



Memory Lane

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`INTRO SCREEN - BLACK SCREEN

The following LEGEND appears on the screen.

**'The mind is its own place, and in itself, can make
heaven of hell, and a hell of heaven'**

(John Milton, Paradise Lost)

CUT TO:

`INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN LOCATION, UNKNOWN TIME

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

We open from a BLUR on very dimly lit ROOM, barely able to make out reddish, decaying brickwork in the background.

The room has a concrete floor, littered with dirt and grime.

Spider webs and general decay cling to the walls.

TRACK L-R across the old storage room.

A FEMALE BODY, beaten, barely alive, sits on a single CHAIR in the center of the room. The FEMALE is bound with her HANDS behind her BACK.

An old dirty SACK is over her head.

Her BLOUSE is BLOODIED and DIRTY.

She is sobbing uncontrollably.

We hear the SLOW CREAK of a DOOR (O.S).

A SINGLE LIGHT hangs from the CEILING near the WOMAN.

It slowly SWINGS on its chord, recently disturbed.

Her SHADOW cuts across the concrete, almost earthen floor.

Her breathing cuts through the silence.

The LIGHT flickers on and off sporadically. Electrical buzz.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

The LIGHT BULB flickers within the room.

The staggered image of the BODY and her SHADOW flash on and off.

We hear FOOTSTEPS (O.S). Slow, calculated steps.

We TRACK R to see HEAVY DUTY BOOTS slowly walking down some WOODEN STAIRS, into a basement of some sort where the woman is being held.

FADE TO BLACK:

Cut to KILLER'S FEET on stairs:

FADE TO BLACK:

Cut to WOMAN'S SHADOW on the FLOOR:

Cut to CLOSE UP of LIGHTBULB AND FILAMENT:

FADE TO BLACK:

Cut to CLOSE UP of KILLER'S EYE:

CUT TO THE COVERED HEAD OF THE HOSTAGE:

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

The SHADOW of the KILLER paces slowly around the room, silently taunting the female on the chair.
The FIGURE of the KILLER is around 6 FOOT TALL, MEDIUM BUILD.

CUT TO:

`INT. DARK ROOM - POV

We scan the room as POV.
The KILLER reveals a CUT THROAT BLADE, held by his GLOVED RIGHT HAND.
The KILLER's other HAND comes over to the BLADE and opens it out, ready.
BLACK LEATHER and the STEEL of the knife are highlighted by the dim flecks of LIGHT.
The BLADE is CLEAN. A virgin tool.
The KILLER slowly waves the blade from side to side, under and over, playfully imagining the kill. Eerie.

CUT TO:

`INT. DARK ROOM - M.S

The WOMAN begins to cry out in fear.

Her CRIES are mumbled, her words failing to escape her, as she is terrified.

WOMAN

Please...PLEASE.

Beat.

Her SPEECH is stuttered by SOBBING and pure adrenal FEAR.

Spluttering on her own saliva.

WOMAN

I don't know what you want but just take it.
Please...God...

The KILLER stands still and silent.
The woman hopelessly rocks the chair trying to break free.

WOMAN

My family. My God what have you done to them? Just take what you want.

Beat.

The KILLER watches, unmoved. The WOMAN begins to search about for the KILLER, he gives nothing away. The scene is unsettling, slowly spiraling into the tortuous.

Beat.

`INT. BASEMENT - POV

The KILLER moves slowly, his SHADOWED FACE comes right up to the COVERED FACE of the WOMAN. Studying her. His shallow breathing is clam amongst her cries. The KILLER leans in closer.

CUT TO:

`INT. BASEMENT

The KILLER WHISPERS calmly towards her.
His voice is emotionless, cold. The tone is NON-
DESCRIPT. Animalistic.

KILLER

It *has* to be you.

She begins to SOB and wail uncontrollably.

He pulls her head right back, mocking her.

The KILLER's face is covered in darkness.
He grits his teeth, angered by the sight of her.
The KILLER's SHADOW suggests he is moving his HEAD
SIDE TO SIDE. Unnaturally. Strange and eerie.

She begs, pathetically.

WOMAN

Just let me go. God please. Wh-h-h-hy?

The KILLER seems to HISS AND SNIGGER through his teeth.

Her CRIES grow more DESPERATE, more PLEADING.

WOMAN

I'm, I'm sorry. If you can please just let
me go? I don't understand?

Beat.

WOMAN

What have I done? I -

The KILLER cuts her off, SLASHING her THROAT savagely,
quickly.

We hear INTENSE CHOKING and GAGGING, as the FEMALE
chokes on her own BLOOD.

Her BODY slumps forward in the chair, still.

The SACK over her head is cloying together with her
gushing BLOOD.

The KILLER stands there, watching. Still.

DARK CLARET DROPS OF BLOOD begin to pool in her SHADOW on the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

`EXT. COUNTRY LANE - early afternoon - L.S

CREDIT SEQUENCE.

Aerial pan of a country fields.

We track across to reveal a narrow, winding country lane.

A compact, old RED CAR is traveling along the winding country road.

A speck of red amongst the green.

The SUN is beginning to set low.

The last streams of afternoon light highlight the road.

We flow along the road, ethereal. A natural path is carved through the landscape on our journey.

The air is crisp and the natural scene is peaceful.

The ENGINE of the CAR splutters along the road, cutting through the serenity.

There are no clouds in the sky.

The CAR is alone on the road.

We move down behind the path of the car from behind.

We follow it, gently pulling back to the aerial track.

The TITLE '**MEMORY LANE**' appears on screen (vintage 70's/80's slasher font).

The winding roads seem to go on and on.

The dying heat haze gently blurs the road surface.

The dirty SILVER ALLOYS of the car spin and spin.

The car pulls away from the camera.

CUT TO:

`INT CAR - COUNTRY LANE

The CAR looks over a narrow country road as it progresses with its journey.

The TARMAC of the road is old, crumbling at the edges.

The CAR is driven by CLAIRE JONES, 20.
She has long brunette hair and glasses. She is cute
and has a homely, friendly look to her.
An intelligent surety lies behind her eyes.

CLAIRE looks down at her dials.
The SPEEDO stays still at 40mph.

The RADIO is on low in the BACKGROUND, often crackling
to find a signal.
We follow CLAIRE's hands controlling the wheel.

In her REAR VIEW MIRROR, the road is clear.
Rolling fields, bright greens.

CLAIRE turns up the RADIO when a new song kicks in.
The SOUND OF SILENCE by Simon and Garfunkel plays out
as we follow the journey.
CLAIRE beams a youthful smile.

CLAIRE

I love this song.

CLAIRE almost bounces up and down with childish
fervour.
She looks out through her NEAR SIDE WINDOW to enjoy
the roaming vista.
She pats the STEERING WHEEL in time with the song and
hums along.
We hold on the face of CLAIRE as she drives.
Smiling, carefree.

CUT TO:

`EXT. COUNTRY LANE - M.L.S

The SONG continues.
The CAR weaves as the lane continues to camber around.
We pan around and see the view from the car WINDOW.
The FIELDS flash by the side of the car.
LIVESTOCK can be seen motionless in their fields.
We TRACK behind the car moving along road.
The car goes through a portion of road shielded by old
hanging trees, like a tunnel.

`INT. CAR - wooded tunnel

The sunlight cuts in and out through the branches as the small car makes its way through.
The shadows of branches scour the road, like old guardians.
The sunlight and road are clear in the distance.

CUT TO:

`EXT. CAR - COUNTRY ROAD

We track on the car as it moves out on the other side. A tractor tries to pull out from a farmer's lane on the left of the car.
CLAIRE gently speeds up to beat it.
The TRACTOR lurches to a halt at the roadside.
She looks out the NEAR SIDE WINDOW as she passes it.

CLAIRE

Sorry.

CLAIRE mouths her feeble apology to the farmer.

CLAIRE

I've got to make time.

She doesn't seem too sincere.

CUT TO:

`INT. CAR - LITTLE PROCTOR

We cut back to CLAIRE's face.
She passes a village sign on the left. **'LITTLE PROCTOR'**.
We pan back around to CLAIRE's face.
CLAIRE smiles longingly.
Her EYES moisten, somewhat unexpectedly.

CLAIRE

Home again.

CLAIRE scans the surroundings, looking at her home village as if it is the first time.

The SOUND OF SILENCE stops playing.
RADIO CHATTER fills the car again.
DUSK is sweeping in.

CUT TO:

`EXT. COUNTRY HOME - the Mensana residence - 'Cedar Lodge'

A LARGE, COUNTRY HOME stands alone in a rural locale.
LARGE EVERGREENS and an OLD STONE WALL hide it away.
The large GRAVEL DRIVE leads up to the MAIN HOUSE.
THE FRONT FOOR is open, with packed bags strewn across
the porch area.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - afternoon - TRACKING SHOTS

We are taken on a series of long, holding shots of the
empty hallways and rooms of this large house.
Marble tiles, grand entrances, fireplaces and bedrooms.
A beautiful sweeping staircase leads to the upper
floor.
A small balcony overlooks the reception hall of the
house.
A LARGE MIRROR stands at the top of the STAIRS,
reflecting the corridors upstairs.
There is a portrait painting of the family on the
south wall of the 2nd floor. Classical. Tasteful.
It is quiet and the light registers the old
furnishings and period features of the property.
A GRANDFATHER CLOCK slowly ticks back and forth.
It sounds loud, cutting through the country quiet.

CUT TO:

`INT. LIVING ROOM - MENSANA RESIDENCE - M.S

We track from the large reception hall into the living
room.

A LONE FIGURE, in heavy shadow, sits at a large black
PIANO in the living room.
We track into this FIGURE. HE sits still, thinking.

Beat.

A young MALE child, 4 years of age, runs up to the silhouetted figure at the piano.

TOMMY MENSANA

Daddy! Come on. I want to go!

The FIGURE at the piano turns slowly.
He smiles, picking up his SON into the air.

He fakes a straining noise as he picks up his son.

DAVID MENSANA

You're getting too heavy now.

TOMMY clings to his dad firmly.
His small hands clasp his fathers shirt.
DAVID smiles longingly.

DAVID MENSANA

We're going soon I promise! We're just waiting for Claire to get here okay. She's looking after the house while we're away.

TOMMY

Okay dad.

He puts TOMMY down. DAVID strokes his hair playfully.
TOMMY pulls away as if he is embarrassed.

TOMMY

Dad!

DAVID laughs.

DAVID

Okay okay. I forgot you're too old for that now right?

TOMMY

Yep yep.

TOMMY runs off out of shot.

DAVID yells out after him.

DAVID

Make sure your sister is ready.

He gets no reply. DAVID smirks.

DAVID sits back down at the piano.

He picks up a portrait PHOTO of the family in front of him, on the piano. A simple SILVER FRAME binds it.

He stares lovingly at it. We move close into the PHOTO.

We hold on a close shot of the father's EYES.

He puts the photo back down.

He lights a CIGARETTE from the packet on top of the piano.

The SMOKE hangs in the air, highlighted by the light from the big window of the living room.

A clean shaft of light beams across the room, a stripe dissecting the room.

He taps out three notes slowly, separately in a high register. We close on his hands. His wedding ring.

HE watch his fingers slowly tap away at them.

The notes ring out in the quiet room.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE

We look into the father sitting at the piano through the large window.

His figure is in silhouette.

The CIGARETTE smoke hangs in the beam of light.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - TRACKING SHOT to kitchen

We track L-R from the OUTER HALL into the KITCHEN.

There are PACKED BAGS strewn over the large kitchen table.
We track from R-L to see JESSICA MENSANA at the sink, washing up.
She is in her early 30's, WAVY BLONDE HAIR. She is plainly attractive. She is looking out to the bottom of the GARDEN.
The two children, Tommy and Kate, are larking at the end of the garden, that backs onto a small lake.
She smiles.
A pair of hands wrap around her waist.
She half turns, to see her husband holding her.
She closes her eyes in comfort.
She whispers lovingly, clasping her hands over his.

JESSICA

Hey you.

He kisses her on the cheek, she SMILES contented.
They look out over the kids playing.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - garden, lake - L.S

The children are larking down by the lake at the bottom of the garden.
A FLOCK OF BIRDS fly up into the air from the lake.
They watch this scene.
We track back around to the house.
We can see the DAVID and JESSICA embracing, looking out over the garden, through the window.
We can hear the children laughing O.S.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - garden - M.S - high frame rate

We watch the BIRDS in the sky as the children play below their flight.
HIGH FRAME RATE of the CHILDREN and BIRDS M.S, then we hold on this picture.

DISSOLVE TO:

`EXT. COUNTRY LANE - M.L.S - approaching village

The old RED CAR of CLAIRE JONES is now entering into the village of LITTLE PROCTOR.

Dusk hangs over the village.

The lights of the few SHOP WINDOWS and local homes illuminate the darkening sky.

CLAIRE slows down, the car crawling through the village, checking it out.

CLAIRE passes people walking and chatting along the narrow, small HIGH STREET.

She cannot hear them from inside the car.

CUT TO:

`INT. CAR - M.S - village road

She passes a small Catholic school on the right. 'St. BARTHOLOMEWS'

CLAIRE turns her head to look at it.

She smiles.

CLAIRE mutters to herself.

CLAIRE

I spend my whole life trying to get away from this place.

She sniggers.

She turns the wheel to navigate a tight corner, peeking out to see behind her glasses.

CLAIRE

(sighs)...and I volunteer to come back.

CUT TO:

`EXT. VILLAGE CENTRE - L.S

The CAR is passing through the village.

The car turns onto a narrow lane.

We track the car as it makes its way further into the countryside again.

We see a single house at the end of the lane, in the distance.

It is partly hidden.

The car continues on.

CUT TO:

`INT. CAR - village road

CLAIRE sees the house further up the road.
She is impressed.
She turns the RADIO down to a barely audible level.

CLAIRE

Wow. I forgot how big that old place is.

She looks over to her passenger seat.
Her textbooks are piled up on the seat.

CLAIRE

Yeah, yeah. I hadn't forgotten about you.

We focus on the books - PSYCHOLOGY, FREUD,
CONTEMPORARY THEORY.

CUT TO:

`EXT. CAR

CLAIRE begins to slow down as she pulls onto the
gravel path of the house.
The stones crunch under the wheels.
We hear the scraping of the wheel over the gravel as
the car moves along.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - driveway

The family, apart from DAVID MENSANA, are seated and
ready in the car to go. The engine is already running.
We do not see them clearly, as we track from R-L as
CLAIRE pulls up at the other side of the large
driveway.

The DRIVEWAY is split by a large stone fountain.
The car comes to a stop.

CLAIRE gets out of the car in a hurry and gets her bag
and books from the front seat.

She waves over to the other car, hardly paying
attention, as she hurries up the house.

She runs up to the porch way of the house, almost
tripping.

CLAIRE drops her bags onto the porch way.

DAVID is waiting for her.

CLAIRE

I'm so sorry David.

DAVID shakes his head and laughs.

DAVID

Hey, that's okay.

They embrace.

DAVID

Its really good to see you. Has it really been two years?

CLAIRE nods in affirmation.

CLAIRE

2 years.

Beat.

CLAIRE smiles, but with a hint of sadness behind her eyes.

CLAIRE

Since mum passed.

She smiles through it.

CLAIRE seems to ponder that heavy thought. She sighs.

DAVID looks concerned.

He puts a reassuring HAND on CLAIRE's shoulder.

DAVID

I'm so sorry. It still seems so soon.

CLAIRE pushes her glasses back up.

She seems more content with the openness of the conversation.

CLAIRE

It does. But I'm dealing.

She looks back over her shoulder to the car.

CLAIRE

You guys all ready to go?

They both look down to the waiting car.

DAVID

All ready.

DAVID smiles.

DAVID hands her the keys.

DAVID helps CLAIRE pop her bags into the main hall of the house out of the porch.

Beat.

DAVID adopts a serious tone.

He motions to CLAIRE to come just inside the reception area, inside the house, out of earshot of his wife and family outside.

DAVID

Now. I know I don't have to tell you what to do. Whatever you need is yours, just help yourself. I've left some money on the side for you.

CLAIRE

You shouldn't have.

DAVID

No, no I insist. You're doing us such a favour. Things have been difficult recently and we really need to get away. A bit of old fashioned family time is what the doctor ordered. I don't like leaving the house unattended. I trust you.

Beat.

DAVID

Besides, you're like family to me. To all of us.

CLAIRE seems genuinely touched.

CLAIRE

You can count on me.

CLAIRE seems concerted in her assertion.

DAVID walks down the steps. He turns back to her.

DAVID

We will back in 10 days okay? Have fun
sweetheart.

CLAIRE gives DAVID the thumbs up. She uses her hands
to mimic shooing DAVID along.

CLAIRE

You got it. Now go, go. You're family awaits.

She smiles as he gets into the car.
The car door slams after him.
The tires struggle to grip on the gravel, then spin
away.

They pull away.

She watches as they make their way down the long
gravel path. They turn out of sight.

CLAIRE looks about the grand estate.

She sighs.

CLAIRE

Home alone.

She pulls the front door closed behind her.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - pm

CLAIRE looks at her bags on the floor and walks the
corridors.
Track through the house with CLAIRE, her reactions to
the majesty and opulence.
The dusk light creeping through the windows adds an
eerie glow to the hallways.
Claire comes back downstairs to her bags.

She rifles through the pocket of her bag and takes a pack of cigarettes and a lighter.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - garden - lake - M.L.S

CLAIRE opens the back door into the garden.
She slowly makes her way to down to the lake at the bottom of the garden.
She looks about her, enjoying the serene stillness.
The sounds of nature begin to fill the air. Crickets and wildlife scatters the scene.
She opens the cigarette pack and puts one to her lips.
The cherry ember of the cigarette bursts into life and smoke slowly billows up into the cool air.
CLAIRE looks down at the stillness of the water ahead of her.
She leans up against the wooden fence guarding the lake, clearly deep in thought.
The amber dusk light hangs low.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA REISDENCE - bathroom

Steam billows up from a hot bath running.
The bath fills up with a large layer of foam.
CLAIRE is dressed in a simple robe, staring at her reflection in the mirror above the sink.
She seems to stare at herself.
A noise (O.S) is heard.
CLAIRE swings around, worried looking.
She goes out to the door of the bathroom, leaning on the doorframe, listening harder.
Silence.
The corridor is empty.
She smiles to herself, shaking her head.

CLAIRE

Overactive imagination.

She turns off the taps in the bath.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - tracking shot of hallways

We track around downstairs. The house is silent, empty.

The camera looks back up the stairs towards the bathroom.

We hold. Watching.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - bathroom

CLAIRE undoes her robe, dropping it to the floor. She slides into the warm bath, breathing in as the heat takes her breath away.

She closes her eyes and lays back in total bliss.

We look at the reflection of her in the bath from the bathroom mirror.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - kitchen

CLAIRE walks into the kitchen, dressed after her bath. A towel sits in her hair.

She puts her glasses back on.

She grabs the phone from the counter and takes a seat at the kitchen table.

She dials a number.

It rings.

CLAIRE (phone)

Hey you, its Claire.

Beat.

CLAIRE (phone)

You heard right, I'm back.

Beat.

CLAIRE (phone)

You guys fancy coming over this weekend? I'm looking after the old Mensana house.....

Beat.

CLAIRE (phone)

You have to see it. It's ridiculous.

Beat.

CLAIRE (phone)

The village fete? This weekend? Sounds good. We can have a drink at mine tomorrow night to catch up. I got some work to do during the day. And I want to go and see Mum but come over when you're ready. Sound good?

Beat.

CLAIRE (phone)

Great. I can't wait to see you guys, seems like forever. I feel guilty for not coming back. It's just been hard you know?

Beat.

CLAIRE smiles.

CLAIRE (phone)

You have missed me, get out of it! But I just want to try and make up some time and catch up.

Beat.

CLAIRE (phone)

But you have to behave yourselves. I don't think my student loan can cover anything in this place.

Beat.

CLAIRE (phone)

Okay trouble, tomorrow it is.

Beat.

CLAIRE (phone)

Look forward to it. Love you. Yep. Bye.

She hangs up the phone.
She places it on the table.

She picks up her cigarettes and goes to the kitchen door.
She sparks a cigarette and enjoys it.
Night has fallen over the village.
The red dot of her cigarette and the ambient light of the kitchen are the only light.

CUT TO:

`EXT. OUTSIDE MENSANA RESIDENCE - VILLAGE ROAD

The MENSANA RESIDENCE sits still in the night.
Only a downstairs light is on in the house.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - porch

CLAIRE stubs her cigarette into an old WINE BOTTLE at the kitchen door.
She looks back out behind her into the garden,
Still.
We track R-L across the kitchen, following CLAIRE.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - reception hall

CLAIRE walks out into the reception hall of the house.
She flicks on the light of the reception hall.
CLAIRE moves about the rooms on the ground floor,
locking up.
She makes her way to the front door of the house.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - porch

CLAIRE looks out over the driveway.
Still.
She closes the big RED wooden door after her.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - reception hall

The door is closed. She checks the corridors.
Empty.
She hits the light in the reception hall and makes her way upstairs.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - bedroom - PM

CLAIRE gets into the large bed.
She takes off her glasses.
She turns of the small light at the bed side table.
Darkness.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

The bedroom is light. AM.
CLAIRE lays peaceful, fast asleep.
A shrill alarm cuts through the quiet.
CLAIRE rises suddenly, her eyes struggling to acclimatise.
She stretches and begrudgingly wakes up, sliding out of bed.
She opens the curtains.
The sun pours in. A beautiful day.

CLAIRE goes through to the bath room and starts the shower.

We hear the patter and steam of the water (O.S).

CLAIRE showers as we track around the upper floor of the house. Slow, methodical. Empty.

We track back to the shower room as CLAIRE steps out.

A towel preserves her modesty.

She takes a seat at the dresser and combs her long hair in front of the large, opulent mirror. A window almost.

She stares at herself as she slowly brushes her hair.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - village road

Establishing shot of the property from outside.
Looks inviting in the light of day.
A CAR passes nearby.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - kitchen

CLAIRE eating breakfast, getting ready to go out for
the day.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - lake - L.S

Look back to the house.
We can see CLAIRE in the kitchen.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - driveway

CLAIRE gets into her car.
She starts the engine, it splutters trying to start.

CLAIRE

Come on girl.

She keeps trying.

CUT TO:

`INT. CAR - driveway

Eventually it bursts into rhythm.

She sees the house in the rear view mirror.

She pulls away along the drive way, pulling off onto
the village lane.

The sun is bright and young.

The ambient green tones of the country permeate the screen.

CUT TO:

`EXT. CAR - village road

CLAIRE drives long the country lane.
A few cars squeeze past her on the tight roads.
The locals wave to her from inside their respective cars.
CLAIRE is enjoying the drive.
The RADIO chatters away in the background.
She passes back through the village high street of LITTLE PROCTOR.
CHURCH BELLS chime (O.S).
The village life is bustling.
CLAIRE slowly makes her way through the village.
She turns right into a gated road.
A few people walk along with flowers in hand.
We see a sign, NORTHANGER CEMETERY.

CUT TO:

`EXT. GRAVEYARD - NORTHANGER CEMETERY - M.L.S

CLAIRE's car pulls to a stop in the small car park.
She gets out of the car, looking around her.
A few other people walk amongst the grounds, arm in arm.
CLAIRE watches them, slowly consoling herself to the fact she needs to take that walk too.
She walks out into the rows of headstones.
The grey slabs shine in the sun.
She stops in the distance. L.S.

CUT TO:

`EXT. GRAVEYARD - tombstone - M.S

CLAIRE stops at her mother's tombstone.
ELLEN JONES.
She kneels down in front of it. She slowly draws her hand along the top of the head stone.
She looks hard at her mother's name.
She begins to cry. Her eyes are wild like a lost child.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Hey mum. So. It's been two years. I miss you so much. Life is so different without you showing me what to do.

Beat.

CLAIRE

I feel like that young girl again being here. Here. The same old faces. I'm sorry I haven't been back to see you. It's been too hard. I think of you every day. I miss having you around.

Beat.

CLAIRE

(more upbeat, positive)

Uni's going well, I'm doing my best anyway.

CLAIRE

It's a beautiful day today. You can see that anyway I guess?

Beat.

CLAIRE

I spoke to Dad last week, he's happy in Paris. He sounds great, at peace. I know he loves you more than anything. He still misses you more than words can say. More than I can say.

CLAIRE

I'm looking after the Mensana house while they're away. Their house is so big. Pretty humbling.

CLAIRE laughs.

CLAIRE

Its good to be home though. You shouldn't forget where you came from. Your family.

Beat.

CLAIRE

I'll never forget you mum. I'll come see you soon okay?

CLAIRE

I love you.

CLAIRE cries again. Relieved, unburdened.

She stands, looking at the headstone,

She slowly stands and turns away.

She looks back to the head stone, as she makes her way to the car.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY

CLAIRE's car pulls back into the drive way of the MENSANA RESIDENCE.

She gets out of the car, walking up to the door.

CUT TO:

`EXT. LITTLE PROCTOR POLICE STATION

Establishing shot of the police station building, an old, small building.

Hold on the SIGN outside.

A police car pulls away from outside.

CUT TO::

`INT. LITTLE PROCTOR POLICE STATION

The front desk of the police station is manned by a lady in her 50's. She is stern looking. She is on the phone.

Tracking shot of the hallway.

We stop on a door.

The sign reads DETECTIVE GARSIDE.

CUT TO:

`INT. DETECTIVE GARSIDE'S OFFICE -

A man in his early 50's, graying, sits hunched over his desk, reading some papers.
He wears glasses. He is smoking a cigarette that seems to have finished some minutes ago.

The detective's desk sits just in front of a large window overlooking the country road below.
It is still.

His phone rings, almost making him jump from his laborious stupour.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Detective Garside.

Beat.

He almost breaks into a smile, looking more relaxed.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Hey sweetheart. Just working through some old papers.

Beat.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

You know they should really tell you about this shit before you sign up.

Beat.

A knock on the door (O.S)

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Hang on.

HE pulls the phone away from his ear.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Come in.

A police officer walks into the room.

He hands the detective some paperwork.

OFFICER HARDY

Sorry gov. Finished up the Williams case.
Nothing concrete on him.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE sighs.

He mouths okay, as the officer retreats.

He speaks into the phone receiver again.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Sorry. Ah, I'm okay. It needs to be done.

Beat.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Listen. I'm going to pop over the The Swan
for a quick drink when I'm finished up here.
You don't mind do you? I could do with a
stiff drink.

Beat.

He lights another cigarette.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Okay. I won't be long. Love you.

He hangs up.

He looks at the stack of papers.

He sighs.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - living room - EARLY AFTERNOON

CLAIRE is sitting at the piano in the MENSANA living
room.

She plays a soft, warm melody.

She stops playing, looking out the window longingly.

Her mind is elsewhere.

She taps the odd note as she ponders.

She picks up the photo frame of the family.

She smiles as she looks at the loving family captured
in time.

She puts in down and begins to play again.
She hums over the melody as we pan into the window.
The light illuminates her figure at the piano.

DISSOLVE TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - kitchen

CLAIRE is sitting at the kitchen table, in front of a heap of books and is scribbling notes.

We watch th ePENCIL LEAD carve into the paper.

He head is buried down and is lost in her notes.

The books are on psychology and the human mind.

She looks up from her work, trying to understand a point raised.

We hold on the pages of her text as she writes.

There is a widespread highly romanticized belief that madness somehow heightens creative genius among artists, writers, and musicians. And that may be because we romanticize the idea of artistic inspiration.

Are we all able to descend into the realm of madness in the name of creative aspirations, or is it a unique clique reserved for the greater individual? Can the unique and genius ever be born from the ordinary the plain? Vice versa.

Are we able to tap into that maniacal gene at will?

Does it exist? Is madness a medical condition or a choice? An expression?

Is a family man as likely to harm another as someone predisposed to violence historically?

A child is as likely to develop the taste for violence as an educated adult mind?

CLAIRE lights a cigarette at the table.

She flicks through her textbooks as she makes notes.

Her head rests on her hand as she studies.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDNCE - kitchen window - POV

Someone watches CLAIRE as she works. Silent, still. An observer.

DISSOLVE TO:

`EXT. VILLAGE PUB - THE BLACK SWAN - early evening

INTRODUCTION OF THE PUB.

Old fashioned country English pub.

The sign hangs still in the night air 'The Black Swan'.

The small car park is rammed full, a busy night.

A couple walk into the open doors, arm in arm.

A pair of car beam lights pull into the car park.

We establish a small red car as it pulls up.

The engine stops.

CLAIRE gets out of the car. She looks about the familiar setting.

She walks towards the pub.

CUT TO:

`INT. POLICE STATION - early evening.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE takes a sip from a whisky glass.

It doesn't touch the sides.

He picks up the phone receiver, but slams it down, changing his mind.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

I'm done.

He picks up his coat from the back of the chair and makes his way out of the door.

It slams behind him.

He walks along the corridor.

He sees MRS. PATTERSON at the front desk.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

See you tomorrow Phyllis.

She gestures with her hand in acknowledgement, not looking up.

The detective doesn't look impressed. Same old routine.

The detective walks out of the lobby to the outside world.

CUT TO:

`INT. THE BLACK SWAN

CLAIRE walks through the door.
There are couples, families, locals all enjoying their night drink.
A fire roars in its hearth, a few people sitting in the snug, engrossed in cosy chatter and banter.
The pub is boisterous and noisy with chatter.
The barman pulls a pint, spilling over in haste to serve the people gathered at the bar.

LOCAL

Bloody hell George.

A few of the people at the bar snigger in unison.
The barman doesn't laugh.

He slams the pint down in front of the mocking local.
He shoots a sarcastic glance.
The local raises his glass in sarcastic retort.

CLAIRE struggles to move through the crowds.
She takes in the pub surroundings.
A few old locals are playing chess at a table, lost in their game.

CLAIRE

This place doesn't change.

A few of the locals recognize Claire, smiling and mouthing their respects across the pub.
CLAIRE returns their affections.
CLAIRE makes her way to the bar, squeezing past a few people and mouthing half hearted apologies over her shoulder as she goes through.
She manages to get served.
The fire flickers a warm orange hue behind her.

CLAIRE

Bitter please George.

George the barman looks up from his duties.

He looks surprised to see CLAIRE and beams a smile, almost at odds to his tired demeanour.

GEORGE

Claire Jones. How goes it kiddo?

Beat.

CLAIRE

Good George, you?

GEORGE

Same old here darlin'. All the old faces. But I wouldn't have it any other way. For my sins.

CLAIRE laughs.

CLAIRE

Country life George.

GEORGE

Ah I know.

He leans in to CLAIRE.

GEORGE (con'd)

So what brings you here? You missed us.

CLAIRE slowly nods.

CLAIRE

Of course. Of course I have.

Beat.

GEORGE

Yeah, right you are. (*sarcastic*)

CLAIRE

I'm here to look after the Mensana place.

GEORGE

The Mensana place huh? We don't see much of them these days. Shame. Nice family.

CLAIRE

Yeah they are. The kids are getting so much bigger!

GEORGE

The world moves too damn fast these days. Even out in these parts.

Beat.

He feigns a smile despite his truthfulness.

GEORGE (con'd)

I remember when you were knee high to a grasshopper. Look at you now eh?

He raises his glass to her.

GEORGE (con'd)

Glad to have you back Claire.

They clash glasses.

CLAIRE

Glad to be here.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Will catch up soon okay?

GEORGE

You got it.

GEORGE turns his attention back to his baying customers.

GEORGE

Whose next then?

CLAIRE sips her drink and turns back, leaning on the bar.

She scans the bar.

A old gentleman, in his 70's approaches her.

FRANK

Mensana place eh? A young girl like you shouldn't be in that big 'ol place on your own.

CLAIRE turns to him, slightly startled.

CLAIRE recognises him.

CLAIRE

Frank. I, uh..

Beat.

CLAIRE

I'm not up there on my own.

FRANK

Sure you ain't. I'm just trying to lend my opinion. I guess that means squat to you young folk.

CLAIRE

No of course not. I'm here to look after the house, there won't be any trouble. I can look after myself.

FRANK steps nearer to CLAIRE, a little too close. He takes Claire by the arm firmly.

FRANK

Just listen to me okay.

GEORGE sees FRANK is pestering her. He yells at him.

GEORGE

Frank leave her alone. She don't need some old soak ruining her fun.

FRANK mumbles to himself as he traipses off.

CLAIRE thanks GEORGE with a raise of her glass.

A young male, early 20's walks into the pub, with a pretty young girl on his arm.

He sees CLAIRE across the bar. They make eye contact, but CLAIRE shies away.

CLAIRE

Shit.

The MAN approaches CLAIRE.
He is handsome, with neat hair and smart clothes. He walks with a swagger and is cocksure.

CLAIRE takes a sip of her drink as he approaches.

JOHN

Miss Jones. A pleasure as always.

CLAIRE turns to him.

CLAIRE

Hi Johnny.

Beat.

A nervous pause.

CLAIRE

How are you? I see you have another victim on your arm.

HE smiles, laughing smugly.

JOHN

You haven't changed have you?

CLAIRE doesn't respond.

JOHN (cn'd)

No that's a good thing. The world needs a few more women like you.

She feigns acceptance. Cringing.

JOHN

That's just Becky. She's a bit of summer fun, you know how it is.

He leans in close to her.

JOHN

So what brings you back home?

CLAIRE

Summer break from uni. I'm looking after the Mensana place for a few weeks.

JOHN

The Mensana place. Nice.

JOHN seems impressed.

JOHN

Country folk with city money.

A group of people make their way past them, cutting their conversation off.

CLAIRE chips in as soon as she can.

CLAIRE

They're nice people John. And friends of the family, you know that. So show them and me a little respect okay?

JOHN

You got it C.

She recoils.

CLAIRE

You know I hate it when you call me that.

He seems to enjoy it.

JOHN

Sure I do.

Beat.

JOHN

I guess we gotta catch up soon right? 2 years is a long time out here.

CLAIRE

John I don't know. I came in here tonight to see a few old faces but I won't be hanging around. Its hard to be back.

JOHN seems more serious at this assertion.

JOHN

I know Claire. I just miss you.

He places his hand over hers. He whispers into her ear.

JOHN

I guess it hasn't been the same around here.

CLAIRE takes comfort in his support.
Their eyes hold.
She finishes her drink, slightly uncomfortable.
She removes her hand from his grasp.

CLAIRE

I gotta shoot but maybe we can have that drink another time okay?

Beat.

CLAIRE

Besides, I don't think your summer fun looks too happy.

She motions across the bar where John's acquaintance is eyeing them up.

JOHN

Sure thing. I'll catch you around.

She smiles at him.

CLAIRE makes her way through the crowds to the door.
She stops and looks about longingly.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA POLICE STATION

DETECTIVE GARSIDE walks over to his car.

He throws his case into the back seat. And starts the engine.

HE looks down at his BRIEFCASE.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Shit.

He turns off the engine, getting out of the car.

CUT TO:

`EXT. THE BLACK SWAN - CAR PARK

CLAIRE walks out to the car park towards her car.

The moon shines light down upon her.

The night sky is clear.

CLAIRE turns the key in her door. She takes a moment to gather herself.

She mutters to herself.

CLAIRE

Well that wasn't too painful.

A shadow approaches the passenger side of the car.

The handle is lifted.

CLAIRE looks up startled.

JOHN gets into the passenger seat.

CLAIRE is obviously shocked.

CLAIRE

John, I -

He leans in to kiss her.

CLAIRE recoils.

CLAIRE

John no!

He forces himself on her, pinning her against the driver door.

HE is holding her hair as their lips lock.

She tries to push him away.

CLAIRE

No. no.

She fumbles for the driver door handle.
She pops it open.
She spills out onto the floor.
She gets up as JOHN gets out of the passenger side.

CLAIRE

John what the fuck?!

He looks angry, disappointed.

CLAIRE

I'm not your girl anymore. Fuck.

JOHN

I'm sorry. I -

CLAIRE

Just go home, go get your girlfriend. I
don't care. Just stay the fuck away from me.

CLAIRE is resolute.

JOHN walks away. CLAIRE doesn't take her eyes off of
him.

CLAIRE gets back in the car and starts the engine.
She flicks the car beams on.

DISSOLVE TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - PM

The light beams of the car stand still.
The engine turns off as CLAIRE arrives back at the
Mensana home.
She walks up to the door and puts the key in.
She checks over her shoulder, clearly distressed still.
She opens the door and flicks on the reception hall
light.
She sits down on the porch, her shadow cast onto the
gravel driveway from the inside light.
She lights a cigarette from her pack.
She takes comfort in the warm night and long drag of
her cigarette.
The smoke hangs in the close air.

CUT TO:

`EXT. POLICE STATION

DETECTIVE GARSIDE gets in his car with some paerwork.
He starts the engine.

CUT TO:

`EXT. BLACK SWAN - PM

Holding shot of the pub at evening.
The light of the windows cut through the darkening sky.

CUT TO:

`INT. BLACK SWAN - PM

Inside the pub is still lively and boisterous.
The locals are more drunk, more vociferous.
DETECTIVE GARSIDE walks into the pub.
He slowly makes his way to the bar.
He sees a young lad, maybe 17 years old, drinking a
beer stolen from the bar.
The boy sees the DETECTIVE and puts it down.
The DETECTIVE walks up to him.
The boy is visibly nervous.

DETECTIVE

You best be on your way Tom.

TOM nods in approval, relieved.

The DETECTIVE smiles as he walks away.

GEORGE sees the detective.

GEORGE

Usual poison Bill?

Beat.

A wearied look pains the detective.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Please. Just a quick one before I see the
missus.

GEORGE hands him a whisky.
The ice rattles as the DETECTIVE brings it to his lips.

GEORGE

Claire Jones was in earlier Bill.

THE DETECTIVE looks up, interested.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Really? Smart girl that one. Nice to see
some folk get out of here.

GEORGE

I hear ya.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

How long is she back for?

GEORGE

Couple of weeks. She's looking after the
Mensana place.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

I'll stop in and see her.

GEORGE nods.

The DETECTIVE slams the glass down on the bar

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Well that's me. Look after yourself George.

GEORGE

Yeah you too. Be seeing you.

The DETECTIVE heads for the door.

A young man bumps into the detective, clearly drunk.

JOHN SIMPSON sees who he has bumped into and sobers up
quickly.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Simpson.

JOHN

Sorry detective. Just had a few too many.
You know how it is right?

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

You got something to say?

JOHN smiles.

JOHN

Nah. Of course not sir.

The DETECTIVE pulls him to one side.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

You can act the big one in front of your friends but I got my eye on you. Around the clock.

JOHN doesn't seem to pay much interest.

The DETECTIVE pulls his head back by his hair.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE (cond)

I'm sick of kids like you running around this village like vigilantes.

Beat.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE (cond)

I won't be taking any more shit from you. Of all people.

JOHN leans in aggressively.

JOHN

Well you can't touch me, I've done nothing wrong.

Beat.

JOHN (con'd)

Seeing you like this has made my day. I thought seeing little old Claire would be the highlight but this takes the fucking prize.

The DETECTIVE seems a little shocked at the aggression.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

You saw Claire earlier?

Beat.

JOHN nods.

JOHN

Yeah, we had a little alone time.

THE DETECTIVE grabs him by the collar forcibly.

THE pub quietens down, as people look on.

Shocked.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

You stay the fuck away from that girl. After the shit you put her through. You're a cold piece of shit you know that right.

JOHN

Yeah, but I'm hot property.

The DETECTIVE laughs.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

You're a piece of shit.

Beat.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE (con'd)

John.

He lets go of the collar.

People slowly go back to their drinks and conversation.

DETECTIVE

Get out of here. And stay the hell away from Claire. Understand?

JOHN

Oh I understand.

JOHN is mocking in tone.

The DETECTIVE looks about him and leaves the pub.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - track through house - PM

Tracking shots of the room of the house. Establish its size, its emptiness.

The grandfather clock is ticking away.

CLAIRE is setting up the house for the arrival of her friends.

She walks through the reception hall to the kitchen.

She opens a few bottles of wine.

She looks out to the garden, down to the LAKE.

The water is calm and still.

Beat.

The phone rings (O.S) in the reception hall.

CLAIRE stops what she is doing and walks through to answer the phone.

She lifts the receiver.

CLAIRE (phone)

Hello Mensana residence.

She is upbeat, not paying much attention to the call.

Beat.

CLAIRE (phone)

Hello can I help you.

WE hear slow breathing.

CLAIRE (phone)

Hello. Who is this?

She looks slightly worried.

CLAIRE (phone)

John is that you? Hello.

The breathing continues.

CLAIRE is angered.

CLAIRE (phone)

John? I told you to leave me be.

Beat.

CLAIRE (phone)

We're through okay, I hope you understand that.

She hangs up the phone.

She sits down at the kitchen table, running her hands through her hair. Frustrated.

CLAIRE (phone)

Pathetic.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - outer wall driveway.

We look back at the house.
It stands alone.
A few lights are on downstairs.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - living room

CLAIRE walks up to the living room fireplace.
CLAIRE leans down and lights the log fire with a match.
She throws the MATCH in.
It slowly sparks into life, glowing.
The small flames lick and crackle.
HOLDING SHOT OF THE FIRE BURNING.

CLAIRE takes a minute to enjoy the comfort.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - living room window

A FIGURE in shadow watches CLAIRE from outside the house.
The FIGURE is pressed up against the window. Resolute, staring. Unmoved.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - living room window - POV

CLAIRE is moving about the lower rooms, getting the house ready.
Her shadow follows her in the low light of the house.
THE POV stands still watching her move.
Shallow breathing.
CLAIRE blurs into her shadow in the low firelight.

DISSOLVE TO:

`DREAM SEQUENCE - day

CLAIRE is walking along an empty country road.
She almost skips along, happy.
She has a surreal smile on her face. The sun beats down.
There is a bright white hue over the scene.
A close up of an open eye, still.
A crow sitting on a branch completely still.
A roaring fire.
Close up of a piano key.
Children's laughter can be heard off screen.

CLAIRE continues to walk down the lane (**high frame rate**)

CLAIRE stops. She raises her arms, closing her eyes, basking in the sun.

The sky suddenly bruises and begins to rain. She enjoys the warm summer rain on her skin.
It drips red as blood.
She Smiles. Unaware.
Close up of a closed eye. Red drops drip from her eyelids.

Cut to internal of Mensana residence. BLOOD flows down the long reception hall stairs. High frame rate.

We see the blood following slowly down the steps reflected in the large mirror at the top of the stairs.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - pm

CLAIRE is back in the kitchen, preparing some food.

We hear a few faint notes being played on the piano.
CLAIRE looks up startled.
She slowly inches towards the door, to peek through to
the living room.
Empty.
She laughs it off.

CLAIRE

You've got problems girl.

CLAIRE goes back to the kitchen.
A FIGURE watches her from inside the house, in the
doorway of the kitchen.
They move away.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - house grounds PM

A shadowed figure sneaks about the grounds of the
house, leaving.
He walks into some moonlight.
JOHNS SIMPSON walks away, looking back at the house.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY

Two sets of headlights pull into the gravel driveway
of the house.
Rock music is blaring from one of the cars.
CLAIRE's friends get out of the 2 cars.
LAURA SCOTT, CHARLIE MUIR, SALLY WILLIS & PETER
CUNLIFFE.
They have their bags and are excited. They run up
towards the house.

JOHN SIMPSON watches them from the cover of the trees.

CLAIRE opens the front door in the background.
She smiles.

Her FRIENDS run up to her, almost knocking her over.

CLAIRE

Hey!

Her FRIENDS look up at the size of the house.

PETER

Jesus babe you done good!

They all laugh.

CLAIRE

Come on guys, lets get these drinks on the go.

SALLY

The girl speaks the truth.

CLAIRE hugs her.

They go into the house.

CLAIRE pulls the front door to behind her.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - reception hall PM

The friends are all blown away by the house. They each take a quick look about, taking in the small details of the home.

PETER picks up an old stone artifact. It is heavy and highly detailed. Clearly valuable.

PETER

I need a better job.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - bedrooms PM

The friends all unpack their bags upstairs. They take a look around the rooms, opening all the doors and closets, being nosy.

CLAIRE calls out to them (O.S) from downstairs.

CLAIRE

Dump your bags wherever guys, I need a drink. There's a hangover with my name on it.

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - perimeter of house - tracking shot

A shadowed figure lurks around the house. We track around the entire house. Look in every room. Lights come on and off as people come and go from the rooms. Continuous shot.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - POV - perimeter of house

We follow a POV looking through the windows of the house, watching the friends come and go from rooms as they get ready.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - RECEPTION HALL

CLAIRE's friends come down the grand staircase. Dressed, showered, ready. CLAIRE walks from the kitchen into the hall.

CLAIRE

Okay. Now we're talking. You guys look great.

She beams a smile.

They all smile back boisterously.

CLAIRE takes a sip of her red wine.

We hold close on the red wine in the glass.

FADE TO BLACK:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - TRACK R-L INTO LIVING ROOM

Some time has passed in the evening. Everyone is merry and seems a little worse for wear. They are bunched up on the sofas. The fire crackles and roars in front of them, illuminating the warm, open room.

LAURA

So you got a man in your life young lady?

Everyone seems interested.

CLAIRE perks up.

CLAIRE

Me?

Beat.

CLAIRE

Far too busy.

They laugh.

CHARLIE

Yeah right. A likely story.

SALLY

You must be beating them away with a stick.

PETER

Ha yeah. You can beat my st-

SALLY slaps him, not letting him finish his sentence.

CLAIRE laughs.

CLAIRE

Petey, I'm honoured hon. But I'm good thanks.

Peter sits down, pretending to be dejected.

PETER

Well. If you change your mind.

He suddenly beams a vibrant smile, falling back into the sofa.

CHARLIE throws some crisps at him.

A FIGURE stands in the window outside. Deadly still.

Then gone.

CLAIRE pours herself more wine, and offers round the bottle.

CLAIRE

I did see John earlier.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Still a prick I see.

Everyone is shocked at this revelation. SALLY puts her arm around CLAIRE for comfort.

CLAIRE

I don't know what's worse. The fact I went out with him or the fact I still care.

No-one has an answer.

CLAIRE

Neither option is great right?

They nod.

LAURA kisses CLAIRE on the forehead, affectionately.

LAURA

Yeah just let that one go. Bad seed.

Beat.

LAURA

Besides, he dates 16 year old slappers these days.

PETER

I need to ask him his secret.

CLAIRE playfully slaps PETER.

PETER

C'mon. Charlie, you agree with me right?

Beat.

CHARLIE puts his glass down.
He takes a second to compose himself.

CHARLIE

I would never, ever..

Beat.

CHARLIE

Deny that I don't envy that man!

The girls looked shocked.
PETER falls about himself laughing.

CHARLIE stands and takes a bow as the girls wrestle
him to the ground.

PETER sits alone on the sofa laughing maniacally.

A FIGURE stands in the room behind him, within arms
reach.

THE fire roars as we pan back to PETER on the sofa.
The figure gone.

We watch the fire dance as we hear the friends chatter
(O.S).

DISSOLVE TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - living room

We fade into the fire. Some time has passed.

CLAIRE and her friends are slowly descending into the
realm of sleep and drunken lethargy.

PETER sits playing some random notes at the piano.
His shadow stands in the room, cast by the fire. A
shadow a figure in itself.

CLAIRE stands behind him as he plays.

SALLY, LAURA and CHARLIE are talking amongst
themselves across the room.

Beat.

The crackle of gravel can be heard (O.S).
CLAIRE goes to the drawn curtains and peeks out.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY

A intense pair of headlight beams cut through the darkness.
The gravel of the driveway is crackling in the quiet night air.
A CAR slowly rolls into the drive.
The brightness of the lights obscure any vision.
The CAR rolls to a stop.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

CLAIRE is joined by the others at the window.
They fight to see who is out there in the darkness.
They hear the car engine stop (O.S)

SALLY

Babe are we expecting anyone else?

CLAIRE looks puzzled.

CLAIRE

Not that I know of.

The car beams turn off.

CLAIRE, followed by the others walk around to the front reception door.

CLAIRE slowly opens it.

We look back at the friends standing in the doorway, slightly nervous.

CLAIRE looks relieved when she sees DETECTIVE GARSIDE.

He walks up to the front door.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Sorry. Didn't mean to startle you.

Beat.

Everyone relaxes.

CLAIRE offers him to come in.
The detective accepts gratefully.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE (con'd)

I don't mean to ruin your fun. I know its late, I just wanted to pop over and say hi before you're off again, didn't know if I'd have time.

CLAIRE

That's fine, don't worry.

Beat.

She hugs him.
Everyone resumes their drinking.

CLAIRE

It's so good to see you.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Its great to see you too. Its been a while.

The DETECTIVE waves to the others.

They raise their glasses.

CLAIRE

Come in. Can I get you a drink, seeing as you're here.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

I won't say no. Single malt if you got one.

The detective looks about the house, impressed.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE (con'd)

I need a better job.

They laugh.

PETER

I hear that.

The DETECTIVE smiles.

They walk through into the kitchen. They take a seat around the table.

CLAIRE lights a few candles and turns off the light.

She pours the detective a drink in one of the Mensana's crystal glasses.

DETECTIVE

Thank you.

He knocks it back straight away.
He slightly winces, but enjoys it.

We fade out as they continue to talk.

FADE TO BLACK:
CUT TO:

`INT. living room PM

Everyone is talking still, now in the living room.

The detective checks his watch.
He knocks back a drink.
The ice rattles in the glass.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Well that's me.

Beat.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE (con'd)

Its been a pleasure to see you again Claire.
Look after yourself okay. All of you.

He hugs her.

He thanks everyone with a knowing glance.

He walk for the front door.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Have a great night. Take care you lot.

They all cheer.

He smiles and pulls the door to behind him.

CUT TO:

`INT. RECEPTION HALL - M.S PM

CLAIRE relaxes.

CLAIRE

He's such a gent isn't he?

SALLY

Yeah I love him. He's so sweet.

CHARLIE puts his arm around SALLY. She giggles frivolously.

The others pretend to not notice them slink off up the stairs.

CLAIRE shakes her head, like a disgruntled mother. She laughs.

PETER and LAURA take her by the arm into the living room.

CLAIRE

How did I miss THAT?!

Beat.

PETER

Don't ask. We still don't understand.

LAURA

I don't think they do either.

CLAIRE smirks.

CLAIRE

Fair enough.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Is anyone else still far too sober?

LAURA and PETER nod in tandem.

CLAIRE

Follow me.

They walk off into the kitchen,

The camera tracks into the reception hall where it stays.

IT holds on a haunting still of the dimly lit large staircase. A single light upstairs is on.

We slowly track up the stairs.

Along the upper corridor, into the bedroom upstairs.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - M.S

A lamp sits alight in the dark room on the bedside table.

It emits an eerie glow.

A HAND suddenly knocks it over.

We pan across to CHARLIE and SALLY having passionate sex.

Their groans are loud in a quiet room.

Their figures writhe and twist under a thin bed sheet.

SALLY

Oh Jesus baby.

CHARLIE

Come on.

SALLY wraps her finger between CHARLIE's.

SALLY moans in pleasure.

WE pull back from them having sex to reveal a FIGURE watching them from inside the room.

He watches them silently.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - POV

We watch the young couple having sex.
The overturned lamp is the only source of light in the room.
THE FIGURE remains still, watching them.
Their moans do not bother the FIGURE.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - upstairs bedroom - C.S

SALLY coils up in delight.

SALLY

Jesus. Fuck.

They slow down.
CHARLIE rolls over, spent.

CHARLIE

That was fucking amazing.

SALLY leans over to the table and grabs a pack of cigarettes.
She lights one, takes a drag and passes it to CHARLIE.

CHARLIE

Thank you.

SALLY acts all coy.

SALLY

You're welcome young man.

She laughs.

CHARLIE sits back, enjoying the cigarette.

They both stare out ahead of them.
The FIGURE is no longer there.

CUT TO:

`EXT. VILLAGE ROAD - COUNTRY ROAD

DETECTIVE GARSIDE'S CAR makes its way along the dark country road.
The headlights light up the road.

CUT TO:

`INT. CAR - village road

DETECTIVE GARSIDE is trying hard to see the small road in front of him.
HE checks the rear view mirror. Darkness.

Beat.

A FIGURE suddenly appears in the headlight in front of him.

`EXT. CAR - VILLAGE ROAD

THE DETECTIVE slows down as he nears the walking figure.

THE FIGURE is using a torch to guide him along the road.

THE DETECTIVE pulls up beside him.

CUT TO:

`INT. CAR

DETECTIVE GARSIDE pulls up next to the FIGURE.

The DETECTIVE leans over and winds down the window.

CUT TO:

`EXT. CAR

JOHN SIMPSON leans into the window, pointing the torch into the car.

He smiles when he sees the DETECTIVE.

JOHN

Detective.

THE DETECTIVE winces under the torchlight.

DETECTIVE

John, what the hell are you doing out here.

JOHN

An evening stroll. No law against that.

The DETECTIVE clicks open the door.

DETECTIVE

Come on, get in. I'll take you home.

JOHN clicks off the torch. He gets in.

CUT TO:

`EXT. SIMPSON residence

The DETECTIVE's car pulls up along the curb.
He slows to a stop.

DETECTIVE

Here you go.

JOHN

Thanks sir.

He slowly gets out of the car.

DETECTIVE

Get yourself indoors okay?

JOHN

You got it.

JOHN slams the car door behind him.

The detective pulls away.

JOHN waits for him to leave.

He looks back at his house.

He walks away into the night.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - RECEPTION HALL

We hear (O.S) chatter from the living room.
We focus on the large staircase.

SALLY and CHARLIE walk down the stairs. They lean in
and kiss, holding hands.

CLAIRE, LAURA and PETER walk out into the hall. They
are more drunk.

They cheer and wolf whistle.

CLAIRE looks over at SALLY. She looks a little
sheepish.

CLAIRE laughs.

CHARLIE and CLAIRE are reflected in the large mirror
at the top of the stairs.

CHARLIE takes a long theatrical bow.

SALLY shrugs her shoulders, laughing.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - reception hall

THE GRANDFATHER ticks over.
He hear the (O.S) chatter from the living room.

CUT TO::

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - living room

Everyone is chatting between themselves.
A cork pop from another bottle of wine.

PETER walks into the centre of the room, holding an
old PROJECTOR unit.

PETER

I just hit the payload. Check this shit out.

Everyone looks up to PETER.

CLAIRE

Petey where did you find that?

PETER

Just looking through some of this old shit.

Beat.

CHARLIE

It's a sign.

PETER

Exactly. We have to check it out.

CLAIRE

Shit I don't know.

CLAIRE looks over to SALLY and LAURA for support.

They look childish and interested.

SALLY

It can't hurt to take a look?

SALLY prods CLAIRE playfully.

CLAIRE laughs.

CLAIRE

Okay. But please God don't break it.

PETER looks at the PROJECTOR keenly.

PETER

Okay, gimme a minute and I'll fire it up.

CUT TO:

INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

PETER and CHARLIE slowly and carefully remove some paintings from a large wall.

CLAIRE and the GIRLS look on anxiously.

A plain white wall is cleared in the living room.

We cut to a close up of the projector lens.
The bulb flickers, as images flash past the camera
onto the wall.

We pan back to reveal the images on the wall.

Everyone is crowded on the sofas, ready to watch it.

A home movie of the MENSANA's begins.

The children born, really young. Mum and DAD kissing.
Wedding day. Happy times.

LAURA

Aww this is so sweet.

CHARLIE

It's cool.

He smiles over to SALLY. She smiles back.

The fire glows warm even though it is slowly dying.
The embers are a warm, amber bed,

The light of the projector flickers in the room.

Everyone is enjoying the home video.

It suddenly cuts off.

Only the dying fire lights the room.

CLAIRE

Okay I guess that's it.

PETER gets up slowly to turn it off.

The PROJECTOR suddenly sparks back into life.

PETER sits back down.

Everyone stares, curious.

The video now on the wall is of CLAIRE sitting at the
piano in the living room.
She sits quietly. A CIGARETTE burns away in the
ashtray.

CLAIRE looks deep in thought.

CLAIRE

What the fuck?

Everyone seems genuinely concerned.
PETER looks over to the rest of them
CLAIRE stands up.

CLAIRE

Turn it off. Please.

She is clearly upset.

LAURA hugs her.

She turns to PETER.

LAURA

Pete turn it off. Come on.

PETER rushes over to the projector and flicks it off.

They all stare at the blank wall.

We track around the room.

A FIGURE stands in the reception room, watching them
from inside the house. Still.

The KILLER watches from behind them, close, silent.

We pan around to CLAIRE and friends. They are huddles
close together.

CLAIRE

Someone has been in the fucking house.

SALLY

This is so fucked.

CHARLIE

We need to take a look around.

CLAIRE seems scared. She is fighting back tears.

She is angry.

CLAIRE

Come on then.

LAURA

Stick together okay.

They walk out into the reception hall.
PETER lags behind.

CUT TO:

`EXT. COUNTRY ROAD PM

JOHN SIMPSON walks along the country road by flashlight. He looks angry.
A car pulls up behind him.
He walks over to the window.
The car door is kicked open, sending him flying.
He gets up scared.

JOHN

What the fuck asshole?

A FIGURE proceeds towards him.

JOHN backs up cautiously, silently.

THE FIGURE approaches.

He lowers his hands to reveal a metal wire.

JOHN turns to run but the FIGURE catches him.

He garrotes him with the wire, nearly ripping his throat in two.

His eyes are wide in fear as his life drains away.

He takes a last breath and blood spills over the FIGURE's hands.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - TRACKING SHOT THROUGH ROOMS

CLAIRE and friends make their way around the bottom floor.

They inch into rooms, peeking out and checking them one by one.

The dead of night outside disconcerts them.

PETER follows behind but slips away from them. They do not notice.

They walk back out into the reception hall.

We look at the staircase.

CLAIRE

Upstairs.

CLAIRE takes the lead.

They turn on the hallway light upstairs. Clear. They slowly check each room, splitting up to check each one.

CHARLIE

Where is Peter?

Beat.

LAURA

Son of a bitch.

They head back downstairs.

PETER is sitting on the sofa in the living room. He turns back when he hears them coming.

CLAIRE is angry at him. She marches up to him.

CLAIRE

Where the hell were you? Thanks for the help.

Beat.

PETER

There isn't anything to worry about. And there definitely isn't anyone in the house.

They look puzzled at his revelation.

PETER

I dropped by earlier in the day. I found his camera. You must have been upstairs.

CLAIRE looks ready to snap.

PETER

It was me. I... I thought it would be a joke. It was only meant to be a joke.

CHARLIE lunges at PETER but SALLY holds him back.

CHARLIE

How did you think that would be funny you dumb prick.

PETER looks apologetic.

PETER

I..

CHARLIE

You scared the shit out of her. Just look at her.

SALLY

Peter that was fucking weak.

PETER

I'm sorry.

He turns to CLAIRE

PETER

I'm really sorry. I didn't think. Please.

She pushes him half-heartedly.

CLAIRE

It's okay.

Beat.

CLAIRE

I've been on edge the last few days. I don't know, this place creeps me out.

PETER

I'm so sorry.

CLAIRE

Its already forgotten.

Beat.

PETER sits down, admonished.

PETER

I'd better go. I've ruined our night. I just missed you. Played the fool one too many times.

SALLY

Lets call it a night okay?

They all nod.

CLAIRE

Sounds good.

CHARLIE walks up to PETER and shakes his hand.

CHARLIE

Sorry man, just lost it.

PETER doesn't respond. He nods.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - living room window

The FIGURE watches the group from the window.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

THE MOOD OF THE PARTY IS SOURED. CALL IT A NIGHT.

CLAIRE

I guess it was you playing the piano earlier to fuck with me?

PETER seems visibly shocked. He is defensive.

PETER

No, not me.

CLAIRE freaks out with an anxiety attack. They offer to leave. She says no she is silly but she wants to go to bed. THEY ALL GO TO BED.

`EXT. LITTLE PROCTOR - MIDDAY - VILLAGE FETE

M.L.S. We overlook the village fete. Traditional fairground music plays out over a tannoy system. Families and children walk around the grounds. The sun is beaming. Everyone is enjoying themselves. Children holding balloons. Some children are having their faces painted with make up and dressed as animals. We track around the grounds - carnival rides, food stands, a traditional English summer fete. We come across a merry go round. High frame rate - CLAIRE is riding the merry go round. She smiles in utter bliss. Her friends watch her from off the ride. The merry go round spins past us over and over. CLAIRE thinks she sees something - she tries to focus ahead of her. A large blue estate car sits still parked up along the country road. Her brow furrows, slightly confused. She appears to recognize that car. The ride comes to a finish and CLAIRE gets off. Her friends greet her as she gets off.

CHARLIE

You're such a child!

CLAIRE

Yeah.

She seems nonplussed.

SALLY

You okay?

CLAIRE

Oh I'm fine. It's nothing.

Beat.

She smiles it off.

CLAIRE (con'd)

Ignore me, I've been imagining stuff for days. Just stressed with my essay.

We track around the fete.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE and his wife SYNTHIA stroll arm in arm, chatting to themselves.

We track around further to reveal CLAIRE and her friends enjoying the activities.

FADE TO BLACK:

`INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN LOCATION, UNKNOWN TIME

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

We open from a BLUR on very dimly lit ROOM, barely able to make out reddish, decaying brickwork in the background.

TRACK L-R across room.

The same basement from the opening.

We hear footsteps slowly walk down the stairs.

We pan across to reveal two children hooded on 2 smaller chairs.

They are teary, whimpering.

They are holding hands.

The killer approaches with blade in hand.

KILLER

Sshh.

Pan across room as the killer approaches.

CUT TO BLACK:

CUT TO KILLER HOLDING TWO SMALL BODIES OVER HIS SHOULDER:

CUT TO BLACK:

`EXT. LITTLE PROCTOR - MIDDAY - VILLAGE FETE

A RIFLE BARRE, pointing directly at the camera. Full screen.

It fires.
We pull back and around to reveal we are back to the fair, at a gun range, shooting gallery.
Rides, people laughing and playing.
Kids with balloons and painted faces.
(O.S) Tannoy system announcing events.

CLAIRE walks alone down to the small jetty on the LAKE where small boats are moored.
She gets in a BOAT, looking back to the fete.

CUT TO:

`EXT. LAKE - boats

CLAIRE rows out from shore.
She drifts aimlessly.
She lies back.
She closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

`DREAM SEQUENCE - deserted fete

CLAIRE wanders around the deserted fete grounds.
Silence.
The tannoy system begins to play the traditional music again.
The heavens open and a warm summer shower blitzes the fete.
CLAIRE is soaked through.
The rain is voracious, cutting through the air.
Large pools of water are already formed on the soft green earth of the village grounds.
CLAIRE scans the park.
Two small children walk towards her. A young boy and girl.
Their clown face paint is running in the rain.
Distorted, twisted.

She backs away as they eerily progress towards her.

They are smiling and happy. Their melting faces are mysterious.

CLAIRE backs down onto a bench.

They walk right up to her. They stand hand in hand.

GIRL

Have you seen our mummy and daddy?

BOY

We miss them.

GIRL

Please can we go home?

CLAIRE doesn't know what to say. Shocked.

CLAIRE

I, uh?

Beat.

CLAIRE takes the children's hands and all three of them walk into the distance

DISSOLVE TO:

`DREAM SEQUENCE - boat

CLAIRE is laying as she was in the boat in the center of the lake.
It is now dusk and the fete has finished. Deadly still. She sits up and opens her eyes.
A HOODED FIGURE sits in front of her, deathly still and silent.
CLAIRE begins to breath heavy, she looks about her. She is in the middle of the lake, alone.
CLAIRE begins the throws of one of her anxiety attacks. She dare not speak.
She leans into the figure, scared witless.
She peels off the hood.
We cut to CLAIRE's reaction.
She recoils in horror.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - late afternoon

An establishing shot of the house at night.
There are lights on downstairs in the house.

We pan across outside the grey stone wall border of the house.

We reveal the house further.

Shadows of people in the house.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - late afternoon

CLAIRE and her friends are sat in the living room, relaxing after the fete.

We move closer into their discussion.

LAURA

A good day.

LAURA raises her glass.
They all raise theirs in agreement.

LAURA (con'd)

Right. I'm getting another drink. Any takers?

They all look at their low glasses.

They all show her,

LAURA

Expensive round huh?

LAURA walks off to the kitchen.

We pan right from the living room, across the hall as LAURA passes, revealing a FIGURE standing at the top of the stairs.

LAURA does not see him.
He watches her.

He turns and walks back into the darkness of the upper hall.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - INSIDE FIREPLACE

We look back at the friends sat huddled up on the sofa.
They are drinking, staring at the television (O.S).

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - early PM

We hold on the television.
THE SHINING is playing as the friends watch intently.

We hold on a pair of eyes, studying. They blink
intermittently.

CLAIRE goes up the stairs to her bedroom.

We follow her journey close behind.

She walks into the room.

She flicks on the room light.

A shadow passes by the doorway.

CLAIRE looks back, missing it.

CLAIRE walks up to the bed to get her bag.

As she turns to leave she notices writing on the
bedroom mirror.

She looks freaked out. She says nothing.

It is written in smeared lipstick.

'Nothing is more beautiful than nothing'.

CLAIRE examines it closely.

She wipes her finger through the lettering, smudging
it.

CLAIRE

Jesus Christ. Who the fuck did this?

She turns to face the room.

The hallway is dark.

She edges back to the door and peeks side to side.
Clear.

CLAIRE cautiously walks down the corridor and back
downstairs into the living room.

Everyone is on the sofa, watching The Shining on the
television.

CLAIRE slowly walks into the room. Downbeat.

SALLY notices her.

She gets up, as the others turn to see her.

SALLY

What's wrong sweetheart.

CLAIRE fights back tears.

CLAIRE

Someone has been in my room. They've written
all over the mirror. So fucking strange.

CHARLIE

Jesus.

LAURA joins SALLY to comfort her.

PETER seems concerned. He walks over to CLAIRE.

PETER

What does it say?

SALLY

Who fucking cares what it says.

She is angered by PETER.

LAURA

Did you write that? Was that another one of
your attempted jokes.

PETER

NO!

PETER flares up.

SALLY

Seriously?

PETER

No I didn't.

SALLY screams at him.

SALLY

What the hell is wrong with you?

PETER backs away, hurt.

PETER

I told you it wasn't me.

He talks to CLAIRE directly.

PETER

Claire it wasn't me.

He pleads.

PETER

Please believe that.

CLAIRE doesn't know how to react.

THE TV flickers away in the background.

CHARLIE leads PETER away.

CHARLIE

Come on. Come on.

They walk away.

PETER

It wasn't me mate. Seriously.

CHARLIE

I believe you. Lets get some fresh air.

PETER nods, broken.

They leave the room.

CLAIRE takes a seat with the girls. They seem scared.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - BACK DOOR - M.S

PETER looks upset and leaves the house at the back with CHARLIE.

PETER lights a cigarette. He is shaken.

PETER

I didn't write that shit.

CHARLIE

I know. It'll be cool.

Beat.

PETER

Yeah maybe. But who the fuck did?

CHARLIE looks back into the house, worried.

CHARLIE

Stay here okay. I'll go and check upstairs.

PETER

Okay.

CHARLIE

But stay here right. Back in a minute.

CHARLIE closes the back door and walks back into the house.

We track across following him into the reception hall.

The upstairs landing is dark.

A faint glow of light in the hall comes from the living room.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA PROPERTY - LAKE

PETER smokes his cigarette.
He looks down to the lake and slowly ambles along the garden path.

CUT TO:

`EXT. BACK GARDEN - bushes

A figure watches PETER walk alone to the lake.

PETER walks under the soft moonlight.

The moonlight gleams over the serene, still lake.

CUT TO:

`EXT. BACK GARDEN - POV

We move along the bushes towards the lake.

We look down at the FIGURE's hand. A silver blade, bloodied.

We look back up.

PETER has stopped at the lakeside.

We look back towards the house.

A light comes on upstairs.

We look back to PETER, moving towards him.

CUT TO:

`EXT. LAKE - M.S

PETER tosses his cigarette to the ground.

He leans on the fencing, staring at the stillness of the water.

His reflection gently sways in the water.

PETER looks about him.

PETER

I don't believe this.

He hears some footsteps from behind him.

He doesn't turn around.

PETER

Charlie man, this is fucked. I need to sort this out.

He gets no reply.

He begins to turn.

He stops as a hand rips back his neck.

The BLADE pierces his windpipe.

The FIGURE holds PETER's head as he gags, bringing up his hands to his throat.

The blood gushes over his fingers.

THE FIGURE turns and twists the BLADE in his throat violently.

PETER's eyes are wide open, terrified. His life draining from him.

PETER's breathing slows and his gagging dies.

The FIGURE whips out the blade and drops PETER's lifeless body to the floor.

CUT TO:

`EXT. LAKE. L.S

We see PETER's body drop to the floor in the distance.

The FIGURE looks back towards the house.

He stands there, basking in the kill.

He walks away out of shot.

The lake sits still and peaceful in the distance.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE DRIVEWAY

The house is quiet amidst the chaos inside.
A FIGURE walks across R-L in the foreground.
Lurking.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

CLAIRE is sitting at the piano with a cigarette.
LAURA and SALLY watch her lovingly, concerned.

CLAIRE taps out random notes, slowly. She is lost in
her thoughts.

She gets up and looks out to the window.

The driveway is quiet.

Their cars sit there undisturbed.

CLAIRE takes a sip of her wine.

She places the glass on top of the piano.

The red wine sways with the motion. Deep red.

CLAIRE

Who do you think is out there?

Beat.

CLAIRE

Am I losing my fucking mind?!

SALLY

No you're not.

She walks over to CLAIRE.

SALLY

I don't think it was Peter. He's an idiot,
but he wouldn't want to hurt you.

CLAIRE

Nah he wouldn't.

LAURA

What should we do? Ring Detective Garside.

CLAIRE turns to them.

CLAIRE

I don't think so.

Beat.

CLAIRE (con'd)

We haven't heard anyone have we? We would have seen something ourselves right?

They both nod, slightly unsure.

CLAIRE (con'd)

I guess it can't hurt to try.

LAURA passes her the old phone receiver.

We watch her fingers dial.

CLAIRE (con'd)

I forget. Its 3945 yeah?

SALLY

Uh-huh.

The phone starts to ring. CLAIRE taps her fingers while it rings.

CUT TO:

`INT. DETECTIVE GARSIDE'S office

The phone rings in the dark, empty office.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

CLAIRE puts down the receiver.

CLAIRE

He's not there. Funnily enough. It's like 4am.

She feigns a pathetic laugh.

CLAIRE (con'd)

It's too late to call his house.

Beat.

CLAIRE (con'd)

I'm just being stupid. Let's leave it okay.

Beat.

CLAIRE (con'd)

I'm glad you guys are here with me.

LAURA

Glad to be of service.

SALLY

Yeah we will be here for as long as you need.

CLAIRE smiles and walks off towards the kitchen.

SALLY and LAURA look at each other concerned.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

CLAIRE takes a bottle of red wine from the counter.

She empty the last drops of a dry bottle into her glass.

She stands at the sink, looking down to the lake.

She sighs.

LAURA and SALLY walk into the room.

CLAIRE turns to them.

CLAIRE

Guys I'm sorry for ruining this weekend.

She wells up.

SALLY

Hey its been a blast.

LAURA

Yeah babe its been fun as hell. I'm sure everything is fine.

SALLY

We're just drunk. I don't know what that writing means.

LAURA

Maybe it was that prick John trying to scare you?

CLAIRE seems to accept this suggestion.

CLAIRE

Yeah that has his name written all over it.

Beat.

CLAIRE (con'd)

Even though I didn't know he could read or write.

They all laugh.

CLAIRE (con'd)

I think I'm gonna hit the sack and call it a night.

CLAIRE (con'd)

I hate the bum the party out.

SALLY

Babe that's fine. We're your guests. We're happy just to spend whatever time we can get with you that we can.

LAURA

We're not all university material. Its nice to feel clever for a bit.

CLAIRE turns red.

CLAIRE

Get out.

She pretends to hit them.

They giggle, more at ease.

CLAIRE (con'd)

I will lock up the place tight and set the alarm. It'll be fine.

Beat.

LAURA

You just scare easy.

CLAIRE washes out her glass.

LAURA and SALLY give a knowing glance to each other.

SALLY

Okay so we'll go upstairs and grab all of our stuff.

CLAIRE smiles thankfully.

The girls leave and go upstairs.

CUT TO:

`INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - LAURA

Laura takes a seat on the bed, her head in hands. She seems to enjoy the quiet of a mad evening.

CUT TO:

`INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SALLY

Sally walks into the room. She leans over the bedside table sorting through her bag.

CHARLIE walks out of the bathroom, startling her.
She smacks his arm.

SALLY
Charlie you bastard.

CHARLIE
Sorry babe.

They hug and kiss.

CHARLIE
Mad night huh?

SALLY
Claire's fine, but we better go.

CHARLIE
Really? She sure.

SALLY
She thinks it was John.

CHARLIE
Yeah I bet it was. Why though?

They both start collecting their possessions into their bag.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

The living room is quiet, empty.
The TV is playing static, the film is finished.

Footsteps are heard (O.S) on the hard tile floor. They ring out.

We pan over to reveal the KILLER heading towards the dying fire.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - POV

We look around and then down to the fireplace.

A hand reaches out for a poker, lifting it gently from the housing.

The KILLER holds it up for all to see.

We turn away from the fire.

We hold frozen for a second and then turn back to the fire.

The POKER is placed in the embers of the fire.

It spit red flecks as the steel settles.

DISSOLVE TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - sky

The quarter moon sits bright amongst the still, sparse clouds of the summer night.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - BEDROOM

We see CHARLIE reflected in the large mirror in the room. He is packing his bags methodically.

We pan around to his figure. SALLY is in the BATHROOM. CHARLIE leaves his bag and leaves the room.

CHARLIE

Back in a min Sal.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - reception hall

A figure approaches the stairs from the upstairs hall. CHARLIE walks into the frame and skips down the stairs. He walks through to the kitchen and back door.

He opens the door.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - upstairs bedroom

SALLY is packing up her bag. She is drunk, slightly wavering from side to side.

She goes into the bathroom, splashing cold water onto her face.

We can see the bed and the room reflected in the corner of the bedroom mirror.

CUT TO:

`INT. BATHROOM MIRROR

SALLY is in the foreground of the shot.

She studies herself in the mirror. She opens her eyes wide to try and wake herself.

She leans down and opens her make up bag.

She stands back up.

A figure lurks nearer in the background.

We notice the FIGURE carries a burning red poker.

SALLY does notice the silent assailant.

The FIGURE approaches her.

Cut to:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - POV

We approach SALLY from behind as she does her make up.

CUT TO:

`INT. BATHROOM MIRROR

The FIGURE lunges at SALLY, piercing her eye with burning poker, stabbing through into the mirror.

The mirror shatters at the point of entry. Her tortured face is smashed against the front of the mirror.

The FIGURE holds her there, looking at her.

Blood drips down the broken mirror.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - M.S

THE FIGURE stands behind the corpse of SALLY held up by the poker through her head.

THE Figure pulls out the poker.

SALLY's lifeless corpse slumps heavily to the floor.

THE FIGURE stands in front of the bloodied, cracked mirror.

DAVID MENSANA. REVEAL.

Hold on his figure in the mirror.

CUT TO:

`EXT. KITCHEN - BACK DOOR

CHARLIE looks about the back door for PETER.
It is still, quiet outside.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - LAKE L.S

We look back at the HOUSE.
CHARLIE looks about for PETER.

CHARLIE

Yo Pete.

Silence.

CHARLIE

Come on man we need to go.

Beat.

CHARLIE

Pete?

CUT TO:

INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - KITCHEN.

CLAIRE is bagging up wine bottles and clearing up.

The back door slams behind her.

She jumps looking around. She knocks over a red wine glass.

It spills over, cracking.

The claret wine pools on the table and begins to run off.

It slowly drips down onto the floor below.

CHARLIE walks into the frame.

CHARLIE

Just me. Sorry.

CLAIRE smiles.

CLAIRE

Peter gone huh?

CHARLIE

Looks like it. I guess he's embarrassed.

CLAIRE looks disappointed.
The WINE pools on the floor. Blood red.

CLAIRE

He didn't have to.

We hear a scurry of footsteps (O.S).

CHARLIE and CLAIRE look back to the reception hall.

The front door slams.

They look at each other bemused.

CLAIRE

Sally?

CHARLIE

Where did she go?

CLAIRE shrugs her shoulders.

LAURA walks into the kitchen.

LAURA

Hey. I'm all packed up.

Beat.

LAURA (con'd)

Where'd the others go?

CLAIRE

Beats me.

CUT TO:

`INT. RECEPTION HALL

CLAIRE, LAURA and CHARLIE gather in the reception hall with their bags.

The grandfather clock ticks away.

CHARLIE opens the door and puts the bags out on the porch.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY - POV

We watch the open front door and the light of the house pour out into the night air.

CLAIRE and LAURA join CHARLIE out on the porch.

CUT TO:

`EXT. DRIVEWAY

CLAIRE hugs her two friends.

CLAIRE

It's been so good to see you guys.

They smile back at her.

CLAIRE (con'd)

I'm worried about the others.

LAURA

I'm sure Pete just sulked off and Sally followed him to calm him down.

CHARLIE

Yeah I'm sure they're down the road. We'll pick them up and get them home. No worries.

CLAIRE

Thanks guys. Means so much to have you guys around.

Beat.

CLAIRE (con'd)

I just wish I was here more.

CHARLIE

Ah you gotta do what you gotta do babe.

LAURA

We aren't going anywhere. Come home one day though.

CLAIRE hugs her again.

CLAIRE

Yeah of course I will.

CHARLIE takes the bags down to the cars in the driveway.

LAURA

You okay hon?

CLAIRE

I'm a big girl, you don't need to worry about me.

We cut to LAURA's face. Proud of CLAIRE.

LAURA walks off to the car.

LAURA

Just gimme a call if you need anything okay.

CLAIRE

You got it.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA DRIVEWAY TRACK TO VILLAGE ROAD

LAURA and CHARLIE get into their respective cars.

CLAIRE waves them goodbye and closes the front door behind her. The framed light of the door turns to darkness again.

LAURA and CHARLIE start their cars.

A beam of lights from LAURA's car cuts through the darkness.

LAURA pulls away slowly, she honks the horn as she drives off.

CUT TO:

`INT. CHARLIE CAR

CHARLIE sits in the car, taking a second to think back.

The engine ticks over, humming sweetly.

He flicks the head light beams on. They highlight the gravel path of the driveway.

A cool mist sits in the night air.

CHARLIE puts the radio on low, in the background.

CUT TO:

`EXT. CHARLIE'S CAR

We see CHARLIE sitting in the driver seat, ready to drive off.

He looks back in his rear view mirror.

A FIGURE sits up.

CUT TO:

`INT. CHARLIE'S CAR

A PAIR of hands reach around CHARLIE's neck.
HE struggles.

The FIGURE leans in closer, silent.

HE slowly clicks CHARLIE's neck and it snaps.

HE falls forward onto the steering wheel. Dead.

CUT TO:

`EXT. CHARLIE'S CAR

The FIGURE gets out of the car.
He slowly walks around to the drivers seat.

He shunts CHARLIE's corpse over to the passenger side.

He puts the car into gear, the headlights on and drives away.

CUT TO:

`EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -

LAURA's car steadily moves along the dark, quiet road.
The headlights cut through the air.

CUT TO:

`INT. LAURA'S car

LAURA is driving, focused.

She follows the road.

The cats eyes reflect like glowing orbs as they pass under the wheels of the car in front of her. Dreamy.

CUT TO:

`EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -

The FIGURE drives CHARLIE's car along the road. We do not see him, the car engulfed in shadow.

CUT TO:

`EXT. FIGURE'S CAR - POV

We watch the road as the FIGURE as he drives in pursuit of LAURA.

CUT TO:

`INT. LAURA'S CAR

LAURA is navigating the roads. Her eyes are tired, as she begins to nod off.

She slowly falters from side to side.

The car weaves slightly to the side as she tires.

A crunch of brush hits the body of the car.

LAURA is alert, woken by her lazy driving.

LAURA

Jesus.

She pulls down the visor, looking at her eyes.

Beat.

She notices a beam of lights in the distance behind her.

She begins to slow.

The speedometer begins to fall.

CUT TO:

`EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - L.S aerial

A second pair of headlights in the darkness grow closer to LAURA's car.
The lights stand out in the dark night.
Growing closer.
We hear the two engines in the night.

CUT TO:

`INT. LAURA's car

LAURA looks back into her rear view mirror.
The headlights of the other car are close. Blinding.
We hold on LAURA's eyes.
She slows to a halt at the side of the road.
The car behind is slowing.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -

LAURA's car pulls over to the side of the road.
The engine is still running.
The FIGURE's car comes to a stop behind her.

CUT TO:

`INT. FIGURE's car - POV

The FIGURE opens the driver door.
The engine is still running, headlights on.
The FIGURE gets out of the car.
Looking ahead to LAURA's car.

CUT TO:

`EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The FIGURE stands in front of the headlights.

His shadow stands bold against the yellow light.

CUT TO:

`INT. LAURA'S CAR -

She looks in her near side mirror.

She sees the figure standing still.

LAURA

Charlie what are you doing?!

She laughs.

She turns down the radio to silence.

She winds down her window.

She shouts back to CHARLIE

LAURA (con'd)

What's up? Its cold, I wanna go home.

Beat.

LAURA (con'd)

You found the other two yet?

Beat.

The figure slowly approaches her in the wing mirror.

LAURA (con'd)

Stop fucking with me.

She turns her head as far as she can to look back.

The shadow approaches her.

She looks scared. Her breath hangs in the cold night air.

The FIGURE is right up to her.

He lowers his hand, revealing a knife.

LAURA catches a glimpse at the last moment. Too late.

The KILLER thrusts the knife hard under her chin.

Her head slams into the roof of the car, almost impaling her against it.

She shakes violently, coughing up blood.

Her eyes are wide in fear.

THE KILLER leans into her face. DAVID MENSANA.

He studies her face. He stays eerily still, enjoying the kill.

The KILLER rams the knife in hard a second time. The knife sticks into the roof of the car.

He turns his back, walking away into the light. A shadow once more.

LAURA's hangs attached to the roof of the car by the knife.

The KILLER gets back into the CHARLIE's car, reverses and drives back in the direction he came.

CUT TO:

`EXT. VILLAGE LANE - 5AM

DETECTIVE GARSIDE drives along near the village high street.

His car makes its way steadily.

DISSOLVE TO:

`EXT. VILLAGE LANE - COUNTRY ROAD - MLS

The DETECTIVE's car turns into a narrow country lane.

A still car, headlights beams on, is apparent in the distance.

CUT TO:

`INT. DETECTIVE'S car

The headlights of the still car grow closer through the windshield.

The DETECTIVE lights a cigarette.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

What have we got here?

He gently treads on the accelerator, speeding off along the road.

The Speedo rises.

CUT TO:

`EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -

THE DETECTIVE'S car pulls up behind LAURA'S car.

HE jumps out, engine still running.

He tries to see in through the window.

HE stops dead in his tracks when he sees the body of LAURA.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Jesus Christ.

He runs round to her in the drivers side.

He touches her face, lovingly. Still warm.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE (con'd)

Shit. Claire.

He races back to his car. The tire screech as the car spins off.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

CLAIRE is still tidying up the house.

She seems happier, humming away to herself.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - outer wall

A light upstairs flicks on.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - BEDROOM

CLAIRE is now in the upstairs bedroom.
She is pulling the sheets off the bed.

She stumbles on a bag just poking out from the bed.

She picks it and puts it on the bed.

CLAIRE

Peter?

CLAIRE seems puzzled as to why his bag is still here.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY

A car slowly pulls into the Mensana driveway.
The headlights flash through the night.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - PORCH

A figure stands in the doorway to the house.
Hunched up. The doorbell rings.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - BEDROOM

CLAIRE hears the doorbell ring out for the 2nd time.

She drops PETER's bag and hurries off out of the room.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - front door

CLAIRE opens the front door.

DAVID MENSANA stands in front of her. Tired looking,
beat. Crying.

CLAIRE backs up confused, puzzled.

CLAIRE

David. I... I didn't expect you.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Jesus are you okay?

DAVID looks intently at CLAIRE.

He walks into the porch.

CLAIRE shepherds him in.

She closes the front door behind them.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - DOORWAY

We hold on the closed RED front door.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

DAVID MENSANA and CLAIRE are talking.

DAVID is sat at the piano, CLAIRE standing next to him.

CLAIRE

Mr. Mensana. David. Has there been an
accident? You look...

DAVID

Beat. Tired. Yeah.

Beat.

DAVID (con'd)

We were coming back early. I meant to ring. I must have forgot. I don't know. I'm confused. Tired.

CLAIRE nods, listening intently. Worried.

DAVID (con'd)

We were out by the Kingsdown road, on our way home. The place we were staying was horrific. Decaying, old. We felt lost there. The children wanted to come home. I thought we could stay it out but we left.

Beat.

DAVID (con'd)

We were driving back. We got hit by another car.

CLAIRE

Oh my god.

CLAIRE clasps her hands over her face.

CLAIRE (con'd)

Jessica. And the children.

Beat.

DAVID

They're okay. At the hospital, cuts and bruises. I just came back for a bag. To get a few things. A change of clothes.

CLAIRE

Can I help?

DAVID

Just look after the house as you are. That would be great. Okay?

CLAIRE

Sure. Of course.

CLAIRE looks hard at DAVID. He seems different. Lost.

CLAIRE notices some specks of blood on DAVID's clothes. She pretends to not notice.

DAVID studies CLAIRE.

DAVID

The blood isn't mine. Luckily I wasn't hurt.

CLAIRE

No. No that's great. Sorry I didn't mean to stare.

DAVID's tone changes. Strange.

DAVID

Oh that's just fine.

HE slowly taps out the three notes from the beginning.

CLAIRE instantly recognizes them.

DAVID plays them over and over.

CLAIRE backs away slowly. Scared.

DAVID slowly turns to her. His face sneers in the low light.

CLAIRE runs away, as DAVID slowly stands from the seat.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY

The DETECTIVE drives quickly into the driveway of the MENSANA residence.

The tires skid on the gravel.

HE pulls up quickly and jumps out of the car, engine still running.

The DETECTIVE grabs a flashlight from the glove box.

He edges up to the house.

He peers in through the living room window.

Lights are on but it is deadly quiet.

He moves around the house to the side, looking in through the kitchen window. No-one there.

He makes his way back to the front of the house.

He sees a car hidden in the bushes to the side of the house.

He goes to take a look.

He stops, shocked when he sees the dead family of DAVID MENSANA.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - perimeter of house

DETECTIVE MENSANA continues to check the house. The flashlight probes through the darkness in front of him.

He takes a gun from his holster.

He walks back round to the back of the house.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - BACK DOOR

The DETECTIVE looks in through the back door. It is locked.

He turns his face away and hammers the glass pane with the butt of his gun.

The glass shatters.

He slides his hand carefully through the gap, opening the door lock and sliding the door open gently, quietly.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - HALLWAY

The detective slowly creeps around the ground floor between rooms.

Empty.

Silence.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - study

CLAIRE sits hidden behind the desk.

She peeks out from her cover. Clear.

She slowly edges towards the door.

CLAIRE peeks out into the hall.

She sees DAVID MENSANA further down the hall, looking for her.

She holds her breath, terrified.

She inches out into the hall.

She goes towards the door on the other side of the hall.

She gently eases the old wooden knob to the left.

It gently creaks around and the door pops open.

CLAIRE keeps looking down the hall.

She slips into the crease of the door.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA BASEMENT

CLAIRE slowly edges her way down the wooden stairs.

Total darkness.

She takes her lighter from her pocket.

She lights it, revealing the basement from the prologue of the film.

Old red brickwork, a pair of chairs sit in the center of the concrete floor.

There is blood stained pools on the floor. Still wet.

She makes her way down the stairs.

She flicks the lighter off when it gets too hot for her fingers.

She relights when she can.

She hides in a dark corner.

CLAIRE

Fuck what happened to him?

Beat.

CLAIRE is pained by DAVID's actions.

CLAIRE

Jessica. The kids.

CLAIRE looks pained and terrified. Tired.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - BEDROOM

The detective finds the bloodied cracked MIRROR in the upstairs bedroom.

He keeps his gun aimed in front of him as he checks the room.

He looks disturbed, fearful.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - STUDY - POV

DAVID MENSANA slowly walks into his study.

He sees the room is empty.

He heads to a gun cabinet behind his desk.

He opens the lock.

He takes the shotgun from his grip, and a handful of shells.

He loads the gun.

We look down the barrel of the GUN.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - RECEPTION HALL

The detective makes his way down the stairs.

He finds the door to the basement ajar and slowly makes his way down.

He turns on the flashlight, searching the basement floor.

HE reveals CLAIRE tucked in the corner.

CLAIRE is shivering in fear.

She cannot see who is behind the light.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Claire.

He whispers.

CLAIRE sits up, shocked to hear the detective's voice.

CLAIRE

Detective.

Beat.

CLAIRE (con'd)

Over here. Please.

The DETECTIVE runs over to CLAIRE.

She hugs him as an old friend, saviour.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

We need to get the fuck out of here.

CLAIRE

I'll follow.

DETECTIVE GARSIDE

Stick together. Stay quiet.

CLAIRE nods understanding.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL

The hall is clear.

We hear gentle footsteps (O.S).

The basement door slowly creaks open.

We see the detective emerge, his gun pointed outward,
prodding the door open.

HE looks back behind him.

CLAIRE emerges directly behind him, checking their
angles for any threat.

They move slowly down the hall.

They make their way to the kitchen, the front door in
sight.

CLAIRE nips into the kitchen, grabbling a large
kitchen knife from a block of knives.

She rejoins the DETECTIVE.

They both inch towards the door.

The DETECTIVE checks the visitor hole in the door.

Clear.

He opens the door.

It is suddenly kicked open from outside.

DAVID MENSANA stands there with shotgun.

The DETECTIVE pushes CLAIRE away hard, sending her to the floor.

She looks on.

The DETECTIVE staggers back firing a bullet. It grazes the cheek of DAVID, he doesn't recoil.

He lifts the shotgun to the head of the DETECTIVE.

CLAIRE

No!

She screams, as DAVID pulls the trigger, blowing the DETECTIVE's head into pieces.

His body slumps backwards.

CLAIRE scurries away. DAVID steps over the DETECTIVE's body, taking a quick shot at CLAIRE.

It shatters into the wall beside her as she moves to dodge it.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - BEDROOM

CLAIRE runs into an upstairs bedroom and takes cover behind a small dressing table.

She listens for footsteps.
Silence.

She picks up a small hand mirror from a dresser.

She edges along the floor to the door.

She angles the mirror out of the door, checking for DAVID.

Nothing.

She steps out into the hall.

DAVID steps out from the shadow at the end of the hall.

He reloads the shotgun. Last cartridge. He takes another shot, the pellets into the wall.

CLAIRE jumps back into the room.

CLAIRE

Shit.

She runs to the window, forcing it up.

The garden sits below, about 15ft drop.

Claire looks back and jumps.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - bedroom

DAVID MENSANA looks out of the window to the garden below. Nothing.

He walks back downstairs.

CUT TO:

`EXT. GARDEN

CLAIRE hides in the bushes, watches all exits of the house.

She edges her way around to the back of the house. Treading silently.

She sees the garden shed in the distance.

She inches towards it.

She stops dead, as DAVID MENSANA lurches into the shot, heading for the shed.

CLAIRE takes cover again.

CLAIRE

Shit.

CUT TO:

`INT. GARDEN SHED

DAVID walks into his shed.
He pulls on the light chord, illuminating the small shed.

He reaches onto the shelf for a wood axe.

He grabs it, leaving the shed behind him.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA GARDEN

CLAIRE sees DAVID leave with the axe.

She watches in shock.

She walks hidden back to the front of the house.

We track behind CLAIRE as she makes her way around the house.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA DRIVEWAY

CLAIRE spots her car. She checks out the surroundings.

DAVID walks down the porch stairway from the front door, guarding her escape route.

CLAIRE

Come on, think.

Beat.

CLAIRE looks back towards the house.

CLAIRE

This isn't a good idea.

She sneaks back towards the house, careful not to make a sound.

She climbs into the kitchen window to the side of the building.

She teeters on the edge as she climbs through.

We look back to the front of the house as CLAIRE hangs out the window ominously.

Clear.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - KITHCEN

CLAIRE takes the knife with her into the kitchen.

She hangs to the edge of the room, trying not to alert DAVID.

She peeks out from the doorframe.

DAVID stands in the open door porchway.

CLAIRE steps out into the hall, backing her way up the stairs. She never takes her eye off DAVID.

She backs up the stairs. Deathly silent.

We see her reflection eventually emerge into the large MIRROR at the top of he stairs.

CLAIRE trips on the last few steps.

She gathers herself.

DAVID turns round sharply.

He sees her, smiling perversely.

CLAIRE gets up running into the dark hallway of upstairs.

We hear running footsteps (O.S).

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - reception hall stairs

DAVID MENSANA stops running half way up the stairs and begins to stalk slowly.

We slowly reveal him in the large mirror at the top of the stairs.

CUT TO:

`INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

CLAIRE breathes heavily, trying to hold her breath in to be silent.

She picks up the small mirror she left before and uses it to see into the hall.

DAVID is reflected standing at the end of the hall with the axe.

CLAIRE edges around to the adjoining bedroom, keeping DAVID in view.

SHE puts the mirror out into the hall again of the second bedroom.

Clear. Gone.

CLAIRE

Shit.

CUT TO:

`INT. RECEPTION HALL - MLS

We look up to the stair and upper hall from the reception hall.
Empty.

CUT TO:

`INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

CLAIRE stands and makes her way out to hall, checking in front and behind her.

She hears a sound behind her.

DAVID lunges at her from nowhere with the axe.

It misses her head, sticking into the wall.

CLAIRE slashes at DAVID's leg with the knife.

It catches him, ripping through his jeans.

He shouts out in anger.

HE rips the axe from the hall.

HE chases after CLAIRE towards the top of the stairs.

He limps, injured.

CLAIRE

Stay away you sick fuck.

He smiles at her, leering.

He stands with the axe.

CLAIRE is at the top fo the stairs.

He lunges at her again. As she falls away missing the blade, she sticks the knife into his upper arm. He falls, dropping the axe.

CLAIRE instinctively kicks him, sending him falling down the stairs.

He lies at the bottom of the stairs, lifeless.

CLAIRE looks relieved. Sweat drips from her brow.

We hold on her determined eyes.

She picks up the axe.

She takes it with her, held up high. It is heavy for her.

DAVID lies motionless.

CLAIRE inches down the stairs.

We look at her feet slowly treading the stairs.

She holds the axe ready.

She grows nearer DAVID, still on the floor.

She slowly steps over his body, waiting for him to come back.

She doesn't take her eyes off of him.

We hold on the motionless face of DAVID. His eyes are closed.

We hold on his wounds.

CLAIRE makes her way to the front door.

She looks back at DAVID.

She runs to the car.

The sun is rising. A beautiful day.

She fumbles for her keys, looking back at the house.

She opens the door. Starts the engine.

She throws the axe to the floor.

CLAIRE

Come on girl.

She puts it in gear, speeding off.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - DRIVEWAY

CLAIRE stops the car at the edge of the driveway.

CUT TO:

`INT. CAR -

CLAIRE looks back at the house in the rear view mirror.

CLAIRE

Fuck him.

She drives off onto the village road.

The sun is rising fast, light pouring over the country morning.

CUT TO:

`INT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

A BLOODIED, INJURED DAVID MENSANA staggers out of the reception hall to the porch of the house.

CLAIRE is gone.

He screams at the top of his lungs, beaten.

His shadow stands framed in the FRONT DOOR.

DAVID MENSANA goes and collects his dead family members from the car, gently carrying them into the house.

He tenderly carries them to the large dinner table in the KITCHEN.

He arranges them as a family. He sets their places at the table.

He takes the seat at the head of the table.
He looks calm, happy.

He sets up the camera and clicks the film rolling of their family dinner.

CUT TO:

`INT. LIVING ROOM

DAVID MENSANA sits alone on the sofa.
The early morning light pushes its way through the
LARGE WINDOW.
He clicks on the TV and sits watching the eerie family
video earlier, looped.
We focus on his eyes, loving.
We watch the looped film tick over.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - early am

The still scene of the MENSANA RESIDENCE is eerily
quiet.
The DRIVEWAY IS STILL.
NO ONE stirs in the HOUSE.

CUT TO:

`EXT. MENSANA RESIDENCE - lake - M.L.S

We track across the back of the MENSANA RESIDENCE to a
reveal of the STILL LAKE.

The sun sits above the lake, reflecting the light.

We look back to the MENSANA house sitting still,
peaceful.
We hold on the HOUSE as the CREDITS ROLL over the top.

CREDITS ROLL.
THE END.