

WINTERDARK

Written by
R. L. Riley

Revised by
A. Veneman

3rd Revised Draft
Sept 22, 2020

FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The woods are dense and mountainous. Uncivilized.

A Toyota 4RUNNER speeds along in the shadows of hanging trees, moonlight splashing through to the pavement.

INT. TOYOTA 4RUNNER - NIGHT

MEGAN, hovers around 30. Polished. Nurturing. Loves being a homemaker, drives as the 4Runner cuts through the COLD NIGHT, dark, moonlit trees roll by on either side of the car.

Her eyes red from crying.

CALLIE, an adorable six-year-old is leaning against the window, lifeless, BLOOD on her forehead.

EXT. GRAVE SITE - NIGHT

Dark, ominous. The vast, moonlit stretch of pine forest.

She finishes burying her daughter's body in a shallow grave that she's dug with her hands.

The wind HOWLS lightly over the sound of CRICKETS CHIRPING all around her.

She's OVERCOME with emotion. Tired, dirty, cold, Tears roll down her cheeks.

EXT. MEGAN'S HOME - NIGHT

In sleepy suburbia, cookie-cutter houses and cul-de-sacs. Her home showing its age. Could use a coat of paint.

INT. MEGAN'S HOME - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

An image of domesticity - kids' drawings on the fridge, toys laying around.

INT. MEGAN'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A SHOWER KNOB is turned. THE SHOWER HEAD spills water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Megan leans her forehead against the tile, letting the hot water fall over her, steam filling the air. *Peace.*

She fights back the tears. It's impossible. They flow down her face.

INT. MEGAN'S HOME - CALLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pristine. A STUFFED BEAR on the bed, a STORYBOOK and other CHILD TOYS neatly displayed. Mainly DOLLS.

Megan curls up on the bed, with a scrapbook with photos of Callie and herself. She pulls it close to her body.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The SKY is quite dark now, the wind HOWLS.

FAITH BISHOP, 45, moves through old growth woodland; you'd think "PTA MOM" if it weren't for the PRIEST COLLAR under her jacket.

As the last rays of sunlight seep through the trees...

She arrives at a POTTER FIELD, right out of Dickens; overgrown with moss and weeds, a number of dilapidated wooden tombstones dot the landscape.

A freshly-dug grave. One of three MOURNERS finishes planting a burial marker. Faith nods, opens a bible.

FAITH BISHOP

Thou hast anointed my head with
oil; My cup runneth over. Surely
goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life, and I
shall dwell in the house of the
LORD forever.

(then)

I didn't personally know Patricia
Harris...but it would appear that
she died and is to be buried among
strangers. At the last... there is
an end to loneliness but we are
all together as one and the same
without difference between us. So
we say farewell now, knowing that
the sorrow of a parting, gives way
in the fullness of time to a quiet
and everlasting union. Amen.

EXT. GRAVE SITE - DAY

A chill in the air. A fog diffuses a grave near an abandoned theme park, eerily isolating.

A bereaved Megan lays a wreath on the backshift grave. Faith stands nearby.

MEGAN

I had to see.

FAITH BISHOP

You're not being rational --

MEGAN

-- What if this... what if it all means something? What if it's what God wants?

FAITH BISHOP

God has nothing to do with this.

MEGAN

You're a priest, but you don't have an explanation, do you?

FAITH BISHOP

Not yet.

MEGAN

Then who are you to say that God has nothing to do with it? What if he's giving me a second chance?

Beat -- Faith is torn, then --

Faith touches Megan's face, gentle, motherly.

FAITH BISHOP

Ah, Jesus... you have no idea who you have done. Definitely not what you have done.

MEGAN

Your holier than thou attitude really used to make me angry. Now I just find it amusing.

In the b.g., a fog-shrouded Ferris wheel, ghost-like, overgrown with weeds, beyond a tree line.

EXT. MEGAN'S HOME - NIGHT

The house is scary quiet. Megan sits on the porch, curled up in a blanket, asleep. A watchdog too tired to watch.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Megan is heading for the exit with a book, when something stops her.

In the children's section a young mom, ABBY, warm and intuitive with an effortless beauty, is reading *"The Runaway Bunny"* to her little girl, LILLY, 5.

ABBY

"I will become a fish in a trout stream and I will swim away from you." Look he's --

LILLY

He's in water.

ABBY

Yes, he is, *"If you become a fish in the trout stream, said his mother, I will become a fisherman and I will fish for you."*

Back on Megan's face: pain is still there. She retreats, and makes for the exit.

INT. SUPERMARKET - AISLE - DAY

The ROW OF VODKA BOTTLES is still patiently waiting, as Megan, in a Maxi-dress, pulls up her cart and grabs one. Then another.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CHECKOUT - DAY

A shaken Megan, the vodka bottles rattling in her basket, pushes her cart to the registers when --

She eyes a mother, LORI, a New Yorker, Megan's age, but slimmer, more elegantly dressed, at the end of the aisle.

She is shopping with her little boy, SAMMY, in the cart. He's about 5, and really not happy.

SAMMY

Please can I have some Fruit Roll-Ups?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORI

No, Sammy, you know the answer.

SAMMY

Please? Can I have some, please?

LORI

Sammy. No.

Lori very deliberately turns her back on her son and scans the shelf in front of her, ignoring him entirely, which only angers him more.

SAMMY

I want the Fruit Roll-ups.

LORI

Not happening.

SAMMY

Please, I'll be good.

LORI

Stop it.

SAMMY

I promise.

LORI

No, I'm not gonna get 'em.

Megan tries to not pay attention, but it gets under her skin. Sammy's whines turn into wails, and still the mom does nothing.

It goes on until Megan can't take it anymore. She is suddenly striding down the aisle toward them.

MEGAN

You know what? It's only three bucks, why don't you just get him the roll-ups?

The boy stops whining. He and Megan look to Lori to see her response. Lori's eyes narrow.

LORI

Not that it's any of your business, but we don't allow candy in our house, and my son knows that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MEGAN

Come on, it's just fruit. Why don't you give him a treat?

LORI

Are you a mom?

The question hangs there. Megan is obviously caught off-guard. She struggles to respond.

LORI

I didn't think so.
(moves her cart...)
Excuse me...

Megan suddenly reaches up and smacks her across the face. Hard.

Lori stares at her, shocked. Megan looks equally shocked. *Did that really just happen?*

EXT. PARK - DAY

In the suburbs. Fully autumn. Leafless trees. The wind rattles dead leaves. It's chilly. KIDS running, climbing, chasing.

Megan sits idly on a bench. As she looks up through tear-stained eyes we **FLASHBACK** to...

"THREE DAYS EARLIER..."

EXT. PARK - DAY

Megan circling the Merry-Go-Round, with Callie on it, holding a juicebox and cheering.

CALLIE

*Peter Rabbit and Little Boy Blue,
hidden in the brush with Mr.
Magoo. Along came MacDonald with
his trusty gun and he goes,
everybody run.*

As the Merry-Go-Round slows, Callie jumps off.

CALLIE

*Peter Rabbit Peter Rabbit Peter
Rabbit he'll be hopping along --*

Megan turns away for a second. There's a commotion with a couple of kids and their PARENTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long beat. Megan turns back, Callie's gone.

Megan stops the ride, looks in all directions. No sign of her daughter. The scene turns scary.

PARENTS look on as a frantic Megan searches the area.

MEGAN

Callie.... My God, Callie. CALLIE.

She spots a juicebox near woods, sees Callie chasing a BUNNY RABBIT. Megan RUNS after Callie.

MEGAN

Whoa, kiddo... Slow down.

INT. WOODS - DAY

Callie runs after him, ducks under branches -- then, she catches her foot on a fallen branch, goes down hard, hits her head on a rock, knocks herself unconscious.

Callie rolls into the stream, face down in the water. She convulses -- drowning.

From below, we look up at her as she convulses.

MEGAN (O.S.)

Callie!

Megan pulls Callie from the water, gasping for air.

She lays her down. There's too much water in her lungs. She's asphyxiating.

Now Callie -- she's not breathing. Megan is crazed, she starts YELLING at her.

CALUDIA

No, don't you die. Stay with me.

She frantically tries to revive her daughter.

Suddenly, Callie's eyes flutter open, mouth too, water gushes from it. She's COUGHING, GAGGING...

MEGAN

Thank God!

Megan smiles. Cries. Kisses her face.

She stares at her mother, barely alive... and then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Callie's eyes still. Her breathing stops. She slips away...

MEGAN

Noooooo...

Megan sobs and tries to resuscitate her daughter, but Callie's not responding. She continues to flat line.

Callie's face. Cold. Lifeless. Dead.

No misinterpreting the apparent true terror in that cry.

INT. CLAUDIA'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Megan breads chicken cutlets while cradling a phone on her shoulder.

MEGAN

I know it's a bit rocky now,
you got to -- he said what?

(listens)

It's a phase -- yes, Callie's the
same way... it's a tough age.

Incoming call:

MEGAN

Hang on, I got another call.

(answers)

Mom, I toldja, she's taking a
nap... yes, we're still coming.

EXT. GRAVE SITE - NIGHT

A stray dog barks at the dirt. A subtle GLOW starts to emanate from within. Worms emerge from the soil, as if they're being forced up, unnaturally.

The dog growls, continues barking, crouching in an attack stance, as something emerges from the ground.

Soil falls away, the dog bolts in the other direction.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A PAIR OF LEGS come walking out of the darkness, approaching a barn. Covered in dirt and grime, like they've been walking a long distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Through mud and brambles, undeterred, with an ominous stagger...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A light wintery mix ghostly in the misty street lights.

Callie walks briskly, hugging a rag doll. Snowflakes bombard a doll-like face. Dark circles under lifeless eyes. She's definitely something.

INT. MEGAN'S HOME - CALLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

A rumble of THUNDER stirs Megan in her sleep. She settles, out. A tiny FIGURE enters frame, next to Megan. A hand caresses her cheek.

She jolts awake. Callie, smiles at her. She embraces Callie tightly, nearly trembling.

MEGAN

It's you. It's really you.

Megan pulls away for a moment. It certainly looks like Callie. But don't look too closely. Because this really isn't Callie at all.

Megan isn't going to let this get to her.

CALLIE

Did you miss me...?

MEGAN

Like crazy. Oh God, I just want to hold you, baby, let me hold you.

INT. MEGAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Early morning. Megan makes breakfast. Callie comes in, still sleepy eyed. Megan kisses her all over her body.

MEGAN

You're up. Yum, yum, yum, I think I'm going to eat you for lunch.

CALLIE

Mommy, stop, it tickles.

EXT. THEME PARK - DAY

An abandoned THEME PARK so VAST you can't possibly see where it begins or ends. A graveyard of decaying rides and roller coasters. The Ferris Wheel.

Callie hops onboard a Merry-Go-Round. It SLOWLY SPINS.

<p>MEGAN</p> <p>One, two, three, four, five, six, seven...all good children go to heaven.</p>	<p>CALLIE</p> <p>One, two, three, four, five, six, seven...all good children go to heaven.</p>
---	--

CALLIE (CONT'D)
Faster mommy, faster...

She obliges, mouths "I love you." The Merry-Go-Round gaining speed. Faith joins them.

Megan's casualness meets her formality. It's awkward.

FAITH BISHOP

I know what it feels like. To want another chance...to say the things you didn't get to say...and when it seems real you want to believe it...no matter how possible...
(then)
You know she's not your daughter, don't you, Megan? She wouldn't scare you. She wouldn't hurt you. Tell me you know it's not her.

MEGAN

You were part of a satanic cult. The queen of the cult, right? So why would a devil worshipper want to be free of the devil?

FAITH BISHOP

I was conflicted. There was a part of me that wanted to be relieved of the possession.

INT. MEGAN'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A clock radio. 4:29 rolls over to 4:30. Megan sleeps. A shadow crosses over her. She wakes with a start.

Callie stands there, holding, her favorite rag doll.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEGAN

Baby, you should be in bed.

CALLIE

(giggles)

I will sleep when I'm dead.

INT. MEGAN'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Megan shivers slightly. Goes to the window. DRAWS the curtains open. Peers outside.

Gazing at the backyard. Callie plays by herself. A quiet stillness that can't be trusted. An uneasy feeling.

A HAND SUDDENLY GRABS MEGAN'S wrist. She YELLS. It's Callie, squeezing her rag doll.

Megan pulls herself together, embarrassed.

MEGAN

You scared me.

She hugs her daughter, absorbs Callie's desperation.

CALLIE

But all my friends are here.

MEGAN

So, you'll make new ones.
People around here just wouldn't understand, doodlebug.

CALLIE

Understand what?

MEGAN

People will begin to ask questions I don't have answers for.

CALLIE

What kind is it?

Their eyes hold on each other. Megan hugs her daughter.

MEGAN

The kind you don't tell people, or they'll think you're crazy.

EXT/INT. RURAL ROAD - 4RUNNER - DAY

Megan drives in a dazed silence. Callie devours Popeye's chicken in a box.

Several hastily-packed suitcases sits in the back seat.

CALLIE

I wanna talk to granny.

Megan pulls out her cell phone. NO SERVICE. *Auuggh!*

MEGAN

Sorry, doodlebug. No reception.

CALLIE

Even hell gets reception.

Megan just nods, staring quietly at the road.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

Mega drives down a quiet street, a blast from the past, sprawling old houses, mostly Victorian-- with fresh coats of paint and manicured lawns.

But some homes are worn and shabby, beaten down by weather and years.

EXT. NICE HOME - DAY

Shadowed by weeping willow trees and proudly boasting its new paint job.

Megan pulls into the driveway. Callie honks the horn to announce their arrival.

JOE and GRETCHEN, 55 and 52 respectively, rush out to greet them.

Kisses, bright warm faces happy to see each other.

Joe lifts up Callie. But Gretchen is a little less warm.

INT. NICE HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Joe and Gretchen stand in the kitchen, the door closed behind them for privacy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's frantic. Joe grabs her shoulders. She lashes out. He takes a few hits before he can restrain her, shaking Gretchen until she stops.

JOE

Hey-hey-HEY. Get a grip of yourself.

GRETCHEN

Joe, she felt cold. Tell me I'm crazy. Am I over reacting?

JOE

Yes, you're over reacting.

GRETCHEN

That's not our Callie.

JOE

Stop being ridiculous.

GRETCHEN

...I...I know it sounds insane.

He watches his wife, worried.

JOE

Greta...you're scaring me.

GRETCHEN

I'm sorry. I'm sorry-

JOE

You're just in shock. That's all. Your mind's playing tricks on you.

Gretchen isn't satisfied, but lets it go -- for now.

INT. NICE HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gretchen busy with a mountain of clean up. Megan joins her at the sink, plucking up a dish rag to help dry.

MEGAN

Hey, are you okay?

GRETCHEN

Not okay, no. Who is she? I don't know who she is!

MEGAN

What kind of question is that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETCHEN

A direct one. What's the deal?
What is it that you're not ready
to tell me?

MEGAN

Don't know what you're driving at.

GRETCHEN

Really, I don't know.

MEGAN

Worry about your demons. I'll
worry about mine.

Gretchen looks dubious, but she sighs. *Fine.*

EXT. NICE HOME - DUSK

A DOG HOWLING...a CROW CRACKLING...the red orange sun is setting behind the willow trees and casting eerie shadows around the house.

INT. NICE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Callie is asleep on the right side of the bed. Megan sleeps beside her, tossing and turning. She eyes the digital clock: 1:15.

Megan shuts her eyes, a fitful sleep. Abruptly, her eyes pop open.

She bolts upright and eyes the clock: 1:45. Turns to find the bed empty beside her.

MEGAN

Callie? Callie?

Megan jumps out of bed, flips on the lamp. Callie's nowhere to be seen. She rushes into the hall.

INT. NICE HOME - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

The hall is shadows and emptiness. Megan pushes open a door to her parents room. They're sound asleep.

Megan continues down the hall. A dim light comes from downstairs. She takes the steps two at a time.

INT. NICE HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan looks around the darkened room. The only light comes from the moon. She continues on into the kitchen.

INT. NICE HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nothing here either. Light simmers from the partially-opened basement door.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - NIGHT

The door creaks open and Megan descends the rickety stairs.

MEGAN

Callie?

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement is cluttered with junk. Light comes from a 40 watt bulb hanging on a chord.

Megan walks around old furniture -- deeper into the shadows towards a FURNACE and slams right into Callie from behind the furnace.

They both screams.

MEGAN

Oh, Callie, what're you doing down here in the middle of the night?

CALLIE

Nothing.

EXT. NICE HOME - NIGHT

The MOON shines overhead. An icy sliver. The darkest part of the night...

INT. NICE HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Callie appears, there's something eerie about her demeanor. Gretchen backs up, too scared to breathe.

Callie pivots hard on Gretchen. Callie's eyes glowing red. Inhuman. As her terror escalates... Gretchen, runs,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An invisible force moves furniture across the room in an eerie, choreographed fashion, blocking her escape.

She can only look at her, paralyzed, there's no way out.

An overhead light fixture begins to shake and rattle, before she can react, the fixture crashes down on her head. She drops to the floor.

Callie flies against the wall and crawls UP IT, across the ceiling and BACK DOWN. It faces Megan.

A deranged gleam in Callie's eye. A nervous silence. Megan holds her hand up abruptly in a "Stop" motion.

Callie pauses, then collapses. A child once more. Megan moves towards Callie and comforts her.

A terrified Gretchen is slumped against the wall.

INT. NICE HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness - except for the light coming from the open door to the fridge. Callie eats and drinks like a man on death row devouring his last meal.

The entire floor is littered with JUNK FOOD wrappers.

CALLIE

I'm tired, Mommy

Megan picks up her daughter in her arms.

MEGAN

Come here, oh - you're getting too heavy.

INT. NICE HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan sits next to Callie, coloring and singing along with Panasonic discman. Joe and Gretchen nearby...

GRETCHEN

Look at me. LOOK AT ME!

JOE

It was clear to me she was dead!

Still Joe continues to stare into space.

FLASHBACK - INT. CAR - DAY

Chyron: "twenty-two Years Ago." *The car smashes into a tree. Airbags deploy. Smoke rises from the hood.*

Joe raises his head, dazed. Eyes Megan, 13, dead.

RESUME SCENE

GRETCHEN

What happened?

Gretchen turns to see Faith, who's just arrived.

GRETCHEN

So nice of you to join us,
Reverend Bishop.

FAITH BISHOP

*You want to hear the catholic
grapevine version.*

(finding her voice)

*It was the winter before JFK's
assassination. It snowed at
Christmas and the snow lingered
for months. The whole country came
to a stop. I remember it vividly
as a 7 year old.*

FLASHES OF HER STORY -

These flashes are subtle impressions. Almost voyeuristic.

- A FLASH - CONTRAILS of a METEOR lighting up the
darkness, falling from the heavens...

- A SONIC BOOM as it penetrates the THEME PARK. The
kinetic power of its impact DESTROYING most of the
PLAYGROUND.

- A few more tremors, then it settles. Eerie calm
pervades.

FAITH BISHOP

*It destroyed that park. Sanked
beneath the surface, its "burial
ground." Within hours the Military
was on scene. Posted signs, orders
to shoot all trespassers on site.*

- Quick. A ten-foot-high chain-link fence, with razor
wire at the top.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- Behind it, SOLDIERS in full combat gear cordoning off the area as armored vehicles move in.

- Quick. Terrifying - Faith's POV - she stand at the edge of a CRATER, a bottomless pit.

- An Ambient light glows, staving off total blackness, then fades into oblivion...

Faith relaxes for a beat.

Gretchen regards them all for a beat, processing.

FAITH BISHOP

Subsequent since then there's been rumors of paranormal activity such as strange lights, tremors, and a sense of an inhuman presence. I know, it sounds like a childhood campfire story, in fact, it was an alien lifeforce imprisoned in that meteoroid.

Gretchen struggles for a moment. Deeply embarrassed.

Joe stares at the floor. Knows how crazy this sounds.

JOE

I never believed the stories. I was a scientist. My job was to be skeptical, maybe I was distracting by the thought of how I was going to tell you, I couldn't bare the thought and whatnot, but that night...

GRETCHEN

What?!

FLASHBACK - EXT. GRAVE SITE - NIGHT

Joe, eyes full of desperation stands over a deep-dug hole. He looks down, disturbed, touches the wound in his head.

JOE

...I just took a chance. I had to...

He climbs down into the hole.

BACK TO SCENE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gretchen glares at Joe, her feelings hurt badly.

GRETCHEN

A...presence. You brought it home with her, or, or summoned it, and that's why it's here--

JOE

I couldn't loose her -- I had to try. I was desperate can't you see? I sat there for two days. I mean, good heavens! It felt like my very first Christmas all over again. Sure she was different but she was back.

(then)

With the help of Bishop she taught Megan how to harness it.

GRETCHEN

Jesus, Mary and Joseph. I can't believe you kept this from me all this time.

Joe eyes her fist, balled up in frustration. He puts a hand on top of it.

JOE

I sorry, honey, I am truly sorry.
(exhales, then)
I gotta tell you, I feel loads better.

Gretchen looks at him, seemingly with understanding. Slowly stands and then...SLAP! Right across his cheek.

GRETCHEN

You know what? Me too.

Megan has humored this for long enough.

MEGAN

I don't think we need to dredge all that up.

GRETCHEN

Some things are better left buried.

Chastened, Joe CONSIDERS her accusations, looking at Callie and Megan, then:

JOE

Even Megan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRETCHEN

Of course not.

(a shaky laugh)

I'm...I'm afraid of my own grand daughter!

MEGAN

Normal is just an illusion. What's normal for the dead is chaos for the living.

Gretchen turns to see Faith, now standing with BROTHER EVANS, 20s, he wears a PRIEST COLLAR.

GRETCHEN

How could you, Father -

BROTHER EVANS

Brother Evans. I'm a seminary student.

GRETCHEN

Poor Reverend Bishop. I wonder... Were you doing God's work, or did you need deliverance from your own delusions?

Faith is frozen, at a loss for words. After a beat. She smiles, forced, trying to hide her emotions.

GRETCHEN

So...so, this demon--

FAITH BISHOP

An alien life force like this uses the energy of your fear to manifest. If you can control that, you can control it. Like you have, Megan. Whereas Callie, on the other hand, is too young to understand what's happening.

MEGAN

What about an exorcism?

FAITH BISHOP

An exorcism is out of the question.

MEGAN

I feel like I'm losing her.

FAITH BISHOP

You've already lost her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Callie starts to LAUGH DEMONICALLY, but it ain't her voice. It's deep, guttural and masculine.

POSSESSED CALLIE

Leave her alone, you fucking Priestess! Or you'll be sorry.

With incredible speed possessed Callie lunges, tries to gouge her eyes out. Faith struggles with it, screams - the scream of a woman who knows he's about to die.

Joe rushes Callie in an attempt to rescue Bishop, but Callie backhands him as if she were swatting a fly.

Joe is hurled across the room and crashes into a glass cabinet. Again, Callie has demonic eyes and now fangs.

Joe's face is blood-covered from the fall.

Megan grabs Callie before she can re-focus her attention on Bishop.

Megan... face and voice transformed into something barely recognizable, *chants unintelligible LATIN.*

Callie's body STIFFENS suddenly, then relaxes. With eyes as blank as a rag dolls, she weeps, a child once more.

Megan's herself again, albeit, totally freaked. She takes her up into her arms.

MEGAN

Shh...shh...It'll be alright. Come on, baby. Please don't cry.

INT. NICE HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Only a night-light on the far wall sheds light in the room now. And the decor is girly. Dolls and pink.

In the bed is Callie asleep, huddled under the covers.

Beat. The tension: through the roof. Everyone staring at each other like it's a Mexican standoff. Then...

MEGAN

Why the hell not?

GRETCHEN

She's unstable. It's not a safe environment for her. For anyone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BISHOP

The road to hell is paved with
good intentions. But it has to be
done.

Megan peers at her daughter. Her eyes are bloodshot and
her face is wet from crying.

INT. NICE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan stays silent, emotional, fighting something inside.
Gretchen and Joe watch her, and it gradually starts to
become clear...

EXT. DEAD END ROAD - NIGHT

Freezing rain - ice pellets, snow - the whole nine yards.
Our 4Runner drives down the spooky road. Pulls up to...

A blizzard of dead leaves swirling around a rickety gate.
Megan exits, fighting WIND and RAIN to unlock the gate.

INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT

Callie stirs in her sleep, hugging her rag doll. Opens
her eyes, looks around. Megan gets back in.

CALLIE

Mommy, this is not the playground.

Megan smiles at her daughter, but her face is filled with
wistful sadness. Puts the car into neutral.

Then a low growl comes from Callie, her face transfigured
but somehow still Callie.

POSSESSED CALLIE

This is some Tom Foolery!!! Why
has thou forsaken me?

EXT. DEAD END ROAD - NIGHT

Megan exits, gets behind her 4runner and pushes the car
inside the gate. She stands there soaked to the bone.

Callie clutches her rag doll, pounding on the rear glass,
tears running down her doll-like face. Now screaming...

FOR A SECOND Megan wavers. Megan stumbles off and weeps
in freezing rain that has started to turn to snow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAITH BISHOP (CONT'D)

She was eventually 'hanged for the usual length of time' and her body was claimed by family members. The coffin with the body in it was left outside the local inn, which is when it happened: the moment of "resurrection," Noise and sounds were heard coming out from inside the coffin. Against all odds, Maggie Dickson was alive. who she apparently re-awoke from death? According to Scottish law at the time, and to what officials later on also agreed, her punishment had already been carried out. She was hanged once, so would not be subjected to the gallows again.

A beat, then -

FAITH BISHOP

I guess it was seen as "God's will" that she carried on living.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Bishop crosses herself.

A DILAPIDATED SIGN CREAKS, as it FLAPS wildly overhead. Too dark to make out any words until...

A fork of lightning rips through the sky, illuminates -- the written words: "*Winterdark.*"

For those who are found.
Winterdark...for those who make it
back down.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A tiny, picturesque park.

Callie and play-date LUKE, 7, on the monkey bars.

Stretched out in the grass nearby, Megan and ZOE, 30s, with wash-and-wear good looks and the harried good cheer of a can-do Mom.

WOMAN

Luke! Careful not to kick.

She rolls over closer to Megan, eyes her inquisitively.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

I bet our lives are a lot alike in some ways.

MEGAN

Like how?

WOMAN

Megan sits on a park bench. Way off in the distance children play on a jungle gym.

INT. MEGAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A birthday party... Callie with a few friends. Megan is bringing out the cake.

MEGAN

Make a wish and don't waste it on a boy.

Callie blows out candles. Her friends clap.

Sebastian enters. He's calmed down some, ready to talk.

REVERSE to reveal that Sebastian standing near the back door, watching all of this go down, but for some reason not making a move toward them.

Sebastian backs away. He seems terrified.

The woman's POV

And now we see why -- from Sebastian's perspective, Eva Sofia is standing in her pool, fully clothed.

Talking to no one.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Late, Megan, seated in a booth. Her face a mixture of relief and torment. A WAITRESS is wiping down tables.

INT. MEGAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Knock knock. Curled on the couch, Megan's eyes slit open. She waits, very still, until...knock knock knock.

MEGAN

Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN (O.S.)

Sweetie...

She goes to the door, unlocks the screen door and opens it, not rushing.

BECCA, 30s, sidles in. She's pretty, but damaged.

MEGAN

Becca.

WOMAN

Hey, I'm taking the kids to Chuck E. Cheese. I thought maybe Callie would like to come.

MEGAN

Another time. She's grounded.

A beat,

WOMAN

Oh, OK. Well next time.

INT. MEGAN'S HOME - DAY

A subdued breakfast. Megan looks up from her food to find LIAM, 35, eyeing her; the kind of guy men want to hang out with and women want to hug.

MEGAN

What?

LIAM

Nothing. You feel okay?

MEGAN

Fine! What're you doing here?

LIAM

It's my weekend to have Callie, remember?

MEGAN

She's with friends.

LIAM

Are you kidding me?

Megan scoots away from the table--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEGAN

Doe sit look like I'm kidding? You can have her next weekend.

LIAM

It's her birthday. I've been planning this for weeks.

MEGAN

Sorry, I forgot.

LIAM

I see. You're doing this out of spite.

Her eyes are hard. Her mouth is a tight angry line.

Liam pulls out his cell, speed dials...

MEGAN

What're you doing?

LIAM

Calling our daughter.

Suddenly, a phone rings coming from the living room.

MEGAN

She left it here.

LIAM

Callie never leaves her phone.

Liam proceeds to search the place for Callie.

MEGAN

I toldja she isn't here.

LIAM

My lawyer's going to here about this.

MEGAN

Piss off.

INT. CITY MORGUE - DAY

Megan in scrubs finds a locker labeled DOE, JANE. CUT TO -

MOMENTS LATER, Megan peers down at the Jane Doe, lying uncovered on the tray. The corpse's clear pale eyes remain OPEN, seeming ever more present than she was before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MeganJ her file

MEGAN
(under ehr breath)
No scars, tattoos,
birthmarks...age identification
pending?

Megan studies Jane Doe's face. Eerily ageless. She could be as young as 20, as old as 40. It's hard to tell.

MEGAN
No traceable fingerprints...?

Megan inspects the Jane Doe's wrists, marred with deeply bruised ligature marks. She gently bends the corpse's arm.

MEGAN
Um, no rigor mortis.

Megan turns the Jane Doe's hand over, revealing countless JAGGED SPLINTERS, embedded deep beneath the dead woman's fingernails.

Megan DROPS the Jane Doe's hand. Looks down at her, unnerved.

MEGAN
(chilled)
What happened to you...?

The Jane Doe stares back at Megan with her eerie face. And just when it looks like the corpse possibly might blink --

Her cell phone RINGS, Startled, Megan TEARS the gloves off and SLIDES the Jane Doe back into her locker --

She answers.

MEGAN
(into phone)
Hello? Yes, this is Dr. Megan
Harman.

Megan blanches.

MEGAN
She did what?

Off megan, looking horrified.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Callie's sitting on a bench in the hall, chewing gum. Megan comes out and just stares at her. Callie blows a bubble.

MEGAN

What on Earth were you thinking?
You know damned well that of all
the words you can't say in public,
THATword is the worst

CALLIE

He mad me mad.

MEGAN

You're lucky you only got
detention. You need to behave,
Callie, or they'll kick you out
and you won't have anywhere to go.

CALLIE

I told you I didn't want to go to
that school.

MEGAN

Nico, you don't get to decide. I'm
the parent

Megan lifts Callie's cute pink phone -- it's CHOCK FULL OF NOTIFICATIONS. She scrolls through them, and we get the gist -- *they're HAPPY BIRTHDAY TEXTS/MESSAGES.*

Victoria regards him for a moment, distracted by Grayson's hypnotic eyes now. Then--

It's a creepy, disheveled mess: mounds of raw soil, tipped-over stones, etc...

FADE OUT.