

20 CONTINUED:

20

Hugh pushes a small cloth over Jay's mouth. She tries to move away, but he holds her head down until her eyes close. She stops struggling.

Jay rests quietly again - a cheek on the leather seat. A half open mouth. A drop of drool. A long and deep breath.

Darkness.

The sound of wood being dragged across a concrete floor.

A metal door closes.

Footsteps. Breathing.

Jay slowly opens her eyes.

21 INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

21

Jay looks around the old factory floor. A giant open space lit dimly by moonlight and distant street-lamps. Several stories up, treetops line the windows.

Hugh walks along the far edge of the space, waving a flashlight out windows and down long running hallways.

Jay half-focuses her eyes. She takes a few deep breaths.

The girl is drowsy - still under the chemical spell of an inhaled narcotic.

Looking down, Jay sees her arms and legs tied tightly to a wheelchair. She squirms and pulls but she can't move. Her body isn't fully responsive.

Hugh looks back from across the warehouse floor.

HUGH

Jay? Are you awake?

Jay stares across the darkness at Hugh as he slowly walks over. She tugs lightly against the rope and cloth bonds. Her eyes sag within their sockets.

Hugh stops in front of her. He leans down and looks at her face. He looks frightened. His eyes are watery. His face is red - like he's been crying.

HUGH

I'm sorry.

Jay tries to talk. Drool edges out the crease of her mouth.

JAY

Whuuutttt aarrhhh youuhhh doinggggggg?

(CONTINUED)

HUGH

I'm not gonna hurt you. Don't worry.

Jay stares at him with deep fear.

Hugh turns and shines his flashlight into the darkness. He scans the room. Jay watches.

She opens her mouth as if to yell, but it's nothing but a hollow gasp - a mimic of a dry heave.

Hugh shushes her with a gesture and continues waving the beam of light around the warehouse.

HUGH

You won't believe me, but I need you to remember what I'm saying.

Jay stares in fright.

HUGH

OK?

Jay nods her head - ok.

HUGH

This thing...

Hugh looks around the room slowly.

HUGH

...It's gonna follow you.

Jay eyes Hugh with growing concern. This is getting worse.

Hugh points his light towards a distant doorway. It's empty.

Jay pulls against her ties - trying to get free.

JAY

(with a gasp)

Hellllppppppp.

Hugh turns and looks at Jay's pretty face.

HUGH

Somebody gave it to me. I passed it to you... back in the car.

Jay's eyes widen - terrified.

HUGH

It can look like people you know... or it can be a stranger in a crowd... whatever helps it get close to you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

HUGH (cont'd)

Sometimes I think it looks like people
you love just to hurt you... scare
you... make fun of you.

Hugh stands up and rushes to a nearby window. He aims his
light outside towards the ground.

HUGH

I see it.

Jay cranes her neck up trying to look out the far-off window.
She sees nothing.

Hugh runs over and wheels Jay's chair towards the window. Jay
looks out and down towards the adjacent field. It's dark, but
she catches a glimpse of a middle-aged, naked woman slowly
walking around the corner of the building.

Jay's eyes show fear and shock.

JAY

Whhhooooo isss??

Hugh wheels Jay back to the center of the room.

HUGH

You can get rid of it. Sleep with
someone else as soon as you can. Just
pass it on. If it gets you, it'll come
after me... you understand?

JAY

No.

Jay starts to cry.

Hugh shushes her.

The room is quiet.

Hugh looks around - listening.

They wait - longer still.

We see Jay's eyes in close-up as she watches. We see her
point-of-view: empty halls and dark doorways.

Nothing still.

Then...

There's a shuffling sound from a distant hallway. Hugh points
his light into the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

Jay cries in silence, looking towards the beam of light at the far end of the warehouse.

Finally...

A naked middle-aged woman emerges from the very distant shadows - slowly walking.

Jay watches - puzzled and scared.

JAY
Whooo isszzz atttehh?

The naked woman, still far away, creeps along staring at Jay.

JAY
Whudddda fucckk d'youu wannnttt???

The woman contorts the muscles in her mouth - oddly - revealing teeth and tongue. She continues walking forward. Jay cringes and looks to Hugh.

HUGH
Jay, I'm doing this to help you... so
you know it's real.

Hugh points his flashlight at the woman as he circles closer to her.

Hugh stands along the edge of the woman's path, waving slightly in her direction. She doesn't look at him - only at Jay.

Jay shakes in her chair, pulling at her restraints. She stares up at the naked woman - still over 50 feet away.

JAY
Ehhhhh. Noooo...

The middle-aged woman opens her mouth again, straining the muscles in her throat.

JAY
Huuughhhhh!

Another step closer. And another.

Hugh runs across the room and spins the wheelchair around. He pushes Jay down the darkened hall as the nude woman follows behind.

Jay stares ahead in shock - passing rotting walls and rusted industrial equipment.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (4)

21

HUGH

Never go anywhere that doesn't have
more than one way out. It's very
slow, but it's not dumb.

Jay looks down at her bare legs and the passing floor. Her
eyes are heavy.

22 EXT. DARK LOT - NIGHT

22

Tires kick up dirt.

From a distance, we watch as the old Ford swerves around the
corner and drives off down the road - racing away from the
abandoned building.

23 EXT. JAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

23

Kelly sits on the stoop of her front porch with her
neighborhood friends. They're playing 'Old Maid'. Paul pours
liquor from his flask into a Coke can. Yara reads from her
pink-shell-compact cell phone while sorting her hand of cards.

KELLY

Can I have some?

PAUL

Yeah.

Paul hands Kelly the can of pop. She takes a sip and cringes
from the taste. Gross.

Kelly shakes off the sting of cheap booze and examines her
cards. She holds the old maid card - unfortunately.

She tries to maintain her poker face while looking back at
Paul.

YARA

(reading from her cell
phone)

Listen to this... "I think that if one
is faced by inevitable destruction --
if a house is falling upon you, for
instance -- one must feel a great
longing to sit down, close one's eyes
and wait, come what may . . ."

KELLY

That's why we're drinking on the
porch.

Paul grins and looks over at Kelly. Yara mutters a fake laugh.

(CONTINUED)