understand what is so hard to comprehend. Right now, that money is in Los Angeles.

CATHERINE

I thought we agreed that you'd take less trips, and we'd focus on remodeling the house -

DANIEL

- I'm doing the best I can! You're the one who wanted to come all the way out here.

CATHERINE

We *both* made this decision -

- Daniel turns around -

DANIEL

- Bullshit! This was all about you! You wanted to come here, you wanted to start a family!

CATHERINE

And you didn't?

DANIEL

I'm fifty years old! I don't want to go to high school graduation parties when I'm almost seventy!

Catherine steps back, appalled.

CATHERINE

I can't believe this . . .

Daniel grinds his teeth.

DANIEL

I can't do this, I have a flight to catch. We'll talk about this when I get back.

Daniel storms off, leaving Catherine to fight back her tears alone.

A door SLAMS off screen.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Catherine slowly brings the note closer to her face.

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - BASEMENT - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Catherine raises the note, matching real time.

The note reads:

I'm sorry.

Catherine looks down at the bottle of wine. She reaches towards it, and plucks Daniel's WEDDING BAND from behind the bottle.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HISTORIC MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Catherine sits on the floor, her back propped up against the wall. Tears pour down her face, but she does not make a sound.

Dr. Burton quietly steps into the kitchen.

DR. BURTON
Catherine, I . . .
(beat)
I failed you.
(beat)
I'm sorry.

POLICE LIGHTS begin to creep into the house, washing over Catherine's body.

EXT. HISTORIC MANSION - NIGHT

A distraught Catherine is being led away in HANDCUFFS by Officer Stevens.

Dr. Burton watches her as she goes, unable to take his eyes off of her.

DETECTIVE VINCENT (63) approaches Dr. Burton with a NOTEPAD in his hand.

DETECTIVE VINCENT
You're the one who called it in?

Dr. Burton nods, not taking his eyes off of Catherine.

DR. BURTON
I'm her psychiatrist.

DETECTIVE VINCENT
Real shame, this whole thing.

Detective Vincent flips through his notebook.

DETECTIVE VINCENT (CONT'D)
So, she thought her husband was
dead this whole time?

Dr. Burton nods, and turns to face the Detective.

DR. BURTON
She had an emotional break, yes. I
knew she was having some moments
where clarity eluded her, but I
never thought . . .

Catherine is placed in the squad car, the door SHUTTING behind her.

Dr. Burton rubs his eyes under his GLASSES.

Detective Vincent continues to flip through his pad.

DETECTIVE VINCENT
She talked about a Theodore
Buchanon attacking her. What was
that all about?

DR. BURTON
I don't know who that is.

DETECTIVE VINCENT
I do.

Detective Vincent points to the crest on the side of the house.

DETECTIVE VINCENT (CONT'D)
You're from this city, and you
don't know who Theodore Buchanon
is?

Dr. Burton shakes his head.

DR. BURTON
I'm an import, actually.

DETECTIVE VINCENT
Well, I know you've driven on
Buchanon Boulevard before.

Dr. Burton SMIRKS.

DR. BURTON
You don't say?

DETECTIVE VINCENT
The very same.
(beat)
He's also been dead for over a
hundred years. He was the last leg
of the underground railroad,
helping people cross the river.
Kinda famous around here, my kid
played him in the school play years
ago.

DR. BURTON
I see.

DETECTIVE VINCENT
So, the chances of this woman being
attacked by Theodore Buchanon are
about as good as me being visited
by Martin Luther King.

Dr. Burton stares as the squad car pulls out of the driveway,
and drives down the road.

DR. BURTON
I would be inclined to agree.

Dr. Burton turns back to Detective Vincent.

DR. BURTON (CONT'D)
She kept talking about an old
diary. From a little girl. Have you
seen it?

DETECTIVE VINCENT
We're still canvassing. We'll keep
our eye out.

Dr. Burton nods.

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Catherine sits in the backseat, her head hung. She slowly raises her head, and turns around.

Catherine stares at the house, as the sun peaks over the horizon.

It's just a house. Like any other.

Catherine takes a deep BREATH.

Just before the squad car makes a turn, Catherine takes one last look at the house.

In the upstairs 'forbidden' room, someone STRIKES A MATCH. The Figure of a MAN is briefly visible as he lights a PIPE.

Catherine's eyes open wide, and she SCREAMS.

CUT TO: BLACK