

IT FOLLOWS

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

1

ANNIE (20) stumbles out the front door of her parent's lakeside home. She's in her pajamas, wearing red pumps. She moves with urgency and a primal fear.

She looks back as she runs, turning onto the street.

We hear the screen door open and close again.

Annie slows down, a few houses down. She stops and turns towards her home, standing in the center of the street.

Street lamps and oak trees line the block.

It's quiet. Annie stares ahead, seeing something, she starts to back up.

One step. Then another. Click of heels on concrete.

Slowly, tracking backwards, Annie remains focused on something, fearful. We see nothing.

Nearby, a young couple, pulling groceries from their car notice Annie walking in the street. The WOMAN steps towards the sidewalk, concerned.

WOMAN

Hey, are you ok?

Annie nods to the woman, but remains focused on something else.

WOMAN

You need some help?

ANNIE

No.

The woman shrugs to her husband and turns away.

Annie turns - aware of something closing in. She continues stepping backwards.

A door opens. ANNIE'S FATHER steps onto his front porch, frazzled. He looks around and sees Annie in the street.

ANNIE'S FATHER

Annie! What are you doing?

Annie looks to her dad, then back to the street - continuing to move away.

ANNIE
I'm fine, dad.

ANNIE'S FATHER
Where are you going?

ANNIE
Nowhere.

Annie looks back to her dad and the open door. She sprints forward, rounding her imagined chaser.

Annie races across the lawn towards her father.

ANNIE'S FATHER
What the hell, Annie?

She hops onto the porch, flashes a smile to her dad and runs into the house. Confused, her father follows her.

It's quiet again outside. The couple carry their groceries inside.

Moments later, Annie runs out the front door, keys in hand, a purse over her shoulder.

She sidesteps across the porch and climbs into her car. Starting the engine, Annie speeds away as her father runs outside once more.

2 INT. ANNIE'S CAR - NIGHT

2

Annie drives down a dark street with wild abandon.

The radio is on.

Her cell phone rings from inside her purse on the passenger seat.

3 EXT. LAKE ST. CLAIRE - NIGHT

3

Annie's car is parked at the edge of a beach. The driver's side door is open. The headlights are on.

Near the water, Annie sits alone in the wet sand, facing the car.

A ring tone chimes, muffled through the cloth of her purse.

She stares. Focused. Terrified.

Annie looks ahead at the shadow-filled horizon of sand. Late night mist flows across the beams of her car headlights.

Reaching into her bag, Annie grabs her cell phone and presses a button. She's nearly crying as she holds the phone to her ear.

ANNIE

Dad? Hi. I love you --

She listens, watching her surroundings. The water continues to splash lightly behind her.

ANNIE

I know. I know. I just wanted you and mom to know how much I love you.

Annie stares ahead. We see her point-of-view, headlights beaming down across the sand, illuminating her footprints. The dark trees shift and sway.

We hold on this frame, even as Annie continues to speak.

ANNIE

I'm sorry I can be such a shit to you sometimes. I don't know why I do that. Just know that I love you, ok? I just really -- love you both

--

4 EXT. LAKE ST CLAIRE - MORNING

4

A hard-cut reveals.

Harsh morning sunlight on the sand and lake. Peaceful sounds.

Annie is laying along the shore. Her body is pale and still.

She's dead. Her jaw hangs open, head slumped to the side. Blue lips and face, covered with bug bites. Her leg is twisted back, violently rotated in its socket, a piece of bone visible near the knee's twisted skin. Her red pump dangles from her foot, over her chest. Legs open. Something awful and provocative.

Water or something viscous has soaked her pajama bottoms, creating a small wet circle in the sand near her waist.

A seagull pulls at a piece of skin near her toes.

Cutting back to the now familiar POV shot facing the car and the trees, we see two young kids looking at the body. A sister and her younger brother. They stand, looking down, almost frozen by the sight. The little boy holds a kite in his hands.

In the sunlight, it might be possible to distinguish Annie's footsteps leading down from her open car door, the children's footsteps leading up to their current position, and a third set of footprints at the far left of frame. This third set leads up to Annie and then recedes back into the treeline.

The waves continue to roll.

5 EXT. JAY'S BACKYARD - DAY

5

JAIIME "JAY" HEIGHT, a pretty 19 year old girl, relaxes in her hot tub, sipping a cola. Droplets of sweat dot her cheeks and forehead.

A breeze pushes a swarm of white dandelion seeds through the air, swirling past the young woman's face.

Jay stares up at a couple of birds hopping along the telephone wire overhead. She smiles as they hop and peck - sharing some food.

A squirrel races along the wire causing the birds to fly away.

Jay looks down, stretching her arms out in the hot water. She looks at her hands and legs immersed in bubbles. The bright sun reflects against the surface.

Something irritates her shoulder. Jay turns her head and looks at her upper arm just above the water. She sees a tiny red ant moving toward her elbow.

She watches it closely for a moment, then lowers her arm into the water, dispelling the tiny insect in a swirl.

The glass door slides open, KELLY, Jay's 17-year-old sister, leans out from the doorway in her summer clothes - it's an Indian Summer.

KELLY

Hey Jay.

JAY

What's up?

KELLY

Nothing. Paul and Yara are here.
We're gonna watch a movie if you
feel like it?

JAY
Thanks, I'm going out actually.

KELLY
That guy?

JAY
Yeah.

Kelly swings a bit, hanging onto the door handle. She flips her hair up with a goofy smile and looks to her sister.

KELLY
I like him.

JAY
Yeah me too.

Kelly steps inside and slides the door half-shut.

Across the backyard fence, Jay notices movement in the neighboring yard.

Looking closely, she sees two pairs of eyes peeking out from a pile of lumber. The NEIGHBOR BOYS spy on her through the chain-link fence. A couple dumb little kids - ages 8 and 11.

Jay gives them a dirty look and points.

JAY
I see you.

The boys duck down out of view.

JAY
Don't you have a video game to play
or an animal to torture?

Jay slides deeper into the tub. She holds her mouth just above the surface of the water.

6 INT. JAY'S HOUSE - DAY

6

Jay walks inside, wrapped in a towel, her hair wet.

In the adjoining living room, Kelly sits with her friends watching a bad comedy. They're sprawled across the furniture.

On tv: a man talks with his English-speaking dog about the woman he loves. The dog offers bad romantic advice.

PAUL, 17, eats cheese curls on the lounge chair.

YARA, 17, is slumped into the couch cushions with her legs across the coffee table; a pair of glasses on her nose. She reads an ebook on her pink-shell-compact smartphone, still managing to laugh at the television.

Jay stops alongside Kelly and watches a moment of the movie.

Jay smiles and waves to Yara, who glances up just long enough to see who's around.

JAY
What are you reading?

YARA
The Idiot.

JAY
Is it good?

YARA
I don't know yet. It's about Paul.

Paul makes a face toward Yara, irritated.

Jay leans over the couch, letting water drip onto her sister's face. Kelly swats her away.

PAUL
Hey Jay.

JAY
(smiling at the bunch)
Hey Paul.

MRS. HEIGHT, Jay's mom, drinks wine and smokes in the dining room, chatting on the telephone. Laughing.

MRS HEIGHT
(into phone)
Oh no I'd love to. That sounds fun.
I could come over and cook for you
if you'd like. I make a really
delicious quiche. Do you like
quiche?

The woman continues to flirt and smile through the telephone receiver. For a mother, she is awkward and shy.

Without looking up, Yara mumbles a statement over the hokey music of the movie.

YARA

Hey, I have an idea --

PAUL

What?

Yara casually farts, staring down at her telephone screen.

YARA

Oh -- it got away.

Kelly and Paul laugh and grimace as Yara grins like a child. She scrolls and swipes, reading the novel on her phone.

Jay raises her brow and heads for the hallway.

Paul turns and glances at Jay as she walks away, eyeing the older girl.

Yara and Kelly notice him staring at Jay. They smile to each other, aware that he's love-struck and hopeless.

7 INT. JAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

7

Jay adjusts her blouse in the mirror. She looks at herself, admiring and critiquing.

Leaning close to her reflection, she puts on her make-up.

A polaroid on the mirror shows her drinking a beer with Paul at a dark indoor swimming pool, much younger.

Dirty clothes hang from chairs or sit in piles along the floor. Old dolls boxed in a corner. A scuffed and dirty yearbook. Things covered in dust, all bathed in the green & orange haze of summer light through curtains and a nearly imperceptible post-adolescent mist.

Jay moves a lock of hair across her forehead, finessing its placement, being picky.

She laughs at herself and blows a gust of air up - causing her bangs to flip.

From across the room we watch the rest of the scene:

Jay walks to her dresser and grabs a pill bottle from atop it.

She opens the plastic container, pops out a pill and swallows it. No water necessary.

Jay sets the bottle down and re-examines her outfit and shoes in the mirror.

A pose, how does my ass look? Ok.

A coy glance at herself. A funny bug-eyed face. A raspberry from buzzed lips and exhaled air.

We hear a deep rumbling as the camera pushes in towards the mirror, moving tightly on Jay's lips as she covers them in dark pink lipstick.

8 EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

8

Jay stands alongside her date, HUGH (21), waiting in a long line to buy tickets. They stand under the marquee, looking out at the street and the passing crowds.

Hugh has a look of contentment on his face. The couple kiss. A woman behind them glares and makes a face, jealous and irritated by their public affection. They don't notice - only us.

JAY

You ever play the "trade game"?

HUGH

No. What is it?

JAY

It's a people watching game. My sister and I used to play it when we were bored.

HUGH

(teasing)

You're bored right now?

Jay smiles and shakes her head in playful frustration.

JAY

(stern but loving)

No. Shut up. Let me finish.

HUGH

Alright, how do we play?

JAY

OK. You start by watching the crowd, casually scope out the people around us.

Hugh turns and looks at the people at the rear of the line then toward a group near the lobby.

HUGH

Ok.

JAY

Now without telling me, pick one person that you'd like to trade places with. It could be anybody. For whatever reason.

Hugh nods and scans the crowd. Jay does the same.

HUGH

Ok. I got one.

JAY

So now I get 2 guesses to figure out who you picked and why you want to trade places with 'em.

HUGH

Alright. Good luck.

Jay looks around the crowds of people on the street. She zeroes in on a very large man with a long beard.

JAY

Him.

Jay giggles and points casually at the big man. Hugh looks and laughs, shaking his head.

HUGH

No.

JAY

You could pick up cars and throw them if you were that guy.

HUGH

Yeah, but he's not my pick.

Waiting in line for popcorn with Hugh, Jay looks around the elegant lobby. She notices a well dressed, good looking guy talking to a hot blonde in a short dress.

JAY

That guy.

Hugh shakes his head, no.

JAY

I figured you'd wanna sleep with
the hot blonde.

HUGH

Nope. She's not even cute.

Jay rolls her eyes. Hugh is clearly lying about the woman's attractiveness.

JAY

Ok. Who was your trade?

Hugh looks over at a couple standing by the stairs with their little boy - feeding him movie theater junk food.

HUGH

Him.

JAY

The dad?

HUGH

No. The son. How cool would it be
to have your whole life ahead of
you?

Jay shrugs - thinking about it.

JAY

Come on. It's not like you're an
old man. You're 21.

HUGH

I know. But look how happy that kid
is. Plus, at that age you can go to
the bathroom anytime you want.
Total freedom.

JAY

Yes, he's probably taking a shit
right now.

HUGH

Exactly. I could never get away
with that.

Jay shakes her head and smiles.

10 INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

10

With popcorn and drinks in hand, Jay and Hugh take their seats. Jay starts to scope out the theater and nearby patrons.

The organist plays an overture.

JAY

Ok. My turn.

Jay looks around, turning back to see the rear of the theater.

JAY

I got mine.

Hugh smiles as he eyes the surrounding crowd - enjoying the game. Jay watches with anticipation.

HUGH

How about the girl in the yellow dress?

JAY

Where?

HUGH

There.

JAY

Uh -- I don't see her.

HUGH

Right there.

Jay stares, confused, she sees no one, same as the audience. Hugh points at an empty space near the curtained entrance.

There is NO girl in a yellow dress, anywhere.

JAY

Are you teasing me?

Hugh looks at his date and begins to realize she's not kidding. His face changes. He stares back at the walkway, focused on something or someone unseen by us.

JAY

Hugh, I'm sorry I just don't know who you're talking about, but that's not who I picked --

Jay's smile starts to fade.

HUGH
I'm sorry.

JAY
No. What's wrong?

Hugh glances back quickly, starting to stand up.

HUGH
I don't think I feel like watching
a movie.

JAY
Why? What's going on?

Hugh sets his drink down. Jay stares at him, looking for an explanation.

HUGH
I don't feel good all of a sudden.

Hugh is fidgeting, sweaty.

JAY
Oh. Well we don't have to watch the
movie. You need to go home?

Hugh turns his head and looks to the back of the theater. He stares. Jay notices but doesn't say anything.

HUGH
Um, let's just go to the car.

JAY
Ok.

Hugh takes Jay's hand and leads her to the side exit,
shuffling past movie-goers as they step into the sunlight.

11 EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

11

Jay walks with Hugh towards the parking lot. She notices him glancing back, looking for something. His demeanor has changed. Something is wrong.

JAY
Did you see somebody that made you
wanna leave?

Hugh shakes his head.

JAY

Like an ex-girlfriend or something?
 You said there was a girl in a
 yellow dress. Was it someone you
 knew?

HUGH
 No. I just felt sick. I feel better
 being outside.

12 INT. '67 FORD GALAXY - DUSK

12

Jay sits next to Hugh. He drives the car down the highway,
 silent.

Jay turns from Hugh and stares ahead. She buckles her seat
 belt and watches the road, unsettled.

13 INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

13

Jay sits across from Hugh in a cozy booth, looking out at the
 street through a large window.

They're eating Italian food.

Jay smiles and leans forward, cat-like, stealing a sip from
 Hugh's wide glass of beer.

Hugh glances outside. Jay touches his hand. A moment of
 flirting.

Through a slow zoom, we move past the couple, focusing on the
 distant intersection of pedestrians outside the window. Tiny,
 but visible, a poor working class family walk together along
 the sidewalk. The kids have ice cream. The parents smoke
 heavily. A tall and very thin man crosses the road, moving
 toward the restaurant, he coughs and hacks into his forearm.

14 INT. '67 FORD GALAXY - NIGHT

14

Hugh's car is parked on the street near Jay's house. The pair
 are making out passionately.

Mid-kiss, Hugh peeks out the window, looking into the dark
 night.

Jay pulls away from the kiss and reaches for Hugh's pants
 zipper. He gently guides her away.

HUGH
 I want to, but --

Jay looks at Hugh - worried that she did something wrong.

HUGH
My stomach -- still --

Jay gets it. She smiles and nods.

JAY
Ok.

HUGH
I'll see you soon?

JAY
Yeah.

HUGH
Bye.

JAY
Bye.

Jay climbs out and jogs up to her front porch, pulling out her keys. Hugh drives off with a wave.

15 INT. JAY'S CAR - MORNING

15

Jay drives her car along the crowded I-75 expressway, into the city. Detroit is grey and flat.

A radio DJ comments on the Indian Summer.

16 EXT. WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - MORNING

16

With backpack over shoulder, Jay walks along the half empty path. Campus buildings loom. Old architecture resting on broken sidewalks.

17 INT. STUDENT CENTER - DAY

17

Jay eats fast food alone at a table. She watches other students pass through the large modern corridor.

Jay chews and looks down at her drink. A paper cup. A plastic lid. A straw.

The chatter mixes together into a blur of voices.

18 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

18

A LITTLE GIRL on a distant porch covers her eyes and counts to 10. Her friends run and scatter behind bushes and garbage cans.

LITTLE GIRL
7 -- 8 -- 9 -- 10 -- here I come!

A bunch of LITTLE KIDS are playing FREEZE TAG on a distant front lawn. They scream and laugh as they run from each other.

Once tagged, they stand frozen, until someone else crawls under their legs and frees them.

Jay walks with Kelly down the sidewalk, drinking Slurpees. They pass by the children's game in progress.

Kelly pulls out a pack of cigarettes and lights one. She takes a drag.

KELLY
Thanks for walking with me.

The two girls step leisurely down the block.

JAY
Mom knows you smoke.

KELLY
Yeah, but she'll cry if she actually sees it happening.

JAY
Or she'll steal your cigarettes.

Kelly shakes her head.

Jay takes a sip from her drink. She looks out at the green lawns and clean suburban stretch ahead of her.

KELLY
How's it going with Hugh?

JAY
Good. Mostly. He was acting kind of weird last night.

KELLY
Why?

JAY
I don't know. He said he wasn't feeling good, but it seemed like something was on his mind.

Kelly exhales, stepping down the street.

KELLY

Have you -- um --?

Jay looks at her sister.

JAY

No. I know he wants to -- but last night -- he seemed different.

Kelly starts to laugh at her sister.

KELLY

(teasing dryly)

Maybe he's a virgin?

JAY

He's not. I mean, I don't know for a fact, but -- no.

KELLY

So what's the problem?

JAY

I don't know.

An old woman approaches, walking her dog. The girls pet the animal as it passes.

OLD WOMAN

(looking at her dog)

She loves the attention.

JAY

Yeah.

The woman walks on and the girls resume their journey home.

JAY

You're still-- ?

KELLY

Me?

Jay nods.

JAY

You haven't-- ?

Kelly looks at Jay - then finally understands what she's getting at.

KELLY

I haven't slept with anybody. Not for any real big reason or anything. I will -- eventually. Maybe soon. Any minute now.

JAY
Whenever.

KELLY
Yeah.

JAY
What about Paul?

KELLY
Ehhh. We kissed once and it didn't feel right. He's more like a brother -- although he's kind of in love with you. So I don't know what that means.

Jay smiles and thinks about it for a moment.

JAY
It'd be like fucking my step-brother.

Kelly starts to laugh.

KELLY
Gross.

The two sisters smile and share a laugh.

They pass before a modest house with a pristine lawn. A fighting couple, possibly a girl mid-tantrum, can be heard inside. We see Jay's POV as she stares at the brick ranch home, passing it slowly. She shakes it off and continues down the suburban block. The yelling fades.

Kelly takes a final drag, then tosses her cigarette into the street.

KELLY
Do I smell bad?

Jay leans over and smells her younger sister.

JAY
You smell like cherry coke, banana nicotine.

KELLY
That's my favorite flavor.

JAY
Mom's gonna love it.

Kelly slurps her drink - making a funny sound through the straw. Jay smiles, walking through her sunny neighborhood, looking around at the street she grew up on.

JAY
It's weird still being here. It's like -- everybody else went away to school, but me.

KELLY
Dad said he'd pay for you to go away.

JAY
I'm not sure I even want to. It's all kind of useless isn't it? I mean, degrees don't get people jobs. At least not good ones. Look at mom.

KELLY
Then why are you even taking classes, dumb-ass?

Nearing their own house, Jay notices a very HANDSOME young man washing his car in a driveway across the street. GREG HANNIGAN, 21, sees them. He waves casually, without a smile.

JAY
She won't let me stay here if I don't.

Kelly waves back. Jay simply nods to him, walking along, avoiding too much eye contact.

KELLY
When I graduate, I'm getting the hell outta here. I wanna go to college somewhere that doesn't have shitty weather.

JAY
Ok. I'll visit.

Greg resumes his car washing, watching Jay as she nears her front porch. He seems very focused on the young woman.

Hugh holds Jay's hand, leading her down a dark path into the woods. A six pack dangles from his thumb. Still visible, the car headlights shine through the trees. Moonlight casts a soft glow over the area.

Hugh carries a small bag over his shoulder.

JAY
Where are you leading me?

Hugh turns and shushes her nicely, a finger to his lips.

Jay smiles and keeps walking, sticking close to her date.

They move deeper and deeper into the dark and foreboding forest.

A bird calls from a craggy and deadened tree. Jay peers into the dark as something scampers by.

Hugh looks around as he walks, always turning and watching.

20 EXT. WOODS AND LAKE - NIGHT

20

Towels hang from an old log near a small lake, black and calm in the night, surrounded by trees.

Hugh kicks off his boxers and wades into the water, gulping his beer. He smiles looking back at Jay. She steps to the edge of the lake, happy and excited, though shyly covering her chest as she takes off her clothes.

Jay grabs her beer from the mud and walks into the water, joining Hugh. She laughs as she steps deeper.

JAY
The bottom feels gross.

HUGH
It's better over here.

Jay reaches Hugh and he pulls her closer, kissing her.

Hugh watches the woods, while making out with the girl. His eyes are focused.

HUGH
Maybe we shouldn't.

JAY
I want to.

HUGH

Me too, I just --

JAY
You like me?

HUGH
I do.

Jay kisses him harder, pressing closer, it's getting heavy.

Hugh pulls back and looks around, watching the trees and the clearing.

JAY
What? Nobody's here.

Hugh nods. She's right, but he keeps scanning the woods.

Peeking around. Jay watches him, puzzled and ready, she raises her brow.

JAY
Let's go to the car.

More kissing.

HUGH
Yeah?

JAY
Yeah.

Hugh nods as he rubs his hands over Jay's back. She moves with him, their energy and tension increasing.

21 INT. '67 FORD GALAXY - NIGHT

21

Jay has a bead of sweat along her forehead. She holds her arms tightly around Hugh in the back seat of the car.

Jay breathes heavily, her body pulsing from very recent semi-aerobic activity. Their clothes sit in a pile along the floor of the car.

A tiny smile crosses her face as she sits resting on Hugh's lap. They breath in unison. Rising and falling together.

Jay grins as she kisses Hugh's ear.

Hugh looks ahead with cold and frightened eyes. Something is on his mind. Something isn't right. He hides his face amongst Jay's post-coital affection.

22 EXT. DARK LOT - NIGHT

22

The old Ford sits at the back of a dark, dirt lot. Woods and an old factory surround the car. We watch from a distance as faint silhouettes move within the vehicle.

One of the back doors opens and Hugh climbs out, pulling up his boxers. He walks around the car and opens the trunk.

Partially obscured, we wait as he attends to something at the back of the car.

The clinking of bottles and junk. The sound of a beer can opening.

JAY

It's funny, I used to daydream
about being old enough to go on
dates and drive around with friends
in their cars.

Some viewers might notice the absence of a license plate.

23 INT. '67 FORD GALAXY - NIGHT

23

Jay lays across the length of the back seat, resting on her stomach. She kicks her heels up playfully as she pokes her head out the open door.

We hear the trunk close. The sound of footsteps.

JAY

I had this image of myself holding
hands with a really cute guy,
listening to music on the radio and
driving along a pretty road --
maybe somewhere up north -- after
the trees started to change color.

Opening the opposite rear door, Hugh crawls inside the car, laying across Jay. He kisses the back of her neck. Caresses the side of her bare waist.

Jay grins as Hugh kisses her. She rests her cheek on the leather seat. Deep and slow breaths.

JAY

It was never about going anywhere --
- just having some kind of freedom
I guess. Now we're old enough, but
where the hell do we go right?

Then with force and quickness --

Hugh pushes a small cloth over Jay's mouth. She tries to move away, but he holds her head down until her eyes close. She stops struggling.

Jay rests quietly again, a cheek on the leather seat. A half open mouth. A drop of drool. A long and deep breath.

Darkness.

The sound of wood being dragged across a concrete floor.

A metal door closes.

Footsteps. Breathing.

Jay slowly opens her eyes.

24 INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

24

Jay looks around the old factory floor. A giant open space lit dimly by moonlight and distant street-lamps. Several stories up, treetops line the windows.

Hugh walks along the far edge of the space, waving a flashlight out windows and down long running hallways.

Jay half-focuses her eyes. She takes a few deep breaths.

The girl is drowsy, still under the chemical spell of an inhaled narcotic.

Looking down, Jay sees her arms and legs tied tightly to a wheelchair. She squirms and pulls but she can't move. Her body isn't fully responsive.

Hugh looks back from across the warehouse floor.

HUGH

Jay? Are you awake?

Jay stares across the darkness at Hugh as he slowly walks over. She tugs lightly against the rope and cloth bonds. Her eyes sag within their sockets.

Hugh stops in front of her. He leans down and looks at her face. He looks frightened. His eyes are watery. His face is red, like he's been crying.

HUGH

I'm sorry.

Jay tries to talk. Drool edges out the crease of her mouth.

JAY
Whuuuttt aarrhhh youuhhh
doingggggg?

HUGH
I'm not gonna hurt you. Don't
worry.

Jay stares at him with deep fear.

Hugh turns and shines his flashlight into the darkness. He scans the room. Jay watches.

She opens her mouth as if to yell, but it's nothing but a hollow gasp, a mimic of a dry heave.

Hugh shushes her with a gesture and continues waving the beam of light around the warehouse.

HUGH
You won't believe me, but I need
you to remember what I'm saying.

Jay stares in fright.

HUGH
OK?

Jay nods her head, ok.

HUGH
This thing --

Hugh looks around the room slowly.

HUGH
-- It's gonna follow you.

Jay eyes Hugh with growing concern. This is getting worse.

Hugh points his light towards a distant doorway. It's empty.

Jay pulls against her ties, trying to get free.

JAY
(with a gasp)
Hellllpppppp.

Hugh turns and looks at Jay's pretty face.

HUGH
Somebody gave it to me. I passed it
to you -- back in the car.

Jay's eyes widen, terrified.

HUGH

It can look like people you know --
or it can be a stranger in a crowd
-- whatever helps it get close to
you.

HUGH

Sometimes I think it looks like
people you love just to hurt you --
scare you -- make fun of you.

Hugh stands up and rushes to a nearby window. He aims his
light outside towards the ground.

HUGH

I see it.

Jay cranes her neck up trying to look out the far-off window.
She sees nothing.

Hugh runs over and wheels Jay's chair towards the window. Jay
looks out and down towards the adjacent field. It's dark, but
she catches a glimpse of a middle-aged, naked woman slowly
walking around the corner of the building.

Jay's eyes show fear and shock.

JAY

Whhhooooo issss??

Hugh wheels Jay back to the center of the room.

HUGH

You can get rid of it. Sleep with
someone else as soon as you can.
Just pass it on. If it gets you,
it'll come after me.- -you
understand?

JAY

No.

Jay starts to cry.

Hugh shushes her.

The room is quiet.

Hugh looks around, listening.

They wait, longer still.

We see Jay's eyes in close-up as she watches. We see her point-of-view: empty halls and dark doorways.

Nothing still.

Then --

There's a shuffling sound from a distant hallway. Hugh points his light into the darkness.

Jay cries in silence, looking towards the beam of light at the far end of the warehouse.

Finally --

A naked middle-aged woman emerges from the very distant shadows, slowly walking.

Jay watches, puzzled and scared.

JAY
Whooo isszzz atttehh?

The naked woman, still far away, creeps along staring at Jay.

JAY
Whuddda fucckk d'youu wannnttt???

The woman contorts the muscles in her mouth, oddly, revealing teeth and tongue. She continues walking forward. Jay cringes and looks to Hugh.

HUGH
Jay, I'm doing this to help you --
so you know it's real.

Hugh points his flashlight at the woman as he circles closer to her.

Hugh stands along the edge of the woman's path, waving slightly in her direction. She doesn't look at him, only at Jay.

Jay shakes in her chair, pulling at her restraints. She stares up at the naked woman, still over 50 feet away.

JAY
Ehhhhh. Noooo --

The middle-aged woman opens her mouth again, straining the muscles in her throat.

JAY
Huuughhhhh!

Another step closer. And another.

Hugh runs across the room and spins the wheelchair around. He pushes Jay down the darkened hall as the nude woman follows behind.

Jay stares ahead in shock, passing rotting walls and rusted industrial equipment.

HUGH

Never go anywhere that doesn't have more than one way out. It's very slow, but it's not dumb.

Jay looks down at her bare legs and the passing floor. Her eyes are heavy.

25 EXT. DARK LOT - NIGHT

25

Tires kick up dirt.

From a distance, we watch as the old Ford swerves around the corner and drives off down the road, racing away from the abandoned building.

26 EXT. JAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

26

Kelly sits on the stoop of her front porch with her neighborhood friends. They're playing 'Old Maid'. Paul pours liquor from his flask into a Coke can. Yara reads from her pink-shell-compact cell phone while sorting her hand of cards.

KELLY

Can I have some?

PAUL

Yeah.

Paul hands Kelly the can of pop. She takes a sip and cringes from the taste. Gross.

Kelly shakes off the sting of cheap booze and examines her cards. She holds the old maid card - unfortunately.

She tries to maintain her poker face while looking back at Paul.

YARA

(reading from her cell phone)

Listen to this -- "I think that if one is faced by inevitable destruction -- if a house is falling upon you, for instance -- one must feel a great longing to sit down, close one's eyes and wait, come what may --"

KELLY

That's why we're drinking on the porch.

Paul grins and looks over at Kelly. Yara mutters a fake laugh.

PAUL

Your mom asleep already?

KELLY

Almost for sure. Yeah. She wakes up at 5:15. I think that would kill me.

We push in slowly towards Kelly's hand of cards, centered on the Old Maid, an ugly caricature of a spinster.

PAUL

Yeah that's rough.

YARA

I never wanna have a job.

Yara's eyes dart excitedly over her cell phone screen. She smiles and nods to herself, enjoying some undisclosed prose.

KELLY

I wish I didn't.

PAUL

You love serving hot dogs and ice cream to weird old people and crying children.

KELLY

Ok. That's true. It brings me joy.

Yara rolls her eyes at Kelly's goofiness.

YARA

Where's Jay at?

KELLY

Oh. On a date

This bit of information seems to sting Paul. He covers it as much as possible. Kelly looks to him, holding up her hand of cards.

KELLY
Your turn.

YARA
Who is he?

KELLY
Somebody new.

PAUL
Of course.

Kelly gives Paul a dirty look as he grabs a card, the old maid remains in her hand.

YARA
Your sister is so pretty. It's annoying.

KELLY
It is annoying.

PAUL
At least she's nice.

Yara gives Paul a dirty look. He smirks back and she kicks him in the leg.

The old Ford Galaxy races up the street and stops in front of the house. Kelly and her friends turn and watch as Hugh runs out and opens the back door on the far side of the car. The engine is still running.

Kelly and her friends watch as Hugh pulls something from the backseat. Kelly begins to stand.

KELLY
Is everything ok?!

Hugh closes the rear door, stepping over something as he runs back toward the driver's seat.

HUGH
(pointing back at the ground)
Don't let it touch you!

Slamming his door shut, Hugh drives off, revealing Jay in the middle of the road. Still tied and bound in her underwear, she crawls toward the curb, trying to walk.

KELLY
Jay!

Kelly drops her cards and jumps from the porch, confused.

Jay tries to stand up and move closer to the outer sidewalk, she fails, falling in the grass.

Kelly rushes across the front lawn toward her sister. Paul and Yara follow behind.

27 INT. HANNIGAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

27

GREG, Jay's handsome neighbor, pulls a beer from the fridge and rounds the hallway.

Wearing sweat pants and a ragged t-shirt, he takes a sip as he approaches the front door. His hair is a mess - styled by pillow.

His mother, MRS. HANNIGAN, peeks through the screen door, flashing police lights shine through the front curtains of her home. Greg joins her, looking out at the street scene: a series of police cars, an ambulance and an assortment of people.

Jay sits on her porch, covered in a blanket, surrounded by emergency workers. Her mother, in a robe, talks with a police officer near the garage.

The other kids mill about the property as neighbors peek and pass by. There's a mist in the night air, covering the suburban lawn.

Greg and his mother watch. The young man sips his beer.

Through the screen, Greg sees Jay talking with the cops.

GREG
What happened?

MRS. HANNIGAN
I don't know.

Greg watches the scene, the glare of ambulance lights. His face shows concern.

MRS. HANNIGAN
Those people are such a mess.

Greg stares ahead, ignoring his mother.

28 EXT. JAY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

28

Jay is mid-conversation with a police officer. She sits, covered in her blanket, looking across at the man.

POLICE OFFICER
It was consensual?

Jay nods her head.

JAY
Yeah.

Jay looks back at the policeman, her eyes are tired and sad.

POLICE OFFICER
And you'd never seen the woman before?

JAY
No.

Jay shakes her head and touches her legs, focusing on her fingers stretched across her bare knees, losing herself in thought.

POLICE OFFICER
Ok. Have you ever been to his home?

JAY
Not inside, but I know where it is.
I waited in the car for him once.
He didn't want me to come in. He said he was embarrassed about where he lived.

The cop nods as he writes in his notebook.

29 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

29

Jay is in an emergency room partition.

A doctor examines her, performing a test for STDs.

Jay lays there, sad and still. Her breathing is loud and deep, each inhalation shown in labored slow-motion. Pronounced anxiety through Jay's eyes.

The camera begins to shake as it pushes towards the bed. A hollow rumble fills the soundscape.

30 INT. JAY'S DINING ROOM - MORNING

30

Mrs. Hannigan drinks coffee at the table across from Jay's mom. Mrs. Height takes her time pouring some sugar into her own coffee. She mixes in some Irish liquor and takes a sip. There's a long sigh after the drink.

MRS. HANNIGAN
She didn't catch anything did she?

MRS HEIGHT
They don't think so.

MRS. HANNIGAN
Poor Jaime.

MRS. HEIGHT
Apparently he used a fake name to rent a house in the city. The police searched the place, but they can't find him.

MRS. HANNIGAN
My god.

MRS HEIGHT
It breaks my heart. The things he said to her. So weird and sick.

Mrs. Hannigan shakes her head in sadness as she drinks more coffee, looking around the room at the wall of family photos: Jay and Kelly smile brightly in front of wooded backdrops in childhood portraits.

In one faded picture, young Jay smiles awkwardly, leaning on her grandfather's shoulder, peaking at camera. The old red-haired man grins alongside Jay's mother and father.

31 EXT. JAY'S HOUSE - MORNING

31

The storm door is open. The wind rustles the trees.

32 EXT. JAY'S SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

32

The neighborhood is quiet and mostly empty. Birds chirp. A car passes near the main road.

33 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

33

Beyond the trees of the middle-class suburban neighborhood, the concrete towers of a nuclear power plant are visible in the distance.

34 EXT. SUBURBAN PARK - MORNING**34**

A few kids laugh and play near a jungle-gym. A small boy sits on the swings.

35 EXT. ICE CREAM STAND - MORNING**35**

The ice cream stand appears empty.

36 EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MORNING**36**

A police car is parked in the dirt lot. The abandoned building sits within the quiet field. Two police officers walk calmly along the grounds. One examines the discarded wheel chair lying sideways in the grass.

37 EXT. JAY'S HOUSE - DUSK**37**

The sky is a dark purple. The house is closed up and quiet. The trees sway.

38 INT. JAY'S BEDROOM - DUSK**38**

Jay rests in her bed. The wind blows steadily against the window.

A glass of juice and a plate of untouched food sit on her side table, a pickle, Doritos and a white bread, crust-cut sandwich. There's a pill in the center of the napkin.

39 INT. JAY'S BATHROOM - MORNING**39**

Jay stares at her body in the mirror, looking down as she lifts the top edge of her underwear. She inspects herself.

Did I catch something?

Shallow breathing, from fear. Examining under the bright light.

A terrible rumbling begins. The bass and reverberations fill the room. Jay looks down.

Dirty clothes hang from chairs and shower bars.

The sun shines through the bathroom window. A large patch of negative space sits between Jay and the glass.

Is something outside?

The open bathroom door looks into the bedroom. Mirrors suggest empty space and shadows, things out of view.

We wait for something to emerge.

Smash!!!

Jay jumps from fear as a ball thumps against the bathroom window.

Taking a moment, she walks slowly towards the window.

Jay peeks outside and sees a ball sitting in the grass below.

No one is visible outside.

40 EXT. JAY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

40

We see a reverse shot of the neighbor boy hiding beneath the window sill. He peeks back inside, covertly staring at Jay as she walks to the sink and drinks straight from the faucet. She's stooped and shaken, lapping at the water.

The rumbling resumes, growing and doubling, feeding back on itself.

41 EXT. WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - MORNING

41

Jay walks along the main path with her backpack, staring at the edges for something unknown.

Her POV tracking forward, a half-barren campus.

Jay steps ahead. Nervous and cautious.

The old buildings cast shadows overhead. A homeless man lays quietly on the ground - peeking at the pretty girl.

Jay sees a woman walking towards her on the path. Slow, possibly handicapped or a survivor of a stroke.

Jay watches her out of the corner of her eye, the female student passes.

42 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - MORNING

42

A man lectures at the front of the class. Chalk marks fill the board, along with the printed notation of "Fall Semester Sociology".

20 or so young adults sit throughout the room at desks and chairs, shorts and t-shirts fail to fend off the humidity.

Jay writes notes by pencil at the far edge of the classroom.

The large windows to her right show the adjacent square.

Jay bites on the edge of her pencil as she stares out at the campus. The heat is visible.

Sweat forms on her skin. She fans herself with a book.

Greg sits on the opposite side of the classroom, near the back. He glances over at Jay, watching her with concern and curiosity.

Students walk lazily along the pathways near the square. Jay watches them walk. The teacher's voice fades from her ears.

A few people relax on blankets in the grass, sharing food and talking.

Jay sees an OLD WOMAN IN PAJAMAS walking very slowly, emerging from behind a row of trees. She focuses on the woman as she hobbles along.

The old lady steps directly across the blankets of studying students, passing between couples without notice. She stares with her mouth open, looking directly at Jay.

Jay takes a breath and watches with frightened eyes.

The old woman walks closer and closer to the building, moving past some shrubs, approaching the windows.

Jay tenses up. She stands awkwardly, grabs her bag and walks out of the classroom.

TEACHER

Uh, Jay, are you--?

Jay closes the door without a word. Greg looks out to the hallway with concern.

TEACHER

OK. Well --

43 INT. MAIN COLLEGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

43

The heavy door opens a crack. Jay peeks out, just an eye. She sees a few college students chatting together near the end of the hall. An administrator pushes an AV cart out of a nearby classroom.

Jay opens the door the rest of the way and steps into the hall. She looks around as she makes her way down the long passage.

She eyes classes in session.

Jay runs her hand along the wall. A few more steps onward.

Far off, at the opposite end of the hall, Jay sees the old woman walk very slowly into view.

Jay swallows hard as her breathing quickens. She watches with curiosity and fear as the old woman stares ahead and moves closer.

Jay stops and waits.

The CHATTING STUDENTS, a few girls laughing and gossiping in the middle of the hall, fail to notice as the old woman walks straight through their semi-circle.

Jay stares, puzzled over the lack of attention to the old woman in pajamas.

Though still far off, the old woman keeps coming closer.

JAY

Hello?

The old woman doesn't respond.

One of the chatting girls turns back and looks at Jay, giving her a funny look. Do I know you?

CHATTING GIRL

Hello?

Jay says nothing in reply. She fixates on the old woman.

The chatting girl shrugs and laughs, turning back to her friends.

The old woman moves closer with crippled steps, mouth agape.

Scared, Jay turns and runs out the nearby exit doors.

44 INT. JAY'S CAR - MORNING

44

Jay drives her tiny economy car through levels of the parking structure. Descending, the camera reveals row after row of cars, students with backpacks, empty spaces, shadows.

Jay appears tense and on-guard as she steers.

45 EXT. DETROIT ZOO - DAY**45**

Jay walks past the Rackham "Bear" Fountain - kids throw pennies into the copper water. We follow behind her. She appears nervous, keeping her distance from others, scanning the crowds.

To her right, lions sprawl across the floor of their den.

Giraffes step through the Egyptian exhibit as Jay crosses the nearby walkway.

46 EXT. CONCESSION STAND - DAY**46**

Jay walks up to a large concession stand where Kelly and Paul are working.

In uniform, Kelly serves cups of cola and hotdogs to zoo-goers. Near the counter with supplies in hand, Paul notices Jay, and stops.

PAUL

Hey, what are you doing here?

JAY

I need to talk to my sister.

Paul rests the food package against the counter. He sees the look of anxiety on Jay's face.

PAUL

You ok?

JAY

Uh huh.

Jay nods but she doesn't convince him.

PAUL

We're both taking a break in a few minutes. If you want to sit down and wait --

Kelly works feverishly in the background.

JAY

Ok.

Jay looks around at the passers-by. Her neck and eyes betray her nervous energy and bird-like jitters.

Paul pulls his damp uniform away from his chest in an attempt to feel some sort of breeze.

PAUL
So hot out, isn't it?

JAY
Yeah.

Jay has sweat on her forehead and arms, but she seems unaffected.

PAUL
Want some ice cream?

Jay looks back at the young man and nods. She really would.

JAY
Thank you.

47 INT. POLAR BEAR AQUARIUM - DAY

47

Sitting in the underwater tunnel, Jay leans against the glass, rubs her temples and holds her face as she tries to relax. Paul and Kelly watch alongside her.

KELLY
Jay, what's going on?

JAY
There was an old woman at school today. She was staring at me -- it seemed like she was following me.

Jay stares down the tunnel at a group of strangers. Eyeing them carefully.

Kelly tries to hide her worried face.

PAUL
Did you know her?

JAY
No, but she freaked me out. I didn't even go back to class.

A few children in silhouette stare through the glass at the swimming polar bears. They shuffle along in awe.

KELLY
Did she say something to you?

Jay shakes her head. She looks down at the ice cream in her lap. She nibbles on the dessert as her sister and friend watch with quiet concern. They exchange a look between one another.

JAY

Hugh told me that he passed it onto
me. That something was gonna follow
me.

The light from the water adds a pulsing shimmer to her face.

KELLY

That's all bullshit, Jaime.

Jay looks up at her sister and stares back with wide eyes.

JAY

Yeah, I know.

An enormous polar bear swims overhead, a passing shadow.

PAUL

What exactly is supposed to be
following you?

Kelly glares at Paul, don't encourage this.

JAY

I don't know.

KELLY

You should tell mom what you saw.

JAY

No.

KELLY

Well, Jay, I'm worried about you.

Jay focuses on her ice cream. Small delicate bites. Kelly watches her older sister pick at the dessert with a spoon, like a young child, shoulders pointing inward.

We see the trio together from outside the tunnel, through the blue icy water.

The surface is visible just above, with pristine white glacial walls behind them. Jay's figure appears stretched and distorted through the calm water.

For this moment we hear only the pulsing of water within a reverberating tank.

KELLY

We gotta get back.

Paul nods and Jay begins to rise from her stooped and sheltered position.

PAUL

I could stay over tonight if it
would make you feel better.

Jay and Kelly simultaneously glance in Paul's direction.

JAY & KELLY

(together)

No.

Paul shrugs.

PAUL

Like on the couch or something.

KELLY

No.

Jay considers for a moment.

JAY

Maybe on the couch.

Kelly rolls her eyes as Paul grins from a minor victory.

KELLY

You should be more worried about
waking up and finding Paul humping
your leg.

JAY

That's true.

PAUL

Um --

The girls laugh.

PAUL

I'm choosing to ignore these
insults to my character --

KELLY

(to Jay)

Just keep your door locked.

Jay nods, finishing her ice cream with a small grin.

PAUL

I will stay up all night and keep
an eye out for anything weird.
Nothing's gonna happen. OK?

Jay looks up at Paul and her sister - exhaling a light breath.

48 INT. JAY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

48

Yara sits on the toilet in her pajamas clipping her toenails while chewing on a red vine. She appears focused.

Jay and Kelly brush their teeth in front of the sink, laughing to each other in the mirror. Kelly wears her old and tattered Amanda B's Dance Team shirt.

With toothpaste filled mouths --

KELLY

Mom just went to bed.

JAY

Did she say anything?

KELLY

No. She saw Paul on the couch. I don't think she cared. She had her bottle of merlot.

Jay nods, understanding the subtext. More tooth-brushing.

JAY

I keep thinking that something must be wrong with me. Even right now, it feels like I'm ten feet away from myself. The walls seem far away. I don't even like looking across the room. I feel -- overwhelmed.

Yara continues clipping, tapping her nail-tool against the rim of a tiny waste basket.

YARA

(matter of fact)

It's probably anxiety.

JAY

Will it go away?

Yara nods, chewing more licorice.

KELLY

But it can really fuck with you if you let it. So -- don't.

Jay spits into the sink.

49 EXT. JAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**49**

The night is quiet. A few lights remain on inside the house.

50 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT**50**

An empty and dark street. No cars pass. Most households are asleep.

Static shots of dark alleys, sickly oak trees, backyards illuminated by security lights.

Rusted chain link fences.

A dirty above-ground pool. Water sloshes gently through an intermittent filter.

51 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**51**

On the television, a monster roars and a woman screams.

Paul sits on the couch watching a black and white horror film. Blankets and pillows cover the couch. He eats popcorn and candy in the dim room.

There's tinny gunfire from the television. Alien sounds reverberate.

Paul tosses some more popcorn in his mouth as the on-screen hero embraces the damsel in distress.

The woman on the tv cries and kisses the hero. Paul slumps into his pillow with a sigh.

52 INT. KELLY'S ROOM - NIGHT**52**

Kelly sleeps soundly in her bed. Yara is awake in her sleeping bag, reading Dostoyevsky via cell phone.

The monster movie can be heard faintly.

Through Kelly's window, we see the outer yard. It's mostly dark and very still. We hold on the window, moving closer to it, watching, waiting.

53 INT. MRS. HEIGHT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**53**

Jay's mom is asleep on her bed. She's sprawled across the crumpled comforter in her night robe.

A bottle of wine and empty glass sit on the dresser.

54 INT. JAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

54

Changing into bedtime clothes, Jay glances out her window.

Across the alley, she sees the 11 year old neighbor boy spying on her from his bedroom window.

Jay jumps out of surprise. She covers herself and pulls the blinds down as the neighbor boy hides behind his own curtains.

Bothered and momentarily frightened, Jay sits on the floor next to the window, listening to the television echo from the hallway.

55 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

55

We follow behind Jay as she carries her blanket and pillow down the hallway into the living room.

Still awake and watching a midnight movie, Paul sits up and fixes his hair as the pretty girl plops down on the smaller love-seat across from him.

JAY

I can't sleep, not in there.

PAUL

That's ok. Sleep here.

Jay smiles and pulls the covers over herself.

They sit together, quiet, watching the television.

PAUL

You really ok?

Jay pauses, then looks at Paul. She shrugs her shoulders.

PAUL

Everything's gonna be cool.

Jay nods her head. On the television, several soldiers lure a giant monster into an electrical trap.

PAUL

It's funny, I haven't spent the night over here since we were kids.

JAY

There's a reason for that.

The pair crack smiles.

PAUL

Shut up. I'm serious. It's cool to spend time with you.

JAY

Yeah.

PAUL

We used to hang out all the time. Remember?

Jay nods.

PAUL

At some point, it must've been weird for you having a guy friend that was younger than you.

JAY

I don't know. I think we just grew apart, right? Or you and Kelly got close. It's not a big deal, is it?

PAUL

No. Not a big deal.

On the tv, a soldier flips a switch and sends a giant arc of electricity into the towering monster.

JAY

You were my first kiss, you know.

PAUL

I know.

JAY

Was I not yours?

PAUL

No. You were.

JAY

And you kissed Kelly. She told me. You kissed two sisters -- that's kind of gross.

Paul grins.

The monster in the movie shrinks and disappears under the electrical charge.

PAUL

Do you remember that time we found
all the porno magazines in the
alley by Barry's Pizza?

JAY

Yes.

Jay shakes her head with a smile, silly memories.

PAUL

We were such stupid kids.

JAY

Ridiculous.

PAUL

We're all sitting on Greg's front
lawn with a dozen dirty magazines
sprawled everywhere and we're
laughing --

Jay chuckles at the memory.

JAY

We had no idea how terrible it was.

Paul starts to laugh.

PAUL

And Greg's mom?! Remember her face
when she came outside and saw us
all sitting around reading that
shit?

Jay laughs along with Paul.

JAY

She scooped them up so fast. Called
my mom too. Me and Kelly got a sex
ed lecture the next day.

PAUL

I got one too.

Jay and Paul smile to each other from across the room.

They hear the sound of glass breaking.

PAUL

What the fuck?

Paul stares at Jay - worried.

JAY
Go look. 43. 51

Paul hesitates. He jumps up and steps to the edge of the room, trying to determine where it came from.

Jay watches, scared, behind the covers on the love-seat.

Paul turns the corner, exiting the living room.

Jay waits.

Heroic and celebratory music pours from the tv as the credits roll.

Jay scans the room, the windows.

A moment later, Paul returns. He stands at the corner of the large room.

PAUL
There's a broken window in the kitchen, but nobody's there.

JAY
Are you sure? You looked around?

PAUL
Yes.

Jay doesn't appear comforted.

PAUL
Whoever broke it ran away.

JAY
We should call the police.

PAUL
I'm gonna wake up your sister. She should probably call.

JAY
OK.

Paul steps out of view, heading for Kelly's room.

PAUL
(O.S.)
I'm surprised they slept through that.

JAY
(speaking to no one)

Yeah.

Jay sits alone on the couch. She pulls the blanket from her legs, adjusting on the small couch.

Silence.

Jay stands up and walks slowly towards the edge of the room. She rounds the corner, stepping closer and closer to the kitchen.

56 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

56

Jay hesitantly peeks inside the kitchen doorway.

A HALF-NAKED YOUNG WOMAN, with a slight resemblance to Jay, walks very slowly towards her. Small steps.

She's missing her two front teeth, while urinating through her brown suede skirt.

Dark circles around her eyes. A tube sock on one foot. The other bare. Immodest and vulgar.

Jay chokes on a scream and backs away.

She knocks over some household nick-knacks as she crosses the dining room.

Rushing towards the stairwell, Jay runs up to the home's second floor. A mad dash.

57 INT. JAY'S UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

57

Jay reaches the top landing and races towards the large rec room. Inside, she slams the door shut, locks it and backs up towards the far wall.

She breathes and listens.

Footsteps.

A knock on the door.

KELLY
(behind door)
Jay?

Jay doesn't say a word. She sits still. Waiting.

PAUL
(behind door)

Jay, can you open the door?

Jay shakes her head.

KELLY
(behind door)
What's going on?

JAY
It's in the house.

PAUL
(behind door)
There's nothing in the house, Jay.

JAY
I saw it.

KELLY
(behind door)
Just open the door, OK?

Jay watches as the door-knob rattles, then stops.

JAY
It's in the kitchen.

PAUL
(behind door)
I'm not gonna let anything happen
to you. Open the door and we'll
figure it out.

Jay doesn't move.

PAUL
(behind door)
There's nothing here.

Jay gets up and slowly walks to the door. She reaches for the handle and turns it.

Peeking out, she sees Paul and Kelly standing alone.

JAY
Get in here.

Jay waves them into the room. Once inside, she closes and re-locks the door.

Kelly stands with arms crossed, while Paul sits on the edge of a chair.

KELLY

Jay, why don't you sit down?

Jay paces and looks from the door to the second-story window.

She crumbles down onto the floor.

Kelly and Paul are silent.

JAY

I need water. Oh my god I need some water.

KELLY

I'll get you some.

JAY

No. Stay here.

Jay shivers and holds herself.

JAY

Is something wrong with me?

PAUL

Somebody broke the window. That really happened.

JAY

Yeah, but I saw a girl in the kitchen.

Jay pushes herself against the wall, almost in shock. Kelly comes over and rubs her shoulder.

KELLY

I love you. You're ok. It's gonna be alright.

JAY

You don't believe me.

KELLY

Not all of it -- no. But some of it.

There's a tapping sound at the door. All three kids turn and stare. The doorknob shakes a bit. Almost turns, but stops.

KELLY

Mom?

Knock. Knock. Knock. Three soft taps on the door.

Jay crawls across the floor towards the window, shushing her sister with a panicked gesture.

Worried, Paul picks up a broom from the corner of the room and stands near the door, wooden stick raised.

KELLY

Mom, is that you?

Jay shakes her head.

YARA

(behind door)

No. It's me.

KELLY

Yara?

YARA

Yup.

Kelly stands and approaches the door. She unlocks it, grabs the doorknob and turns.

JAY

Don't open the door.

Kelly opens the door revealing.

Yara, sleepy-eyed and bored, stands in the doorway, holding her glasses. She rubs the sleep from her eyes, while chewing on a red vine dangling from her mouth.

KELLY

See? Everything's ok.

Suddenly -

A VERY LARGE MAN peeks out from behind Yara's shoulder, bending his head down into the door frame like some kind of giant. He stares at Jay.

Jay screams as the large man follows Yara into the room, remaining just inches behind the petite young woman.

Paul looks at Jay, confused. No one but Jay sees the long-limbed giant moving closer.

Jay rushes to the back window, opens it, pushes out the screen and crawls through.

Kelly, Paul and Yara run towards her, trying to hold her arms.

KELLY
Jay, be careful!

PAUL
Hey, wait!

58 EXT. JAY'S ROOF - CONTINUOUS

58

Jay pulls her arm away and steps onto the edge of the roof. She stands, looking down.

The large man walks very slowly towards her, visible through the frame of the window, over Paul, Yara and Kelly's shoulders.

Jay turns and steps along the edge of the roof towards the side of the house.

Kelly looks out the window as Jay moves from view.

KELLY
Jay! What are you doing?!

PAUL
(to Kelly)
I'll get her.

Paul runs into the hallway, disappearing down the stairwell.

Jay lowers herself to the fence and hops into the alleyway.

A boy's bicycle leans against the neighbor's house. Jay grabs it, jumps on and rides off into the street.

59 INT. GREG'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

59

Greg sits with a pretty girl in his open garage, smoking a joint. They're flirting, his hand on her leg.

Greg notices Jay pedaling the kid's bike into the street. He watches, puzzled, as she rides off. Paul emerges from the front door.

60 EXT. PARK - NIGHT

60

Jay rides the bike into the middle of the park. She stops in an open area near the swings and an old spider-web jungle gym.

Rusted cartoon faces hover over the play area on the tops of the gym's posts.

The chains of the swings rattle in the wind.

Jay steps off the bike and lays it down on the sandy ground.

She looks around at the open park. Large elm trees and dirt paths spread out around the grassy patches of the block.

Jay watches for movement. It's quiet and still.

She walks across the lot towards the swings and sits down, nearly in shock, trying to calm herself, looking for something grounded and real.

She starts to swing - very lightly. A young woman in pajamas, alone in the night.

Her feet slide across the sand and she holds them higher.

Jay watches the park. Swinging.

Forward. Back. A dog barks in the distance. Crickets chirp.

The dog stops barking. It's quiet again.

The swing creaks quietly, the sound echoes across the trees.

Jay sees a figure approaching through the trees, partially hidden by the darkness.

She stops the swing and watches, afraid, ready to run.

PAUL

Jay!

Kelly, Paul and Yara emerge from the darkness of the park.

Meeting in the open lot, Kelly runs up to Jay.

KELLY

You could've hurt yourself! What
are you doing?

The sisters hug. Amid their embrace, they whisper.

JAY

(whispers)

I'm really scared, Kel.

KELLY

(whispers)

Me too, but we'll figure it out.

JAY

(whispers)

You can't tell mom. She'll freak out and she won't believe me.

KELLY
(whispers)
I know. It's ok.

YARA
What were you running away from?

Jay sees something. A silhouette moves through the street. All eyes turn towards the approaching shape.

JAY
Do you see that?

KELLY
I do.

YARA
It's -- a person.

Stepping into the light from nearby street lamps. Greg emerges from the darkness.

JAY
Greg?

GREG
What the hell's going on?

Jay struggles to find a response.

GREG
Are you ok?

Jay nods. Paul glares at Greg, unnoticed.

PAUL
Somebody broke into their house.

GREG
Shit. Did you call the police?

Jay shakes her head no.

JAY
I don't want to go home.

GREG
Where do you wanna go?

Jay exhales, looking up at Kelly.

JAY

I need to find him.

GREG

The person who broke into your house?

JAY

No.

KELLY

Hugh?

Jay nods. It's a small and meek response from a normally strong young woman.

GREG

What did he really do to you?

Jay shakes her head and shrugs, looking down at the ground, rubbing her eyes with her hand.

Kelly offers Greg a look, let Jay be.

GREG

(quiet)

Ok.

The gang stands around in silence, amidst the quiet park.

Greg turns and starts to walk away. Jay notices him walking off.

JAY

Are you leaving?

GREG

No, I'm getting my car. Somebody's gotta drive, right?

Greg jogs off. Kelly and Jay sit down on the edge of the merry-go-round looking out at the shadowy park. The sky has nearly achieved its pre-dawn blue.

61 INT. GREG'S CAR - DAWN

61

Jay sits in the passenger seat while Greg drives. Paul, Yara and Kelly sit in the back. Yara snacks on a large donut, while reading from her phone. Chocolate on her fingers.

The car drives into the inner city. The neighborhoods become poorer, more decayed and urban.

Jay sees a pair of middle-aged women walking carts down the street. A third and older woman trails behind them. Jay notices her watching their car as they pass. The sound of Greg's engine grows louder, feeding back on itself unnaturally.

Further on, Jay sees a homeless man standing behind a telephone pole on the side of the road. The man is perfectly divided by, and almost hiding behind the pole.

They pass him and continue on.

62 EXT. HUGH'S DETROIT HOME - DAWN**62**

Greg's car pulls up and stops in front of an old inner-city house. It sits alongside an overgrown field with a distant view of the towering Renaissance Center.

Early morning fog drifts across the face of the brick building.

A patch of police tape is strung across the front door. A sign on the lawn reads: FOR RENT.

63 EXT. BACKYARD OF HUGH'S DETROIT HOME - DAWN**63**

Paul stands on the gas meter pulling a window open. Jay, Greg, Kelly and Yara stand along the back wall of the house, looking around at the weed-filled lawn and adjoining backyards.

As Paul crawls inside, we hear the jingle of clinking cans and a bell rattle.

A dog begins to bark loudly from a distant yard.

Jay notices an old woman peeking out from behind a neighboring house. The woman stares suspiciously, then disappears.

Paul opens the back door, gesturing for the gang to enter.

64 INT. LIVING - DINING ROOM OF HUGH'S DETROIT HOME - DAWN**64**

The camera pushes forward through a dark hall.

Tiny beams of morning light shine through the covered windows. Large swathes of shadow obscure the details of the dim space. A dusty mist fills the air.

Piles of debris rest on the coffee table. Couch cushions are flipped. The television is face down on the floor.

Jay and Greg walk cautiously into the dark living room.

Moving to the curtain-covered bay window, Jay stares at an odd collection of cans, bottles and bells that hang from string across the entire length. She runs her hand over the primitive alarm.

Clink Clink jingle jingle.

Greg discovers a similar string of cans and bells across the smaller side window.

65 INT. BATHROOM OF HUGH'S DETROIT HOME - DAWN

65

Kelly rifles through drawers and checks the medicine cabinet. She finds several bottles of pills. The labels have been torn off.

Bits of daylight shine through a tiny window above the shower.

Kelly sees a bloody razor blade on the floor near a stack of towels.

66 INT. KITCHEN OF HUGH'S DETROIT HOME - DAWN

66

Yara opens the fridge and makes a funny face at the sight of open leftovers and rotten fruit.

YARA
I don't think he spent a lot of
time here.

67 INT. BATHROOM OF HUGH'S DETROIT HOME - DAWN

67

Kelly notices a crack in the wall of the bathroom. She runs her hand along the split in the dry-wall. Kelly applies some pressure and a large piece of wall falls away, revealing a hole leading to the adjoining room.

Jay peeks through the hole to her sister.

JAY
He told me never to go into a room
that didn't have more than one way
out.

Kelly shakes her head, surprised by the oddness of the situation.

68 INT. BEDROOM OF HUGH'S DETROIT HOME - DAWN**68**

Paul enters the upstairs bedroom. Water-stains line the wall. An old mattress sits on the floor. Debris and clothes boxes fill the space.

Paul digs carefully through the cardboard boxes, sorting through a few remaining articles of clothes. A couple pairs of socks. Some underwear.

69 INT. KITCHEN OF HUGH'S DETROIT HOME - DAWN**69**

Standing on the counter, Yara digs through the upper cabinets, using her cell phone to illuminate the junk inside. Greg stops nearby, looking up at her legs. Admiring.

Yara peeks into the cabinet. Pushing aside a dusty row of mugs.

A cockroach runs out and scampers across her hand.

YARA
Ehhh!! Fuck!

Yara shakes her hand in disgust. Greg chuckles.

70 INT. BASEMENT OF HUGH'S DETROIT HOME - DAWN**70**

Kelly walks alone through the garbage filled cellar. The camera pushes slowly through the dusty shadows toward a ground level window. There's tension as we near the sun-misted glass.

Nothing passes.

71 INT. BEDROOM OF HUGH'S DETROIT HOME - DAWN**71**

Under some crumpled and stained tissue paper, Paul discovers a small stack of porn magazines.

He lifts them and sits on the edge of the bed, sifting through the various covers.

He selects one and casually flips through the magazine, perusing a nude woman's pictorial.

Jay enters the bedroom and sees him. She shakes her head and moves to the bedroom's far window. It's taped over with newspapers and comic book pages. A few tears allow some morning light into Hugh's grim-looking sleep quarters.

Jay peeks through a hole in the comic book page, looking down at the nearby field. She sees a homeless man walking through the tall grass. He disappears behind a tree. Jay backs away quickly, bumping the string of cans with her arm.

Paul turns another page and finds a loose photo wedged inside. He pulls the picture out and examines it.

PAUL
Hey, look at this.

JAY
What?

PAUL
Is this him?

Jay moves to the bed and looks down at the photo in Paul's hand. She sees a younger, teenage-version of Hugh with some old girlfriend. They both have bad haircuts. The girl, a cheerleader, is wearing a boy's oversized high school letterman jacket. It reads: Lawson Vikings.

PAUL
Do you recognize the letterman jacket?

JAY
Lawson High School.

Paul nods in agreement.

PAUL
Somebody's gonna know his real name.

Jay looks closely at Hugh's smiling face.

72 INT. LAWSON HIGH SCHOOL HALL - DAY

72

Down a long, locker-filled hallway, Greg and Jay walk together towards the main office.

A few kids pass them, walking to class, dodging work.

73 INT. LAWSON HIGH SCHOOL HALL - DAY

73

Through a medium-sized window in the hall, we see a couple high school kids making out behind a tree, only pieces of the action from a distance. A teen boy in ugly clothes walks by eating an apple.

The camera pans, crossing the hall and focusing on the nearby main office.

74 INT. LAWSON HIGH SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY**74**

Through the glass we watch as Jay and Greg speak with a couple of school employees. The photo sits on the counter between them.

One woman grabs a large book from a shelf, opens it and flips through pages as a man types slowly on his old computer. Greg watches.

Jay stops and turns, looking out past us and the camera, scanning the area, she is constantly on guard.

Jay turns back and listens as the woman talks.

The camera pans again, back towards the window.

Outside, the couple are still kissing behind the tree.

A YOUNG WOMAN WITH RED HAIR is walking towards the building, carrying a backpack.

A few teen girlfriends cross the window, laughing and chatting.

75 INT. GREG'S CAR - DAY**75**

Paul and Kelly sit in the back seat of the car like kids waiting for their parents. Yara sleeps on Kelly's shoulder. Greg and Jay open their doors and hop into the front.

The high school building is visible through the front window.

PAUL

Did they know?

GREG

Yup.

JAY

His real name's Jeff.

In the distance, the young redhead with a backpack is visible walking towards the car. She's quite far away. No one sees her.

PAUL

Not Hugh?

GREG

(shaking his head)

Jeff Redmond.

KELLY

Do we tell the police?

Greg starts the car. The radio comes on, quiet. A seat-belt alarm dings repeatedly. Greg buckles up, Jay doesn't.

JAY

No.

The redhead walks closer as Greg backs the car up and pulls out of the school lot. No one sees her, except us (and probably only some of us).

Paul sees Jay and Greg share a moment of eye contact. Greg rubs Jay's shoulder for comfort.

Paul makes a face, slightly irritated.

76 EXT. HILLY SUBURBAN ROAD - DAY

76

Greg's car pulls up in front of a large upper-middle-class house on the more rural edge of the county. Well manicured lawns enhance the neighborhood's stature.

Jay climbs out of the car and walks up to the front door. Her friends pile out of the car and stand around it, like a ragged gang from a B-picture version of "West Side Story".

Jay rings the bell and waits. She looks down the street, watching the empty road.

The door opens and a friendly middle-aged woman in a rumpled t-shirt and "mom jeans" greets Jay. MRS. REDMOND smiles and looks to her.

MRS. REDMOND

Hello.

Jay stares at the woman, taken aback. Mrs. Redmond is a dead-ringer for the naked woman seen earlier at the abandoned warehouse.

JAY

Hi. Um. Is Jeff here?

MRS. REDMOND

Yeah. He is. Um -- Do you wanna
come in?

JAY

Yeah.

Mrs. Redmond glances back at Jay's friends by the car.

MRS. REDMOND

Your friends?

JAY

That'd be great.

Jay waves her sister and friends over.

77 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

77

Mrs. Redmond leads Jay and her friends down a long hallway to
the back of the house.

They reach a doorway. Mrs. Redmond knocks.

MRS. REDMOND

Hey Jeff, you got friends here.

Silence.

MRS. REDMOND

Jeff.

JEFF

Yeah mom. I'm coming.

The door unlocks and opens. Jeff looks out past his mom to
Jay and her gang. His face reveals the awkwardness and stress
of the moment. He tries to hide it from his mother.

JEFF

Hey.

Jay looks back at him, waiting for something.

JAY

Hey.

MRS. REDMOND

Well I'll leave you kids alone.

Mrs. Redmond walks back down the hall. Jeff looks at Jay.
She stares him down.

No one notices, but on Jeff's left wrist, the edge of a bandage peeks out from under his long sleeve shirt.

JEFF
You wanna come in?

Jay shrugs and steps into Jeff's bedroom. Paul, Kelly, Yara and Greg follow. Jeff appears uneasy.

Jay looks around the room. It's a very typical boy's bedroom, probably too immature for Jeff.

Tired, Yara lays across the bed and watches the scene unfold.

Greg closes the door, blocking Jeff in. He hovers near the young man as though he's about to punch him.

Seeing that he's trapped, Jeff looks over at Jay.

JEFF
I'm sorry.

Jay ignores him, looking at a small, candid photograph on Jeff's dresser.

In the photo-booth strip: Jeff smiles alongside a laughing and happy young woman: Annie.

JEFF
You don't know how horrible I feel.

Greg smacks Jeff in the face.

GREG
Fuck you.

Jeff does nothing in return. He has tears in his eyes.

JEFF
Are you gonna call the police?

JAY
I'm not sure yet.

JEFF
(his voice is weepy and weak)
Please don't tell my family. Ok?

JAY

I just want to know what's going on.

JEFF

Ok, but can we talk outside? It's not safe in here. It's really not safe.

78 EXT. JEFF'S BACKYARD - DAY

78

Jeff sits before an open expanse of lawns and landscaped backyards. There are no fences here.

On the grass at the edge of the patio, Jay and her friends sit around the host, like a teenage mob. They're drinking soda pop from straws.

Mrs. Redmond steps outside, smiling. She sets out a tray of baked snacks for the group.

MRS. REDMOND

Ok. I hope you like puffed crispy treats.

PAUL

Thank you.

Yara grabs a crispy treat and begins to eat.

MRS. REDMOND

Of course. You're welcome.

The kids nod awkwardly as they sip their cola beverages. The mother smiles and walks inside, carefully sliding the glass door closed.

Once gone, all expressions change. Jeff maintains a low whisper, trying to conceal the situation from his mother. His eyes are red from crying.

JEFF

(looking at Jay)

Even though it's following you, I can still see it -- it's not done with me either. It just wants you first. Like I told you, all you can do pass it to someone else.

Jay picks at the ground, pulling up a blade of grass and tearing it into smaller strips, placing them on her leg.

KELLY

What the fuck are you talking
about?

Further down the block, a TEENAGE GIRL IN A SOCCER JERSEY appears, cutting across the neighbor's back lawns on her way home. For now, she appears as a dot on the horizon, too distant to be seen by anyone.

JEFF

She can do the same thing I did. It should be easier for her. She's a girl.

Jeff turns and looks straight at Jay.

JEFF

Any guy would be with you. Just sleep with somebody and tell them to do the same. Maybe it'll never come back.

Paul stares longingly at Jay from behind his can of soda. We see the figure of the soccer girl begin to take shape in the distance. A casual stroll, a backpack slung over shoulder.

PAUL

Is that really possible?

GREG

Bullshit. Total fucking bullshit.

Jay pulls apart the blades of grass within her palm, fixating on the tiny details of the plant.

KELLY

(looking at Jeff)

You should take it back.

Jeff looks at Kelly, making a face.

KELLY

(to Jeff)

You know what I mean.

JEFF

It doesn't work that way.

JAY

(almost to herself)

I would never sleep with him again.

Greg exhales, growing frustrated with the nature of the conversation.

GREG

This isn't real. I promise you the whole thing is some fucked up game.

Jeff looks at Jay, her melancholy profile, down-turned. Over her shoulder, he finally notices the teenage soccer girl walking in his direction, still far away. The camera zooms in on the girl. Jeff is clearly distracted and frightened.

JEFF

I'm not safe either. OK? We shouldn't be in the same place. You need to get the fuck out of here.

GREG

Watch it.

Jeff glances back to the soccer girl. She strolls lazily across the lawns. A bit closer.

JEFF

(getting nervous)

If it kills you, it comes back to me and then all the way down the line to whoever the hell started it.

Jay stares down at her hand, losing herself in the slight movement of her flesh and fingers, something grounded and real. Paul watches her with sadness and longing.

JEFF

(nervous and quick)

Jay, I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to hurt you. Somebody did this to me too, ya know.

Greg is sweating now. He steals another look at the soccer girl. She looks back at him, then looks down.

KELLY

Who did it to you?

JEFF

(nervous)

I met a girl at a bar -- it was a one night stand -- I don't even know her name. I think that's where it came from.

Greg rolls his eyes in frustration.

GREG

Jeff? I don't believe you --

Jeff focuses completely on the approaching girl. He's fidgeting - ready to stand and run.

GREG

She might, but I think you're a liar. This is some fucked up shit you're -
(doing to her)

Jeff interrupts.

JEFF

Do you guys see that girl right there?!?

Jeff points and stares in the direction of the passing soccer girl. Everyone turns around and looks at the shy teenager, bobbing her head to the music. She notices and makes a worried face, shifting her path away from Jeff and the group.

KELLY, PAUL, JAY GREG YARA

(simultaneous)

(nodding)

Yes -- Yeah -- Uh huh --

Jeff regains his composure. He tries to adjust.

JEFF

Ok. Good. Um -- listen -- Jay --

Jeff faces Jay directly.

JEFF

Wherever you are, it's somewhere walking straight for you -- but it is walking. If you drive far enough, you can buy yourself some time to think -- decide if you wanna give it to someone else.

Jay glances down at the ground, as Greg and Paul sit silently.

Paul steals a look toward Jay.

79 INT. GREG'S CAR - NIGHT

79

Greg drives, staring at the dark road ahead. Yara snores in the passenger seat, an open bag of potato snacks on her lap.

Paul, Kelly and Jay are crammed in the back, along with their luggage.

KELLY
(to Greg)
Um -- Greg?

GREG
Yeah?

KELLY
Your mom's not gonna freak out?

GREG
She won't even know.

KELLY
It's really nice of you.

GREG
I love coming up here. My dad used to take me hunting a couple times a year. It's not like super nice, but it's cool.

Kelly nods and smiles, leaning closer to Jay.

KELLY
(whispering)
Have you thought about what he said?

Jay takes a pill from her purse.

JAY
(whispering)
What?

KELLY
(whispering)
Maybe passing it on?

Jay shakes her head as she swallows the pill with some water.

JAY
(whispering)
I don't know.

Kelly shrugs a bit. Paul peeks at Jay out of the corner of his eye, under the cover of sleep.

Highway signs pass by.

Miles of road.

Greg's car drives up the scenic, northern stretch of I-75. Giant stretches of forest and clear lakes line the road.

The sun rises higher over the trees.

81 EXT. GREG'S LAKE HOUSE - MORNING

81

Greg's car arrives in front of a lake house surrounded by open fields.

Beyond the house is a medium-sized lake.

The gang start to climb out, stretching in the morning sun.

Greg unlocks the door and steps inside.

82 INT. LAKE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

82

Jay and Paul string bells and bottles over the windows and doors. Sitting on the floor - threading old soup cans with string, Jay speaks into an old 70's-style phone receiver.

JAY

(into phone)

Hello, yes, um, this is Mrs.

Height. I'm calling to let you know that my daughter Kelly is sick with the flu and she's gonna be out for a few days - uh maybe longer.

(beat)

Uh huh. Yeah. I know. It's the season change I guess.

(beat)

Ok well, thank you. Bye.

Kelly fries bacon at the stove, while making pancakes for the group. She watches her sister from across the room.

A radio on the counter plays an old AM rock tune.

Yara dances by herself to the music, snacking on bacon as she reads her ebook. Swaying and stepping, her moves are intentionally silly.

Greg drinks a beer on the couch, staring at Yara's ass whenever possible.

Family photos of Greg and his parents line the walls. Old remnants of joyful times litter the room.

Hanging up the phone, Jay stands at the edge of the kitchen, looking out the window. She watches the empty field, driveway and lake.

Birds chirp happily in the distance.

83 EXT. OLD SHED - MORNING

83

Greg unlocks the door to a shed behind the house. He pulls a metal case from the dusty shelf.

Inside, he finds a small HANDGUN and some bullets.

Greg closes the case, and tucks it under his arm.

84 EXT. FIELD - DAY

84

Greg stands next to Jay as she fires the handgun at a far-off row of canned goods and mini cereal boxes.

He helps to adjust her aim.

Kelly and Paul watch from the distant grass as shots ring out and echo. Yara reads from her phone.

Paul seems irritated.

GREG

It sucks sticking around after everyone's gone, huh?

JAY

It's a bit lonely.

GREG

I'm right across the street you know.

JAY

I remember.

BANG! A full size box of Fruity Fun Cereal is hit, causing a trickle of colorful rice to pour from the bullet hole.

85 EXT. BOAT & LAKE - DAY

85

The boat is anchored in the center of the lake. The water is calm.

The breeze passes like a whisper across Jay's bangs. She turns onto her back and lays out across the front of the boat, feeling the warm sun.

Greg dives into the water, while Paul cannonballs in.

Kelly sits near her sister, while Yara dips a toe in the lake from the safety of the rear ladder, sipping a beer and eating snack chips.

JAY

I feel safe out here.

KELLY

We'll stay as long as we can. Mom doesn't care.

JAY

I wonder how long it'll take before it gets here.

KELLY

Jay, there's nothing coming, ok?

Jay looks back towards the shore and watches the tree-line and the open field. She stares deeply at the land. Nothing moves.

86 EXT. BOAT & LAKE - DAY

86

Yara dives underwater, kicking her feet above the surface.

Loud splashes.

Kelly holds on to the anchor-rope, floating calmly on her back.

We notice Greg glancing over at Kelly, treading water with beer in hand.

Jay swims alone.

Drying his face with a towel, Paul watches her from the boat.

87 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

87

We slowly push forward, moving up along the expressway. Cars race towards us - passing on either side. We creep along, unfazed by their proximity.

Closer and closer.

88 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**88**

The trees pass as we move very slowly but steadily through the forest.

The wind howls.

A bird flutters past us.

Distant lightning illuminates the woods. Thunder rumbles.

We move closer.

89 INT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT**89**

A bell rings. Jay turns and sees Paul step through her doorway. He closes the door with a final rattle and ring.

Jay stares up at him from her bed. Rain pours against the window.

JAY

Hey.

PAUL

Hi. How are you?

JAY

Um -- I don't know.

PAUL

Yeah.

Paul sits down on the side of her bed. He looks over and eyes her. She glances back.

There's a silence in the room. Jay shifts under her covers.

Paul reaches over and holds Jay's hand. They sit in silence. Jay stares down at their hands, intertwined. She appears a bit uneasy.

Paul leans down and tries to kiss Jay. She pulls her head away.

JAY

No, Paul.

PAUL

What?

Jay doesn't know what to say.

PAUL

I know you feel kind of alone and I just wanted to tell you that -- I'm here for you.

JAY

I know.

Paul takes a breath. It's getting awkward.

PAUL

No, I mean -- I'm here for you.

Paul places his hand on Jay's leg. Finally understanding what he's saying, she politely moves his hand away.

JAY

Oh -- um -- Paul, I --

Paul swallows hard as Kelly knocks on the door. The bell rings as she walks into the room.

She's in a towel. Seeing Paul, she rolls her eyes and gives him a shake of her head.

KELLY

Out.

Jay smirks as Paul leaves the bedroom.

90 EXT. LAKE HOUSE - NIGHT

90

Rain pours from the gutters on the ground.

Drops ping off the side of the awning.

The lake dances with volatile drops of water.

Rain falls across the windows of the lake house.

91 EXT. FIELD - MORNING

91

A grey mist has settled over the area.

Jay relaxes on one of the lawn chairs in the center of the field, near the lake. A breeze tussles her hair. She appears calm, but sad.

Kelly, Greg and Paul lounge around her, some on the wet grass, others in chairs.

Paul stares lovingly at Jay. She watches the horizon.

Behind Jay, over her shoulder, we watch as Yara steps from the forest into view, far off by the dirt road.

Yara walks closer. Paul looks off into her direction.

Greg notices Kelly's leg, stretched across the grass. She sees him checking her out. His warm eyes cause her to look away - more from shyness than anything else.

Greg gulps and finishes his beer as he stands, dropping the can into the grass. He walks off, trudging towards the distant trees.

Paul looks up at the sky, raising his hand up to feel the sun. Behind him, we see Yara in her bathing suit floating across the shallow edge of the lake on a circular inner-tube.

She floats lazily by a small but visible shape in the background.

There are clearly two Yaras. One is in the water. One is approaching behind Jay.

Paul looks back to Jay. She turns to her side and looks back towards the lake house. Behind her, Yara is now much closer - continuing to approach.

YARA

You should get in the water!

From her inner-tube, Yara looks back to her friends. Kelly glances over to her sister. Jay yawns and stretches.

KELLY

You want to?

JAY

No. You go ahead.

We see Greg, very far away, step into the trees, drop his shorts and start to pee.

KELLY

Come on.

JAY

Eh.

KELLY

Get up. It'll be nice.

Kelly starts to get up. We see the group, lounging together in the field.

JAY
Maybe in a little bit.

KELLY
Don't be so lazy.

As Jay sits in her chair, her long hair rises into the air, without cause or explanation, like a Michaël Borremans' painting.

Kelly and Paul see this occur. Jay immediately realizes something is behind her. She jumps from her chair, screams and steps backwards. The chair topples. An invisible force pulls her head down and prevents her from moving more than a few feet. She pulls backwards, a tug of war, her hair is the rope.

JAY
Help me!

Kelly takes a step closer, tentative with confusion.

KELLY
Jay?! What is it?!

Paul jumps up and grabs the fallen chair. He swings it down into the air.

We watch as the chair smashes into an invisible object, cracking, hurting Paul's hand.

Jay's hair is released, dropping back to her shoulders. She tumbles away, tripping over a cooler and falling to the ground. Kelly rushes to help her.

Paul steps closer, suddenly he's pushed violently across the grass, landing on his shoulder.

Jay crawls and stumbles away from the advancing thing. The fake Yara follows her, bloodied but unfazed.

In the distance, Greg quickly pulls up his shorts and starts to walk back, a cautious, hyper-aware gait.

GREG
Will you guys tell me what's goin'
on?!

The real Yara rushes through the shallow water and helps Jay up. She pulls her towards the lake house as Paul manages to stand, backing away from the center of the field - terrified and unsure how to help.

Kelly runs after her sister. Jay keeps moving, glancing back and pointing.

Yara, or something that looks like her, follows. The gap widens, but the thing keeps coming. Slowly of course.

Jay's friends and sister pass right by the thing as they rush to her aid. They see nothing.

92 EXT. EDGE OF FIELD - CONTINUOUS

92

Greg is still far off, approaching along the edge of the clearing. We track behind him as he watches the odd sight: Jay is backing away, screaming, pointing and staring at nothingness.

93 INT. LAKE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

93

Jay picks up the hand gun and runs to the door.

KELLY
What're you doing?!

Jay raises the gun up. She aims at the thing. Yara stares back at her. Mouth open.

Paul is almost hyper-ventilating at the edge of the room. He sees nothing but a frightened and hurt young woman aiming a gun into the air. He hides behind the couch.

Jay waits until it gets near. She aims at its face, Jay pulls the trigger.

Bang!!!

Greg dives down, taking cover in the grass.

PAUL
Fuck!

The bullet slices through Yara's forehead and ricochets out her temple. Blood pours from her skull as she slumps to the ground.

GREG
(in distance)
Stop shooting!!

Greg jumps up, arms in the air. He starts to come closer.

KELLY
Jay, please!!

The bloody Yara rises and continues walking towards Jay as though nothing happened.

94 EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS**94**

As Greg moves toward Jay with his arms in the air, she raises her pistol once again. She fires several times, the bullets coming right at us. Greg dives for cover.

Jay steps back and pulls the front door closed.

95 INT. LAKE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**95**

Jay locks the front door and slumps onto the ground. She starts to cry. Kelly tries to hold her but she can't be consoled.

Paul lifts his shirt and sees a swollen red welt across his abdomen.

Jay peeks up toward the front window. She sees a large man looking in through the glass. He shuffles slowly to the side, out of sight.

Smash!!!

There's a loud pounding from the front door. The wood shakes.

It hits again. The banging gets louder.

A foot breaks through the bottom of the door.

The women scream. Paul jumps in fear.

Yara watches as wood splinters from the center - seemingly without cause.

Jay watches as the foot kicks out a medium chunk of paneling from the bottom of the door. The foot retracts and disappears.

Silence, except for the soft crying within the room.

The friends and siblings look to the door, waiting.

Slowly, we push in, closer on the hole.

Greg appears, looking in through the broken door, his head tilted at an angle.

GREG

What the hell are you guys doing?!

JAY

Greg, it's outside!

YARA

Don't open the door!

GREG

What did you do to the door?!

JAY

It's trying to get in!

PAUL

We didn't do it!

GREG

There's nothing out here!

JAY

Yes there is!

Greg pounds his fist into the door. He pulls away and disappears from view.

GREG

(O.S.)

What the fuck -- son-of-a --

KELLY

Greg, did you kick the door? Was it you?

Silence.

We hear only Jay, Kelly, Yara and Paul, breathing deeply. Frightened and labored breaths.

Outside, it's quiet.

JAY

Greg?

He doesn't respond.

JAY

Greg, are you ok?

Jay leans closer to the door, peeking into the hole.

Suddenly.

A very LITTLE BOY WITH A STRANGE FACE pokes his head into the opening. Jay screams and jumps as the little kid crawls through the hole in the door.

KELLY
Jay, what do you see?!

The innocent looking boy stares at Jay and screams loudly, like an elderly woman.

Jay flinches and covers her ears. She pulls herself up and scrambles away, grabbing the car keys from the table.

There's a pounding from the other side of the house.

Jay runs toward the rear door.

Now inside, the little boy steps across the room.

Paul follows Jay as she unlocks the back door, revealing Greg, pounding on it.

GREG
What is going on?!!

Jay pushes past him, moving outside.

PAUL
I don't know!

Greg stares into the lake house with anger and confusion, we don't see anything other than hysterical teenagers.

GREG
(muttering to himself)
What the fuck --

Yara is crying on the floor, while Kelly stands shaking, in shock. Greg marches past them.

96 EXT. LAKE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

96

Jay runs to the car, fumbling with the key fob, unlocking the door.

As Jay climbs into the driver's seat, Greg emerges from the front door of the lake house. He inspects the crack in the door.

97 INT. GREG'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

97

Starting the car, Jay sees a young woman, Annie, walk past Greg and the others, staring at her from a distance.

Greg is shouting, trying to calm everyone down.

Jay continues to cry, not loudly, just streams of involuntary tears. She throws the car into gear.

Kelly runs from the side of the house, spotting her sister in the car.

KELLY
(distant)
Jay! Wait!

We back up at a mad speed, turning and racing up the dirt road towards the highway.

The engine roars and whines.

Kelly, Yara, Paul and Greg watch as Jay drives off.

GREG
Where are you going?! That's my
fucking car!!

The house, the friends and Annie recede into the background.

Jay stares ahead in shock. Her hands are shaking on the steering wheel.

The teenage girl presses down on the gas. She steers wide, turning a corner in the road.

Jay looks back over her shoulder. Panicked.

Up ahead, a pickup truck begins to pull out from the intersection. Protected by a stop sign, nothing more.

Jay is going too fast. Unable to stop. The truck tries to swerve.

She pulls at the wheel, hitting the brake and cutting left. Losing control.

She crashes hard into a bank of trees.

98 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

98

Jay opens her eyes. Her head is slightly bandaged around her forehead. A small circle of dried blood rests on the cotton wrap, an IV in her left arm.

Her right arm is covered in a cast, extending from her fingers to her bicep.

Jay sees the foot of her hospital bed. A monitor and the open doorway leading to a hallway.

She stares into the hall. An empty waiting room is visible beyond another door.

A NOSY WOMAN passes by peeking over at Jay.

An unseen MAN screams in pain from a distant room.

OLD MAN

(O.S.)

Somebody come and help me! I need
some helppp! Somebody please! I
just need some helppp!!

Jay watches the door, she begins to frighten herself. Her breathing grows shallow.

She looks down and presses the call button. It rings, but no one responds.

The hallway appears empty. The man's cries are silenced. The call button beeps intermittently.

JAY

Hello?

Jay stares into the doorway.

JAY

Helloooo?

The camera moves closer and closer to the open space.

Kelly steps into frame, walking from the waiting room around the corner. She crosses the hall, an expression of sadness on her face.

Jay sees her coming. She stares, fearful and suspicious. Her breathing is heavy.

JAY

Kelly?

Kelly simply nods and smiles reassuringly, shrugging her shoulders. Of course it's her.

Jay doesn't believe it.

JAY

(still afraid)

Is it really you?!

KELLY

(nodding once again)

Yeah. It's me.

JAY
(relieved)
Ok.

Jay tries to stop herself from crying. She sobs as her sister comes closer and holds her, leaning down over the bed.

JAY
Does mom know?

KELLY
Yeah. She came earlier.

JAY
How long am I gonna be here?

KELLY
I don't know.

JAY
It's gonna come here. What am I gonna do?

KELLY
We're gonna figure it out. Just relax. Ok.

JAY
How far are we from the lake house?

KELLY
Far.

Kelly sits up and yawns, pulling away from the hug. She leans back revealing.

An OLD NURSE staring down at Jay, a tray of food in her hands.

Jay sees the pale woman and is startled. She immediately freaks out, pulling away and kicking her food tray to the floor.

JAY
No! Get her away from me! Can you see her?! She's right there!

Jay points at the nurse. Kelly tries to calm her sister, grabbing her arms.

KELLY
I see her! It's just a nurse. She's bringing you food.
(looking to the nurse)

I'm so sorry -- she's really
scared.

Jay turns her face toward the pillow. She takes deep breaths.

NURSE
We'll get her something to help her
relax.

JAY
(mumbling)
I don't want anything.

Jay gasps for air.

Everything goes dark, the noises of the hospital warp and distort.

We hear the sound of Jay breathing.

99 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK

99

Jay opens her eyes again.

She sees her mother sitting in a nearby chair. The door is closed.

Paul, Greg, Kelly and Yara lay around the room, scattered in odd places: chairs, the end of the bed, the window sill.

The television is on, but no one is watching it. It's nothing but a half-muted light source in an otherwise dim room.

We hear voices, whispering around us. Nothing sounds right.

MRS HEIGHT
(muted)
Was she taking her medicine?

KELLY
(muted)
I don't know. I think so.

Jay begins to cry.

Mrs. Height moves close, holding her hand against her daughter's forehead.

MRS HEIGHT
Jay, you ok?

Jay's face shows exhaustion and fear. Her crying intensifies.

The young woman sobs and wails like a hurt child. Her mother holds her, while Kelly wipes tears away from her cheek.

JAY
(whispers)
I don't wanna die.

MRS HEIGHT
You're not gonna die. You're ok. It was a bad accident. That's all.
You'll be home in a few days.

Jay continues to cry. Greg stares from his seat.

JAY
(whispers)
It's gonna catch me.

Jay sees Greg. She looks to him for help.

JAY
(whispers)
It'll be here soon --

Jay lays against her pillow, sobbing lightly, staring at Greg.

100 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

100

We watch from outside.

The camera tracks along the exterior of the hospital windows, past the sleeping and the sick. A man on his deathbed. A women hobbling to the bathroom. A family laughing silently behind glass. A child eating over a tray.

We settle on Jay's hospital room, looking in, through the window from a distance.

Greg leans over the bed, as Jay whispers something into his ear. A private moment. He nods and says something in reply.

We slowly move closer. A tiny, creeping dolly forward.

They are alone. The room's door is closed.

Greg takes her left hand and holds it.

He kisses her and moves closer. Greg undoes his pants and pulls them down. Jay lifts the blanket up and pulls her underwear off.

Greg climbs into the bed with her, touching her body. She pulls his boxers off and holds him with one arm, keeping her cast off to the side.

Greg moves on top of Jay. She looks up at him as he positions himself inside her. Greg stares down at Jay's beautiful face.

101 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**101**

Jay looks over Greg's shoulder to the closed door. She watches, waiting as Greg makes love to her.

Her head and face shake, rising and falling as the young man moves faster, fucking her harder.

Jay stays focused on the closed door, holding Greg in her arms.

102 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**102**

Jay sits alone in her hospital bed. The room is very quiet. She stares out, lost in thought.

Is it gone?

We sit with Jay for a few moments as she takes a sip of water and then looks down at her hospital gown. Her legs. The cast on her arm.

Jay waits for something to happen. She watches the empty doorway.

103 INT. COLLEGE FOOD COURT - DAY**103**

Greg eats a sandwich, fries and coke while chatting with some girls at a table. Many people cross by.

Greg laughs with his mouth half-full.

104 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY**104**

Kelly rests on a small couch, magazines on her lap.

Paul sits in a chair, watching across the hallway, looking into Jay's room. He watches Greg smile and chat with her, casually eating applesauce from Jay's food tray.

Jay's face is partially hidden by the edge of the doorway.

Paul stares with obvious envy.

105 INT. JAY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

105

Flowers line the window sill, the sun shines brightly inside.

JAY
You haven't seen it?

GREG
Nothing.

Greg takes another bite of applesauce.

JAY
Really?

GREG
(eating)
Yeah. I'm waiting. Looking. It's
been 3 days --

Jay nods her head - unsure.

GREG
I don't think it's coming.

Jay rests in her hospital bed.

JAY
You believe me right? You're not
just playing along?

GREG
No. I believe you.

Jay nods.

GREG
I just don't think it's --
following me.

Jay stares at Greg. Worried.

GREG
Isn't that good?

JAY
Yeah.

Jay's face doesn't seem relaxed. She takes no comfort in
Greg's words.

JAY
I'm sorry about your car.

GREG
It's just a car.

He smiles and takes one more bite of applesauce, licking the spoon.

106 EXT. JAY'S BACKYARD - DAY**106**

Jay sits in the hot tub, with her cast hanging over the side, looking out at the neighboring yards. A dullness in her eyes.

The back door is half-open.

A small television rests on the deck, playing the local news.

On the tv: Bodies are carried from a collapsed building. The news announcer chatters away about the incident.

Jay stares out at her backyard lawn and the lawns of her neighbor's, yards stretching into infinity.

107 INT. JAY'S HOUSE - DAY**107**

Jay steps inside her house, drying off with a towel.

It's quiet.

She walks slowly down the hallway to her room.

108 INT. JAY'S ROOM - DAY**108**

Opening the bedroom door, Jay notices that her dresser drawer is open. The underwear drawer.

Looking across the room, she sees her bra, underwear and a pair of socks laid out across her bed as though mimicking a body.

Fear crosses her face.

JAY
Kelly!? Mom!?

No one answers. Jay looks around for an intruder.

Walking towards the bed, Jay passes a dresser, a mirror and various posters on the wall.

She reaches the bed and picks up her bra. She leans down and peers out the window.

Nothing.

Standing up, Jay sees a BOY reflected in the mirror. Startled, she screams, spinning around, falling back against the bed.

It's the 11 year old neighbor boy, hiding against the wall, panties in his hand. He takes a step forward, arm extending, worry on his face.

NEIGHBOR BOY

I just wanted to see you. I'm sorry.

JAY

Get out of here!!

The boy drops her underwear on the floor and runs out of the room, into the hallway.

Jay sits there. Catching her breath.

109 EXT. JAY'S HOUSE - DUSK

109

Kelly and Paul sit on the porch talking, drinking and listening to music. Near the garage - Yara is chatting with someone on her pink cell phone.

Greg walks out from his front door. He crosses the street and approaches the gang on the porch.

GREG

How are you guys?

KELLY

OK.

Paul nods, choosing not to speak.

Yara closes her phone and joins her friends, sitting down near Paul.

GREG

How's Jay?

Greg looks in the direction of the house where Jay is. Kelly shrugs her shoulders.

KELLY

Not great.

PAUL

Have you seen anything?

Paul stares Greg down, letting him know that he knows.

Yara covers her tiny grin, they're all in on it.

Greg silently shakes his head. Nope.

The group is quiet for a moment as they consider this.

GREG
Is it cool if I go in?

KELLY
I don't think so. She doesn't want
to open her door. She's just hiding
in there.

GREG
I thought she'd be doing better.

Greg looks towards the closed doorway. Kelly stares at him,
waiting for something back.

KELLY
I can have her call you later.

GREG
Yeah ok.

Paul watches silently, a brooding stare from the corner of
the porch.

YARA
You really haven't seen anything?
84. 110

GREG
Nope.

PAUL
She didn't make it up.

GREG
We'll know sooner or later, right?

Greg looks around, thinking about the possibility. He scans
the empty street and the rows of manicured lawns extending
into infinity.

PAUL
That chair cracked in mid-air,
something knocked me over, and the
door -- it didn't break on its own.

GREG

Something happened, but -- it's not what she thinks.

KELLY

What do you think it was then?

Greg shrugs his shoulders and steps off the porch.

GREG

I'll see you guys.

KELLY

Bye, Greg.

YARA

Bye.

Greg walks across the street. Paul watches him go, happy to see him leave.

110 EXT. SUBURBAN PARK - NIGHT

110

The dark trees of the park sway in the night breeze.

111 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

111

A dog barks from behind a fence. The houses sleep. The street is quiet.

112 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

112

We see the full neighborhood from above.

Scattered house lights and street-lamps form pools of illumination across the flat Michigan suburbs.

113 INT. JAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

113

Jay sits by her window in pajamas, watching the dark neighborhood.

Empty yards.

A car passes.

Jay yawns, a hand over her mouth.

Near silence. Some crickets.

Jay sees Greg walking slowly down the sidewalk. He turns and heads up the path to his house.

Jay knocks on her window, trying to get his attention.

Greg reaches the front door, but it won't open for him.

Jay watches, a bit confused.

Greg picks up a large stone and walks towards the front window of his house.

Jay realizes something is wrong. She grabs her 80's handset phone and dials Greg's number. It goes straight to voice-mail.

Greg breaks the glass and begins to crawl into his home through the opening.

Jay leaps up and stumbles out her bedroom door.

114 EXT. GREG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

114

Sprinting to Greg's front yard, Jay pounds on the door, pulls at the handle.

JAY

Greg! Open the door! Greg!

There's no sound from within. Jay looks to the broken front window, she runs to it and begins to crawl through.

115 INT. GREG'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

115

Falling to the carpet, Jay clutches her cast-covered arm and looks around the dark room. She stands up and moves through the house.

JAY

(running)

Greg! It's in the house! 86. 116

We hear a soft and distant tapping from above. A clock chimes.

GREG

(O.S. - distant)

Jesus, mom! I'm sleeping!

Jay runs through a dark hallway reaching the base of the stairs. She goes up.

116 INT. GREG'S HOUSE UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

116

Running up the stairs, Jay hears the sound of knocking, louder. A "tap tap tap" on wood.

JAY
Greg! Watch out!

Reaching the top of the stairwell, Jay stops. Ahead of her, at Greg's door is his mother, Mrs. Hannigan.

Mrs. Hannigan is knocking on the door. She looks over at Jay as she continues to knock.

Jay stares, suddenly understanding what's happening.

GREG
(from inside - groggy)
What the fuck is going on? Fucking
son-of-a --

JAY
Greg, it's outside your--!

Greg opens his bedroom door, wearing only boxers. He sees his mother standing before him in her open bathrobe, breasts half-exposed.

GREG
(groggy)
What the fuck, mom?

Mrs. Hannigan puts her arms around Greg. Her legs climb up, feet clawing, wrapping herself around him. He falls backwards disappearing into the bedroom.

Jay circles the doorway, looking in. She sees the woman straddling Greg, holding tightly as he convulses, his eyes rolled back, revealing white and veins. A fallen lamp flickers and strobos. The room appears to shake.

The mother pushes herself against Greg, bare legs, a loose robe, indecent. His hand struggles against hers, their fingers intertwined.

A heavy rush of fluid pours down onto Greg's boxers, soaking the carpet.

The young man stops moving. He's dead and pale, his tongue edging out the side of his mouth.

The thing looks back at Jay and stands. It begins to follow her as she backs up along the hall landing, down the stairs.

Jay runs to the front door, fleeing the house.

117 INT. JAY'S CAR - NIGHT

117

Jay pulls out of her driveway wildly. She drives down the street as Greg walks out of his front door, staring at her.

118 INT. JAY'S CAR - NIGHT

118

Jay cruises along the expressway. She tries to slow her breathing. She wipes some tears from her face.

119 INT. JAY'S CAR - NIGHT

119

The radio is on. A beautiful pop song plays from the speakers. Jay is tired as she steers along the near empty expressway.

120 INT. JAY'S CAR - NIGHT

120

Quiet now. Heading down a rural highway.

Jay pulls her car into a long dirt drive. She follows the tree-lined path deeper.

121 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

121

Jay parks and gets out of her car along the edge of some light woods. She moves around the car and climbs over the front fender, sitting on the hood.

Jay lays back and stares up at the night sky. She turns her head and watches the empty road, illuminated by a lone street lamp. She waits.

122 EXT. WOODS - DAWN

122

Jay sits on the roof of her car, facing the road. She stares out at the empty path.

She hears something. A sputtering engine. Voices in the distance.

Jay climbs down and follows the sound through the trees, toward the rising sun.

123 EXT. CLEARING AT LAKE - DAWN

123

Stepping out of the woods, Jay finds herself along the edge of Lake St. Claire. She looks out at the deep waters as a motorboat slows in the distance.

A few shirtless YOUNG MEN drink beer in the boat as it rocks and sways. Listening to music, they don't notice the young woman on shore.

Jay focuses on the men. A thought crosses her eyes.

Jay takes off her pants and shirt as she steps into the lake. She moves out, bracing herself against the cold, letting her cast drop carelessly into the water.

She swims further. The boat is ahead. The young men grow closer and closer.

Jay slows and stops. She's near the boat now. The music and laughter is louder. She looks up at the figures of men, considering. She starts to call out, but stops. Her eyes show melancholy as she paddles in place.

I can't do this.

Jay exhales and drops down into the water.

She's gone.

We sit on the surface of the lake watching the young men on the boat drink and laugh. Eventually, they start the engine and cruise off along the horizon.

A flock of birds fly overhead.

The water is still.

Jay pops up several yards away, nearly out of frame, gasping for air. She fights to swim back.

124 EXT. JAY'S HOUSE - MORNING

124

Jay drives the car down her street, her hair still damp, the cast soaking wet. As she pulls into her driveway, she sees Kelly and Yara sitting on the porch - haggard and sad.

125 INT. JAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

125

Jay is resting on the floor of the darkened room. A towel is wrapped around her cast. Some light peeks in through the half-drawn shades. Kelly and Yara are sleeping on the bed, passed out, a space of mourning.

Yara snores a little.

The old sandwich sits untouched on its plate. The bread has grown moldy. The pickle is dry. The Doritos remain orange and unchanged.

The television is on. Old commercials sell products.

There's a knock at the door. Jay opens her eyes.

JAY
Who is it?

PAUL
Paul.

JAY
Hang on.

Jay gets up and pulls the chair away from the door, she cautiously opens it, peeking out into the hallway. She sees Paul, alone.

He steps into the room. Jay quickly closes the door and barricades it.

Paul sits down on the floor next to Jay's nest of blankets and clothes. She sits alongside him, pulling her t-shirt down as she stretches her legs across the blanket with little regard for modesty. Her focus is singular, a melancholy has settled in her eyes.

They sit in silence together for a moment. Yara's snoring quietly rattles from the mattress.

JAY
It's gonna be here sooner or later.

Paul takes a breath, he's thought about it. He speaks in whispers.

PAUL
You could pass it on.

Jay shakes her head. She won't. Not again.

PAUL
You did once.

JAY
I shouldn't have.

Jay looks ahead at the black dress slung over her chair.

PAUL
I could --

Jay looks at Paul - direct eye contact.

JAY
No.

A moment passes. Paul stares at Jay's profile. She watches the window.

PAUL
I liked you too, ya know.

Jay takes a breath, fidgeting with her t-shirt. She knows.

PAUL
Why did you pick Greg?

Jay looks down at her legs. She pulls them closer to her chest, she taps her knee lightly.

JAY
I thought he would be ok.
(beat)
He wasn't scared.

Paul listens.

JAY
We slept together in high school.
It wasn't a big deal.

Paul nods, not agreeing but feeling the need to respond somehow.

He leans in and starts to kiss Jay. She pulls away immediately.

Paul reaches over and touches Jay's fingers, extended just beyond the edge of the damp cast. She maintains her gaze on the window, with a soft sigh, exhaling tension.

PAUL
I wanna help you.

Paul caresses Jay's hand. She stares off, disconnected from his touch.

JAY
Do you?

PAUL
Yeah. I do.

Jay pulls her hand away slowly.

Paul takes a deep breath. He looks around the dim room. It's messy now. Clothes are scattered.

A dirty and tangled shirt hangs from the hamper. A bra sits on the floor, half covered by a dirty tennis shoe.

Kelly's hand hangs from the edge of the bed.

Jay crawls over to the window and peeks out. She watches the street through the low hanging branches of the trees as they sway. A kid rides past the house on his bike.

Greg's front window is covered with plywood. There's a police car parked in his driveway. Jay begins to cry, she's given up.

Paul watches her, crouched and scared at the window's edge. He notices her underwear at the bottom of her taut shirt.

The young man looks away in frustration. A deep exhale. He holds his gaze against the far wall, noticing an old photo taped to the mirror.

It's a picture of he and Jay, younger, standing together with wet hair and bathing suits by an old indoor pool. Smiling, beers in hand.

PAUL

Jay?

JAY

(still staring out the
window)

Yeah?

PAUL

Do you trust me?

Jay nods and turns to Paul, ready to hear.

PAUL

Well -- do you remember where we
were the first time we kissed?

Jay nods yes.

Jay climbs into the passenger seat, behind her we see Yara and Kelly getting into the back and putting on their seat belts. Paul closes the trunk and climbs into the driver's seat.

Outside, the neighbor boys are playing ball in the front yard. They steal glances towards the car and Jay.

KELLY

You know where to go?

PAUL

I know how to get there. Mostly.

KELLY

Alright.

YARA

I haven't been to the pool since I was 14.

PAUL

Who brought you?

Yara kicks Paul's seat, not smiling.

PAUL

Ok.

Paul starts the car and begins to back up. He throws his arm * over the passenger seat and guides the car backwards. Music plays from the radio.

As the car reverses, we see more and more of Jay's house, the roof is revealed. Jay is looking the opposite way.

An OLD NAKED MAN is standing on the roof, looking down at Jay. No one sees him.

KELLY

That's where I had my first beer. I threw up that whole night.

YARA

Into the pool?

KELLY

No. Outside the car.

PAUL

And in the car.

YARA

Ewwww.

Paul backs up to the edge of the driveway, waiting for cars to pass.

KELLY

Paul used to pee in it.

YARA

Disgusting.

PAUL

Not really. Whatever. There's chlorine.

Jay glances back towards her house.

On the roof, she sees the naked, wrinkled man with red hair standing on the edge - staring at her. He's fully upright, shoulders out, standing on the roof. He doesn't move. He just watches her.

Jay holds her breath in fear.

Paul pulls into the street and puts the car in drive.

Jay's view shifts as the car lurches around, rides the bump of the soft curb.

Paul accelerates and guides the car down the street.

Jay turns away and stares ahead, tears in her eyes.

127 EXT. JAY'S CAR - DAY

127

We speed along Interstate 75, going south. We see only the road racing towards us - scenery changing.

The hum of the car engine.

Deeper and deeper into the city we drive.

Passing exit signs for mile roads. Ducking under rotting overpasses.

Broken buildings wave from the edge of the expressway. Gutted plants momentarily block out the harsh sun.

Dangerous streets and alleyways loom along their path.

The camera slowly rotates around, pointing back through the front windshield - revealing Paul behind the wheel. Jay sits in the passenger seat. Kelly and Yara are in the back. The kids are solemn and quiet. The hum of the road is hypnotizing, tiring.

They sit in silence as they drive on.

128 EXT. DETROIT STREET - DUSK**128**

Storefronts, boarded houses, rotting factories and empty lots fill the frame.

Jay's car is parked along a fence near a boarded store-front.

We move through the poor neighborhood, slowly.

Jay and the girls follow Paul, looking out at the half empty neighborhood.

Paul carries a large duffle bag over his shoulder, a small television in hand. The girls have backpacks. Yara lugs an old boom-box.

YARA

When I was a little girl my parents told me I wasn't allowed to go south of 8 mile. I didn't even understand what that meant. It wasn't until I got a little older that I realized that was where the city started and the suburbs ended. I started thinking how weird and shitty that was. I had to ask permission to go to the state fair with my best friend and her parents just because it was a few blocks past the border.

JAY

My parents said the same thing to me.

Everything is bare, revealed in the fading sunlight. A few young men hang-out on the street. They watch the kids as they pass.

A homeless man shuffles closer.

129 EXT. OLD POOL BUILDING - NIGHT**129**

Small figures in the darkness, Jay and her friends walk up to a large stone structure at the edge of an inner-city neighborhood.

Paul pulls open a loose window and begins to crawl inside.

130 INT. OLD POOL BUILDING - NIGHT

130

The gang steps into a large indoor pool room. An enormous and ornate ceiling frames the giant swimming pool spanning the length of the building. It's dark except for a few dim pool lights and the glow from the upper story windows.

Water reflections cross Jay's face as she steps to the poolside, kneeling down along the tile in her shorts and t-shirt, bedclothes for a warm night.

PAUL

How long do you think it will be?

Jay shakes her head.

JAY

I don't know. Hours I bet.

Jay dips her hand into the water and looks deeply through the walls of the room, beyond the water and the brick.

PAUL

It's been a long time since we were here together.

Jay nods her head, splashing the water gently.

PAUL

You kissed me right over there -- I think.

JAY

Is that how you remember it?

PAUL

Uh huh.

Jay raises her brow, a sad smile on her face.

Across the way, Kelly and Yara stretch out in the shifting shadows of the pool.

131 EXT. CITY - NIGHT

131

Rain clouds fill the skyline, changing the nature of the moonlit city.

132 INT. OLD POOL BUILDING - NIGHT

132

Paul pulls household irons, curlers and a radio from his duffle bag, rolls of extensions cords.

Jay empties her backpack onto the ground. Yara places a small television near the edge of the pool.

The girls string electrical cords across doorways, and under chairs toward the water.

Plugging in tattered cords to dusty outlets.

Along the edge of the room, Paul digs through a utility closet, unearthing an old space heater.

133 INT. OLD POOL BUILDING - NIGHT

133

Extension cords stretch and snake across the tile floor, all leading to various small appliances placed precariously along the edges of the pool. Irons, curlers, radios and a tv, all turned on. Quiet static and heat.

Jay sits, scanning the area, waiting for it. Eyes steady on the entrance.

Yara stands further back, arms crossed, scuffing her shoes nervously along the ground. She looks over at Jay with sympathetic eyes.

Paul sits quietly. Kelly paces near the windows.

Jay stares down at the ground, moving her fingers across the grout and the tile.

They wait.

134 EXT. OLD POOL BUILDING - NIGHT

134

We see the old building. Static. Quiet.

Thunder rumbles in the distance.

Lightning strikes beyond the tree-line, small wiry lines of light in the ink-washed sky.

A few drops of rain begin to fall. Gentle on the concrete. Calm like the sound of waves.

135 INT. OLD POOL BUILDING - NIGHT

135

Now wearing her bathing suit, Jay climbs slowly down the ladder into the pool. Adjusting to the feel of water in darkness.

Alone in this large body of water. Her friends watching from the edges.

The sound of rainfall on windows, mixed with the gentle slosh and tapping of pool water.

Lightning strikes in the distance. A faint flash inside.

Jay stands alone in the center of the pool, looking around at the flickering shadows along the walls. Vulnerable.

136 EXT. OLD POOL BUILDING - NIGHT

136

We see rain drops falling in an off-rhythm pattern against the metal fence. The doors to the building are visible in the background.

The rain begins to pour. Picking up pace. Rattling softly into the wild grass along the edge of the building.

We see various angles of increasing rainfall.

137 INT. OLD POOL BUILDING - NIGHT

137

Jay waits, alone in the pool, focused on the main entrance. Everyone is silent. She listens to the sounds of rain and the soft clatter of unseen machinery. Air ducts and pool pumps reverberate.

Jay scans the doorways, turning lightly within the water. Watching. Tense.

Shadows flicker along the walls. The reflections of water against stone.

The camera pans across the giant space. The teenagers pose like figures within a grander painting. Positions have shifted minimally.

Kelly sits near the pool's edge, leaning back on her hands, palms flat against the cold and wet tile.

Rain falls against one of the high windows, through which outside light enters, creating descending drops of shadow across the room.

Paul leans against the side wall, watching, rubbing his injured side casually over his t-shirt.

Across the way, Yara rests in one of the metal folding chairs, chewing on licorice, a foot tucked under a leg.

Kelly looks to her sister, alone in the pool as she turns and pivots. Seeing her older sister, afraid in this dark room, Kelly tries to hold in her sadness.

Positioned behind Kelly, we watch Jay from a distance as she stares into the emptiness, waiting for something to enter.

JAY
(quietly)
Oh my God.

Jay looks like she's about to cry. She sees something terrible, although the area appears empty.

JAY
It just walked into the room. It's right there.

Jay points over to the entrance. We see nothing.

PAUL
It's here?

JAY
Right there!

Jay points again. Her voice pitches awkwardly. She starts to cry.

Holding still, we watch the scene from behind Kelly's shoulder.

KELLY
Jay -- what -- do you see?

Jay just stares ahead, seeing something we do not.

JAY
I don't wanna tell you.

PAUL
Jay, I need you to point at it.
Keep your finger aimed at it so we can see where it is.

In a single wide shot, Jay lifts her left hand and aims it across the room, tracking the thing.

PAUL
Is it getting into the water?

JAY
No. It's just standing there -- looking at me.

Kelly looks to Paul, concerned.

PAUL
Ok -- um --

JAY
It's moving.

Jay turns slowly, her arm stretched out, pointing at the invisible thing, tracking with it around the far corner of the pool.

YARA
(frightened)
What's it doing?

JAY
Walking. Walking closer.

Jay continues to pivot in the water, stepping back from the edge nearest her invisible pursuer. Creating distance.

As Jay points along the pool's side, Yara steps back cautiously, bumping into some chairs, moving away from IT's path.

JAY
Paul, I wanna get out.

PAUL
Just wait. Give it a minute.

JAY
No, I don't wanna do this. I just wanna get out of the water.

Suddenly a metal folding-chair rises six feet in the air. It moves back and then flies into the pool with force, straight at Jay.

Splash!

KELLY
Jay!

Jay jumps to the side, avoiding the chair as it sinks to the bottom.

Water swirls around us as we surface. Jay splashes and lifts her head for air. She sees a NEARLY-NAKED MIDDLE-AGED MAN WITH SALT AND PEPPER HAIR walking along the perimeter of the pool. He's staring at her, wearing nothing but underwear.

The man grabs another chair and throws it at Jay. She dives to the side and dodges it. Falling deeper into the water. Coughing and gasping.

JAY
Help!

Paul, Kelly and Yara circle the pool, reaching out for Jay, waving for her to swim in their direction. Screaming, shouting.

Jay rushes toward the edge. It throws another chair at her, striking her in the shoulder, causing her to fall below the water.

KELLY
No!

Jay surfaces, holding herself in pain.

She sees the man pick up a small television, still connected to the outlet by an extension cord. He prepares to throw it, offering her an odd smile.

Jay braces herself for a shock, covering her face from the projectile. The tv flies through the air, hurled recklessly.

KELLY
Jay!!!!

The tv misses Jay, but splashes down nearby, pulling with it the slack from the orange extension cord.

The outside lights flicker, but there are no sparks. No smoke. Jay is ok.

She looks back, realizing she's still alive and breathing.

KELLY
You OK?

JAY
Yeah.

YARA
(smiling with relief)
It didn't work.

KELLY
Thank Godddd.

PAUL
(to Jay))
Just keep pointing at it!

Jay paddles, pointing at the man while crying, trying to catch her breath. Yara and Kelly hover in the background, screaming and shouting for information.

KELLY
Where is it?!

Paul clumsily pulls the pistol from his bag, and runs in the direction that Jay's pointing. He aims the gun along the edge of the pool walkway. We see no monsters. No strange men.

An old set of pink electric curlers fly into the water, kicked by something unseen.

SPLASH!!

Paul fires in the general direction of the curlers, taking a guess.

BANG!!

JAY
You missed it!

PAUL
Where is it?

For an instant we see IT from Jay's POV. The man stares at her, but swings his hand out at Paul, reaching for him with a violent shake and tremor.

JAY
Watch out! Don't get too close.

The man throws another old appliance into the water, straight at Jay. It misses her as the cord drops below the surface.

Yara circles, keeping her distance from the approaching IT.

Paul moves back and tries to aim. Once more, we see things from his POV: Jay madly pointing her finger from within the water.

JAY
It's there!

Paul fires again. Across the pool, the bullet slices into Yara's leg.

YARA
Ahhh.

Yara falls onto the ground, unnoticed by everyone.

JAY

No! It -- missed!

PAUL

Where?! Here?! Here?

JAY

No! Right there!

Jay swings her hand, trying to direct the weapon by proxy. Paul tries to slowly adjust the direction of his gun.

The man grabs a household iron from the edge of the pool.

Paul fires. Yara screams in fright.

BANG!

Jay sees the shot connect with the man's left thumb and index finger, severing them. The flesh flies off and drops into the pool. Blood spouts.

Kelly pulls an old bed-sheet from her backpack. Gaudy colors, swirling roses and a few large stains.

She unfolds the sheet, whipping it across the air. As it drifts down, a stain is visible across the center.

With his right hand, the man hurls the iron into the water, hitting Jay's side below the surface. She crumples.

Paul tries to find a target.

PAUL

Where is it?!

Moving along the pool's edge, Kelly flags the sheet outward, letting it drift. It catches on something. She lets go and drops it down. The sheet collects over the moving figure of a man, revealing the thing walking amongst them. A person under an old worn sheet.

Yara gasps at the sight of it, shuffling past her.

Paul tries to steady his aim. He fires at IT.

BANG!

Jay watches as a shot slices through the man's head, covered by the old sheet. The bullet emerges from the other side. Blood sprays like vapor, constant and strong.

The impact causes the man to stumble forward. The geyser of blood from his head tips with him. He falls into the pool, no emotion, no pain.

SPLASH!!!

The sheet spreads along the surface, dropping down at the edges, waterlogged.

Jay quickly wades through the water toward Paul, Kelly and Yara, hands outstretched at the side of the pool.

Almost there, something pulls Jay below the surface.

Underwater, a hand is grasped tightly around Jay's ankle. She kicks and fights.

Gasping for air, there's only water, Jay thrashes and struggles.

Snaking extension cords, orange, white and brown, lead down into the depths of the water, anchored by small domestic appliances, a toaster, a television, irons, curlers and metal, chairs, dotting the bottom, littering the pool.

Kelly and Paul's POV, they watch as Jay is pulled deeper underwater, kicking and fighting against nothing.

Yara wails loudly nearby.

Paul raises the gun toward the water.

Jay's POV, Jay continues to struggle underwater. The man holds her tightly by the ankle. We watch from a distance, the debris of appliances and wires framing their fight.

A bullet trail forms through the water, zipping past Jay and the man.

Then another.

A third trail strikes the man in the back, releasing a large swirl of blood. He lets go of Jay and she swims upward.

Paul and Kelly pull Jay from the water, dragging her onto the ground. Coughing and choking, she crawls further along the tile, in terrible pain.

Her ankle is covered in a red rash.

Jay sits, soaking wet, on the floor, clutching her ankle, her cast hangs limp to her side.

A moment of silence. Coughing and crying.

Kelly holds tightly to Yara's bleeding leg.

We hear the rain on the windows and some thunder claps above.

Paul looks down into the clear pool water, seeing only the extension cords and household objects. We don't see the IT nor * its blood.

PAUL

Jay, do you see it? Is it still down there?

Jay peers over the edge.

We watch from above as Jay stares down into the pool. Instead of water, we see only deep red blood. Everything below the surface is obscured by the dense liquid.

A pool of blood.

As Jay stares in horror, we hear a cacophony of sounds, screeches and sirens, laughter and grunting, a birthing scream, children yelling, her mother's laughter.

138 INT. PAUL'S BASEMENT REC ROOM - NIGHT

138

A chair is propped against the door.

Jay and Paul are laying on the couch, an old blanket covering their bodies.

Jay looks into his eyes and waits for a sign. He nods his head with love and anticipation.

Jay moves on top of him, sitting up, pulling the blanket over herself. They fumble underneath and begin to make love.

Paul nervously touches her face. Staring up lovingly.

She kisses him, holding her cast to her side.

They stare into each others eyes. For the first time they are thinking only of each other.

A moment of connection through the physical. Rain against the basement window.

They move slowly with pleasure.

JAY

I feel like I'm hurting you.

Paul looks up at her.

PAUL

You're not.

Jay nods and continues.

She pushes harder against him, exhaling, smiling down at him.

Paul stares at Jay's face.

We watch from across the room now. The quiet basement. A thunderstorm outside. The young lovers on an old couch.

139 INT. PAUL'S BASEMENT REC ROOM - NIGHT

139

Wrapped in the blanket, holding each other, Jay and Paul rest.

Faces close together. Whispering.

PAUL

Do you feel any different?

Jay shakes her head. No.

JAY

Do you?

PAUL

No.

Jay kisses Paul.

140 INT. JAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

140

Jay lays under her sheets, a cartoon bandaid across her temple, a new cast on her arm. Mrs. Height sits on the edge of the bed, rubbing her back. Softly.

On the dresser, we see a glass of wine and an old family portrait. Jay is a young girl. Kelly is a baby. Their mother, young and pretty smiles alongside Jay's father, a middle-aged man with salt and pepper hair. He grins happily into the camera. His smile is identical to the one he offered Jay at the pool.

141 INT. PAUL'S CAR - DUSK

141

Paul drives through a run-down neighborhood within the inner city. He stares at a row of prostitutes. Tight skirts. Revealing tops.

They eye him. Paul watches them as he passes. The women appear to move in slow motion.

142 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

142

Jay sits across from Paul in Yara's hospital room. He lays back in a chair, eyes closed and napping.

Yara is eating in bed, as she reads something from her phone.

YARA

(reading with food in her mouth)

"When there is torture there is pain and wounds, physical agony, and all this distracts the mind from mental suffering, so that one is tormented only by the wounds until the moment of death."

Yara pauses to take a sip of milk through a straw, noisily she slurps.

YARA

(taking a bite of food)

"The most terrible agony may not be in the wounds themselves but in knowing for certain that within an hour, then within ten minutes, then within half a minute, now at this very instant - your soul will leave your body and you will no longer be a person, and that this is certain; the worst thing is that it is certain."

Jay looks at Paul's handsome face. She tilts her head a bit, watching the young man at rest.

Yara takes another large bite of food.

143 INT. OLD POOL BUILDING - DAY

143

Several groups of inner-city children laugh and play in the clean water of the old pool. The rumble of the sound-track suggests something ominous.

144 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAWN

144

Beyond the barren trees of the middle-class suburban neighborhood, the concrete towers of a nuclear power plant are visible in the distance. Smoke rises.

145 EXT. PARK - NIGHT**145**

Blue light from distant lamps shines a cold glow over the empty park. The trees are now barren.

146 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY**146**

Dead but colorful leaves cover the ground. We move forward along the sidewalk.

Up ahead, a man rakes his front yard. A few children build a fort out of the fallen leaves. Lines of red and orange across the grass.

Jay and Paul hold hands as they walk together through the neighborhood. The cast is gone.

Far behind them, a teenager in a coat marches slowly along the edge of the road.

Jay smiles to Paul and he smiles back. They stare out at the autumnal suburbia, pretty and clean.