

PYRE

Written by

Sean Elwood

Based on the short screenplay

"DON'T GO IN THE SHED"

Written by

Sean Elwood

DRAFT 3
10.27.2022

© Copyright 2022

Sean Elwood
Elwood.sean@icloud.com
(512) 694-3399

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - DAY

A beautiful rose garden on a cloudy day.

At the bottom of one of the rose plants, a cat statue sits on the ground, the feline curled up peacefully--

Hands suddenly snatch the statue away.

BANG!

HEATHER (23) smashes the cat statue against a padlock to a shed door.

Clouds grow thicker and darker, and the sun is nothing more than a spotlight in a fog.

BANG! Heather throws the cat statue against the padlock again. It loosens.

Darkness grows around the mansion.

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Meanwhile, MARGARET GRANT (80s), white hair, wrinkled face, beyond fragility, sits in a wheelchair in the sunroom. She watches Heather as she attempts to break into the shed.

A tear falls from one of Margaret's eyes.

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - DAY

One more impact, and the padlock breaks.

Heather pulls it off the latch, twists the knob, opens the door, walks inside...

HOLD ON: the SHED. Silence. Wind blows. A SCREAM--!

THUNDER CRACKLES--

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: PYRE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A heart monitor BEEPS. Tubes and wires attach to IAN RICHARDS (50s), who lies in a bed and looks very sick, thin, and pale. He struggles to breathe.

KATHERINE (KAT) RICHARDS (22) sits next to the bed and holds his hand. She looks at him, concerned.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Kat walks toward her car. A parking ticket sits on the windshield.

KAT
No, no, I don't need this...

She grabs the ticket and looks at it in defeat.

INT. KAT'S CAR - DAY

Kat climbs into her car and puts the keys into ignition. She attempts to start it, but it struggles.

KAT
C'mon...

She continues to turn the key, and finally the car poorly SPUTTERS to life. Kat SIGHS in relief.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Kat cleans the bar counter, bored. Sitting across from her is AMANDA PORTER (22) with a laptop open in front of her.

KAT
Good luck finding anything I haven't found already.

AMANDA
All of these listings are from only a few days ago.

KAT
Yeah, and hundreds of resumes and cover letters have been sent to them already. You know you don't have to do this. Sterling can help me.

Amanda takes a swig of beer.

AMANDA
Have you two fucked yet?

KAT
Stop.

AMANDA

Such a prude. I just wanna know what he's packing down there.

KAT

We've only been together a few months--

AMANDA

And you've been a virgin for twenty-two years--

KAT

(hushed)
Be quiet!

AMANDA

You slutty Catholic girl. I'll bet you're wild in bed.

KAT

I think you've had too much to drink.

Kat reaches for her drink, but Amanda pulls it away.

AMANDA

Hop on the bandwagon. Once you try it, you never go back.

STERLING MATTHEWS (23) walks up to the bar and sits down.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil.

STERLING

Devilishly attractive.

KAT

Hey, nerd.

STERLING

Did you know that the human body makes 17 million red blood cells per second? And if you're stressed, the body can produce up to seven times that amount?

KAT

Impressive to know for someone who hates blood.

STERLING

The sight of blood. Hey babe.

KAT
That's better.

They kiss.

STERLING
Slow night?

KAT
Thursdays are shit. So Amanda is
looking for jobs for me so I don't
get fired.

STERLING
How's that going?

KAT
Nobody's looking because they've
already got who they need.

STERLING
Downtown...

KAT
I looked.

STERLING
Swiss Medical...

KAT
Looked...

STERLING
Littleton Adventist...

KAT
Looked, asked, denied.

STERLING
I'm always here to help you out.
I'm a librarian, researching is
kinda my thing.
(flirty)
And, you know, I can help out with
any other stress you may have.

KAT
(bashful)
Stop.

Amanda raises her eyebrows, takes a slurp of her drink as if
she wasn't listening.

AMANDA

Oh! Here's one. You gotta take care of some lady.

KAT

(unimpressed)
And?

AMANDA

It pays. \$500/day.

Kat perks up, interested.

STERLING

That ain't bad.

KAT

What's the catch?

AMANDA

You're required to stay within...
"the estate." Fancy.

KAT

I can do that.

AMANDA

Oof, you don't wanna know where it is though.

KAT

How far?

AMANDA

About a hundred miles away in bum-fuck nowhere.

KAT

Nope.

AMANDA

Honey, you said you'd take anything. And you didn't even laugh at my "that's what she said" joke.

KAT

My shit car can't make it that far.

AMANDA

Yes it can. You've gotta take this. Think of how much money you'd save.

Kat looks unsure.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

And if you're so desperate, this
could be your only hope.

Kat looks at Sterling for reassurance.

STERLING

I mean, she's not wrong.

Kat considers this.

EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - DAY

A car drives along an empty highway in the middle of nowhere.

It turns onto another road that travels further into the
abyss of the land.

INT. STERLING'S CAR - DAY (TRAVELING)

Sterling drives, while Kat, dressed professionally, looks out
the window.

STERLING

Nervous?

Kat gawks at him: "Really?"

She looks back out the window.

KAT

Being all the way out here, it at
least better be worth it.

Sterling puts his hand on her thigh. Kat notices.

STERLING

You'll be great. Do you know how
many interviews I've gone through?
Tons. Just show confidence.
Besides, confidence is sexy.

He smiles, rubs her thigh, slides his hand up and bunching up
her skirt.

Kat pulls her skirt over Sterling's hand, nonchalantly
pushing his hand away.

STERLING (CONT'D)

Sorry. These hands have a mind of
their own sometimes.

He smiles at Kat, who looks at him unsure. His smile fades.

STERLING (CONT'D)
I don't wanna make you feel
uncomfortable.

KAT
So much has been going on. I
just...

STERLING
You don't need to explain yourself,
babe.

KAT
Can we wait, just a bit longer?

STERLING
I'm a patient man.

Kat smiles.

KAT
Thanks.

He smiles back, rubs her shoulder.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT YARD - DAY

The mansion is a large estate that sits on the open property where trees cluster here and there. A circle driveway rounds before the front entrance pathway, lined with perfectly trimmed bushes.

The car drives up to the front entrance pathway, parks.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

INSERT: a professional headshot of Kat, paper clipped to a document. A hand holds the document, then lays it down to reveal:

Kat, who sits in a chair across from NATHANIEL (30), proper and pristine, and his attire matches that.

NATHANIEL
You were Mister Grant's first
choice, Katherine.

Kat sighs in relief.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

In fact you were his only choice.

Kat's smile fades slightly.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

We do not receive many applicants for this position. And sometimes the ones we do, Mister Grant rejects.

KAT

May I ask why?

NATHANIEL

To which part of what I said?

KAT

All of it, I guess.

NATHANIEL

Not many travel the distance to get here. And the ones that do, well... Let's just say, Mister Grant is a very particular man, but you needn't worry. As I had mentioned, he is impressed.

KAT

I won't let him down.

NATHANIEL

That's wonderful to hear. Do you have any questions for me so far?

KAT

Will I also be meeting Mister Grant today?

NATHANIEL

He is a very private man and remains in his quarters most of the time.

KAT

Does he not like to care for...?

NATHANIEL

Margaret Grant. The original owner of the estate. Due to her deteriorating condition, Mister Grant has taken ownership now.

KAT

So he doesn't take care of her.
What about you?

NATHANIEL

I care for Mister Grant and only
him. Any other questions?

KAT

Would I be able to leave to visit
family? You know, friends?

NATHANIEL

It would be ill-advised for you to
leave the estate, but I suppose if
Mister Grant is in a good mood that
day, he could spend time with
Margaret while you were away. She
requires constant supervision. Can
you cook?

KAT

Depends on what I'm working with.

Nathaniel doesn't respond.

KAT (CONT'D)

I mean, yes, I can. Growing up, I'd
watch my mom cook until I
eventually joined in.

NATHANIEL

You must be aware that Mister Grant
holds high expectations for this
position and the skills that come
with it.

KAT

Yes, I'm sorry. I can cook. If
you'd like, I can prepare a dish to
prove it.

NATHANIEL

There will be no need for you to do
that. How are you with time
management?

KAT

I use a planner religiously. Plus,
juggling class and work and
personal life requires a bit of
organization.

NATHANIEL

Perfect. We follow a set schedule in this estate. You will learn more about that later on.

KAT

Sounds great. When do I start?

Kat lets out a nervous chuckle. Nathaniel grins. He sets Kat's resume and portrait on the coffee table.

NATHANIEL

You'll be taking care of Margaret. She must be bathed, dressed, groomed, fed, and put to bed every night. You are expected to live here until Margaret's condition ends her life. There will be no need to leave the estate, as I run the errands. You must be patient, pleasant, pure, and private, much like Mister Grant. He is not very social and expects everyone else to be the same. A "do not speak unless spoken to" mindset. Do you understand?

KAT

Yes.

NATHANIEL

Wonderful. Mister Grant will be very pleased with you. And I'm sure Margaret will be happy to have you as her carer. Would you like to meet her?

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Sunlight bleeds into the sunroom and brightens it up. Portrait photos and paintings of landscapes line the walls.

Nathaniel leads Kat into the sunroom.

NATHANIEL

This is the sunroom. It is Margaret's favorite room.

Kat looks around the room, then at:

Margaret Grant. She sits in a wheelchair in the middle of the room and looks out the windows. There is a clear view of the whole backyard, including the shed.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
And this is Margaret.

They walk further into the room until they stand in front of Margaret, who has a thousand-yard stare.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
Margaret, this is Katherine.

KAT
You can call me Kat.

NATHANIEL
Oh, unfortunately Margaret hasn't spoken a word in nearly five years. One day she just stopped talking. Physicians believe it was the beginning of her deterioration, which has left her unable to move.
(to Margaret)
Katherine here will be caring for you.

Kat looks at Nathaniel, unsure.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
(to Kat)
Margaret loves having her hair brushed...

KAT
Can I talk to you out in the hall?

INT. HALL - ENTERTAINMENT WING - DAY

Nathaniel closes the French doors to the sunroom. The two step away.

KAT
I'm not entirely sure I can take this job.

NATHANIEL
But you already seem like a sure fit.

KAT
I just...can I think about it?

NATHANIEL
Of course.

KAT

It's just because I need to talk to my current job, and my family--

NATHANIEL

Mister Grant will completely understand, however he has high hopes for you and would greatly appreciate it. She's the only thing that keeps him going these days.

KAT

Right. Is there anything else I should know?

NATHANIEL

I believe we are finished here.

KAT

So, I'll call you then?

NATHANIEL

Yes, of course.

KAT

Well, thank you for your time and consideration.

NATHANIEL

What if we doubled your pay?

This catches Kat off guard.

KAT

(stutters)

I'll consider it.

Nathaniel smirks slightly.

NATHANIEL

Would you like for me to show you out?

KAT

I'm fine, thank you.

Kat leaves.

EXT. KAT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kat walks up to her apartment door. A note hangs from it. She pulls it off and opens it.

Red **PAST DUE** is stamped on the page.

Kat slumps in defeat.

INT. KAT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kat paces back and forth in her living room. A laptop sits open on her coffee table.

KAT

I know, Sterling...Well I need to find something sooner or later... Stop, you don't need to give me money...I don't care, this seems to be my last option...

DISSOLVE TO:

Kat continues to pace back and forth.

KAT (CONT'D)

Oh stop it with that "mother's intuition" bullshit, Mom... Seriously? You're seriously going to bring Dad into this...? I'm taking it. Period.

She hangs up and sets her phone on the coffee table, frustrated.

Kat looks at the posting on her computer screen, thinks.

She looks over at a photo of she and her dad.

SECONDS LATER

Kat, the phone to her ear:

KAT (CONT'D)

Hello? Nathaniel?

She remains on the phone--

NATHANIEL (V.O.)

As we make our way to the dining wing, breakfast must be served at no later than 8 AM, lunch at 1 PM, and dinner at 6 PM.

INT. MANSION - MAIN HALL - DAY

A long hallway lined with windows where sunlight pours through.

Nathaniel leads Kat down the hall.

NATHANIEL

You will have access to a meal schedule that I'll be curating, with recipe cards, as Margaret has a rather strict diet.

They turn into the--

INT. KITCHEN - DINING WING - DAY

A large kitchen with a large island counter, countertops lining the walls, industry-standard appliances and accessories.

NATHANIEL

Each dish takes about one hour to prep and cook, so please be on time. You will be cooking for Margaret, myself, and you. Mister Grant has his own dishes that I prepare specifically for him.

KAT

Will I be meeting him soon?

NATHANIEL

In due time. Mister Grant has a rather nasty reaction to sunlight-- solar urticaria, I'm sure you've heard of it before. He stays mostly in his quarters. Anyway, you should familiarize yourself with the location of everything in the kitchen for ease of access. Moving on.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - ENTERTAINMENT WING - DAY

An open space of elegant furniture, with a pool table, a bar, and a fireplace.

Kat follows Nathaniel.

NATHANIEL

The entertainment wing. Mister Grant will sometimes have gatherings with very important people. I will notify you in advance should he decide to have another one.

KAT

What does Mister Grant do anyway?

NATHANIEL

It's not what he's done, but how he's gotten there. For being such a private man, Mister Grant has managed to find himself in the top tier of social status. But, since you asked, he's retired from a successful run as a traveling magician.

As they pass by the fireplace, Kat notices a metal cross sticking out of the ashes.

KAT

Magician, huh?

NATHANIEL

I'd advise you not to bother him with any performance requests. He's quite exhausted with that life.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nathaniel leads Kat through the highly decorated living room.

NATHANIEL

If you have any questions regarding your duties, please do not hesitate to ask. I know it can be overwhelming at first, but I trust you're intelligent enough that you should catch on quite easily.

Past the living room, down the hall, and into the--

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Margaret sits in her wheelchair as she looks out the windows of the sunroom toward the backyard.

Nathaniel and Kat enter the sunroom.

NATHANIEL

And of course you remember
Margaret.

KAT

I can tell we're besties already.

NATHANIEL

Right. Well, I should leave you to
her then. I have to run some
errands, but I am only a phone call
away if you need me. Any other
questions?

KAT

I think you covered it all.

NATHANIEL

This is your home, too. You are
welcome to anything in the house,
and any space in the house.
Anywhere but the shed. It's Mister
Grant's domain and off limits.

Nathaniel stares at her with a pointed look: "Do we
understand each other?"

Kat realizes she needs to respond.

KAT

Oh, no problem.

Kat looks out the sunroom windows and at the shed in the
backyard.

NATHANIEL

I'll be going now. I should be back
within the hour.

KAT

I'll be here.

Nathaniel leaves. Kat walks up to Margaret, kneels in front
of her.

KAT (CONT'D)

Hey, Margaret. Remember me?

Margaret stares out the windows. Kat smiles.

KAT (CONT'D)

I suppose I should get started now,
huh?

Kat looks over at a table next to Margaret's wheelchair. A brush sits on top. Kat moves behind Margaret and begins to brush her white hair.

KAT (CONT'D)
Beautiful day today, isn't it?

Margaret remains quiet. Kat looks around as she continues to brush Margaret's hair. She notices:

A decorative hunting knife that sits on a plaque on the wall.

A couple of photographs:

One photograph is of Thomas and a woman centered in the photo, both young and in their late 20s/early 30s.

Another photograph is of Margaret in her wheelchair, with HEATHER standing behind her with a smile. They stand to the side of the photograph.

Kat pauses brushing Margaret's hair, grabs the second photograph and looks at it. She holds it out to Margaret.

KAT (CONT'D)
Is this the previous caretaker?

Margaret is silent.

KAT (CONT'D)
Do you know why she's no longer here?

Still, no answer from Margaret.

Kat smiles down at Margaret, who continues to stare outside.

KAT (CONT'D)
What are you looking at?

Kat searches for where Margaret is looking: at the shed.

She continues to stare at the shed while she brushes Margaret's hair.

INT. HALL - ENTERTAINMENT WING - DAY

Kat paces back and forth as she SPEAKS on a phone.

KAT
(into phone)
Yeah, the guy's a little weird.
(MORE)

KAT (CONT'D)

But he's nice. A job's a job, ya know...? I'm fine. Hold on...

Kat opens the door to the sunroom and peeks inside at Margaret.

She shuts the door, returns to her phone call.

KAT (CONT'D)

What...? Well that's what happens when you get older. Feed her, bathe her, she's a baby trapped in an old woman's body.

(laughs)

You're the worst. Yes, I even wipe after her. Christ, Amanda, she can't take care of herself. Look, I gotta go. I have a job to do... Sure. Whatever. Bye, bitch.

Kat hangs up, looks back at the sunroom door.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Kat cooks dinner.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Nathaniel eats at one end of the elegant dining table, while Margaret sits at the other end. Kat sits next to Margaret and feeds her.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kat bathes Margaret in the tub.

INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kat tucks Margaret into bed.

INT. KAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kat lies in bed. Moonlight spills onto her through the windows.

A CREAK catches her attention. She sits up, looks at her door. Light bleeds through the crack at the floor.

A shadow stands at the door, then slowly glides away.

Kat stares, concerned.

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Kat brushes Margaret's hair.

EXT. ROSE GARDEN - DAY

Kat pushes Margaret in her wheelchair through the rose garden.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kat reads a book to Margaret.

INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kat dresses Margaret into pajamas.

END MONTAGE

INT. KAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kat lies in bed awake, stares up at the ceiling.

A floorboard CREAKS. She sits up, looks at her bedroom door.

INT. HALL - BEDROOM WING - NIGHT

Kat's bedroom door opens, and she steps out cautiously as she looks down both ways of the hallway.

She quietly walks down the hall. Floorboards creak quietly under her light footsteps.

She passes by Margaret's room when she stops. Someone else is in her room.

Kat peeks inside the room. The shadow of a MAN sits next to Margaret's bed. He caresses Margaret as he WHISPERS to her incoherently.

Kat watches for a moment, concerned and curious.

MAN
(barely audible)
...I'm sorry...I love you...

She quietly backs away and moves back for her room.

The man looks at the door to see nobody there.

INT. HALL - BEDROOM WING - DAY

Kat walks up to a door. She holds her fist up to knock, but stops herself.

She thinks. Turns, but stops and moves back to face the door.

Kat KNOCKS. Then, she speaks into it:

KAT
Mister Grant? It's Kat. Er,
Katherine. Richards? Margaret's
carer.
(cringes)
Anyway, it's a beautiful day out.
Not too sunny. I was wondering if
you wanted to walk through the
garden with Margaret and me?

No answer from the other side.

Kat opens her mouth to speak, but stops. She hesitates, then turns and leaves.

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - ROSE GARDEN - DAY

It's cloudy out.

Dozens upon dozens of roses of all colors flourish in the garden.

Kat pushes Margaret in her wheelchair.

KAT
I've always found cloudy days
better than sunny days. They're
imperfect. The contrast is
stronger. It creates a more
effective mood, in my opinion.

Margaret remains stoic.

Kat admires her surroundings.

She stops, finds the perfect rose. She breaks it off the stem, removes the thorns.

She sticks the rose in Margaret's hair, admires her.

KAT (CONT'D)

Roses are my mom's favorite flower.
They must be yours too, huh?

Margaret doesn't speak.

KAT (CONT'D)

Your son, Mister Grant, must be a very interesting person. Especially being a magician? I'd love to meet him someday. Maybe he could tell me about his dad? Your husband?

Margaret stares. Kat SIGHS.

KAT (CONT'D)

My dad's part of the reason I'm studying to be a nurse. He's a cancer survivor who won't stop fighting. He's in the hospital with his third recurrence.

(beat)

It's not looking so good this time.

Margaret continues to stare. Her eyebrows, however, seem to slant in very slight sadness.

Kat laments in silence for a second, then snaps out of her funk. She looks at Margaret, CHUCKLES nervously.

KAT (CONT'D)

Being so silent must be exhausting.

Margaret just stares back. Through Kat.

Kat looks behind her. In the distance, the shed.

She looks back at Margaret.

EXT. SHED - DAY

Kat pushes Margaret to the shed, stops. They both stare at the structure, larger than a standard shed, smaller than a barn. Built of stone. Worn wooden roof. Dusty, dark windows.

The door is padlocked shut.

Kat admires the shed. Margaret stares with her.

KAT

Do you know what's in the shed,
Margaret?

Margaret's eyes widen. Almost in fear...

KAT (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Margaret continues to stare at the shed with wide eyes.

Kat walks toward the shed.

She wipes dust and dirt off the window, tries to peek inside.
But the window seems to be boarded up.

She walks to the shed door, examines the padlock.

Kat walks around the shed. Any windows seem pitch black.
There is no other entrance to the inside.

Hands on her hips, Kat SIGHS in curiosity. She walks back to
Margaret, grabs the wheelchair handles.

Slowly, she pushes Margaret away from the shed.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The sun sets and casts a glow into the kitchen.

Kat cooks dinner. Nathaniel walks into the kitchen with bags
of groceries. He begins to put the food away.

KAT

Will Mister Grant be joining us for
dinner tonight?

NATHANIEL

Mister Grant prefers to eat alone.

KAT

Oh. Just curious. I haven't met him
yet.

NATHANIEL

As mentioned before, Mister Grant
is a very private man.

KAT

Well I just find it a bit odd that
I haven't met him and he's the one
who hired me on for this position.

Nathaniel stares at Kat, who stares back.

NATHANIEL

Will you put away the rest of the groceries? I must go check on Mister Grant.

Nathaniel leaves before Kat can say any more.

INT. KAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kat lies in bed. She tosses, turns, but can't seem to sleep. She sits up, SIGHS.

Kat stands, looks out her bedroom window at the clear view of the backyard, especially the shed.

INT. HALL - BEDROOM WING - NIGHT

Cell phone in hand, Kat steps out into the hall and shuts her door.

She begins her trek down the hallway.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Kat walks into the open foyer.

She listens to silence, then turns and walks toward a closed ornate wooden door.

She opens it.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Some walls of shelves of books, the rest of the walls occupied with dozens upon dozens of photographs; a fireplace; a stuffed bear statue, roaring in defense; a large wooden desk in the middle.

Kat walks deeper into the study, admires the books, pets the bear statue.

She looks at the photos, turns on her cell phone flashlight to shine on them.

They're photographs of Thomas and the young woman; or various photos of Margaret in her wheelchair with different young women standing behind her in each picture.

THOMAS (O.S.)
Beautiful.

Kat spins around, startled.

THOMAS GRANT (late 20s), handsome, charming, and with a smile that could kill, steps out from the shadows of the night. His black hair is slicked back.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Margaret, I mean.

Kat takes a step back as Thomas approaches her. He admires the photographs.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I'll be devastated when she finally goes. She's the only thing that keeps me going these days.

Thomas looks at Kat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I'm--

KAT
Mister Grant.

Thomas smiles.

THOMAS
I've heard such great things about you, Katherine. It's so nice to meet you.

KAT
Yes. I...
(shakes her head)
I'm sorry, I shouldn't be in here.

THOMAS
No harm, no foul.

Thomas looks at the photographs, pulls one down of Margaret and a young woman.

KAT
Are these all caretakers?

THOMAS
Not many stick around here for very long.

KAT
May I ask why?

THOMAS
Any reason, really. They find other jobs. They realize how far out this place really is, messes with their head. Sometimes I believe the house itself scares them away. Being here for so long, I feel like I've gone mad.

KAT
That's encouraging.

Thomas CHUCKLES while he admires the photo.

THOMAS
No worries. I feel Margaret won't be with us much longer, so that will cut back your stay here.

He hands the photo to Kat.

KAT
Who's this?

THOMAS
Ah, yes. That's Sylvia. She had the sweetest heart.

KAT
She looks sweet.

THOMAS
Such a funny one too. Lots of stories to tell. Half the time I couldn't understand her, she'd talk so fast with that silly accent of hers.

Kat smirks, hands the photo back to Thomas. He hangs it back on the wall. They both continue to admire the photographs.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I enjoy getting to know each and every one of you on a personal level. I want to make sure my Margaret is in good hands.

KAT
I can assure you, she is.

THOMAS

Yes, I could tell right away. You have exactly what I was looking for.

KAT

Thank you.

Thomas pulls down another photo.

THOMAS

Betty. She hated that name, and had a fire to her. Spicy. But she was damn good at her job. I was sad to see her go.

Kat smiles, looks at the photos. She points at another.

KAT

What about her?

THOMAS

Marie. Oh, Marie. I'll be honest, I only hired her because I thought she was the most adorable little thing. She was very oblivious, to everything, so she didn't last very long.

KAT

Well? You think I'll make it up here on the wall of fame?

Thomas CHUCKLES.

THOMAS

Trust, you have exceeded my expectations already. You are a perfect fit, Katherine. You're pure, and that's what I need.

KAT

Pure?

THOMAS

Like water. A refresher. Something to help reset things.

KAT

I don't think I understand.

THOMAS

The death of Margaret will certainly destroy me.

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

But I feel you will help make that transition much easier.

KAT

That's what I'm here for.

THOMAS

Yes.

Thomas stares deep into Kat's eyes. She stares back, then shifts her gaze away awkwardly.

KAT

I should get back to bed.

THOMAS

Get your rest. I will see you again soon.

KAT

Right. It was nice meeting you, Mister Grant.

THOMAS

Please, call me Thomas.

Kat leaves the study. Thomas remains in his spot, shadowed in darkness.

INT. KAT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kat stands at her window while she speaks on the phone.

AMANDA (V.O.)

He sounds like a catch, Kat.

KAT

The guy's about to lose his mother, I'm sure it's hard for him.

AMANDA (V.O.)

He's weird.

KAT

Don't call him that.

AMANDA (V.O.)

Someone had to say it, and you weren't going to.

KAT

This whole gig was your idea.

AMANDA (V.O.)
Hey this isn't my fault.

KAT
I didn't say it was your fault. I
said I was blaming you.

INT. HALL - BEDROOM WING - DAY

Kat walks up to a door, knocks.

KAT
Mister Grant? Er, Thomas?

No answer.

KAT (CONT'D)
I was wondering if you wanted to go
for a walk in the garden today with
me and Margaret?

Still, no answer. She turns and walks away.

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kat dresses Margaret.

She makes Margaret's bed.

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Kat brushes Margaret's hair.

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - ROSE GARDEN - DAY

Kat pushes Margaret through the rose garden as she talks to her.

END MONTAGE

INT. MANSION - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Kat tosses clothes into the washing machine. The dryer
tumbles clothes.

Sun shines through the window and encases Kat in a box of
gold.

THOMAS (O.S.)
Just checking in.

Kat GASPS, turns to Thomas standing in the doorway of the room, in the shadows.

KAT
(half joking)
You really need to stop doing that.

THOMAS
Jumpy, are we?

Thomas steps forward, just at the edge of the box of sunlight around Kat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
How have things been going around here?

KAT
Fine.

THOMAS
Trouble?

KAT
Nothing I can't handle.

Thomas smirks.

THOMAS
You remind me of her.

KAT
Who?

THOMAS
The previous caretaker. She was a curious one for sure.

KAT
If this is about last night--

THOMAS
As I had said, no harm.

Kat returns her attention to the clothes, starts the washing machine.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Heather was smart. Maybe too smart for her own good. It certainly got her into some trouble.

KAT
I promise I won't snoop around
again.

THOMAS
It is quite alright. How is my
Margaret doing?

KAT
She's wonderful. And a great
listener.

THOMAS
Perfect. I can tell you two get
along already. I love her so much,
and am so very grateful for her
being in such good hands.

KAT
I'm happy to be taking care of your
mother.

Thomas CHUCKLES.

THOMAS
Margaret is my wife.

The dryer BUZZES. Kat jumps at the sound, looks at the dryer
before she looks back and finds Thomas gone.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Kat walks into the room and shines her flashlight on the
photographs. She takes one down of Thomas and another woman.

She turns on a lamp and lays the photo down on the desk. She
dials a number on her cell phone.

Sterling answers.

STERLING (V.O.)
Hello?

KAT
Hey, sorry to call so late.

STERLING (V.O.)
Everything okay?

KAT
Yeah. I just needed someone to talk
to.

STERLING (V.O.)

What's up?

KAT

I found out today that the woman I'm taking care of, Margaret, is the guy's wife. Not mother.

STERLING (V.O.)

Isn't she, like, 80 years old?

KAT

Yes. Weird, huh?

STERLING (V.O.)

Hey, age is just a number, to some people.

KAT

I don't buy it.

STERLING (V.O.)

Why? Maybe he's a gold digger. Or just a freak. Ever consider that?

Kat looks at the woman in the photo.

It's now noticeable that the woman in the photo and Kat look eerily similar.

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Thunder CRACKLES. Rain PITTER-PATTERS on the windows.

Margaret sits in her wheelchair and stares out the windows. Thomas stands behind her and brushes her hair.

He WHISPERS incoherently into her ear.

Kat walks into the room, stops when she sees Thomas, who straightens up.

KAT

Oh, hello, Thomas.

THOMAS

Katherine, good morning. Beautiful day today, isn't it?

Thunder RUMBLES.

Kat looks from Thomas, to Margaret.

KAT
Would you like for me to take over?

THOMAS
Nonsense. Give yourself a break.
You've deserved it.

KAT
But it's my job to--

THOMAS
Don't let Nathaniel go scaring you
into thinking you need to care for
my Margaret every second you're
here. You are a healthy girl and
need your time alone as well.
Besides, you've been doing a
wonderful job.

KAT
Well. Thank you.

Thomas sets the brush down on the table next to Margaret's
wheelchair.

THOMAS
How about a stroll through the
garden?

KAT
It's raining.

THOMAS
Just a drizzle. Grab an umbrella
and a pair of rain boots from the
mudroom. It'll be nice.

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - ROSE GARDEN - DAY

Kat and Thomas walk side by side in the rose garden,
protected from the rain by black umbrellas.

They walk past the cat statue.

KAT
How long have you and Margaret
lived here?

THOMAS
Years and years, when I met my
Margaret. She had inherited this
house from her father after he had
passed.

KAT

So she owns the house now?

THOMAS

You could say that. But I have full control over the estate considering her condition.

KAT

Right.

(beat)

How did you two meet?

Thomas smiles, nostalgic.

THOMAS

She interviewed to be my assistant when I did magic. She captivated me so well that I hired her on the spot. And the rest is history, I suppose.

Kat smiles at the thought.

KAT

I'd always wanted to meet somebody naturally like that. Two soulmates who managed to bump into each other and connect.

(beat)

Now a days, it's just online dating. Swipe here, swipe there. Forget, and move on.

THOMAS

Do you have someone?

KAT

I do. His name's Sterling. We met on some app, only been together a few months, but he's been good to me.

THOMAS

He sounds charming. I guess I shouldn't show my jealousy, huh?

Kat looks at Thomas with a bit of concern.

KAT

I'm sorry?

THOMAS

You're a wonderfully attractive person, Kat. Both on the inside, and outside.

Kat stops, smiles. Thomas smiles back with that killer grin and a piercing stare.

Kat continues to stare for a second before she snaps out of her funk, clears her throat.

KAT

I accepted this job to do a job. Not to play the dating game.

THOMAS

No need to worry, Katherine. It is simply a compliment. I would never be a homewrecker of sorts, and I do love my Margaret dearly. I can assure you that I hired you for your skills and genuine care. But it is those attributes, among others, that make me feel a certain attraction toward you.

KAT

Thank you, Thomas. I appreciate the compliment. Just doing my job.

She continues walking, leaving Thomas behind.

Kat only makes it a few feet ahead before she stops and sees the shed.

Thomas catches up, stops behind her.

KAT (CONT'D)

What's inside the shed?

Thomas remains silent. They both stare at it, their stance almost picturesque of "American Gothic". Then--

THOMAS

There will be a photoshoot later today when the rain stops. The lighting is better when it's overcast. So look proper.

Kat looks at Thomas, who looks back with a smile.

KAT

I should check on Margaret.

She turns and walks away.

LATER

The rain has stopped.

Nathaniel sets up an old film camera on a tripod.

Kat pushes Margaret to in front of the camera.

NATHANIEL

Move her a bit more to the left.

Kat begins to move Margaret when Nathaniel looks up from the camera, SIGHS frustrated.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

My left.

KAT

Oh.

She awkwardly moves Margaret the other direction.

NATHANIEL

Now Katherine, get behind Margaret.
Mister Grant, you know where to
stand.

Thomas moves in and stands next to Kat. They straighten up, prepare for the camera.

As Nathaniel continues to prepare the camera--

THOMAS

You look marvelous.

KAT

Thank you.

Thomas puts his hand around Kat's waist, maybe a little too low for comfort.

Kat moves away quickly, pushes his hand away sternly.

KAT (CONT'D)

Stop.

Nathaniel looks up from the camera.

Margaret's eyes shift in the direction of Kat.

Thomas stares into Kat's eyes for a moment, then he smiles, unfazed.

THOMAS

As you wish. I appreciate a boundary. I'll be sure not to overstep it again.

Kat moves back behind Margaret as Nathaniel continues to fidget with the camera.

Thomas straightens himself.

NATHANIEL

On three, say cheese.

Kat and Thomas smile. Margaret remains stoic.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

1...2...3!

THOMAS

Cheese!

Nathaniel snaps the photo.

INT. MANSION - SUNROOM - DAY

Kat brushes Margaret's hair.

KAT

Do you really enjoy having your hair brushed, Margaret?

Margaret remains quiet.

Kat looks over at the photographs on the table beside Margaret. She admires Thomas in the photo.

KAT (CONT'D)

I wish you could talk. I'd bet you'd have a lot to say. Lots of stories, lots of insight.

Kat glances over at a wall: the sun-faded mark of a CROSS, as if one hung there for decades and then one day was taken down.

KAT (CONT'D)

Were you ever religious?

No answer from Margaret. Kat SIGHS.

KAT (CONT'D)

Yeah. I dunno either.

Kat pushes her hair behind her ear, revealing a cross tattoo on her neck.

INT. HALL - BEDROOM WING - DAY

Kat walks up to a door and knocks.

KAT

Thomas? It's Katherine.

She waits for an answer, but receives none. Instead, the door slowly creaks open seemingly by itself.

She stands at the doorway, cautiously curious, before stepping inside.

INT. THOMAS' BEDROOM - DAY

Red, velvet curtains are drawn, basking the room in darkness. However, candelabras are lit to illuminate the magnificent bedroom.

Paintings of landscapes and portraits adorn the walls.

A king-sized bed with a canopy sits on one wall, the canopy curtains drawn.

A large, intricate rug sits on the floor, complementing the gorgeous wallpaper and ornate, wooden furniture.

Immaculate. Awe-inspiring. A room fit for a king.

Kat walks deeper into the room, approaches the bed. She reaches for the canopy curtain, ready to pull--

But she doesn't.

Double doors open from one wall. Kat spins around to see Thomas walk through them from the bathroom.

He's dressed in a white button down shirt, halfway buttoned, tucked into black pants.

THOMAS

Ah, Katherine. So nice to see you here.

KAT

I knocked, but the door was open.

THOMAS

No worries. I did invite you here.

Kat looks around the room.

KAT
This room is...it's incredible.

THOMAS
I agree. I spend a lot of time in here. It's my space.

KAT
Doing what?

THOMAS
Sleep. Think. Create.

KAT
Create? Such as...?

Thomas gestures broadly to the walls, and the paintings on them.

KAT (CONT'D)
These paintings are yours?

THOMAS
Every single one in this house.

KAT
They're stunning.

THOMAS
Why thank you, Katherine. Kat. Why Kat? Katherine is such a beautiful name.

Kat shies away, embarrassed.

KAT
My mom nicknamed me that from the start. Nobody calls me Katherine. Except for my dad.

THOMAS
Such a lucky man to have a daughter like you.

KAT
Yeah...

THOMAS
Is everything alright?

Kat snaps out of her funk.

KAT
Yeah. So the paintings. What
inspires you?

THOMAS
Look around. Everything inspires
me. The landscape, the people who
come and go, and what they leave
behind...

Kat points at a painting of a portrait of a young woman.

KAT
I've seen her in photographs with
you. Who is she--?

THOMAS
Can I paint you?

Kat looks at Thomas, gawks.

KAT
I, uh--

THOMAS
Please.

KAT
I appreciate that but, uh...

THOMAS
I'd been having the worst artist's
block before you arrived. When I
saw you, Kat--

KAT
Thomas...

THOMAS
I haven't painted such beauty in
ages.

KAT
(stern)
Mister Grant.

Thomas remains quiet, stares into Kat's eyes. She shifts
uncomfortably.

KAT (CONT'D)
I should leave.

Kat turns to leave. Thomas reaches out toward her.

THOMAS

Kat.

Kat stops and stares back at him. He smiles.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Yes...

Thomas pulls his hand back fluidly. He now begins to talk while moving his hands in a mesmerizing way.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Your company has been so wonderful.
Please, stay.

KAT

(flat)

I have to get to Margaret.

THOMAS

Margaret is fine. You just saw her.

KAT

...Yeah...

THOMAS

Do not be afraid of me, Kat.

KAT

(drowsy)

Maybe just a few more minutes...

THOMAS

You have such a powerful energy to
you...

Kat continues to stare into Thomas' eyes.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hair that undulates with every step
you take...

Thomas' hands moves in such a way that it's bizarre, but almost...hypnotizing...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Eyes that pierce with such an
intensity that even the soulless
become weak...

Kat continues to stare into Thomas' eyes, locked in a kind of...trance...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 A voice that sends shivers of
 debility through even the strongest-
 willed men...

Thomas continues to speak with his hands as he approaches Kat
 in a mesmerizing manner.

He begins to walk around her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 A body that screams for release,
 yet you retain the strength of
 reservation...

Kat begins to weaken. Her head hangs slightly to one side.
 Her eyelids droop a bit as she's taken over.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 All fed by a heart of gold, pumping
 nothing but the power to give...

Kat's eyes begin to roll back.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 The power...that I've been
 searching for...

Thomas slithers up behind Kat. He breathes in her scent.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 You're exactly what I needed...

Kat turns her head to face Thomas. He moves in to kiss her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Give yourself to me...Katherine...

KAT
 (weak)
 ...Dad...?

Thomas suddenly stops his advances, GROWLS--

Kat snaps awake with a GASP!

KAT (CONT'D)
 Dad!

She's alone in the room.

Kat looks around as if she doesn't recognize the room, hugs
 herself, suddenly uncomfortable.

She leaves the bedroom.

INT. KAT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kat speaks on the phone.

KAT

I don't know, Amanda, it felt like I lost time.

AMANDA (V.O.)

What exactly do you remember?

KAT

I was brushing Margaret's hair and the next thing I know I'm standing in the middle of his fucking room alone.

AMANDA

Honey, you've been there for, what, five days? Is the middle of nowhere really getting to you? You sound like you're starting to lose it.

Kat seems unsure.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY (EVENING)

Kat cooks dinner. Nathaniel walks in with a bag of groceries and an envelope.

He sets the envelope down. Printed on it is:

24 HOUR PHOTO

Nathaniel begins to unpack the groceries.

KAT

Hey, Nathaniel. Do we have garlic?

NATHANIEL

No. What for?

KAT

I'm going to invite Thomas to dinner tonight. I'm making a new dish.

NATHANIEL

You do understand that Margaret needs a particular diet--

KAT

Yes I am aware of that. I'm making her meal. I wanted to make something special for us. A recipe of my own. I need garlic.

Nathaniel stares for a moment.

NATHANIEL

Mister Grant does not appreciate garlic. I don't think he would appreciate it either if you strayed off your duties.

KAT

I just thought--

NATHANIEL

I tend to Mister Grant. You tend to Margaret.

Nathaniel leaves. Kat watches, perplexed.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Kat sits at one end of the table with Margaret as she feeds her.

At the other end, Nathaniel eats.

Kat looks at the dining room entrance, waits.

KAT

Will Thomas be joining us soon?

NATHANIEL

I don't believe so. He was feeling rather unwell when I last checked on him.

Kat continues looking onward.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Mm. This dish was quite tasty.

He stands and takes his plate.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Is Margaret not finished?

KAT

She's refusing to eat.

NATHANIEL

Give her time. I'll be retiring to
my room, now.

Kat watches Nathaniel leave, then looks at Margaret.

KAT

You must not like this, huh? I'm in
the same boat, girl. I told
Nathaniel my dish needed garlic.

(beat)

Thomas doesn't like garlic, yeah
right...

(beat)

Heh, what is he, some kind of...?

Kat's smile fades.

She shakes her head.

She scoops up some food for Margaret, but stops, stares at
Margaret.

KAT (CONT'D)

No garlic...

Margaret stares her thousand-yard stare ahead of her.

KAT (CONT'D)

Bad reaction to sunlight...

(beat)

But it's solar, uh...something,
some disease Nathaniel mentioned...

(beat)

And not everybody likes garlic!

Kat CHUCKLES nervously to herself, unsure.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Kat sneaks into the study, checks outside the door before she
quietly shuts it.

She dials a number on her phone, holds it to her ear.

STERLING (V.O.)

(groggy)

Hey.

KAT

Hey, I need you to do me a favor.

INT. STERLING'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sterling sits up in bed and turns on the bedside lamp.

STERLING
What's up?

KAT (V.O.)
You can't laugh at me, or tell me
I'm crazy, or anything like that,
okay?

STERLING
Okay...What's going on?

INTERCUT: Kat and Sterling.

KAT
I need you to research something
for me. Are you at a computer right
now?

STERLING
Hold on.

Sterling, in his underwear, climbs out of bed.

STERLING (CONT'D)
Are you okay? Is something wrong?

KAT
I just need to confirm something.

Kat walks over to the wall of photographs and examines them.

She looks at the photos of each caretaker with Margaret in
the wheelchair.

Each of them are framed the same, the caretaker behind
Margaret, who is in her wheelchair.

And a space for Thomas, but he is not there.

KAT (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Where is he?

Sterling sits down at his computer desk.

STERLING
Kat? What's happening?

KAT
Thomas, the guy who hired me,
apparently has severe reactions to
sunlight. He doesn't like garlic
either.

STERLING
Okay?

KAT
Do you see where I'm getting at?

STERLING
I mean, yeah, but...

KAT
Can you help me? What do you know?
What could you find?

STERLING
I'm not taking this seriously until
you say exactly what we're talking
about.

Kat opens her mouth to speak, when she hears a CREAK come from outside the door. She hushes herself.

KAT
(whisper)
Hold on...

She lowers her phone, watches the door. Another CREAK, then silence.

STERLING
Kat? Kat, are you there?

Kat puts the phone back to her ear.

KAT
I need to know.

Sterling SIGHS.

STERLING
Gimme a sec.

Kat continues looking at the photos. She takes one down, a photograph of Thomas and the young woman.

KAT
If Margaret's his wife, who's this?

She looks at the door cautiously, then back at the photo. She flips it over, removes the frame backing.

Written on the back of the photo is:

**THOMAS & MARGARET
2017**

Kat looks at the caption, confused.

KAT (CONT'D)
That's weird.

STERLING
What?

KAT
I dunno...I found a photograph of Thomas and Margaret, his wife. But she looks fifty years younger and the photo was taken only five years ago.

STERLING
How is that possible?

Kat replaces the frame backing, hangs the photo back up.

KAT
You tell me. Did you find anything yet?

STERLING
I mean, just basic stuff.

KAT
Such as?

STERLING
The obvious. Reaction to sunlight, distaste for garlic, just as you said.

KAT
And what else?

Sterling SIGHS.

STERLING
Okay, seriously Kat--

KAT

Cut the bullshit, Sterling. If you won't help me, I'll figure it out myself.

STERLING

Sorry...

He scrolls through a webpage, shakes his head.

STERLING (CONT'D)

There's so much lore, both historical and pop culture, I can't tell what's considered true or not.

KAT

Just tell me anything, anything that I can keep an eye out for.

STERLING

Has he shown any reaction to any religious artifacts? Crosses?

KAT

There used to be one in the sunroom. It's the only place I'd seen any semblance of religion.

STERLING

What happened to it?

KAT

I think someone tried to burn it? I remember seeing a cross in a fireplace.

STERLING

Okay, that is a little weird.

KAT

What else did you find?

STERLING

Well they don't appear in reflections or photographs, of course.

KAT

He's in this photo with Margaret, though...

STERLING

Yeah, I'm not sure.

KAT

What else could there be?

STERLING

Says here they are able to coax someone into a trance-like state that makes them an easy target, and can sort of "possess" the living into having them do their bidding. Kinda like a slave.

KAT

Nathaniel...

STERLING

Oh here we go...Interesting...

KAT

What?

STERLING

They don't always feed on blood. Some feed on energy, or life force, or whatever you want to call it. Have you felt tired or low energy while you've been there?

KAT

No, I haven't.

STERLING

Honestly, Kat, you don't have much support here. Bad reactions to sunlight, no garlic...Give me a third strike and I'll believe you.

Kat gawks at his answer.

KAT

The cross?

STERLING

It's strange, sure. But you have to realize what we're talking about here.

Kat SIGHS.

KAT

Okay, say I find that third strike, that piece of evidence that solidifies what I know. How do I destroy him?

Beat. Kat anticipates an answer, but Sterling remains silent.

KAT (CONT'D)
Sterling?

STERLING
Kat...

Kat remains silent this time. Sterling exhales a frustrated SIGH.

STERLING (CONT'D)
Holy water, exposure to sunlight,
or...a stake through the heart...

KAT
I have no holy water. It's been
raining all week, too.

STERLING
Kat, you're seriously considering
killing someone right now--

The study doors open. Kat straightens up as Nathaniel walks in.

NATHANIEL
What are you doing in here?

KAT
I, uh, needed to make a phone call.

She hangs up on Sterling, holds her phone up.

NATHANIEL
How long has it been since you've
last tended to Margaret?

KAT
Uh...

NATHANIEL
She's wet herself. You must clean
her and change her immediately.
It's nearing her bedtime anyway. I
will not make Mister Grant aware.
This time. Consider this a warning.

KAT
Yes. I'm sorry.

Kat rushes out of the study.

Nathaniel walks to the wall of photos, straightens the photo that Kat had taken down.

He looks around the study. Everything else seems to be in place.

INT. STERLING'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sterling walks back to the bed and climbs under the covers.

Amanda sits up next to him, covering her naked self with the sheets.

AMANDA
Is everything okay?

STERLING
I don't know.

AMANDA
She didn't ask about any of...this,
did she?

STERLING
No, no...I don't know...let's just
get back to sleep...

Sterling turns the bedside lamp off and lies down. Amanda snuggles up against him, while he stares at the ceiling deep in thought.

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Rain sprinkles on the windows. Thunder RUMBLES.

Thomas brushes Margaret's hair, WHISPERS incoherently.

Kat stands outside the sunroom, watches Thomas sinisterly.

Thomas turns his head to see Kat.

THOMAS
Kat. Lovely to see you.

Kat remains quiet.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Would you like to take over?

Kat walks inside, stands next to Thomas who hands her the brush. He smiles devilishly with that killer smirk.

Kat stares at him with nothing but enmity.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I'll be in my room. Feel free to
visit if you'd like.

He smiles. Kat is not amused. He leaves.

Kat brushes Margaret's hair almost as if it's now a habit,
without thought.

Margaret stares, stoic.

Kat looks back out the sunroom door before she kneels down
next to Margaret.

KAT
I know why the sunroom is your
favorite room.
(beat)
I know everything.

Margaret shifts her eyes in Kat's direction.

KAT (CONT'D)
If only there was a way for you to
talk. For you to tell me...

Margaret closes her eyes.

Kat lifts her head up in realization. She turns Margaret to
face her.

KAT (CONT'D)
I know how you can communicate with
me. One blink for no, two for yes.
Understand?

Margaret blinks twice. Kat smiles for a moment, but it
quickly disappears as she SIGHS in anticipation.

KAT (CONT'D)
First, are you in pain?

Margaret blinks once. Kat smiles slightly, then thinks.

KAT (CONT'D)
Are you truly Thomas' wife?

Margaret blinks twice.

KAT (CONT'D)
Are you happy?

Margaret blinks once.

Kat thinks for another moment. She takes a deep breath.

KAT (CONT'D)

Okay...I'm about to ask something
that I want an honest answer for.
Do you understand?

Margaret blinks twice.

KAT (CONT'D)

Okay. Good. Because I think I have
an idea. But you need to be in this
one hundred percent.

Margaret blinks twice.

Kat hesitates for a second. Then...

KAT (CONT'D)

Do you want to die?

Margaret stares at Kat, who stares back.

KAT (CONT'D)

I only ask because...well...Thomas
says you're the only thing that
keeps him going these days...and
part of me wonders if...

Margaret blinks once. Kat stops talking.

Margaret blinks again.

Kat is speechless.

Margaret waits.

KAT (CONT'D)

God I feel crazy for even thinking
this...

Kat SIGHS in more anticipation. She readies herself.

KAT (CONT'D)

I need to know, Margaret. Is Thomas
a...a...

She stares into Margaret's eyes. Margaret stares back,
expressionless.

EXT. MANSION - OUTSIDE THE SUNROOM - DAY

Rain dumps against the windows. Thunder crackles.

Through the windows, Kat stares at Margaret.

Kat lowers her head.

INT. HALL - BEDROOM WING - DAY - LATER (EVENING)

Kat peeks her head out of the bedroom doorway before she steps out with a suitcase in tow.

INT. FOYER - DAY (EVENING)

Kat sneaks down the steps and through the foyer.

EXT. MANSION - DAY (EVENING)

The storm barrels down on Kat as she walks fast to her car. She throws her suitcase inside and hops into the car.

INT. KAT'S CAR - DAY (EVENING)

Kat attempts to start the car, but it SPUTTERS.

She tries again. More SPUTTERING.

THUNDER rumbles. Kat pulls her cell phone out and speed dials a number.

KAT

C'mon, c'mon...

(beat)

Damn it...Sterling, call me back as soon as possible. I need you here, now.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - DAY (EVENING)

Kat walks back into the mansion, defeated.

NATHANIEL (O.S.)

Going somewhere?

Kat, startled, looks at Nathaniel, a shadow of black backdrop behind him.

KAT

I was just getting something from
my car.

NATHANIEL

Your things are gone from your
room.

KAT

What were you doing in my room?

Nathaniel remains quiet, as does Kat.

NATHANIEL

I must check on Mister Grant.

Kat stares. Then, Nathaniel slowly backs away into the
darkness behind him.

Once he's gone, Kat bolts to the--

INT. SUNROOM - DAY (EVENING)

The rain spits at the windows, distorting Margaret's view of
the shed.

Kat rushes in and immediately takes hold of Margaret's
wheelchair.

KAT

Margaret, we're leaving. Now.

She stops and glances at the decorative hunting knife on the
wall, snatches it.

Kat wheels Margaret out of the sunroom.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Lightning brightens the landscape as if the sky itself is a
strobe light.

A car speeds down the road.

INT. STERLING'S CAR - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

Sterling drives with his phone to his ear. Amanda sits in the
passenger seat.

Sterling hangs up.

STERLING
She's not picking up.

AMANDA
You guys seriously believe this?

STERLING
She believes it. I just hope we get there before she does anything about it.

AMANDA
Like what?

STERLING
Like kill an innocent person.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Kat quickly wheels Margaret through the mansion and into the foyer when--

Thomas stands in her way of the front entrance.

Lightning flashes, THUNDER growls.

Kat gulps, but remains confident.

KAT
I know what you are, Thomas.

THOMAS
I'm sorry?

KAT
Don't play dumb with me. I know what you really are.

THOMAS
Is everything alright? Why is Margaret here? She should be in bed--

KAT
Just go ahead and show your true self. Just get it over with.

THOMAS
I don't know what you're talking about, Katherine.

KAT
Don't call me that.

More THUNDER. Thomas chuckles nervously.

THOMAS
I swear, I have no idea--

KAT
Bullshit!

THOMAS
You need to calm down.

KAT
Don't tell me to calm down, when I know that you aren't who you say you are. Or what you are. You're something worse. Something evil. And I'm here to expose you.

Kat holds up the hunting knife.

Lightning flashes followed by furious THUNDER.

She holds it out in front of Margaret's neck. Margaret doesn't react.

Thomas holds his hand out, takes a step forward.

THOMAS
Woah, woah--

KAT
Come any closer and I'll do it.

Thomas stops.

THOMAS
Okay...Kat, I think you should step away from Margaret--

KAT
Bad reactions to sunlight. No garlic in your food...

THOMAS
Kat, please.

KAT
There's a spot where a cross used to hang in the sunroom. Tried getting rid of it, huh?

THOMAS
What--?

KAT
Nathaniel being your slave.

THOMAS
This is ridiculous, I hired him--

KAT
Oh sure. What about Margaret aging
50 years in five years?

THOMAS
Katherine--

KAT
I said don't call me that!

THOMAS
Please!

KAT
Admit it!

THOMAS
Admit what?

KAT
You know.

THOMAS
No, I don't.

KAT
Yes you do!

THOMAS
Think about what you're doing?!

KAT
Just show yourself!

THOMAS
What?!

KAT
Show yourself!

Kat presses the knife against Margaret's throat.

THOMAS
Margaret--!

KAT
I'll do it!

THOMAS
You're being crazy?!

KAT
Crazy? We'll see about that.

THOMAS
No...

He steps forward--

KAT
I said don't--!

Thomas rushes toward Kat!

Kat slices the knife across Margaret's throat, which splits open and a waterfall of crimson spills out.

THOMAS
No!

Thomas runs to Margaret, who falls out of her wheelchair. Kat stands with the bloody knife in hand.

Thomas collapses to Margaret, holds her dying body. Blood bleeds into his white button-up.

He CRIES, SCREAMS over Margaret as she dies.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
No! What have you done?! My
Margaret! My Margaret!!!

Kat watches, eyes wide in horror.

Thomas looks up at her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(confused anger)
What the fuck?! What the fuck?! Are
you insane?!

Kat drops the knife, stares at it in sudden realization at what she's done.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You killed...?! Fuck?!

Thomas looks back down at Margaret, then at the blood all over him, all around him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Oh my God! No! NO!!

Thomas is absolutely devastated.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
My Margaret!!

He continues to SCREAM in sheer horror, anger, sadness, shock.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
What have you done?!

He CRIES into Margaret's dead body.

Kat, mouth covered, continues to watch in horror at what she's done.

She steps toward Thomas as he CRIES, hunched over Margaret.

She reaches out to him--

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Don't touch me!

Kat stops, pulls her hand back.

Thomas continues to CRY over Margaret.

Kat backs away from the scene. Thomas CRIES OUT.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Nathaniel! Nathaniel!!

Kat backs out of the foyer.

INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Thomas' SCREAMS and CRIES echo through the hallway. It's disorienting with the reverb.

Kat STUMBLES down the hallway, almost losing balance, almost collapsing, all out of sheer absurdity of the situation.

She stops, braces herself against a wall, nearly collapses. She breathes heavily, anxiously. She attempts to calm herself, and pushes onward down the main hall--

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kat stumbles into the dark kitchen, flips a light switch. Dim lighting illuminates the room.

She stumbles toward a counter where the 24 Hour Photo envelope is. She nearly collapses, but catches herself on the countertop, inadvertently knocking the envelope to the floor.

The photographs spill out of the envelope and scatter about the floor.

Most of the photos are landscapes, flowers, and other bits of nature.

Kat bends down to pick the photos up, but stops when she notices one particular photo.

It's the photo Nathaniel took of Kat, Margaret, and Thomas. Another photo on top covers the spot where Thomas stands, and only Kat and Margaret are visible.

She slowly pulls the photo away.

REVEAL: Thomas is NOT in the photo.

Kat looks at the photo in horror. She drops it to the floor and turns around--

THOMAS HISSES AT HER WITH A MOUTH FULL OF FANGS!

Kat screams, falls backward onto her ass.

Thomas stalks toward her as she crawls away backward.

THOMAS
(hisses)
Is this what you wanted!?

Kat continues to back away.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Well?

Kat can't speak out of fear as she continues to back away on the floor. She presses herself up against a counter.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You killed the only thing that kept me going. My energy. My life.

KAT
You stole Margaret's life. You used her--

THOMAS
(hisses)
Silence!

Thomas SMELLS the air.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(hisses)

I can smell your blood. I can feel every single pulse. There's so much.

He STOMPS toward Kat, grabs her by the throat, picks her up, and THROWS her across the island countertop. Appliances fly off the island counter as Kat's body crashes through them.

She slides off the other end and rolls onto the floor.

Thomas effortlessly hops onto the countertop with a superhuman jump. He crawls toward the other end of the counter, perches himself on the edge as he looks down at Kat.

She crawls away toward the doorway to the main hall.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Yes. Run...

Kat stands and stumbles through the doorway--

INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Kat runs out of the kitchen and down the main hall. She runs into the--

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Kat continues toward the front entrance, past Margaret's dead body. Freedom--

EXT. MANSION - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Kat runs out of the mansion and down the long, elegant pathway toward her car.

Lightning flashes and rumbles THUNDER as rain heavily pours.

INT. KAT'S CAR - NIGHT

Kat jumps inside.

She puts the keys in ignition, turns them--

But the car only SPUTTERS.

She tries, again and again. Attempt after attempt, Kat curses at her car as it struggles to start.

KAT

Start, mother fucker! Start!

But the car doesn't start.

She BANGS on the steering wheel, CRIES out, falls back into her seat in defeat.

Something moves outside of the car, in the darkness--

Kat looks out her window--

A blur of shadow before--

A SLEDGEHAMMER SMASHES INTO THE WINDSHIELD!

Glass shards shatter onto Kat, who SCREAMS.

The sledgehammer jimmies itself out from the spiderwebbed windshield.

Kat looks over and sees Nathaniel with the sledgehammer. He pulls it behind him--

Kat GASPS, throws herself down into the passenger seat as Nathaniel SWINGS--

SMASH! The driver side window explodes into a thousand pieces from the impact.

Kat SCREAMS, crawls to the passenger side of the car and tumbles out.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Kat stands up, backs away from Nathaniel, who holds the sledgehammer.

He walks around the car toward Kat, who runs back toward the mansion.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Kat runs inside. She stops, looks around, looks at Margaret's dead body, grabs the bloody knife from the floor.

She looks in every direction that a sound comes from.

A CREAK here. A THUMP there.

She spins one way, then another.

She continues through the massive mansion, reaches one end where she has a view of the shed through a window.

The front door CLICKS open (O.S.). Kat hides behind a curtain.

Footsteps fade in, and Nathaniel walks by the curtains. He pauses, looks around.

Kat holds her breath.

Nathaniel looks out the window, walks up to it. He stares at the shed.

Then, continues onward.

Kat emerges from behind the curtain, sneaks away in the opposite direction.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kat pokes her head into the kitchen to check for Thomas. But he is no longer in there.

She walks through and up to a key rack with keys that hang from its hooks.

Each are labeled: FRONT DOOR, BACK DOOR, GARAGE, BASEMENT, etc.

She SIGHS, walks back out of the kitchen.

INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Kat exits the kitchen--

THUMPING.

FOOTSTEPS.

RUNNING.

Nathaniel SCREAMS as he rushes at Kat with the sledgehammer!

Kat barely manages to dodge the sledgehammer as Nathaniel brings it down to the floor.

He's a wild animal with a weapon.

He picks the sledgehammer up, swings. Kat ducks. The sledgehammer misses her, smashing into the wall.

Nathaniel is quick to loosen the sledgehammer from the wall and continues to swing wildly.

Kat falls to the floor, backs away.

Nathaniel swings the sledgehammer down to the floor, nearly missing her legs.

Nathaniel picks the sledgehammer back up, slams it down again.

Kat crawls backward.

Nathaniel lugs the sledgehammer over his head, brings it down once more, inches from Kat.

Kat backs into a wall.

Nathaniel rears the sledgehammer back, swings like a baseball bat.

Kat ducks as the sledgehammer smashes into the wall.

She rolls away from the wall, rolls into Nathaniel's legs. She takes the knife and stabs Nathaniel in the leg.

He CRIES OUT in pain, drops the sledgehammer as he falls to the floor.

Kat stands, picks up the sledgehammer.

Nathaniel looks from his injured leg to Kat. She holds the sledgehammer above her head, then brings it down.

Nathaniel's head EXPLODES in brain and blood from the sledgehammer's impact.

Kat drops the sledgehammer, breathes heavy in fear and shock.

She looks back out a window, sees the shed, stares at it.

She twists her lips, determined.

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - SHED - NIGHT

Kat walks up to the shed with the sledgehammer, stares at it.

Lightning flashes, brightens up the shed.

She takes a deep breath, then continues toward the door. She looks at the padlock. Then...

Swings the sledgehammer. The padlock nearly breaks apart, but takes one more hit for her to break it off.

She pulls her phone out, twists the knob.

THOMAS (O.S.)

You shouldn't go in there.

Kat spins around to find Thomas standing nearby the shed. He smiles, bearing FANGS.

KAT

What's inside?

THOMAS

I'd advise you not to investigate.

KAT

Why should I trust you?

THOMAS

Such an intelligent young woman.
But curious just enough to get
yourself into trouble.

KAT

There's something in here that can
kill you, isn't there?

THOMAS

Kill me? I cannot be killed.

KAT

Then I'm going to destroy you.

Thomas HISSES a LAUGH.

THOMAS

You? Destroy me?

Kat gulps.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I want you, Katherine. I need you.

KAT

You can't have me.

Kat's phone VIBRATES. She looks; Sterling calls.

She looks back up to find Thomas gone. Kat answers the phone as she remains at the shed door.

KAT (CONT'D)
Sterling--

STERLING (V.O.)
Kat, are you okay?

KAT
I was right. I need to get out of here now.

STERLING (V.O.)
I'm pulling up now.

KAT
Hurry.

Kat runs back toward the mansion.

She reaches the back door, opens it, runs inside--

Thomas grabs her by the throat!

EXT. MANSION - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Sterling's car pulls up to the pathway toward the mansion.

STERLING (V.O.)
Here it is.

AMANDA (V.O.)
Spooky.

The car parks. It remains running.

INT. STERLING'S CAR - NIGHT

Sterling calls Kat, but no answer.

STERLING
She's not answering.

AMANDA
This is ridiculous.

STERLING
She sounds so sure...

AMANDA
Fine.

Amanda opens the door.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I'll go get her.

Sterling doesn't stop her, unsure.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Amanda runs through the rain, up the pathway toward the mansion. She reaches the front door, uses the door knocker to KNOCK.

No answer.

Amanda looks through a nearby window, sees nothing but darkness.

She SIGHS, looks back at the car. She twists her lips, thinks.

She begins to trek along the perimeter of the mansion to the side yard.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Amanda walks through the backyard, drenched in the pouring rain.

KAT (O.S.)
Sterling?

Amanda looks over at the shed. Kat's voice comes from inside.

KAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I need to get out of here now.

AMANDA
Kat?

KAT (O.S.)
Hurry.

AMANDA
I'm coming. Are you okay?

KAT (O.S.)
Hurry.

Amanda walks up to the shed.

AMANDA
Kat? It's Amanda.

KAT (O.S.)
I need to get out of here now.

Amanda looks down at the broken padlock.

KAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hurry.

Amanda opens the door. Inside is nothing but pitch blackness.

She pulls her phone out, turns on the flashlight, and steps inside.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

Amanda shines the flashlight at the floor as she walks into the abyss.

AMANDA
Kat?

Darkness, all around her.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Are you in here?

A sound emits from within the darkness of the shed.

Amanda spins to the direction of the sound.

Her flashlight quickly glides past a MONSTER'S FACE--

Amanda GASPS and drops her phone. She bends down to pick it up.

She shines the light from the ground up toward the furthest corner of the shed.

The light travels along the floor slowly.

Feet.

Clawed feet.

Pale and veiny.

Inhuman.

INT. STERLING'S CAR - NIGHT

Sterling waits, becomes impatient. He turns the car off, steps out of the car.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Sterling walks up the pathway to the front door. He uses the knocker to KNOCK.

No answer.

Sterling KNOCKS again.

The door CREAKS open, and Thomas appears.

THOMAS
May I help you?

STERLING
Hi, I'm here to see Kat?

THOMAS
Ah, you must be Sterling. Please,
come in, dry off.

Sterling hesitates. Thomas smiles his killer smile.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Come in.

Sterling steps inside. The door shuts behind him.

Thunder CRACKLES--

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. LOUNGE - ENTERTAINMENT WING - NIGHT - LATER

Kat sits in a chair in front of the fireplace, bound at her wrists and ankles. She is unconscious.

The fireplace burns. Candelabras are lit around the room.

The pool table is set neatly for the next game.

Slowly, Kat comes to.

She finds Thomas making himself a drink at the bar.

THOMAS
Good, you're awake.

KAT
Let me go.

Thomas takes a sip.

THOMAS
I'm afraid I can't do that now,
Katherine.

KAT
You bastard. Let me go!

THOMAS
I love it when you get defensive.
It really releases an energy I
crave.

KAT
Why are you doing this...?

THOMAS
We all need to feed, Katherine.

KAT
No...

Thomas sets his drink down, grabs a pool stick. He positions
the cue ball.

THOMAS
Some, more than others.

KAT
God, please, let me go...

Thomas BREAKS the pool ball set.

THOMAS
God? You don't believe in God.

Kat CRIES. Thomas sets the pool stick on the table.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
After seeing me, do you believe in
Him now?

Kat FIGHTS her bindings, but it's no use.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Yes. Get the blood flowing. He'll
appreciate it.

KAT

Who?!

Thomas sinks away into the shadows of the night.

THOMAS

Who do you think turned me into
what I am now?

And like that, he's gone.

The lounge entrance door in front of Kat opens on its own.

She has a clear view of a long stretch of hallway.

It's dark in the hall, but a shadowy figure is visible at the
end of the hall...

...ON THE CEILING.

KAT

Wha...

The figure MOVES.

KAT (CONT'D)

What is that...?

The figure scales down the wall like a spider. It reaches the
floor, slowly stands up tall.

This THING begins to STALK down the hallway toward the lounge
room.

Toward Kat.

KAT (CONT'D)

What is that?!

The figure stalks closer and CLOSER.

Kat FIGHTS as hard as she can in the bindings. Her chair
scoots around, backward and sideways.

KAT (CONT'D)

No!

The chair tips backward, knocks over a candelabra. A candle
rolls toward her.

Kat looks at the fireplace. The metal cross she saw before
burns in the flames.

Kat looks at the candle, then at her bindings. She fights with all her might to scoot the chair to the flame.

The figure becomes illuminated dimly by the flickering fireplace lighting.

A tall, inhuman THING.

Bald. Pointed ears. Clawed hands and feet. Emaciated chest with a xylophone of ribs.

Dark red blood stains its mouth and body, contrasts with its ghostly pale skin.

Yellow eyes pierce the soul.

A mouth of monstrous FANGS.

This...is MASTER.

Kat FIGHTS to scoot her wrist into the candle flame. It begins to burn away the binding.

The rope breaks apart into fringes, loosens.

Kat breaks free, unties her other wrist. She looks over at where the monster was. It's no longer there.

She quickly unties her ankles, gets them loose.

Kat scrambles to her feet to find the room empty. Or so it seems.

Master, behind her perched in the corner ceiling of the room, lowers to the floor. She is oblivious as it silently stalks closer and closer up behind her.

She spins around--

Finds nothing.

As if it teleported behind her, Master stands facing away from Kat.

Blurred in the B.G., Master slowly turns around and lifts its head up. Yellow, glowing eyes open.

Kat turns back around--

Master grabs her by the throat with its skeletal, clawed hands.

She SCREAMS.

Master lifts Kat off the ground. It uses its other hand to tilt her head to the side.

Kat fights with all her might, but it does nothing to Master.

Master moves the hair away from Kat's neck, revealing the cross tattoo.

Master HISSES in FEAR, drops Kat. She falls to the floor and immediately begins to crawl away.

Master HISSES at her in anger.

Kat crawls toward the fireplace, toward the burning metal cross.

Master grabs her, picks her up and throws her across the room. She hits the pool table light fixture, lands on the table, cringes in pain.

The light fixture swings wildly. Kat looks over and sees Master stalk toward her, appearing in dim light, then disappearing in shadow as the light fixture continues to swing.

She bears the pain, grabs the pool stick that Thomas used.

She SWINGS the pool stick, SMASHES it against Master's face. The pool stick splinters in half.

Master GROWLS in anger as he turns back to Kat.

She jumps off the pool table with the broken pool stick, sprints toward the fireplace. Master STOMPS after her.

She dives for the fireplace, grabs the cross despite the flames and hot metal.

Kat SCREAMS in pain as she holds the cross out in front of her.

Master shields himself from the cross, HISSES in fear.

Kat stands, walks toward him, cross still in hand, sizzling her skin. She continues to SCREAM in pain and now VICTORY.

Master SWINGS his arm out, knocks her hand. The cross goes flying.

Kat backs away.

Master POUNCES!

Kat holds the broken pool stick out in front of her--

Master TACKLES Kat to the ground.

The pool stick pierces through Master's chest, through the heart.

Master GROWLS in PAIN while sliding down the pool stick. Blood drips from Master's mouth onto Kat's face. She turns her face away as Master's face grows nearer to hers.

Master's mouth opens, ready to BITE her neck.

But the closer Master gets to Kat's face, the more deterioration begins. Skin peels and flakes away. Muscle melts off the bones that turn to ash.

A black ooze now stains Kat as she continues to hold the pool stick out in front of her.

She breathes heavily, finally able to catch her breath.

Kat stands, walks out of the lounge.

INT. FOYER - DAY (MORNING)

Kat walks through the foyer, past the bodies of Margaret and Nathaniel.

She walks to the extravagant front doors, about to open them when--

THOMAS (O.S.)

I really wanted you, Katherine.

Kat stops, turns to see Thomas at the foot of the stairs.

KAT

I said don't call me that.

THOMAS

It's such a beautiful name.

KAT

You've got nothing now, Mister Grant. I've defeated you.

(beat)

I hope you rot in Hell.

THOMAS

I already have. But my time with you, dear Katherine, was truly Heaven.

Kat fights a smirk, turns back to the doors and opens them.

Morning sunlight FLOODS into the foyer.

Thomas moves away from incoming sunlight, remains in the shadows.

Kat looks back one more time.

Thomas watches from within the shadows. He smiles his infamous smile.

She turns back around and walks out the door.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT YARD - DAY (MORNING)

Kat leaves the front door open to allow the sunlight to spill in.

She walks down the pathway and to her car.

INT. KAT'S CAR - DAY (MORNING)

Kat gets inside. She attempts to start the car. It SPUTTERS. She tries again. More SPATTERING.

Once more...

...the car starts. She SIGHS in relief--

A HAND COVERS HER MOUTH WITH A CLOTH!

She STRUGGLES--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (MORNING)

A heart monitor FLATLINES as Ian Richards, Kat's father, finally passes away.

Alone in the empty room.

The dragging BEEP of the flatline grows louder and Louder and LOUDER--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - FOYER - DAY (MORNING)

Sterling walks to the front entrance doorway, carrying Kat's unconscious body.

Thomas smiles.

THOMAS

Good job, Sterling. You've been marvelous so far. I would appreciate it if you got her cleaned up and prepared.

STERLING

Yes, Mister Grant.

Sterling walks inside as the front door closes on its own.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. MANSION - BACK YARD - ROSE GARDEN - DAY

Dark, gloomy skies as an incoming storm rolls in.

Sterling finishes shoveling dirt around white rose plants.

They're planted in two grave-like additions connecting to the rose garden, adding to the maze of flowers.

Lightning flashes in the distance, followed by--

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Rumbling thunder.

Rain pitter-patters on the sunroom windows.

Thomas sits in front of a canvas and paints. Motown music plays softly in the room.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Sterling mops the foyer floor.

Margaret and Nathaniel's bodies are no longer there. Neither is Margaret's wheelchair.

EXT. MANSION - BACKYARD - SHED - DAY

The shed door swings open in the rainy wind, BANGS against the side of the shed.

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Thomas sets his paintbrush down, admires his painting.

THOMAS

Beautiful.

REVEAL: the painting. It's a portrait of Kat.

Thomas looks beyond the canvas at his subject.

HOLD/SLOW ZOOM IN ON: Kat, in the wheelchair. Her hand is wrapped in gauze. She stares a thousand yard stare out the windows.

Thomas stands, walks around and behind Kat. He begins to brush her hair for a moment.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I've had more rose bushes planted.
White ones this time. It symbolizes
purity, just as you are.

(beat)

I had told Master I'd keep him
alive. That I would take care of
him and bring him what he needs.
But you were just too good to pass
up. You take care of me, with your
love...

(beat)

...with your life.

He stops brushing her hair, kneels down next to Kat's ear.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Thank you for taking care of me,
Katherine. My beautiful Katherine.

(beat)

You're the only thing that keeps me
going these days...

Thomas kisses her cheek, smiles, revealing FANGS.

He rises back up to his feet, then turns and leaves the sunroom.

Kat remains silent in the wheelchair, staring out the windows.

A tear falls down her cheek.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.