

DARK CORNERS

FADE IN:

INT. SMALL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An old space, not well cared for.

Quiet. Dark.

On one wall, large sheets of cardboard, heavily-taped, cover the areas where windows should be.

The silence is broken by the muffled SHATTERING OF GLASS behind the cardboard.

The cardboard bends, pushed from the other side. It eventually gives way as MEG, 36, dressed in black, climbs into the house.

She looks around, cautiously surveils the area.

The front door, secured with an extraordinary number of locks, is also barred with furniture.

Meg reaches out the window and retrieves, with great effort, a full duffle bag. Setting the duffle bag aside, she pulls out a cell phone. Dials.

MEG

I'm in.

(beat)

Just call. I can't do this alone.

She hangs up, moves quickly to a nearby side table.

Meg opens a drawer, glances nervously over her shoulder. Nobody there.

She grabs a gun from the drawer and moves to stuff it into a side pocket of the duffle bag.

Suddenly, from behind, a hand reaches out, covers her mouth.

LUTHER (O.S.)

FBI? Or, CIA?

Meg can't respond with the hand over her mouth. She shakes her head: No.

LUTHER, 60s, drawn and tired, firms his grip on Meg.

LUTHER

The city? Come to take me.

Again, Meg shakes her head. Luther spins her around.

LUTHER

Then who?

Meg points to a photo on a nearby table.

MEG

Your daughter. Meg.

Luther takes the photo. Studies it.

LATER

The two sit at the dining room table.

LUTHER

You're stealing from me.

MEG

I would never steal from you.

Luther glances at the gun, now on the table between them.

MEG

That's for your safety. I was gonna
give it back.

She grabs the duffle bag, drops it on the table.

MEG

I brought you groceries.

He rummages through the bag, pulls out a snack.

While munching, he grabs the photo, holds it up to her face.

LUTHER

Don't exactly look like you.

MEG

That picture is five years old.
Before --
(gestures around the room)
This.

Luther reaches out, grabs her hair, pulls her head to the table. The move is aggressive, rough.

LUTHER

That a wig? Huh? Tell me, right
now. Who do you work for? Why are
you after me?

Meg cries as Luther keeps her head pinned.

MEG
Stop it, Dad. You're hurting me.

LUTHER
If you're my daughter, what was
your nickname?

MEG
Maggie-Pie -- sometimes. When you
wanted to be nice. Haggie-Pie when
you didn't.

LUTHER
Favorite dessert?

MEG
I don't eat sweets.

LUTHER
First bike. Color?

MEG
Red.

LUTHER
Wrong!

Still holding her head to the table, he spins from his chair,
twists her arm behind her back.

MEG
It was red! Bell on the left
handlebar. Pink streamers.

She sobs.

MEG
You called it the Meg-mobile.

He releases her arm as realization and confusion sweep over
him. He sits, calmly. Stares for a moment, then...

LUTHER
Why are you here, Maggie-Pie?

MEG
You need help, Dad. Please, let --

His anger flares again.

LUTHER

Everybody wants to control me.
Especially you. Always telling me
what to do.

MEG

I have always only tried to help.
Always.

LUTHER

Makes you feel superior. So,
together. Little Miss Perfect.

MEG

Why do you always have to be so
mean? You think I want to be here?
You think I want to spend a hundred
bucks on groceries, sneak into your
house, get abused -- for what? All
the thanks? Yeah, I do it for the
hugs and kisses. 'Cause there's a
bunch of those.

LUTHER

Why don't you just leave me alone?

MEG

I can't. I just -- can't.

They sit in silence for a moment. Eventually, Meg pulls out a
pill bottle, scoots it to Luther. He pushes it back.

MEG

I know for a fact, you've been out
for over a month.

He snatches the bottle. An angry motion. Walks down the hall.

Meg watches him go. When he's out of sight, she scurries to
the door, scoots the furniture aside, unlocks all the locks
and props the door open.

Hearing Luther returning, she scrambles back to her chair.

LUTHER (O.S.)

You happy. I took my meds.
Everything's better now.

He rounds the corner.

LUTHER

You can go home to your happy
little life without me.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
Police. We got a 911 call.

Luther glares at Meg.

LUTHER
You used to be a good daughter.

MEG
We called for an ambulance.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
They're on the way. Ma'am, can I
come in, make sure everyone's okay?

MEG
We really need someone medical.

Luther grabs the gun, points it at Meg.

LUTHER
Shut up. Shut up right now! I'm not
going with you.

The POLICEMAN slowly pushes into the room.

POLICEMAN
I'm coming in, okay? I just need to
make sure everyone's --

He sees the broken window. Then, the gun.

Luther charges for the door, slams the Policeman back into
the hall. Chaos quickly breaks out as the Policeman tries to
force his way back in.

LUTHER
I knew it! I knew you would
try to take me!

POLICEMAN (O.S.)
(into his radio)
I've got an armed suspect.
Possible hostage situation.

LUTHER
(to Meg)
I should shoot you! You
stupid bitch!

MEG
He's mentally ill! Please,
don't -- he's mentally ill!

The Policeman bashes in the door, throwing Luther to the
ground. Luther looks up, swings the gun toward him.

The Policeman shoots.

CUT TO BLACK.