

# VISIONS

by  
Lucas Sussman

7/9/08

Energy Entertainment  
310-274-3440

ICM  
310-550-4410

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Soft morning light plays on the body of sleeping JESSICA.

Dark hair on a pillow. Dappled sun on a hip. A sheet hanging on her curves as she turns.

We are tight on her as she slowly wakes, a languorous arm stretching over her head--

*--and smearing the white pillow case red as it passes.*

Jessica stops, waking up -- blinking at the crimson stains with sleepy eyes.

She looks at her hand. It is wet with fresh blood.

Jessica sits up with a start -- and stares at the bed.

The entire sheet under her is stained scarlet.

*The bloodstain is growing, spreading up the bed towards her.*

Jessica SCREAMS--

--as she wakes up with a start in her sun-drenched bedroom.

Unnerved, she looks down at her sheets.

Clean. White. No blood.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- MORNING

JESSICA SPIRES -- 27, dark hair, urbane -- splashes cold water on her face, trying to shake off the dream.

She stops and looks in the mirror, taking a deep breath, steadying herself.

Jessica notices that some of her cosmetics and moisturizers are on the floor.

She picks them up and puts them back on the counter.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER -- MORNING

Jessica digs through her luggage stacked by the front door.

The house around her is ultra-modern. The foyer opens up into a wide-open living space. High ceilings. Sleek, clean-lined furniture. The walls mostly glass.

Through the oversized windows we see rolling vineyards.

Jessica finds what she is looking for, pulling out a copy of *What to Expect When You Are Expecting*.

#### IN THE KITCHEN

Gleaming stainless steel appliances ring a butcher block cooking station. Chef skillets hang from a rack above.

Breakfast on a tray is waiting for her: fresh fruit, croissants, steaming coffee in a warming carafe. A small vase holds delicate wild flowers.

Jessica smiles as she plucks a note from the tray:

"Good morning, Sleepyhead. We're in the north vineyard. Love, D."

#### ON THE DECK

Jessica leafs through her book as she sips her juice.

Behind her the morning mist burns off golden green rolling hills.

She stops at an entry on bad dreams during pregnancy.

CUT TO:

#### EXT. VINEYARDS -- DAY

Jessica moves through rows of trellised vines, green shoots twist upward from gnarled trunks, their first delicate buds starting to flower.

A sun hat shades her face. She breathes in the rich smell of the turned earth. Enjoying the chattering sounds of birds, the breeze on her face--

--when a deep THUMPING shatters the sweet stillness.

Following the sound, she climbs to a crest in the vineyard--

--just in time to see a pick-up truck speeding down the road bordering their property. Its speakers THROB with heavy bass.

Jessica watches the truck until its brake lights kick on -- and it turns down the driveway of the neighboring property.

CUT TO:

A SHARP CURVED BLADE

--as its glinting metal CUTS through tender sprouting vines.

DAVID (O.S.)  
It doesn't feel right, killing them  
like this.

We pull back to see DAVID SPIRES, 33, bearded and a touch fleshy, but with glittering eyes and a dynamism to him, kneeling in the loamy soil, pruning knife in hand.

HAL, 53, his weathered vineyard manager, picks up a heaping handful of the rich dark dirt.

HAL  
We need the land to express itself  
in the fruit. Less clusters means  
more flavor.

DAVID  
Makes me nervous reducing the yield  
like this.

HAL  
You're the new kid on the block,  
David. Your goal is to make *one*  
great bottle. Let them know who  
you are. Worry about yield once  
you've made a name for yourself.  
(beat)  
Looks like we have a visitor...

Jessica approaches through the flowering vines.

David and Jessica embrace without saying a word.

They hug each other tight for a long beat, then pull back, still holding hands.

JESSICA  
Hi, Hal.

Hal, always the gentleman, doffs his hat in greeting--

HAL  
Welcome back, Jessica.

She take a breath -- trying to let it go. She surveys the blooming vineyard, vines twisting around their trellises.

JESSICA  
Looks good, honey.

DAVID  
We're already getting bud break in the warm patches.

HAL  
Which need our attention...

DAVID  
Right. No rest for the wicked.  
(gathering his tools)  
Hey, I invited some folks over tonight. Thought we should celebrate you being up here full-time now. You can try out some of the new recipes for the cookbook.  
(noticing her hesitation)  
What?

JESSICA  
Nothing, I just didn't sleep well. Bad dreams.

DAVID  
That doesn't sound fun.

JESSICA  
The book says it's normal: "natural expression of normal anxieties."

Jessica hesitates -- but she can see how much he wants to entertain.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
What time are they coming?

DAVID  
Eight.

HAL  
(glancing at the sky)  
We need to get busy pruning the north slope while we still have light.

DAVID  
You okay getting back down?

JESSICA  
Stop worrying. Go.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELDS -- DAY

Wind ripples through the shaggy field as Jessica kneels down clipping wild herbs, filling her basket. Spring flowers surround her.

She pushes into the tangled chaparral to snip a lupine--  
--and from this vantage can just see the property next door.

Curious, she pushes away some of the thick brush, getting a better view.

Down below she sees an OLD FARMHOUSE, its weathered siding showing its age.

*The pick-up truck she saw earlier is parked outside.*

The barn door suddenly opens and a MAN staggers out. A breathing mask with cannisters covers his face.

The man falls to his knees and rips the mask off, coughing violently.

He is a large man with a full beard and shaved head. Tattoos cover his arms.

Coughing under control, the bearded man puts the mask on again and heads back inside the old barn.

Jessica stares, not sure what she just witnessed.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Jessica places tomato slices on olive oil-coated bread, sprinkles them with cheese and puts a tray of bruschetta into the oven.

The counter is laden with fresh vegetables and loaves of bread. She is preparing a feast.

She cleans as she goes, loading bowls into the full dishwasher, then closing it and clicking it to run.

Jessica turns to the moving box marked "KITCHEN." She digs past her pepper mills, tins of spices -- until she finds what she wants.

She unwraps a CERAMIC PIG wearing a chef's hat. The pig holds a rolling pin. The base reads: "The Chef is Always Right."

Jessica places the pig on the ledge over her sink. She smiles at her old friend.

She pours herself a glass of water at the sink. The wide picture window looks out towards the front of the house.

The long gravel driveway is now obscured by twilight gloom. A wreath of bony eucalyptus branches bends in the wind--

--when she hears a soft, high-pitched WHISTLING.

Jessica turns to the dishwasher and sees that it's ajar.

Frustrated, Jessica jams the dishwasher closed again. Yet the soft WHISTLING continues. She shoves it harder, trying to make it stop--

RIINNGG!!! -- her cooking timer goes off, making her jump.

Jessica hurries to the stove and pulls out the tray of bruschetta.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINERY -- EVENING

Jessica follows the dirt path connecting their house to the refurbished barn that serves as the winery.

She carries a steaming tray of food with her.

INSIDE THE WINERY

She passes gleaming fermenting tanks, hosing and aging barrels, all awaiting grapes.

David and Hal are sitting on barrels, drinking beer as they pick dirt out of their boot soles.

DAVID  
Hey, sweetie...

He kisses her as she offers them bruschetta.

JESSICA

Try these. What do you think of the sage?

DAVID

(trying one)

Fantastic. Seriously. Make sure you serve them to Helena Knoll tonight.

JESSICA

Who's she?

HAL

Top buyer in town. I can't believe you invited her.

DAVID

Thought it'd be a good way to get on her good side.

HAL

Didn't know she *had* a good side.

DAVID

If I can get on her shelves we're more than halfway there. And I figure Jess's cooking is my secret weapon.

David pulls her close as he eats another bruschetta.

JESSICA

Is someone new living in the old Cherry place?

DAVID

Yeah. The old man died last month. I forgot to tell you. His son's there now. Larry.

HAL

No, Leo.

JESSICA

What's his deal?

DAVID

Don't really know too much about him. We hear him partying every now and then. That's about it. Why?



JESSICA

I saw him when I was picking herbs.  
He was...he had a mask on -- I  
don't know what he was doing.

DAVID

Whatever it was, it's none of our  
business.

CUT TO:

A BOTTLE BEING UNCORKED

--as David entertains a crowd of DINNER GUESTS at a long  
candlelit table littered with bottles of wine, bowls of  
olives and plates of cheese.

DAVID

You *must* try the salami with the  
Lambrusco. It's like discovering a  
new religion.

Guests laugh and smile, caught up in David's exuberance.  
Bottles are passed around. Warm laughter and conversation  
cloak the outdoor table with cheer.

Jessica carries a tray of roasted figs around to appreciative  
guests. They burble with praise, complimenting her cooking.

She offers the platter to HELENA KNOLL, 61, a heavy-set woman  
with salt-and-pepper hair and bulging eyes. Helena sits by  
herself, observing the merriment from a distance.

JESSICA

Would you like to try the roasted  
figs, Helena? They're a staple at  
Cocobelle.

HELENA

(brusque)

I appreciate the effort, Jessica.  
I'll taste your husband's wine when  
it's ready. It makes the shelves  
if it's good, not whether I like  
your figs or not.

JESSICA

I didn't mean to--

HELENA

Of course not. Now what I would  
love is another glass of that Opus  
David just opened.

Jessica gets the bottle and refills Helena's glass. She  
swirls and sniffs before drinking. Purrs with pleasure.

HELENA (CONT'D)

Come. Have a seat. Let me have a  
look at you.

Jessica sits down. Helena peers at her with piercing bulging  
eyes.

HELENA (CONT'D)

The Porters, who were here before  
you -- they were never serious  
about the wine. This house they  
built, the vineyards -- it was all  
just dress-up for them. Just one  
more thing for them to buy with all  
that dirty money of theirs.

Helena reaches out and takes Jessica's hand in hers, holding  
it tight -- as if feeling for something.

HELENA (CONT'D)

But not you two. No, not you. Am  
I right?

JESSICA

(unnerved)

I'm not sure what you want me to  
say...

Helena keeps holding onto Jessica's hand, concentrating.

HELENA

You and David. You want to make it  
work. I can feel how much you want  
it.

JESSICA

When David was a sommelier all he  
ever wanted to be doing was making  
his own wine.

HELENA

I'm not talking about the wine.

Jessica stares at Helena, caught off-guard--

--when VICTOR NAPOLI, 67, an older gracious man, chimes his wine glass, standing to make a toast. Everyone quiets down.

VICTOR

We are here tonight to welcome  
David and Jessica to this valley.  
In honor of that I have brought a  
very special bottle with me.

Victor lifts an old dusty bottle, the label aged and worn.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

This is a bottle of Ruston '89.  
That's 1889, not 1989. It's one of  
the first bottles made from the  
fruit of this valley. Some of the  
vines from this very ridge. Some  
still growing today.

Victor circles the table, filling everyone's glass.

JESSICA

Just a touch, please.

Done, he raises his glass to all. Fireflies buzz lazily over the fields.

VICTOR

They say wine is an expression of  
the land. It is soil and air and  
time. It is also us. Our labor  
and love lives on in these bottles  
as well. Tonight I want to welcome  
another wine soul to the valley.  
Let us drink in the past as we  
embrace the future.

(he lifts his glass)

Welcome, David and Jessica. May  
you bless these fields. And may  
these fields bless you. Salud.

ALL

(lifting their glasses)

Salud!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- A BIT LATER

Jessica slices watermelon as her old friend EILEEN, 34, sips wine. She watches David out on the deck, regaling guests with stories.

EILEEN

I see leaving the restaurant  
business hasn't dulled his social  
skills.

Jessica glances out at her husband. Attractive FEMALE GUESTS  
lean in as they laugh at his jokes.

JESSICA

Let him have his fun. My God, all  
he has for company up here is Hal  
and those vines.

EILEEN

You're not worried? After what  
happened in LA?

Jessica's knife cuts through the red flesh of the melon.

JESSICA

(a little too firmly)  
That's over. That's why we're  
here. To start again.

EILEEN

So you guys are good?

JESSICA

Really good. David's doing what he  
loves. He's never been happier.

EILEEN

And you? How's being up here full-  
time?

JESSICA

A little...quiet.

EILEEN

Enjoy it while you can. Just wait  
till that baby comes.

The sliding glass door opens and Helena lurches in.

HELENA

Bathroom...?

JESSICA

Down the hall. Second door on your  
left.

Helena staggers on. Jessica turns back to Eileen.

EILEEN

I still can't believe you're having  
a baby.

JESSICA

It's so nuts. It's not like we  
planned it or anything. I mean  
it's kind of a crazy time to do it  
with all that's going on. But hey,  
everything happens for a reason,  
right? It's so good for David.  
For us.

--when they hear a strange CRY and then a thudding CRASH from  
down the hall.

We race with Jessica and Eileen down the hallway. Jessica is  
the first one into--

THE BATHROOM

--where Helena is convulsing on the floor.

Her mouth is bloody from where she hit it on the sink.  
Bright red blood smears the tiled floor.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Oh my God...!

Jessica gets down on her knees to help Helena. She holds her  
tight, trying to keep her from hurting herself any more.

HELENA

(struggling to speak)  
My bag...pills...

EILEEN

I'll get it.

Eileen leaves as Helena reaches for Jessica with grasping  
hands, clutching at her, spittle flecking her mouth.

JESSICA

It's okay. You're going to be  
okay.

Jessica stares into Helena's crazed eyes. They are full of  
fear--

--when David, Victor and Eileen come rushing in. Other  
guests hover in the hall.

DAVID  
Holy shit.

Eileen digs out a vial of prescription pills. Victor helps her give them to Helena, forcing her to swallow.

Jessica backs away, her hands protectively covering her stomach.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Jessica sits in bed. She absently holds a pair of knitting needles. A book of baby clothing patterns forgotten on her lap.

Lights reflect through the window, playing on the ceiling as a car pulls into the driveway.

Jessica hears the door open -- and David soon enters.

JESSICA  
How is she?

DAVID  
Fine.

David flops on the bed, exhausted.

JESSICA  
What caused it?

DAVID  
She said something about the  
figs...

JESSICA  
(kicking him)  
No, seriously.

DAVID  
She didn't say. Just said thank  
you for the lift and sent us home.  
Hal was right about her.

David holds onto her leg, rubbing his hand up her thigh, inching higher. She pulls away.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Come on. The number one wine buyer  
in the valley just had a seizure at  
my first party. I need some  
loving.

JESSICA

Let me just go to the bathroom.

DAVID

I'll be waiting.

JESSICA

(smirks, gets up)  
Be right back.

IN THE BATHROOM

Jessica sits on the toilet.

From this new angle -- she notices a few drops of blood on  
the counter tile that she missed earlier.

Jessica wets some toilet paper and reaches over to scrub the  
tile clean--

--when there is a SOFT KNOCKING at the door.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hold your horses. I'm going to the  
bathroom.

Jessica finishes up and flushes as she pulls up her boxers.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Okay. Come in.

The door stays shuts -- as Jessica notices that the  
moisturizer has slipped off the sink again and is lying on  
the ground.

She kneels down to pick it up.

Jessica puts the lotion back on the counter -- *and in the  
mirror sees that the bathroom door is now open.*

JESSICA (CONT'D)

David...?

Nothing.

Jessica steps out into the empty hall.

She walks back TO THEIR BEDROOM--

--David is asleep on the bed, clothes still on as he snores.

DISSOLVE TO:

GHOSTLY DISTORTED IMAGES FILLING THE SCREEN.

An undulating black-and-white sea of digital imagery comes in and out of focus. Eerie shapes form and re-form, pulsating with a strange life.

We PULL BACK from the surreal sea and see that we are looking at the screen of an ultrasound machine.

IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE

DR. GERALD NATHANSON, 42, slides his ultrasound paddle over Jessica's stomach. The imaging on the screen changing as he goes.

Together he and Jessica stare at the mottled images on the screen in the dimmed office.

DR. NATHANSON

Everything looks good. Feeling okay otherwise?

JESSICA

Yes. Fine. I'm up here full-time now. No more going back and forth to the restaurant. Ready to write that cookbook.

DR. NATHANSON

Fantastic. My wife will be first in line. She and her girlfriends ate at Cocobelle last time they were in the city. Said it was the best meal they ever had. She wanted me to tell you to open one up here.

JESSICA

(smiling)

No way. The whole point was to get away from that lifestyle. It was killing us.

Dr. Nathanson rolls back on his stool and flicks the lights on. He gives Jessica some towels to wipe the gel off her belly as he makes notes on her file.



DR. NATHANSON  
Any physical problems?

JESSICA  
Nope. A little tired maybe.

DR. NATHANSON  
And how's being off the lithium?  
Any issues?

JESSICA  
None at all.

DR. NATHANSON  
Now that you're in your second  
trimester you could go back on.

JESSICA  
Not if it might hurt the baby.

DR. NATHANSON  
Well, there is your history to  
consider.

JESSICA  
(getting edgy)  
That was a long time ago. I'm fine  
now.

DR. NATHANSON  
Okay. Let's just keep an eye on it  
then.

He hands her a urine sample cup.

DR. NATHANSON (CONT'D)  
Give it to the nurse on the way  
out. See you next month.

CUT TO:

INT. YOGA STUDIO -- DAY

YOGA INSTRUCTOR  
Feel your breath flow through your  
body. You are in control of your  
own experience.

Jessica struggles to follow the limber YOGA INSTRUCTOR. She  
sweats and grunts, feeling very not-Zen.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Lay your mat out now and assume  
shivasana position.

Jessica lays on her mat, trying to get comfortable. The teacher dims the lights and puts on soft new age music.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
As we come to the end of our  
session, I want you to send your  
unaysa breath to the child inside  
you. Speak to your child with your  
breath.

The Yoga Teacher makes a funny nasal noise as she sends her breath through her body.

All the women in the class make the same funny noise, trying to follow the teacher's lead.

Jessica tries, snorting -- when the YOUNG WOMAN next to her starts to giggle.

Jessica looks over at the giggling Young Woman. She is trying to keep it in, pressing her lips together.

The Pregnant Women continue to make the silly snorting noise.

The Young Woman next to Jessica can't keep it in any longer. She starts to laugh.

And Jessica laughs with her. The giggles coming up out of their bellies.

All the other woman look at them with disapproval.

Jessica continues laughing -- unable to stop.

CUT TO:

INT. YOGA STUDIO -- LATER

Jessica and the Young Woman put their shoes back on. She is Jessica's age, but crunchier with braided blonde hair and a wide cherubic face.

The other women walk by them, giving them a look.

JESSICA  
Guess there's no higher crime up  
here than ruining someone's moment  
of Zen.

YOUNG WOMAN

I think laughter is healthy. We should all try and laugh more. It made you feel better, right?

JESSICA

Yeah, it did actually.

YOUNG WOMAN

Good. I'm glad.  
(she holds out her hand)  
I'm Sadie.

JESSICA

Jessica.

They shake hands and step OUTSIDE into the warm sunlight.

SADIE

So how far along are you?

JESSICA

Three months.

SADIE

Me too!  
(beat)  
Hey, you wanna go get a smoothie or something?

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN -- DAY

Jessica and Sadie stroll the old-fashioned town square, sipping on smoothies.

They walk past happy couples pushing strollers, babies strapped to their chests, dogs trotting along behind them. Jessica smiles, imagining her bright future.

SADIE

And the peeing. My god, I'm like a fire hydrant they can't fix.

JESSICA

I know. I swear, if they told you the truth about being pregnant people would adopt.

SADIE

(suddenly serious)

No they wouldn't. Having a baby is the most magical thing in the world. I don't think anyone would want to be deprived of that.

JUNKIE (O.S.)

Spare some change?

A young male JUNKIE harasses them. His teeth have rotted away from meth mouth.

JESSICA

(a little freaked)

No. Sorry.

Sadie glares at the Junkie as he shambles away.

SADIE

Goddamn meth heads.

JESSICA

Is that a problem out here?

SADIE

Problem? It's like a plague. My god, if they're not using, they're making it in their bathtubs. It's ruining the town.

CUT TO:

A BINOCULAR POV

--of the old weathered barn next door to Jessica. A drizzly mist hangs in the air.

Jessica kneels in the tangled chaparral, binoculars to her eyes, spying on her neighbor.

She watches Leo, the bald bearded man, pace nervously besides the barn, checking his watch -- when he looks up.

An SUV with tinted windows makes its way down his driveway.

The SUV parks and a MAN with sunglasses gets out. He goes around back and pulls out a tub. It sloshes with liquid.

Leo hands the man a large wad of cash, lifts the tub from the SUV -- and almost slips. Both men freeze with fear.

The man in sunglasses cautions him to be careful with whatever is inside the tub.

Leo carefully carries the tub around to the barn and out of Jessica's sight.

Jessica gets up in the chaparral. She quietly pushes through the brush, trying to find a better vantage point.

She finds an opening and settles in. Binoculars to her eyes--  
--she observes Leo opening the barn door.

When a branch SNAPS under her.

The two men turn at the noise, looking for its source. The man with sunglasses POINTS in her general direction.

JESSICA  
(whispering)  
Shit....

Jessica backtracks as quickly and quietly as she can, not sure if they saw her or not.

IN THE VINEYARD

Jessica hurries through the furrowed rows, pushing through the vines.

She looks back towards Leo's property. Nothing but misty brush.

Jessica tries to calm down. Maybe it's nothing. Maybe they didn't see her.

She stops, unable to catch her breath -- when she freezes.

The entire row of vines is moving by itself, shifting ever-so-slightly, as if something were moving through them.

Jessica stares at the vines, disoriented. They are now utterly still. Maybe it was just the wind.

*Down at the end of the row she sees something bright red hanging from a vine.*

She makes her way to the end of the row.

Tied to the thick of the vine with red ribbon is a SHINY PIECE OF METAL.

Jessica holds the thin metal wrapped with red ribbon. What is this doing here?

*--when she sees someone move across the end of the row. A shadow in the mist.*

Jessica turns and runs down the row, away from the shadow, turning the corner--

--and running into A PICKING CREW. They are listening to Hal and David give them instructions.

Jessica runs to David. He takes her in his arm, confused. She holds him tight. The crew stares at her.

DAVID  
What's the matter?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Jessica paces nervously as David tries to keep his cool.

DAVID  
What were you even doing spying on him? I told you to steer clear.

Outside, late afternoon shadows creep across the land.

JESSICA  
What if they're making crystal meth over there?

DAVID  
Jess, you don't know what you saw. It could have been anything.

JESSICA  
We can't just do nothing.

DAVID  
I want you to let it go.

Jessica faces her husband, sensing his resolve.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
This is a tricky time for you. Don't make it worse by getting involved. I don't want you anywhere near that place. Promise me.

He holds her stare -- until Jessica nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I've got to get back. We need to get everything pinned up while we have a crew.

JESSICA

Do you have to?

DAVID

We're already behind schedule.  
(sensing her distress)  
What is it, Jess?

JESSICA

What if they did see me?

DAVID

(trying to be patient)  
Honey, everything's going to be fine. I'm right in the fields. Anything happens, just call me.

CUT TO:

THE TELEVISION SCREEN

--where a CRAFTS-LADY demonstrates a knitting stitch. She wears plaid, has short grey hair and is very perky.

CRAFTS LADY

Once again, we put the lower needle through the loop and pull through. And in no time we will have a perfect little baby blanket!

ON THE COUCH

Jessica tries to repeat the stitch with her own needles. Fails miserably.

She has a bowl of ice cream on the coffee table.

Jessica rewinds the DVR and repeats the step in slow-motion. She tries it again and hurts her finger, jerking away.

JESSICA

Shit...

Frustrated, she turns off the knitting show and turns on Project Runway.

Jessica kicks away the folds of rug gathered by her feet as she digs into her ice cream.

The would-be designers do their thing on the screen.

Jessica leans back, happy on the couch with her mint chip--  
--when she notices that the rug is again bunched up around her ankle, tickling her bare skin.

She stares down at the rug, its creases almost wrapped around her ankle -- then kicks it away again.

#### IN THE KITCHEN

Jessica rinses out her bowl in the sink.

On the window ledge, the ceramic chef pig wields his rolling pin, watching her.

Outside the big window over the sink it is inky dark in the cloudy country night.

Jessica turns on NPR to keep her company as she cleans up. Neal Conant hosts Talk of the Nation.

She can see the glow of a set of headlights making its way along the road leading past their house.

As it comes closer the headlight beams cut through the trees, illuminating the long driveway out in front--

--and shine on a lone HOODED FIGURE standing at the edge of the driveway.

The Hooded Figure stands utterly still under a live oak. Its face is hidden.

The headlights pass and the driveway is plunged back into darkness.

Jessica stares into the black. Nervous. Frozen.

The water runs in the sink. Neal Conant chats away.

When another car slowly comes down the road.

Its headlights pass by, illuminating the same live oak -- *and there is no one there.*

Jessica turns on the porch lights. But they barely light up the front. Only accentuating the darkness beyond.





David takes a deep breath.

DAVID

Jess, there are no footprints here except ours. If there was someone here, they would have left prints in the mud.

JESSICA

What? So you're saying there was no one here? That I made it up?

DAVID

Maybe there's another explanation.

JESSICA

Don't look at me like that.

He turns and looks back down, pained.

DAVID

I'm just saying...you're off your drugs. I know you don't like to talk about it, but who--

JESSICA

I know what I saw.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

Jessica and Sadie sit in an organic restaurant, their yoga mats rolled up under their chairs.

SADIE

You probably just scared whoever it was off and the rain washed away his prints.

JESSICA

I swear I saw someone.

SADIE

The point is you need to do something. The chemicals they use are highly toxic. There could be fumes or run-off into your water. It could harm the baby. And you guys are all alone out there.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
 You don't want all the riff-raff a  
 meth lab attracts running around  
 your property. Who knows when  
 they'll need some extra cash...or  
 worse.

JESSICA  
 Okay stop it, you're scaring me.

Sadie leans in, intent.

SADIE  
 It's up to you. David doesn't get  
 it like we do. He doesn't have a  
 baby inside him. You are the  
 lioness protecting the cub.  
 Rrrooarr!

Sadie ROARS loud enough for other diners to take notice.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
 Let me hear you roar.

JESSICA  
 (embarrassed)  
 Roar.

SADIE  
 Not bad.  
 (flags down a waitress)  
 We need another order of the  
 chocolate mousse.

JESSICA  
 No, I can't eat another bite.

SADIE  
 It'll do you good. A lioness needs  
 her strength.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

Jessica drives home along the narrow winding road to her  
 house--

--when she slows the car, pulling to the side.

She peers down the long unkempt driveway to Leo's property.

A rusting mailbox with the name CHERRY on it. The old  
 farmhouse obscured by brush and trees.

Jessica stares -- but there's nothing to see.  
She pulls back onto the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE -- LATER

Jessica steps out of her car and approaches the front door--  
--and notices that it is slightly ajar.

She pushes the door open and steps

INTO THE FOYER

Jessica stops and looks around. The house is silent.

As she puts her car keys down on the foyer table, she notices  
a few coins are standing on their edges.

Jessica stops, peering at the coins for a moment -- before  
she takes a step further in--

*--and sees a partial wet boot print on the gleaming marble  
floor.*

JESSICA

David....?

Nothing.

Jessica moves deeper into the silent shadowy house, looking  
around with caution.

The door to their bedroom at the end of the hall is open.  
All the other room doors are closed.

Jessica slowly steps down the hall. The house is still. She  
hesitates at the threshold--

--before stepping INTO THE BEDROOM

Where the drawers have been pulled out of the dresser.

Books and magazines lie scattered on the floor.

The sheets and blankets on the bed twisted and rumped.

Jessica stares at her ransacked bedroom with shock.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINERY -- DAY

Jessica rushes into the winery -- where David is dipping his glass thief into one of the oversized oak barrels, pulling out a sample of wine.

DAVID

Jess...?

JESSICA

(out of breath)

Someone broke in...the bedroom is trashed.

DAVID

What? Are you okay?

JESSICA

We need to call the police, get him shut down...

DAVID

Hold on...

JESSICA

(working herself up)

We can't have junkies out here!  
We're all alone, we need to do something, we need to think about the baby.

--when she sees someone moving amidst the hulking barrels.

*LEO CHERRY steps out of the shadows towards her. He holds something sharp and glinting in his hand.*

Jessica steps back...

LEO

Dude, I broke my glass in the bathroom. Sorry..

(noticing Jessica)

Hi...

Jessica sees that he is holding the jagged stem of a wine glass. She turns to David, losing it.

DAVID

Jess, just wait...

Leo puts down the shard of wine glass. He turns to Jessica with a sheepish smile, embarrassed.

LEO  
I...uh...well, David tells me  
there's been some misunderstanding.

David steps to his wife and puts a reassuring arm around her.

DAVID  
Leo just came by to introduce  
himself. Brought us a housewarming  
gift from his olive oil business.

JESSICA  
Olive oil...?

LEO  
Yeah, I'm remodeling my Dad's barn  
as a shop to make oils. We take  
all kinds of cool ingredients and  
infuse oils with them. There's all  
kinds of uses for olive oil beyond  
just cooking.

DAVID  
(explaining to his wife)  
He gets deliveries of perishable  
ingredients that need to be treated  
with care. Isn't that right?

LEO  
(digging through his bag)  
Yep.  
(pulls out a small bottle)  
This one's for you. Papaya leaf  
oil. For when the little one  
comes. It helps with lactation.  
Just rub it on your...  
(cheeks flushing)  
Well, you know what I mean. Here  
you go. Use it in good health.

JESSICA  
(taking the bottle)  
Thanks...

LEO  
Saw you the other day and realized  
I was way overdue to stop by and  
say hello. Ain't nothing as  
important as good neighbors.

DAVID  
No, there isn't. Want to try some  
of the grenache?

LEO  
Don't mind if I do.

David gets another glass and fills it with red wine.

Jessica can only stare.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER -- LATER

Jessica looks down at the foyer floor.

There is no wet footprint.

DAVID  
Maybe it just dried up.

Jessica says nothing as she heads down the hall. David follows after her.

She steps into THE BEDROOM. It is perfectly neat. The bed made. The drawers in.

JESSICA  
No, no, no.....

David gently puts his arms around her from behind.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
When I was sick...even when it was really bad...I never saw things. Never.

DAVID  
You're not sick. You just got caught up. Lots of stuff happening all at once. Once you get settled, everything'll be fine.

CUT TO:

EXT. BABIES USA - DAY

Jessica and Sadie push carts down an aisle of baby gear.

SADIE  
God, that's great news. I was worried about you.

JESSICA

I feel like such an idiot. Olive oil...

SADIE

So you were worried about the safety of your baby, what's wrong with that?

JESSICA

David thinks I'm losing it. He's trying to be nice. But the way he looks at me...

SADIE

My god, you're pregnant. Your body's a hormonal Niagra Falls. He should cut you some slack.

JESSICA

(getting emotional)  
He's trying...

Sadie stands on her tip-toes to pick a onesie off its hook.

SADIE

What do you think of this color?  
Too cutesie?

--when she notices that Jessica is tearing up.

SADIE (CONT'D)

Hormones... See, they're a bitch.

Jessica laughs -- then starts crying even more.

Sadie takes Jessica by the hands, staring intently at her.

SADIE (CONT'D)

You are going to get through this.  
I'm going to make sure.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DRIVE WAY -- DAY

Jessica pulls up to the gleaming modern house.

The soft afternoon sun reflects on the window walls.

She pops the trunk and pulls out bags of groceries.



## INSIDE THE HOUSE

Jessica unlocks the front door and steps into the foyer, juggling groceries.

She puts a bag of produce down on the floor as she drops the car keys and her loose change on the foyer table.

We follow her OUTSIDE as she returns to her car to get the rest of the bags.

Jessica pulls more bags out of the back, using her knees to hoist them all up in her arms.

She hurries back to the house, balancing her bags, trying to keep the baguettes from falling out as she goes.

Jessica steps back into the house, pushing the door closed with her foot -- when she suddenly stops.

*A few of the coins she left on the foyer table are now standing on their edges -- all in a line.*

Jessica peers at the coins as she puts down the groceries.

JESSICA

David...?

Nothing.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hal...?

The house is empty.

Jessica stares at the balancing coins.

CUT TO:

## INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Jessica is hard at work. She dresses a chicken, spreading a lemon olive tapenade under its seasoned skin.

The music is on, soft indie on her iPod speakers.

She cleans as she goes, rinsing out dishes and loading them into the dishwasher before moving on.

Jessica notes measurements. Her apron is smeared. Her hands greasy. She is in her element.

When the iPod starts skipping.

Jessica wipes her hands to go deal with it. She turns it off.

The big modern kitchen is suddenly quiet.

In the stillness Jessica hears that same high-pitched WHISTLING. Like before, only louder now.

She stops. Turns and looks at the dishwasher. The door is open, the racks half-loaded.

Jessica slowly turns around, looking for the source of the ethereal sound.

She can't find it anywhere -- then peers up at the central air heating vent.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Still in her messy apron, Jessica steps to the thermostat.

She turns the heat off -- when she hears another sound. Very soft, strange and distorted -- but human.

Jessica slowly turns and stares at her empty house. She peers up into its modern corners, trying to find the source.

It sounds like it's coming from down the hall.

Jessica moves towards the source.

As she gets closer, she can begin to make out the sound.

It sounds like a WOMAN CRYING.

Jessica stops at the door to the guest bedroom. The soft distorted CRYING sounds like it's coming from inside.

She slowly opens the door.

The room is empty. Full of unpacked moving boxes--

--when her cell phone sharply RINGS. Jessica JUMPS -- before picking up.

JESSICA

Hello?

EDITOR (O.S.)

Hey, Jessica. It's Lorenzo. Just checking in.

JESSICA

(discombobulated)

Hey there... I know I'm late on the small plates chapter. I'll have it for you next week, I promise.

EDITOR (O.S.)

Next week then. Look, I know this is your first book. The key is to keep on a schedule.

JESSICA

Next week. I swear.

Jessica hangs up.

The guest bedroom is now quiet.

Jessica slowly turns around and stares at the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE -- TWILIGHT

Shadows creep across the driveway as the day winds down.

The sharp modern contours of the house now in silhouette as the sun falls behind the ridge.

INSIDE

Jessica sits at the counter, laptop open. She types in the name PORTER and their address. Google pulls up links.

She clicks through. All of them are business articles about Mr. Porter's embezzlement of pension funds.

David steps into the kitchen, refilling his drink.

JESSICA

How much do you know about the Porters?

DAVID

Not much. They built the house and then he got busted for embezzling pensions. Why?

JESSICA

Don't you want to know who else lived here besides us?

DAVID  
No, not really. What's up?

JESSICA  
(closing the computer)  
Nothing. I'm going to bed.

DAVID  
Full night's sleep will do you  
well. Goodnight, sweetie.

David watches her go.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- LATER

In boxers and T-shirt, Jessica brushes her teeth. Through the door, she can just hear the sound of David watching TV in the den.

Done, she lathers up with cleanser, scrubbing her face.

Jessica reaches down into the sink to rinse her face clean.

She looks back up and stops--

*--in the mirror's reflection she sees that the bathroom door is now open.*

Jessica slowly turns and stares at the empty bathroom.

IN THE BEDROOM

Jessica lies in bed, playing solitaire on her laptop. The light of her computer screen casts a dim pale glow over the dark room.

She can still hear the sound of David watching TV down the hall. She pushes away the sheets bunched against her computer, trying to get comfortable.

Jessica focuses on her game, trying to wind down--

*--when she sees the sheets push up against the back of the laptop again.*

Jessica stops playing, staring at the rumpled sheets in the dim LED glow--

--when the bedroom door suddenly SLAMS closed.

Jessica freezes, alone in the dark silent room. The faint glow of her computer only accenting the shadows--

--when in the quiet she hears DRIP DRIP DRIP. Wet droplets right near her.

DRIP DRIP DRIP.

Jessica slowly reaches over and flips on her reading light--

--and sees that her white sheets are slathered in blood.

Thick red blood spreads across the sheets below her. The stain growing larger and larger, moving towards her.

JESSICA

No...

Jessica recoils from the blood, scrambling out of bed, backing away with horror --

--when she trips, *falling over the drawers of her dresser now all open behind her.*

Jessica gets to her knees, crazed, turning around, back towards the bloody bed--

--and sees a hand slowly reach up from the far side of the bed!

The hand claws at the sheets, pulling itself up--

--as Jessica sees the head of a SHADOWY FIGURE slowly rise over the lip of the bed, long wet stringy hair hiding its face.

Jessica SCREAMS as she crawls madly away, flinging open the door, out of the bedroom--

--just as David RUSHES down the hall towards her.

He grabs her, holding her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(crazed)

There's someone in there...

Together they turn and look back into the bedroom.

It's clean. The sheets *rumpled, but no blood.* Her laptop lies on the floor, butterflyed, the only sign of disturbance.

Jessica pushes past David.

She touches the bed -- then takes a breath and looks on the other side where she saw the figure.

Nothing. The room is empty except for the two of them.

She turns back to David.

He stares at her with concern.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE VINEYARDS

--where fog sits heavy on the ridges. A few drops fall on the hungry vines, the dark fruit growing.

IN THE CAR

David drives. Jessica beside him, looking out the window. They say nothing. The stormy sky reflected in the windshield.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

A kindly Dr. Nathanson looks at an uncomfortable David and Jessica sitting across from him in his office.

DR. NATHANSON

And have you experienced any of these things that Jessica's described?

DAVID

Never.

DR. NATHANSON

And you've been living in the house for how long now?

DAVID

Nearly a year. Jess has been coming up on her days off from the restaurant.

DR. NATHANSON

(to Jessica)

And you never experienced any of this until just recently, when you moved up here permanently?

JESSICA

Yes.

DR. NATHANSON

So these experiences in the house started once you became pregnant?

JESSICA

Uh huh.

Dr. Nathanson checks Jessica's file once more before proceeding.

DR. NATHANSON

First of all, what you're telling me isn't out of the ordinary in the least. Many women have sat in that very chair and told me quite amazing things. During pregnancy a lot of women find that their senses are heightened. Smell. Taste. Other senses too. It's a very trying time, both physically and emotionally. The most important thing is that both you and the baby are physically just fine.

JESSICA

It's just my head you're worried about.

Dr. Nathanson pauses before continuing.

DR. NATHANSON

We can't ignore your medical history, Jessica. If these incidents continue or increase in severity I would suggest you consider going back on the lithium. You're past your first trimester now. The risks are greatly reduced.

JESSICA

But the drugs could still hurt the baby.

DR. NATHANSON

Yes there are risks. Life is nothing but risk.

JESSICA

Easy for you to say when it's not  
your baby.

DAVID

Jess...

DR. NATHANSON

You're right. It's your decision.  
I just want you to be aware of your  
options. What we all want to avoid  
is a point where you're at risk of  
hurting yourself -- or your child.

DAVID

Agreed.

DR. NATHANSON

And if I could offer some non-  
medical advice: try and relax.  
Socialize, go out, get your mind  
off it. Worrying often makes these  
things worse.

CUT TO:

A CORKSCREW TURNING INTO A CORK

--as we pull back to see David opening a bottle of wine.

Sadie and BEN, 27, her strapping boyfriend with short hair  
and John Lennon glasses, sit at the deck table in the soft  
candlelight. The sun sets over the vineyards.

David pulls the cork and decants the wine, swirling it a bit.

DAVID

Let's just give it a few moments to  
open up.

BEN

I feel very classy.

DAVID

So what do you do, Sadie?

SADIE

I'm a massage therapist.

DAVID

Brilliant. I have this pain right  
here, between the shoulders.



Sadie gets up, looking where David is pointing, touching him.

SADIE  
Here?

DAVID  
Yeah...ohhh...

SADIE  
I have a lot of clients in the wine  
business. You guys work too--

DAVID  
Hey, not so hard...

BEN  
Yeah, you need to watch her. She's  
a little pistol. You should see...

Sadie casts Ben a withering glance -- and he shuts up.

Jessica slides the deck door open, carrying a steaming  
platter of baby lamb chops ringed with fingerling potatoes  
from the kitchen.

JESSICA  
Dinner is served.

BEN  
Smells awesome...

David pours the wine. Sadie puts a hand over her glass.

SADIE  
None for me.

DAVID  
Come on. Little wine is good for  
the baby. Right, Jess?

JESSICA  
(glancing at Sadie)  
I only have a little bit here and  
there. Special occasions.

BEN  
Less for them means more for us.

DAVID  
Indeed.

David fills his glass and lifts it in toast.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
To pregnancy then -- and the  
miracle that makes beautiful women  
even more beautiful.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE -- A BIT LATER

Jessica leads Sadie to the bedroom. They can hear David and Ben laughing it up in the kitchen.

Sadie steps in as Jessica lingers at the threshold.

SADIE  
This is where you saw it?

Jessica nods as Sadie looks around at the neat bedroom.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
Have you seen it again since that  
night?

JESSICA  
I've been sleeping in the den.

SADIE  
What do you think it was?

JESSICA  
I don't know.

SADIE  
And you're sure it wasn't just a  
dream?

JESSICA  
Positive.

Sadie surveys the bedroom, thinking -- then turns back to Jessica.

SADIE  
Do you think it wants to hurt you?

Jessica just looks at her, not sure.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Hey ladies, dessert's up.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

David clears the table, a little tipsy still. Jessica rinses plates in the sink.

DAVID  
I liked them. She's a little  
intense though. No wonder she  
takes yoga.

Jessica half-listens, staring out into the dark night as she rinses. The bony trees dark silhouettes in the moonlight.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What does he do?

JESSICA  
Landscaping, I think.

DAVID  
He has the build for it.

David comes over and kisses the back of her neck. She barely notices, something about the dark night unnerves her.

JESSICA  
Can you do the rest?

DAVID  
Sure. You feeling okay?

JESSICA  
Just a little hot.

DAVID  
You don't say.

JESSICA  
I'm gonna take a shower.

DAVID  
Want some company?

She tosses him the wet dish towel as an answer.

IN THE SHOWER

Hot water steams the stall.

Jessica leans against the slick shower tile, letting the water pour over her--

--when there is a KNOCK at the door.

JESSICA  
Leave me be, David.

The KNOCKING continues.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
I'm really not in the mood...

--when she hears the bathroom door slowly open.

Jessica turns and through the steamy curtain -- *sees a shadowy figure on the other side.*

It's not David.

Jessica freezes. Through the fog she sees the shadowy figure move past the curtain and across the bathroom.

Jessica backs up against the tile of the shower stall--

--when she hears something CLATTER to the ground by the sink.

Jessica hugs the back wall of the shower. The bathroom is silent except for the sound of the flowing water--

--when the shadow moves right in front of the steamed curtain.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(distorted)  
*Jessica....*

Jessica moves back as far as she can -- and watches as a hand slowly pushes on the curtain, reaching for her.

Jessica reaches forward -- and RIPS open the shower curtain.

There's no one there.

Steam fills the empty bathroom as Jessica steps out of the shower.

She turns, surveying the room. Nothing but steam. A few bottles of cosmetics and moisturizer are knocked over on the floor.

Jessica backs up, feeling for the door and stepping out--

INTO THE HALLWAY

--where she moves down the still hall, wet and naked, hurrying away from the bathroom.

DAVID (O.S.)  
I like the look...

She turns and sees that she has gone far enough down the hall that David can see her from the kitchen.

Jessica takes a breath, not sure what to tell him.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Everything cool?

All she can do is nod.

CUT TO:

EXT. YOGA STUDIO -- THE NEXT DAY

Jessica and Sadie are off to the side of the entrance as other students enter for class. They glance at the clearly agitated Jessica.

JESSICA  
It knew my name...

SADIE  
Calm down. Did you tell David?

JESSICA  
No. He'd make me go on the drugs.  
I won't do that to the baby.

SADIE  
Good for you.

Jessica paces in a small circle, beside herself.

JESSICA  
I should never have come here.  
Everything is so fucked. I should  
just go back to LA.

SADIE  
NO -- don't do that.  
(beat)  
You guys have a dream, a vision of  
your lives. You can't give it up  
now, just because there's something  
in your house.

JESSICA  
It knows my name!

SADIE  
Okay, okay, you can handle this.  
You are in control of your own  
experience, remember?

Jessica nods, catching her breath.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
Stuff like this happens to people  
all the time. Spirits get stuck in  
places. All we need to do is  
figure out how to set it free.  
Just like in the movies.

JESSICA  
How do we do that?

SADIE  
(thinking)  
Okay, so what do you know about the  
history of the house?

JESSICA  
There is no history. The place is  
only two years old. Some rich  
couple built it, the Porters. But  
they were barely ever here. They  
owned like ten houses.

SADIE  
And before that?

JESSICA  
Nothing. Orchards I think.

SADIE  
Well something must have happened  
there. We just need to figure out  
what.

CUT TO:

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE -- LATER

Jessica sits nervously in the swank real estate office of  
GLENN BARRY.

Framed photos of idyllic vineyards and wineries adorn the walls. Photos of Glenn with Francis Ford Coppola and other viticulture luminaries litter his desk--

--when the door opens and GLENN BARRY, 34, rustic chic in jeans and cowboy boots, strides into his office. He thrusts out his hand.

GLENN

Glenn Barry, good to meet you.

JESSICA

(shaking his hand)

Jessica Spires.

Glenn leans against the side of his desk, crossing his long legs as he cracks a bottle of mineral water.

GLENN

So, how do you know Sadie?

JESSICA

We take pre-natal yoga together.

GLENN

Oh yeah? Man, she had baby fever back when we went together. Glad to hear that worked out then. Being a mom will be good for her. Calm her down. Know what I mean?

JESSICA

I know she's looking forward to it.

Glenn checks his watch as he grabs a folder off his desk.

GLENN

So I ran your report for you.

JESSICA

Thanks so much. I really appreciate it.

GLENN

No problem. I do it all the time to see what kind of color I can dig up on a property. People love it when you say some place is haunted by the spirits of the old wine makers or something. Adds to the romance. Folks lap that shit up.

JESSICA

So how did my house check out?

GLENN

I did every search I could think of. Police logs. Real-estate disclosures. Previous tenants. County registers. And there's nothing. Nada. Zilch. No history of violence, hauntings or paranormal activity. The land was just walnut orchards until the Porters bought it. The place looks clean. Too bad really. It would've raised your property value.

He hands Jessica the thick file. She just stares at it, digesting.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Hey there, no need to worry. I can still get you a good price if you want to sell. Guaranteed. Here, take my card.

Glenn holds out his business card.

Jessica takes a moment before she accepts it, her mind elsewhere.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE -- TWILIGHT

Jessica pulls up in front of the house, gets out of her car.

She stops and looks at the sleek modern structure, hesitating.

In the twilight it's all hard cold angles. The dropping sun glinting sharply against the glass window walls.

She takes a deep breath -- then steps inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEN -- THAT NIGHT

Jessica tucks herself into the bed she has made up for herself on the den couch.



David steps into the room in his boxers.

DAVID  
Sure you don't want to sleep in  
your own bed?

JESSICA  
I have to get up all the time now  
to pee anyway. I'd just be waking  
you up.

David pauses, trying to be understanding.

DAVID  
Worrying about it makes it worse.  
Isn't that what the doctor said?  
We're just going to put it behind  
us and move on. Tell you what,  
tomorrow night we'll go out, go see  
a movie.

JESSICA  
Date night?

DAVID  
Yeah, date night.

Jessica and David share a sweet moment.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I'm right nearby. Come and visit  
if you want.  
(switches off the light)  
I love you, Jess.

David departs, leaving Jessica alone in the dark.

IN THE NIGHT

Jessica lies in the den bed, eyes wide open.

The house is silent all around her--

--when she faintly hears -- *scratch, scratch, scratch.*

Jessica tries to ignore it, turning over on the couch.

*Scratch, scratch, scratch...*

Louder now. Right outside her door.

Jessica sits straight up, wide awake, listening.

All is quiet -- then -- *SCRAAATTCH, SCRAAATTCH, SCRAATTCH...*

Right outside in the hall, the sound of wild scratching moving by, then away from her, down the hallway--

Jessica gets up, throws the door open, steps--

INTO THE HALL

--and flips on the light.

All is normal in the hall. No sign of scratching.

Jessica pads down the hall and quietly opens the door to the bedroom.

David lies in bed, snoring as he sleeps.

She slowly turns and looks back at the night-time hallway, trying to breathe.

JESSICA  
(quietly)  
No...please, no...

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jessica sits on the couch watching TV, unable to sleep.

She flips through channels, trying to find something to distract her. Anything.

She stops on an inane infomercial--

--*when she feels the rug tickling her ankle.*

Jessica pushes the crumpled rug away with her foot.

The tickling continues.

Jessica looks down--

--and there in the thin rug is clearly the outline of a hand reaching up, fingers wrapping around her ankle.

She JERKS back from the carpet.

KICKS the rug away.

She stands up, staring down at the rug. It is crumpled and far away. Utterly lifeless.

She stares at the floor where the rug was. Nothing but plain solid wood. She taps it with her foot. Firm and solid.

The late-night TV infomercial host prattles on.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -- MINUTES LATER

Jessica paces back and forth.

She stops at the sink, grabbing the basin, trying to stop herself from hyperventilating.

Outside the night is dark and cold.

JESSICA  
(to herself)  
Eat something...

Jessica rummages through the fridge. Pulls out some cheese and apples.

She grabs a carving knife and slices up the cheese and fruit on the butcher block, making herself a plate--

--when she senses movement out of the corner of her eye.

Jessica slowly turns, looking through the big window over the sink.

At the end of the driveway is the HOODED FIGURE.

Jessica can see it shrouded in the foggy moonlight.

Its face hidden. Its dark cloak sodden.

*The Hooded Figure starts walking. Slowly, steadily.*

It passes by the window and out of sight -- heading right for her house.

Jessica spins. Her attention focuses on the front door.

All is silent--

--when there is a sudden POUNDING on the door.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
No...go away...

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG -- insistent, much louder than before.

Jessica puts her hands over her ears.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
No. No, no, no...GO AWAY!

And then -- it's over. The house is silent.

Jessica slowly approaches the front door.

She reaches out and slowly opens it.

There's nobody there. Outside it is wet and dark. The leaves rustle in the moonlight--

--when something GRABS her from behind!

Jessica SCREAMS as she spins, knife in hand.

*It's David.*

*He holds back her hand, just barely stopping her from stabbing him.*

Jessica looks at David, then at the knife in her hand.

She starts sobbing.

He holds her desperately tight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DR. NATHANSON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Jessica sits silently as Dr. Nathanson writes out a prescription.

He hands it to David.

Jessica stares at the floor, hands on her stomach.

CUT TO:

INT. PHARMACY -- LATER

The PHARMACIST hands two boxes of needles to David.

He returns to the car where Jessica is waiting, head against the window.

She stares at the perfect couples walking with their kids and dogs along the town plaza.

Their lives seem very far away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM -- LATER

Jessica lies on the couch, her sleeve rolled up.

David sits on the edge besides her.

He unwraps a pre-loaded hypodermic needle. Its machined razor-thin metal glistens.

DAVID  
Give me your arm.

Jessica hesitates, staring at her husband, then holds out her arm.

JESSICA  
Tell me the baby is going to be okay.

DAVID  
The baby is going to be *fine*. I promise.

Needle in hand, David looks for a spot in her soft upper arm.

Jessica flinches as he pushes the needle into her.

She stares at her husband as he plunges the drugs into her body.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE -- MORNING

Jessica walks through the house.

It is silent and modern. Nothing stirs.

David watches her from the kitchen.

DAVID  
How are you feeling?

JESSICA  
Fine. I think.

Jessica steps into the big open living room.

Summer sun pours in through the glass walls, drenching the fields beyond, so bright she has to squint.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN -- LATER

Jessica works on her recipes, taking notes as she measures, her iPod on.

Using a sharp chef's knife she trims a cut of lamb, slicing the white fat away from the meat.

Jessica struggles, nicking her finger, not as expert as before.

Drops of red blood drip onto the counter.

Frustrated, she puts pressure on her finger -- when she hears a strange FLAPPING sound.

Jessica freezes. She turns off the iPod, listening.

There is a soft FLAPPING and BANGING coming from the back pantry. She stares at the closed door.

Jessica takes a deep breath, slowly opens the door and steps--

INTO THE PANTRY

--where there is a small bird caught, FLAPPING and BANGING against the shelves, trying to get out.

Jessica lets out a sigh, deeply relieved.

The back door is halfway open. David must have forgotten to close it. Jessica opens it wide.

JESSICA  
Go. Go on. Be free.

The bird flaps a bit more before finding its way out.

Jessica watches it fly away into the late summer sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BEDROOM

Jessica rolls up her sleeve.

David gives her another shot.

The needle goes into soft flesh.

IN THE FIELDS

Jessica strolls in the late summer haze.

The leaves are turning yellow and gold as Fall approaches.

The fruit is clustered, hanging heavy from the vine.

IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Dr. Nathanson performs an ultrasound.

The undulating imaging on the screen is starting to look more human.

Arms, legs, head, beating heart taking shape out of the shimmering pixels.

ALONG THE ROAD

Sun dapples on the curving road.

Leo Cherry waves hello as he mows his driveway.

His farmhouse starting to look ship-shape.

IN THE BATHROOM

Jessica looks at herself in the mirror.

She is getting bigger.

She smiles, gently caressing her belly.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Please be well. Please.

IN THE FIELDS

Jessica watches as PICKING CREWS work the rows.

Blades out, gently prying the clusters from their vines, dropping them into brimming plastic bins.

David and Hal supervising as bin after bin is loaded into the waiting truck.

IN THE WINE BARN

The grapes are sorted as they are fed into de-stemmers.

The machines noisily CHURNING as the grapes are crushed.

Ripe fruit ground down as the precious juice spills and spits into the collecting tubs.

David, Hal and the workers are all stained and spattered head to toe by the garnet red juice. The machinery PULSES.

Jessica steps back, unnerved, as the juice spills across the floor towards her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. YOGA STUDIO -- LATER

The Yoga Instructor leads her pregnant students in class.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR  
And we extend, reaching high  
through the fingertips as we open  
up our chest and abdomen...

Jessica halfheartedly tries to do a sun salutation.

The Yoga Instructor comes over and corrects her, gently pulling her shoulders down.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Feel the energy inside you rising  
up. Reach up from your core.

Jessica does her best, but is not engaged.

From the mat next to her, Sadie watches, concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE -- LATER

Jessica and Sadie sit curled up intimately on a cushioned couch sipping herbal tea.



JESSICA

Everyone is happy for me. They say I did the right thing. And they're probably right. Things are better. Under control. I'm not seeing things anymore. Except I don't feel like me. I'm so scared I might be hurting the baby.

SADIE

What does the drug do?

JESSICA

It's an inhibitor.

SADIE

So, what? It stops you from feeling certain things?

JESSICA

Basically. It stops part of my brain from feeling too much. From going to extremes.

SADIE

(getting upset)

I just...I don't know what to say... I can't believe you did that...

JESSICA

You don't know what it's been like.

SADIE

You could be hurting the baby.

JESSICA

Don't say that. Please.

SADIE

(intense)

I know I would do anything for my baby. *Anything*. No matter what the risk. My baby is everything to me. This is what I'm here for. And I would always put it first.

(turning on her)

And you...you just put these drugs in your body, la de da, so *your* life can be easier. It makes me sick. You are so selfish.

JESSICA  
No...don't say that...

BEN (O.S.)  
Hey babe...

Ben enters, all smiles. He leans in and kisses Sadie hello -- when he notices the awkward silence between the two friends.

BEN (CONT'D)  
What did I miss?

JESSICA  
Nothing. I'm just leaving.

Jessica gets up to go. Sadie just glares at her with a strange fury.

SADIE  
How could you do this to me?

CUT TO:

INT. POST OFFICE -- LATER

Jessica waits in line, still rattled by her encounter with Sadie -- when the weathered female CLERK calls the next customer.

She goes to the window and hands the Clerk a package.

CLERK  
Do you want to send it priority?

JESSICA  
No, just regular mail is fine.

The Clerk notices the return address on the package as she prints out the mailing label.

CLERK  
Wait here.

Confused, Jessica waits as the Clerk leaves the window and disappears into the back.

Impatient people in line glare as if it were her fault.

The Clerk returns and hands Jessica a box from Amazon.

CLERK (CONT'D)

This is for you. We sent out slips, but no one ever picked it up. Been gathering dust back there.

Jessica looks at it. The package is made out to Jane Porter.

JESSICA

This isn't mine.

CLERK

That your address?

JESSICA

Yes.

CLERK

It's yours now.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR -- LATER

Jessica gets into her car with her groceries.

She looks over and sees the Amazon box sitting on the seat next to her.

Curious, she starts tearing open the cardboard packing.

There's a book inside. She pulls it out.

Jessica stares at the title -- *Poltergeists: Examining Mysteries of the Paranormal*.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE, DEN -- LATER

Jessica punches in a number on the phone. Housing documents are strewn about the desk.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Betty's Floral...

JESSICA

Jane Porter, please.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

One moment...

Jessica waits. She looks at the creepy cover of *Poltergeists*.

JANE PORTER (O.S.)  
This is Jane...

JESSICA  
Hi, my name is Jessica Spires. I live in your old house in Paso Robles. My husband and I bought it. I just wanted to ask you about your time here.

JANE PORTER (O.S.)  
(hesitant)  
Yes...?

Jessica takes a breath, then continues.

JESSICA  
Did you ever experience anything strange while you were here?

JANE PORTER (O.S.)  
Excuse me?

JESSICA  
I was at the post office and they gave me the book you ordered from Amazon on poltergeists...and I wanted...well, I wanted to know if that was related to anything you might have been experiencing in the house.

JANE PORTER (O.S.)  
I can't talk to you. Goodb--

JESSICA  
Wait! Please don't hang up... I've been seeing things here, and hearing things...and no one believes me...and I just want to know if you ever saw anything yourself.

There is a long pause on the other end.

JANE PORTER (O.S.)  
(cautious; formal)  
I'm currently in divorce proceedings with my husband.

JANE PORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Therefore, it is very important  
 that I present myself in the proper  
 light. He'll try anything to  
 discredit me, make me look crazy.  
 He and his lawyers have already  
 tried to ruin my credibility in  
 many ways. So even if you are who  
 you say you are, I really can't  
 talk to you right now.

JESSICA  
 No...I'm not trying to trick  
 you...I promise.

JANE PORTER (O.S.)  
 I'm sorry. Good luck.

Click. The line goes dead.

Jessica stares at the phone in her hand, thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. VINEYARDS -- LATER

Jessica hikes up through the vineyards behind their house.  
 She has the poltergeist book in hand.

Two PICKERS carry plastic tubs of late-harvest grapes on  
 their shoulders down to the winery.

JESSICA  
 Excuse me, do you know where David  
 is? El Jefe?

They point up the slope.

FARTHER UP THE SLOPE

The row is narrow, the vines redolent with late growth.

Breathing hard now, Jessica hurries, book in hand--

--when she trips, stumbling to the ground.

Jessica looks down and sees a vine snaked around her ankle,  
*almost as if it grabbed her.*

She peels the vine off her skin -- *when behind her she hears  
 a strange RUSTLING sound.*

Jessica slowly turns around -- and freezes.

The vines are all moving on their own, as if something is pushing through them, coming towards her.

The stalks twisting and shaking all around her.

Jessica stares. The vines are alive.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- LATER

Jessica gathers up all of the lithium needles.

She shoves them into a plastic garbage bag.

OUTSIDE

She carries the bag to the trash bin, happily dumping them into the trash can--

--when she sees David returning from the vineyard.

DAVID

You were looking for me?

Jessica turns to him, thrilled.

JESSICA

It's not me! It's the house.

DAVID

What are you talking about?

JESSICA

There's something here. The Porters -- that's why they left. They felt something in the house too.

She shows him the poltergeist book.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Jane Porter ordered this book -- they were holding it for her at the post office. Then when I called her she basically admitted it, then she got all weird and hung up on me.

DAVID  
(confused)  
You called Jane Porter... Jess,  
what are you doing...?

JESSICA  
It's the house! We don't have to  
risk hurting the baby.

David notices the bag of needles in the trash.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Don't you see -- it's not me. It's  
not me.

DAVID  
Wait, hold on...let's be rational  
for a second.

JESSICA  
I *am* being rational!

DAVID  
Slow down. Jane Porter got a book  
on ghosts, who knows for what  
reason. And then you called her up  
bugging her about it and she was a  
little weird, which I might be too  
if someone I didn't know started  
calling me asking about ghosts.  
And because of that you think the  
house is haunted.

JESSICA  
I thought you'd be happy.

DAVID  
Calm down.

JESSICA  
Don't tell me to calm down!

DAVID  
Let's just not jump to any  
conclusions. I mean, this is no  
reason to go off the medication.  
Things have been going so well.

JESSICA  
I won't hurt our baby.

DAVID  
That's not what I'm saying...

David collects the needles back out of the trash.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
We need to do what's best for--

Jessica slaps the needles out of David's hands. They scatter across the ground.

JESSICA  
No more shots.

David looks at her, exasperated, as he gathers up the needles. She backs away from him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
I'll prove it to you...I will...

CUT TO:

INT. HELENA'S WINE SHOP -- DAY

Jessica moves past the blonde wood racks stacked with local wines to the back counter where Helena is busy tasting.

A nervous WINE MAKER watches Helena swish the wine in her mouth before spitting it out into a bucket.

Helena says nothing as she repeats the swirl, swish and spit on the next bottle.

A mottled cat on the counter stares at Jessica with unblinking yellow eyes.

HELENA  
(to Wine Maker)  
No thank you. I suggest you come back when you learn the meaning of balance.

The Wine Maker slinks away as Helena turns to Jessica.

HELENA (CONT'D)  
Jessica, my my, what brings you here in such a flurry?

Jessica gathers herself.

JESSICA  
That night you were at my house. You felt something, didn't you?



HELENA

I just had a bit too much to drink.  
That's all.

JESSICA

No. The way you touched my hand,  
you knew about me and David. You  
sensed it. There was something in  
the bathroom, wasn't there?

Helena takes a long pause, petting her cat, before looking up  
at Jessica with those bulging eyes.

HELENA

I have what they call a sensitive  
soul. I can feel, see things a bit  
more than others. Makes for a  
great palette. When I drink wine --  
I feel the grapes, the weather, the  
soil. The same goes for people and  
places. Most of the time it's  
stuff that passes other folks by.  
So I let it go. Usually best that  
way. Apparently it hasn't passed  
you by.

JESSICA

What did you feel in my house?

HELENA

(takes a deep breath)  
First it was just a dark vibe. But  
then in the bathroom it was  
stronger. Much stronger. Anger  
and fear. And then you, Jessica.  
You were there with me.

JESSICA

Will you come back over? I need to  
know what it is, what it wants, so  
I can get rid of it.

HELENA

Jessica, I don't really do that  
kind of thing.

JESSICA

(desperate)  
I need to know what's happening in  
my house.

HELENA

(beat)

Well, I'm actually tasting up in  
the valley tomorrow afternoon.  
Would that work?

JESSICA

Yes. Anytime.

HELENA

Okay. Around three.

JESSICA

Around three. See you then. Thank  
you, Helena.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELENA'S WINE SHOP -- DAY

Jessica steps out of the shop, relieved.

She walks to where her car is parked along the town commons --  
when she freezes.

We follow Jessica's stare across the town square to the front  
of the main hotel.

There is a man with a REDHEADED WOMAN. *From behind, the man  
looks just like David.*

The man and woman walk out of the hotel. She laughs, her  
face hidden by branches. The man touches her arm as he helps  
her into an SUV.

A bus drives by, blocking Jessica's view.

When it moves on, they're gone. Jessica scans the sidewalk --  
she can't find the man anywhere.

She hurries along the sidewalk trying to get a better view--

--when she BANGS right into two WINE TOURISTS.

TOURIST

(annoyed)

Hey, watch it.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jessica sits on the couch alone, watching TV.

She barely pays attention to Tom Cruise in Top Gun, her mind elsewhere--

--when the front door opens and David enters. He is wearing a tie and shirt with his jeans -- just like the man she saw earlier.

DAVID  
Hey sweetie...

JESSICA  
Hi.

He comes over and kisses her on top of the head.

DAVID  
How you doing?

JESSICA  
Fine. Where were you today? I tried to call you.

DAVID  
Yeah, I was down in the Edna Valley checking out some barrels. Must have been no reception. Anyway, this guy makes them himself with Hungarian Oak. I think I might use them for the red blend.

JESSICA  
You were there all day?

DAVID  
Pretty much.

Jessica stares at him, saying nothing -- as he sits besides her, getting comfortable.

He reaches over and tries to rub her back.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Top Gun...nice...

Jessica moves away from his touch. He looks at her.

They sit in silence in front of the television.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE, KITCHEN -- THE NEXT DAY

Jessica paces, biting her nails. Recipe notes and ingredients lie forgotten on the butcher block.

She glances at the clock. It is nearly three.

When her cell phone suddenly RINGS, cutting the silence.

JESSICA

Hello...

There is only RASPING on the other end.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hello...?

More RASPING and HEAVY BREATHING.

Unnerved by the strange sounds on the line, Jessica is about to hang up -- when the RASPING becomes a LABORED VOICE.

VOICE

*...outside...*

JESSICA

Who is this?

--when a loud CAR HORN suddenly sounds. Unending. Right nearby.

Jessica turns to the window over the sink -- and sees a SAAB stopped halfway down her driveway, horn BLARING.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVE WAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Jessica hurries to the car stopped in her driveway, engine running, its horn still BLARING.

Inside, she sees Helena slumped in the driver's seat. Head against the horn, her body TWITCHING, cell phone still in hand.

Jessica opens the door. Pulls Helena away from the horn.

JESSICA  
 (checking her over)  
 Oh my God...are you alright?

Helena tries to control herself, capture her breathing.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 Let's get you inside...

Helena GRABS Jessica, fingers pressing into her flesh.

HELENA  
 No...away from here...

Jessica looks into Helena's eyes -- and understands.

She gently slides Helena over to the passenger seat and gets behind the wheel.

With Helena WHEEZING next to her, Jessica puts the car in reverse, turns it around and drives away from her house.

ON THE ROAD

Jessica drives past vineyards, clutching the wheel.

Beside her, Helena sits up, her breathing now under control.

JESSICA  
 Do you need water or anything?

HELENA  
 I'm feeling better now. Thank you.

Jessica drives, giving Helena time to gather herself.

JESSICA  
 What happened back there? Did you  
 feel something again?

Helena says nothing for a moment -- eyeing an approaching vineyard.

HELENA  
 Pull in here and we can talk.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Jessica pulls into a quiet space away from the wine tourists making their way to the Spanish-style tasting room.

HELENA (CONT'D)  
 It's so much stronger now.

JESSICA

What is?

HELENA

Something happened there once.  
Something terrible.

JESSICA

In my house...?

HELENA

No, deeper than that. It felt like  
the land itself was stained.

JESSICA

I don't understand.

HELENA

Sometimes when something truly bad  
happens it leaves a mark. Its  
energy seeps into the land itself.  
And we feel the ripples of that  
event over and over again.

JESSICA

What happened there?

HELENA

I don't know. I just felt the  
energy. It was so strong. So full  
of fear and anger...

(remembering)

...and something else.

JESSICA

What? Tell me.

Helena turns to Jessica.

HELENA

They know. They all know.

CUT TO:

EXT. VINEYARDS -- LATER

Jessica makes her way through the fields, breathing heavily.

The Fall vines now harvested, the leaves wilting and falling  
away from the gnarled trunks like shrunken fingers.

Three black crows perch on an oak tree, watching her.

Jessica pushes through, the land growing wild as she moves past the rows of trellised vines to the wild uncleared former orchards beyond.

Feet slipping under her, Jessica makes her way to where the CREW is working at clearing the land with machetes.

The crew stops when they see her. They all stare.

Jessica sees a red-ribboned charm hanging from one of the fruit trees. The same one she saw on the vines earlier.

She grabs it, holding it before her.

JESSICA

I want to know about this.

The crew turns to an OLDER MEMBER.

The OLDER MAN steps forward, summoning a younger CREW MEMBER to translate for him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What is this for?

OLDER MAN

(through translator)

It keeps her away from us.

JESSICA

Keeps who away?

OLDER MAN

(through translator)

The Hooded Woman.

CUT TO:

INT. WINERY -- DAY

David and Hal, shirts off, are working on the tanks full of fermenting grapes, pushing the floating skins back down into the blood-red juice--

--when Jessica stalks in. David pulls his arms out of the tank. His arms and torso are stained dark red.

Hal, sensing trouble, goes to check on the barrels.

JESSICA

You knew.

DAVID

What are you talking about?

JESSICA

The Hooded Woman. The spirit that comes in the night. You knew and you didn't tell me. How could you?!

DAVID

Jess, that's just guys talking. They're pickers -- they're superstitious. That's the wine business. One bad season and a legend is born. Everyone tells stories.

JESSICA

Not about evil spirits. Aren't you worried that thing out there could hurt our baby?

DAVID

There's no spirit out there, Jess. I've lived here longer than you and I've never experienced a thing. When you were on your meds you felt the same way.

JESSICA

No...something bad happened here once. Helena felt it.

DAVID

Oh God, please don't tell me you've sucked Helena into this too! Nothing bad ever happened here. Not with the Porters. Not ever. There's never been anything here except orchards.

JESSICA

You should have told me...

DAVID

I didn't want to fill your head with stories about ghosts and goblins. I was worried that...

JESSICA

Worried that what?



DAVID

That you would start acting exactly like this! That it would tip you in the wrong direction during a very difficult time.

JESSICA

We should leave. Go back to LA.

DAVID

NO!

(gathering himself)

Jess, we can't. I'm so close. We've sunk everything into this crop. I get one shot -- *one shot* -- to make it out here. We don't have the money for a second vintage. Walk away now and we go back to the city, back to the way it was. Is that what you want?

JESSICA

It's no different here. I saw you with that woman. The redhead. I saw you two at the hotel. Who is she? One of the ones from LA I never met? Or is she a new one? Tell me, David.

David takes a long pause. He starts to answer, then stops himself.

David steps towards her, trying to be calm.

DAVID

I just want us to find a way back to each other.

David reaches out for her with red-streaked hands, trying to hug her.

JESSICA

(slapping his hands away)

Don't touch me!

DAVID

Jess...please...we both want the same thing, right? For you and the baby to be healthy. Just like Dr. Nathanson said...

But she's not listening, suddenly staring past him.

Jessica pushes past David and picks up a wine bottle that is sitting on his work desk.

It's the aged bottle that Victor Napoli gave him.

She stares at the old decaying wine label, half peeled off.

There is a partial picture of an old grand house on it.

CUT TO:

INT. WINE CAVE -- DAY

Dapper Victor Napoli lays bottles into his wine cellar. Except his cellar is an actual CAVE underneath his winery.

There are shelves and racks built into the cool dim cave.

An ASSISTANT brings Jessica down.

VICTOR

Ah, Jessica, look at you! You look wonderful -- the fruit of life.

JESSICA

That's kind of you to say, Victor.

VICTOR

You didn't come here to have an old man tell you how beautiful you are.

JESSICA

It's still nice to hear.

VICTOR

How can I be of assistance?

JESSICA

That night you came over, you brought us this bottle from the valley.

Jessica reaches into her bag and takes out the old bottle.

VICTOR

Ah yes, the Ruston.

JESSICA

You said that it was vinted with grapes from our land.

VICTOR  
Yes, by a family of wine makers  
from Alsace I believe.

JESSICA  
I'm trying to find out some more  
about them.

VICTOR  
Such as?

JESSICA  
Look here on the label. See that?  
It looks like a house, right?

VICTOR  
Yes, could be...  
(he smiles)  
Come with me.

DEEPER IN THE CELLAR

Victor leads. The cave gets narrower. Jessica has to duck  
as she shivers against the cold.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I should have another bottle back  
here...somewhere...

He ducks deep into his wine archives.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Some of the Rustons still live in  
the area. In fact, I met one of  
them. She pours over at Peachy  
Canyon. A true Titian beauty if I  
remember correctly.

Victor pulls out another old dusty bottle. He examines it  
with Jessica.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Voilà. Ruston '89.

It's the same label as before -- only this one is not  
damaged. There is a clear picture of a house on it.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
There's your house.

He rubs the dusty label off. There is a name written in  
cursive above the picture -- *OSOCO*.

JESSICA  
Osoco? What's that?

VICTOR  
I don't know. It could be the name  
of the vineyard. Or the name of  
the house. Or the name of a pretty  
girl. Whatever it was that  
inspired the wine maker.

Jessica stares at the old label.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TASTING ROOM, PEACHY CANYON -- LATER.

An owlish OLD VINTER puts a wine glass out for Jessica.

OLD VINTER  
What can I start you with today?

JESSICA  
I'm looking for Angela Ruston.

OLD VINTER  
Angela, you have a visitor.

At the other end of the rustic bar -- a *striking young  
REDHEADED WOMAN* looks up.

Jessica stares at her, hesitating. Could it be the same one?

ANGELA  
(smiling as she  
approaches)  
You must be Jessica.

ON A PICNIC TABLE OUT BACK

Jessica sits across from the buxom Angela, squinting as she  
looks into the sun.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Yeah, we always heard the old house  
was haunted. That was the family  
legend. My brother used to scare  
the hell out of me whenever we  
drove by, saying the spirits were  
going to follow us home.

JESSICA  
What happened to the house?

ANGELA

It burned down, I think. You sure I can't get you anything? Water?

JESSICA

No, I'm fine. Thanks. Do you know what happened in the house that caused it to be haunted? Did something really bad happen there?

ANGELA

No, the way I remember hearing it, the house was haunted when they built it. They never understood why. You should really talk to my Aunt Marion. She's the one who keeps all the family history.

Jessica takes the old bottle of Ruston out of her purse.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Wow. My Dad had a few of these. We used to drink them at Christmas.

JESSICA

What about the name on the label? *Osoco*. Do you know what it means?

ANGELA

It was the old Indian name for the valley, I think. My aunt would know for sure.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR -- LATER

Jessica is driving through wine country. A light Fall shower dots her windshield.

Her phone RINGS. Caller ID says it's David. She ignores it.

Jessica turns the car off the main road, down a driveway.

Through the windshield we see her pulling up to the historic San Miguel Mission.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN MIGUEL MISSION -- LATER

A JESUIT leads Jessica through the old Adobe mission, the arched wood-beamed ceiling high above them.

They stop at a long wooden table where FATHER BURRIS, 63, is studying some old maps. His belly hangs over his frock and ketchup from the burger he is eating stains his collar.

FATHER BURRIS  
(not even looking up)  
Busy. Go away.

JESUIT  
This young lady wants to know about  
the Osoco valley.

FATHER BURRIS  
Another ghost hunter, huh?

JESSICA  
I live there.

Father Burris looks up from his maps, readjusting. He eyes Jessica's belly.

FATHER BURRIS  
Please, have a seat.

Jessica sits down as Father Burris clears away his mess.

JESSICA  
Why did you think I was a ghost  
hunter?

FATHER BURRIS  
*Osoco* is the Kurok word for Night  
Walker. Apparently they believed  
an evil spirit lived there.

JESSICA  
What kind of spirit?

FATHER BURRIS  
"Spirit" may be the wrong word.  
The actual translation means  
"reflection" or "residue."

JESSICA  
Residue of what? What happened  
there?

FATHER BURRIS

Nothing at all, according to our records. The Kurok lived across the whole area, yet they refused to ever settle there. It was completely unpopulated until some wine pioneers came in during the nineteenth century.

JESSICA

Why does no one know about this? I googled the hell out of the name and found nothing.

FATHER BURRIS

Because it was a very long time ago. The only records we have of it come from Father Albelda -- and most of his research died with him.

JESSICA

Who was he?

FATHER BURRIS

When the Spanish first came to California there was a Jesuit -- Father Albelda -- who took it upon himself to drive the spirit of the Devil from the New World. He traveled from mission to mission, determined to show the local tribes the power of the Lord Jesus Christ. When he came here he of course took an interest in Osoco Valley.

JESSICA

What happened to him?

FATHER BURRIS

We don't really know. And that's what the ghost hunters always want to ask about.

(off Jessica's look)

Father Albelda went into the valley to confront the evil that dwelt there in the name of Jesus Christ.

(beat)

They found his body two weeks later. Dead of a heart attack. He was twenty-six.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINE COUNTRY -- EVENING

Jessica drives back on the dark country roads, clutching the steering wheel on the slick pavement.

She rounds bends. Her headlights cut the looming darkness.

We see twisted vines. A dash of fog. A misting drizzle.

Jessica turns off the main road, down the narrow dirt road that leads to her house.

Her headlights illuminating the wet trunks of the eucalyptus trees, nearly home--

--when the HOODED FIGURE suddenly crosses the road right in front of her.

Jessica SWERVES wildly to avoid hitting it.

Her tires SKID on the mud as the car slides off the road, CRASHING through the brush before sideswiping a tree.

Jessica takes a moment. In shock. She checks herself. Thank God -- she's okay.

She grabs the emergency kit from under the seat, removes the flashlight and gets out of the car.

Jessica shines the flashlight into the brush, all around. The small beam bouncing off leaves and branches.

She sees nothing.

Jessica slowly inches forward, branches scraping her, shining her flashlight in front of her from side to side--

*--when something starts moving towards her through the brush.*

Frozen, she shines the light on the shaking bushes--

--as David pushes his way through.

DAVID

Jess...!!

He runs to her, looking her over, holding her tight.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What happened? Are you hurt?



JESSICA

She was here! I saw her. She ran right in front of the car.

David stops and looks at his wife. Her face scratched by branches. The car, hood steaming, crashed in the brush.

DAVID

Oh Jess...

JESSICA

She made me crash...she wants to hurt us...

Jessica pulls away from him, thinking.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(almost to herself)

We need to leave...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

David watches as Jessica opens a suitcase on the bed and starts filling it with clothes.

DAVID

You can't just leave -- it's the middle of the night!

JESSICA

I'm not spending another night in this house. Not with that thing out there.

DAVID

Jess, this is nuts! Think about it. If the house is so haunted, how come you're the only one who can see it?

JESSICA

I don't know. Maybe being pregnant is making me more sensitive, opening senses I didn't know I had like Dr. Nathanson said.

Jessica zips up the suitcase.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 Something terrible happened here  
 once. I don't know what. But it  
 left some kind of energy --  
 something bad. It's out there  
 right now. And it wants to hurt  
 us.

DAVID  
 It's the middle of the night.  
 You're pregnant. You're in no  
 condition to go anywhere.

JESSICA  
 I'm fine.

DAVID  
 You can't just leave.

JESSICA  
 Watch me.

David watches with exasperation as Jessica pushes past him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

Jessica drives through the strip on the edge of town, wiper  
 blades pushing back the drizzle.

A motel sign shines bright in the night. She pulls in.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL OFFICE -- NIGHT

Wet and ragged and pregnant, Jessica signs the credit card  
 slip the HOTEL CLERK hands her.

JESSICA  
 There you go.

He hesitates for a moment, unsure whether to say anything or  
 not -- then hands her the key.

HOTEL CLERK  
 Room 134. Down the hall on your  
 left.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- LATER

Jessica sits on the edge of the bed.

The hotel TV blares out Project Runway. She no longer has any interest.

Her cell phone RINGS. It's David.

She lets it ring.

Jessica tries to concentrate on the mindless television blather -- when her phone starts to ring again.

She turns over to shut it off -- when she sees that it's not David. "Caller Unknown" flashes on the screen.

JESSICA  
Hello...

ANGELA (O.S.)  
Jessica?

JESSICA  
Yes...

ANGELA (O.S.)  
Hey, it's Angela Ruston. From  
Peachy Canyon?

JESSICA  
Yes...

ANGELA (O.S.)  
I think we should talk.

Jessica goes cold, not wanting to hear any more.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Jessica?

JESSICA  
What is it?

ANGELA (O.S.)  
Right. So I spoke to my Aunt  
Marion and I told her you were  
living on the land now and she  
insisted on seeing you.

ANGELA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
She says you need to know why the  
house burned down.

CUT TO:

EXT. PASO ROBLES - THE NEXT DAY

It's raining, a storm in the sky, as Jessica pulls up in front of an unremarkable house on a quiet street.

She hurries to the door, knocking -- until Angela lets her in.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Angela leads Jessica into THE KITCHEN. She brushes aside empty wine bottles and full ashtrays from the kitchen table.

ANGELA  
Aunt Marion just called -- she's  
stuck in traffic. She'll be here  
any minute. Can I get you  
something to drink?

JESSICA  
Maybe some water, please.

ANGELA  
Coming right up.

Jessica has a seat as Angela fills a glass.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
So it turns out there's all kinds  
of stories about the house. Stuff  
I never knew.

JESSICA  
Like what?

ANGELA  
Aunt Marion can tell you more, but  
my great-grandfather built it  
himself. It was his dream house.  
But as soon as he moved the family  
in they started experiencing all  
kinds of weird things. Whistling  
noises. Pounding on the doors.  
The sound of a lady crying. Made  
no sense at all. Things got so bad  
that my great-grandmother moved the  
family out and burned the house  
down herself;

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 apparently not only did she not  
 want to live there herself -- she  
 didn't think anyone else should  
 live there either.

(beat)  
 Sorry, probably not what you want  
 to hear about your property.

The doorbell RINGS.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 There she is.

Angela goes to answer the door. Jessica sits alone with her  
 glass. The rain streaks down the window.

She hears the door open and VOICES as Angela welcomes her  
 aunt inside.

Jessica's cell phone RINGS. It's David again. She  
 hesitates, about to answer--

--when Angela returns with AUNT MARION, 51, a frumpy woman  
 with glasses. Jessica turns her phone off.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 Aunt Marion, this is Jessica.

JESSICA  
 Hi. Thanks so much for meeting me.

Jessica gets up to shake her hand. Aunt Marion gets her  
 first good look at Jessica -- *and goes suddenly pale.*

She just stares at Jessica. Worried, Angela holds her aunt  
 by the elbow to support her.

ANGELA  
 Aunt Marion...are you okay?

Marion can't take her eyes off of Jessica.

AUNT MARION  
 (gathering herself)  
 We should sit down. There's  
 something you need to see.

AT THE KITCHEN TABLE

Angela sits next to her aunt, across from Jessica.

AUNT MARION (CONT'D)

Before she moved out, Lydia Ruston brought in a medium to try and cleanse the house. The medium went into a trance to contact whatever spirits were trapped there -- and while in that trance had a violent reaction of some sort, overwhelmed by what she saw.

JESSICA

What did she see?

AUNT MARION

She could never say. After that night she never spoke again.

Aunt Marion takes a breath before continuing.

AUNT MARION (CONT'D)

The only clue we have are the sketches she made while she was in her trance.

Aunt Marion slowly pushes a frayed manila folder to Jessica.

Jessica opens the folder.

Inside are old drawings on aged paper. Ragged pictures etched with a mad hand.

Jessica looks down -- *at drawings of a hooded figure. The same figure she has been seeing.*

Then she turns the page.

Her fingers tremble as she looks down.

THE DRAWING IS OF JESSICA.

She turns the page, then the next -- all of the drawings, over a century old, are of her and the hooded figure.

JESSICA

No...I don't understand...

When she stops at the last drawing.

It is of her and David.

He lies on the ground. There is a spear going through his chest.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR -- LATER

The rain beats down on the roof. The windows are steamed up. Near tears, Jessica clutches the cell phone with both hands as she talks.

JESSICA

There was also a picture of you, with a spear or something through you. I think you're in danger there.

DAVID (O.S.)

These drawings were from when?

JESSICA

1891. They were made by the medium the Rustons brought in. She saw us!

DAVID (O.S.)

Jess, that was over a hundred years ago.

JESSICA

SHE SAW US!

There's a pause. Jessica tries to calm herself. The rain beats down.

DAVID (O.S.)

Okay, we'll leave. I don't want to fight anymore. We'll check into a hotel until we have this all figured out.

JESSICA

Thank God. What hotel?

DAVID (O.S.)

The Westin. I'll call and book us a room. Just come by and pick me up and we'll go right over.

JESSICA

Can't you meet me there?

DAVID (O.S.)  
I'm stuck here. Remember you  
wrapped the second car around a  
tree last night?

JESSICA  
Okay...it'll take me a bit to get  
over there.

DAVID (O.S.)  
That's fine. I need time to pack  
and talk to Hal. You just drive  
safe in this weather. I'll see  
you soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINE COUNTRY -- NIGHT

Wipers try to push the rain away as it beats down in sheets.

The road is muddy. Wheels slip as they turn. Jessica  
curses, trying to stay on the road.

She turns down the road to her house. The bare eucalyptus  
branches hang wet and low.

Through the windshield we see the house lit up against the  
night.

She pulls up to the house, peering at the front door.

Jessica HONKS.

Nothing.

She punches in David's number on her cell.

It RINGS. No one answers.

JESSICA  
Shit.

Jessica gets out of the car, ducking into the rain, and  
hurries to the front door.

She hesitates for a beat, then opens the door and steps--

INSIDE THE HOUSE

--where she sees David in the living room. He smiles.



Relieved, she runs to him, hugging him--

DAVID  
Hey there...

--when she realizes that David is not alone.

Eileen, her friend from LA, is there. Dr. Nathanson is there. *And the REDHEADED WOMAN she saw David with at the hotel.* Not Angela.

Jessica lets go of David, confused.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
It's okay, Jess. Everything's okay.

JESSICA  
What are they doing here?

EILEEN  
We're here because we love you, sweetie.

DR. NATHANSON  
We all care about you, Jessica. David asked us to come over tonight to help you though this tough time.

Jessica stares at the OTHER WOMAN.

JESSICA  
Who is she?

DAVID  
Jess, this is Victoria Lambert. She's the family therapist I told you about. We asked her here tonight because we think she can help you.

VICTORIA  
Hello, Jessica. It's good to meet you. I've heard so many wonderful things about you from your friends, and, of course, David.

Ignoring her, Jessica spins on David.

JESSICA  
You planned this...

DAVID  
It's for your own good. *Our own good.*

JESSICA  
You lied to me!

DAVID  
Jess, I just don't want you or the baby to get hurt.

EILEEN  
Sit down, sweetie. I'm making some tea.

VICTORIA  
Your friends know you've been going through a rough time. They want to help you regain control.

Jessica barely listens to her. She's focused on David only.

JESSICA  
What is she going to do to me?

VICTORIA  
We're going to go to my ranch. A safe nurturing place where you can relax and be comfortable for the remainder of your pregnancy.

JESSICA  
(to David)  
Don't do this. Please. No. We have to go. We have to get out of here. Something bad is going to happen.

DAVID  
Please, Jess. It's for the best.

*--when a high-pitched WHISTLING noise cuts through the room.*

*The same whistling Jessica has heard before -- only this time clear, undistorted, earthy.*

Jessica turns to the sound, oddly transfixed.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Jess...?

She ignores him as she follows the whistling sound--

INTO THE KITCHEN

David and Eileen trail after her, concerned.

On the stove the tea kettle boils over, forgotten, emitting a shrieking WHISTLE.

Jessica stares at the steaming kettle for a moment.

Eileen reaches forward and turns off the gas burner. The whistling dies down to a whimper.

She pours the hot water into waiting mugs.

EILEEN

What kind of tea do you want? I've got Sleepy Time, Lemon Zinger and Chamomile.

Jessica doesn't answer, still staring at the kettle, thinking...

*--when from down the hall she hears the sound of a WOMAN CRYING.*

*The same crying as before, only crystal clear now. Human.*

Jessica turns, staring down the dark hallway.

She slowly walks towards the crying.

David and Eileen exchange a look. He follows after her.

Jessica barely notices, locked in on the woman crying.

She stops at the closed door to the guest bedroom.

*The crying is coming from the other side.*

Jessica takes a breath -- and slowly PUSHES open the door--

--the bedroom is empty. An open suitcase on the bed.

Yet Jessica can still hear the crying.

She pushes the door open all the way and steps--

INTO THE BEDROOM

Jessica turns to the sound of the crying.

The television on the bureau is on. Jessica looks at the screen.

A cheap movie plays. An actress bends over a casket at a funeral, bawling her eyes out, chewing up the scenery.

Jessica stares at the television. She picks up the remote and presses mute. The crying ends.

David steps softly into the bedroom.

DAVID

Jess...?

JESSICA

(thinking)

I heard this crying before... So did the Rustons. But now it's real, not a haunting.

DAVID

Eileen just left the TV on. That's all.

David comes up behind her and gently touches her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go back.

JESSICA

(thinking it through)

They saw this night...

Jessica turns and looks up at him. He's not listening.

She goes rigid at his touch -- then soft, as if deciding on something.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'll do what you want.

DAVID

It's for the best. I know it's hard.

He puts his arm around her as they leave.

Jessica takes a last look back at the now-silent actress still crying on the TV screen.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jessica sits on the couch. Eileen sits next to her holding her hand. David stands behind her conferring with Victoria Lambert and Dr. Nathanson.

It is raining cats and dogs. Thunder RUMBLES in the distance.

EILEEN

That kid is going to come any day now and then all of this is going to just seem like a bad dream. Everything's going to go right back to normal. You'll see.

Jessica nods, barely listening as she looks around into the quiet corners of the house, still holding onto its secret.

David comes and sits on the coffee table in front of her.

DAVID

I'm going to finish packing your bag. Anything special you want to bring?

JESSICA

My photo albums. I want to organize them.

DAVID

You want to bring all the photos?

JESSICA

Yes. Please.

DAVID

That's a lot of stuff.

JESSICA

Please.

DR. NATHANSON

I'll help you carry it out.

David and Dr. Nathanson go back to the den.

Jessica turns to Eileen.

JESSICA

I'd like to have that tea now.

EILEEN  
 Alright. You just stay there.

JESSICA  
 Chamomile, please.

EILEEN  
 (warm smile)  
 You got it.

Eileen goes into the kitchen, leaving her alone with Victoria Lambert. Jessica glances to make sure David is far away.

Victoria kneels in front of Jessica, a kindly smile on her face, patting her knee.

VICTORIA  
 I don't want you to be scared. You are not being locked up. Think of this as an opportunity to get centered. To go to a place where you know you'll be safe. David will come and see you every day. The most important thing is that you and the baby are taken care of.

JESSICA  
 Don't tell me how to take care of MY BABY--

--and Jessica SHOVES Victoria away from her, knocking her to the ground.

Activating, Jessica BOLTS, running for the front door.

As she runs she grabs her car keys from the foyer table, not looking back--

BANG BANG BANG!!

Something POUNDS on the door from the other side.

Jessica freezes, staring at the door.

David comes up besides her, taking her by the arm.

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG!!!

David turns and stares at the door. He can now hear it too.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 Don't open the door...don't let it in...

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG!!!!

DAVID

Stay here.

David steps to the door.

JESSICA

No...don't...

David opens the door.

The Hooded Figure is standing right on the other side.

Rain pours over its sodden hood as it stands there, a dark specter in the wet night.

Jessica backs up in terror -- as the wet Figure slowly pulls back its black hood.

*And there is Sadie.*

She is wearing a black Patagonia raincoat. She looks scared and nervous.

DAVID

Sadie...?

SADIE

We need your help...

Jessica can only stare at Sadie. She looks terrified.

Ben comes sloshing up through the mud of the driveway, bags on his shoulder.

SADIE (CONT'D)

(freaked out)

We were driving...my water broke...  
We were on our way to the hospital  
and we saw something in the rain  
and skidded and the tires blew  
out...

DAVID

Calm down. It's alright.

Sadie puts a protective hand over her pregnant belly as wet Ben comes up besides her. He also looks nervous.

SADIE

...I was so scared...and I knew you lived close by...I didn't know what else to do...I'm so sorry...can you help us...?

DAVID

Of course. Come in. Let's get you out of the rain.

SADIE

Thank you...

BEN

Really appreciate it. Crazy night.

They step inside. David takes Jessica by the arm, gently but firmly pulling her along with him.

DAVID

(quietly)  
Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

David and Eileen help Sadie to the couch.

Jessica watches as they peel off her wet black jacket. Victoria sticks close to Jessica, keeping an eye on her.

Ben stands in the foyer, watching anxiously.

BEN

Is she going to be okay?

DAVID

She'll be fine.

They lie Sadie down on the couch. She is scared, looking around wildly.

SADIE

My baby...

DR. NATHANSON

You're okay now. I'm a doctor.  
Tell me what happened.



SADIE

(gathering herself)

My water broke. The hospital said to come in. So we packed our bags to go. I'm not due for another three weeks, but they said it would be okay, that the baby was viable.

Ben looks on as Dr. Nathanson starts to examine her, touching her belly -- when Sadie SCREAMS with pain, arching her back.

DR. NATHANSON

She's having contractions. We need to get her to a hospital.

David looks out the window. It's pouring.

DAVID

Not in this weather.

Dr. Nathanson takes a deep breath.

DR. NATHANSON

It's been a long time since I did this. Okay, get a bed ready. Clean sheets.

DAVID

The back bedroom.

EILEEN

I'll get it ready.

DR. NATHANSON

And I need hot water. Lots of it. Boiled.

VICTORIA

I'll get it.

(turning to Jessica)

Jessica, come with me please. I need your help.

Jessica nods. She starts to follow Victoria into the kitchen when she stops and looks at Ben.

He shifts nervously in the foyer, watching, hospital bags at his feet.

*His boots leave wet footprints on the foyer floor -- just like the ones she saw earlier.*

Jessica's eyes follow up to his hand--

--where he absently turns coins over on their edges.

One after another, leaving them on their edges on the foyer table -- *just as she saw in the hauntings.*

Jessica stares at the turned-over coins -- as Ben senses her look.

He turns and looks back at her. There is something cold and mean in his eyes.

Jessica backs into the kitchen after Victoria.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Where are your big pots?

But Jessica doesn't listen. She glances at the ceramic pig over the sink -- *The Chef is Always Right.*

As Victoria searches for a pot, Jessica quietly slides the deck door open and slips out--

INTO THE NIGHT

Jessica RUNS.

Through the rain. Sloshing through the mud. Stumbling as her feet stick. Her big pregnant body clumsy.

The storm pounds down. The rain blinding in its intensity.

Behind her there is a shaft of light as the door opens and David comes out, chasing after her.

DAVID

Jess...!

Jessica ignores him, keys in hand, making her way to the car.

She fumbles with the keys, getting the door open, almost there--

--when David catches up to her.

He pulls her away from the car, grabbing the keys from her. She fights him, but he holds her. The rain soaks them both.

JESSICA

(frantic)

We need to leave. Now! It's all happening tonight.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 All the hauntings were reflections  
 of tonight. The bad thing that  
 happened here -- *it's us*.

DAVID  
 Calm down.

JESSICA  
 All the hauntings, the ghosts, the  
 sounds -- tonight they're real.  
 Whatever happens tonight somehow  
 haunted back across time. *WE ARE  
 THE HAUNTING.*

She pulls against him with all her might. David holds tight.

DAVID  
 You can't get in that car. Look at  
 what happened to them. No one's  
 driving tonight.

JESSICA  
 It doesn't have to happen! We can  
 leave. Together.

She stares at him, desperate, loving--

--when the sound of a GUNSHOT cuts through the rain.

*It came from inside the house.*

David and Jessica turn back and look at the house.

Then they look at each other.

DAVID  
 Get in the car.

Jessica nods.

David hurriedly helps her into the car, then gets behind the  
 wheel himself. They say nothing.

He starts the car, wheels spinning, eventually grabbing the  
 mud.

Wipers beating back the rain, David reverses, turns the car  
 around and heads away from the house--

--when Ben steps into their path. He is holding a rifle.

David hits the gas, bearing down on him. Ben calmly stands  
 his ground.

BANG -- he fires the gun at the car. Jessica SCREAMS.

Ben FIRES again. Tires blow out. The car SKIDS in the mud, coming to a stop.

Ben is on them, gun in hand. He opens the door and roughly yanks David out.

David tries to resist. Ben KICKS him brutally in the head. David curls up with pain in the mud.

JESSICA

NO...!

Ben comes around to Jessica's side.

But she is gone.

IN THE DRIVING RAIN

Jessica RUNS.

The rain beats down on her. Her feet slip in the mud.

She looks back, searching the pitch black night.

In the faint glow from the house she sees Ben coming after her. He is moving quickly.

Jessica scrambles, looking around madly for a place to hide.

She looks up -- towards the vineyards.

IN THE VINEYARDS

Jessica moves through the wet rows, trying to be quiet, hiding amidst the vines.

She moves up the slope. The vines are tall and thick.

She looks around madly, hardly able to see a thing.

When lightning CRACKS overhead--

--and she sees Ben down the row, coming after her.

Jessica turns and runs, madly, as fast as her feet will carry her.

She THRASHES through the vines, pushing them away, crashing between them.

*The vines twisting and giving way -- just as she saw in her visions.*

Jessica slips on the wet slope. She scrambles to her feet, but Ben is upon her, gun in hand.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
No...please...

But Ben is oddly gentle with her, treating her gingerly.

Ben gathers her up, carrying her forcefully yet carefully back towards the house.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
What are you doing!!??

She stares at Ben. He says nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

Ben helps Jessica inside as he roughly drags the half-conscious David with his other arm.

Sadie is finishing binding Eileen and Victoria, covering their mouths with gaffers tape. They stare up in horror.

Dr. Nathanson lies face-down on the floor, lifeless, his sweater soaked in blood.

Jessica stares at the dead doctor, then at Sadie, in shock.

JESSICA  
What did you do? Your baby...

Ben throws David to the ground in the foyer, still holding onto Jessica.

He goes over to Eileen and Victoria. He CRACKS both of them with the stock of his rifle, knocking them out.

Ben and Sadie exchange a look. Sadie smiles sweetly, so in love.

DAVID  
(coming to)  
Take whatever you want...here's my wallet...there's cash in the barn too, about a grand, take it...just don't hurt us...

David pulls out his wallet and tries to hand it to Ben.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Take it...

Ben just smirks as he swats away the wallet. It goes skittering away beneath the couch.

BEN

Give me the rope.

Sadie goes to the "hospital" bag and pulls out a length of rope. She tosses it to Ben.

Ben puts down the rifle and starts to bind David--

BEN (CONT'D)

(to Sadie)

You'll have your baby soon.

--as Ben says this, in a moment of distraction, David LAUNCHES himself at Ben, catching him off-guard.

David knocks the bigger Ben off-balance.

Jessica grabs the distraught Sadie before she can help, holding her tight.

Ben staggers, his eyes going mean. He turns on David, coming at him--

--when David grabs a glass lamp and SMASHES it hard across his face.

The glass shatters. Ben staggers, his mouth bloody. David hits him again, HARD.

Blood spurts. Ben falls to the ground, unconscious.

Sadie watches, silent, something inside her turning hard.

David takes the length of rope and begins to bind up Ben--

--as Sadie RIPS free of Jessica with an almost animal strength.

She heads towards David, intent, something flashing in her hand.

JESSICA

David, watch out...!

David turns from Ben -- but it's too late.

Sadie is on him. He looks at her -- then down.

*There is a knife in his side. Blood is slowly staining his shirt.*

David stares into her cold eyes. Sadie shoves the knife in deeper.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

NO...!!!

David slowly collapses to the ground, clutching at Sadie.

As he falls, David turns to Jessica.

DAVID

(fading)

Run!...Get out of here...

Jessica stares, frozen with horror as David collapses lifeless to the floor.

Sadie turns to face Jessica, bloody knife in hand.

As Sadie gets to her feet, David's stiff clutch still grabs at her, trying to protect his wife and child.

As she pries his weakening fingers off, Sadie's shirt shifts--  
--and we see a pillow strapped to her flat belly.

Disgusted at the gasping bloody David, Sadie kicks the rug over him.

Frozen with shock, Jessica stares at the pillow -- then at the bloody knife in Sadie's hand.

The dots connect.

Jessica RUNS.

She dashes through the house as fast as her pregnant body will carry her.

The front door blocked by Sadie, Jessica runs down the hall and--

INTO THE BATHROOM

Frantic, she locks the door behind her.

Jessica grabs the phone, madly punching in 911.

Behind her Sadie POUNDS on the bathroom door.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)  
What's your emergency?

JESSICA  
*HELP ME. PLEASE HELP.*

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Is the perpetrator still there?

JESSICA  
*Yes...please help me...*

Jessica sees the blade of a bloodstained knife slipping into the door frame as Sadie tries to pry the lock.

Jessica drops the phone and turns to the window, throwing it open. She starts to try and squeeze herself through.

Sadie's blade WIGGLES the lock.

Jessica continues trying to squeeze through the window. Halfway out now.

She squeezes and squeezes -- struggling to get her pregnant body out -- but she's just too big.

The lock POPS.

*The bathroom door swings slowly open.*

Sadie strides in.

She yanks Jessica backwards by her hair.

Jessica grabs for something to hold onto, but cannot get purchase, her hand sweeping madly across the sink counter.

*Shampoo and moisturizer bottles clatter to the floor.*

Jessica fights against Sadie, kicking and scratching at her.

She bites her hand and Sadie relents for a moment. Jessica falls free, whacking her head on the toilet bowl. Dazed, she wobbles away from Sadie, crawling into the shower stall, trying to hide.

SADIE  
Jessica...

Sadie pushes through the shower curtain, reaching for Jessica -- *just as she saw in the hauntings--*



--and hauls the groggy Jessica out of the stall, pulling her across the cold modern tile.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sadie drags Jessica down the hallway.

Jessica CRIES out. Sadie pays her no mind.

Jessica turns and sees that Sadie is pulling her towards the master bedroom.

JESSICA

No...no!

FLASH -- to the blood spilling across Jessica's sheets.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

NO...! Not my baby!

Jessica tries to grab out, grasping the floor, scraping the wall, anything to stay away from the bedroom.

Jessica's nails DIG into the walls as Sadie drags her -- SCRAAAATCH, SCRAAAATCH, SCRAAAATCH -- *making the same wild scratching sounds that she heard earlier.*

But Sadie will not be deterred, the slight young woman fueled by a primal ferocity.

Sadie pulls the crying Jessica--

INTO THE BEDROOM

--and SLAMS the door shut behind her. *Just like before.*

Sadie roughly tries to shove Jessica up onto the bed.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

No...

She fights against her, anything but that bed.

She wriggles free, her hands grabbing at the dresser shelves, *pulling them out--*

--but Sadie is too strong. She hauls Jessica up onto the bed.

Jessica fights wildly, scratching at her captor -- when Sadie SLAPS her hard, knocking pregnant Jessica back, stunning her.

Sadie gets up on top of Jessica and ties her up to the bedposts with bungee cords from her hospital bag.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
(crying)  
Why are you doing this...??

Sadie doesn't say a word as she finishes binding Jessica.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Don't hurt my baby...!

Sadie turns to Jessica's face, shoving a sock into her mouth. While close, Sadie pauses, looking coldly at Jessica.

SADIE  
I would never hurt a child. Not like you.

Sadie wraps gaffers tape around Jessica's face, holding the sock in place.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
I should never have had a miscarriage. I was always meant to be a mother. It's who I am. So I waited. You were never meant to be a mother. I could tell. All you care about is yourself. Not the baby. I tried to protect the baby, keep you from hurting it. But you wouldn't listen. Now I'm going to make things right. The way they were supposed to be.

Jessica shakes her gagged head, weeping, as Sadie calmly goes about her business.

Focused, Sadie turns back to her bag. She takes out printed surgical instructions from a website.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, Jessica. The baby's going to be fine.

Sadie takes out a box-cutter from the bag. She ratchets out the blade.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
I know what I'm doing.

She takes out a lighter and holds its flame to the box cutter's blade, sterilizing the metal.

Sadie turns to Jessica and gently lifts her shirt up.

Jessica's engorged belly is exposed. Her breath goes up and down wildly as she hyperventilates.

Sadie stares at Jessica's belly. A sick sweet smile spreads across her face.

She lays the blade flat against Jessica's stomach and gently touches Jessica, soothing the restless child inside.

SADIE (CONT'D)

It's okay. Mommy's here.

Jessica yanks at her restraints, desperate.

Sadie smiles as she lifts the blade, checking her internet instructions before making the incision.

Every cell in her body pulling, veins pulsing, Jessica strains and strains--

--until she's able to yank one hand free, just a few fingers.

Her hand flaps around, searching for something, anything to protect her child with, *knocking over books and magazines--*

--when her fingers land on the knitting needles on her night table.

Sadie touches the tip of the blade to Jessica's belly. Its point pricks the taut skin.

Jessica's hand wraps around the long needle, wielding it with maternal fury--

--as she SLASHES out at Sadie.

The knitting needle JABS into Sadie's arm, KNOCKING it away from Jessica's belly before she can cut.

Sadie turns on Jessica. Box-cutter in hand. Cold madness in her eyes.

--when Jessica jerks her arm free and SLASHES at Sadie again.

The needle goes into Sadie's neck, penetrating an artery.

Blood SPURTS.

Sadie stares at Jessica for a moment, knitting needle sticking out of her neck, a strange sadness about her.

SADIE (CONT'D)

My baby...

--and falls forward as red blood pulses from her neck, oozing across the sheets.

Jessica pulls back as blood flows across the white sheets -- *just as in her vision.*

Jessica grabs the box-cutter away from the bleeding Sadie, desperately cutting at her bonds, trying to free herself.

Sadie slides off the slick bed, falling to the ground with a thump, the life pulsing out of her.

Jessica gets her other hand free. She rips the tape from her mouth, pulling out the sock--

*--when a bloody hand reaches up, grasping for Jessica.*

Sadie's head rises over the lip of the bed as she tries to pull herself up, staring at Jessica with sad eyes -- then falls to the floor.

Sadie is dead. Jessica and her baby are alive.

Covered in blood, but alive.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jessica staggers out of the bedroom and down the hallway.

She is spattered with blood, in shock, still holding the knife.

In the living room she stops, staring at the carnage. The bloody rug covering her husband.

Tears pour down her face, uncontrollable.

*--when something moves under the rug.*

*Fingers, the shape of a hand reaching up to her -- just as in her haunting.*

Jessica RUSHES to the rug, throwing it back.

There is David. Bloody, but alive.

Jessica holds him for dear life.

Flashing red and blue lights fill the living room as emergency help arrives outside.

Jessica and David embrace. He smiles through his pain.

We hold tight on their embrace, her tears of terror now tears of joy.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END