

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

SERIES TITLE

Episode Title

Written by

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First Draft

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Everything Is Fine

'The Perfect Day'

All italicized scenes are 3C scenes

Sequence 02: Page 12

TEASER

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

COLD. DARK.

It's RAINING.

We're inside of a house. The RED, BLUE, AND WHITE LIGHTS of a police car flash, blurred, through a large window to the left, but we're focused on the FRONT DOOR.

Outside is even darker than in here, except for the lights, but there's no warmth in those.

We slowly push in on the door, the sound of sirens and street sounds fade in as we get closer.

Louder--

A WOMAN LYING LIFELESS IN THE ROAD--

LOUDER--

WE CUT IN CLOSER--

The sound of a KITCHEN TIMER BEEPING, WHISKING, HUMMING mix into this cacophony.

WE ALMOST SEE THE FACE OF--

The DOOR OPENS.

Every sound except for the beeping, humming and whisking stops, abrupt, as we look out onto an empty street.

NO POLICE CARS. NO AMBULANCE. NOTHING.

CUT TO

INT. ELIJAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

The sounds are much clearer now as we watch EGG YOLKS BEING WHISKED in a large clear bowl. The motions are sharp and controlled.

The humming belongs to MORGAN, 24, ethereal, pulled together and full of life so early in the morning. She hums the song **"I Got You Babe" by Etta James**

Her hair is tied up in a neat bun. She pours the eggs into a pan, SIZZLING, she taps the whisk against the side of it. She turns, swift, and dances over to the stove top beside her, footsteps light against the wood floors.

She grabs the spatula to the right of the stove top and, while dancing, expertly flips two pancakes that are almost done cooking.

We're now looking at an empty plate, clean and pristine. A spoon comes down into frame, careful as Morgan shimmies the fried eggs onto one side of the plate. The pancakes follow, being placed, delicate, onto the other side of the plate. Morgan picks at the pancakes, making slight adjustments so they lay overlapping each other.

CLOSE ON MORGAN, her face is soft but focused on the task. She smiles as she arranges the food.

Back on the plate, syrup is poured over the pancakes from a small glass pitcher. She moves it up and down, slow, until the perfect amount is covering the pancakes.

She sets down the pitcher, picks up the plate, and moves it in front of a chair sitting at the end of the island. She places a fork down next to it, then adjusts it so it's straight.

Picture perfect.

In the background, we see ELIJAH come down the stairs.

INT. ELIJAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - 3C

Elijah, 24, stands tall, confident, dressed in a beige suit when he enters the scene from the staircase on the right. Looks very pulled together as he adjusts the cuffs and his tie.

AUDIENCE applauds and cheers.

He begins walking to the left towards the kitchen where...

Morgan looks up and smiles bright when she sees him. Excited, she runs up to meet him. He opens his arms, wrapping them around her in a loving embrace as she stands on her toes.

They kiss, short but passionate. She then gazes up at him with love-filled eyes. He returns the look.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Awww!

MORGAN
(lovingly)
Good morning.

ELIJAH
(lovingly)
Good morning.

They enter the kitchen.

MORGAN
How did you sleep? Good?

ELIJAH
I always sleep well with you,
Morgan.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Awww!

ELIJAH
How about you? Didn't get up too
early to do all this, I hope.

He gestures to the plate of food as he sits down.

MORGAN
Not at all, I know how much you
like pancakes so I thought I'd
surprise you.

ELIJAH
(teasing)
You surprised me yesterday too, and
the day before that, and the day
before that...

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Laughs

MORGAN
Okayyy, okay, I just like seeing
you happy! I could stop if you
want--

ELIJAH

Woah, no no no, I didn't say that.

AUDIENCE (O.S)

Laughs.

Elijah starts eating in an urgent manner, as if this would be the last time he ever had this meal. The sounds aren't loud or noticeable, but visually he looks like a lion tearing into it's prey.

AUDIENCE (O.S) (cont'd)

Laughs.

Morgan leans against the island, watching him eat with a smile on her face.

MORGAN

Big day today? You're wearing your 'serious business' suit.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Chuckles

Elijah wipes his face with a napkin, missing some of the syrup around his mouth as he tries to respond.

ELIJAH

(full mouth)

It could be. Never know how the day is going to go--

MORGAN

Better to be prepared.

ELIJAH

Exactly.

Elijah checks his watch and starts to stand--

ELIJAH (cont'd)

Speaking of which, I better get going. Don't want to be late.

Morgan rushes over to the half-full plate and, like it's instinct, dumps the leftovers into the trashcan and sets it on top of the lid. She grabs the napkin before following Elijah to the door.

MORGAN

I'm sure you'll do great, Eli, you always do.

Sweet and gentle, she turns him around before he opens the door. She wipes the remaining syrup from his face, smiling up at him.

He looks down at her with a thankful expression, kisses her.

ELIJAH

Thank you, love. You always know what to say.

MORGAN

I try, now go on! I thought you didn't want to be late!

ELIJAH

It's worth it to be late if it's because of you.

AUDIENCE (O.S)

Awww!

Morgan looks up at him with a "oh, stop it" look, but it's not serious.

MORGAN

I love youuu.

ELIJAH

Okay, okay, I'll go.

He opens the door and as he walks out...

ELIJAH (cont'd)

I love you too, Morgan. I'll be back soon! Wish me luck!

MORGAN

(laughing)

See you soon. Good luck!

She stands in the open doorway, waving, he waves back. They exchange loving looks as he walks down the walkway and towards his car parked on the curb.

She closes the door.

INT. ELIJAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - 1C

Morgan washes Elijah's dish in the sink. The house is a lot more quiet now. Just the sounds of the plate being scrubbed with the sponge.

She is very thorough, making sure there are no spots left whatsoever before placing it on the drying wrack beside her. When she does this, she looks over at the floor beyond the island.

We look with her.

In the sunlight, the wood looks dusty. Hard to notice unless you really looked.

CUT TO:

Music plays over the speakers in the house: **"Dream a Little Dream of Me" - The Mamas & The Papas**

Morgan runs a vacuum over the spot we were just looking at. She moves to the music, swaying and singing to herself.

She rolls the vacuum back and forth, back and forth, multiple times until the spot appears clean. We watch as she does this in the kitchen...

The living room...

The entry way...

Everywhere.

We watch from above as the vacuum is pulled out of frame, A MOP re-entering in it's place.

She repeats the same process, swinging the handle of the mop around with her as she dances. WHISTLING along to the music as it changes.

Elegant, she spins out of frame with the mop. Her dress rises and twirls with her in the most beautiful manner.

Morgan re-enters with a laundry basket full to the brim with clothes. She walks around the corner and into--

INT. ELIJAH'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - AFTERNOON - 1C

Humming along to the song still playing over the speaker in the background, Morgan sets the wash cycle, opens the lid, and grabs the detergent.

When she pours it, she notices it's starting to get low. She sets it aside for now, then starts to load the clothes into the washer.

She closes the lid--

CUT TO:

INT. ELIJAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - AFTERNOON - 1C

Morgan walks over to a door just off from the living room. She goes to open it, but the door won't budge.

She looks at it, confused, as she jiggles the doorknob, pulls on it, everything she can possibly think of. But it just won't open.

Giving up, she decides to walk away from it.

She enters the kitchen and walks toward the fridge. We see a large magnetic TO-DO LIST on the door. She grabs a pen and writes on it: "Elijah - Fix basement door & check for more detergent."

Next to that is a grocery list. Morgan tears off the first sheet, looks it over, then adds 'laundry detergent' at the bottom.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. ELIJAH'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON - 1C

Morgan grabs her purse from the hook by the door and slides the list inside it.

She opens the door. When she walks through, all humming and music are replaced with the CHIRPING OF BIRDS AND NATURAL SOUNDS, like a LAWNMOWER in the distance, CARS driving by, etc.

As soon as she closes the door and steps out onto the walk way--

JUNE (O.S.)
(excited)
Good afternoon, Morgan!

We pan and push in to a WOMAN walking down the sidewalk, now stopping in front of Morgan's walkway. This is JUNE (25, all dolled up in a plaid dress, has so much heart and soul)

smiling sweet at Morgan who hurries into frame, excited. She hugs June...

MORGAN
Wonderful to see you as always,
June. How are you doing?

...and the two of them start walking down the street.

As they walk, NEIGHBORS and PEOPLE passing by warmly greet Morgan and June, but it's DIRECTED MORE AT MORGAN.

JUNE
Good as always, always good! OH!
Look at what Charles gave me this
mornin'!

She pulls back her long wavy hair revealing a GORGEOUS SAPPHIRE NECKLACE with a thin, delicate gold chain.

MORGAN
Oh my God! Junieeee! That's
stunning!

JUNE
I knooooow right?! Isn't it?
(Curious)
Speaking of which... how are you
and your hubbyyyy?

MORGAN
(swooning)
We're really good! Just-- I know I
say it a lot but everything about
him is just...perfect.

JUNE
(joking)
Awww stoppp, that's SO gross...

Morgan slaps June's shoulder, embarrassed.

JUNE (cont'd)
(laughing)
Oh my goodness, I'm just kidding!
I'm happy for you! You're like,
literally glowing.

They reach the glass doors of the GROCERY STORE.

INT. GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON - 1C

A BELL JINGLES when Morgan and June step through.

The THREE CASHIERS (DON, JENN, and ROB), in the middle of their work, all turn around upon the sound of the door opening, smiling--

ALL CASHIERS
Good afternoon, Morgan!

Morgan beams at their greeting and waves back while June grabs some baskets.

They go back to work, tending to the customers in line.

JUNE
(handing Morgan a
basket)
Alright, I'll circle back and find you. Charles thought it was a good idea to put new things on the list so I'll probably just slow you down tryin' to find 'em.

Morgan laughs as June hurries off, disappearing down a random aisle.

Morgan pulls the list out of her purse and walks down an aisle with a sign above it labeled 'Household Necessities'.

Here, she grabs flour. A little further down is a small refrigerated section mixed in with other random stuff: aprons, vacuums, televisions, beer, meat and eggs, etc.

She grabs some beef.

Then salt...

CINDY (O.S.)
Finding everything okay, Morgan?

CINDY (40, carries herself well, the manager here and goes out of her way to be exceptional at it), stands to the left of Morgan.

We see June out of focus scurrying around in the background.

MORGAN
Yes! Thank you, Cindy. June...
might need some help though.

She points and we follow, focused on her now. She's looking at her list with an incredulous look, poking at objects on the shelves, shrugging, over dramatic--

CINDY

On it!

Cindy says before rushing over to June. We can hear the beginning of their conversation before cutting back to...

Morgan humming to herself as she looks through the shelves, slow and focused. She grabs a box of dryer sheets and bleach spray, puts them in the basket.

It isn't obvious, but SOMEONE IS STARING AT MORGAN from a distance. We can barely make them out in the background.

Morgan spots what she's been looking for further down the aisle. As she goes to grab it, she STOPS for a second...

The person is in full focus now as Morgan notices her.

It's a WOMAN, a little younger looking and has a similar likeness to Morgan. She stares, hard. It feels aggressive and invading.

Morgan, awkward, looks away from the woman and grabs a bottle of laundry detergent from the shelf, thinking it was just a coincidence.

Curious, she looks back up to see if the woman was still there...

She is. While she stares, she walks out of the aisle.

Morgan, intrigued, slowly puts the laundry detergent in her basket before exiting the 'Household Necessities' aisle, trying to find the woman.

The woman now walks backwards towards the front, facing Morgan as she does.

She **never** takes her eyes off of Morgan.

The other people in the shop glance up from what they're doing to watch. They have worried, panicked looks on their faces. Morgan doesn't notice as she tries to catch up to this woman.

MORGAN

Excuse me? Hello?

No answer. She just stares back. She walks backward around a corner, swinging into the step. It looks hauntingly smooth. Unnaturally so--

JUNE
(steps in front of
Morgan)
Found ya!

MORGAN
Jesus, June!

JUNE
Okay, jumpy! Anyway, you ready to go? I feel like I've been in here all day.

MORGAN
Yeah, I'm ready.

The two of them start walking towards the check out lanes.

MORGAN (cont'd)
I take it you found everything on your list?

JUNE
(rolling her eyes)
Well...Cindy did most of the work. It was like a treasure hunt! You're lucky Eli doesn't change much.

It's June and Morgan's turn to check out. Don smiles and starts scanning their items.

DON
Find everything okay, ladies?

JUNE
Always do, Don!

Morgan snickered to herself, Don turns his attention to her.

DON
And how are you doing, Morgan?
Having a good day so far?

MORGAN
Yeah, it's been a good day! A very beautiful one too, the sun is so nice outside.

DON
Good to hear, good to hear!
 (places last item
 in bag)
You ladies have a good rest of your
day now, always nice to see you!

June and Morgan grab their bags.

MORGAN
You too, Don! Have a good day.

All of the cashiers watch as they leave.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

They exit the grocery store and start walking back towards their homes, no clouds in the bright blue sky, when something catches Morgan's eye.

The woman, the same one from before, stands across the street a little ways down. She isn't moving, and isn't waiting to cross either.

She just...stares.

---> Sequence 02 <---

Morgan looks back at the woman, coming to a stop on the sidewalk when the woman doesn't look away.

JUNE
Uhhh...what are you doing?

MORGAN
This woman...she just keeps looking at me. Right there...

Morgan nods towards across the street, not wanting to draw too much attention.

June spots the woman, a wave of panic flashing over her face before she stifles it.

JUNE
 (nonchalant)
Oh my God...what a weirdo. Maybe she just *really* likes you--

MORGAN

Does that look like an *admiring*
gaze to you?

Close up on the woman's face. Blank stare. If this was a look of admiration she was missing the mark.

JUNE

I don't know, Morgan! Maybe she's
just weird, why does it matter?
Let's just go home--

Morgan starts walking the opposite direction up the sidewalk and towards the street. June makes wide eyes at someone passing by, nodding towards Morgan.

People start looking in her direction, their actions quick.

JIM (30s, neatly dressed in a suit and tie, nice hat)
diverts from his original path, steps in front of Morgan--

JIM

(bright)
Afternoon, Morgan! Heading home for
the day?

MORGAN

(distracted)
Jim! So nice to see you--

JIM

And you!

MORGAN

I'm actually making one last stop
before I head home--

JIM

Are you sure? Looks like it's gonna
storm soon.

Believe it or not, the bright, sunny skies from just moments before are now starting to darken. Large clouds looming above.

There's noticeably a lot more people on the sidewalk than before, getting in her way, shuffling by in their work clothes. They glance at her repeatedly.

Morgan still tries to get around.

MORGAN

Sure does! It'll just be a quick
stop, excuse me.

She brushes past him, and as she does we get a quick glimpse
of Jim making a panicked 'I tried' face to June who follows
close behind.

JUNE

(whining)
Morgaaaaan, come on! It's getting
cold, I just want to go home.

Every step Morgan takes someone stops and tries to start a
conversation with her. She dismisses them as quick as
possible each encounter.

MORGAN

(struggling)
I just want to--

JAN

Oh my gosh... Morgan!? HI!

MORGAN

(rushed)
HIIII! Excuse me--
(pushes past)

JUNE

I mean, what would you even say?
"Hey, freak, why are you staring at
me?" You're not the confrontational
type, Morgan.

Morgan ignores, persisting towards the curb.

She reaches it, and when she does the world seems to slow
down. Her foot stepping down from the curb, people start
reaching towards her, pleading.

The SOUND OF SIRENS distant.

June reaching forward to grab Morgan's arm.

SOUND OF CARS RUSHING BY INTENSIFY as her foot gets closer
to the road.

CLOSE on the woman across the street, HELD BACK TEARS
welling up in her eyes. She reaches out, as if calling
Morgan over--

ELIJAH

MORGAN!

He grabs her arm, tight, pulls her away from the curb.

MORGAN

(surprised)

Eli!? What are you--

ELIJAH

(worried)

I was just heading home from work
and saw-- are you okay? I thought
you would be back home?

The sounds fade out, people look on for a split second
before returning to their usual tasks, as if they had been
reset.

Elijah, still holding Morgan's arm, starts walking her back
in the direction of the house.

MORGAN

I was on my way, I just--

JUNE

Some woman was staring at her
across the street and she had the
GREAT idea to go over there--

ELIJAH

(looking around)

What woman?

JUNE

She's over there--

The woman is no longer there. Morgan's eyes linger on the
now empty spot.

JUNE (cont'd)

Or she was...

MORGAN

I just wanted to--

ELIJAH

You're not really the
confrontational type, love. I mean,
you're more cute than intimidating
when you're mad.

Morgan playfully swats Elijah's arm, embarrassed by his comment.

MORGAN
I'm not *maaaad*, just...curious.

JUNE
Well, ya know what they say.
Curiosity killed the cat--

Elijah clears his throat, cutting June off. Morgan is unaware of this exchange as their white picket fence enters the frame.

They've made it home. The impending storm seems to have gone another way as sun and a bright sky take over.

JUNE (cont'd)
Okay, I'll stop jabbering on now
and let you guys get back inside.
Have a good night!

MORGAN
You too, June!

ELIJAH
You too, June!

Elijah and Morgan wave goodbye before heading inside as June shuffles down the sidewalk to her house, brisk.

INT. ELIJAH'S HOUSE - EVENING - 3C

The door opens, Elijah holding it as Morgan walks in.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)
Cheers, Claps.

She goes to the kitchen, setting her grocery bag on the counter. Elijah follows behind, asking questions.

ELIJAH
*What did she look like? I might
know her.*

MORGAN
*I don't know if you would, I mean,
I've never seen her before.*

ELIJAH
*Well there's a lot of people in
town, I'd be a little worried if
you knew **everyone**.*

AUDIENCE (O.S)

Laughs.

Morgan looks back at him with a 'really?' expression, she gets the groceries out of the bag. Elijah walks over next to her, leaning against the counter.

MORGAN

You know what I mean. I don't know, it feels like I know everyone. They're all so nice here so, she just really stuck out--

ELIJAH

Out-of-stater's usually do.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Laughs.

ELIJAH

(pulls Morgan into his arms)

But seriously, don't pay her any mind. I'm sure she just has a few screws loose.

He mimes 'crazy' with his hand, makes a goofy face.

MORGAN

Giggles.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Laughs.

ELIJAH

(endearing)

I'm sorry she worried you, love. I won't let anything happen to you, I promise.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Awwwww!

He pulls her forward, kissing her forehead softly. His hands wrap around her waist. Morgan leans her head against his chest, hugging him back.

MORGAN

I know you won't.

Elijah lifts her chin up with a finger, they gaze into each others eyes.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Ooooooo!

ELIJAH
I love you, Morgan, more than anything.

MORGAN
(smiling)
I love you too, Eli.

They kiss, soft and slow.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)
Hoots // Cheers // Whistles

Elijah pulls away after a moment, still keeping her in his arms.

ELIJAH
Why don't I help you with dinner?

MORGAN
Really? You want to?

ELIJAH
Of course! Anything to help you out, darling.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)
Awwww!

Morgan looks up at him with the brightest, most loving smile we've ever seen.

This has just made her entire day.

She stands up on her tip toes, kissing Elijah repeatedly all over his face.

AUDIENCE
Clapping // Cheering

She pulls away.

MORGAN
Oh, before I forget, that damn basement door is stuck. Can you fix it tomorrow?

ELIJAH
Old doors, it was bound to get stuck eventually. What did you need down there?

MORGAN

Makes sense, yeah. Just laundry detergent, we were running low. I just got some more at the grocery store so, no worries.

Elijah is looking over at the door with an expression that we can't quite place, but masks it with a smile before walking over to a closet just off from the kitchen.

ELIJAH

I'll fix it first thing tomorrow, but until then...

He pulls a gift bag out of the closet, a smile wide on his face. Morgan protests happily.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Awww!

MORGAN

(flattered)
Nooo, are you serious? When did you-

ELIJAH

Don't worry about it, just open it!

She digs through the bag while Elijah holds it for her. After a second, she pulls out a BRAND NEW APRON.

MORGAN

Ooo! I've been needing a new apron for weeks--

Morgan turns it around to see the front. Maybe it didn't happen, but it looks like her smile falters. Just a bit.

"World's Greatest Housewife" is embroidered on the front along with a picture of a vintage housewife.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Laughs. A little too long.

ELIJAH

Here, let's give it a test run.

Elijah slides the apron over Morgan's head, standing behind her while doing so. She looks back at him with a smile. He ties it, then kisses her neck.

ELIJAH (cont'd)
Gorgeous.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)
OOOOOooooo!

She shoos him off, laughing.

AUDIENCE (O.S.) (cont'd)
(disappointed)
Awwweee.

*Elijah walks over to the living room, grabbing **his phone**. He types something into it, then after a moment music comes on over a speaker in the kitchen.*

"Only You" by The Platters

He sets the phone down and dances his way over to Morgan who looks back at him with a loving smile. She's gotten out a steak from the fridge, thawing it out in the sink while gathering a saucepan and other ingredients.

Elijah sings as he comes up behind her, his hands wrapping around her waist, hugging her stomach as the two of them sway.

ELIJAH
(singing)
Only you can make this world seem
right. Only you can make the
darkness bright.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)
Awwwww!

Morgan spins around in his arms, her eyes glistening as she looks up at him. He smiles against her lips, the two of them laughing as they sing and dance together...

MORGAN
(singing together)
Only you and you alone can
thrill me like you do, and
fill my heart with love for
only you.

ELIJAH
(singing together)
Only you and you alone can
thrill me like you do, and
fill my heart with love for
only you.

Elijah holds her close, hands swimming up her arms and waist. We see the pans and ingredients in the background go untouched, ignored.

Elijah takes Morgan's hand and twirls her. She giggles as he does, then takes his other hand. They sway together. We move past them towards the windows as they slow dance, the sun disappearing behind the mountains.

INT./EXT. ELIJAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We're now split between the walls of the house and outside, Elijah and Morgan seen dancing in the reflection of the window on the left. The music from inside is muffled.

On the right side of the frame is the outside of their house. It's dark, cold, incredibly blue in contrast with the warm, cozy orange light inside.

THE WOMAN FROM BEFORE enters the scene. She walks up to the window, her eyes shining from the light. She stares into the window. Puts a hand on the glass, looks on at the two dancing.

INT. ELIJAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING 3C

We can see the woman's figure outlined in the window, just barely, until Morgan is spun into frame...

AUDIENCE (O.S.)
WOOOOO! // Cheers

...and we're pulled back into their loving scene.

***"Let's Fall In Love" By Frank Sinatra** is now playing over the speaker. Morgan is pulled back in to Elijah's chest, held tight and secure, her head resting on his chest. His head leans against the top of hers.*

AUDIENCE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Awww!

The sound of the audience fades out, turning down in tone.

We switch to...

INT. ELIJAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING 1C

Elijah glances up at the window. He sways in a circle with Morgan until her back is to the window. He keeps his eyes on it, staring back at the figure on the other side.

His arms tighten around Morgan's waist, but it feels different from before. Protective, not wanting to give her up.

The woman outside doesn't give up either. She continues to stand there, breath on the glass.

A darkness has crept into the once warm, cozy house.

ELIJAH

Love?

Morgan hums in response, looking up at him now.

ELIJAH (cont'd)

Do you want to go to bed? It's gotten pretty late.

The digital clock on the oven reads '10:14pm'.

MORGAN

Oh wow, it really has gotten late. Where did the time go?-- shoot! I didn't make any dinner, are you hungry--

ELIJAH

Let's just go to bed, I'm more tired than hungry.

Morgan looks up at him with a concerned expression. The loving man we've seen has now become cold and distant.

MORGAN

Are you alright, hon?

ELIJAH

Yeah, just tired.

A stiff silence.

Then--

MORGAN

Are you sure?

ELIJAH

Yes, Morgan. I'm pretty sure I'd know when I'm tired.

MORGAN

I know, love, that's not what I'm saying...

She places her hands on the side of his face. Her eyes are glistening as she looks up at him, worried.

MORGAN (cont'd)
I just want to make sure you're
okay, that's all.

He takes her hands off of his face, putting them back around him in a hug.

ELIJAH
(apologetic)
I know, I'm sorry, love. I didn't
mean to speak to you that way. Like
I said, I'm just tired. It's been a
weird day.

MORGAN
It's okay, I understand. I'm sorry
you've had an off day. Let's get
you to bed, okay? You can sleep it
off.

Elijah offers her a small smile before kissing her, long and slow.

ELIJAH
Thank you. I'm sorry for
distracting you...

He motions to the kitchen. The meat completely thawed in the sink.

MORGAN
Don't be, I never mind being
distracted by you.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)
(distanced)
Awwwww.

Elijah smiles at her before reaching down and picking her up. She laughs, wrapping her legs around him and hugging his neck.

He walks her out of the kitchen, swaying and swinging as he does. Her laugh fills the house, the most beautiful sound as it floats across the floor and up the stairs.

We turn away and look back towards the kitchen. Pushing in on the window, the woman is no longer there.

Rain taps against the window...

INT. ELIJAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The sound of the shower running.

Elijah is laying in bed on his phone. The room is covered in warm orange-ish light, his phone screen casts a cold, blue glow onto his face.

INT. ELIJAH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Close on Morgan, eyes closed, letting the water run down across her face.

INSERT OF:

The woman staring at Morgan from across the street. It's dead quiet. No street sounds, no people talking. Just the sound of the shower playing over this scene.

Then...a quick, hushed whisper.

Morgan-- REAGAN (V.O.)

Morgan? ELIJAH (O.S.)

END INSERT

Morgan's eyes flick open, water and soap running into them. She sputters, clenches her eyes, and quickly wipes the water from her face.

You okay? ELIJAH (O.S.)

MORGAN
(calls back)
Nooo, I just got soap in my eyes!

ELIJAH
Well, don't do that!

MORGAN
I didn't do it on purpose!

Laughs AUDIENCE (O.S.) ELIJAH
Chuckles

Morgan turns off the water and smiles to herself, but it falls within the second. She listens, standing still, as quiet as possible.

Nothing.

She gets out of the shower.

Dries her hair.

Slips on her pajamas and...

INT. ELIJAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

...walks into the bedroom.

ELIJAH
You survived!

MORGAN
Oh hush!

As Morgan walks past, Elijah puts his hand around her waist and pulls her down onto the bed. He tickles her sides, she bursts into laughter, squirming as she tries to break free.

He persists, smiling and laughing as he tickles down her legs...

MORGAN (cont'd)
NO NO NO! NOT THE FEET!

...and to her feet. She's laughing so hard now that no sound comes out. Her face is red, tears in her eyes, the brightest smile.

Their laughter is the only sound in the room.

MORGAN (cont'd)
Okay okay OKAY! ELI!

She playfully slaps his arms, kicking her legs uncontrollably as she tries to get away.

Elijah stops tickling and lays down next to Morgan, looking over at her with a big smile, loving eyes. Morgan catches her breath, little laughs coming to an end.

MORGAN (cont'd)
How dare you.

He chuckles, she smiles back at him and rolls her eyes. Their noses touch.

Elijah leans in, kissing her. She melts into it, smiling against his lips. His hand goes up to rest on her cheek, hers goes to the back of his head by his neck.

CUT TO:

Morgan is asleep on her side, SHOULDER NOTICEABLY BARE. Elijah's arm is wrapped around her waist. The clock on the nightstand in the background reads '12:48pm'.

The air is still, only the sound of the ceiling fan whirring above.

Then, a shift in the covers.

Elijah's face appears over Morgan's shoulder as he leans on his arm. He looks over her for a moment before slowly removing his arm from around her waist, careful not to wake her.

He pulls back the sheets and slinks out of bed. Once he stands and tip toes out of the room, the floors giving him away with creaks on each step, Morgan's eyes blink open sleepily.

She feels around on the spot next to her, wakes up a bit more when she doesn't feel him there. She turns, looking towards the door and sees it open.

Elijah's shadow disappears down the hall, only the sound of his footsteps walking down the stairs are heard.

A door creaks open with ease in the distance.

Morgan, confused and worried, hesitates to get out of bed.

But she does.

Quietly, she slips out of bed, puts a shirt and some shorts on, and walks down the hallway towards the stairs. At the top of the staircase, she looks down and sees the basement door is now cracked open.

Weird.

She sneaks downstairs, holding her breath, wincing when the floor creaks below her.

As she approaches the door we can hear the sound of a hushed conversation from in the basement. Morgan opens the door, a sigh of relief when it doesn't squeak.

A dust covered, old wood staircase lays before us. But what we're interested in, as well as Morgan, is the piece of wall pried open from the rest. Another door?

A cold white-ish light shines from beyond it.

Judging off of Morgan's reaction, she's never seen this before.

She opens the basement door a little, about to go down the stairs but--

ELIJAH (O.C.)
(loudish whisper)
What is she doing here? She's not
supposed to be here-

Morgan stops. Listens.

Someone responds but we can't hear it.

Then...

ELIJAH
We need to keep her away. I don't
know how she got back in here but
she CAN'T--

Morgan shuts the door before she can hear the rest, she didn't want to. She stares at the door for a second, wide eyed, thoughts overwhelming, before hesitantly walking away from it.

The sound of footsteps coming back up the basement stairs--

Morgan hurries back up the staircase to their bedroom, trying her hardest not to make a sound as the basement door opens.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIJAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan lays on her side, eyes wide open.

The sound of footsteps approaching down the hall.

Elijah enters, ruffling his hair as he tip toes back into bed. Morgan closes her eyes when she feels the mattress dip down.

Elijah snakes his arm back around her waist, assuming his position from before. We see his face just behind her, squinting down at Morgan, quizzical.

The shirt.

She forgot to take it off.

Morgan continues to pretend to be asleep, but visibly looks more tense than before. Elijah plants a kiss on her shoulder and hesitantly lays down completely.

We hear a shaky sigh from behind Morgan as Elijah pulls her closer.

Morgan's eyes open once more.

She lays there, stiff and still.

Held hostage by her thoughts.

END