

BLACK

*

SEAN (O.S.)

It's said that in the past 70 years more than 40 people have disappeared inside Prospect Point Cemetery.

FADE IN:

EXT. PROSPECT POINT CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Four teens stand outside of an old overgrown cemetery. High stone walls surround the medium sized cemetery. A high wrought iron gate wrapped in a heavy chain blocks passage into the place.

From the inside, blank, century-old gravestones nestled in tall grasses stare back at SEAN MCCLINTON (18, studious) and his friends, HUGH, JASON, and ERIC. Everyone stands there, enraptured.

SEAN

Supposedly, if you go there at midnight on Halloween and walk in a circle thirteen times the Devil himself comes up to take your soul.

HUGH

I went in there on Halloween. I didn't see anything.

JASON

That's 'cause you had your eyes closed the whole time, pussy.

Eric punches Jason in the shoulder.

ERIC

I heard that Shannon Daughtry and Lucas Hamilton went up there one night. Shannon went missing for a whole day. They found her in the woods, mumbling something about demons trying to drag her into hell.

HUGH

I heard something about that.

JASON

Anybody ever spend a whole night there?

Everyone is quiet for a moment.

SEAN
I spent a night right here, outside
the gates.

HUGH
Shit. No way.

JASON
Did you see anything?

Sean is quiet for a moment.

HUGH
Sean?

SEAN
No. Nothing happened.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

YOUNG GRACE MCCLINTON (9, serious for her age), sits at a small table in a large kitchen eating a bowl of cereal. The clock on the wall says 2:05. She turns the pages of a thick novel.

Suddenly, she hears a BUMP coming from upstairs. She looks up, but then returns to her magazine.

BUMP. Now she gets up and goes to investigate.

INT. STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

She slowly ascends the dark, ornate staircase. She hears a RUSTLING coming from the second floor.

YOUNG GRACE
Who's there?

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sean reaches into his closet and pries a floorboard loose. He takes out a camera and stuffs it into his backpack. He zips it up and slings it over his shoulder.

YOUNG GRACE (O.S.)
Where are you going?

Sean jumps. Grace is right behind him.

SEAN

Jesus, Gracie, you scared the shit
outta me. Go back to bed.

YOUNG GRACE

Not until you tell me where you're
going, or I'll tell Dad that you
swore.

SEAN

I have something to do, all right?
And I'm 18, I can say whatever I
want.

He walks out of the room; Grace follows.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Sean heads for the front door. Grace stands in his way.

YOUNG GRACE

You always tell me everything. Now
where're you going?

SEAN

I'll be back before dawn, then I'll
tell you everything.

He works his way around Grace and opens the door.

YOUNG GRACE

You're going to Prospect Point,
aren't you?

He hesitates for a moment.

SEAN

No.

YOUNG GRACE

I heard you talking about it to Dan
Williamson after school yesterday.
No one's supposed to go in there.

SEAN

Just go back to bed, Gracie. I'll
see you in the morning.

He's out the door. Grace stares out the window. Shifting her
weight from one foot to the other and anxiously gnawing her
bottom lip.

EXT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

A broken-down car dominates the small driveway. Grace, wearing a coat over her pajamas, lifts the kickstand on her bike and heads out of the driveway.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Guided by the light of the full moon, Grace pedals her bike down the rural road. Dark woods stand on either side of the road. Ahead in the distance, Grace follows the shadowy form of Sean.

EXT. DIRT PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Now armed with a flashlight, she cautiously navigates her bike through the winding path in the woods.

YOUNG GRACE
 (whispering to herself)
 You are going to Prospect Point.
 Jerk.

Suddenly, a coyote lunges across the path. Grace swerves out of the way just in time but slams into a tree and falls off her bike. She hits her head on a rock.

Grace slowly gets up and retrieves her flashlight, it's broken. She checks her bike, the tire is warped. She looks up and down the path, debating.

YOUNG GRACE (CONT'D)
 Sean?

She checks her head, feels her head and checks her hand - blood.

After one last glance around, Grace continues up the path.

YOUNG GRACE (CONT'D)
 Sean? You owe me a new bike, I hope
 you know.

Nearby, a twig SNAPS. Grace jumps and looks into the dark woods.

YOUNG GRACE (CONT'D)
 Okay, but you at least owe me a
 ride home.

Up ahead, Grace hears a SCREAM, it sounds like Sean.

YOUNG GRACE (CONT'D)

Sean?

She runs up the path, using the moonlight to guide her.

EXT. PROSPECT POINT CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Grace runs around a bend in the path and stands before Prospect Point Cemetery.

Grace sneaks up to the gate and peers in.

A light shines from within the cemetery. It's Sean's flashlight, lying on the ground.

Grace's eyes grow wide at what she sees.

Sean continues to SCREAM. The light of Sean's flashlight shows Sean being dragged into the darkness beyond. He claws the ground for dear life, leaving claw marks in his wake.

A tall shadowy figure stands nearby, watching it all happen; it doesn't acknowledge Grace.

Grace continues to stare as a small puddle of urine gathers at her feet and a line of blood oozes down from her forehead.

EXT. NORSTONE - DAY

A used VW Jetta heads through the zooms past the multicolored October foliage of Norstone, Massachusetts. Grace speeds past several closed shops and large abandoned houses. The town is clearly past its prime.

INT. GRACE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

GRACE MCCLINTON (24, a tattooed rebel), heads down the street paying little attention to the speed limit or to the stop sign ahead. Her eyes have dark circles under them and she sucks down the remainder of an iced coffee.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Grace's car speeds right through a stop sign. A moment later, a police car pulls out of its hiding spot, lights flashing.

EXT. GRACE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Grace waits at the side of the road. OFFICER AGNES SANDRASON (43, beautiful and stern) checks out Grace's license and plate, holding a ticket pad in her hand. She walks over to Grace's window and leans in.

AGNES
(Slight southern accent)
How long are you staying?

GRACE
I moved back.

AGNES
Since when?

GRACE
A while.

AGNES
Then why do you still have
Washington state license plates and
drivers license?

GRACE
I've been busy unpacking. Surprised
my dad didn't tell you.

AGNES
Look, Ms. McClinton-

GRACE
Please, Agnes, call me Grace.

Agnes stops for a moment, and stares down at her ticket pad.

AGNES
Look, Ms. McClinton, this isn't
your first offense but I'm going to
let it slide. Just get it done
soon, okay?

GRACE
Sure thing, Aggie.

AGNES
Get going.

Agnes walks away from the car and stares at Grace as she pulls away.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Grace sits in a booth across from PASTOR JACOB MCCLINTON (58, kind face, looks older than his years). Both stare down at their half empty coffees. Grace reaches in her purse for a cigarette.

JACOB
Gracie, you just had one.

GRACE
Oh, yeah, I totally forgot.

She lights the cigarette and takes a long drag.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Guess I'm just stupid like that
sometimes.

She blows smoke in Jacob's face. Long pause.

JACOB
So, have you finished unpacking
yet?

GRACE
Dad, I've been back for three
months, what do you think?

JACOB
I bet little old Norstone,
Massachusetts is a lot different
from Seattle.

Grace is silent.

JACOB
So, do you want to talk?

GRACE
Talk. Wow dad, that's...that's a
good idea. What do you think we
should talk about?

JACOB
Grace, you know what today is.

Grace takes a sip of her coffee.

GRACE
'Course. It's Wednesday. Does that
really constitute a cup of coffee
with your daughter?

JACOB
It's been 15 years.

GRACE
Yeah. I guess it has. Wow, 15 years. Huh. And, guess what? This is the first time you even mentioned it.

JACOB
We all handle loss in different ways, Grace.

GRACE
Yeah, well, I guess I didn't think forgetting about your son would be your way of dealing--

JACOB
I never forgot about Sean.

GRACE
Then why the fuck didn't you ever look for him?

An elderly couple at the next table glare at Grace; she stares them down.

JACOB
You know I never stopped looking. Sean was an adult and he left on his own.

GRACE
I told you what I saw that night.

JACOB
Grace, it was dark, you had a head injury, and you were tired. It could have been anything.

GRACE
You sound just like the goddamn doctors.

Grace fiddles with her napkin. Jacob takes her arm and looks at the list of names, ages and dates tattooed onto it.

JACOB (CONT'D)
You have the names of everyone that has ever supposedly disappeared in that cemetery tattooed onto your body. And yet you have never set foot in that place yourself.

She yanks her arm away.

JACOB (CONT'D)

It's time to let it go, honey. I lost Sean, I don't want to lose you any more than I already have.

GRACE

I trust you'll let me know if anyone else disappeared while I was gone. I still have some blank skin left.

Grace finishes her cigarette, drops it in Jacob's coffee and walks out.

INT. GENERAL STORE - LATER

The place is crowded with parents buying candy and children begging for cheap Halloween costumes. Grace works her way around everyone trying to get a few meagre groceries. Parents give her a wide berth. A BROTHER and SISTER argue over a pumpkin costume.

BROTHER

I saw it first!

SISTER

No, I did!

BROTHER

You want me leave you in Prospect Point? I'll bet the monsters are hungry.

SISTER

Mom!

The girl runs away crying.

Grace glares down at the boy.

BROTHER

What are you looking at?

He walks away. Grace glares at him.

WILSON (O.S.)

Get the hell out of the way.

Grace turns and sees a smiling WILSON KELLEY (60, tall, too thin). She smiles back at the man.

GRACE
Sorry, Doctor, I didn't know we
were sharing aisles.

Wilson tucks her hair behind her ear.

WILSON
I retired years ago, Grace. You can
call me Wilson.

GRACE
Sure thing, Doc.

WILSON
Heard you were back in town. You
planning on staying?

GRACE
I think so.

WILSON
How's your father?

GRACE
Religious. How's your son?

WILSON
As well as can be expected,
considering. But didn't you hear?
Joe's the sheriff now.

GRACE
So maybe I won't stay for long,
then.

Wilson laughs.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Give him condolences.

WILSON
I'll be sure to tell him you said
that.

They go their separate ways.

INT. GRACE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Keys JINGLE in the lock, the door opens. Grace comes in with
a bag. She turns on the light and walks into the kitchen. The
place is mostly empty, filled with unpacked boxes.

She unpacks groceries, mostly frozen dinners, and shoves them into the freezer. Outside, rain pours down and a distant RUMBLE of thunder can be heard.

As Grace shoves the remainder of the dinners into the freezer, a breeze blows her hair. She turns around and notices the plastic grocery bags being gently blown around by a breeze.

Grace opens a drawer and pulls out a kitchen knife and slowly walks into the next room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grace immediately turns on a lamp, illuminating the large living room, also filled with unpacked boxes.

The window is broken, glass litters the floor, spots of blood mingle with the glass. Outside, the rain pours down.

Behind Grace a figure emerges from the darkened bedroom. Grace freezes up and grips the knife tightly.

She turns quickly, brandishing the knife, her eyes open wide when she sees...

ELIZABETH HARCOURT (18, beautiful, soaking wet and panicked). She throws her back up against the nearest wall when Grace turns around.

Grace slowly approaches the girl. Elizabeth slides down the wall and curls up into a fetal position, whimpering quietly to herself.

Grace cautiously approaches her, not getting too close.

GRACE

Who are you?

Elizabeth begins crying. Blood oozes out from the soles of her feet.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I don't have any drugs here if that's what you're looking for.

ELIZABETH

(Whispering)

Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners...

GRACE

I'm calling the police.

Grace grabs the phone.

ELIZABETH
Don't send me back there!

GRACE
Back where? Where did you come
from?

ELIZABETH
Don't make me go back, they'll hurt
me. They'll cut me! They'll-

Suddenly she grabs a large piece of glass and RAMS it into her arm; she SCREAMS in pain. The injury sends her to the floor, gurgling and convulsing.

GRACE
Fuck!

Grace drops the knife, grabs a cloth and does her best to staunch the bleeding.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Only a few patients and nurses populate the hospital at this hour. Grace sits on the edge of a chair, waiting anxiously.

A DOCTOR (35), approaches Grace; he reads a chart as he walks.

DOCTOR
Ms. McClinton?

Grace stands.

GRACE
Yes?

DOCTOR
I understand that you were the one
that brought the girl in.

GRACE
Yes, I was. Is she all right?

The doctor flips through some pages on the chart.

DOCTOR
She has a deep laceration on her
arm but she'll be all right.
(MORE)

DOCTOR (cont'd)

She also sustained some minor cuts on her feet, probably when she broke into your apartment. Otherwise she's a healthy 18 year-old girl.

GRACE

She wasn't on drugs?

DOCTOR

We found no drugs in her system.

The doctor sits down and motions for Grace to do the same.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

She's heavily sedated right now, but she's been through a very traumatic experience. Her memory is choppy at best, she could barely remember her own name. You can go in and see her if you like.

INT. ELIZABETH'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grace walks in and sees Elizabeth sleeping in the bed surrounded by monitors.

Grace walks over to her and watches the girl sleep. She walks over to the chart at the end of the bed and reads it.

Grace stares at the chart.

INSERT CHART: Elizabeth Harcourt.

The chart drops to the floor.

Grace slowly looks down at her trembling arm.

Halfway down the arm, amongst the names of those that disappeared in Prospect Point reads: Elizabeth Ann Harcourt, 18. Disappeared Friday, October 18, 1985

EXT. ROSE HILL CEMETERY - LATER AFTERNOON

Countless pristine graves cover the manicured lawn. SHERIFF JOSEPH KELLEY (40, commanding and cheerless) stands before two gravestones.

INSERT GRAVESTONE: Sheila Marie Kelley. Beloved wife and mother.

INSERT GRAVESTONE: August Jonathan Kelley. Beloved son.

He looks down at a photograph in his hand. The picture appears fairly recent and shows him, Sheila, and a six year-old August smiling in front of a Christmas tree.

He turns and walks back to his cruiser, crumbling the picture in his hand as he walks.

EXT. WILSON KELLEY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Sheriff Kelley pulls into the driveway of a beautiful old Victorian. A REPORTER (male, 20's) approaches his car as Sheriff Kelley gets out.

REPORTER

Hello, Sheriff Kelley. I'm with the Milboro Chronicle and I'd like to ask you a few questions about the recent allegations.

Sheriff Kelly heads towards the house.

SHERIFF KELLEY

No comment.

REPORTER

Would you like to comment on the fact that the police commissioner has decided to let you stay on as Sheriff of Norstone despite the allegations of heroine use?

SHERIFF KELLEY

I said no comment!

He's in the door.

INT. WILSON KELLEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Wilson lays in bed watching TV. Sheriff Kelley walks in. He goes to the window and peers out.

WILSON

That asshole still out there? I told him to leave.

Sheriff Kelley gives his father a quick kiss on the head.

SHERIFF KELLEY

How'd the treatment go today?

WILSON

Same as always.

Kelley sits down next to his father.

SHERIFF KELLEY
They getting all of it?

Wilson is quiet.

SHERIFF KELLEY (CONT'D)
C'mon dad, you're not dying.

WILSON
Who's the doctor in the room, Joe?

Kelley gets back up and goes into the kitchen.

SHERIFF KELLEY
Doctors make the worst patients.
Just let your doctors do their job.

He comes back in with a glass of milk and hands it to Wilson.
He sits down on the edge of the bed and stares at his father.

EXT. OUTSIDE PROSPECT POINT CEMETERY - DAY

A breeze blows dead leaves around Grace's feet. She stands in front of the tall gates and stares into the cemetery. The large rusted chain and padlock are still wrapped around the gates. A wind blows and the gates creak slightly. Grace walks towards them, tempted.

She grasps the one of the gates and stares into the cemetery.

She turns to leave and notices something near the wall.

A set of fresh muddy footprints extend from the wall into the woods.

EXT. JACOB MCCLINTON'S HOUSE - DAY

The large house was once a beautiful Victorian. Grace walks up to the front door and rings the bell. She paces back and forth, pausing only to nervously chip at some peeling paint. Jacob opens the door.

JACOB
Grace?

GRACE
I need to talk to you.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Jacob pours Grace a cup of tea. She continues to pace around the large kitchen.

GRACE
Her name is Elizabeth Harcourt.

JACOB
The name sounds a little familiar.

GRACE
She disappeared in Prospect Point
over twenty years ago.

Jacob stops pouring.

JACOB
Grace--

GRACE
She hasn't aged a day and she
doesn't know where she's been.

JACOB
Grace--

Grace nervously dries dishes and puts them away in the wrong cupboards.

GRACE
She's the only one that's ever come
back from that place. Maybe she's
seen Sean--

JACOB
Grace!

Grace drops a coffee cup on the floor, it shatters.

GRACE
What?

JACOB
Don't do this.

GRACE
Don't do this? Dad, this could be
what we've been looking for!

JACOB
She's not who you think.

GRACE

Yes she is--

JACOB

I said I recognized the name because I read about her in the newspaper last year. She ran away from home twenty years ago and she was found dead in Boston last year. Her parents identified her and everything.

Grace begins cleaning up the mess.

GRACE

Well, they were wrong. It's her.

She continues cleaning; Jacob stops her.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Leave it. Let it go.

Grace gets up.

GRACE

I'll be up in my room getting some things.

She begins walking out.

JACOB

He ran away, Grace. The fact is that he just didn't want to live here anymore.

She stops at the door.

GRACE

If he ran away, it would have been because of what you did. So maybe you should start believing in Prospect Point. You'll sleep better at night.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amidst the unpacked boxes, Grace hangs old newspaper clippings on the walls.

Each clipping is a different news story of someone that disappeared in Prospect Point.

INSERT HEADLINE: Young Woman Disappears

INSERT HEADLINE: The Disappearance of Abigail Elwiss

INSERT HEADLINE: Missing Boy

Grace sits on her bed and opens her laptop.

On the screen is a news story.

INSERT HEADLINE: Local Girl Missing

INSERT PHOTO: An old picture of Elizabeth

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The place is bustling with patients and doctors now. Grace walks up to the front desk. A NURSE (female, 40's) turns and sees Grace.

NURSE
May I help you?

GRACE
Yes, hi, I'm inquiring about a patient that was brought in last night.

NURSE
Name?

GRACE
Elizabeth Harcourt.

The nurse checks the computer.

NURSE
Says here that she checked out this morning.

GRACE
What? Where'd she go? Did someone pick her up?

DOCTOR (O.S.)
Miss McClinton?

Grace turns and sees the doctor from last night.

GRACE
Yes, doctor. I need to speak with Elizabeth Harcourt.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry but Miss Harcourt made a call to her parents last night and they picked her up this morning.

Grace stands there, bewildered.

INT. GRACE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Grace drives on a small back road. Soon an old house, barely noticeable, emerges from the trees. Grace pulls the car to the side of the road and looks out the window.

INSERT MAILBOX: Harcourt

EXT. HARCOURT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The old Victorian house has recently been renovated. Grace stands on the porch. She knocks on the door, it opens slightly at her knock.

GRACE

Hello?

She opens the door further.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Hello? Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt?
Elizabeth?

She steps into the house.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The place is meticulously clean with at least a dozen crucifixes adorning the walls.

A staircase extends to the second floor.

A doorway to the left leads to a living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grace walks in. The place is spotless. Pictures of Christ and the Virgin Mary cover the walls.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

This room is also pristine. Several dishes sit in the sink; a crucifix hangs over the kitchen table.

Grace hears a BUMP coming from upstairs.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Grace stands at the bottom of the stairs. She knocks on the wall.

GRACE

Elizabeth? It's Grace McClinton and
I need to talk to you. I'm coming
upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Grace stands in the upstairs hallway, she looks around. There is another BUMP coming from a nearby bedroom.

INT. HARCOURT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grace walks into the room and slams her back against the wall, paralyzed in fear.

Lying in bed is an older couple covered in blood. A large kitchen knife is still embedded in the man's chest. Their dead eyes stare up at the ceiling.

Barely able to move, Grace pulls out her cell phone and dials 911.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

(On the phone)

911, what's your emergency?

Grace cannot speak.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(On the phone)

Hello?

GRACE

They're...they're dead...

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

(On the phone)

Who is dead?

GRACE

They...they were murdered...in
their bed.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

(On the phone)

Miss, I need you to hold it
together for me. We have the
address showing up as 1201 Morgan
Road, is this correct?

GRACE

Yes...

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

(On the phone)

Are you still in the house?

GRACE

Yes...

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

(On the phone)

Okay, I need you to get out of the
house and wait by the road. The
police are on their way. Can you do
that for me?

Suddenly a blood-covered hand shoots up from the other side
of the bed and grabs the knife out of the man's chest,
pulling back down on the other side of the bed.

Grace shuts her phone and edges towards the door.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Please go away...

Grace stops. Slowly, forcefully, she works her way around the
bed, grabbing a heavy-looking statue of the Virgin Mary from
the dresser.

She comes around the far side of the bed and sees Elizabeth
crouched in the corner clutching the bloody knife. Her eyes
wide with fear and her clothes stained in blood.

GRACE

Elizabeth? My God...What did you
do?

ELIZABETH

They'll be all right...They'll be
fine...It's just a little blood...

She drops the knife. Grace cautiously puts down the statue and kneels by the girl, still keeping a safe distance.

GRACE

It's okay, I'm not going to hurt you.

ELIZABETH

They'll be fine! They're fine! It's just a little blood!

She breaks down in tears and sobs.

A POLICE SIREN is heard in the distance.

GRACE

Shit, Elizabeth we have to go. I called the police, they'll take you away.

ELIZABETH

I don't want them to take me away...

GRACE

Then we have to go. C'mon.

Grace pulls Elizabeth to her feet. Unbeknownst to Grace, Elizabeth pockets a pair of sharp scissors.

EXT. HARCOURT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Grace and Elizabeth rush down the walkway towards Grace's car. The SIREN gets louder.

INT. GRACE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

They both get in.

GRACE

Get down.

Elizabeth does. Grace starts up the car and pulls out onto the street.

A moment later a Police cruiser speeds around the bend and flies past Grace. She sighs in relief and continues driving.

EXT. HARCOURT HOUSE - DAY

Police cars line the street and driveway. A dozen officers scour the house and yard.

Down by the street a TV van waits with a cameraman and a REPORTER (female, 20's).

REPORTER

The facts are still unclear but we have learned that a double murder has struck the quiet Massachusetts town of Norstone.

INT. LUCKY IRISH MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

In a dingy motel room, Grace watches the report on an old TV as she frantically paces back and forth. Elizabeth lies on the bed in a fetal position staring out into space.

REPORTER

(On TV)

Edward and Muriel Harcourt, a quiet couple, have been residents of Norstone for over 40 years.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Crime Scene Investigators busy themselves throughout the downstairs, dusting for prints and carefully investigating the house.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Agnes watches as the covered bodies of the Harcourts roll by. She looks around the room; her gaze roaming from the door to the bed. Sheriff Kelley walks in and approaches Agnes.

AGNES

No sign of forced entry. The killer walks to the kitchen, grabs a kitchen knife. Walks upstairs, straight into the bedroom and stabs them in their sleep.

SHERIFF KELLEY

They obviously stabbed one at a time, how did the other one not wake up?

AGNES

Drugged?

SHERIFF KELLEY

We'll run a toxicology. In the mean time let's also check who got stabbed first and where. Maybe the first victim couldn't scream.

An OFFICER comes up from checking under the bed. He is bagging a piece of paper.

OFFICER

Sheriff, Officer Sandrason, you might want to take a look at this.

He hands Sheriff Kelley the bagged paper. On it is a child's drawing of a old building done with red and black crayons.

OFFICER

There's broken crayons all over the floor under the bed.

AGNES

Did the Harcourts take care of any children? Grandchildren? Babysitting?

SHERIFF KELLEY

Their only child ran away from home years ago. She was found dead in Boston last year. Pretty much kept to themselves ever since.

AGNES

Let's hope this isn't some weird calling card.

SHERIFF KELLEY

We'll know soon enough. The place is full of prints.

EXT. LUCKY IRISH MOTEL - NIGHT

The outside looks no better than the inside. Grace's car pulls into a lonely parking lot in front of the office.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Elizabeth still lays on the bed in a fetal position as Grace unzips a piece of luggage.

GRACE

I packed some of my clothes in here for you. You should have everything you need for a few days.

She turns to Elizabeth and kneels by the bed. Elizabeth continues to stare.

ELIZABETH

I killed my parents.

A tear emerges from her eye and drifts down her cheek.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I took a big knife and I put red holes in them.

Grace looks at her. She caresses the tattoo of Sean's name on her arm.

GRACE

What do you remember?

ELIZABETH

I can't remember anything.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Agnes sits at her desk, staring at crime scene photos. She pulls out the drawing and stares at it for a moment before tossing it back down on her desk in frustration. She leans back and rubs her temples. OFFICER FENLEY (30, big) approaches with some papers; Agnes perks up.

AGNES

Please tell me you got something.

OFFICER FENLEY

This just keeps getting weirder.

INT. SHERIFF KELLEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sheriff Kelley is staring at the child's drawing when Agnes walks in.

SHERIFF KELLEY (CONT'D)

What do you got for me?

AGNES

The prints are in, already in the system. Shoplifting back in 1983. You're not going to believe this.

She throws down a file with Elizabeth's photo on it. Sheriff Kelley begins reading.

SHERIFF KELLEY
Elizabeth Harcourt...

AGNES
Her prints were all over the murder
weapon and the bedroom. It looks
like she drew the picture, too.

Sheriff Kelley looks at the file.

AGNES (CONT'D)
Sir, wasn't she declared dead last
year?

SHERIFF KELLEY
Her parents identified her body in
Boston.

He throws the file back down onto the desk.

AGNES
That's not everything, sir. We also
received the toxicology results.
The Harcourts were not drugged.

SHERIFF KELLEY
Listen to me, Agnes. Do not let the
press get a hold of this.

AGNES
Yes sir.

SHERIFF KELLEY
Tomorrow I want you to head down to
the hospital over in Marston. Looks
like Elizabeth was admitted there
the other night with an injury.
Find out who brought her in, if
anybody.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth sits on the bed staring at a game show on the
television. Grace comes in with a large cup of soup.

GRACE
Here, you need to eat.

Elizabeth takes the soup, sipping it carefully. Grace sits
down beside her. They watch television in silence.

ELIZABETH
They used to hurt me.

Grace turns off the TV. Elizabeth keeps staring.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
My parents wanted to be free of sin. So they made me read the Bible every day. And when I didn't, they hurt me. I used to hide out at the old Elwiss farm just to get away from them. But they found me there one day, playing. I was changing the Bible stories, just for fun, to get back at them. My mom took me home and locked me in my room for a month.

GRACE
Is that why you went to the cemetery?

ELIZABETH
I don't remember why I went there...

GRACE
But what about when you were in there? Do you remember anything?

ELIZABETH
I don't wanna remember--

GRACE
Did you see anyone? Do you remember--

ELIZABETH
I can't go back there--

GRACE
Why? What happened in there--

ELIZABETH
They'll hurt me again, they'll hurt me--

GRACE
Who? Who took you?

Elizabeth leaps off the bed, the soup fall to the floor. She covers her ears and steps away from Grace.

ELIZABETH
I don't remember! I don't know!

Grace stands and approaches her.

GRACE
You have to try!

ELIZABETH
I don't know!

GRACE
Sean needs me!

ELIZABETH
Leave me alone!

Grace stops. She sits back down on the bed.

GRACE
I-I'm sorry...

Elizabeth sits back down and stares at the TV. Grace sits back down next to her. Silence.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

The emergency room is small but bustling. Agnes walks in an over to the front desk.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Agnes sits with the doctor that took in Elizabeth, with her note pad out.

AGNES
We have information stating that you treated a woman named Elizabeth Harcourt.

DOCTOR
Yes I did.

AGNES
How would you describe her behavior?

DOCTOR
She was in shock, as though she had experienced some kind of trauma.

AGNES
What about her physical condition?

DOCTOR

She had a deep cut on her arm, apparently self-inflicted and she had lacerations on her feet that were caused by glass and she was somewhat dehydrated. Otherwise she was a healthy teenager.

AGNES

Teenager?

DOCTOR

One of the few things that she remembered besides her name was that she was 18.

AGNES

And who brought her in?

DOCTOR

A woman named Grace McClinton.

INT. POLICE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Agnes, Officer Fenley, OFFICER HELMAN (40's, overweight) and three other officers sit in the small room. Sheriff Kelley stands at a podium.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Grace walks out of the store with a bag of groceries. She keeps her head down and weaves around several people as she quickly walks down the street.

SHERIFF KELLEY (V.O.)

The situation has changed. We're now on the lookout for Grace McClinton.

An officer, out of uniform sits in a car across the street and watches Grace.

EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

Grace looks around before she walks into the parlor. She doesn't notice the unmarked police car across the street.

SHERIFF KELLEY (V.O.)

I want two officers to watch her apartment in shifts and I want two more to keep an eye on her place of employment.

EXT. LUCKY IRISH MOTEL - EVENING

Grace pulls into the lot in front of the room. At the end of the building a man struggles with the soda machine. Grace enters the room; the man turns and watches the door.

SHERIFF KELLEY (V.O.)

We have reason to believe that she may be harboring Ms. Harcourt. When you find Ms. McClinton do not approach her. I just want her followed and watched, let her lead us to Elizabeth.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Grace sits in a chair in the corner staring at the bed. Elizabeth sleeps restlessly.

Grace looks down at the names on her arm. She caresses Sean's name.

Elizabeth whimpers and continues to toss and turn. Grace eyes her. The tossing and turning becomes more violent.

ELIZABETH

(Whispering)

Let go. Let me go...

Grace stands, intrigued.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

I don't wanna...

Grace cautiously walks over to the bed.

Elizabeth SCREAMS and jolts up in bed. She stares blankly. Grace approaches her carefully.

GRACE

It's okay.

She turns on the bedside lamp.

GRACE (CONT'D)

It was just a-

Within seconds, Elizabeth reaches beneath her pillow and pulls out the pair of scissors. She lunges at Grace. The two women fall to the floor. *

Elizabeth thrusts the scissors towards Grace's throat but Grace grabs her arms just in time. *

They hold themselves there for a moment, but Elizabeth is strong and the scissors get closer to their mark.

Elizabeth has a far-away look in her eyes and tears running down her cheeks; they drip down onto Grace's cheeks.

ELIZABETH *

Please kill me...I can't stop them... *

Elizabeth brings her face closer to Grace. The scissors get closer, just touching the skin.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D) *

We like to hurt Sean. We like to make him bleed. *

Elizabeth plunges the scissors deep into Grace's leg. Grace SCREAMS. Elizabeth whispers in Grace's ear. *

ELIZABETH (CONT'D) *

Now you know what it feels like. It was quick for the others. We'll make it last for you. *

Then she's gone. Grace looks and sees the girl throw herself out the window and into the night. *

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A police car skids up in front of the room.

Elizabeth slams through the window and runs.

Agnes and officer Helman get out of the car. Helman aims his gun at Elizabeth while Agnes kicks the motel room door in.

OFFICER HELMAN

Freeze!

Elizabeth keeps running into the darkness. Helman fires two shots. Elizabeth is gone.

AGNES (O.S.)
Helman! Call an ambulance!

INT. AMBULANCE - LATER (MOVING)

A very bloody Grace lies in the stretcher in an out of consciousness. Two paramedics work on her leg.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Barely conscious, Grace is wheeled along by a paramedic. Agnes and a doctor follow close behind.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Grace slowly comes to. She sits up and looks around the hospital room. An unconscious old man lays in the bed next to her. Grace looks at her arm and suddenly realizes that she's handcuffed to the bed.

Agnes walks in.

AGNES
All the luxury suites were taken. I did what I could.

GRACE
Where is she?

AGNES
Oh, you mean the alleged murderer you were harboring? She got away.

GRACE
You know about her?

AGNES
We've been keeping an eye on you. You're welcome, by the way.

GRACE
For what?

AGNES
Another few minutes and you would have been gone. She cut a major artery when she stabbed you. But they managed to save your leg. You'll be walking again in no time.

Agnes sits down next to the bed.

GRACE

You need to let me go. I have to find her.

Agnes stands back up, towering over Grace.

AGNES

Let's get something straight here, we are not friends, and I don't have to do anything.

Agnes sits back down and gets in Grace's face.

AGNES (CONT'D)

You're going to come in and make a statement. You're going to tell me everything I need to know.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Grace sits handcuffed at the table in the stark room. A POLICE INTERROGATOR (female, 40's, terrifying) sits across from her. Her eyes bore holes into Grace's head.

The interrogator throws crime photos of the Harcourts down in front of Grace.

INTERROGATOR

Recognize them?

Grace looks away.

INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)

Take a good look, Ms. McClinton. Because another innocent person is going to look like that pretty soon. And it'll be your fault.

Grace still doesn't look the woman in the eye.

GRACE

(Barely a whisper)
I needed her--

INTERROGATOR

What? Speak up, I can't hear you!

Now Grace looks the interrogator in the face.

GRACE

I needed her to tell me if she saw my brother. Then I was going to turn her in.

INTERROGATOR

Your brother? The one who ran away?

GRACE

He didn't run away! He was taken!
And so was Elizabeth!

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Sheriff Kelley and Agnes watch the interrogation.

AGNES

What do you think?

Sheriff Kelley stares off into space.

SHERIFF KELLEY

Let her go.

AGNES

Sir?

He walks away.

SHERIFF KELLEY

In my office, now.

INT. SHERIFF KELLEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Agnes follows Sheriff Kelley in and shuts the door.

AGNES

Sir, what is going on here? She
committed a crime.

SHERIFF KELLEY

I know damn well what she did. But
it's also obvious that she's
harmless. Deluded maybe, but
harmless.

AGNES

Sir, I hope I'm not out of line,
but she can't just walk away after
harboring a murderer.

SHERIFF KELLEY

She's not. I have an assignment for
you, Agnes.

AGNES

Sir?

SHERIFF KELLEY

I want you to keep an eye on Grace. She's probably going to track down the killer again and I want to know where she is.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Agnes sits at her desk going over files on her computer. She looks down at a photo of Elizabeth. Officer Helman walks over to his desk with a coffee.

AGNES

Hey, Helman

OFFICER HELMAN

Yes, mom?

AGNES

I'm not your mom. Hey, I need you to do something for me.

Officer Helman walks over to Agnes' desk.

AGNES (CONT'D)

The Harcourts were pretty rich, right?

OFFICER HELMAN

Sure. Came into some money some years back.

Agnes picks up the photo of Elizabeth.

AGNES

Maybe this girl knew something about it that we didn't.

OFFICER HELMAN

You saying she was there to rob them?

AGNES

I'm not sure. Let's just get a sense of who these people knew and where they got all that money.

OFFICER HELMAN

I'm on it.

INT. WILSON KELLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

By the light of a small reading lamp Wilson sits up reading the newspaper. The front page story is about the death of the Harcourts.

Towards the bottom of the page is an old picture of Elizabeth, with her disappearance date below it.

Wilson caresses the picture with his fingers.

INT. JACOB MCCLINTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is perfectly organized; everything has its place here. A large statue of the virgin Mary and a crucifix look down upon Jacob as he lays in bed reading the Bible.

He turns the pages slowly, engrossed in each page.

EXT. JACOB MCCLINTON'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

The wind blows leaves around the lonely yard. A twig SNAPS. A shadowy figure steps out of the woods and stares at the house.

INT. JACOB MCCLINTON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The wind whistles outside. Jacob continues to read. BANG, the crucifix falls off the wall. Jacob jumps out of bed. He picks up the cross, kisses it and puts it back on the wall. SLAM, the virgin Mary falls onto the floor at his feet.

Jacob looks around, nervous now. He picks up the statue and puts it back on the dresser.

TEAR. Jacob looks around. TEAR, he looks under the bed, nothing.

TEAR, Jacob looks towards the night stand. He opens up the cabinet door.

A family album is open and photos are scattered around, several fall out and land on the floor.

He picks up one of the photos: it's of Sean and Grace, but it has been torn nearly in half, at their waists.

He looks at another picture: it's of him, also cut around the waist.

Another picture is of Grace - her torso has been ripped from the throat down to the abdomen.

BANG. The crucifix slams down onto the floor in front of Jacob, leaning upside down against the night stand. Jacob jumps back. He gets up, unable to take his eyes off the strange sight.

Behind him, a large kitchen knife is stuck in the mattress. He turns and sees this, gasping in terror. He looks around - no one.

Gulping nervously, he grabs the knife, brandishing it. He heads towards the closet, his trembling hand getting closer and closer to the knob.

He throws the door open - nothing. Jacob heads towards the doorway to his bedroom and the darkened hallway beyond. Two doorways, one on the left wall and one on the right, stand between him and the end of the hall where the phone hangs on the wall, illuminated by the moonlight.

Suddenly a figure steps out at the end of the hall, blocking his view of the phone. The figure walks slowly up the hall towards Jacob. He slams the door and barricades it with a chair.

He turns towards the window, but when he does he notices something else on the bed.

It is a child's drawing of a man (dressed like Jacob) with a bloody wound in his abdomen.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

The figure continues its slow walk towards Jacob's room.

INT. JACOB MCCLINTON'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Jacob runs to the window and smashes it with a small table. He jumps outside.

EXT. SIDE YARD - CONTINUOUS

Jacob runs towards the house next door.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

He runs onto the porch and knocks frantically on the door. The porch light comes on and the door opens.

INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jacob runs into the house without even looking at the person that opened the door. He paces around.

JACOB
Carl, you have to call the police,
someone's in my...

He looks around - he sees his bed, his dresser, the torn pictures. He's back in his room.

BANG, something hits the door to his room.

He jumps back, then looks at the closet.

INT. CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

The closet is large, but filled with clothes. Jacob pushes himself into the small space and closes the door. All is quiet, except for his BREATHING. BANG, the bedroom door is almost open.

All is quiet.

JACOB
(Whispering to himself)
Holy Mary, mother of God--

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
(Whispering)
--Pray for us sinners.

She's in the closet. Only a few shirts separate the two.

Jacob barely has time to move when Elizabeth lunges at him.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Grace sits in a wheel chair next to her bed flipping through channels. She stares at the TV for a moment, bored. She puts the remote down and tries getting up; it works.

Holding on to everything within reach, Grace manages to walk towards the door.

The door opens, and in walks Agnes. Grace nearly falls but Agnes manages to catch her.

AGNES

Whoa, whoa, whoa, when I said you'd be walking in no time I didn't mean it literally.

She helps her back into the chair.

GRACE

Thanks.

Agnes sits down on the bed, quiet. Grace's eyes widen.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What? Did you find her?

AGNES

Grace, I have something to show you.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD - LATER

Jacob McClinton lies unconscious in bed. His face purple and swollen with injuries and a white bandage is wrapped around his abdomen.

Agnes wheels Grace into the room. Tears flood Grace's eyes and her hand goes to her mouth when she sees her father.

AGNES

They brought him in last night.

GRACE

How did it happen?

AGNES

He was attacked in his home. A neighbor heard screaming and called the police. They found him like this in the closet. He's in a coma.

GRACE

Attacked...

AGNES

Elizabeth's prints were everywhere, Grace.

GRACE

Why's she doing this to us? I just wanted to help her? I needed her to help me.

AGNES

I'll leave you two alone.

Agnes begins to walk out.

GRACE

If you don't believe me, then go
out there. See for yourself.

Grace wheels herself over to the bed. Agnes leaves.

GRACE

Hey daddy.

Her hand caresses his cheek as tears fall down her face.

EXT. PROSPECT POINT CEMETERY - DAY

A squad car pulls up to the gates of the lonely cemetery.
Agnes and Sheriff Kelley emerge from the car.

They walk up to the gates. Sheriff Kelley pulls out an old
set of keys and unlocks the old padlock. The rusted gates
fall to the ground.

Agnes opens the gate and heads in. Sheriff Kelley doesn't
move. Agnes sees this.

AGNES

You coming?

He reluctantly walks in.

They wade their way through knee-high grass nearly stumbling
over several hidden gravestones.

Several ravens CAW from outside the cemetery, fluttering away
into the distance.

Agnes walks over to the large stone near the center. She
walks all around, examining it.

AGNES

Sheriff.

Kelley walks over to the stone. Agnes points all over.

AGNES (CONT'D)

No name, no date. No identification
whatsoever.

SHERIFF KELLEY

I know.

AGNES

What do you mean? Who's buried here?

SHERIFF KELLEY

We don't know.

AGNES

You don't know?

SHERIFF KELLEY

This place's been here for as long as anyone can remember.

AGNES

Well there must be some record.

SHERIFF KELLEY

If there is, it's not in the town hall or the library. And nobody remembers hearing anything about this place either.

Agnes looks around at all the stones. Daunted.

AGNES

All these people...

Sheriff Kelley walks away looking around at all of the stones.

He kicks a couple of old beer bottles out of the way, something catches his attention.

The trees just outside of the walls are filled with large crows. They stand on the branches, unmoving, staring down at him.

Sheriff Kelley just stares in amazement.

AGNES (O.S.)

Sheriff!

Sheriff Kelley snaps out of it and looks around. Agnes stands near the wall, beckoning him over.

He approaches the wall, slowing down as he sees what Agnes sees.

The inside wall of the cemetery is covered with writing - it is the Hail Mary.

Sheriff Kelley and Agnes walk along the inside wall, following the writing, looking for an end.

AGNES (CONT'D)

It covers the entire wall. Who the hell would take the time to--

A massive CAW sounds out as every crow suddenly takes flight.

INT. OLD BARN - EVENING

Elizabeth sits in a forgotten old barn in the middle of the woods. The single room is mostly empty except for a blanket on the floor and a broken mirror on the wall.

Elizabeth stands and stares at the dirty broken mirror. New tears streak down her filthy face.

ELIZABETH

Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners...

Her face suddenly contorts to a look of anger.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Nobody prays for killers.

She shakes her head, pacing around the room.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Shut up! Shut up! People will pray! I won't be like...like...

She turns back to the mirror.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Like us?

She turns away again.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Like you.

She turns to the mirror.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

But you are one of us, Elizabeth. Forgotten by the world, hated by everyone.

She clutches her head and turns away.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

No! Grace...she helped me...

She thrusts her hands against the wall on either side of the mirror, staring at her distorted reflection.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Grace can barely walk and her papa won't live long. All because of you! You're nothing but a tattoo on her arm.

Elizabeth stands up straight and wipes her tears away, staring defiantly at her reflection.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
It wasn't me that killed my parents, or stabbed Grace or attacked Jacob. And she'll know that. And she'll believe me.

Elizabeth punches the mirror, shattering it. She grabs a shard of glass and holds it up to her neck.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
You want to die? All we need to do is slice.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Yes, please...

She takes the shard and stabs her palm, grinding the glass deep into the flesh. Elizabeth SCREAMS, brought to her knees by the pain.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
You'll get to die soon enough. Just remember who's in control.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
(Feeble whisper)
Y-you are...

The glass cuts deeper.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Louder!

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
You are!

She pulls the glass out and throws it down. Elizabeth sobs as she cradles her wounded hand.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners...

INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD - NIGHT

Grace sits beside Jacob's comatose body, nodding off to the sound of medical equipment.

JACOB (O.S.)
I always said you had too many
tattoos.

Grace's head shoots back up.

GRACE
Dad?

Jacob gives her a weak smile and gently takes her hand. Then he notices Grace's wheelchair.

JACOB
Grace-

GRACE
I'm okay. What happened to you?

A tear runs down Jacob's cheek.

JACOB
I don't know...

GRACE
Dad...

JACOB
Yes?

GRACE
I'm sorry about everything. I'm
sorry I blamed you for Sean.

JACOB
Grace, I need to tell you
something. You need to go to my
house. Look under the bed in my
room. You'll find an old metal box.
I need you to keep what's inside.

GRACE
What is it?

He caresses the tattoos on her arm.

JACOB
You're not the only one who was
obsessed with that god-forsaken
place.

INT. WILSON KELLEY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Wilson stands over the sink carefully arranging a row of different medications, each one a different color. He ingests one, then another, and another. After swallowing, he looks down at the remaining pills, trembling with rage. He swipes his hand across the counter, sending the pills flying.

Wilson punches the mirror, breaking it, he turns his rage on the wall, the shower curtain and the hamper.

WILSON

Dammit! Goddammit! Dammit! Dammit!

Dammit!

He sits down on the toilet, exhausted and puts his head in his hands, sobbing.

EXT. JACOB MCCLINTON'S HOUSE - DAY

Grace pulls her car into the driveway. She slowly gets out of the car and limps towards the house.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The place is a mess, obvious signs of struggle litter the room.

Grace reaches under the bed and pulls out a battered metal box. She sits down on the bed and opens it.

A small notebook sits atop a pile of papers. She carefully takes the out everything and opens the notebook.

The pages are covered with scribbled notes and names. Several names are circled: Harcourt, Elizabeth Harcourt, Elwiss, and Abigail Belmont, 10 yrs old - saw something. Diary found in PP.

GRACE

Sean...

INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD - LATER

Grace works her way through a sea of nurses and patients as fast as her injured leg will carry her.

She stops and stares when she sees her father's empty bed.

Agnes stands off to the side speaking with a doctor when she looks over and sees Grace.

AGNES
 (To the doctor)
 Excuse me.

She walks over to Grace, she keeps her distance.

GRACE
 They didn't discharge him, did
 they?

AGNES
 I'm sorry, Grace.

Grace continues to stare at the bed.

AGNES (CONT'D)
 He slipped back into his coma
 around 6:00 this morning. It wasn't
 long after that...He didn't suffer
 any more than he already had.

Grace's legs give out; a nearby nurse catches her just in time. Grace lets out a SCREAM. Agnes watches Grace cry. Tears brew in her eyes.

EXT. ROSE HILL CEMETERY - DAY

A large crowd gathers around the casket of Jacob McClinton. Grace stands at the head of the crowd, close to the casket, looking down at her peaceful father; Agnes stands beside her, tears run down her face. A PASTOR recites a passage from the Bible.

PASTOR
 And yea, though I walk through the
 valley of the shadow of death, I
 will fear no evil...

EXT. WOODS - SAME TIME

Elizabeth stands at the tree line near the cemetery looking at the funeral in the distance.

A tear creeps down her cheek.

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

Elizabeth runs through the woods, sobbing. She trips over a root and stumbles to the ground. She gets to her knees and calls out.

ELIZABETH

Why are you doing this!

She lowers her head and continues to sob.

ABIGAIL BELMONT (O.S.)

Hello, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth slowly raises her head and looks.

On a nearby tree is the shadow of a little girl.

ELIZABETH

Wh-who are you?

ABIGAIL BELMONT

My name is Abigail. I have something to tell you.

INT. JACOB MCCLINTON'S KITCHEN - DAY

The room stands mostly empty, except for a few leftover boxes. Grace packs glasses into a large box. Agnes appears in the doorway. She watches Grace for a moment.

AGNES

Hello, Grace.

Grace tenses up for a moment, then resumes her packing without looking at Agnes.

GRACE

I didn't think you people could just walk into people's houses. Aren't you breaking a law or an amendment or something?

AGNES

I just wanted to say--

GRACE

Then say it.

AGNES

I just wanted to tell you that I'm sorry.

GRACE

For what?

AGNES

Excuse me?

Grace stops packing and faces Agnes.

GRACE

Oh, let's see, sorry that you
fucked my dad and destroyed my
parents' marriage? Sorry that you
made my mother leave and never look
back? Or sorry that my dad is dead?

AGNES

Grace, I--

Grace throws one last remaining glass into the box and takes
a step towards Agnes.

GRACE

Well, c'mon Aggie, if you're
finally gonna be sorry for
something, you're gonna have to be
a little more specific!

Agnes leaves.

EXT. JACOB CLINTON'S DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Agnes hurries out to her cruiser. She braces herself on the
hood of her car, taking deep breaths to keep from crying.

Agnes looks back at the house and sees Grace staring at her
from the window.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Agnes sits at her desk. A pile of paperwork covers her desk
but she stares down at a small photo in her hand.

INSERT PHOTO: Agnes and Jacob, years younger. They embrace
and smile for the camera.

OFFICER HELMAN (O.S.)

Agnes?

She snaps out of her daze and quickly puts the photo away.

AGNES

Yeah...

Officer Helman stands there holding a folder.

OFFICER HELMAN
I looked into the Harcourt's
finances like you asked. Some
interesting shit came up.

AGNES
Like?

He opens the folder and shows Agnes some papers.

OFFICER HELMAN
They've been pretty rich for years
but apparently they had a sudden
windfall about a year ago from an
anonymous benefactor.

Agnes shuffles through the paperwork and digs through her own
notes.

AGNES
Oh my God.

OFFICER HELMAN
What?

AGNES
They received this money right
around the same time that they
identified Elizabeth's body in
Boston.

OFFICER HELMAN
Shit...

Agnes looks up at officer Helman

AGNES
What if somebody paid them off?

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Grace walks slowly along the path. She stares ahead, dazed,
lost in her thoughts.

Suddenly, she notices something on the side of the path, off
into the woods. She steps into the woods to investigate.

A rusted old bicycle lies half-buried in the leaves. Grace
pulls it out.

EXT. PROSPECT POINT CEMETERY - LATER

Grace continues on up the path, walking the destroyed bike by her side. The desolate cemetery lies ahead.

She slowly approaches the massive gates, staring the place down.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A duffle bag sits on Grace's bed. And a map lies next to it. Grace walks over to the bed and stuffs some things into the bed. She picks up the map and stares at it.

INSERT MAP: A local street map. "Elwiss Farm" is written on the map and the intersection of two streets is circled.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Grace pulls her car to the side of the road. She gets out, carrying the duffle bag and looks around.

On the other side of the street a small path winds its way deep into the woods. Grace heads down the path.

EXT. WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

Grace slowly creeps down the path. The woods are thick everywhere now. Grace jumps when she hears the sound of an owl in the distance.

She looks at her map and looks around, nothing.

As Grace continues to walk, a small, shadowy figure can be seen in the underbrush behind her. Grace doesn't see this and she continues walking.

The underbrush and trees begin to thin out. Grace looks ahead and sees an old farmhouse. She looks around carefully. Every time she turns around, a small shadowy figure appears in the underbrush behind her. When she turns, the figure is gone, but then reappears again behind her.

Grace approaches the house.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The place is a 19th century farm house. Two stories of old wood and dark, abandoned windows glare down at Grace.

Grace reaches into her bag and pulls out a small handgun and a flashlight. She shines the light around.

The light falls directly on Elizabeth. Grace has no time to react before Elizabeth tackles her to the ground. Grace struggles to raise the gun, but the girl is stronger than she looks.

ELIZABETH

Why did you come here?

GRACE

Let go!

ELIZABETH

Get away before they come back!
They'll kill you!

Grace manages to turn Elizabeth over and hit her head against a tree. It doesn't knock the girl out but she gives up. Elizabeth curls up in a fetal position against a tree.

Grace stares at the girl and raises the gun to Elizabeth's head. Elizabeth stares down the barrel; tears stream down her face.

ELIZABETH

Holy Mary, mother of God...

GRACE

Shut up!

ELIZABETH

They make me go to sleep...I take a little nap...and they make me do bad things to people...I don't wanna sleep anymore...They're not finished yet...They killed my family...there's two families left...they're not finished yet...

Elizabeth's speech devolves into an inaudible whimper. With a look of horror, Grace stares down at the girl, then looks at the gun in her hand. She puts the gun away.

INT. OLD BARN - LATER

The light of a flashlight separates Grace and Elizabeth. Grace sits by the doorway; the knife sits on her lap. Elizabeth crouches in the corner.

GRACE

Who is buried in Prospect Point Cemetery?

ELIZABETH

Nobody knows who they are anymore. They cursed this town when they died. Cursed the families that wronged them. They can only hurt the families. They want revenge so badly. And they wanted me to carry them out so they could get it.

GRACE

Will they ever stop?

ELIZABETH

Only when they're finished.

GRACE

When will that be?

ELIZABETH

Soon. They get stronger every time they kill someone. They're strong now. They can already walk outside of me for a little while. Soon they won't need me to carry them at all.

GRACE

I came here to kill you.

ELIZABETH

It might stop them if you do. They won't let me do it myself.

GRACE

There has to be another way.

Suddenly, Elizabeth's head shoots up.

ELIZABETH

It's you. She was talking about you.

Grace's hand goes to the gun in her lap.

GRACE

What?

ELIZABETH

The little girl. She's not like the others. She wants to help me.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

She told me that your brother knew about them.

Grace's eyes widen.

GRACE

Abigail Belmont.

ELIZABETH

Sean found her diary. He kept it hidden in his room.

GRACE

How did she know Sean?

ELIZABETH

He's trapped in there with them, Grace. Just like all the others. He told Abigail himself.

Tears well up in Grace's eyes. She blinks them back.

GRACE

If I tell the story of what happened to them, will they stop this? Will they let Sean and you go?

ELIZABETH

They might.

Grace stands.

GRACE

I'll bring it to the press.

Panicking, Elizabeth looks out the window. The sun has set.

ELIZABETH

Oh, my God.

GRACE

What?

ELIZABETH

There coming. Go. Go! They get strong at night. They'll come out any minute! Get out of here!

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Grace runs out of the barn, back towards the path, gun at the ready. Her light falls on Sean, standing in the middle of the path. His back is to her. She brandishes her pistol.

GRACE

You're not Sean...

SEAN

(Whispering)

Yes I am.

He turns towards Grace. He is filthy, as though he just crawled out of a grave. His eyes are white and pupil-less and the words "Hail Mary" have been scratched into his face and hands.

Grace screams and FIRES the gun three times. Bloody wounds appear in Sean's body, but he begins to walk towards Grace.

She drops the gun and heads into the woods.

Sean picks up the gun.

She looks back and sees with the gun, He begins to slowly walk towards her.

Grace runs through the woods, trying to lose Sean, but every time she looks back, he's only a few yards behind her.

Suddenly, Grace falls down into an old house foundation. She falls about ten feet and hits the soft ground.

Sean slowly approaches, raising the gun as he gets closer to Grace.

He jumps down into the foundation with Grace, smiling and aiming the gun at her head.

She gets up and cries out in pain as she grabs her ankle. She manages to stumble along, tripping occasionally. There's no way out of the foundation.

Sean gets closer, he's nearly at her now, still aiming the gun.

Grace throws herself onto the high stone wall and starts to climb. She grabs onto anything that she can, stones, weeds, anything. She's halfway up.

Sean is there, looking up at her. Grace looks down and sees his hideous face.

Suddenly, the stone she was holding onto gives out. She falls and lands at her brother's feet.

She stares up at Sean, paralyzed in fear. Bits of dirt fall onto her panicked face.

Sean leans over her. He touches the gun barrel to her forehead.

SEAN
(Whispering)
We're all waiting for you, Gracie.

Grace screams and closes her eyes tight.

A figure comes up behind Sean and SLAMS him in the head. He goes down.

Agnes stands there, out of uniform. She holds a large tree branch but is clearly petrified. She steps between Sean and Grace.

Sean gets up and raises the pistol. His hand begins to shake as he attempts to fire. He can't do it. He drops the gun and steps back, disappearing into the shadows.

With trembling hands, Agnes shines her light into the shadows. He's gone.

INT. AGNES' KITCHEN - LATER

Still trembling, Agnes attempts to pour Grace a cup of tea. She spills some but doesn't notice. Grace stares into her teacup.

GRACE
How are you?

AGNES
You're asking me?

GRACE
I'm okay. It wasn't Sean. It was them. Sean wouldn't hurt me.

Agnes stares down into her cup, then pushes it aside and stares at Grace.

AGNES
What the fuck is going on here,
Grace?

Grace stares into her teacup for another moment.

GRACE

22 years ago, Elizabeth Harcourt was taken by the people buried in Prospect Point. And now they've possessed her. They need her to carry them out of the cemetery so they can finish their revenge. But they're getting stronger and soon they won't need her. And when that happens, we're all going to die.

Agnes takes her teacup and brings it to the sink.

AGNES

I don't believe in this shit.

Grace looks at Agnes, amazed.

GRACE

You saw it. You saw what they can do.

Agnes throws the teacup in the sink and turns to Grace.

AGNES

I don't know what I saw!

Grace stands.

GRACE

You're in denial--

AGNES

I'm not in denial!

GRACE

Bullshit, Agnes! You're a part of this now!

AGNES

Get out.

Grace glares at Agnes for another moment and turns to leave.

AGNES (CONT'D)

I'm not crazy.

Grace stops.

AGNES (CONT'D)

But I watched you put three slugs in that...boy's chest...and he didn't even flinch.

Grace walks out.

AGNES (CONT'D)
I'm not crazy...

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

REPORTERS, vans, cameramen and onlookers all crowd the outside of the police station.

REPORTER
(To a camera)
The murderous mystery of the little town of Norstone has had a shocking new development.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Grace stands in her living room, staring at the television.

REPORTER
(On TV)
We have received word that the alleged killer turned herself into police late last night.

A picture of Elizabeth appears on screen. Grace's eyes grow wide.

GRACE
My God, Elizabeth...

INT. WILSON KELLEY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Wilson sits on his couch; his eyes are glued to the television.

REPORTER
(On TV)
There is no word yet on either the identity of the young woman or her reason for committing such brutal murders.

WILSON
(To himself)
What are you doing, girl...

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

The door bursts open. Grace storms in and looks around.

GRACE
(Whispering)
Where was it...

Her eyes settle on the closet door. She rips open the door and fishes through old clothes and books on the floor until she finds it - the loose floorboard. She pries it open.

In the tiny space a **notebook stares up at Grace.** *

Grace slowly takes **it out of the opening. Underneath the notebook, hidden almost out of site, Grace finds two more items: a handheld tape recorder and an old, partially burned diary.** *

She takes everything out and opens the diary. *

The inside cover reads: The diary of Abigail Belmont, 1830

With trembling hands, Grace presses play on the tape recorder.

SEAN (O.S.)
(On tape)
I think I found something yesterday while working at the town hall. There were some records in an old filing cabinet that I wasn't supposed to go near. Now I know why.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Several police officers stand outside the interrogation room looking through the glass at Elizabeth and a PSYCHIATRIST.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth sits, staring down at the table. The Psychologist questions her.

PSYCHOLOGIST
You said 'they' made you kill your parents. Who are 'they?'

Elizabeth sits silently.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)
Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH
They won't let me tell you
anything. They'll make me chew my
tongue off if I say anything.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Did they make you cut your hand?

No answer.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)
How many are there?

ELIZABETH
Ten inside me. The rest stayed
behind.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Stayed behind where?

No answer.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)
Elizabeth, did 'they' give any
reason for wanting these people
dead?

ELIZABETH
H-holy...Mary...m-mother
of...God...

PSYCHOLOGIST
Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH
They said there wasn't enough room--

She digs her fingernails into her wounded hand, drawing
blood. Elizabeth SCREAMS.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Can we get someone in here?

ELIZABETH
There's **three** families left! **Three**
more families!

*

She digs deeper. Another SCREAM.

Two police officers barge in and subdue Elizabeth. Sheriff
Kelley walks in after them.

Elizabeth looks directly at Sheriff Kelley and smiles.

ELIZABETH
Hiya, Mr. Kelley.

Sheriff Kelley stares at the girl in horror.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

The tired psychologist emerges from the room. Several officers, including Sheriff Kelley await his assessment.

PSYCHOLOGIST
She needs to be institutionalized
as soon as possible before she
hurts herself. This is a seriously
disturbed young woman.

SHERIFF KELLEY
How disturbed?

PSYCHOLOGIST
We're talking paranoid
schizophrenia.

SHERIFF KELLEY
We'll keep her here for tonight,
but I want her out of here by
morning.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The first flashes of lighting light up the sky outside. Grace sits curled up on her bed, cradling the remains of the burned diary.

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

An officer closes the door to Elizabeth's cell and unlocks her handcuffs. She looks around timidly, rubbing her wrists.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Engulfed in her reading, Grace does not even notice the storm raging outside. Her bed is covered with old papers. She puts down the old diary and goes back to the box, pulling out the handheld tape recorder; she presses play.

Grace picks up several old manila folders.

SEAN (O.S.)

(On tape)

I read the files from the library
and I think I found something I
wasn't supposed to know.

INT. WILSON KELLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lightning flashes outside. Wilson sits in the living room
with Sheriff Kelley. They both stare into their shot glasses.

WILSON

The girl's innocent, Joe. And you
know it.

SHERIFF KELLEY

Her prints were all over the crime
scenes.

WILSON

You know goddamn well what I mean.
You know where she came from.

Sheriff Kelley gets up and paces around.

SHERIFF KELLEY

That's exactly why I have to do
this, dad! She wasn't a killer when
she went in there, and now she is!
You know what that means!

Wilson silently stares into his glass.

WILSON

Maybe I'm not concerned with that
anymore.

Sheriff Kelley stops.

SHERIFF KELLEY

What?

WILSON

I'm dying, son. I have to-

SHERIFF KELLEY

Oh, come on, pops, you're not dying-

WILSON

I have to start thinking about what
comes after!

SHERIFF KELLEY

What ever happened to family obligation? Huh? Family obligation! You taught me about that! Why do you think I even stayed in this shithole town?

WILSON

Family obligation ended the second that girl walked out of that cemetery.

SHERIFF KELLEY

So, what? You want me to help her? Make her better?

WILSON

She's the innocent one. She doesn't need to die. She can be helped.

Kelley grabs his coat and prepares to leave.

SHERIFF KELLEY

I can't believe I'm hearing this. You weren't at those crime scenes, she can't be helped. I'll make it a quick suicide.

WILSON

Listen to yourself, Joe! You really think people aren't gonna know? You're a cop for godsakes! They'll find out it was you!

SHERIFF KELLEY

Maybe I'm not concerned with that anymore.

WILSON

Son, you really think your family will be proud of you?

Sheriff Kelley stops at the door. He doesn't look at his father.

SHERIFF KELLEY

Maybe, pops, I'm doing this for them.

He leaves.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - LATER *

Grace kneels at the side of her bed. She holds the gun in her hand, the barrel is still caked with bits of dried mud. *

She holds the gun in her hands, holding it up in a prayer position. The diary, tape recorder and notebook are spread out on the bed before her. *

GRACE *

Lord, please forgive me for what
I'm about to do... *

INT. AGNES' LIVING ROOM - LATER

A KNOCK at the door. A bleary-eyed Agnes comes to the door. She opens it. *

Grace stands in the pouring rain, eyes wide with emotion. *

AGNES *

Grace? What-- *

Grace reaches into her jacket and pulls something out. *

Agnes looks down and sees Sean's tape recorder. *

INT. AGNES' LIVING ROOM - LATER *

An exhausted-looking Agnes sits on the couch while Grace frantically spreads out papers and folders on the coffee table before her.

AGNES

Okay, Grace, calm down. What's this about?

GRACE

It's what I've been wanting for the past fifteen years, Agnes. It's everything.

She shows Agnes the burnt diary.

AGNES

What's that?

GRACE

Her name was Abigail Belmont. She saw everything.

Trembling with adrenaline, Grace picks up the tape recorder and hands it to Agnes. *

GRACE (CONT'D)

My brother knew something about Prospect Point. And I think that's why he disappeared. *

Agnes looks down at the tape recorder, trying to absorb the information. *

GRACE (CONT'D)

I need you to keep an eye on Elizabeth. Make sure nothing happens to her. *

AGNES

She's in custody, what could-- *

GRACE

Just listen to the tape, you'll see what I mean. Watch her. I...we can save her before it's too late. *

AGNES

Grace, how-- *

GRACE

We can save her! *

Grace gets up to leave; Agnes stands. *

AGNES

Grace, what are you going to do? *

Grace stops, her hand on the doorknob. She can't look at Agnes. *

GRACE

Please don't ask me that. *

She's out the door. *

INT. SHERIFF KELLEY'S BEDROOM - LATER *

Sheriff Kelley stares at himself in the mirror hanging over his dresser. He zips up a small black bag and puts it aside. *

He looks down at the dresser. A line of cocaine sits there waiting for him on the glass top of the dresser. Under the glass, pictures August and Sheila stare up at him. The cocaine cuts a white slash through them. *

Sheriff Kelley pulls out a rolled up twenty dollar bill and bends down towards the line. *

INT. WILSON KELLEY'S BEDROOM - LATER *

Wilson walks out of the bathroom and shuffles to the bed. The barrel of a gun touches the back of his head; he stops and slowly turns around. *

Grace stands there, wide-eyed and soaked. *

WILSON
Grace? What-

She holds the gun to his face. Wilson takes a step back, holding his hands up. *

GRACE
Where is he! *

WILSON
Grace, I don't know who-- *

Grace backhands him in the face. He falls to the bed. *

GRACE
Where's Sean! What did you do to him? *

WILSON
I don't know what you think-- *

Grace holds up Sean's notebook and Abigail's diary in one hand while pointing the gun at Wilson. *

GRACE
You're going to tell me everything!
Why Sean? Why Elizabeth? Why my dad? *

Grace tosses the notebook and diary to Wilson. *

GRACE (CONT'D)
And you're going to tell me what happened to the children at Prospect Point Orphanage. *

Wilson rubs his cheek and stares down at the diary. *

INT. JAIL CELL - SAME TIME

Elizabeth sits on her cot, staring out at the bars. She kneels down at the foot of the cot, assuming a prayer position.

ELIZABETH
Holy Mary, mother of God-

ABIGAIL BELMONT (O.S.)
Pray for us sinners

Elizabeth stands and looks into the shadowy corner.

There, facing the wall, stands ABIGAIL BELMONT, 10. The girl wears a 19th Century style children's dress. Only a few wisps of hair cover her burned head.

ELIZABETH
It's you, isn't it? Abigail.

ABIGAIL BELMONT
Yes.

ELIZABETH
Let me see you.

ABIGAIL BELMONT
No. I'm ugly now. Ever since the doctors cut us.

ELIZABETH
What doctors?

INT. WILSON KELLEY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Trembling, Grace trains the gun on Wilson as she takes a seat on a nearby chair. Wilson's shaking hands flip through the diary.

WILSON
The town needed money, badly. And there were fifty little orphans that didn't matter to anybody. So when the doctors came in with their tools and their black bags full of money, Elijah Kelley let them right in.

GRACE
Who knew about this?

WILSON

Only those that worked at the orphanage. They all agreed that it was something that needed to be done.

GRACE

What? What did they do?

Wilson gets up and goes to the window. *

GRACE *

Sit down. *

He stares out at the pouring rain. *

GRACE (CONT'D) *

I said sit down! *

WILSON

You know how many people died a year from Polio? Tuberculosis? You ever seen someone suffer their whole lives just because the medical establishment can't bring itself to do everything necessary to find a cure?

INT. JAIL CELL - SAME TIME

Elizabeth sits on her cot hanging on to every one of Abigail's words.

ABIGAIL BELMONT

They cut us with scalpels, they put tonics in us. They told us that they wouldn't hurt us, but they lied. When we cried, they said that it was for science. They said that we were helping them find cures for diseases.

Tears run down Elizabeth's cheeks.

ELIZABETH

You were tortured...

INT. WILSON KELLEY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER *

Wilson continues to stare out at the pouring rain. Behind him, Grace paces around, horrified.

WILSON

Something like that couldn't stay secret forever, I guess. Eventually, the governor got wind of something going on at the orphanage and send in people to investigate. Elijah found out someone was coming and he knew that he had to do something.

INT. JAIL CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Elizabeth slowly walks to toward the shadowy girl.

ABIGAIL BELMONT

They put us in the basement and told us to face the wall and say the Hail Mary. We did, and then we saw smoke, and it was so hot, and we couldn't get out.

INT. WILSON KELLEY'S **BEDROOM** - MOMENTS LATER

*

Wilson turns away from the window, facing a horrified Grace.

GRACE

They burned them alive.

WILSON

They burned the place 'till there was nothing left. They put up the cemetery in its place. Not even the kid's names survived, so they left the stones blank. Then, it was forgotten. Until 1932, on the hundred year anniversary, when they were finally strong enough to come back for revenge.

INT. AGNES' BEDROOM - LATER

Agnes throws on clothes while she listens to the tape.

SEAN (O.S.)

(On tape)

The Harcourt, Elwiss, Morgan, and Kelley families were involved in whatever happened to this orphanage and they coincide with the names of those that disappeared.

(MORE)

SEAN (O.S.) (cont'd)
 Except for the Kelley family, none
 of them ever disappeared.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Sheriff Kelley stares down at the crumpled picture of his family as he stands over a drugged dispatch officer. He walks out from behind the desk and heads down the hall.

EXT. AGNES' CAR (MOVING) - SAME TIME

Agnes heads down the street in the pouring rain.

SEAN (O.S.)
 (On tape)
 Also, based on my research, there
 were witnesses that stated that
 they saw 18-year-old Elizabeth
 Harcourt in the vicinity of
 Prospect Point Cemetery with
 someone.

*

INT. JAIL CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Elizabeth stands over Abigail, stroking the girl's head.

ELIZABETH
 I'm so sorry.

Abigail raises her head a bit.

ABIGAIL BELMONT
 He's here.

ELIZABETH
 Who?

SHERIFF KELLEY (O.S.)
 Who are you talking to?

Elizabeth turns to see the sheriff standing outside of the cell.

ELIZABETH
 What do you want?

SHERIFF KELLEY
 I want to talk to them.

ELIZABETH
 They're sleeping.

He SLAMS his hand on the bars.

SHERIFF KELLEY
Don't play games with me!

INT. WILSON KELLEY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Wilson sits back down on the bed, exhausted.

WILSON
I wish your father were still
alive. I never had a chance to
confess my sins so I guess I'll
tell you. Maybe old Jacob will hear
them and tell me that everything
will be fine.

Grace stands up, looming over Wilson.

GRACE
There's a reason why no one from
your family were ever taken by the
kids, isn't there?

Wilson puts his head in his hands.

WILSON
God forgive me.

Grace looks down at the gun in her hand.

GRACE
It's not God that you need to worry
about, Doc.

INT. JAIL CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Sheriff Kelley stares at Elizabeth. She walks towards him.

ELIZABETH
I remember. I know what happened to
me.

SHERIFF KELLEY
I want to talk to them.

ELIZABETH
I remember the gray sky, the woods,
and the cemetery. And I remember
seeing him...

SHERIFF KELLEY

You don't remember a fucking thing,
you crazy--

ELIZABETH

It was your dad.

INT. WILSON KELLEY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

*

Wilson sits there with his head in his hands. Grace slowly
puts the gun to Wilson's head.

*

GRACE

Prospect Point didn't take people.
You did. You gave them to the
children.

INT. JAIL CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Elizabeth paces around wildly, lost in her memories.

ELIZABETH

He grabbed me and put a cloth over
my nose and I went to sleep.

Sheriff Kelley slowly reaches for his gun.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I woke up in Prospect Point. It was
dark but I could still see Dr.
Kelley...

She turns to the Sheriff.

ELIZABETH

...And you.

His hand grips the handle.

ELIZABETH

You both watched me as they dragged
me away into the mist...you
waved...I screamed...and you waved!

*

*

SHERIFF KELLEY

I want to talk to them.

Elizabeth turns around. She takes the bandage off her wounded
hand, letting it fall to the floor. She turns back around,
smiling and walking playfully towards the bars.

ELIZABETH
Hiya, Mr. Kelley.

SHERIFF KELLEY
That's better.

INT. AGNES' CAR (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Agnes drives through the pouring rain. The tape recorder continues to play.

SEAN (O.S.)
(On tape)
I approached Doctor Wilson Kelley about my findings. I figured he had a right to know what I found, since it concerns his family history. He seemed really interested when I told him. He told me that at night, the spirits of Prospect Point can actually be photographed. I'm going there tonight to take some pictures.

INT. WILSON KELLEY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLICK. Grace pulls back the hammer on the pistol.

GRACE
You set Sean up! You betrayed him!

Wilson stands. Grace takes a step back, still pointing the gun at his head. He slowly walks towards her as he speaks.

WILSON
You think I wanted to give them Sean? You think I wanted this?

GRACE
You sick fuck!

WILSON
Sean was part of this!

GRACE
Sean was your victim!

Wilson continues walking towards Grace. Trembling, Grace takes another step back.

WILSON

Listen to me, Grace, and listen good. They only want the descendents of those involved. They need names, Grace. They've been forgotten for over a century, they only take descendents that have the same names of them! All the other descendents die.

Grace lowers the gun slightly.

*

GRACE

My family had nothing to do with it!

WILSON

Sean didn't know everything, Grace. The headmistress of the orphanage was Brigitte McClinton, your ancestor. She was the one that warned the doctors that the state was going to investigate. She helped cover it up!

*

Grace brings the gun back up to Wilson's head.

*

GRACE

Fuck you!

WILSON

Sean wasn't a victim! He was just another target! Just like your father! Just like you! The kids needed to finish their revenge on the three families left: the Harcourts, the Kelleys and the McClintons. Why do you think Elizabeth found you in the first place? She didn't need your help, she was there to kill you!

Grace screams and FIRES a shot.

*

INT. JAIL CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Sheriff Kelley paces back and forth, glancing occasionally at Elizabeth.

SHERIFF KELLEY

We had a deal, my family gives you the people you want and you leave us alone.

He turns to Elizabeth.

SHERIFF KELLEY (CONT'D)
So what the fuck are you kids
doing?

Elizabeth smiles playfully.

ELIZABETH
We're having fun.

SHERIFF KELLEY
You cursed the other families with
bankruptcy, sickness, and insanity
but we never agreed to murder! You
can't hide this shit!

ELIZABETH
But the orphanage is full now. We
have our names back. And we want to
finish it. There are two families
left, Mr. Kelley.

Sheriff Kelley's eyes widen with realization. He draws his
gun and begins backing away.

SHERIFF KELLEY
You didn't turn yourself in to stop
killing...You did it to get near
me.

Elizabeth giggles. Sheriff Kelley raises his gun to
Elizabeth.

SHERIFF KELLEY (CONT'D)
So help me God, I will blow her
fucking head off, and you'll go
right back where you belong.

AGNES (O.S.)
Drop it, Joe!

Agnes stands at the end of the hall aiming at Sheriff
Kelley's head.

SHERIFF KELLEY
Stand down, officer Sandrason, you
have no idea what you're doing!

AGNES
Joe, put the gun down and step away
from the prisoner! Now!

SHERIFF KELLEY

I said stand the fuck down!

AGNES

I called some officers on the
dispatch, they're on their way.
It's over, Joe.

He lowers the gun slightly, never taking his eyes off of
Elizabeth.

SHERIFF KELLEY

I know.

Then he brings it up and SHOOTs Agnes. Her gun goes off,
nearly missing Sheriff Kelley. The shot grazes Agnes' neck;
she goes down.

INT. WILSON KELLEY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wilson stands in his room, still staring. He turns and sees a
bullet hole in a family picture. He picks up the picture of
his destroyed family.

WILSON

(To himself)

I knew you weren't a bad person,
Grace. Not like me.

INT. GRACE'S CAR (MOVING) - SAME TIME

A frantic Grace drives on a back road through the pouring
rain.

INT. CELL BLOCK - SAME TIME

Sheriff Kelley looks back at Elizabeth, she cowers on the
floor.

He walks over to Agnes' body. Her eyes stare straight ahead.

Suddenly, she grabs Kelley's legs and pulls him to the floor.
His gun skitters across the hall. He grabs at her gun, but
she manages to hold him off. The gun comes out of her hand,
skittering just out of reach.

INT. ELIZABETH'S CELL - SAME TIME

Elizabeth stands and slowly walks to the tiny window.

Distant flashing lights illuminate the night sky. POLICE SIRENS can be heard. Elizabeth giggles.

INT. DISPATCH DESK - MOMENTS LATER

The unconscious officer lies slumped near the dispatch console. Through the speaker, several officers can be heard.

OFFICER FENLEY (O.S.)
(Over the speaker)
Kids! They're about ten kids in the road. I can't stop!

Static.

OFFICER HELMAN (O.S.)
(Over the speaker)
I need some help! They're everywh--

Static.

INT. CELL BLOCK - SAME TIME

Kelley and Agnes continue their fight. Kelley resorts to punching Agnes in the face. She returns with a knee to the stomach.

This gives her just enough time to get up and kick at his face. He ducks just in time and lunges at her.

The fight takes them down the hall, towards the stairs leading to the first floor. Joe manages another punch at Agnes' face; she falls hard onto the stairs, knocked unconscious.

Kelley aims at Agnes' head and begins to pull the trigger.

SLAM. A distant cell door opens. Sheriff Kelley looks up.

INT. CELL BLOCK - LATER

Kelley comes back down the hall. He arrives at Elizabeth's cell.

The door is open and the cell is empty.

The lights go out, only a flickering emergency light illuminates Kelley.

Kelley BREATHES heavily in the dark.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
 Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for
 us sinners...

Kelley turns around, trying to follow the voice.

ELIZABETH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...Now, and until the hour...

He turns again, gun raised.

ELIZABETH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...Of our death.

A FLASH of light reveals the ghost of a badly burned boy, 13,
 wearing 19th century-style clothing. The boy has his back to
 Kelley.

Kelley screams and fires. The light flickers out.

SHERIFF KELLEY
 We had a fucking deal!

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
 But we don't wanna play anymore.

INT. POLICE STATION ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

The doors burst open. Grace rushes inside, only now noticing
 that the power is out.

She rushes to the front desk. By the light of several
 monitors she sees an officer lying there unconscious, a cloth
 still covering his nose.

GRACE
 Shit.

She runs around to the officer and grabs his gun. She heads
 towards the back.

Her way is lit only by a flickering emergency light, but it's
 enough.

Suddenly, a figure lunges out from a darkened room and grabs
 Grace, pushing her into a wall, BANG, Grace's gun goes off.

A flicker of light reveals Agnes, bruised and bloody.

INT. CELL BLOCK - SAME TIME

Sheriff Kelley turns toward the distant gunshot. He heads towards the sound, but another FLASH of light reveals Elizabeth standing right in front of him.

Kelley is too surprised to react in time; Elizabeth back hands him, sending him to the floor, stunned.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

GRACE

Agnes.

Agnes lets her go.

AGNES

What are you doing here?

GRACE

Kelley's going to kill Elizabeth.

AGNES

He's downstairs, I just heard a gunshot.

GRACE

Let's go.

INT. CELL BLOCK - SAME TIME

The fight continues. Kelley tries to aim at Elizabeth but she jumps on top of him, pinning down his hand. Her free hand wraps around his throat and begins to squeeze

Kelley manages to hurl himself upwards, knocking Elizabeth off balance. The two tumble into the wall.

They roll along the floor, wrestling for dominance. Elizabeth keeps Kelley's gun at bay while he keeps her hands away.

Kelley starts to crawl away from the girl, trying to get his bearings. She claws at him, never completely letting go.

ELIZABETH

(In a little boy's voice)
They locked us in a room.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(In a little girl's voice)
They made us face the wall.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
(In a different boy's
voice)
They made us pray.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
(In a different boy's
voice)
They cut us up.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
(In a different little
girl's voice)
They burned us.

Up against the wall Kelley is finally able to stand. Elizabeth lunges up at him and wraps her hands around his throat.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
(In a different little
boy's voice)
And they forgot us-

Three muffled SHOTS cut her off as Kelley fires into Elizabeth's stomach. They both freeze.

Elizabeth stares into Kelley's eyes for a moment and takes in a deep breath. SNAP, she SNAPS Sheriff Kelley's neck.

The smoking gun falls to the floor.

Kelley falls next, his head twisted at an unnatural angle.

Elizabeth falls down next to him, her stomach is a red, wet mess. She gasps for breath.

Grace and Agnes arrive a moment later. Agnes' flashlight illuminates the bloody scene.

AGNES
My God...

She stands there, staring at the scene. Grace slowly approaches the dying Elizabeth.

Elizabeth looks up at her with pleading eyes.

ELIZABETH
G-Grace...

Elizabeth tries reaching out her hand, barely able to lift it.

Grace reluctantly kneels. She takes Elizabeth's hand.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I-I'm so sorry...

Tears well up in Grace's eyes. She squeezes the dying girl's hand and brushes the hair out of her face.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Th-they made me...

GRACE

I know, Elizabeth. I forgive you.

Elizabeth's eyes slowly close. She dies.

Grace turns away from Elizabeth and looks at Agnes.

GRACE (CONT'D)

They're gone.

Suddenly, Elizabeth's eyes fly wide open and stare directly at Grace. Agnes sees this.

AGNES

Grace!

ELIZABETH

(In a little boy's voice)

We don't need her anymore.

Grace is thrown back up against the wall by an invisible force. She hits the floor.

Grace gets up and backs away from Elizabeth's body.

One by one, ten shadowy figures, each one in the shape of a young child, rise out of Elizabeth's body.

GRACE

Run!

They head for the end of the hall but moments before they reach it, the door slams shut.

In the flickering emergency lights, they can make out the shadowy forms of the kids on the other end of the hall. They begin to slowly walk towards them.

Agnes steps back and fires three shots into the door, it budes slightly but not enough.

The kids get closer.

Grace grabs a fire extinguisher.

Agnes fires again.

Grace slams the fire extinguisher into the door, almost.

The children are close now, their hands reaching out for Grace.

Grace gives the door a hard kick, it flies open. They run out.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

In the flickering light Grace and Agnes head towards the front doors.

Suddenly, Grace falls to the floor, Agnes doesn't notice.

GRACE

Agnes!

Agnes turns and sees Grace being dragged back into the darkness.

She grabs Grace and pulls. Small, burnt hands claw their way up Grace's body.

Agnes's hands slip a bit, she almost loses Grace.

The hands grope at Grace's throat.

WILSON (O.S.)

Let her go!

The children recede back into the shadows. Grace stands up. Wilson stands at the end of the hall staring at the children.

WILSON (CONT'D)

If you're gonna take someone, take me. Lord knows I deserve it.

AGNES

Wilson-

WILSON

(To Grace)

There's an empty room in their orphanage now. They need it to be filled.

Agnes and Grace begin to leave. Grace stops and squeezes his shoulder.

GRACE

Thank you.

WILSON

Tell Sean that I'm sorry.

They run out. He stares at the end of the hall. In the flickering light he sees the children; their backs still face the wall.

Wilson gasps. When the light flickers again, the children are closer.

The light flickers again, and the children are closer, surrounding him.

Wilson SCREAMS.

INT. GRACE'S CAR - LATER

Grace and Agnes sit in their car parked in front of Prospect Point Cemetery. The rain continues to pour.

Grace stares out at the gates, gripping the steering wheel.

AGNES

You don't have to do this, Grace.
Just leave. Get as far from this
place as you can. The children
can't come after you.

GRACE

These children have destroyed too
many lives already. It's time
someone teaches them about revenge.

She hands the Sean's notes to Agnes.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Take these. People need to know
what happened here.

She reaches into the back seat and pulls out a sledgehammer.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I'm going in, and I'm taking my
brother back.

She's out the door.

EXT. PROSPECT POINT CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Grace stands at the gate, looking in.

She looks back at the car. It starts up and pulls away, leaving Grace alone in the darkness.

The old chain still lies on the ground and the gates stand partially open. Grace wraps her free hand around the wrought iron bars and pushes her way in.

She walks down the central path towards the middle of the place and looks around. No sign of anyone.

With a scream she grabs the sledgehammer and begins smashing the graves, taking out years of fear on the cemetery.

She turns to each stone within reach and smashes it, working her way towards the large stone in the middle.

She approaches the big stone, pausing before it for a moment. With another scream she hauls back and swings, taking a large chunk out of the stone.

The sledgehammer falls to the muddy ground and Grace spreads her arms out, as though calling the children out for a fight.

GRACE

You want me?

She turns around, still no one.

GRACE (CONT'D)

C'mon!

VOICE (O.S.)

(croaking)

Hiya, Grace

Grace turns and sees a TEENAGE GHOST; this time he faces her. He looks at her with white, pupil-less eyes, a hairless head and a pale face consisting of a hideous mass of burn scars. He LUNGES at her.

Darkness

FADE IN:

INT. EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT

Grace wakes up with a scream. A single candle on the wall reveals that she's in a filthy basement room, devoid of furniture.

Grace stands and checks herself out. She has bruises on her arms but is otherwise fine. She feels along the old stone wall. Her hand eventually comes upon a wooden door, it's unlocked.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door opens into an empty corridor. Grace comes out, candle in hand and looks around. The light of the candle reveals other doors along the walls farther down the hall.

Grace hears a distant SCREAM coming from down the hall. She heads in the opposite direction.

Another distant SCREAM echoes from farther down the hall, coming from the direction that Grace is walking. She stops.

Another distant SCREAM echoes out from behind her. Grace turns, listening.

Behind her appears a ghostly boy.

Grace turns around - the boy is gone.

She begins walking, peering through the small window on one of the doors.

Inside the room is a young man crouching in the corner. He stares forward blankly.

Grace keeps moving. She looks into another room and tries the door, it opens.

INT. EMPTY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is empty and old, like Grace's. Standing against the far wall is ABIGAIL ELLWISS, 32. Grace approaches her cautiously.

GRACE

I recognize you. I've seen your picture in the papers.

No response.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You're Abigail Ellwiss. You disappeared in Prospect Point on July 17th, 1952.

Grace shows Abigail the tattoo on her arm. Suddenly, Abigail SCREAMS; Grace leaps back.

The scream turns into a cry, then a whimper as she slides down the wall, coming to rest on the floor. Grace runs out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Grace runs down the hall, glancing into every window, door after door until she finds what she is looking for.

She stops and stares into one of the rooms, opening the door and rushing in.

INT. SEAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grace stops at the door, looking in at Sean, sleeping against the far wall.

She rushes in and kneels by him.

GRACE

Sean...

Tears well up in her eyes as she strokes his hair.

Sean jolts up and backs into a corner.

SEAN

Don't take me!

GRACE

I'm gonna get you out of here,
Sean.

SEAN

Wh-who are you?

GRACE

It's me Sean, it's Gracie.

SEAN

No, you're fake. You're one of
them. You're a doctor, you're gonna
cut me!

Grace tries to touch him, but he kicks at her.

GRACE

Sean, Sean, it's me. It's really
Gracie.

SEAN

No, Gracie's little.

GRACE
You've been in here for a long
time.

Sean slowly calms down.

SEAN
Gracie?

GRACE
It's me, Sean.

SEAN
Why did you come here?

GRACE
I came to get you out.

Sean looks beyond Grace; his eyes grow wide.

Grace turns and sees a crowd of GHOSTLY ORPHANS, burnt beyond recognition, and glaring at her with blank, white eyes.

Three of them lunge at Grace. She tries to defend herself but to no avail. They pin her against the wall. Several more lunge at Sean, grabbing him and dragging him towards the door.

GRACE
Sean! Sean!

SEAN
Leave her alone!

He disappears outside the room. Now energized, Grace hits two of the kids, knocking them down. She's mostly free now. She heads for the door, but is tripped by the remaining kids. They descend upon her and begin dragging her out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Grace is dragged at an unnatural speed down the filthy hallway, struggling all the way.

INT. INFIRMIRY - MOMENTS LATER

A single dusty bed adorns this room and old rusted medical equipment litters the floor. Grace is dragged into the room and left there. The children leave and close the door behind them.

She gets up and stands before a FACELESS 19TH CENTURY DOCTOR holding a bloody scalpel.

Before Grace can react, the man grabs her throat and slams her down onto the bed. He impales her hand with the scalpel, driving it deep into the mattress, stapling her in place.

Grace screams and struggles with the scalpel. A FACELESS NURSE appears behind the doctor and pins Grace down with a strength her frail body should not have.

The doctor straps Grace onto the bed and gets to work.

The nurse reaches down and takes several rusty, sharp tools from the floor and hands them to the doctor.

The doctor takes them and brings the tools down near Grace's stomach

Now panicking, Grace struggles with the straps - they don't budge.

The tools get closer.

Grace struggles.

A rusty scalpel slowly pierces Grace's stomach. She SCREAMS.

ABIGAIL BELMONT (O.S.)
Go. Leave her alone.

Obediently, the doctor and nurse stop. The doctor drops the equipment on the floor with the others and they leave.

Abigail Belmont stands at the foot of the bed. She is as hideous as the other children, but her eyes appear human.

Grace stares at the girl, then back at the small wound in her stomach.

ABIGAIL BELMONT (CONT'D)
Hello, Grace.

GRACE
Who are you?

ABIGAIL BELMONT
I'm Abigail Belmont.

Grace gasps. The straps come undone. Abigail walks over to the other side of the bed and takes out the scalpel from Grace's hand.

Grace gets up, cradling her wounded hand. Abigail approaches her.

GRACE
Stay away from me.

ABIGAIL BELMONT
I'm here to help you.

GRACE
How do I know that?

ABIGAIL BELMONT
I can help you get to Sean.

GRACE
Where is he?

ABIGAIL BELMONT
They bring most of them to the basement, that's where the other doctors are. That's where the screams come from.

Abigail takes a scalpel from the floor and hands it to Grace.

ABIGAIL BELMONT (CONT'D)
It's the only thing that can harm us. It's what they used against us.

Still cautious, Grace reluctantly take it.

GRACE
Why are you helping me?

ABIGAIL BELMONT
Because I'm the only one who forgave the people who did this to us. The others just want revenge.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Abigail leads Grace down the hall. They stop and hide when several children suddenly come out of a nearby room dragging a catatonic young man behind them. They drag the man down the hall and disappear around the corner.

They emerge from their hiding spot and continue down the hall.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The place is dusty and abandoned. Grace and Abigail sneak through the room to the door on the far wall.

ABIGAIL BELMONT

This leads to the basement. I have to go before they notice my absence.

Abigail turns to leave, Grace stops her.

GRACE

Thank you.

Abigail runs off. Grace turns towards the door. A distant SCREAM echoes from beyond.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Grace heads down the old staircase; the screams get louder. A hallway lies ahead with a doorway on the left wall. Grace peers around the corner and sees...

A long room filled with old-fashioned hospital beds, each one surrounded by a white curtain. SCREAMS can be heard from behind many of them.

Suddenly, a faceless nurse emerges from one curtained area. Grace ducks back behind the doorway. She peeks out again; the nurse is gone.

Grace emerges from the hallway and walks into the vast room.

INT. INFIRMIRY - CONTINUOUS

She passes by several curtained-off beds looking cautiously at the silhouettes behind the curtains.

Her trembling hand grips the scalpel tightly; her knuckles white.

She peeks behind one of the curtains. On the bed lies a teenaged boy staring up at the ceiling as a faceless doctor pumps black fluid into his abdomen.

Grace jolts back, covering her mouth to avoid screaming. She grips the scalpel tighter and moves on.

She peers behind another curtain, then another, still no sign of Sean.

Suddenly, a ghostly boy emerges from another area, he almost sees Grace, but she's able to duck into a curtained area just in time.

She turns and sees a young woman, her chest is open, and she's still conscious. She turns to Grace, raising a weak arm towards her and mouths "help me."

Grace stares at her in shock for a moment. Out of the corner of her eye she sees a figure moving just outside the curtain. A hand begins pulling the curtain aside.

Grace dives under the bed. From there she watches the leather shoes of a doctor step over to the bed.

The sounds of CUTTING and TEARING can be heard from above. They stop for a moment as the doctor bends down to pick up a filthy scalpel from the floor. Grace tenses as he almost sees her. Almost...

He stands and resumes his torturous work.

Grace slowly begins crawling out from under the bed. She emerges behind the doctor, who is too busy to notice.

Grace peeks outside the curtain - the coast is clear. She emerges from the curtained area and continues her search.

Suddenly, a doctor and a nurse emerge from another curtained area, dragging a young man behind them. Grace ducks behind another curtain just in time.

When they're gone, she reemerges and peeks behind another curtain - it's Sean.

He lies there, barely conscious, staring up at the ceiling. A faceless nurse approaches him with a tube and a needle. She inserts the needle into his arm and begins pumping black fluid into his body.

Grace steps behind the nurse and readies her scalpel.

A moment before she strikes, a doctor appears behind Grace. He wraps his arm around Grace's neck; the scalpel falls to the floor.

Grace struggles but the doctor manages to hold her steady. The nurse turns to Grace, holding a rusty saw.

Grace continues to struggle with the large doctor as the nurse steps closer. She grabs Grace's arm and holds it out, bringing the saw down towards it.

Grace kicks the nurse in the stomach, sending her to the floor. She then shifts her weight to the side, knocking the doctor off balance.

This is enough for Grace to get out of the man's grip. Once she does, she grabs an old tray and SLAMS it into the doctor's face; he goes down.

Grace scrambles for the nearest scalpel and thrusts it into the doctor's blank face.

Suddenly, a rusted saw sinks down onto Grace's shoulder. SCREAMING in pain, Grace spins around with the scalpel and stabs the nurse's throat. The nurse collapses to the floor.

Grace gets up and goes to the barely-conscious Sean. She takes the needle out of his arm and slaps his face.

GRACE

Sean, Sean, c'mon.

The silhouettes of several doctors and nurses appear behind the curtain.

Grace begins picking up Sean. He starts to wake up.

SEAN

Grace...

GRACE

We have to get out of here, Sean!

Grace looks up and notices a small window near the ceiling. She smashes the window with a nearby table.

A doctor's hand moves the curtain aside revealing several doctors and nurses.

Grace grabs Sean and clumsily hoists him up to the window.

GRACE

Climb!

Awake now, Sean scrambles through the small opening.

A doctor lunges at Grace but she upturns the bed at him, sending him to the floor. A nurse is next, Grace cleaves her face with the saw and pushes the body into the advancing doctors.

Once they're distracted, Grace leaps up to the window. Sean helps to pull her through the narrow opening.

She's almost through when a doctor grabs her ankle and pulls. She does her best to kick the doctor and the tug-of-war ends quickly.

EXT. PROSPECT POINT ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

Grace and Sean collapse for a moment on the front lawn of the orphanage. A thick layer of fog surrounds the grounds. Grace gets up.

GRACE

C'mon, Sean. We're almost out.

They run towards the fog.

EXT. FOG - NIGHT

Grace and Sean plunge into the bank of fog, surrounded by billowing white mist.

The fog begins to thin and Grace and Sean emerge into...

EXT. PROSPECT POINT CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

It's almost dawn. Sean stops and stares in amazement, Grace continues running, not realizing that Sean had stopped.

She turns and sees several ghostly children appear from the shadows behind Sean.

GRACE

Sean!

Too late, they grab him from behind and begin dragging him back into the shadows.

Grace rushes to him and grabs him, stabbing one of the children in the hand with a scalpel.

After a brief struggle, she manages to take her brother back. They run for the gate, but it won't open.

Grace turns and sees five children approaching her, glaring with white eyes.

A glow slowly appears from behind Grace and Sean, coming from outside the cemetery. The sound of tires SCREECHING fills the air. Grace and Sean dive out of the way. SLAM. Agnes plows her cruiser into the gates, creating just enough of an opening.

Grace and Sean lunge for the cruiser, latching onto its hood. The children latch onto Grace and Sean, trying to pull them back into the cemetery. Agnes puts the car into reverse and hits the gas.

As Grace and Sean are pulled out of the cemetery, the children and thrown backwards.

Agnes stops, allowing Grace and Sean to get off the car.

As dawn creeps in, the children SCREAM in rage at the trio.

Behind them, further inside the cemetery, Abigail Belmont looks out at them and smiles.

INT. ROSE HILL CEMETERY - DAY

The sun shines down on this beautiful cemetery. Grace and Sean approach two new grave stones. Agnes is already there, holding two newspapers in her hand. *
*

One stone reads: Elizabeth Ann Harcourt.

The other reads: Abigail Belmont.

Agnes hands Grace one of the papers. *

AGNES

Now the world will know what happened to them. Maybe now they can rest.

Grace kneels down and puts a flower on each grave.

GRACE

There were so many people in there.

AGNES

At least you have him back now. How's he doing?

Sean stares down at the graves.

GRACE

He has a lot of healing to do. I'm taking him as far from this place as I can.

AGNES

Good luck, Grace.

She gives Grace a brief hug. Grace takes one last look at the graves and leads Sean back to the car. *
*

Agnes watches her go for a moment, then looks down at the newspaper in her hand. It is *The Boston Herald*. The headline reads "The Secret of Prospect Point."

INT. GRACE'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

A copy of *The Boston Herald* with the "The Secret of Prospect Point" headline lays atop a pile of other papers.

The lids of a cardboard box close over it.

Grace picks up the box and carries it to a nearby closet. She stuffs the box onto the top shelf and closes the door.

The morning sun shines through the window and the sounds of laughter can be heard from outside.

Grace goes outside, passing by a calendar on the wall. The calendar shows that it is May.

EXT. GRACE'S NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sean sits on a chair on the balcony, looking out at the city below. Grace comes out and sits beside him.

She looks at him and opens her mouth to say something, but refrains. She looks away.

Sean looks over to her, the pain of his years in the orphanage still in his eyes. He turns back to the view of the city.

He holds out his hand. Without looking, Grace takes it.

Together they look out at the rising sun.

EXT. PROSPECT POINT CEMETERY - DAY

The rusted chain is once again wrapped around the crippled front gates.

A hand emerges from within the cemetery. It grabs hold of the top of the wall. A second hand emerges and grabs the top. A young man, wide-eyed and disheveled, slowly pulls himself up over the wall.

He hurls himself over the wall and tumbles to the ground just outside of the cemetery.

The man stands up and looks around in amazement. He looks straight ahead and smiles.

Smiling back at him are 47 other people. They all stare at him with glassy eyes.

*
*

One by one they turn towards the path leading into town.

*

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
They get stronger every time they
kill someone...They're strong
now...

*
*
*
*

The man joins the group as they begin shuffling down the path towards Norstone. Some giggle like children.

*
*

FADE OUT

*