

Conundrum

by

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March 2020  
Rev 9/26/2024  
Second Rev 11/10/2024  
Third Rev 11/20/2024

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INT. KURT'S SUV - DAY

KURT HUNTER (34), gruff, athletic, rugged, waits anxiously at a railroad crossing; his hands are sweaty, red, eyes, sad.

The oncoming train HONK's it's horn, sending Kurt to tears. He snuffles, grits his teeth, shuts his eyes as the train barrels across the tracks.

EXT. HUNTER HOUSE - DAY

Kurt pulls into the driveway, stops his car.

INT. KURT'S SUV - DAY

Kurt snuffles, wipes his eyes, and take's out a picture of himself and his wife, MELINDA HUNTER (40s) from the glovebox.

Kurt stares at it, traces his fingers over her face.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

The lights on a railroad crossing FLASH back and forth, in the pouring rain.

INT. KURT'S SUV - DAY

Kurt grimaces, kisses his wife in the photograph and sets it back in the glovebox.

EXT. HUNTER HOUSE - PATIO - DAY

Kurt sets down his bag onto the floor, plops down in a wicker loveseat and whips out a cigar. As he lights it and takes a puff, the patio doors fly open.

LILLIAN HUNTER (17), rebellious, obnoxious, punk, stomps over to the chair next to him and jumps in.

KURT

Long day?

LILLIAN

If you count being late to gym class.

Kurt narrows his eyes at Lillian as she tosses her backpack aside and takes out her phone.

KURT

Lil.

LILLIAN

What? It was just dodgeball.

Kurt takes a puff of his cigar as Lillian shifts her eyes to Kurt's work bag.

LILLIAN

So, what, another project?

KURT

Well, as a matter of fact...

Kurt sets down his cigar, takes out his portfolio from his bag, and hands it to Lillian.

KURT

Page 42.

Lillian takes it, opens it, flips through the pages.

Lillian stops, her left eye twitches. A drawing of a gothic church stares back at her.

KURT

You recognize, it don't you?

Lillian grumbles, raises her brow.

LILLIAN

I bet you got this from the Pope.

KURT

We had some good times there, don't you think?

IAN HUNTER (9), short, a dead-ringer for Kurt, steps in, stops at his feet.

IAN

Dad?

KURT

What are you doing home so early?

IAN

Last day before spring break, remember?

Kurt sighs as Ian eyes the portfolio in Lillian's hand.

IAN  
Your portfolio?

Lillian hands it to him, sneers at Kurt.

LILLIAN  
Dad here's going to be the next Frank Gehry.

Ian takes it.

IAN  
Who?

KURT  
Heh, maybe.

Lillian grumbles, begins texting, as Ian takes a seat next to Kurt, stares at the church. His voice cracks.

IAN  
Oh.

Kurt opens his mouth, only to be interrupted by his cell phone. He takes it out, answers it as Ian begins flipping through the portfolio.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
This is Kurt...

It's DONALD "DON" REMINGTON (50s), Kurt's boss.

DON (O.S.)  
Kurt? It's Don. How are you?

KURT  
(into the phone)  
Fine, just hanging out with the kids.

DON (O.S.)  
Good, listen, I was wondering if you could stop by my office tomorrow morning for a quick chat.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
I'm not in trouble, am I?

DON (O.S.)  
Of course not! There's just something

that I need to discuss with you in private, if you don't mind, that is.

Kurt's eyes shift to Ian, Lillian, his portfolio.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
What time?

DON (O.S.)  
How does 9:30 sound?

KURT  
(into the phone)  
I'll be there first thing.

Kurt hangs up.

LILLIAN  
So, how's old baldie doing?

Kurt jumps out of his seat and snatches the phone out of Lillian's hands.

LILLIAN  
The hell?

KURT  
Remember who paid for this?

Lillian jumps up and storms back inside the house.

Kurt grumbles, plops back down on the loveseat, and slides her phone into his pocket.

KURT  
So, anything catch your eye?

Ian turns the portfolio around and shows it to Kurt. On the page, an unfinished sketch of a large mansion stares back at Kurt, menacingly.

Kurt gulps, his eyes brim.

KURT  
Oh, that one.

IAN  
What is it?

KURT

It's a house, one I designed for your mother.

IAN

Why's it not finished?

Kurt, eyes filled to the brink of tears, gently closes the portfolio and takes it back.

KURT

Why don't you go help your sister out with the table?

Kurt kisses Ian on the forehead. He cracks a smile, exits, as Kurt, a wrought iron weight in his stomach, tosses the portfolio aside and sobs, until the sounds of sirens fill his ears.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - 2011

Kurt opens his eyes, find himself standing at a railroad crossing. A thick strand of caution tape sits in front of him; behind it, two POLICE OFFICERS (40s) looking rather agitated.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Sir, please try to remain calm.

KURT

Where's my wife?

The first officer turns around, looks towards a destroyed Jeep Grand Cherokee on the tracks being salvaged by a team of firefighters. He makes a face, clicks his teeth, and lets out a long sigh.

KURT

What about my son?

As the officer open's his mouth, Ian (not even 1) wails from inside the Jeep.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (O.S)

Lewis!

The second officer dashes over to the Jeep as Kurt tries to shove his way through the tape.

KURT

Ian!

The first officer quickly shoves Kurt back, shakes his head. Kurt fidgets, stares at the Jeep, eyes, until he hears a faint whisper.

Kurt steps aside, looks towards the end of the tracks, and spots Melinda, pale as snow, in a white nightgown.

KURT

Melinda?

Melinda, in a matter of seconds, sprints forward, grabs Kurt by his head, and whispers hoarsely into his ear.

MELINDA

Find me.

INT. HUNTER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

Kurt jumps up, gasps, and flicks on the lamp next to him. He feels his sheets, shifts his eyes towards a picture of himself and Melinda on his nightstand, and flops back down onto his pillow.

INT. SCHIMMER DESIGNS INCORPORATED - LOBBY - DAY

Don speaks with his secretary, BARBARA (30s) as Kurt steps out from the elevator.

DON

We're going to move forward with the original design. See if you can't get the board to agree on it, would you?

KURT

Don.

Barbara rushes away.

DON

Kurt! I'm so glad you could make it.

Kurt takes a deep breath as Don motions his arm towards his office.

DON

Please.

Kurt and Don enter.

INT. SCHIMMER DESIGNS INCORPORATED - DON'S OFFICE - DAY

Don closes the door as Kurt takes a seat in front of his desk, trembles at the sight of all the stripes on the wall.

KURT

This isn't about another Hyatt incident, I hope?

Don chuckles, slowly moves over to a tall grey file cabinet.

DON

How familiar are you with Second Empire Kurt?

KURT

The style?

Don nods.

KURT

I've drafted a couple, every now and than.

Don cracks open the top drawer, flips through some files, and pulls out a crimson red folder. He slams the drawer shut with a THUD, walks to his desk, and throws the folder down on top.

KURT

It's the Hall of Languages, isn't it?

DON

Take a look.

Kurt slides the folder forward, cracks it open. A photo of a large, dilapidated Second Empire style mansion stares back at him.

DON

Well?

KURT

It kind of looks like the Addams Family Mansion.

DON

Over 50,000 square feet of living space...

Don pulls out a cigar from his cigar box, lights it, and takes a puff as he swivels back and forth in his chair.



DON  
10 bedrooms, 12 bathrooms, basement,  
rec room, courtyard, terrace, need I  
go on?

Kurt huffs, closes the folder, shoves it back towards Don.

KURT  
I'm an architect Don, not an interior  
designer.

DON  
Hear me out.

Kurt takes a deep breath as Don leans forward, clasps his  
hands together.

DON  
How would you like a fresh start Kurt?

KURT  
Fresh start?

Don motions to a photograph on his desk. It's the same photo  
of himself and Melinda that Kurt keeps in the glovebox.

Kurt finds himself mesmerized by it.

KURT  
I don't know.

DON  
Come on, it's been how long since your  
wife passed?

KURT  
About nine years now.

Don sighs, shifts his eyes towards a picture of his late wife  
ELISE REMINGTON (50s).

DON  
You remember Elise, don't you?

KURT  
Yeah, sorry it didn't work out.

DON  
Did you know we were planning on  
having children?

Kurt raises his brow.

KURT

At 40?

DON

Never too late to start.

Kurt shifts his eyes back to the folder, purses his lips.

KURT

What do I have to do to it?

DON

Fix the roof, replace the wiring,  
check the fixtures, and maybe, just  
maybe...

Don leans forward.

...give it fresh new coat of paint  
while you're at it?

Kurt takes the folder, stands up, and extends his hand.

KURT

I can't thank you enough.

Don firmly shakes it.

DON

I hope you enjoy it.

KURT

Not just for free of charge, I hope?

DON

My realtor will cover all the closing  
costs.

Kurt pulls away and turns to leave as Don sits back down in  
his chair.

DON

Do you believe in ghosts, Kurt?

Kurt pauses, flips back around, raises his brow.

KURT

Ghosts?

DON

Yes?

KURT

No?

Don chuckles, reaches into his desk, pulls out three flashlights, and sets them down in front of them.

DON

Stay away from dark places.

Kurt steps forward, picks them up.

KURT

Why?

DON

It's where "it" likes to hide.

Kurt fidgets, sweats, as his eyes shift down to the trembling flashlights in his hands.

EXT. HIGHWAY I-66 - DAY

Kurt speeds down highway 1-66.

INT. KURT'S SUV - DAY

Kurt hums to himself as Lillian stares blankly out the window. Don's folder rests in her lap.

LILLIAN

We're lost.

KURT

What? You don't trust my navigational skills?

Lillian grumbles, opens the folder, picks up a sheet of paper.

LILLIAN

Well, it's got a swimming pool.

Ian, on his Nintendo Switch, leans forward from the backseat.

IAN

And a library.

LILLIAN  
I doubt it'd have any strategy guides  
in there for you, Mario.

Ian snorts, flops back in his seat as Lillian huffs, turns to another page.

LILLIAN  
Incredible.

KURT  
Lil?

LILLIAN  
Do we really got to do this?

KURT  
Our old house was getting pretty  
cramped, don't you think?

Lillian grumbles, sneers.

LILLIAN  
I liked it.

Kurt flips around.

KURT  
Ian?

IAN  
I get the biggest bedroom!

Kurt chuckles, swivels back around.

KURT  
There, you see?

Lillian huffs, narrows her eyes at Ian.

LILLIAN  
Traitor.

Ian sticks his tongue at Lillian. She returns the favor,  
angrily shuts the folder, and stares blankly out the window.

EXT. HIGHWAY I-66 - DAY

Kurt drives past a sign that reads:

WELCOME TO LONE OAK, VIRGINIA

EXT. THE MANSION - GATE - DAY

Kurt pulls the SUV, a Land Rover, up next to a large, intimidating wrought iron gate and stops.

INT. KURT'S SUV - DAY

Kurt, Lillian, and Ian stare bewildered at the large gate.

LILLIAN  
Great, it's closed.

KURT  
Not to worry.

IAN  
Dad?

KURT  
Stay here.

Kurt hastily takes off his seatbelt and exits.

EXT. THE MANSION - GATE - DAY

Kurt shuts the door behind him and jogs up to the gate. Lillian exits, follows behind him as Kurt tugs hopelessly at the bars.

LILLIAN  
It can't be that heavy.

KURT  
Shut up and give me a hand.

Lillian grumbles and places her hands on the gate, next to Kurt.

KURT  
Ready? 1-2-3.

Kurt and Lillian slowly manage to pull the gate open.

LILLIAN  
Super, can we go home now?

KURT  
Sure, if you don't mind walking.

Lillian huffs and storms back to the Land Rover, enters with Kurt as he starts up the Land Rover and drives through the

gate.

EXT. THE MANSION - PATH - DAY

The Land Rover moves down the crooked cobblestones, past a swarm of dead trees and bushes.

INT. KURT'S SUV - DAY

Lillian and Ian's eyes remain glued to the windshield as the Land Rover bounces and sways back and forth.

LILLIAN  
I don't see it.

IAN  
Dad?

KURT  
It should be just up the road.

EXT. THE MANSION - ENTRANCE - DAY

Kurt pulls up into a dirt-clotted driveway and stops, sending a flock of crows scattering into the sky.

Kurt, Lillian, and Ian slowly, exit, walk forward, and stare up at the mansion.

The mansion, with it's gigantic shutters, curved windows, and darkly painted black bricks, looms in the distance.

LILLIAN  
Welcome home Eleanor.

Ian gulps as Kurt jogs over to the trunk, flings it open.

IAN  
This is our new home?

LILLIAN  
What? You afraid?

IAN  
Tch, no!

Kurt takes out three suitcases, closes the trunk with a loud THUD, and wheels them forward.

LILLIAN  
You know, I bet if you look slightly

towards your left, you can see old  
Frederick Loren holding the skeleton  
of his dead wife.

IAN  
Dead wife?

Kurt steps up to them, hands Ian his.

KURT  
Quit teasing him Lil.

Ian grabs as it as Lillian takes hers.

KURT  
Well? Whose first?

Lillian and Ian furiously shake their heads.

KURT  
Fine.

Kurt leads his children up an old stone path and onto a  
concrete-laid porch. Lillian and Ian step aside as Kurt  
reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bag of keys.

IAN  
Why so many keys?

KURT  
One for each room.

Ian trembles, nervously grabs onto Lillian's hand as Kurt  
pulls out a key labeled, FRONT DOOR and places it into the  
lock.

The lock creaks and moans with a satisfying CLICK. Kurt's  
children let out a sigh of relief as he places the key back  
in the bag and puts his hand on the doorknobs.

KURT  
Ready?

Ian and Lillian nod as Kurt takes a deep breath and slowly  
pushes open the doors.

INT. THE MANSION - FOYER - DAY

Kurt, Lillian, Ian shudder as they step into pitch black  
darkness as Kurt closes the door behind them.

LILLIAN  
I hope this place comes with  
radiators.

IAN  
Why aren't the lights working?

Kurt moves his hand across the wall, find a light switch,  
flicks it on.

KURT  
Now, how about that?

Lillian and Ian look up, stare at at an antique looking  
chandelier as Kurt moves towards another pair of double doors  
just opposite form him.

LILLIAN  
What's in there?

KURT  
My guess? The main hallway.

Kurt takes out his bag, begins searching for the right key as  
a heavy wind from outside shakes the mansion, rocks the  
chandelier.

Ian wipes away the sweat from his forehead as it twirls,  
around and around.

IAN  
That doesn't look safe.

Lillian smirks.

LILLIAN  
You play simulator's don't you?

IAN  
I don't they make one's for stuff like  
this.

Kurt takes out a key labeled MAIN HALL, places it into the  
lock, turns it.

CLICK.

KURT  
Voila!

Ian relaxes, Lillian grumbles, as Kurt places the key back



inside the bag and pushes the doors open.

LILLIAN

Well?

Kurt sticks his head in, moves his hands across the wall, grumbles. He rushes back over to his suitcase, pulls out three flashlights, and hands one to Lillian.

LILLIAN

Great, more work.

KURT

Think of it like an adventure.

Lillian begrudgingly takes it as Kurt hands one to Ian. He grabs it as Kurt turns on his and makes his way back towards the door.

Lillian follows, Ian hesitates.

Kurt, sensing this, stops, turns back around.

KURT

It's alright, bud.

IAN

I think I'd rather wait here.

Kurt sighs, nods.

KURT

Stay near the door.

Ian lets out a sigh of relief, sits down, takes out his Nintendo from his suitcase, as Kurt and Lillian enter the hallway.

INT. THE MANSION - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Lillian and Kurt tip-toe down the hallway, waving their flashlights along the wall, revealing rusted out candelabra's and tacky floral wallpaper.

LILLIAN

Martha Stewart eat your heart out.

Kurt grumbles, stops in his tracks.

LILLIAN

What?

KURT

Couldn't you act just a little more  
excited?

Lillian huffs, marches up towards an old picture, points to  
it.

LILLIAN

As you can see here, we have this  
decrepit old painting, left behind by  
the shady but mysterious former  
owners, who might be secretly looking  
to profit from their old estate by  
selling it to some weary and clueless  
out-of-towners from Salt City.

Kurt snorts.

LILLIAN

Happy now?

KURT

Forget I asked.

Kurt stares at the picture, shakes his head, and marches  
forward.

Lillian hurries after him.

LILLIAN

What? I'd buy it.

KURT

I'm not running an antique market.

Lillian groans.

LILLIAN

Dad.

Kurt halts in his tracks.

KURT

You know, you never had this attitude  
when your mother was still around.

LILLIAN

That's because she was smart.

Kurt sneers.

KURT  
I'm doing this for you, Ian, us.

Lillian sneers, claps her hands.

LILLIAN  
Well, you couldn't have picked a more  
exciting place!

Kurt motions to the dark corridor in front of him with his  
flashlight.

KURT  
Get a move on.

LILLIAN  
Gladly.

Lillian stomps ahead as Kurt grumbles and trudges after her.

INT. THE MANSION - FOYER - DAY

Ian stares down at his console, mashing the buttons on the  
pad, until he hears a loud THUD from the balcony above him.

Ian jumps, peers up from his console. His eyes dart towards a  
pair of double doors, a single one to his right.

Silence.

Ian takes a deep breath, resumes playing, until...

Another THUD from above!

Ian gasps, jumps up.

IAN  
Dad?

With no answer, Ian slowly moves towards the staircase,  
places his foot on the first step.

CREAKKKK

Ian winces, steps off, looks back up as his eyes quickly meet  
those of MARIBEL (9), small, blonde, in a retro-looking  
dress.

IAN  
Hi.

A sudden BOOM from the ceiling shakes the foyer.

IAN  
What was that?

Maribel looks up, grimaces, looks to Ian before rushing towards the door in front of her.

Ian jumps on the staircase, rushes up it.

IAN  
Hey!

The lights shut off.

Ian stops in his tracks.

IAN  
Hello?

INT. THE MANSION - BASEMENT - BREAKER ROOM - DAY

Kurt flings open the door to an old breaker box, pulls out a pair of pliers from a tool box on the ground and raises them towards a red wire.

LILLIAN  
Wouldn't it be easier just to call  
someone?

KURT  
Watch and learn.

INT. THE MANSION - FOYER - DAY

Ian stands motionless on the stairs, unsure of what to do, until a sudden RATTLE makes him jump.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Ian whips his head towards the double doors, catches the sound of something faint.

Ian tip-toes up the staircase, too the doors, and places his ear against it. The heavy sobs from a woman, ISABELLE RUTHERFORD (40s), strong, compassionate, brave, echo into his ears.

IAN  
Lil?

The lights turn on.

Ian steps back, breathes a sigh of relief as the doors below him fly open.

LILLIAN (O.S.)  
Where you'd learn to do that again?

Ian bolts down the staircase.

KURT (O.S.)  
A big mall up in Syracuse, before you  
were ever born.

Ian rushes up to Lillian and Kurt, eyes wide.

KURT  
Ian?

IAN  
You're not gonna believe this...

Lillian stomps past Kurt.

LILLIAN  
Not now, dipshit.

IAN  
But...

Lillian grabs her suitcase and swiftly wheels it back into the hallway.

KURT  
Ian?

IAN  
There was a girl and this woman  
upstairs, crying.

KURT  
Crying?

IAN  
Tch, never mind.

Ian stomps towards his suitcase, grabs the handle and wheels it towards the hallway.

KURT  
So, how's pizza sound?

Ian ignores him, enters.

Kurt grumbles, reaches for his.

INT. THE MANSION - GREEN MARBLE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lillian turns off the faucet, flicks on some pop music from her phone, and sets it down on the edge of a large soaking tub adorned with green tiles. She steps inside it, leans back, and closes her eyes.

INT. THE MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kurt sits at the kitchen table, staring down at the mansion's blueprints. Ian sits across from him, eating a slice of pizza. The half-eaten pizza sits next to him, along with Kurt's bag of keys.

KURT

So, how do you like your new room?

Silence.

KURT

It's a little far from mine, don't you think?

Ian grumbles.

IAN

Dad.

KURT

Sorry.

Ian sets down his pizza, looks around the kitchen, shifts his eyes towards the light above him, a lamp on the counter, and two scones next to the door leading to the dining room.

IAN

It's too bright in here.

Ian jumps up, hurries to the light switch.

KURT

Wait!

Kurt jumps out of his chair, up to Ian, and quickly pulls his hand away from the switch.

IAN

Dad?

KURT

This might sound a little strange  
but...

Kurt purses his lips, leads Ian back to the table, and sits back down in his chair.

KURT

Tell me more about this girl you saw.

IAN

I don't know. She was around my age, I think.

KURT

Anything else?

IAN

In a white dress, blonde hair, curls.

Kurt sighs, stares back down at the blueprints, scratches his head.

IAN

What?

Kurt shifts his eyes towards Ian's flashlight on the table, grabs it, faces him, and hands it to him.

KURT

Don't ever leave without this,  
alright?

Ian nods, takes it as Kurt stands up, stretches, grabs his flashlight off the table, and heads to the door.

IAN

Where are you going?

KURT

Exploring, make sure you clean up.

Ian nods, sits back down, and reaches for another slice of pizza as Kurt exits.

INT. THE MANSION - GREEN MARBLE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lillian jams to the music, until she is interrupted by a

sloshy GURGLE.

Lillian opens her eyes and looks down.

The water begins churning like an ocean.

Lillian scoots forward, looks down at the drain.

CHESTER BEASLEY (O.S.)  
Such, nice little legs.

A bloodshot, withered eye suddenly appears from inside,  
blinks.

Lillian screams, tries to get out, but...

Her foot slips!

She falls back in, glares the drain.

LILLIAN  
Who are you?

Silence.

Lillian, heart beating, palms sweaty, slowly rises from the  
tub, begins to step out, only for...

The almost-skinless arm of CHESTER BEASLEY (50s) to EXPLODE  
out from the drain and grab onto her leg.

CHESTER BEASLEY (O.S.)  
Go on, scream, I want to hear it.

Lillian cries out, desperately grabs onto the tub's edges and  
shifts her eyes towards her phone. She lunges for it, almost  
makes it, until...

CRACK!

Lillian freezes, looks down. Her jaw drops as the white  
fiberglass breaks away and falls down into a pit of darkness.

LILLIAN  
Shit! Shit!

CHESTER BEASLEY (O.S.)  
Just close your eyes, take a deep  
breath.

Lillian grimaces, kicks Chester in the face with free foot



and grabs her phone.

INT. THE MANSION - BALLROOM - EVENING

Kurt inspects a dusty old curtain as his phone rings.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
Lil?

LILLIAN (O.S.)  
Help me!

Kurt freezes, hurries to the door.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
Where are you?

INT. THE MANSION - KITCHEN - EVENING

Kurt rushes in, grabs the blueprints off the table.

IAN  
Dad?

LILLIAN (O.S.)  
Oh my god, he's going too...

KURT  
(into the phone)  
What room?

Ian grabs his flashlight, jumps up and follows Kurt out the door.

INT. THE MANSION - MAIN HALLWAY - EVENING

Kurt and Ian sprint down the hallway as the lights around them begin to flicker.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
What room?! Lil

LILLIAN (O.S.)  
Green tiles...

Kurt turns a corner and suddenly finds himself face to face with a sea of doors. Two doors lay to his left, another to his right, two in front of him.

Kurt stares like a deer in the headlights as Ian rushes to his side.

IAN  
What's going on?

The lights shut off.

KURT  
Flashlight, now.

Ian whips his on as Kurt does the same.

Kurt presses his ears against each of the doors as a drop of water splashes onto Ian's shirt.

Ian wipes it off as another hits his head. He looks up as a gush of water knocks him to the ground.

Kurt flips around, cries out.

KURT  
Ian!

Kurt races to his side, helps him up, as rain, thick as a monsoon, douses them, the walls, doors, seemingly from nowhere.

Lillian's screams snap Kurt and Ian back to reality as they flip around, rest their eyes on a door at the end of the hallway.

Kurt grits his teeth, grabs Ian, shoves his way through the rainstorm, and thankfully, reaches it.

LILLIAN (O.S.)  
Dad!

KURT  
Hang on!

Kurt pulls out a key labeled GREEN BATHROOM, places it into the lock, and turns the handle.

INT. THE MANSION - MARBLE BATHROOM - EVENING

Kurt flings the door open and turns to the tub.

KURT  
Lil!

LILLIAN

Dad!

Kurt rushes towards Lillian, looks down, grimaces.

KURT

What?

Lillian cocks her head towards Chester's arm.

LILLIAN

There!

Kurt sees it, as Chester pops his bloody, skinless head, out from the darkness and narrows his eyes at Kurt.

CHESTER BEASLEY

Your daughter's such a sweet little angel.

Kurt grabs a toilet plunger off the ground near the toilet and SMACK's it against his head.

Chester moans, releases Lillian and slides back into the darkness as Kurt swiftly pulls her out of the tub and into the hall.

INT. THE MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kurt sits a shivering Lillian down on the sofa, next to Ian and places his jacket over her shoulders.

LILLIAN

You saw that right?

KURT

Yeah, I did.

Kurt furrows his brow, begins pacing back and forth.

IAN

Where'd all the rain come from?

LILLIAN

This is like some fucked up Nightmare on Elm street shit.

KURT

Could have been anything.

LILLIAN

Dad.

KURT

Look, I'm not saying, you're wrong,  
but...

Lillian grimaces, huffs.

Kurt grumbles, takes out the bag of keys from his pocket,  
stares at them.

Kurt's eyes shift towards the keys, the door, his children.  
He turns to leave.

KURT

Wait here.

Lillian jumps up.

LILLIAN

But...

KURT

Relax. I'm just going to get some more  
towels.

Lillian sits back down, lets out a sigh as Ian puts his arm  
around her shoulder. Lillian snuffles, pats it, tightens her  
grip on Kurt's jacket.

INT. THE MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kurt snatches the blueprints and a slice of pizza off the  
table.

INT. THE MANSION - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kurt, mouth full of cheese, walks up to the bathroom door,  
and cracks it open.

INT. THE MANSION - GREEN MARBLE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kurt flicks on the light, moves over to the tub, flicks on  
his flashlight and shines it down into the hole.

Kurt shifts his eyes towards a roll of toilet paper near the  
toilet, grabs one and tosses it into the darkness.

Kurt leans in, waiting to hear it drop, but, all he hears is,  
silence.

INT. THE MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lillian clicks away on the TV remote to a News Station, football, a showing of The Haunting (1963).

Ian slowly arises.

LILLIAN

Kitchen?

Ian heads to the door.

IAN

Yeah, want anything?

LILLIAN

A Corona.

IAN (O.S.)

Lil...

LILLIAN

Hawaiian Punch.

Ian smirks, chuckles, exits, as Lillian giggles, pulls a blanket over her lap, and sets down the remote.

INT. THE MANSION - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kurt, pencil in mouth, circles the GREEN BATHROOM on the blueprints with a marker, walks past a door, only to be stopped by a familiar tune.

Kurt stops, looks to the door, places his hand on the knob, and cracks it open.

INT. THE MANSION - CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

Kurt walks in and flips on the light. A series of dusty instruments litter the room, including a cello, trumpet, bass, saxophone, xylophone, and Melinda, sitting at a grand unscrupulously in the corner

Kurt takes a deep breath, walks over, stops at her feet.

KURT

Melinda?

MELINDA

You recognize it, don't you?

Kurt stares down at the keys, chuckles.

KURT  
The End of August.

Melinda stands up, steps back.

Kurt's eyes dart to her, the piano. He takes a deep breath, sits down, and places his fingers over the keys.

MELINDA  
Go on.

Kurt, to the best of his memory, begins playing the tune as Melinda cracks a smile and begins twirling around the room, gently stroking each and every one of the instruments.

MELINDA  
You promised you build me a music  
studio one day...

KURT  
Is it really you?

Melinda plucks the strings of the Cello, smirks, and saunters back over to Kurt.

MELINDA  
Why don't you just relax?

Melinda walks behind and begins massaging his shoulders.

KURT  
You should really seen how Ian's  
grown.

A sudden KNOCK at the door catches Kurt's attention.

LILLIAN (O.S.)  
Dad?

Kurt tries to leave, but finds his fingers somehow stuck to the keyboard.

MELINDA  
Keep going.

Lillian KNOCKS again, this time, much harder.

LILLIAN (O.S.)  
Dad!

The keys, looking much like glue, stick to his fingers. Kurt winces, tries to pull them back with all his might, but alas, can not.

KURT  
What is this?

Melinda leans forward and gently whispers into his ear.

MELINDA  
Your new home.

Melinda stands up, marches towards the door as Kurt grimaces, tugs with all his might.

KURT  
(to Lillian)  
My suitcase, in the bedroom, hurry!

INT. THE MANSION - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lillian rushes down the hallway.

INT. THE MANSION - CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

Melinda stops, grumbles, slowly turns around.

MELINDA  
You should really learn to keep an eye  
on them, Kurt.

Kurt sneers.

KURT  
Your not her.

Melinda's eyes shift towards the fallboard. It collapses, right onto Kurt's hands.

KURT  
Fuck, dammit!

Kurt trembles, fidgets, struggles to pull away with all his might.

MELINDA  
Don't you remember, why you came here  
in the first place?

A glop, of what looks like paint, splatters onto the fallboard. Kurt grimaces, looks up, gasps, as the entire room

begins melting, changing all around him.

KURT

Who are you?

Kurt suddenly finds himself outside, at night, on a road, surrounded by a forest.

Melinda struts forward, lifts up his chin, and looks into his eyes.

MELINDA

Your freedom.

A flash of light blinds Kurt accompanied by a loud HONK of a train horn.

Kurt panics, stammers, looks down to the railroad tracks beneath his feet, and pulls hard against the keyboard.

MELINDA

I'll be waiting.

Kurt manages to pull himself free, spots a door in a pile of snow, races towards it and crashes through it, as a large train smashes the piano to pieces.

INT. THE MANSION - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kurt falls out, kicks the door shut with his legs, and lets out a sigh of relief, as Lillian rushes forward, pistol in hand.

LILLIAN

Dad!

Kurt arises, grabs the pistol from her, and tucks it underneath his pants.

LILLIAN

What's in there? I heard music.

Lillian places her hand on the knob only for Kurt to jerk it away.

KURT

This rooms off limits.

Kurt storms the hallway as Lillian begrudgingly follows behind him.



Ian grunts down the other side of the hallway, towards the living room, carrying a large jug of Hawaiian Punch, passes a door.

THUD!

Ian stops, turns to it, shakes his head, continues forward.

THUD!

Ian gulps, sets the jug of fruit punch down on the ground, walks over to the door, and cracks it open.

INT. THE MANSION - NURSERY - DAY

Ian steps in, flicks on a lamp next to him.

Maribel, drinking a cup of a tea at a small, dainty looking table, stares back at him.

IAN

It's you.

Maribel sets down her cup, picks up the teapot.

Ian trembles, bites his tongue, as he takes a seat across from her at the table.

IAN

Who are you?

Maribel pours him a cup, hands it to him.

IAN

No thanks.

Maribel sets it down, takes another sip of hers.

IAN

Is this your room?

Maribel fidgets, her eyes shift towards an antique looking rocking horse in the corner of the room.

IAN

Nice horse.

Maribel sets down her cup, slides forward a piece of paper, frantically writes her name down, and shows it to Ian.

IAN

I'm Ian.

Maribel bounces in her seat, she can't help but stare at the horse.

IAN

Do you live here?

Maribel puts a finger to her lips.

IAN

Huh?

A loud BOOM from above shakes the room.

IAN

What's making that sound?

Maribel picks up her pencil, frantically scribbles down a note, shows it to Ian.

IT CAN HEAR YOU.

Ian opens his mouth, ready to rebuttal, until he hears a loud CREAK.

Ian's eyes shift towards the rocking horse as Maribel frantically scribbles down another note, shows it to him.

STAY TOGETHER

IAN

Together?

Maribel's eyes dart to the ceiling, the rocking horse, as it gradually picks up speed.

IAN

Let me help you!

Maribel jumps out of her chair, pulls Ian towards the door, and shoves something into his hands.

IAN

Maribel?

Maribel flips around as the rocking horse levitates into the air and charges at the pair.

IAN

Holy...

Maribel shoves Ian out of the room.

INT. THE MANSION - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door slams SHUT as Kurt and Lillian step into view, spot Ian.

KURT

Ian?

The two rush forward as Ian stands up, still transfixed on the door.

LILLIAN

Where were you?

Ian looks down to his hand and unfurls his fingers to find a small hair clip.

Kurt sees it, bends down, grabs Ian by his arms, and looks into his eyes.

KURT

Maribel?

Ian nods as a loud BOOM rocks the hallway. The family plants their feet into the ground, remain steady as small bits of the ceiling trickle on their heads.

LILLIAN

What, was that?

The lights above them begin to flicker as Kurt shakes his head, takes Ian's hand and puts his arm around Lillian's back.

KURT

Come on.

INT. THE MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Kurt and his children, suitcases in hand, march towards the front door.

LILLIAN

Wait, you saw Mom?

Kurt stops near the door, takes out his bag of keys, and

begins searching for the right one.

KURT  
I don't know.

Another loud BOOM shakes the room.

IAN  
But, what about Maribel?

KURT  
The only kid I care about right now is  
you.

Ian grumbles as Kurt takes out the front door key, unlocks the door, and swiftly pushes it open.

Kurt, jaw dropped, eyes wide, shakes his head as he slowly steps into, the Foyer.

KURT  
What?

Lillian and Ian step in, look up at the chandelier, the "Foyer" behind them.

LILLIAN  
That's...

IAN  
Is this even the same room?

Kurt spots a free-standing mirror on the floor underneath the staircase, walks over to it, peers back into the other, "Foyer".

KURT  
Sure looks like it.

Lillian whips out her phone, dials 9-1-1.

IAN  
What are you doing?

LILLIAN  
Uh, the obvious?

Lillian puts the phone too her ear, waits. It beeps once, twice, three times.

KURT

Well?

Lillian grumbles, hangs up.

LILLIAN

A house this big can't only have one exit.

Kurt lifts up his blueprints, smirks.

INT. THE MANSION - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lillian and Ian sigh as Kurt tosses a key down onto pile below him and reaches for another.

LILLIAN

I don't think that's going to work.

Kurt grits his teeth, shoves it into the lock, turns it too no avail. He cries out, shoves it to the ground, and lifts the empty bag to his face.

Ian walks into the Laundry Room to his right, returns with a wire hanger.

KURT

Genius.

Kurt takes it, shoves it into the lock, turns it until it CLICKS.

LILLIAN

Thank god, I was getting worried.

Kurt throws it down, pulls the door open, only to be with, a wall of black bricks.

IAN

Now what?

INT. THE MANSION - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Kurt pushes open the doors, walks in with his children, looks up at the two floors of shelves, whistles.

KURT

Wow.

IAN

What is all this?

LILLIAN  
You've never seen a book before?

Kurt whips out his phone, tosses it to Lillian.

KURT  
Try him again.

Lillian nods, dials Don's number, walks over to a table as Ian follows Kurt over to a stack of shelves with a ladder hanging over it.

KURT  
Well, see anything you like?

IAN  
How can you be so calm?

KURT  
Panicking right now won't help us,  
so...

Ian bites his lip, looks up to the stacks, spots an antique, leather black book that sticks out from all the others, points to it.

IAN  
Up there!

Kurt spots the book, climbs up the ladder, grabs the book off the shelf, and confidently shows it to Ian.

KURT  
See, nothing too it.

The ladder wobbles, Kurt loses his balance.

IAN  
Dad!

Kurt jumps off, hits the ground as the ladder clatters next to him. He grunts, slowly stands to his feet.

KURT  
I'm fine.

Kurt marches over to the table, plunks the book down, takes a seat and cracks it open as Ian slides in the chair next to him.

IAN  
Well? What is it?

A plethora of Polaroid's stare back at him, depicting various rooms of the mansion; the ballroom, living room, kitchen, bathroom, game room.

Lillian lets out a sigh of relief.

KURT  
Lil?

Lillian hands him his phone.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
Don? Thank god.

DON (O.S.)  
I'm sorry I took so long.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
Well, we're all still alive, in case you were wondering.

DON (O.S.)  
So, I'm guessing you found out than?

KURT  
(into the phone)  
Yeah, anything else you want to clear the floor with?

Lillian and Ian listen in as Kurt flips around, lowers his voice.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
Well?

DON (O.S.)  
Where are you all now?

KURT  
(into the phone)  
In the library; it's incredible, you should really see it.

DON (O.S.)  
Two stories high I'd imagine.

Kurt raises his brow.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
Yeah, how did you...?

DON (O.S.)  
Have you heard ever heard the story of  
Satan's house?

KURT  
(into the phone)  
No, I don't think my parents read that  
too me growing up.

DON (O.S.)  
Well, legend has it that the devil  
himself once built himself a house to  
hold all the souls he couldn't fit in  
hell.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
Must get pretty full down there.  
Strippers and con-artists I'd guess.

DON (O.S.)  
Maybe throw in a loan shark or two  
while you're at it.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
And that's being generous.

IAN  
Lil!

Kurt looks over his shoulder as Lillian slides over to Ian,  
looks down at the album.

DON (O.S.)  
It's very much you like and me, with  
it's own mind, body, soul.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
Pfft, I don't believe this.

DON (O.S.)  
Kurt?



KURT  
(into the phone)  
You're making it sound like it's  
somehow alive.

DON (O.S.)  
Would you believe me, If I told you  
that it was?

Kurt narrows his eyes towards his children, lowers his voice.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
How we do escape it?

DON (O.S.)  
Find it's center and kill it, before  
it drives you all mad, much like it  
tried to do too me, Elise.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
You lived here before too?

DON (O.S.)  
Over twenty years ago, before you were  
ever hired.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
And the families who lived here  
before?

DON (O.S.)  
I'm sure you've seen one, if not, all  
of them by now.

KURT (O.S.)  
Yeah, a couple.

Lillian tugs at Kurt's shirt.

LILLIAN  
Dad.

Kurt shoos her away, grumbles.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
My wife included.

DON (O.S.)  
Be very weary around her Kurt. If  
there's any good in her that's left,  
that place will likely use it too....

Kurt shifts his eyes towards his children.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
I'll be careful.

DON (O.S.)  
Stay out of the shadows, and above all  
else, remain together. I'll be there  
as soon as I can.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
I'll keep a cigar warm for you.

DON (O.S.)  
Thanks.

The line goes dead.

Kurt grumbles, shoves his phone in his pocket, flips around.

KURT  
What have you got?

Lillian and Ian slide forward a picture of a family with a  
familiar girl in a white dress.

KURT  
Is that?

IAN  
Maribel.

Kurt reads the caption below it.

KURT  
Isabelle and Tom Rutherford with their  
daughter Maribel, dated August 13,  
1969.

IAN  
There's another.

Ian hands him a second photo, this time with a couple and  
their two children.

Lillian sees the husband in the photo, grimaces.

LILLIAN

That's him, from the bathroom.

Kurt reads the caption.

KURT

Joanna and Chester Beasley with their  
son Lucas and daughter Rebecca, dated  
February 12, 1955.

Kurt's eyes shift towards their expressions, the furniture,  
the odd-looking picture behind them.

KURT

Both families, each with children.

Kurt looks back over to the album, flips the page, furrows  
his brow.

LILLIAN

Dad?

Kurt points to a picture with a grand piano, labeled...

KURT

Conservatory.

too one with an old canopy bed...

KURT

Master Bedroom.

and too one with two old, rickety, slimy looking wooden  
doors.

KURT

Maw.

LILLIAN

Maw?

KURT

In other words, the throat.

Lillian and Ian fidget, tremble, exchange glances as Kurt  
scoops up the pictures along with a few others titled Sitting  
Room, Kitchen, Storage Room, Ballroom, Study.

Kurt stuffs them his pocket as Lillian walks over to the

bookshelf, pulls out a book, and hurries back over to the table.

LILLIAN  
Hey, look at this.

Kurt and Ian walk over, lean forward as Lillian sets the book, now revealed to be a diary, on the table.

IAN  
A journal?

KURT  
Diary by the looks of it.

Kurt cracks it open, sees the name ISABELLE RUTHERFORD on the title page, stiffens.

KURT  
Isabelle.

Lillian begins flipping through the pages, scanning them, before stopping at a certain one. She takes a deep breath, and begins reciting.

LILLIAN  
March 1970  
(pause)  
It has been approximately two weeks and still no sign of Maribel. Tom and I have searched the entire house from top to bottom but alas. I stay in her room every day hoping she will return but I am beginning to lose hope. Tom and I have moved our belongings out of the bedroom and sleep in the room next to hers. I hear voices coming from within the shadows, see people that shouldn't be here, and sometimes during the day, I can hear my baby's precious voice coming from inside the walls. Please God, give me back my Maribel.

Ian grimaces.

IAN  
Do you think, that...

Ian nervously points to the ceiling.

IAN

It...

KURT

I wouldn't be surprised.

Lillian looks to the next entry, clears her throat, begins reciting.

LILLIAN

It has beaten me. Tom tried to beat it, but no, it took him, took him right to its center and shredded him to bits in front of me. I barely escaped through the door, and now, I hide in the only place I know that is safe. I don't know if I'll ever get out of here but I know one thing for sure, this house is not a house. Something much deeper, much more sinister than anyone could of imagined, something that shouldn't even exist. Dear Maribel, why I didn't listen to you I'll never know, but you were right. Forgive me, for it already knows that I'm here.

Kurt grumbles, turns back to the album, and frantically begins flipping through the pages.

LILLIAN

Dad?

KURT

She's referring to a room.

Kurt flips back and forth, page to page, until his eyes rest on a photograph of what appears to be an old shed, unfortunately, untitled.

Kurt takes it, stuffs it in his pockets, whips out his flashlight and gun, and points to his children.

KURT

Stay here.

Kurt turns to leave only for Lillian to rush forward and stop him.

LILLIAN

What if "it" finds us?

Kurt grumbles, stares at the pistol, gently places it in her hands, turns her around, and raises it towards the stacks.

KURT  
Got your target?

LILLIAN  
Yeah.

KURT  
OK, now...

Lillian fires. The bullet shoots across the room and buries itself in a book as Ian smirks.

IAN  
Cool.

Lillian flips around and hugs Kurt tightly.

KURT  
I promise I'll be back.

LILLIAN  
I'll hold you too it.

Kurt pats her on the back, turns around and exits as Lillian walks back over to the table, sits back down in front of the diary, and begins turning the pages.

IAN  
Now what?

Lillian slides the photo album towards him.

LILLIAN  
Start looking.

INT. THE MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kurt walks in and lifts up the photo of the canopy bed to his own as the armoire behind him slowly cracks open.

MELINDA (O.S.)  
Kurt.

Kurt swivels around, takes a deep breath, and tip-toes towards it. He reaches it, pulls the door aside and shines the light into it.

Kurt snuffles as he reaches in and pulls out a bloodstained

light blue blouse.

MELINDA (O.S.)  
I'm running late.

Kurt spots a white nightgown step out into the hallway, snaps his head towards it, and dashes forward.

KURT  
Melinda!

INT. THE MANSION - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kurt looks left, sees Melinda turning a corner, darts after her.

KURT  
Melinda!

Kurt rushes around it, but somehow, finds himself back where he stared. Kurt's dart to all sides, until he finds Melinda standing at the end of the hallway with a smile plastered on her face.

KURT  
Stay there!

Kurt rushes to her, but seemingly doesn't move. He looks down, sees himself moving, but not the walls, the floor, the doors. The hallway begins to tilt left, right, sending Kurt flying around the room like a pinball.

Kurt desperately reaches out to her.

KURT  
Melinda!

Melinda remains still, silent, motionless, expect for smile, which sinks into Kurt's chest.

Melinda turns to a door on her left, opens it, steps in.

KURT  
No!

Kurt clings onto the wallpaper, pushes himself forward, closer, and closer, and into the room.

INT. THE MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Kurt falls onto the marble floors as Beethoven's Symphony

No.3 fills his ears. He grumbles, slowly arises, as a small petite arm reaches out to him.

MELINDA

Will you have this dance?

Kurt sneers at Melinda, hair hanging loose at her sides, flowing like waves, draped over her nightgown. Behind her, four other couples, Chester and JOANNE BEASLEY (40s), CLARENCE and MATILDA RANSOM (50s), FRANKLIN and EVANGELINE DUNSMORE (30s), and ERIC and ANNABETH FLORES (40s) dance around, all dressed up in their period formal attire, 1950s, 1920s, 1800s, 1980s, respectively.

KURT

What's your role in all this madness?

Melinda cracks a smile, puts her arms around Kurt, and leads him into a waltz. As they dance around the other couples, the floor beneath them begins rotating clockwise, in a circle.

MELINDA

Where are the children? Are they safe?

KURT

You're not fooling me.

Melinda shifts her eyes to Evangeline Dunsmore. The two exchange nods as Melinda leans forward, whispers into Kurt's ear.

MELINDA

You have to get out of here.

KURT

What does it look like I'm trying to do.

MELINDA

This place is like a parasite.

Melinda dips Kurt, kisses him on the lips, yanks him back up, and shimmies close to the door.

MELINDA

Don't linger in the darkness.

KURT

So I've been told.



MELINDA  
Find Isabelle, Maribel.

The lights and music abruptly shut off, the floor stops turning.

Kurt frantically whips out his flashlight, turns it on, only to find Melinda, and the rest of the guests, gone.

KURT  
Melinda?

The music starts up again, playing the same symphony, but reversed as the floor beneath him begins rotating counter-clockwise.

Kurt sneers, rushes towards the door only for his feet to crash through the floor. He cries out, grips onto the marble, as Chester, Clarence, and Annabeth step up to him, sneer.

CHESTER  
You won't find them.

Kurt snarls as Annabeth presses her heel down at Kurt's hand. He cries out, pulls back, and sinks down into the darkness.

INT. THE MANSION - SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Kurt finds himself underwater, presumably in the mansion's swimming pool. He looks around, sees the surface, and frantically swims to the top.

As Kurt pops up, Joanne shoves him back underneath.

Kurt struggles, claws at her, bites her arm.

Joanne grimaces, vanishes, as Kurt pops back up, climbs out into the darkness, and shakes the water out of his head as a loud BOOM rocks the room from above.

Kurt snarls, throws his head up to the ceiling, cries out.

KURT  
Is that all you got?

The sound of gears turning, snap Kurt towards the wall to his left, right. He fidgets, gasps as the walls push forward like a garbage compacter.

KURT  
Shit.

Kurt looks up, down, as the floor and ceiling begin to close up around, ready to make a good sandwich out of him.

Kurt whips his head around the room, searches for a door, but alas, none can be found.

Kurt rushes towards the wall, pushes against it, harder, and harder, to no avail.

Kurt steps back, spots a small, free-standing closet in the corner, and dashes towards it.

Kurt flings open the door, only to be with, darkness. He chuckles, looks over his shoulder, takes a deep breath, and jumps inside.

INT. THE MANSION - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Lillian tosses the diary aside and flumps back in her chair.

LILLIAN

Anything?

Ian shakes his head.

Lillian sighs, stands up, whips out her flashlight, and turns to leave.

LILLIAN

Come on.

IAN

But, Dad said...

LILLIAN

You really want to stay in here all night?

Ian sighs, jumps off his chair, turns on his flashlight and follows Lillian out the door.

INT. DON'S CAR - NIGHT

Don, in his Mercedes, grips the wheel, phone in ear.

DON

(into the phone)

Yes, that's right.

Don narrows his eyes towards a folder on the seat to his right.

DON  
(into the phone)  
All of it.

INT. KURT'S BEDROOM - KURT'S HOUSE - DAY

Kurt awakens to sunlight pouring in his face. He grumbles, stands to his feet, looks around.

KURT (30S)  
How'd you sleep?

Kurt whips around to find himself, ten years younger, with Melinda in bed. He stammers, spots the door behind him, and tugs at the handle with no avail.

Melinda wakes up and snuggles up to Kurt (30s).

MELINDA  
I had a bad dream.

KURT (30S)  
Want to talk about it?

Kurt bashes his fist against the door, moves over towards the window, tries to pull it open, but, it won't budge.

Melinda bites her lip, looks away as Kurt (30s), stops something red underneath her nightgown. He reaches forward, gently pulls up her sleeve.

KURT (30S)  
What is this?

Melinda shoves him back and throws her sleeve back down.

MELINDA  
I need to get Lil ready.

Melinda jumps up and storms out of the room as Kurt (30s), sighs, stands up, and follows after.

KURT  
Wait!

Kurt tries to leave only to be met, face to face, with the door.

KURT  
Dammit!

The bathroom door behind him slowly creaks open.

MELINDA  
(into the phone)  
I told you to stop calling me.

Kurt steps back, tip-toes towards the bathroom, pushes the door open, looks in.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Melinda stands over the sink, staring at a bottle of pills in her hand, with dark eyes under her circles.

MELINDA  
I don't care what you think!

Kurt's eyes shift to the bottle as Melinda cracks it open and swallows it whole.

MELINDA  
I've made my choice.

Melinda hangs up, tosses the bottle into the trash can, brushes past Kurt, and exits.

Kurt sniffles, runs in, gently picks up the bottle, and breaks into tears.

INT. THE MANSION - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lillian steps up to a door, pulls at it.

IAN  
Well?

Lillian grumbles, kicks it, continues onward.

LILLIAN  
Should have asked Dad for a couple of those...

The lights flicker.

Lillian sneers, as she and Ian turn on their flashlights.

LILLIAN  
Worst day job ever.

IAN  
Lil?

LILLIAN

Remind me never to be a realtor.

Ian chuckles, shines his light on the ground, only to spot, his Nintendo.

Ian raises his brow, steps forward.

IAN

My Nintendo?

Lillian yanks him back.

LILLIAN

Way too obvious.

Lillian carefully steps forward, up to the Nintendo, bends down, and picks it up.

The screen turns on, with the text, START.

Lillian furrows her brow, presses it, as a drop of saliva, falls into Ian's head. He blinks, looks up, and gasps, cries out.

IAN

Lil!

Lillian flips around as a the ceiling, shaped like a mouth, with fangs, jerks forward and swallows him whole.

The mouth disappears into the ceiling as Lillian races forward, looks up, grimaces.

LILLIAN

Shit.

The door next to her cracks open, as an array of neon lights shoot out around with the sound of club music.

Lillian steps forward, cracks open the door, and steps in.

INT. THE MANSION - BAR - NIGHT

Lillian finds herself staring at a bar, with one lone patron, Rebecca Beasley, twirling a straw around, in a cup full of something, yellow.

The BARTENDER (60s), smirks at Lillian.

BARTENDER

Welcome.

Lillian stumbles up to a stool, takes a seat a few seats down from Rebecca, as the Bartender leans forward.

BARTENDER

What will it be?

LILLIAN

A one way ticket out of here?

The Bartender smirks, reaches underneath the counter, and hands her a glass of something, brown.

BARTENDER

No refunds.

Lillian takes the glass, sniffs it, shakes it.

REBECCA

I was scared too.

LILLIAN

Excuse me?

Rebecca smirks.

REBECCA

Than, I realized there was nothing to be afraid of.

Lillian fidgets, looks over her shoulder, as her eyes dart between a poster of herself and Kurt in front of her high school, her (age 5) on a tricycle with Kurt and Melinda, and Lillian with her boyfriend GARRETT (17), and Lillian (7) blowing out the candles of her birthday cake with Kurt and Melinda.

REBECCA (O.S.)

You miss them, don't you?

LILLIAN

I don't see how that's your problem.

Rebecca takes a sip, sighs, and plunks the glass back down on the bar.

REBECCA

Relax, we're all family here.

Garrett suddenly steps in.

GARRETT

Lil?

Lillian flips around, cracks a smile.

LILLIAN

Garrett?

Lillian jumps out of her stool, moves to hug him, but hesitates, steps back.

LILLIAN

I never told you my address.

GARRETT

Didn't have too.

Garrett narrows his eyes at the drink as Lillian gulps, turns around, glares at it.

GARRETT

Go on, you must be tired.

Rebecca takes up another sip of hers, grins with her stained yellow teeth.

REBECCA

It's on the house.

Lillian trembles, shakes her head, bolts to the door, only for Garrett to grab her arm and yank her back.

LILLIAN

Let go of me motherfucker.

GARRETT

Not until you've had your drink.

Rebecca, now, suddenly behind Lillian, forces her into the stool, cracks open her jaw, as Garrett shoves the brown liquid down her throat.

GARRETT

There you see? That wasn't so hard.

INT. THE MANSION - ATTIC HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kurt stumbles down the hallway, in tears, clutching onto Melinda's blouse, swaying back and forth, as a cloud of black

spiders suddenly rush by.

Kurt whimpers, stumbles back, as the spiders pass Isabelle Rutherford, in a floral dress, and underneath the door next to her.

Kurt snuffles, shines the light on her, steps forward.

KURT

Isabelle?

Isabelle says nothing and disappears into the door.

Kurt shakes his head, smacks it, kisses Melinda's blouse, and stumbles and sways into the room.

INT. THE MANSION - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Kurt steps in to find Isabelle stroking a Labrador Retriever, on a floral printed sofa, eerily matching the same pattern as the one on her dress.

ISABELLE

Have you seen her?

Kurt staggers forward, narrows his eyes at the dog, shakes his head.

Isabelle sighs, stands up, and walks over to a pair of French doors.

KURT

My wife said you could help me.

ISABELLE

Do you blame yourself?

Kurt clenches his fists, stomps forward.

KURT

I could have stopped her.

Isabelle flips around, stares at him with her cold, glassy, lifeless eyes.

ISABELLE

Could you have?

Kurt stops, ponders the thought as Isabelle flings open the French doors and walks out onto a balcony.



Kurt gathers his strength, takes a deep a breath, and follows after her.

EXT. THE MANSION - BALCONY - NIGHT

Kurt steps up to Isabelle, pointing towards a structure in the garden below them.

ISABELLE

You'll find what you need in there.

Kurt leans forward, squints her eyes at it, as Isabelle steps onto the railing.

Kurt stammers, nervously giggles.

KURT

Come on, get down from there.

ISABELLE

If you find Maribel, tell her...

Isabelle stares down at the ground, grimaces, shuts her eyes, and leaps off.

KURT

Shit.

Kurt lunges for her, but misses. He peers down as Isabelle slams into the ground below and disappears into a thick mist.

Kurt grumbles, scans the area for a way down, spots a ladder near the doors, grabs it, and throws it to the ground.

EXT. THE MANSION - GARDEN - NIGHT

Kurt jumps off the ladder, rushes over to the shed, and tugs at the handle, but alas, it's locked.

Kurt sneers, slams his fists on the doors, as the sound of a familiar tune pulls him towards a door next to him.

INT. THE MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kurt steps in, immediately covers his nose, as his eyes rest on an old CRT on the table next to a VCR, a box of rotten pizza, and a broken guitar next to it.

Kurt stumbles forward, stares at the white noise on the television, picks up the broken guitar, and traces his fingers over the words, LIL. He sets it down, grimaces at the

pizza box, and moves towards the counter, looks inside the sink.

Kurt furrows his brow, reaches in, and pulls out a VHS Tape labeled FIRST SONG.

Kurt flips around, places it in the VCR, and presses play.

ON THE SCREEN -

Kurt and Melinda cheer Lillian (10) on as she raises her fingers over her guitar, and takes a deep breath.

LILLIAN

This one's for you daddy.

Lillian begins playing a rendition of Miley Cyrus's Breakout.

OFF SCREEN -

Kurt sobs, sniffles as a loud BOOM erupts from inside the fridge.

Kurt jumps back, breathes, steps forward, and places his hands on the handle, and cracks it open.

Kurt gasps, keels over, and vomits at the sight of the rotting corpse of Isabelle Rutherford inside.

Kurt wipes his mouth, looks back in, spots a key in her hands, reaches forward, and pulls it out.

Isabelle's hand breaks off and hits the ground with a PLUMP in front of him as Kurt slams the fridge shut and bolts out into the garden.

INT. THE MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

Ian comes to, slowly stands up, and raises his brow at the sight of a large Christmas Tree in front of him, filled with presents underneath.

MELINDA (O.S.)

Hello Ian.

Ian's eyes shift towards the fireplace where he finds Melinda, sitting in front of it, eyes glued to the flames.

IAN

Who are you?

Garrett and Rebecca burst in, throw Lillian to the ground, and exit.

IAN

Lil?

Ian rushes over as Lillian coughs, pants.

MELINDA

Are you both hungry?

Lillian grumbles as Melinda grabs a plate of cookies off a small table, walks forward, bends down, and hands it to them.

Lillian sneers, knocks the plate away with her hand.

MELINDA

I see.

LILLIAN

You're not my mother.

IAN

What?

Melinda picks up the cookies, places them back onto the plate, and sets them back on the table.

MELINDA

I'm glad your both safe.

LILLIAN

Where's Dad?

MELINDA

He'll be here soon enough.

Ian gulps, tip-toes forward, looks into her eyes.

IAN

Mom?

Melinda gently strokes Ian's hair as her eyes dart towards the presents. She beams, claps her hands.

MELINDA

Ahh, yes.

Melinda picks up a gift from underneath, hands it to Ian.

MELINDA  
From your sister.

Ian fidgets, takes it, cracks it open. A Nintendo Entertainment System stares back at him from inside. It's just what he wanted.

IAN  
No way.

Lillian stomps forward, looks inside, nods as Melinda picks up another gift, in the suspicious shape of a guitar.

LILLIAN  
I bet that cost a hundred bucks.

Ian pulls out a copy of Super Mario Bros. as Melinda hands Lillian her gift.

MELINDA  
From your father and I.

Lillian sneers, rips it from her hands, flips around, and tears off the paper. A vintage Gibson Electric Guitar now rests in her hands, brand-new.

LILLIAN  
Seriously? A Gibson.

MELINDA  
1959. Brand new.

Lillian scoffs, taps at the strings.

LILLIAN  
This has to be a fake.

Melinda walks over to a large, plush looking red armchair and gently pats the cushion.

Lillian takes a deep breath, walks over, as Ian walks over to a CRT Television in a oak cabinet and plugs in the console.

EXT. THE MANSION - GARDEN - NIGHT

Kurt flings open the shed, shines his flashlight inside. The light dances off a hoe, shovel, a trio of broken pots.

Kurt walks in, checks each and every one, and, at the last one, pulls out a key labeled, MARIBEL.

Kurt, sensing something, flips around, to find Maribel staring up at him.

KURT

Your room?

Maribel puts a finger to her lips, takes him by his hand, and leads Kurt back inside the mansion.

INT. THE MANSION - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Kurt and Maribel pass a door, Kurt hears a familiar tune, coming from inside. He stops, faces it, takes a deep breath, and cracks it open.

INT. THE MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

Kurt and Maribel step in to find Melinda and Ian watching Lillian play a rendition of Miley Cyrus's Breakout on her Gibson.

LILLIAN

Every week's the same, stuck in  
school, so lame, My parents say that  
I'm lazy.

Kurt steps forward, eyes the Christmas Tree, chuckles as Melinda walks over and gently places her arms around his shoulders.

LILLIAN

Gettin' up at 8ams crazy, Tired of  
being told what to do, so unfair, so  
uncool.

KURT

The day's too long.

LILLIAN

And I'm holding on.

MELINDA

'Til I hear the bell ring.

Maribel takes a seat next to Ian, listens in as Lillian begins the chorus.

LILLIAN

Cause that's time when we're gonna,  
time when we're gonna...

KURT  
Breakout, let the party start.

LILLIAN  
We're gonna stay out, gonna breaks  
some hearts.

MELINDA  
We're going to dance til' the dance  
floor falls apart.

Kurt stiffens, bites his lip.

LILLIAN AND MELINDA  
Uh oh! All over again.

LILLIAN  
We're gonna wake up everyone we know.

Melinda playful nudges Kurt.

KURT  
We're gonna have some fun, gonna lose  
control.

MELINDA  
It feels so good.

LILLIAN, KURT, AND MELINDA  
To let go, oh, oh.

LILLIAN  
Go, oh, oh.

Lillian finishes with the swipe of her arm.

IAN  
Well? Go on, play another!

LILLIAN  
Not for free.

Ian grumbles, stands up, pulls Maribel over to the  
television, and hands her one of the controllers as Lillian  
tunes her guitar.

LILLIAN  
So, what'd you think?

KURT  
You've gotten better.

LILLIAN

It's not as hard as it looks.

Melinda struts forward and kisses Lillian on the forehead as Kurt walks forward, gently pulls her aside.

KURT

I saw the pills.

Melinda grimaces.

MELINDA

I panicked.

Kurt chokes back tears, grabs onto her shoulders, shakes her hard.

KURT

Why? Please, I don't...

Melinda sighs, bends down, happily picks up a present, and hands it to Kurt.

MELINDA

From me.

Kurt shifts his eyes towards the television, to Maribel's key in his hands.

KURT

We have to keep moving.

IAN

Come on, just a few more minutes!

KURT

Ian.

MELINDA

Kurt.

Kurt sighs, grumbles, takes the present as a loud BOOM shakes the room, sending little pits of ceiling down to the ground.

Kurt stiffens, walks over to Maribel, turns her around, and lifts the key to her face.

KURT

I think it's time you showed us.

Maribel grumbles, sets down the controller, takes the key,

and stomps to the door, as Ian and Lillian rush over to Melinda.

IAN

Can't you come with us?

Melinda gently strokes Ian's head.

MELINDA

I can't, I'm...

Melinda winces, clutches her stomach.

KURT

Melinda?

Kurt rushes over.

LILLIAN

Mom?

Melinda shoves Lillian and Ian into Kurt's arm, and waves her hand in front of their faces.

MELINDA

Hurry.

Kurt, Lillian, and Ian grimace as Melinda's face wraps and contorts into a grotesque abomination of boils, scars, and maggots. She howls in agony up at the ceiling.

Lillian and Ian gasp, bury themselves in Kurt's chest as he grabs Maribel and rushes out of the room.

EXT. THE MANSION - NIGHT

Don pulls up in his Mercedes, stops, and exits with a flashlight in hand and the folder tucked underneath his arm. He stares up at the Mansion's imposing windows, sneers, straightens his collar, turns on his flashlight, and trudges towards the front porch.

INT. THE MANSION - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kurt, Lillian, and Ian race down the hallway following Maribel as she turns a corner.

IAN

We can't leave her here!



KURT  
We don't have a choice.

The lights shut off.

KURT  
Lil, Ian.

Kurt, Lillian, and Ian flick on their flashlights, continue forward as Lillian shifts her eyes towards the present, still, in Kurt's hands.

LILLIAN  
Well?

Kurt stops, reaches for the lid, hesitates, when, a loud GROAN catches his attention.

Kurt flips around, shines his light on a portrait of RANSOM family, as the mutilated faces of Claudia and Frederick push themselves out of the portrait, screaming, mouths sewn shut.

Kurt frantically grabs Lillian and Ian and pulls them close as another portrait, this time of Eric and Annabeth Flores try to grab onto them from behind.

Kurt jumps back, swipes the pistol from Lillian's jeans, and fires. The bullet lands clean in Eric's forehead, splattering paint, oil, and blood everywhere.

LILLIAN  
Fuck.

IAN  
Gross.

KURT  
Come on.

Kurt, Ian, and Lillian rush down the hallway as the remaining portraits of Frederick and Evangeline, Joanne and Chester, Isabelle and Tom, and two other UNNAMED couples, force their faces and arms out of the paintings and attempt to grab them.

Kurt, Lillian, and Ian, reach what appears to be a bookcase, at the end of the corridor, a dead end.

LILLIAN  
Shit, shit!

Maribel walks up the bookshelf, lifts up the key in her palm,

glares at it.

KURT

Wait.

Maribel places the key into a small lock in the wood and turns it.

CLICK.

The bookshelf cracks open like a door.

Kurt shoves Lillian and Ian forward.

KURT

Go!

Lillian and Ian rush in as Kurt flips around, and holds the pistol out in front of him, as he steps backwards into the room.

INT. THE MANSION - MARIBEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kurt breathes a sigh of relief, as Maribel enters and walks up to a small white dresser.

Kurt hoists the gun, walks towards as Lillian presses her hand down on the sheets of a large canopy bed, while Ian looks inside an old dollhouse.

LILLIAN

Nice digs.

IAN

Did you make this yourself?

Maribel nods, cracks a smile as Kurt steps up to the dresser and picks up a portrait of Tom, Isabelle, and Maribel, in front of, what looks to be, their house.

KURT

You were both pretty close, weren't you?

Maribel narrows her eyes at Tom, fidgets, as her eyes dart towards the bottom drawer.

Kurt raises his brow, sets down the picture, bends down, and cracks it open.

Kurt grimaces, gulps, as he pulls out a taped up wooden

paddle, stained with blood.

KURT

I'm sorry.

Maribel frantically points to the drawer.

Kurt sets the paddle aside, digs around the drawer, and pulls out a small locket. He cracks it open, revealing the portraits of Isabelle and Maribel, wearing a familiar hair clip, inside.

Kurt cracks a smile, pulls out the hair clip from his pocket, crawls over to Maribel, and hands it, and the locket to her.

KURT

I think this belongs to you.

Maribel hugs Kurt, grabs the hair clip, and puts it on as Don barges into the room, out of breath, flashlight in hand.

DON

Thank god.

IAN

Mr. Remington?

Kurt flips around as Maribel takes the locket and places it around her neck.

KURT

Don.

Kurt and Lillian rush forward as Don breathes a sigh of relief.

DON

I didn't think I'd find you this quickly.

KURT

Did you find a way out?

Don grumbles, looks over his shoulder, down the dark hallway behind him.

DON

It probably changed it by now, the bastard.

LILLIAN

Dad?

KURT

You said I had to kill it, how?

Don storms over to the bed, pulls aside the end table, and knocks hard on the wall.

DON

Anyone got a hammer?

Maribel reaches into the bottom drawer, pulls out one stained with blood, runs over, and hands it to Don.

Don sighs, takes it, sees the locket around her neck, and the clip in her hair, smirks.

DON

So, you finally found her.

KURT

Not yet.

Don gently pats her cheek, raises the hammer towards the wall, and whacks it, hard.

Once, twice, three times, until, the drywall falls over, revealing what looks like a piano wire, white, long, thin, running at the base of the wall like a wire.

KURT

What is that? Telephone?

Don pulls out a pocketknife, gulps, cracks it open, and shifts his eyes towards the canopy bed.

DON

You might want to hold on.

Lillian and Ian look to Kurt who nods, grabs Maribel, and jumps on as Don taps the wire with his finger.

A loud BOOM erupts, shaking the whole room as Lillian and Ian jump on the bed.

DON

I bet that hurt.

Kurt stammers, fidgets.

KURT

Don, I don't know...

Don lunges forward and slices the wire clean with the blade.

A loud ROAR erupts.

Don jumps on the bed, grabs onto the one of the poles holding up the canopy and motions for Kurt and the others to do the same. They grab on, as the wall in front of them begins to crumble away.

LILLIAN

Dad?!

KURT

It's OK, don't look.

Lillian shuts her eyes as a hot wind blasts into the room, accompanied by a rancid stench.

IAN

What is that?

DON

It's dinner, brace yourselves!

The room begins sliding down into the darkness.

Maribel clutches onto Kurt, Lillian holds Ian, as Kurt winces, looks down at his gift, before the entire world around him goes black.

INT. THE MANSION - MAW - NIGHT

LILLIAN (O.S.)

Dad!

Kurt opens his eyes, sits up, to find Lillian, Don, and Ian staring at him.

KURT

Where's Maribel?

DON

It knows we're here.

Kurt takes out his flashlight shines it up at the ceiling, wall to reveal a series of pulsating red nodules, beating back and forth like hearts.

IAN  
Is this hell?

LILLIAN  
Well, looks pretty close.

Kurt shines the light down on the ground to reveal a black river.

KURT  
The River Styx?

DON  
I hope.

Kurt shines the light further down to reveal a familiar pair of slimy wooden double doors near the end.

Kurt pulls out the photographs from his pockets, lifts up the one titled, MAW, and holds it out in front of him, lining it up perfectly with the doors.

KURT  
Bingo.

Kurt stuffs the photographs in his pockets, jumps off the bed, and whips out his pistol.

KURT  
Don?

Don smirks, lifts up his blade.

Kurt chuckles, takes Ian's hand, looks into Lillian's eyes.

KURT  
Well, only one thing to do now.

LILLIAN  
Doctor Kurt in the house.

IAN  
Do we finally get to go home?

Kurt narrows his eyes towards the double doors, pulls back the gun.

KURT  
Let's end this.

Kurt, Lillian, Ian and Don march towards the doors.

INT. THE MANSION - HEART - NIGHT

Kurt, Lillian, Ian and Don step in and walk up towards an organic-looking altar in the center of the room with, what looks like a heart in the center, beating, pulsating.

THUMP. THUMP.

KURT

Well, I guess this is it.

Lillian looks up at wall, nudges Kurt in the arm.

LILLIAN

Dad, look...

Kurt shines the light onto the wall which reveals, several more of the piano strings connected directly to the heart.

IAN

Is that a heart?

Melinda slowly steps out from behind, with Maribel in her grasp, fidgeting, eyes red from crying.

MELINDA

It is our sanctuary.

KURT

Melinda.

Ian rushes forward, only for Lillian to pull him back.

IAN

Maribel!

Don smirks.

DON

Mrs. Hunter, it's been a while.

MELINDA

Your wife's been waiting for you.

A RUSTLE behind them. Kurt and company flip around to find the Beasley's, Frederick Dunsmore, the Ransoms, the Flores's, TOM RUTHERFORD (40s), Garrett, and the two other unnamed couples staring back at them.

Kurt huffs, flips back around.

KURT

So, it's true than? About the legend?

Melinda narrows her eyes at the heart.

MELINDA

King Lucifer is quite a busy man.

CHESTER

He has no time to deal with scum like us.

Kurt takes aim at Melinda, sniffles.

KURT

Melinda, please...

Melinda whimpers, chokes back tears.

MELINDA

Why did you have to come here, why?

KURT

Why did you betray me?

MELINDA

It was a mistake!

Melinda sniffles and tightens her grip on Maribel.

MELINDA

I would never, ever, hurt you.

Melinda shifts her eyes to Lillian, Ian.

MELINDA

None of you!

KURT

Just let her go.

ELISE (O.S.)

I knew there was something about you I didn't like.

Kurt flips around as ELISE REMINGTON (50s) steps out of the crowd of families, sneers at Melinda.

ELISE

So, wholesome.



KURT

Elise.

DON

Baby.

ELISE

Hello Kurt, how've you been? Well?

KURT

I could say the same thing about you.

Elise smirks, flips around, stares at the lifeless blank expressions of the families around her, chuckles.

ELISE

I've been busy.

KURT

So, you're in charge than?

Elise shrugs her shoulders.

ELISE

Dually appointed.

Don snuffles, steps forward.

KURT

Don...

DON

I'm sorry I couldn't protect you.

ELISE

I finished our room.

Don stiffens, walks over to Kurt, and hands him the folder.

DON

You'll find everything you need in there to start anew.

LILLIAN

Dad?

KURT

Don, please, don't...

DON

I'm sorry.

Don rushes forward and hugs Elise tightly.

DON  
The one overlooking the terrace?

ELISE  
Stripes and all.

Don chuckles, until a sickening CRUNCH is heard.

KURT  
NO!

Melinda shields Maribel's eyes, Lillian covers Ian's as Elise squishes Don's heart flat and shoves him to the ground.

ELISE  
You know, he thought very highly of you.

KURT  
What does it matter now?

ELISE  
Oh, it does, very.

Elise marches forward as Kurt peers over his shoulder at Melinda.

KURT  
Melinda, please...

MELINDA  
I can't...

KURT  
I forgive you, for everything.

MELINDA  
It's not enough...

ELISE  
It never will be enough.

Tom suddenly appears behind Melinda, shoves her aside, and grabs Maribel. She screams, furiously kicks at her legs, as Ian cries out, darts to her.

IAN  
No!

LILLIAN

Ian!

Rebecca zips forward, grabs Ian, and holds him back as Garrett pops up behind Lillian and shoves her to the floor.

KURT

Dammit.

Elise stomps up to Kurt and takes a whiff.

ELISE

Mmm, can't you smell all that regret?

KURT

I've been through a lot.

MELINDA

Kurt!

Elise chuckles.

ELISE

Oh yes, anger, sadness, guilt,  
betrayal...

Elise snaps her fingers, sets her sights on Melinda.

ELISE

Won't you be a fun one.

Chester, Tom, and Clarence pop up around Kurt, knock his gun and the present to the ground, and shove him to the floor.

LILLIAN

Dad!

Melinda snuffles, shifts her eyes to the present, begins crawling to it as Elise stomps towards it.

ELISE

You know how your wife spent her final  
moments?

Maribel, Ian, and Lillian squirm in their captor's grasp as Elise stomps up to Melinda and presses her foot down on her skull.

ELISE

Oh, please, God, save my baby! If  
anything, please!

KURT  
Go to hell.

ELISE  
You're already there.

Melinda frantically reaches out for the present.

MELINDA  
Kurt!

Kurt grits his teeth, shoves the three men away, crawls over, and cracks it open.

Kurt snuffles as he pulls out the car keys belonging to his former Jeep Grand Cherokee, his wife's tomb.

MELINDA  
I'm sorry.

Elise sneers, stomps over to Kurt, picks him up, and jabs her arm deep into his chest.

MELINDA  
Stop!

LILLIAN AND IAN  
Dad!

ELISE  
Wait your turn, girl.

Melinda eyes the pistol, rushes forward, grabs it and takes aim at Elise.

A loud ROAR shakes the room as Elise smirks, chuckles.

ELISE  
You can't hurt me.

Evangeline Ransom and Isabelle Rutherford pop up behind Elise, pull Kurt aside, and wrap their arms around Elise.

ELISE  
I'm the one, who's in control!

MELINDA  
Not anymore.

Melinda takes aim at the heart, grimaces, shut her eyes, and unloads the entire gun into it.

ELISE

NO!

KURT

Melinda!

Lillian shoves herself free of Garrett, grabs Ian, as Kurt rushes over to Tom, punches him in the face, and grabs Maribel.

Elise's face contorts, twitches, transfixed on Melinda.

ELISE

You're making a big mistake.

Kurt, Maribel, Lillian, and Ian steps forward.

KURT

Oh, are we?

The nodules lining the walls begin exploding, one by one as blood, pus, and other bodily fluids rain down on the crowd.

ELISE

Think about what you could have here.

Elise morphs into "Melinda".

"MELINDA"

A real family.

MELINDA

Kurt.

Kurt rushes up to the real Melinda, puts his arm around her waist, and places his hand on the gun.

KURT

I won't feed you.

"Melinda" morphs back into Elise.

ELISE

Well, you'll just have to die than  
like all the rest of them!

Elise knocks Isabelle and Evangeline aside, throws back her head, and cracks open her jaw with her bare hands, revealing a slimy tongue, and jagged crooked teeth.

LILLIAN

Dad!

Elise charges forward, Kurt fires.

BANG!, shot to the mouth.

Elise thumps to the ground, in front of him, dead.

Kurt breathes a sigh of relief, shifts his eyes to Don's corpse.

KURT

Rest in peace, Don.

A loud BOOM shakes the room as Ian frantically points to the heart.

IAN

Dad!

Kurt, his family, Maribel, her mother, and Evangeline look to the heart as the cords holding the mansion together disconnect from each other and fall to the ground.

Kurt rushes over to Isabelle with Maribel, hands her off.

KURT

Thanks for the help.

Isabelle takes Maribel and grabs onto Evangeline as the two disappear into a thick mist.

LILLIAN

Dad!

Kurt rushes back over to his family, puts his arms over them, and leads them over to the doors.

EXT. THE MANSION - DAWN

Kurt, Melinda, Lillian, and Ian stumble off the front porch, rush up to the Land Rover, and breathe a sigh of relief as the mansion implodes and sinks into the ground.

MELINDA

You did it.

Kurt, Lillian and Ian hug Melinda, who slowly begins turning clear.

Ian gulps, sniffles.

IAN

Mom?

MELINDA

It's OK Ian, don't be scared.

LILLIAN

You can't leave us, not again.

Melinda gently places her hand on Lillian's cheek.

MELINDA

Keep practicing.

Melinda bends down to Ian, ruffles his hair.

MELINDA

Don't stop playing.

Melinda arises, looks into Kurt's eyes.

MELINDA

And stop doubting yourself, alright?

KURT

I'll try.

Melinda cracks a smile, breathes a sigh of relief, shuts her eyes and disappears into oblivion.

Ian jumps into Kurt's arm's, as he and Lillian face the ruins of the mansion, chuckle.

KURT

See? I told you that we'd make it out.

Lillian shifts her eyes towards the folder underneath his arm.

LILLIAN

Well?

Kurt sets Ian down, flicks it open, chuckles, cracks a smile.

LILLIAN

Dad?

Kurt hands Lillian the folder.

KURT  
Looks like we'll be living large.

Lillian's eyes go wide as she stares at the document.

LILLIAN  
President of the whole company?

Ian rushes forward and leans in.

IAN  
Let me see!

KURT  
Turn the page.

Lillian flicks the page, snickers.

LILLIAN  
Shut up.

IAN  
No way.

KURT  
Well, what do you guys want for dinner  
tonight, pizza?

Lillian ruffles Ian as all of them enter the Land Rover and  
speed off as the sun peaks over the horizon.

INT. SCHIMMER DESIGNS INCORPORATED - KURT'S OFFICE - DAY

**SUPER: 2 YEARS LATER**

Kurt sits at his desk, phone in ear, staring down at one of  
his designs. The Cherokee's car keys sit wrapped around a  
picture of Melinda to his left.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
It's the study, isn't it?

Kurt grabs a pen and circles the STUDY on the blueprint.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
Well, I guess it could make it a  
little bigger.

Barbara knocks at his door.



KURT  
(into the phone)  
Excuse me.

Kurt lowers the phone.

KURT  
Barbara?

Barbara opens the door.

BARBARA  
There's someone here to see you.

Kurt nods and puts the phone back to his ear.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
Look, Shingle Style died off for a  
reason, you know?

Lillian walks in with Ian, carrying a brown box.

KURT  
(into the phone)  
Let me call you back.

Kurt hangs up as Barbara closes the door.

KURT  
What are you two doing here?

LILLIAN  
It's Friday?

Kurt sighs.

KURT  
It is, isn't it?

Lillian clicks her teeth, Ian snickers as Kurt stares at the box.

KURT  
What's that?

Lillian nudges Ian in the arm. He takes a deep breath and sets the box down in front of Kurt.

Kurt opens it. He cracks up.

IAN

Well?

Kurt flips the box around.

KURT

What is this?

Ian's smile drops.

IAN

You hate it.

Kurt sighs and takes out the model, now revealed to be, of a gothic church and sets it down on the desk.

KURT

Needs a little work on those spires.

LILLIAN

Dad.

KURT

I love it.

Ian beams as Kurt's watch beeps.

KURT

Well, what do you know, 4:30.

LILLIAN

I'm picking this time.

IAN

Urgh, I'm tired of Mario Kart.

Kurt giggles as he gently places the church model back in the box and closes the lid.

LILLIAN

Then what do you want play, future Frank Lloyd, Skyscrapers?

IAN

Yes!

Kurt throws his coat over his shoulders and picks up his briefcase off the ground.

KURT

I'll meet you both in the garage.

Lillian and Ian bicker as they exit.

Kurt picks up the box and stares at the photo of himself and Melinda, now framed, on his desk. Kurt kisses his hand and places it on Melinda's image.

Kurt exits his office.

EXT. KURT'S MANSION - NIGHT

Kurt, Lillian, and Ian mash their buttons on their controllers, starting at the TV, playing Mario Party.

A gust of wind flips the curtains, obscuring the three as the camera slowly zooms out, revealing the entirety of Kurt's mansion, the home he built for Melinda.

EXT. THE MANSION - DAY

**SUPER: PULTNEYVILLE, NY - 10 Years Later**

JORDAN (12) and his friend MICHAEL (13) bike up to a large wrought iron gate and stop.

JORDAN  
Is this it?

Michael nods. Jordan steps off his bike, parks it, and jogs up to the gate.

Jordan peers inside as Michael parks his bike and rushes up to him.

JORDAN  
Where do you think it came from?

Michael peers beyond the gate.

The mansion, in all it's glory, towers above the two adolescents. It's gigantic shutters hang loosely by the windows, a flock of crows sit perched on the mansard, while a sudden gust of wind rocks the dead trees around it.

Michael shakes his head and jumps back on his bike.

MICHAEL  
Come on, man!

Jordan stares intently into one of the windows. Joanne Beasley waves back to him from inside.

Jordan's eyes go wide. He hurries to his bike and jumps on.

Jordan and Michael speed away as Joanne disappears back inside the darkness.

END