

"WITCH HAZEL"

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OVER BLACK:

The sound of hard water courses through a shower head.

FADE UP ON:

INT. BATHROOM

CLOSE ON: a medicine cabinet opening. A feminine HAND grabs a plastic, dusty bottle from a cluttered shelf.

The dusty bottle's label reads: *WITCH HAZEL*.

The medicine cabinet closes with a sick SQUEAL. In the mirror reflects a nude BRENDA GRANT (27) with a dozen pus-seeping bruises and bloody lesions running from face to chest.

She examines the scars and bruises marring a once beautiful complexion. She soaks a cotton ball in the astringent.

The sting of the liquid on raw, pink flesh triggers.

A bone-chilling, death RATTLE, *similar to the sound of someone taking their very last breath. Damn terrifying.*

Her eyes fill with water, her heart pounds, her skin gooses. She hears that sound; and it's damn familiar.

She opens the toilet bowl, cabinets, all looks normal.

She looks to the shower head -- clear water sprays out. Her breathing eases.

The death RATTLE returns.

Brenda gazes into the mirror with an intense stare

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER - BEAR LAKE - EARLY MORNING

TITLE CARD: One week ago.

EXT. BEAR LAKE - EARLY MORNING

A flatbed wrecker with a heavy-duty chain pulls a car from out the water up onto shore.

Two DETECTIVES walk up. DET. BRIAN WHITE an Irish male, mid-forties and DET. SELMA PRAY, a black female, mid-thirties.

White opens the door. Water spills out of the car. He steps back. He peaks inside the car.

A crab falls out onto White's foot with the crab's claw locking on to White's ankle.

WHITE

Aaah... Shit! Get this mother fucker!

White kicks at the crab until it lets go. He then stomps on it until it dies.

PRAY

You done now?

White rolls his eyes at Pray and mumbles under his breath.

WHITE

Oh boy, it's way too early.

White presses "Record" on a tape recorder.

WHITE

August 10, 2009. 5:48 am. White male, mid fifties, found inside an abandon vehicle submerged in Bear Lake. Dressed in blue jeans, matching denim jacket, a vintage American 500 t-shirt.

Pray finds a wallet and a driver's license in one of the corpse's pockets.

Pray gloves up to inspect the corpse. White turns the head to reveal a scar on the man's face and spots a ripped jaw.

WHITE

It's keloid already. The jaw looks elongated, ripped by force, maybe.

PRAY

A screamer.

Pray kneels down to examine the body too.

PRAY

Judging from the bit of rigor mortis, no real lividity or pooling of blood yet. Glistening eyes, no decomposition. I'd put the TOD only a few hours ago, tops.

(to fisherman)

You saw him walk into the water?

FISHERMAN

Hey, he walked right into the water, didn't swim, nothing... walked he was on land.

PRAY

(to White)

So, what's the narrative? It's an easy 200 yards to the shoreline and this looney *walks* here --

WHITE

He knows where this car was and...

PRAY

Then gets behind the wheel -- a suicide, by intentional drowning. But why here?

WHITE

The jaw injury could have been from foul play. A fight. Then he is dumped in the vehicle.

PRAY

Look at that rotting dash board. That's years worth of decomposition.

(to fisherman)

You didn't see anyone else around?

FISHERMAN

Nope, not even passing cars. This guy walked here alone. I did not see anybody else all night.

White addresses the CSI crew.

WHITE

(to the crew)

Everybody, mum's the word. No questions. No statements!

PRAY

(to White)

The crime scene supports no evidence of foul play.

WHITE

The crime scene is at the bottom of a polluted levee. You want to go check it out? Be my guest.

White walks to the rear of the car. Sludge and seaweed cover the license plate number. He wipes the surface of the plate with his foot, but the gunk is too caked on.

The trunk POPS opens, exposing a badly decomposed skeleton. White jumps -- startled!

WHITE

Oh, my God!

He turns to a CSI team member.

WHITE

You... could you give me some help over here, please.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Brenda Grant, *the same woman from earlier*, now epitomizes the corporate businesswoman in dress and demeanor.

Her soft, attractive features and designer spectacles make her more Palin-esque than Hilary Clinton, and with more resolve.

She leads a presentation for the BOSSES and INVESTORS with the sureness of a highly competent manager.

Her timid ASSISTANT walks in and whispers to her.

BRENDA

Now? No.
(listening)
Can they wait?

Her ASSISTANT invites Brenda to look toward the --

INT. LOBBY - SAME

They see Detectives Pray and White waiting.

INT. BRENDA'S OFFICE

Brenda searches in the desk for tissue for the oncoming tears. White sits. Pray stands.

WHITE

I am very sorry to burden you with this kind of news ma'am. Here.

White hands a pocket handkerchief to Brenda.

BRENDA

Are you sure it was my father,
James Grant, Sr.?

WHITE

Yes, ma'am. We found his wallet on
him and we also had his prints
checked for a positive. And it
checked out.

BRENDA

Have you told my mother yet?

PRAY

Your mother remarried?

BRENDA

She went back to her maiden name,
Gail McClelland.

Pray and White exchange glances.

PRAY

Since your parents are divorced,
you are the next of kin, the first
person to be notified.

WHITE

That you know of, did your father
ever speak of a Zelda Girbaud?

BRENDA

No, I don't know...

WHITE

The vehicle we found him in was
registered to a Zelda Girbaud. The
vehicle had been missing for nearly
a decade. In the trunk of the car
we found skeletal remains of a
body. We are working now to
identity the body.

BRENDA

Oh, my God!

Brenda covers her mouth, stifling a cry.

BRENDA

You think my father swam to drown
in Zelda Gir --

WHITE

Girbaud. Zelda Girbaud.

BRENDA

In her abandoned car, with a dead
body inside?

PRAY

Don't know yet -- working on it.

WHITE

Did your father have any problems
or altercations with anyone lately?

BRENDA

Not that I knew of. You think it
was definitely a suicide? Could he
have been murdered?

WHITE

We will know more after the
coroner's report.

PRAY

What can you tell us about your
father?

BRENDA

Well, he's been in a mental...

Brenda's eyes water -- she tries to ignore her tears.

BRENDA

psychiatric hospital since I was a
teenager. But, he was released on
Monday, because they deemed him fit
to live on his own. I was waiting
until the weekend to see him.

Brenda wipes away her tears.

WHITE

Our deepest condolences for you and
your family's loss. We will keep
you posted.

BRENDA

Thank you, detectives.

White hands Brenda his contact card. White and Pray exit.
Brenda writes on the back of the card: Zelda Girbaud.

EXT. BURIAL CEREMONY - DAY

A casket descends into the earth.

The voice of the PRIEST breaks the silence.

Weeping, Brenda holds hands with JAMES GRANT, J.R., (27), her twin-brother -- a brash and emotional grown-up kid.

Brenda reviews the familiar faces in the party until she spots a GYPSY LADY, a Creole, in white garb, sacred beads and head wrap -- ritual gypsy funeral attire.

The mysterious woman's pale eyes stare through Brenda. The gypsy twirls in her wrinkled fingers a necklace with a locket on the end that rests around her neck.

Brenda's hand tightens in J.R.'s. J.R. turns but only sees the gypsy lady walking away. He frowns at Brenda.

Brenda watches the gypsy lady leave then turns to the Priest.

INT. / EXT. GAIL'S HOME - DAY

Brenda welcomes Relatives and Friends walking in. The pattern goes: greet, force smile, hug, take envelope. Repeat.

The wind blows harder through the doorway now. She goes to the bay windows to keep an eye out for approaching guests.

TODD FRANKLIN (27), Brenda's boyfriend, takes her by the waist; it startles her until she realizes it's him.

TODD

Even though we're not together, you
can still talk to me about
anything, Brenda.

BRENDA

I know. I just need some alone
time. Time to process.

Todd turns her to face him.

TODD

I'm sorry your father passed.

BRENDA

I'm sorry I never went to visit.
Not once, not once since... what
high school? I thought I was
punishing him, when it was me that
was hurting...

TODD

Don't be so hard on yourself.

BRENDA

I did nothing to help him though. I wanted to, I wish I knew why he killed himself now.

Todd gives her a deep hug.

TODD

Listen. I have an arraignment downtown in an hour. Call me if you need anything.

Todd gives her a kiss but she turns so it lands on the cheek. Todd grins, then heads out the door.

Brenda waves Todd goodbye from the window. Rain lands on the glass. She looks up to the dark clouds hurrying in, trees lean and bushes sway -- a storm is brewing.

BRENDA'S POV: The Gypsy Lady is walking up the front steps.

Brenda runs out the door, to the front steps.

Brenda inspects the grounds -- no Gypsy Lady! She turns and steps on something -- a locket on a necklace. She picks up the wiry, weathered keepsake. It's exotic and a bit rusty.

A number of curious eyes linger on a wet, aloof Brenda entering the living room. She looks up.

BRENDA

I thought I saw someone outside.

Out of the crowd comes GAIL McCLELLAND (49), Brenda's mother. She's a sweet, but conventional, lady.

GAIL

Are you alright sweetie?

BRENDA

This wouldn't be yours by any chance, would it?

Brenda shows Gail the locket.

GAIL

No. Not mine. Where did you find this?

BRENDA

I saw someone outside. But once I... I... I don't know where she has gone too.

GAIL
Honey, please. Try to relax for me.

BRENDA
Mom, I am fine.

GAIL
I've been meaning to ask you, your doctor said he does family therapy, right? You, me and J.R. can make an appointment.

BRENDA
No, I don't need a psychiatrist anymore. I saw the gypsy-looking lady, the one from the funeral.

GAIL
I don't remember a gypsy lady?

Gail affectionately pats Brenda's hand.

BRENDA
J.R., he saw her, there, at the funeral.

Brenda looks for J.R.; she can't spot him through the crowd.

GAIL
We can talk to J.R., then. At times our mind plays tricks on us.

BRENDA
Mom, I am not crazy. I know at least J.R. saw her.

A kitchen bell DINGS.

GAIL
Honey you're getting yourself all worked up for nothing. Please just... Oh, the food is ready.

Gail hurries off. Brenda calls for the room's attention.

BRENDA
Excuse me, excuse me everyone. Did somebody drop this? Anybody!

Brenda parades the locket around the room, interrupting conversations. Gail motions J.R. to stop Brenda.

J.R.
Sis, calm down. What's up?

Helping Brenda sit down.

BRENDA

You saw the old gypsy lady at the funeral?

J.R.

Was that when you drove your nails into my skin? I saw the back of a lady in white, but not her face.

BRENDA

Well, I saw her outside this house, just now. Maybe this is her's.

Brenda tries to unlatch the hook on the locket, but can't. She hands it to J.R. to open, but he fails.

A frail guy stumbles by, heavily intoxicated. This is MATT GRANT, late 40's. He spots the locket -- his eyes widen with recognition mixed with dread.

MATT

You shouldn't have that.

Matt snatches the locket from J.R.'s hand. J.R. grabs Matt by the wrist. Matt shoves J.R. down on the sofa.

MATT

This was my brother's.

J.R. CHARGES at Matt. Gail steps in between them.

GAIL

Stop, both of you! Matt you're drunk! Have some respect for your very own brother's funeral, for God's sake.

MATT

Respect for what... a cursed man? I'm happy James is gone. He should be sitting in hell right now, according to my watch.

From the crowd comes a lanky, southern-dressed gent, FRANK DIGGS (late 40's). He grabs Matt.

FRANK

Goddamn it, Matt. I knew it was bad you being here.

MATT

But look what I got.

Matt flashes the necklace, but Frank seems impassive.

Matt turns to Brenda; from behind, Frank twists Matt's arm into an arm lock. Matt resists; he drops the locket.

Brenda picks up the locket and pockets it.

FRANK

Shit! Steve! Come give me a hand!

From the crowd comes STEVE PRATT (late 40's). Frank and Steve bear down on Matt.

MATT

Come on Gail, Brenda, let's have a family meeting. Let's air out ol' James's dirty laundry!

STEVE

Smells like you're bringing in the New Year kind of late, ain't you bud?

MATT

Brenda, if the nightmares come. Well, it's the locket. Get rid of it! It's bad. Bad news, Brenda! Haha.

(he burps)

Frank and Steve drag Matt out the front door. J.R. blocks everyone from going out after them -- even Brenda.

Brenda goes to the window to see Steve and Frank drag Matt into a car. They rip into Matt. Matt looks to Brenda in the window.

BRENDA'S POV: close on Matt's lips yelling "CURSED." Then the car pulls off. Brenda turns to --

GAIL

You don't listen to him. When I was married to your father, trouble is what Matt was. Always starting problems.

J.R. rubs Brenda's back.

J.R.

Hey, forget about all of that. Let's just try to enjoy what rest of the evening we do have.

GAIL

J.R.'s right, honey. Just try and relax, OK?

BRENDA

Mom, J.R., stop treating me like I'm going to flip out. Just 'cause Dad decided to commit suicide doesn't mean I will. I am not some teenager having a PTSD anniversary reaction. I am fine!

GAIL

We're just worried about you dear. You're not acting like yourself.

Brenda storms off. Gail goes after her. J.R. grabs Gail's hand.

GAIL

Come back Brenda.

J.R.

Mom, she will be alright. She's a big girl; give her some time.

EXT. ROAD, DENSE FOREST - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

Brenda drives on a dirt road into a heavily wooded area until the trees block the road. She exits the car.

Brenda walks to a huge rock at the embankment of --

EXT. BEAR LAKE - DAY

She pulls out the locket, struggles to open it but can't. Enraged, she throws it into the water.

CLOSE ON: the locket hitting the water.

Brenda closes her eyes, whispers a prayer and turns away.

At the spot where the locket sank, the water starts to roil in reverse. The wind blows and the sky quickly turns to darkness. High tidal waves crash on the shore.

Suddenly, the WATER EXPLODES with the force of C-4. Brenda recoils and falls into the sand. She recovers.

She looks to the site of the explosion -- shiny, black dots emerge and float on the surface of the water. The dots ride the waves to shore, moving more in focus. They're --

LEECHES

monstrously oversized, slimy parasites. They swim into shore by the hundred.

Brenda's eyes widen in fear; she flails in the sand. She runs across the sand.

She looks back -- thousands of leeches climbing over each other, moving up the beach to land. They produce a high-pitch SQUEALING sound. She runs toward her car.

EXT. / INT. BRENDA'S CAR

Brenda loses valuable seconds panicking while unlocking the door. The leeches grow to the millions -- seconds behind her.

She gets inside and slams the door. A tidal wave of leeches hits the car -- CRACKING the window and windshield.

The leeches's small, razor-sharp, teeth-like tentacles gnaw on the windows, like thousands of tiny nails on a chalkboard.

Brenda turns the key in the ignition. A gob of leeches crawl on top of the hood and squeeze through the crevices and cracked glass.

Brenda screams and cries, praying the ignition catches. The engine still won't start! She tries and tries.

BRENDA

Come on start! Oh, God, PLEASE!

Leeches cover the entire car. Brenda screams and panics while watching the light from the dimly-lit sky diminish all around her, until the last leech covers the final ray of light.

Now it's pitch black inside the car, and she is alone.

The leeches dine at a feverish pace on the metal and glass. The windows CRACK more. The roof BUCKLES.

Brenda flips the ceiling light on. She turns to see JAMES SR., her father, alive! In her passenger's seat, he's overlaid with crawling leeches -- except for one eye that's uncovered, open and fighting.

James and the leeches let out a deafening SQUEAL.

INT. BRENDA'S HOME - NIGHT

Brenda sits with her hands between her thighs, like a punished child, on the bed. She stares at the locket laying on the night stand by the clock.

She grabs it and tries to open it -- it's still shut tight.

Her alarm clock RINGS: 6:00am. Brenda kills the alarm.

She opens a drawer, grabs a bottle of caffeine pills, and dry swallows a couple.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - DAY

Brenda greets Mr. VICTOR WAUL, an older gentleman, and his assistant THELMA HURST.

They sit down. Brenda hands Mr. Waul a brochure and a portfolio to look through.

SERIES OF SHOTS: Brenda gives her pitch and goes over the brochure with the clients. Brenda and her clients eat. Brenda laughs at a joke, picking up her glass and drinking.

Her phone VIBRATES. Brenda sees it's Todd calling. She hits ignore. Brenda turns her attention back to her clients.

She takes a sip of wine -- and discovers a leech floating in her glass. Brenda gasps and spills wine across the table.

BRENDA

Oh my God, there was something in
my glass!

Brenda looks around but nothing is there.

BRENDA

It's here, somewhere!

WAUL

Are you sure? I don't see anything
on the table now.

BRENDA

I am sorry; it must have been my
hair or something that fell into
the glass. How silly of me.

A WAITER comes over to assist with the spill.

WAUL

Anyway, within the next year our company will add four new branches. We will need some improvements to the company's 41K.

BRENDA

I'm glad to hear that. We have just the program that you need.

Brenda grabs a few papers with graphs and charts from her briefcase. She hands them to Mr. Waul.

The waiter holds a pitcher of water and a fresh glass.

WAITER

There you go, ma'am.

BRENDA

Thank you. Now, as you can see on the first page...

Brenda sees a leech swimming around inside the pitcher of water. Her eyes grow big. Does the waiter notice? Do Waul and Thelma?

Brenda blinks hard. Hoping it's just exhaustion. The waiter pours the water and the leech into Brenda's glass.

WAUL

I am sorry, you were saying?

Brenda's phone RINGS -- it's Todd. She looks to her glass and sees nothing is there now. Brenda becomes ill.

BRENDA

I am sorry, but I have to go to the ladies room for a moment.

WAUL

Sure!

Brenda walks towards the bathroom and answers the phone.

TODD (O.S.)

Brenda. How's it going?

BRENDA

Not good. What's up.

Brenda rushes into the bathroom and locks herself inside of a stall.

TODD (O.S.)
I want a chance to talk to you.

BRENDA
Talk.

Out of nowhere, Brenda violently vomits in the toilet.

TODD (O.S.)
You can still call me even though
we're not together. I want to be
there for you.

BRENDA
Okay Todd, later then. We'll talk
later. (She hangs up)

A woman rushes out of her stall, passes Brenda's stall and
sees Brenda on her knees. Brenda spews some more.

BRENDA
I need a vacation!

INT. BRENDA'S HOME - SAME NIGHT

In the kitchen, Brenda opens a utility draw for a knife. She
punctures the locket's latch, and the knife slips and slices
her palm. She wraps her bloody hand in a dish towel.

She drops the locket; it hits the floor and opens.

Inside rest two water-damaged portraits. One is of a MULATTO
MOTHER with pretty but sombre eyes. Her long, curly hair
darkens her smirking face -- making the portrait a tad eerie.

BRENDA
Who are you?

In the second frame is a cherry-cheeked, fair skinned, eight
year-old, DAUGHTER, smiling. The family resemblance is
unmistakable despite the difference in skin tone. The
daughter's portrait brings balance to mother and child
gallery.

EXT. MOTEL - RAINY - NEXT DAY

The motel is run down and cheap looking. Brenda, driving
around the parking lot looking at the upstairs level, spots a
MANAGER standing at a door, yelling.

BRENDA
117,119, (louder) 121.

EXT. STAIRCASE / WALKWAY, MOTEL

Brenda climbs the stairs and watches the Manager tape something to the door.

MANAGER

Come on! We go through this every month! I know you are in there.

He walks off. Brenda approaches and sees the eviction notice. Brenda knocks.

BRENDA

Uncle Matt. That guy is gone now!
It's me, Brenda. Your brother's
daughter. Uncle Matt. Uncle Matt!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROOM 121, MOTEL - SAME

Matt peeks through the eye-hole.

MATT

What do you want?

BRENDA

It's about the locket.

MATT

Go away!

BRENDA

I'm having nightmares, Uncle Matt,
about Bear Lake, leeches, Dad.

MATT

I don't know nothing about nothing.
Please, just leave me alone!

BRENDA

You know something! Who are the
lady and the little girl in the
locket?

Matt doesn't respond. Brenda turns away. The door opens.

MATT

How did you get that locket any
way?

BRENDA

I don't know. It was left, on the doorstep, at my Mom's house... I saw an old gypsy- looking lady at the funeral. She was at the reception. She...

A glimpse of Matt is now visible. He looks like drunken-shit.

MATT

It was her car that your father's body was found in.

BRENDA

Zelda's car? Wait, how do you know about her?

MATT

Listen, Brenda be smart. Do the best thing -- throw the damn locket back in the lake and pray that *the curse* ends with James. That's it! I want nothing to do with it. And you should feel the same way.

Matt goes to close the door, but Brenda puts her foot in the doorway. Brenda searches through her purse.

BRENDA

Here it is.

Brenda dangles the locket in Matt's face.

BRENDA

Now tell me Uncle Matt, what is all of this about?

MATT

You want the short answer? It's simple: Your dad crossed paths with evil. That's what got him killed! That thing, that locket, it's a part of the evil. Get rid of it now. Otherwise we all end up dead.

Matt slams the door shut, crushing Brenda's foot.

BRENDA

Why did Zelda kill my father? Matt? Matt, listen to me. Why did...

The Manager rushes the door, shoulders Brenda aside and pounds on the door.

MANAGER

I want my money or you got to
leave.

The Manager bangs on the door again.

BRENDA

Look, how much does he owe you?

MATT'S PEEPHOLE POV: Brenda writes the man a check. He looks
at it.

MANAGER

This better be good, lady.

He shuffles off, staring at the check in his hand.

BRENDA

Uncle Matt, damn it. Talk to me!

She slides her business card under the door.

MATT

You get rid of the locket. You hear
me! Then, maybe, we'll talk!

BRENDA

I will. I'll be back.

Uncle Matt sees: Brenda's business card beside a liquor
flask. He reaches for the flask and takes a swig.

INT. BRENDA'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER

A look of disappointment is on Brenda's face. She comes to a
stop light and hits her blinker.

The rhythmic beating of the BLINKER sends Brenda into a daze.
She stares at a HOMELESS WOMAN holding a sign on the corner.

BRENDA'S IMAGINATION - EXT. PIER, BEAR LAKE - DAY

Standing on a pier, she holds the locket. She examines the
photo of the MULATTO MOTHER and DAUGHTER in the locket.

She drops the locket into the water, it sinks to the murky
bottom below. Suddenly, air bubbles surface.

A FIGURE begins to emerge, obscured by the refracting water.
Brenda bends over to investigate.

The water erupts like a geyser, propelling HAZEL into the air with a SCREAM -- she vomits up leeches and maggots.

Note: HAZEL is the mulatto woman from the locket, risen from a watery grave.

Her wrinkled, putty-like skin is a sickish blue-grey tint; black veins course through her thin frame. Her curly, black hair sways, untamed, with a life force of its own. A pair of black leeches swim in the irises of her eyes.

Hazel grabs Brenda's leg. She pulls Brenda into the water. Brenda doesn't even have a chance to produce a scream before she is pulled under the surface.

Dozens of air bubbles surface and pop. The water calms.

INT. BRENDA'S CAR (MOVING)

Brenda awakes at the wheel. She slams on the brakes -- stopping inches from another car. Brenda takes a deep breathe of relief.

INT. BRENDA'S CAR (PARKED) - PARKING LOT

Brenda retrieves the caffeine pills from her purse. She dry swallows a handful of pills.

She pulls out her phone, the locket and her handkerchief. Brenda wipes her face. She opens the locket and looks at it.

Then she picks up her phone and speed-dials: Todd.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TODD'S LAW OFFICE

Todd, working on a legal brief, answers his cell phone.

BRENDA

Hey!

TODD

Oh, hey, how's it going?

BRENDA

Good. Can you do me a favor?

TODD

Shoot.

BRENDA

Can you find out who Zelda Girbaud is? I just talked to my Uncle and he thinks my father was killed by Zelda G-I-R-B-A-U-D.

TODD

The detectives handling the case, do they know this?

BRENDA

No, I... I don't know what they know.

TODD

Then you need to talk to them. We can't have your own investigation. It won't do.

BRENDA

I just want to know if my father's death was really a suicide. Ever since I found the locket, I...

TODD

What locket?

BRENDA

It belonged to my father. It's a strange sort of keepsake, I guess. It has these portraits in it. Portraits of...

TODD

You want to come over for dinner tonight We can talk more about --

BRENDA

I can't. I have to see Mom tonight; I haven't been sleeping good lately, so I need some sleep.

TODD

It's always something. Are you popping pills again?

A long BEAT.

TODD

I'll work on this Zelda lady and I'll give you an update soon.

BRENDA

Thanks, Toddy.

Brenda hangs up with a smile.

INT. ROOM 121, MOTEL

Matt paces the floor, eyeing the telephone. He drinks from the flask. He grabs the receiver -- then hangs it up.

While looking at the floor, he see a silhouette, in the shape of the holy cross, crawl up the carpet.

The image of the crucifix appears in the brightly-lit window.

MATT

It's a sign!

Matt picks up the phone.

INT. GARAGE, FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank works on the engine of an idling antique car. From a door, Frank's wife, MARGARET, mid 30's, yells for Frank, but the engine drowns her out.

She approaches and slaps Frank on the butt.

MARGARET

Phone for you. It's Father Matthew.

Frank grabs a rag to wipe oil off his hands.

FRANK

You mean Matt the drunken apostle.
Tell him that I'm not home.

MARGARET

Last time he came over here.
Please. He seems adamant about
talking to you.

Frank slams the hood on the car. Hard!

FRANK

I'll call him back on my cell on
the way to the auto store.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - LATER

Frank calls Matt in the car.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROOM 121, MOTEL

Matt answers.

FRANK

How the hell are you buddy?

MATT

She knows something, Frank.

FRANK

She only knows what you tell her.

MATT

She was just over here asking questions. She's having the dreams too, now. How the hell can I lie to her about that? Jesus, Frank, it's happening.

FRANK

Tell her it's just a nightmare. Tell her it's the purging of her sins. Quote some biblical shit, and tell her to say fifty Hail Marys. Then send her on her fucking way. Got that? But don't start running your damn mouth! Nothing is happening as long as you shut up.

MATT

She knows about the curse.

FRANK

You told her?

MATT

(dry sobbing)

I didn't tell her what it is.

FRANK

What it is? Everyone knows what a curse is. It's some super-fucking situation.

MATT

It killed James! James was killed. We know that. You know. She knows it too, now. She knows, Frank!

FRANK

Listen, know this you crazy son of a bitch. Talk to her again and I will come after you.

(MORE)

FRANK (cont'd)
She only knows what we tell her.
Case-closed, choir boy!

Frank slams the phone.

Matt wipes away his tears; the red flush fades from his
sweaty face. He grips the flask, swigs.

INT. GAIL'S HOME - NIGHT

Gail prepares tea in the kitchen. Brenda waits at the table.
Gail serves her.

GAIL
Now, why did you have to rile up
Matt?

Gail puts the teapot down and sits.

BRENDA
I'm having these nightmares, and he
warned me about the dream and the
locket. I'm afraid to even sleep.
And now, well, Uncle Matt knows
something. He knows more than he is
telling me.

GAIL
Leave Matt alone and get rid of the
necklace. Why hold onto someone's
old junk if it's stressing you out?

BRENDA
I think this locket was Dad's. What
if my dreams were like his dreams?
What if this locket has something
to do with his dreams, mine too?

GAIL
Dreams are our subconscious purging
itself of random thoughts and
fantasies. There's no connection.
You're just upset about your Dad's
troubled life.

BRENDA
Why would Dad try to commit suicide
after being released?

GAIL
Your father was manic-depressive,
dear.

(MORE)

GAIL (cont'd)

I'm afraid he also had bouts of paranoia. He harbored a lot of demons.

BRENDA

I use to think Dad's drinking was meant to hide something.

GAIL

He was trying to hide his true nature from you kids.

BRENDA

When he ranted, did he ever talk about a witch?

GAIL

Witch? Other than your grandmother?

Brenda was hoping for a serious response.

GAIL

I want you to stay away from Uncle Matt. Listening to fools will only make you look like one too.

BRENDA

What if there is a skeleton lingering in Dad's closet?
(Gail drinks her tea)
Did you know a Zelda Girbaud?

Gail, sipping her tea, begins to choke. Brenda hurries near.

GAIL

No.(cough) I don't think I do.(cough, cough)

Brenda's mind lingers on her mother's odd reaction.

GAIL

Don't you think you should schedule a visit with Dr. Carter about your nightmares?

Brenda smiles and nod her head yes.

BRENDA

I'm over what happened to me; it's these new dreams that bother me.

Gail gently takes hold of Brenda's hand.

GAIL

If therapy worked before it will work again.

BRENDA

Yeah, maybe.

Brenda holds her head down in a shameful way. Gail raises Brenda's chin with her hand.

GAIL

We all make mistakes, Brenda. But it is what we do after the fact that defines our.

BRENDA

I know, I know. Defines our character after the fact.

GAIL

We all lose track of our view at times, or at least our train of thought. When this happens we have to get back to the basics in life.

Brenda laughs!

BRENDA

Going to a shrink to pour out my guts is getting back to basics? I have never thought of it like that before.

GAIL

It's not about going to the doctor or to a shrink. It's about re-tracing your steps when things just don't make sense. When you lose something, or need to find something that is not where you want it to be, just retrace your steps back to where it was before you lost track of it. Then you will see. It is there. The answer is just waiting for you to find it again.

Gail leans over and kisses Brenda on the forehead.

GAIL

Now, go home and get some sleep.

Gail embraces Brenda in a warm hug.

EXT. / INT. BRENDA'S CAR (DRIVING) - RAINING - NIGHT

Brenda's car drifts into the on-coming lane of traffic. A car FLASHES its high beams.

Asleep, Brenda awakens to the blinding lights. She swerves, narrowly missing the car. Brenda is shocked into alertness.

She digs into her purse, pulls out the caffeine pills again. She pops some more. She puts the bottle down and picks up her cell. She has a voice mail. She checks it.

TODD (V.O.)

Zelda Girbaud was a fortune teller from New Orleans, living here in town during the 70's. She filed several complaints against your father and uncles for loitering and harassment. Then, there's a news article about her daughter and granddaughter going missing. After that, her trail goes cold. I hope that helps. I'm going to sleep; court is in the morning.

The message ends. Brenda smiles, she focuses back on the road and starts scratching her scalp.

INT. ROOM 121, MOTEL - SAME TIME

In the bathroom, Matt enjoys a long urination session at the toilet. He reads Brenda's business card, then chuckles.

MATT

Damn James, what do you want me to do, old friend?

He drops the card in the toilet and pees on it. The toilet flushes, then Matt exits the bathroom.

WE STAY on the toilet. As the clear water rises a dark, thick blotch of blackness, like ink, emerges. This blackness spreads, overflowing the toilet.

INTERCUT WITH:

MATT

Sitting bed side, lighting a cigarette. He powers on the TV.

BATHROOM

The moldy black water pours onto the floor. It branches into patterns of slimy seaweed and matted hair and flows heavily and rapidly, covering the floor.

MATT

Laughs at the TV while flicking ashes on an opened Bible. Laughing so hard, he coughs, choking on the smoke. He grabs an waste can and rushes to a --

WOMAN

laying face down on the bathroom floor -- her long, wide hair covers her nude back.

MATT

What the hell?

Matt bends -- he pokes her.

MATT

Miss? Miss, are you okay?

Matt turns the woman over. Her face reveals leeches feeding on her skin. Her lips move. In her mouth something is crawling around, held back by teeth and a locked jaw.

Matt opens her mouth to see --

MAGGOTS and LEECHES

burst forth. Matt gasps in fright as Hazel's eyes pop open -- they're an ultra-white. The swimming leeches appear in her irises. Her skin ages, curdles and rots in seconds.

Matt recoils in fear. Suddenly, he falls into a --

DARK, MURKY POOL

in the bathroom floor. Matt finds himself under water, panics and swims up to the light. He struggles to break the water's surface, but it acts like a glass ceiling. He can dimly make out the typical bathroom items through the molding ceilings.

An ARM grabs Matt's ankles, pulling him down. His screams only waste precious oxygen.

Hazel wraps her arms and legs around Matt's body, weighing him down. He falls deeper, sinking into the darkness of the water and out of frame. On the wet floor, a shallow pool reveals air bubbles popping up to the glistening surface. Then silence.

Suddenly, the force of a hundred fire hoses torpedoes Matt's body out of the pool of water, pressing his body to the ceiling. The sheer water pressure slices skin, like a thousand paper cuts.

The water intensity diminishes dripping UPWARD, from the floor up to the ceiling as if gravity were acting in reverse.

The dark, murky water; quickly dries and hardens like an adhesive cocoon, pinning Matt's body to the ceiling.

The remaining water stops flowing upward and starts seeping into cracks in the tile floor. The last drops flow into the toilet and turn crystal clear.

INT. / EXT. BRENDA'S HOME - MORNING

Brenda opens the door -- she looks awful. Detectives Pray and White take immediate notice of Brenda's poor condition.

PRAY

Good morning Miss Grant. May we come in to speak with you?

As Brenda allows them inside, both keep looking around. Brenda's eyebrows raise, waiting for them to talk.

PRAY

We have been knocking at your door for about five minutes.

BRENDA

I was sleeping.

WHITE

You look like... you've been up all night.

PRAY

How did you cut your hand?

BRENDA

Opening a box at work -- what is this about?

PRAY

Where were you last night?

BRENDA

Had a business meeting at the Foxhound restaurant early evening. Went to my mom's. Then came home.

WHITE

Do you know a Matthew Haven?

Brenda nods: yes.

BRENDA

I saw him yesterday before work.

White pulls out a note pad and pen and writes.

WHITE

What was the purpose of your visit?

BRENDA

I needed to talk to him about some things concerning my father.

PRAY

What was the conversation about?

Brenda scratches her scalp.

BRENDA

He had talked about my father at my father's funeral reception. He spoke of my father being troubled and hinted that someone could be out to get my father. When I talked with him yesterday, he seemed to think that our family was cursed or something. The whole thing is crazy.

White continues writing. Pray's eyes slant in disbelief.

BRENDA

Why are you asking about my uncle?

WHITE

This morning, Mr. Haven was found dead by housekeeping in his motel. We found your business card in his pocket.

Brenda's mouth drops open in disbelief.

WHITE

It appears that he had drowned.

BRENDA

Drowned?

WHITE

We know foul play was involved.

BRENDA

What makes you say that?

Detective Pray laughs. Detective White glares.

WHITE

Well, for one thing, and this is REALLY strange, he was found glued to the ceiling of his bathroom.

PRAY

His mouth and lungs were filled with blood, leeches and hair.

Brenda's stomach curls. She takes a seat. A migraine emerges.

MEMORY HIT - EXT. MOTEL

Matt glancing through the crack in the door.

MATT

Get rid of the locket... we can all end up dead.

BACK TO SCENE

Brenda looks up at the detectives; their voices echo in her head for us to hear.

PRAY

And don't forget about inside his body.

WHITE

Oh, yeah!

PRAY

Whew, disgusting.

BRENDA'S WOOLY POV: her vision of the detectives doubles.

BRENDA

I think that I am going to be sick.
Will you excuse me please?

Brenda rushes to the bathroom. She turns on the sink water and spews. From the hallway, Pray and White listen to Brenda vomiting.

PRAY

She's faking.

Brenda wipes the saliva dripping from her lips. She looks...

IN THE MIRROR

There's *HAZEL* (alive) standing right behind her. Brenda whips around. And she's gone. Brenda blinks in disbelief. Brenda cuts off the water and --

IN THE MIRROR

Appears Hazel -- leeches crawl on her face and clothes.

Brenda stands frozen, looking at Hazel in the rotting flesh. A leech from up above falls and lands on Brenda's face; Brenda wipes it off, two more fall down on her face and shoulder. Brenda looks up.

BRENDA'S POV : Uncle Matt cocooned to her ceiling -- same as in the motel. Brenda stifles her scream.

Pray and White listen to Brenda's muffled scream. White KNOCKS on the door. Pray unsnaps the fastening on her gun holster.

WHITE (V.O.)

Is everything alright ma'am?

Brenda turns around. No Hazel. Then she turns to the ceiling, no Uncle Matt. No cocoon.

BRENDA

I am alright. One minute.

Brenda walks out of the bathroom. A somber and distant expression covers her features. Pray and White both take notice of her oddness.

Pray sees: Brenda's hands are bone-dry.

WHITE

We need to go, Miss Grant. By the way, your father's death was ruled an intentional suicide.

PRAY

There's nothing more we can do now. But you let us know if you have anything more to tell us.

BRENDA

Okay. Thanks. Oh, anything new on Zelda Girbaud's family or the body?

White and Pray exchange looks. They shake his heads: No.

BRENDA

Will you let me know who it was
when you find out?

WHITE

If we can.

PRAY

We won't know for a couple more
days; we don't have the forensic
lab from CSI.

White and Pray exit, and Brenda closes the door behind them.

EXT. BRENDA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Pray and White descend the steps.

PRAY

You think she knows about Zelda's
family?

WHITE

Her family might.

PRAY

Let's assume she does, until she's
proven otherwise.

WHITE

That bathroom scene was weird, but
not out of line for a griever.
Matt's body had cut marks all over
it. And she has a cut mark on her
hand. Why would she kill him? Maybe
he know something about Brenda's
father's suicide. Maybe he told her
something she couldn't handle.

PRAY

(she nods: yes)
She could be a pill short of a full
dose like her father. Let's bring
her in?

WHITE

Let's wait on the lab coats first.
Before we change a suicide to a
homicide.

They get into the car.

INT. BRENDA'S HOME

Brenda gives Todd a call -- she gets voice mail.

TODD
In court, leave a nice message.

BRENDA
Call me back. Now. Bye!

Brenda calls J.R.

J.R. (O.S.)
Yeah, what's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AUTO SHOP - DAY

J.R. stands under a car as it sits up high on a lift. His cell phone rings. He answers.

BRENDA
Uncle Matt was killed. He was found dead in his motel bathroom.

J.R.
What! How?

BRENDA
The detectives found him glued to the ceiling. I think it has something to do with the lady in the locket.

J.R.
Wow! Wait, why would they come and contact you about him?

BRENDA
They found my business card there.

J.R.
Why did Matt have your business card?

BRENDA
I talked to him about Dad, me and the locket.

J.R.
The locket -- what's wrong with you? Why are you getting involved?

BRENDA

Something's going on, J.R.
Something weird. Now, you want to
be an overly concerned brother? I
want to know what happen to Dad and
now to Matt. Do you know where
Uncle Frank lives?

J.R.

Why?

BRENDA

When Uncle Matt took the locket, at
the reception, he showed it to
Frank.

MEMORY HIT - INT. GAIL'S HOUSE

MATT

Look what I got.

Matt flashes the necklace. Frank may seem impassive, but
there is a faint gleam of shock in his eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

BRENDA

I want to pay him a visit.

J.R.

If something strange is going on
let the police handle it.

BRENDA

Matt talked of a curse before he
died. I think it's real. I think we
need to do something about it.

J.R.

Where are you getting this from,
Brenda you are sounding a little --

BRENDA

Don't tell me I'm crazy! My
nightmares are real, J.R., real. I
know what I'm taking about. I have
another call coming in. I'll talk
to you later.

Brenda clicks over.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Hi! This is Dr. Carter's office
calling to confirm Brenda Grant's
appointment today at noon.

BRENDA

Damn, Mom.

(to secretary)

No, cancel the appointment, please.

(listening)

Well, better yet, I'll come.

INT. DR. CARTER'S OFFICE - DAY

With a knowing smirk, Dr. Carter peers over his book at
Brenda. Brenda is scratching her scalp.

MEMORY HIT - INT. DR. CARTER'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. CARTER'S POV: of a TEENAGE BRENDA scratching her scalp.

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Carter closes his book with a loud CLAP.

DR. CARTER

Brenda, I just read this: "The
essence of true forgiveness is the
giving up of all hope of having a
better past." - Gerald Jampolsky.
Let's start our session with a
question. Have you forgiven
yourself for the car accident?

INSERT SERIES OF FLASHING CUTS:

- From the darkness of a rainy night A LITTLE GIRL with long hair stumbles onto the two-lane highway.
- Behind the wheel, BRENDA AT 18 is texting. She looks up to see the little girl. She gasps and stomps on the break.
- Brenda's car swerves, and the rear of the car STRIKES the girl. The car rolls twice before landing in the middle of the highway.
- Another car, behind Brenda's car, brakes and stops in the middle of the highway.
- Brenda rushes out of her vehicle unharmed, except for small cuts and a sizeable head bruise.

She turns to see:

- A large tractor trailer truck, carrying three huge rolls of metal cable, brakes. The truck swerves and rolls over.
- A roll of cable becomes undone and swiftly unravels.
- A MAN steps out of the car that stopped in the middle of the highway. The Man locks eyes with Brenda.
- A cable wire unraveling strikes the car then the man. THE CAR AND MAN ARE SPLIT IN HALVES.
- Brenda is awe struck! She falls to her knees. The sound of the WHOOSHING cable cuts the night air.

BRENDA

Yes. I know it was my fault.
Period. Nothing else. No one else.

DR. CARTER

I remember an exuberant teenager.
Convinced beyond measure that she
hit something, maybe a person or an
animal. But, neither the police nor
any witnesses validated her story.

BRENDA

I unconsciously produced a *lie* that
filled in the gaps left in my
memory of the accident, I act
commonly know as self deception.

DR. CARTER

Good. Have you come to grasp the
fact that there was no one there?

BRENDA

Yes! The road was empty, and I was
texting.

MEMORY HIT: Brenda's car swerves, the rear of the car STRIKES
the little girl.

BRENDA

I've accepted the fact that no one
was there. Isn't that enough?

DR. CARTER

We determined that you created the
person, or animal, lie to explain
the cause of the accident. You
understand now how that works?

Brenda nods: yes.

DR. CARTER

I want you to confront your issues again. Have you been to the scene of your accident since it happened.

BRENDA

No.

DR. CARTER

Now Brenda, your mother, well, she told me about your father's death. She also said that you think a witch killed your dad. If you think that then find the proof or someone to validate your story.

Brenda nods: okay.

DR. CARTER

But, when you realize you are mistaken, like you were in the car accident, recognize that you are human and bound to make mistakes. Change the meaning you attach to a situation, and you will be able to consciously change your thoughts. Go to the site of the car accident. Find out the truth about your father's past.

Brenda ponders the doctor's recommendations.

INT. BRENDA'S HOME - NIGHT

Brenda drinks coffee on the sofa. J.R. examines the portraits of MULATTO MOTHER and DAUGHTER in the locket.

J.R.

Is the Mom or the daughter in the locket the witch or is the old lady at the funeral the witch?

BRENDA

It's not the daughter. The witch in my nightmare looks like the mom in the locket. That may be an old image of Zelda, the lady at the funeral.

J.R.

And she gave you this locket?

Brenda nods: yes. J.R. rolls his eyes.

BRENDA

I knew I should not have said anything to you.

Brenda tries to snatch the locket, but J.R. quickly moves it away from her. A childish game of "Keep Away" ensues. Brenda spills coffee on J.R.'s clothes.

J.R.

Damn sis'! You take things too far.

J.R. jumps up in pain -- the liquid soaks into his pants. Brenda goes to the kitchen to retrieve a towel.

BRENDA

You know what, forget it. I'll see Frank myself. What's his address?

J.R.

I will take you to see Frank if you really want to go.

Brenda cleans up the mess.

BRENDA

I'm not asking for a favor. I want you to know what is going on too.

J.R.

The whole thing does sound fishy, especially that stuff about Uncle Matt. But, yeah, I'm down for it. If Dad did something to cause a family curse, I do want to know about it.

BRENDA

Great! Let's go.

Brenda grabs her coat. J.R. lays the locket on the table.

BRENDA

Bring the locket. We can use it to see what Mr. Frank knows.

INT. GARAGE, FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank works under the hood of his car. He hears a loud muffler traveling up the street. J.R.'s souped-up vehicle pulls into the driveway.

EXT. J.R.'S CAR, FRANK'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

J.R. and Brenda exit. Brenda spots Frank waving at them.
J.R.'s vision tunnels on the antique car in the garage.

FRANK

It sure is a surprise seeing you
all again.

J.R.

Oh, man! Is that a seventy-one
Plymouth Fury.

FRANK

Seventy-two. You are slipping
there, nephew. Bought it for sixty
bucks over at the impound.

Brenda stands by; her impatience rears its ugly head while
the boys huddle over the antique car.

J.R.

What's wrong with her?

FRANK

Sand in the blocks. Nothing too
major though.

Brenda pulls out the locket. Brenda shows it to Frank.

BRENDA

Uncle Frank, what can you tell us
about this locket?

Frank takes the locket.

FRANK

I don't know anything about this.
You know I'm not really you guys'
Uncle too. You know that, right?

BRENDA

(ignoring his questions)
I thought you might know something
about it 'cause when Uncle Matt saw
it the told us about a curse.

FRANK

Matt probably had too much of that
Jesus juice.

J.R.

Uncle Matt is dead.

BRENDA

He was killed! Yesterday, in his motel room.

FRANK

You got to be shitting me.

BRENDA

No, he is dead!

FRANK

Impossible, we talked yesterday.

Frank feels light-headed from the news -- he grabs a stool.

J.R.

You were his friend, Uncle Frank. Heck, you were my father's friend too. Who are they?

Frank opens the locket and looks at the pictures.

FRANK

This can not be happening. After all this time. Why?

BRENDA

Who's the kid? Who's the woman?

Frank wipes the perspiration off his brow and sits.

FRANK

The woman is Hazel Girbaud. Hazel and your father were lovers...

FLASHBACK - INT. HIGH SCHOOL - 1981

A JAMES AT 17 and GAIL AT 17 passionately argue in the hallway. A crowd congregates to witness Gail's verbal tirade.

FRANK (V.O.)

In high school, right before graduation, James was messing around with this girl...

In the crowd is HAZEL GIRBAUD AT 18. Gail spots Hazel and confronts her. Gail provokes a fight but Hazel stands her ground, unwavering.

FRANK (V.O.)

Hazel Girbaud. She was a beautiful, exotic girl. They call her type Creole, I think.

(MORE)

FRANK (V.O.) (cont'd)
 From some voodoo, gypsy fortune
 teller family or something.

Hazel walks away, but Gail knocks her down and jumps on top of her. They roll around on the floor fighting. A Teacher intervenes and commands Hazel to report to the office. Gail smiles at Hazel's misfortune.

FRANK (V.O.)
 Now, your father said to me he was
 messing around with Hazel for the
 fun of it and to make Gail jealous.

FLASHBACK - INT. EMPTY HALLWAY, SCHOOL - ANOTHER DAY

James and Hazel converse. The ALARM rings. Students pour from their classes. The eye-rolling and snide comments, coming from black and white students alike, heighten James's insecurities about talking to Hazel in public.

FRANK (V.O.)
 Some people turned their back on
 that type of stuff. Ya know, race
 mixing and what have you. He cared
 for her but she wanted love - and
 his devotion. She wanted marriage.

Hazel unveils a ring box to a flabbergasted James. Then Gail walks by them. James excuses himself to pursue Gail.

FLASHBACK - EXT. BUS STOP - ANOTHER DAY

James and Gail drive past Frank, Matt and Steven waiting at the bus stop. They YELL for a ride.

FRANK (V.O.)
 After the ring talk, your mom,
 Gail, came back into the picture.
 Oh, how your father loved Gail. The
 two got back together again.
 Everything was back to normal.

Gail sees the guys on the corner, but makes no attempt to tell James -- who's driving. The guys flip her the bird.

FRANK
 They use to go out of town nearly
 every weekend. A few of the guys
 were jealous because we were losing
 our best reckless buddy.

INT. GARAGE, FRANK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FRANK

Then Gail got pregnant with the both of you. If James did not see *it* before then, he saw *it* that day.

BRENDA

Saw what?

FRANK

Responsibility. With a bad high school education he wasn't going to land a decent job to support the four of you, so James joined the Merchant Marines. But before he left he and your mom got married. Well, James thought that he could get rid of Hazel by leaving town but...

Frank wipes the collecting sweat from his brow.

FRANK

...Hazel found James' military base.

FLASHBACK - INT. MILITARY STATION - DAY - SUMMER OF '91

Walking across a field to the barracks, JAMES AT 20 sees a woman lingering by the doorway. It's HAZEL AT 21.

They hug. Hazel's face melts with emotion; James looks a bit worried.

FRANK (V.O.)

He told me later, they...

FLASHBACK - INT. BED - HOTEL - DAY

James at 20 and Hazel at 21 toss around in bed making love.

FRANK (V.O.)

It was his "favorite mistake" as he put it. He'd been gone for eight years. He came back looking for the simple life he'd left behind -- Gail, you two kids. He found out that Hazel had had his baby. A little girl. Things weren't simple after that. Lives got changed, I guess.

INT. FRANK'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

BRENDA

Oh, my God. This is unbelievable.
Dad and...

Brenda stares at the images in the locket.

J.R.

We have a sister?

BRENDA

It's her. I can see it now. Oh,
God... it's the girl in the locket.
What's her name?

FRANK

I never knew her name.

(beat)

James didn't want to lose Gail. So
he didn't tell her anything. Well,
one night, me, Matt, Steve and
James had all been out at the bars.
Hanging out the usual stuff.
Drinking. James came clean and let
us in on his little secret. He told
us he was afraid that Hazel would
tell Gail about their child. So, we
all decided to go up to the old
psychic fortune teller's place and
try to smooth things over. It
didn't go as planned.

FLASHBACK - INT. / EXT. FORTUNE TELLER'S HOME - 1998

Close on Hazel's eyes; POP goes a blood vessel. Red seeps
across the sclera to the outer ring of a green iris.
Reflecting in the pupil is the image of JAMES AT 28.

JAMES AT 28

Stay out of my head! You hear?

This ANGLE WIDENS/DRIFTS to include the face of HAZEL AT 29
being strangled. Her nails dig into a pair of hairy arms,
drawing blood.

Hazel's spirit abates, her arms go limp. From Hazel's POV
darkness sets in around her assailant's, James, face.

ANGLE ON: The HANDS loosen their grip. Hazel gasps for air.

With her lips parted, James spits down her neck.

She awakens, gagging. Her limbs jump to the defense. James presses a dinner knife to her throat.

JAMES AT 28

Swallow it, bitch.

She swallows it. He gloats. Then, fast approaching FOOTSTEPS startle James. With a ready knife, he swirls around to face his DAUGHTER/ISABELLA (8).

ISABELLA

No! -- Stop it.

Running all-out, the girl's little legs can't stop fast enough. She collides into James and in --

SLOW-MOTION: Isabella's neck slides across the knife's blade.

Her eyes widen. Blood trickles down her neck. The tears trickling down the face of Hazel, watching.

James drops the knife. The little girl staggers; blood flows down her dress. Her eyes flutter and shut. She falls over. Murmuring and traumatized, James recoils against the wall.

Hazel erupts! Her SCREAM shakes the walls as she cradles her child's lifeless body. Hazel locks eyes with James.

HAZEL AT 29

Anansia, bringer of the Light, that
opened man's sight. My thought
pleads for thy ear. Seethe her
blood to flame my hate.

Hazel goes berserk! She picks the knife up. She moves in on James.

HAZEL AT 29

Give thy enemy's soul to Nua's
fate. Until the death date tolls, I
will have your soul.

James's limbs are struck with sudden paralysis -- an effect of Hazel's curse. He tries but is unable to move.

Hazel raises the knife into the air.

HAZEL AT 29

Rape thy mind. Smite thy flesh.
Leech thy heart. Drown thy dream.
Curse thy enemies... death upon
you. Death upon you all!

Hazel looks -- she's looking for the OTHERS, but sees no one.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE STAIRS - STEVE'S POV

Witnesses Hazel thrusting the knife downward.

SMASH CUT TO:

A MOVING SHOT - MATT'S POV

Comes running up from behind Hazel.

SMASH CUT TO:

A WINDOW - FRANK'S POV

Watches MATT AT 26 smash a crystal ball over Hazel's head.

BACK TO SCENE

Hazel collapses on top of James. The knife nicks James's cheek, leaving a fresh cut.

Matt lifts Hazel off of James. She's unconscious but breathing.

James starts to panic.

Matt tries to help James to his feet.

MATT AT 26

Bro! What's wrong? What did she do?

STEVE AT 27

James!

Near the stairs STEVE at 27 calls to James.

Then there's a KNOCK on glass. James turns to see FRANK at 27 climbing through the window.

They corner James. Off James we --

FLASHBACK - EXT. FORTUNE TELLER'S HOME - 1998

On the porch, Steve, Frank and Matt converse.

STEVE AT 27

If the police find out about this we are all going to jail. I'm not going to jail for over this bitch.

FRANK AT 28

I don't wanna go to jail; I didn't do anything.

STEVE AT 27

Me too.

MATT AT 26

James didn't mean to hurt them. We will make it worse if we hide it.

STEVE AT 27

Dude, you're his brother. You're going to turn him in over a nigger?

FRANK AT 28

Come on. We got to... bury them. Where can we find shovels?

STEVE AT 27

I got a better idea. Help me get the bodies in the car, Frank. Matt get your brother, clean him up and get him into Hazel's car.

Steve and Frank load Hazel into the trunk of the car. Then they place Isabella's body beside her.

Matt escorts a groggy James from the house to the car. Steve and Frank pass James on the way back to the house.

James stops at the open trunk to see Hazel's and Isabella's motionless bodies stuffed inside. A refraction of light from the locket on Isabella's neck catches James's attention.

STEVE AT 27

Matt!

Matt turns to Steve on the pouch. Matt looks at Steve -- James snatches the locket off of Isabella.

STEVE AT 27

Get him in the car. Now!

Exiting the house, Frank see James pocket the locket.

FRANK AT 28

James!

Frank eyes a pitiful looking James.

FRANK AT 28

I'm taking my truck.

Matt and James load into the backseat. Steve gets in the driver's seat. Frank hops in his truck. They all drive off.

FLASHBACK - EXT. ROADSIDE, LEVEE - NIGHT

On the side of the road by Frank's truck James watches them push Hazel's car through a path of grass. Several yards ahead of them is a river.

The guys try to muscle the car through soggy soil, but every yard gained just makes the car more unmovable.

MATT AT 26

Dude, we're never going to get this car to the river.

FRANK AT 28

Okay. Stop. Stop pushing and wait right here for a sec.

Steve and Matt stop. Frank runs to the roadside. James cowers, thinking Frank is coming for him, but Frank rushes to his truck.

Frank grabs a heavy, metal flashlight and a motor oil container. He runs with them back to --

EXT. LEVEE - CONTINUOUS

He pops the hood on Hazel's car. Frank twists off the motor oil cap. He keeps the bottle cap, but throws the rest of the bottle in the water. Frank goes under the hood with the flashlight.

STEVE AT 27

Frank, what are you doing?

Steve and Matt can't see what Frank is doing under the hood.

STEVE AT 27

Frank, we're going to get caught.

Frank jams the bottle cap in the -- prevent .Then Frank shuts the hood.

FRANK AT 28

Okay, stand back.

Steve and Matt back away from the car. Frank gets in the car and rolls down the window. Frank puts his foot on the brakes.

Suddenly, Frank hears BANGING and YELLING coming from inside the trunk. Frank looks to Matt and Steve.

MATT AT 26

Oh, my God, she's awake.

STEVE AT 27

It doesn't matter. What's done is done.

Holding the flashlight still, Frank walks to the trunk and opens it. Hazel jumps up -- reaching for Frank. Frank strikes her on the head with the flashlight. She's knocked out.

MATT AT 26

Jesus, Frank! Did you kill her?

Frank thinks, raises the flashlight and strikes her a couple more times -- Hazel's blood splashes on his face.

He rears up for another strike -- a bolt of LIGHTNING STRIKES, illuminating Frank's face. He is startled by something he sees, but it's off screen.

Frank steps off and slams the trunk.

The sky opens up and rain pours hard.

Frank goes back to the driver's side seat and keys the ignition. Frank shifts the car into drive. He eases off of the brakes. The car starts moving.

Frank rushes out and stands beside the guys.

MATT AT 26

We can't do this.

FRANK AT 28

It's already done.

They watch the car ghost-riding forward, towards the water.

The car submerges beneath the water. Steve, Matt and Frank breath a sigh of relief.

EXT. ROADSIDE, LEVEE - CONTINUOUS

They load into Frank's truck and drive off.

INT. GARAGE, FRANK'S HOUSE - PRESENT

Frank stares at the locket.

FRANK

We agreed to not talk about it. Not ever. But I messed up, by letting James keep the locket. I should have said something. But none of us were thinking that night.

BRENDA

Does my Mom know about this?

FRANK

Not that I know.

J.R.

Frank this is beyond crazy. What do we do now?

FRANK

I don't know. Brenda, how did you get the locket?

BRENDA

An old, gypsy lady left it at my mom's house.

FRANK

Zelda! She's the fortune teller. She's Hazel's mother.

BRENDA

Did Zelda kill my father?

FRANK

I don't know. Hey, she disappeared too, when Hazel turned up missing.

BRENDA

Missing? Is that the "official story", Uncle Frank?

FRANK

Now, hold on!

J.R.

She didn't mean anything by it. Really, it's --

BRENDA

Yes I did! You all killed that woman, her child. She must be the witch and she's back to get even.

FRANK

Wait a minute. I didn't start it.

BRENDA

You helped to cover it up.

FRANK

Look I went to that house to help.

BRENDA

DRUNK, YOU BASTARDS! YOU ALL WERE DRUNK! I should go to the police!

J.R.

Brenda, please calm down. I know it's bad, it's a really bad thing. What good is revealing it all now?

BRENDA

J.R., this is wrong! We are all paying the consequences for their actions. Dad's dead. Matt's dead. He belongs in jail!

J.R.

They made a mistake Brenda.

BRENDA

I don't believe you are taking their side. They are murderers.

FRANK

I don't have to sit here and listen the crap. I was not the one who got that bitch voodoo pregnant. I was there giving my support to your father, God rest his soul. We can't change our past, Brenda. And I don't owe you an explanation.

Frank throws the locket at Brenda.

FRANK

There's your precious locket! Now leave!

BRENDA

I wonder if the police will think you're not guilty of anything.

J.R.

Brenda?

BRENDA

(to Frank)

You may not owe us, but you owe her. It's not over Frank.

(MORE)

BRENDA (cont'd)
This whole mess - it's a long way
from being over.

Brenda storms out and J.R. follows.

J.R.
Brenda stop!

FRANK
GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE!

Brenda slams the door shut, leaving J.R. behind.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, FRANK'S HOUSE

J.R. catches up with Brenda rushing to the car.

J.R.
Well, that went smoothly.

BRENDA
Don't start with me. They were dead
wrong. MURDERERS! FRANK'S A
MURDERER!

J.R.
I know Brenda, but you can't go
around shouting off threats at
people like that. And besides, our
father is the one who really
started all of this.

BRENDA
That does not matter. Hazel is
invading my dreams; people are
starting to turn up dead. We need
to do something.

J.R.
Like what?

Off of Brenda standing speechless.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Hidden by the curtains, Frank watches J.R. and Brenda. He
speed dials on his cell phone. One ring it picks up.

FRANK
Matt is dead.

No response. Frank swallows the lump in his throat.

FRANK
Gail's daughter, Brenda, has the
locket.

He wipes the collecting sweat on his brow.

FRANK
She came in here like a mad woman.
Kicking, screaming, breaking shit.

STEVE (V.O)
What did you tell her?

Frank looks at a wall portrait of Jesus staring back at him.

FRANK
(lying)
I had to tell her everything. The
brother threatened to kick my ass.
She might go to the cops.

Frank wipes his eyes before the tears appear.

STEVE (V.O.)
After dinner, I'm coming over. We
will get Brenda straight.

FRANK
Oh and crazy Brenda thinks Hazel is
a witch and she killed Matt and
James. Crazy right? Hello, hello!

Steve has hung up the phone. Frank hears NOISE; he regains
his composure and runs into the kitchen.

Margaret and their nine-year old son, JUSTIN, tote in
shopping bags through the front door.

MARGARET
Why are you running?

Justin rushes to drop the bags on the counter top.

JUSTIN
I got to go mom.

Justin turns to run out. Frank steps into the doorway. Frank
smiles with open arms, standing ready to block Justin's exit.

FRANK
Is it a number one or number two?

Justin kicks his little leg -- revving his engine.

MARGARET

It might be a number three.

FRANK

Tell his secretary to hold all calls. He won't be available.

Justin runs. He fakes left. Frank follows, left.

Justin goes right. Frank falls to his knees. Justin passes Frank, but with Frank's long arms he grabs Justin's shirt.

Justin pumps his legs in place, his face turns red. He breaks Frank's grasp and continues on and up the staircase.

Frank falls on the floor, fatigued. Frank pushes up off his hands and stands.

MARGARET

That boy sure can move, can't he?

Margaret unloading the shopping bags, laughs.

FRANK

Get that boy a NFL contract.

INT. J.R.'S CAR (MOVING) - HIGHWAY

While driving, J.R. looks over at Brenda. Brenda turns away.

He looks back to the road. Brenda frowns.

J.R.'s eyes cut back to Brenda. She whips around hard to J.R., who looks back at the road. He snickers. Brenda irks.

J.R.

If Hazel killed Matt did she kill Dad too?

BRENDA

Do you believe me now?

J.R.

I never doubted you. Never. It sounds far-fetched, but I have never doubted you or anything that you have ever told me. You're my twin sister and I love you.

BRENDA

Thank you twin. I didn't know you loved me so much.

Brenda leans over to give J.R. a kiss on the cheek. In mock protest, he nearly swerves the car off of the road.

J.R.

I'll kill us myself, and then there won't be a curse.

Brenda smiles, laughs.

J.R.

Are you going to the cops?

BRENDA

And tell them what? A witch and her mother killed my dad and uncle. Wait. We need to talk to Zelda, Hazel's mom. She was at the funeral. Maybe she still lives at that house?

J.R.

I doubt it, but it's a start. Where is the house?

BRENDA

Asking Franks is a " Hell No."
(beat)
Todd may know.

Brenda searches her purse for her phone.

INT. BATHROOM, FRANK'S HOUSE

ANGLE ON: Justin's curious face. His boyish head tilts, his eyes motion over the toilet bowl. A leech swims in the bowl. Justin's little fingers move in, itching to touch it.

Behind Justin; at the tub, black water DRIPS from the faucet.

Two leeches wiggle out of the faucet's mouth and PLOP into the bathtub. Justin hears and leans over into the tub.

A loud RUMBLE emerges.

Justin's eyes widen in disbelief.

BOOM!

A firehose-like jet of black water rips the plaster and wallboard from around the faucet.

The blast knocks Justin into the tub. The water pressure pins his body to the bottom of the filling basin -- he's drowning.

INT. TODD'S LAW OFFICE

Todd answers his office phone.

BRENDA (O.S.)
Do me this one last favor, Todd.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. JR'S CAR, HIGHWAY (MOVING)- CONTINUOUS

Brenda talks to Todd on the phone.

TODD
If I can. Will you agree to meet me
for dinner tomorrow?

BRENDA
(ignoring his question)
Can you check the police report
filed by Zelda Girbaud and see if
there is a home address?

TODD
Why?

Todd logs online to search the public records.

BRENDA
I want to see if she still lives
there. Maybe I can talk to her.

TODD
Not a good idea. What if she is
somehow involved? It can get ugly.

BRENDA
No. The detectives ruled my dad's
death a suicide. So I'm really
making peace with the situation.

Todd finds the online document. He eyes the address.

BRENDA
I talked to Frank and he told me
the locket belongs to her family,
so I want to give it back.

J.R. pokes Brenda for lying. Brenda hits J.R.

BRENDA
Can I at least establish some kind
of closure to my father's death.

TODD
Meet me for dinner, tomorrow?

BRENDA
What's the address?

TODD
The police report says four-two-three Chestnut Road in the fifth ward. See you tomorrow.

BRENDA
Oh, what are the names of Zelda's missing daughters?

TODD
Hazel and Isabella Girbaud.

BRENDA
Be on time Todd. I am not going to wait for you.

TODD
Thanks, Brenda. I look forward to our talk.

BRENDA
Okay. Listen, I gotta go. Bye.

Brenda hangs up.

BACK TO SCENE

BRENDA
Four-two-three Chestnut Road in the fifth ward. Our sister's name is, no was, Isabella.

J.R.
Isabella. Cute. Life sucks.
(beat)
We'll take the Bear Lake exit and reach the fifth ward in like twenty minutes.

BRENDA
Bear Lake is where Dad's body was found.

J.R.
No, he was found in the lake. We're just passing by the road that runs around it -- where you had that accident as a kid.

BRENDA

I don't want to go by there. Go
some other way, please.

J.R.

It's faster.

BRENDA

J.R., I haven't been on that road
since the accident. I don't want to
go now; I'm not ready.

J.R.

You take the long way back home
whenever you come into town? What
is there to be afraid of Brenda?

BRENDA

Plenty. So go around, we have time.

J.R.

You need to man up, Brenda. If you
don't want to see it then close
your eyes, mouth and ass -- cause
I'm taking it.

J.R. changes lane and exits onto Bear Lake.

BRENDA

Go around J.R.!

Brenda grabs the wheel. They wrestle over control. The car
nearly sideswipes a passing truck.

J.R.

Okay, psycho! We'll go the long
way.

J.R. gets out of the exiting lane.

BRENDA

Thank you -- asshole.

They sit in silence.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE

Margaret cooks dinner. Frank sidles up to the refrigerator,
opens it, grabs a soda and a half-eaten sandwich.

MARGARET

Thanks for helping?

FRANK

What? Hey, I helped with the bags.

MARGARET

Only to hurry up and stuff your face.

Frank bites into the sandwich then tucks it in his pocket. He stuffs the soda in his pocket.

FRANK

(chewing)

Guilty. But you love me. There's nothing to eat now, so I'll snack a bit before dinner.

Frank sneaks a kiss on her cheek. Margaret pushes him away, and Frank backs out into the living room.

Frank slips into his lazy-boy; he unwraps the sandwich and pulls out his pocketed soda. He leans over and gropes underneath the chair and pulls out a bag of chips.

He remote controls the TV and eats.

INSERT: CEILING POV of a drip of water falls on his sandwich.

Frank eyes the ceiling -- a WATER STAIN swells.

FRANK

Justin!

Frank storms up the steps.

FRANK

Damn boy, how much did you shit?

Frank tiptoes through wet carpet to the door. He hears RUNNING WATER.

FRANK

Justin! Justin! Boy, say something!

Frank bangs open the bathroom door. His mouth plummets. Black water overruns the floor. JUSTIN FLOATS FACE DOWN in the tub. Frank turns Justin's body over in the tub.

ANGLE ON: Leeches feasting on the boy's pale blue face.

FRANK

JUSTIN!

Frank picks at the parasites. He lifts Justin out of the tub. He looks for a space to place him, but the black water covers the floor and flows from the toilet and the sink. He exits.

FRANK
Margaret! Help!

Frank rushes down the steps holding Justin. Margaret meets him at the landing; she squirms in a frenzy.

MARGARET
Oh, my God! What happen?!

FRANK
Call 911!

MARGARET
What's wrong with him? What did he do?

Frank lays Justin on the dining room table. He picks more leeches off of him. He opens Justin's mouth. He starts CPR and chest pumps.

Margaret watches, crippled with fear.

FRANK
Marge, call 911. Now!

He continues CPR -- Justin remains non-responsive.

From the living room, Margaret holds the phone.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Do you know what happen?

MARGARET
No. I don't.
(to Frank)
Was he in the tub, Frank?

Frank doesn't respond.

MARGARET
(to operator)
He was in the tub, I think. He's not breathing.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
I am dispatching emergency response right away, what is your...

Something off screen makes Margaret's jaw drop. She drops the phone.

OPERATOR
Hello? Hello? Miss!

Margaret watches black water rain from the ceiling and collect into a spiraling whirlpool on the floor.

The expanding whirlpool scales up the far wall.

Margaret stands in disbelief, watching the whirlpool acquire more width and now depth -- like a three-dimensional tunnel.

The black water whirlpool has a hypnotic effect on Margaret. She is entranced, can't move and can't look away.

FRANK (O.S.)
Margaret, we're losing him! Where's
the medic! Where are you?

Frank is near tears -- his son lays lifeless on the table.

FRANK
Margaret, he's -- oh God!

Off of his tears --

JUMP CUT TO:

-- Margaret fixating on two small triangular shapes reaching out of the black water whirlpool on the wall.

FRANK (O.S.)
What are you doing, Margaret? Our
son's is...

HAZEL'S EYES spring from the whirlpool.

From the living room, Frank hears Margaret's.

MARGARET (O.S.)
OH, MY GOD!

He picks up Justin and rushes into the living room.

Hazel's head emerges from the wall. Frank and Margaret stand in awe. Frank grabs Margaret and they run out of the room.

ANGLE ON: Hazel's arm and leg emerge from the whirlpool/portal.

Frank hands Justin's body to Margaret.

FRANK
Take Justin and get help! Now! Now!

Margaret runs out with Justin. Frank turns. One leg moves, but his other leg won't -- his shoe is glued to the floor by the black water coming from the living room.

He turns to the front door. Margaret holds Justin; she hesitates to go back to aide Frank.

MARGARET

Come on, Frank!

FRANK

Go! Get help!

Margaret runs out in to the street, screaming for help.

ANGLE ON: Hazel fully emerges from the portal. Leeches and maggots drop from her clothing. She motions towards Frank.

A demonic smile snakes across Hazel's decomposed face, frightening Frank. Frank props his free leg on a chair and yanks at the fastened leg. There's no give.

FRANK

I'm sorry, we didn't want to! It was a mistake. Oh...

BOOM! Hazel spews a jet of moldy black water that knocks Frank over. Leeches hatch in the spew.

He lays pinned to the floor. The leeches crawl over his body. He squirms. They pierce his skin, crawling underneath the flesh. Frank groans in pain.

Hazel hovers over Frank. She jabs a razor-sharp finger nail into Frank's chest cavity, and lifts him into the air.

He convulses; she draws him in closer to her.

FRANK'S POV: Hazel's mouth houses rotting teeth that sway in the gums; and her tongue is reptilian.

A single leech dangles in the place of her jugular. In her throat a column of leeches crawls up her tongue.

Hazel locks lips with Frank for a kiss.

Frank's cheeks swell. The leeches slither from Hazel's mouth into his. His face flares red, his eyes bulge, his neck swells.

Swallowing the leeches causes an intestinal RIP in Frank's stomach. The digestive acids appear as a yellow mucous dripping through his pores, eyes and nose.

Hazel spews more leeches: they envelop Frank and hers. The leeches die and decay fast. Their decomposition then forges into a dark, fungal cocoon from within comes the sound of crippling, devouring BITES.

EXT. FORTUNE TELLER'S HOME - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

J.R.'s headlights reveal a dilapidated home consumed by the encroaching tentacles of a forest.

INT. J.R.'S CAR, FORTUNE TELLER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

J.R. and Brenda take in the ghoulish atmosphere.

J.R.

Creepy?

BRENDA

Man up, J.R!

J.R.

Does your grumpy disposition come naturally or do you practice?

BRENDA

I'm not grumpy.

J.R.

Just ask the other six dwarfs.

Brenda jumps out of the car -- leaving J.R. behind.

EXT. FORTUNE TELLER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

A menacing owl calls from his perch. An eerie wind bears down upon Brenda, like a dust-devil, stirring the leaves beneath her steps. Age-old cobwebs obscure the windows.

She steps onto the porch and notices the leaves lay undisturbed. Brenda tries to peer through the cobwebs but finds only darkness. She turns and waves to J.R.

INSERT: In the car, J.R. smoking a cigarette, sees a FIGURE appear in the second floor window. He flicks on the high beams. He jumps out the car and runs.

BACK TO SCENE

The high beams temporarily blind Brenda. She turns to a window and sees the same FIGURE dart across the room.

EXT. FORTUNE TELLER'S HOME

Brenda recoils. Two arms grab her. She turns to find it's J.R.

J.R.

Someone is in there? Let's go!

BRENDA

No! That's why we're here!

J.R. sighs. Brenda inches to the door. J.R. grabs a large branch for a bat. Brenda's hand reaches for the handle -- but it's turning itself. The door opens. Darkness surrounds a floating flame of fire burning in midair.

An old and gnarled face, with the texture like the bark of a tree, emerges. It's the Gypsy Lady, ZELDA GIRBAUD, holding a lantern.

ZELDA

Welcome, I am Madam Zelda. Come in.

Exchanging looks Brenda and J.R. give Zelda the once over. She's tiny, feeble, and her eyes are a gruesome white color.

She ushers them in. Brenda and J.R. enter.

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S HOME

Brenda and J.R. pass cobwebs and overturned furniture. They survey the tables and countertops overflowing with cultic statuettes, exotic plants, beheaded insects in jars.

Zelda sits at a circular table. A crystal ball rests in the center. Two chairs await Brenda and J.R.

ZELDA

I have been expecting you.

BRENDA

How... and why?

ZELDA

How is something that you could not understand. Why is something that you already know. I am Zelda. You are Brenda and James, J.R. Brenda, may I have the locket?

Brenda retrieves the locket. She hands it to Zelda. She opens it and thumbs the portraits of Hazel and Isabella.

BRENDA
Can you help us?

ZELDA
What do you want help with, my dear?

BRENDA
Why did you give me the locket?

ZELDA
Because you need to know the truth.

BRENDA
Did you kill my father?

ZELDA
I did not kill him. He died drowning in his own guilt.

BRENDA
Did Hazel kill him?

ZELDA
If I told you that lives were in danger because my daughter, who died years ago, was seeking revenge, would you have believed me?

J.R.
I hardly believe you now. So, Hazel killed Dad. Matt too?

Yes.

BRENDA

Yes.

ZELDA

BRENDA
My dreams were right. How did Hazel come back from the dead? Why has she come back now?

ZELDA
My daughter was a very passionate person: passionate about love, passionate about life, and passionate about your father. Passionate about their daughter. Even passionate now, in death in revenge.

BRENDA
Passion doesn't raise people from the dead.

ZELDA

But the God, Anansia, can! See, the Gods rejected her soul. Denying her passage to the afterlife until she fulfilled her vows. Her vow is your family's curse. She was given the powers of Nua's, the God of Waters. The substances of life and death coalesce in water.

J.R.

"Death to all who were there and their loved ones."

BRENDA

She's come back for revenge to anyone who had something to do with the death of her daughter, our family is in big trouble.

ZELDA

Her daughter is still out there!

J.R. is stunned! Brenda gets it.

BRENDA

Police found the body of Hazel in the trunk of the car -- and nothing else, Isabella could be alive.

J.R.

Our sister, Isabella, is alive now? Where is she?

ZELDA

That is a question that I can not answer. But you must find her.

BRENDA

You think Hazel will stop if we can find Isabella?

ZELDA

What she believed to be the death of her daughter started all of this. So, if you were, to find Isabella, you would have the reverse effect you need. But until you find her, people will continue to die.

J.R.

Oh, great. A serial killer undead, witch, bitch. Lucky us!

BRENDA

J.R., if we can find Isabella and take her to Hazel we can lay Hazel to rest. Finally.

ZELDA hands the locket back to Brenda.

ZELDA

Now, you know what to do. May Anansia show favor to you both.

INT. STEVE'S CAR, FRANK'S HOUSE

Driving, Steve sees paramedics and police cruisers idling in front of Frank's house. Paramedics gurney a black body bag containing Frank's body into a van.

Steve sees a frantic Margaret running along with the paramedics loading another ambulance van.

Steve steps on the gas and flees the scene. Steve dials on his cell.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GAIL'S HOME

Gail answers her house phone.

STEVE

Hi Gail. Steve Pratt, here. You got Brenda's address? I want to give her --

Steve opens the glove compartment and retrieves a gun.

STEVE

-- some flowers for James and now Matt. I just heard. Damn shame. She's having it so rough right now.

GAIL

What about Matt, Steve? What's happened to him?

STEVE

Oh, my Lord! You don't know! Maybe, you should talk to Brenda, I'm not family and --

GAIL

-- Now you go right ahead, Stephen.
You're just like family. Oh, and
her address is six-one-two Ashton
Way. Now what's this about Matt?

STEVE

Well, the man's --

The call dies. Steve looks down to re-dial and sees an
incoming call, ringing in.

STEVE'S POV: The phone's LED reads: Frank's Cell.

STEVE

Hello.

(no answer)

Hello, Frank? Margaret, Gail?
Hello, who is this?

VOICE

(with a deep, gurgling
tonality)

Help me.

STEVE

Who is this?

Steve shifts ear.

VOICE

Help me!

STEVE

Frank?

VOICE

Steve, help me!

STEVE

Stop fucking playing on my phone!

The voice shifts to three females speaking in unison.

VOICE

BASTARD, DIE. YOU ALL WILL DIE!

Steve feels something. ANGLE ON: A leech crawling over from
the back of the phone towards his hand. Steve throws the
phone out the open window. A car wheel splatters the phone
and the leech.

INT. JR'S CAR, BRENDA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jr's car pulls up and Brenda steps out. She turns back to Jr.

BRENDA

I'm going to press Todd for more help. We gotta find Isabella.

Brenda checks her phone : five missed calls from Mom.

BRENDA

Oh and Mom is blowing up my phone.

J.R.

Figures. I have a drinking buddy who's a computer hacker.

BRENDA

Wow, some friend.

J.R.

He's a hacker turned cyber-crime consultant for ole Uncle Sam. He can run a background check on her.

BRENDA

Wow, you are as smart as you are handsome, twin.

Brenda goes in for a hug; J.R. reciprocates.

J.R.

Oh and tell Todd I said, "What's up future brother-in-law?"

BRENDA

Hey, right! I am so over with him.

J.R.

Sure. Right! Yep! Okay! Okey-dokey!

J.R. laughs. Brenda exits the car.

EXT. BRENDA'S HOME

Brenda dials Gail on the phone. She steps up on to her porch. She retrieves her keys.

STEVE (O.S.)

Brenda, we need to talk.

Steve emerges from the shadow, startling Brenda. Brenda lowers the phone to her side.

QUICK INSERT: INT. GAIL'S HOME

Gail answers the phone.

GAIL
Hello.

She hears --

BRENDA (O.S)
-- Jesus Christ, Uncle Steve.

BACK TO SCENE

Steve has one hand tucked in his pocket. He comes within inches of Brenda.

STEVE
Listen up kiddo and listen damn good. What happen to Matt, and Frank, is sadder than a dead baby. And you two are turning over the wrong rocks.

BRENDA
Rocks?

STEVE
DON'T FUCKING PLAY GAMES WITH ME!

Steve reveals his gun and lays it to his side. Brenda sees it.

BRENDA
OK... Steve, try to calm down.

STEVE
This shit happened a long damn time ago. And everything was alright until you and your damn other half started snooping around.

BRENDA
Uncle Steve, all we wanted to know about is --

STEVE
It was never meant for you to know. Your father, Matt, Frank --

BRENDA
Wait... Frank?

STEVE

Yes, Frank. He is now a member of the same team your father and uncle are on. The unfortunate dead bastards elite.

BRENDA

Oh my god...

STEVE

That's right. All of them along with Hazel and her bastard. And if you don't stop with your digging.

Steve points the gun at Brenda and cocks back the hammer. Brenda slightly puts up her hands.

STEVE

-- You can join the team.

Steve slides the gun back into his pocket. He turns and walks off. Brenda can finally breathe. She looks down.

ANGLE ON: Gail is still on the line.

BRENDA

Mom.

GAIL (O.S.)

Brenda, I heard everything ... I'm calling the cops.

BRENDA

No mom! I have a plan.

Brenda walks into her house. The door slams shut behind her.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Seated, Todd looks out for Brenda. Brenda enters. Her eyeliner appears smeared around the eyes, like she's been crying.

TODD

Hi!

BRENDA

Hi Todd!

TODD

What's wrong, have you been crying?

BRENDA

I have to find Isabella, Zelda's granddaughter. I met Zelda yesterday, she said...

TODD

Brenda... please don't start that.

BRENDA

You know what, I thought you were on my side.

Todd opens a folder and hands some papers to Brenda. One of them is a death certificate belonging to a Zelda Girbaud.

TODD

From the state's Department of Health and Vital Statistics. This is enough. You're running around town tracking down folks while your family members are dying. I heard about Frank. Come on now, you're slipping back to who you were as a teenager. You're inventing stories, lies. So you don't have to deal with the truth. I was there, I remember. Oh, and you don't even wear eyeliner, so cut the crap.

Brenda wipes off the eyeliner.

BRENDA

I know what I saw, Todd. J.R. and I saw Zelda. Uncle Steve knows Hazel is real. He threatened to shoot me if I go to the cops. If I don't find Isabella, Hazel will keep killing.

TODD

How can I believe you? How can things like this be true.

A Waitress brings water. Todd signals: "Give us five minutes."

BRENDA

If I find her, she confirms my story about Hazel, about my uncles' cover up. Everything.

TODD

I'm a lawyer. Not a detective.
You're trying to build a case about
a witch killing your family.
Brenda, wake up. You're linked to
every death that has occurred. Have
you thought about that?

BRENDA

Okay, then. I'm talking to the
wrong person. I gotta go.

Todd grabs Brenda. Brenda throws her drink in his face.

BRENDA

If you're not going to help me then
just stay out of my way and out of
my life

Todd hops up and follows.

TODD

Brenda! Brenda!

Brenda exits. Todd follows.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Todd chases after Brenda.

TODD

So you're just going to walk away?

BRENDA

Left foot, right foot, left foot,
right foot. You see me going?

Todd runs up and yanks Brenda around.

TODD

Brenda, stop!

WHITE (O.S.)

Do we have a problem, Miss Grant?

Brenda and Todd turn to White and Pray. They seem to have
come up out of nowhere.

BRENDA

No. No. Officers.

PRAY

Detectives. And who are you?

TODD
Attorney Todd Franklin.

PRAY
I don't care if it was Count Todd
Franklin of Jerksylvania. Hands
off.

TODD
Brenda, I suggest you talk to them
about everything.

WHITE
(to Brenda)
About what?

BRENDA
Okay, if that's the game you want
to play. I will! We can go to the
station now?
(to Todd)
I have nothing to hide.

PRAY
Sure.

TODD
You may need me, a lawyer. You
don't have a case, Brenda.

BRENDA
I have my truth. I will go at it
alone, Todd. Thank you!

She departs with the detectives, leaving Todd alone to fume.

INT. / EXT. J.R.'S HOUSE - SAME

The door opens and it's JOSH (30s), J.R.'s old drinking
buddy. He wears a shiny, oversized suit and totes a bookbag.

JOSH
Dude, it's a pleasure to see my ace
in the hole. How's my buddy?

They perform one of those ten-move handshakes that guys make
up to solidify their camaraderie.

J.R.
It's good to see you too. Come on
inside; my girl is not home, it's
cool.

JOSH

So, you need some computer work done huh? I'm your man, no homo!

J.R.

Hey, of course. I need to find a girl name Isabella Girbaud. My pops had another kid and we would like to meet her.

JOSH

That's a mind-blower! New sister. Mr. Grant was getting some in the crazy house. Now that's crazy! But I got you. If she ever touched a pc, I'll find her.

J.R.

Cool. Well, set up down in the basement, man.

J.R.'s cell RINGS. He answers. In the B.G., Josh walks the hall towards the basement door. J.R. follows, on the phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SIDEWALK / STREET - SAME

Brenda talks on the phone while getting into her car.

BRENDA

No help from Todd, the ass. I'm going to the police station.

The detectives, in their car, pull up next to Brenda's car.

J.R.

What are you going to tell them?

BRENDA

They can help me find Isabella.

J.R.

My buddy Josh is on the computer now. Let's see what he finds.

BRENDA

No time to wait. We'll compare notes. You think Hazel is just waiting for us to figure this out before she kills one of us?

J.R.

Okay, well be careful. Man, this is stressful.

Brenda turns the ignition.

BRENDA

I know, but we'll figure this out. Later bro, gotta go.

INT. MEETING ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT

Pray and White sit across from Brenda.

PRAY

"I didn't do anything" -- is that what you're telling us? Yet, you know how three homicides are related.

BRENDA

If we find Isabella she will be able to tell you what happened to Hazel. Right now, I have no proof, just hearsay. Isabella is the proof.

WHITE

How do we find her? Through her grandmother, Zelda.

BRENDA

Zelda said, Isabella' alive, but Zelda doesn't know where to find her.

Pray stands up.

PRAY

I am going to check the computer. See what comes up.

Pray exits the room.

WHITE

Brenda, we received the forensic report this morning for the skeletal remains found in your father's car. The report was inconclusive, not enough usable DNA for a profile.

BRENDA

My twin was there when Frank
confessed everything to me. I will
call him; he will back me up.

Brenda rambles through her purse for her phone.

WHITE

Even with your brother's testimony,
we can not say for sure that it was
Hazel in the trunk of that car. I
want to believe your story but --

Pray walks in.

PRAY

We have an Isabella Girbaud about
two hours away in Cayenne County.
Birth year was '92.

BRENDA

That would make her eight or nine,
ten years ago.

PRAY

(to Brenda)

We will check it out and let you
know what we can.

WHITE

(to Pray)

She will come with us.

White and Pray exchange looks. White points to his lieutenant
detective badge. Pray scowls. While walking out, Brenda grins
at Pray's expense.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. J.R.'S HOUSE

Josh pours whiskey into a glass. The kitchen is dim, some
sunlight comes in through the windows. J.R. enters. He flips
the light switch on and off -- no power.

JOSH

Is one drink okay? When the power
comes back, it's back to work I go.

J.R.

One drink.

JOSH

I am a better hacker when I'm a
little drunk anyway.

Josh turns and fills his glass with some water from the sink. He heads down the steps, taking a big gulp of the drink. At the same time, J.R. ascends the steps with the phone to his ear.

J.R.

(to operator)

No, the power is out just in my
house ... Okay, I'm going to the
meter. Yo, Josh.

While turning, Josh downs his drink and chokes.

J.R.

I'm going outside to checking...

Josh spit-sprays a mouthful right onto J.R.'s face.

J.R.

Dude, not cool! No more drinking!

J.R. turns and ascends the steps into the kitchen.

Josh tries to talk but starts coughing -- he heads into the basement, still coughing.

He reaches into his mouth and pulls out a lock of HAIR.

JOSH

What the fuck?

Josh's stomach hits his throat; it's that vomit feeling.

JOSH

I don't feel too...

The feeling overwhelms Josh; he VOMITS. He drops his glass.

In the kitchen, J.R. towels off his face. He picks up the phone.

J.R.

(to operator)

Give me one more second, please.

He hears Josh vomiting and cringes.

Josh looks at his spew and starts to panic. He sees a leech crawl into his fallen drinking glass.

JOSH
J.R., man, come here!

J.R. (O.S.)
Be there in a sec.

Josh watches the drinking glass SPIN. The lock of hair grows longer out of the glass. The spinning glass picks up more speed.

JOSH
I gotta stop drinking.

The glass SHATTERS... projecting shards of glass and whiskey. Josh jumps back, trips over an ottoman and falls.

Looking over his person. HE SEES: his skin MOVE underneath his shirt. Josh rips off his shirt.

Josh's eyes widen in fear and pain. A sharp edge protrudes from his stomach, stretching his skin from the inside.

Josh freaks out! He touches the tip of the protruding skin and pushes it back down into his stomach. The pain subsides.

Josh breathes easy. He stands and examines his mess.

ANGLE ON: the whiskey-stains SIZZLING like acid, eating holes into the floor. Leeches emerge from the holes.

EXT. J.R.'S HOUSE - DAY

J.R. inspects the electrical meter connected to the side of the house. The meter is not running. He gives it a slap.

J.R.
(to operator)
Hey, the meter is dead. Okay, check the fuse box now.

A second call comes in. It's Brenda.

J.R.
(to operator)
Can you hold for a second. It's my boss. Thanks.
(clicking over)
Hey! Boss. How's it going?

BRENDA (O.S.)
Can you come to the station?

J.R. heads back to the house.

ANGLE ON: the water meter rising faster than the national debt clock.

INT. PATROL CAR, HIGHWAY (MOVING)

Brenda makes a call. The detective's ears perk up.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. / INT. J.R.'S HOUSE - SAME

J.R.

My power is out. I got Josh here and he's been drinking and vomiting. I can't let him leave.

BRENDA

J.R., I need you to talk the detectives and validate the situation with Hazel.

J.R.

I will, but does it have to be now.

BRENDA

Just talk to them.

J.R.

Not now Brenda.

BRENDA

I'm handing the phone to them now --

J.R.

-- I got the electric company on the other line.

Brenda passes the phone to Det. White.

WHITE

Hello. J.R. This is detective White? Hello! Hello!

He looks at the phone: the call has ended.

BRENDA

Damn it J.R., I could kill him sometimes. AHG!

EXT. J.R.'S HOUSE

Descending the steps to the basement, J.R.'s footsteps PLOP. The steps are drenched in water.

J.R.
I am headed to the fuse box now,
I'm like two seconds away.

J.R. stumbles into knee-high water. J.R. drops his phone.

J.R.
JOSH, I'M GOING TO KICK YOUR ASS,
DUDE!

J.R.'s eyes adjust to the darkness. He nearly jumps out of his skin. He grabs a snake, but it's just an extension cord.

He regains his composure.

J.R.
Where the hell are you JOSH! This
is not funny!

J.R. heads into the laundry room and grabs a flashlight. He shakes it to life. He goes to exit and passes the water pump. He inspects it. The water is not coming from it.

J.R. scratches, puzzled. He returns to the bathroom.

The flashlight falls on where the sofa was, but it is not there now. The TV floats by, then the laptop. J.R. struggle on.

J.R.
Josh, where are you? Stop dicking
around!

A FIGURE bumps J.R.'s leg. He turns the flash lights to see JOSH'S BODY FLOATING face down in the water. J.R. gasps, tripping in the water. He turns Josh's body over and recoils.

Over Josh's face a huge lump rises on the skin, like a huge acne bump. It bubbles, then pops -- black pus oozes. A leech worms out.

J.R. draws back in horror. More acne bumps rise on Josh's face, more leeches pop out; they swarm over his face.

J.R. rushes to the staircase. From a safe distance, J.R. turns. HE SEES: the leeches on Josh's face scurry inside of the corpse's mouth to unveil Hazel's face on top of Josh's body. Josh's face is gone, eaten away, revealing Hazel's face.

ANGLE ON: Two leeches move up Josh's body to the corners of Hazel's eyes. She opens them. Each leech swims behind the lens of her eye.

J.R. gasps! He falls in the water. Hazel steadily approaches. J.R. looks into Hazel's fuming eyes.

She WAILS!

The sound is so powerful that the water rumbles into the air. The basement windows SHATTER. The lens on the flashlight CRACKS.

J.R. bangs on the flashlight. He can't see Hazel.

J.R.
Where are you, you serial killer,
you witch-bitch?

J.R. pulls out a lighter.

J.R.
Oh, God, come on, please!

He flicks it one, twice. The third time it catches.

The fragile light shines on millions of leeches on the walls and ceiling. Hazel stands silent and clean among them.

Then, she EXPLODES into a million pieces. The force blows out J.R.'s light, leaving us in total darkness and silence.

EXT. ISABELLA GIRBAUD'S HOME - DAY

BRENDA'S POV: Pray and White knock on the door. A HISPANIC WOMAN, who looks to be in her mid 30s, answers. She wears a t-shirt that stops way too short of her beer gut.

PRAY
We are looking for Isabella
Girbaud?

HISPANIC WOMAN
Si.

WHITE
(in Spanish)
Can we see your driver's license?

The Hispanic woman goes into her pocket and pulls out a wallet. She hands White her ID. He examines it.

WHITE
(to Isabella in Spanish)
Isabella Girbaud. You're 18? Hey,
right? It's a good fake though.

White and Pray turns and heads to the car.

Brenda compares the Hispanic lady to the photo of Isabella in the locket. There is no way they are the same person.

INT. PATROL CAR, ISABELLA GIRBAUD'S HOME

PRAY
That was Isabella Girbaud's id.

WHITE
But, I don't think that's who we're
looking for.

BRENDA
Now we're back to square one.

WHITE
Brenda, will you come with us back
to the station.

BRENDA
I have to keep looking for
Isabella.

WHITE
I would suggest you stop now. I'm
beginning to wonder if you're
telling us the truth.

PRAY
I think you're lying.

BRENDA
I'm not! If we can't find Isabella,
then let's go to Steve Pratt's
house. He threatened to kill me if
I went to the police. But if we
can't find Isabella, then I will be
deaded, sooner or later. Why not
sooner?

WHITE
You really believe in the curse and
in the witch?

BRENDA

Yes! You need to talk to Steve Pratt - he's the last surviving witness to Hazel's murder. And something tells me he's going to be judged - real soon.

BRENDA'S POV: White and Pray battle in a exchange of looks. Just seeing the back of their heads, you can tell it's fierce.

Pray gets out of the car. White exits, too. White gets behind the wheel. Pray takes the passenger seat.

WHITE

I'm going out on a limb here, Brenda. If you're wrong I can't help you anymore.

BRENDA

Okay, cool. We find Steve and I guarantee you, you'll have an explanation.

The patrol car pulls off.

EXT. THE FORTUNE TELLER'S HOUSE

ZELDA meditates at the table with eyes closed.

Then SOMETHING falls to the floor with a loud crash.

ZELDA swings around to see a SHADOW emerge and below it a fallen plant.

ZELDA

You will have your revenge my child. I will make them find Isabella. We will make them pay.

Hazel steps out of the darkness, inching towards Zelda.

ZELDA

Be patient, my love. I will not fail you. I will not lose you to pure evil.

ZELDA approaches and hugs Hazel. Their embrace appears admirable, even endearing.

ZELDA

I love you, Hazel.

Then a bolt of excruciating pain courses Zelda's tiny frame. Zelda's eyes water, producing a tear. Her body slumps in Hazel's embrace.

Hazel releases her -- a mass of leeches eat a hole into her chest from a similar hole in Hazel's.

Zelda falls to her knees, SCREAMING. Her eyes strain, then turn uncanny and calm. Her pale, all-white irises, are eaten into by leeches. Now, two leeches swim in her irises, just like in Hazel's. Hazel WAILS.

INT. STEVE'S HOUSE

In the living room, Steve Pratt sleeps in his Lay-Z Boy. In walks a fourteen year old girl, CHLOE. She has a sour expression on her face.

CHLOE
Daddy, my room is flooding with
water!

STEVE
Huh?

Chloe points to the damp ceiling.

CHLOE
Where is that coming from?

STEVE
Oh my God! Hazel!

INT. PATROL CAR, ONE-WAY STREET - DAY

Det. White races to a sudden stop. A truck idles in the road. The Driver waves White back -- the driver needs to reverse.

WHITE
This stinks.

White honks and honks.

INT. STEVE'S HOUSE - SAME

Steve rushes down the hallway. Chloe follows.

Steve goes into a closet and grabs a flashlight and his gun from a storage box.

CHLOE
Mom, something's wrong with Dad and
the water!

Steve's wife, HELEN (50s) comes from the kitchen.

HELEN
What's wrong with the water, Steve?

STEVE
Listen, take Chloe and go outside
in the yard and wait for me. I will
check the pipes.

CHLOE
Why do we have to leave the house,
daddy?

HELEN
You need a gun to check the pipes?
Steve, what's going on?

Steve loads the gun with bullets.

STEVE
Just go. Now.

Helen and Chloe do not move.

STEVE
DO IT! NOW!

Steve heads to the basement, leaving Helen and Chloe baffled.

Steve holds a flashlight and a gun. He finds the main valve
for the water pump. He twists the water valve off, tight.

STEVE
No water, no Hazel.

Steve laughs and heads for the stairs. He kills the lights.

STEVE
Now time to empty the pipes.

He hears water DRIPPING, Steve turns back around.

STEVE
What the hell is that?

The drips quicken; Steve powers the lights.

Steve muscles the water valve. He waits. Water drips, again.

STEVE

FUCK!

Steve searches a tool box for a big money wrench.

HELEN (O.S.)

Steve! What are you doing?

Steve adjusts the monkey wrench to fit the knob.

STEVE

Helen get out of the house! There's
a water leak, and gas leak too!
It's not safe.

HELEN (O.S.)

I don't smell anything!

Steve scowls; he drops the wrench. He picks it up.

STEVE

GET OUT OF THE HOUSE!

He tests the clamp size over the knob. He twists.

HELEN (O.S.)

Alright, alright! Should I call
someone?

STEVE

NO!

He strains hard. He flashlights the knob; the drip has
stopped.

CLOSE ON: The knob SHAKING. Steve flashlights up the entire
pipe; it RATTLES brutally. Steve kneels to inspect more.

The knob GUNSHOTS off. Hitting Steve in the face. Hot
pressurized water shoots out. Blood seeps from his head.

STEVE

You want a piece of me, Hazel! Then
show yourself. Face me, bitch!

The collecting water spreads fast. Steve can feel the water
boil hotter. HE SEES: leeches come from holes in the pipe and
swim into the water.

The water bubbles and steams. It scalds Steve's legs. He
jumps on top of the laundry machine.

He pulls out his gun. He aims for the leeches. BANG! BANG!
BANG!

A fast-growing mass of mold covers the walls. The ceiling light EXPLODES.

Steve shines his flashlight into the dark water; more leeches encircle him.

STEVE

Helen. HELEN. HELEN!

He shines the light on a mounting pile of leeches cloaking a FIGURE. The leeches fall away. Hazel emerges.

Her back is to Steve.

STEVE

Dumb bitch.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! -- until he's out of bullets. Hazel doesn't fall! Steve watches one leech fall dead from underneath her hair. Steve panics!

STEVE

I'm sorry. I'm did mean it.

Hazel turns to face Steve. Her eyes are closed.

Scared shitless at the sight of Hazel, he looks for a get-away. He tips over a tall metal rack. He climbs onto it and uses it as a bridge to get beyond the leeches.

He gets within feet of the open door. He reaches for the door knob and the door slams shut.

STEVE

No! No!

Steve turns; he is face to face with Hazel. He's paralyzed with fear. HE SEES: a leech crawls from Hazel's nose to her eyes. Her eyes open!

Steve SCREAMS. She WAILS. She digs her razor-sharp nails into Steve's waist, lifting him up in the air. Steve screams in pain.

Hazel's nails rip deeper into his flesh drawing more blood. Her nails GROW longer and pop out of Steve's back. Hazel WAILS! Steve SCREAMS. She rips him apart. His flesh flies all over the basement.

EXT. PATROL CAR, STEVE'S HOME

The patrol car pulls up into the driveway. White and Pray turn to Brenda.

PRAY
Stay in the car.

BRENDA
Don't tell him I'm here, okay.

White and Pray exit.

EXT. / INT. STEVE'S HOUSE

White knocks. Pray tries the knob -- it's unlocked.

WHITE
Hello, Mr. Steve Pratt?

White and Pray enter. Their eyes pop out at the SLIME AND MOLD CONTAMINATING THE ENTIRE HOME

A forest of mold and slime encrusts the walls, furniture and the floor. The open door circulates the musty odor of decomposing organic material.

Dozens of colorful strains of funguses and fungus-like organisms coat everything: off-white acremonium, mustard aspergillus, purple cladosporium, toxin-black stachybotrys, etc. In a way the vibrant patterns and colors are eerily alluring.

PRAY
This is way beyond fucked!

WHITE
Don't breathe too deeply. Prolonged exposure can cause your lungs to bleed.

PRAY
Lung, bleed. Oh, I'm kicking someone's ass today.

White ascends a staircase that has been soaked in yellow, fuligo septica -- slime mold. His weight crumbles a step. He stumbles back, holding the banister; he leaps over and moves on.

Pray disappears down the hallway.

WHITE
Hello! Mr. Pratt, Mrs. Pratt?

White trails down the second floor hallway. White peeks into a couple of rooms -- the rooms look normal.

He follows the slime to a door. He grabs a door-knob oozing with slime.

WHITE

Ewe!

He enters a teenager's bedroom. The trail of slime continues to a shut closet door. White handkerchiefs the knob.

She gasps in horror!

WHITE

Oh my God!

The large and small corpses of Helen and Chloe dangle from hangers. Blood oozes from their swollen, blotchy faces. Leeches feed on their flesh, exposing raw bone.

White gets a sick feeling in his stomach. He runs into the hall. He vomits; a little blood is in his spew.

He wipes his mouth with his slime-covered handkerchief. He CRIES -- totally disgusted. He runs the hallway to the staircase.

Even in a hurry he notices and jumps over the loose step, but the force of the leap collapses the step that he lands on.

White PLUMMETS through the staircase in to a pool of water in the basement. He emerges from the water panting, gasping for air. A floating object bumps into White; he turns. HE SEES: Steve Pratt's floating head.

WHITE

Oh, SHIT!

Pray appears over the hole in the staircase.

PRAY

Are you okay?

STEVE

Get me the fuck outta here!

INT. PATROL CAR, STEVE'S HOUSE (PARKED)

Brenda is on the phone.

BRENDA

I'll be in the office, tomorrow.
You heard about the dinner meeting mishap. Well, my father died and --

(MORE)

BRENDA (cont'd)
(listening)
No, I won't lose the account.

Brenda receives a second call. It's Gail.

BRENDA
Hi, Mom! I can't talk. I'm waiting
for Steve Pratt to be arrested.

GAIL (O.S.)
J.R. is in the hospital! He had an
accident at his house... he's in
critical condition.

BRENDA
I'm on my way now.

Brenda eyes the front seat. There's no key in the ignition.

BRENDA
I'm on my way.

Brenda exits the car and heads to the house. Then she spots
Steve's truck in the driveway.

INT. STEVE'S TRUCK, STREET CORNER

Brenda grabs the wires underneath the steering wheel. She
attempts to hotwire the car.

BRENDA
Oh, JR... I've learned something
from you after all.

The engine starts. Brenda shifts the truck into gear.

EXT. STEVE'S HOUSE

Exiting, a soaking-wet White and Pray watch Brenda drive off
in Steve's truck.

PRAY
Oh, she's going to jail!

INT. HOSPITAL

Brenda runs down the halls. She turns a corner and spots Gail
in the waiting room.

BRENDA
How's J.R.?

GAIL
He's gone baby. J.R. is gone!

BRENDA
No! No. Oh, God! No! This isn't
right. This isn't right. This isn't
for it's supposed to be. He wasn't
guilty! He wasn't guilt...

Brenda breaks down, weeps uncontrollably. Gail helps Brenda
to a seat.

INT. EXAM ROOM, CORONER'S OFFICE

The HOSPITAL ATTENDANT draws a white sheet over J.R.'s dead
body. Brenda tears. She touches his chest.

BRENDA
I love you J.R.

Brenda backs away. She turns, and through the door's glass
frame she sees detectives White and Pray talking to Gail.

INT. HALLWAY, CORONER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brenda approaches Pray and White.

PRAY
Miss Grant you are under arrest.
You have the right to remain
silent.

She continues with the speech. Gail comes to Brenda's
defense.

GAIL
Officers wait, please, you've got
the wrong person.

WHITE
Madam, please...

Pray cuffs Brenda.

BRENDA
But I didn't do it. I didn't do any
of it.

PRAY
Guilty by association. And
withholding information crucial to
a criminal investigation.

BRENDA

Did you find Steve? Did you arrest him?

WHITE

No, he's dead!

PRAY

Dead isn't to half of it.

BRENDA

What? Hazel! It was her, it had to be her. She's...

WHITE

I suggest you remain silent. Matter of fact, just shut up!

Pray looks at White with a smile. The hard-nosed White has finally emerged. They escort Brenda out of the hospital.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Brenda sits in front of Pray. Their knees almost touch.

PRAY

Look, why is it that no one else has seen this woman? Look, Brenda, it's not good for you. You just happen to be the last person to be seen every crime scene. That's just a simple fact.

Brenda sits totally out of it, unresponsive.

WHITE

Ms. Grant can I be frank with you?

Brenda looks up.

WHITE

We are going to the judge with everything we know and you will be indicted in the...

The door opens; it's Todd accompanied by an Officer.

TODD

You will stop this now!

PRAY

The Count of Jerksylvania?

TODD

Todd Price, I am Ms. Grant's attorney.

Todd flings a business card on the table.

Pray and White look at each other nonchalantly.

TODD

I demand you let Ms. Grant go. This has been a traumatic experience for my client. Not to mention she needs medical attention.

WHITE

There is still...

TODD

I trust you will not have a problem letting my client go. She may need psychiatric help as a result of bellying. The behavior of this department, on this most bizarre case, has been knee-jerk at best.

Todd starts escorting Brenda out of the room.

TODD

If you have any other details you care to share I suggest you contact me and not my client. Thank you and goodbye.

Todd slams the door on a visibly upset White and Pray. Pray curses and pounds the tables.

PRAY

Son of a bitch!

EXT. POLICE STATION

Todd hugs Brenda tight, trying to console her.

TODD

It is alright. I am here now.

BRENDA

They're all dead. Everyone is dying.

TODD

I know, baby. I really do. I got
your back now. I will protect you.
Let's go.

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the bathroom Todd shuts off the water to the tub. He tests
the water temperature then walks to the bedroom where Brenda
is resting on the bed.

TODD

Now come. I ran a nice hot bath for
you to relax in.

He helps to lift her and leads her to the bathroom.

BRENDA

(whispers)

Thank you.

TODD

No need to thank me. Now, towels
are here. I do not have any
alcohol, but I do have some Witch
hazel astringent to...

Brenda cuts her eyes at Todd.

TODD

Well you know where everything is
already.

Brenda looks at Todd. Her eyes water. Todd takes Brenda into
his arms.

BRENDA

Just tell me.

TODD

Anything.

BRENDA

Tell me that I am not crazy. Tell
me that you believe me.

TODD

Sweetheart, just try and relax now.
I am with you now. We will talk
about this later. Just try and
relax, please.

Brenda nods.

TODD

I will be waiting downstairs if you
need me.

Todd shuts the door.

Alone with the tub full of water, Brenda stares at it with a little timidity. She raises a leg and slowly submerges it in water.

Nothing happens, so she follows with the other.

JUMP CUT TO:

Brenda standing at the mirror, in a robe.

Brenda glances at her pants hanging on the door. She eyes the bulge in one of the pockets.

She pulls the locket from her pants. She opens it and GASPS!

CUT TO:

Light, refracting through water waves-dances over Todd from his wall to wall fish tank. He sits, sipping Scotch; he rattles the glass.

CLOSE ON: a blot of blackness emerges in an ice cube and spreads. Todd finishes his drink, and lolls in the chair.

His eyes close. The cup slips from his fingers. A long SHADOW emerges, crosses the cup. From inside the fish tank a BLOT OF BLACKNESS spreads, polluting the water; the fish swim in a frenzy. The black water consumes the fish tank.

The glass tank CRACKS, a dozen streaks dart out. The black water overruns the edge of the tank, but it...

...MOVES UP and lands on to the ceiling.

ANGLE ON: Todd turning his head in his sleep.

REVERSE ANGLE ON: A growing, looming black puddle, on the ceiling, motioning overtop of him.

CUT TO:

Brenda descending the stairs, holding the locket.

BRENDA

Todd?

SHE SEES: Leeches fall and hit the floor. They crawl beneath Todd's dangling feet hovering inches off the floor.

Brenda rushes in to find Hazel choking Todd.

ANGLE ON: leeches crawling over Todd's face. Todd squirms, fighting for air. Hazel grips tighten.

BRENDA

Todd... NO!

Hazel's head spins on her neck, a 180 degree turn, to glare at Brenda. Brenda steps back, and grabs hold of the banister on the stairs.

Hazel's face caves in and appears on the opposite side. She focuses on Todd with an evil grimace. Her grip tightens around his neck. A blood vessel pops in Todd's eye -- his eyes fill with blood.

BRENDA

No... Stop it!

Brenda charges towards Hazel.

BRENDA

STOP!

Hazel swings around and strikes Brenda. Brenda flies into a wall. Hazel throws Todd over an end table.

Brenda rolls on the floor. Her eyes roll back in her head.

Hazel approaches Brenda, leaving behind footsteps of mold that spread throughout the room. Todd MOANS on the floor. Hazel turns to Todd.

TODD

Brenda, run!

Hazel leaps into the air and transforms into a black murky liquid that bounces off of the wall behind Todd and disperses on the floor.

The liquid mutates to leeches. They crawl up Todd's legs. He tries to shake them off. They swarm over his torso and neck. The leeches reconvert into the body of Hazel. Her hands lock around Todd's neck, lifting him off his feet, again.

Hazel's hands dissolve into leeches ringing Todd's neck.

The leeches bite chunks out of Todd's face and body. They eat their way inside of him, and entering quickly through his mouth, eyes and ears.

Brenda watches paralyzed, horrified beyond belief.

BRENDA
No.. Todd... No!

CLOSE ON: Todd's face and body stretch to capacity with leeches.

Brenda tries to find her legs to stands. Hazel WAILS! The leeches SQUEALING, join in. Brenda covers her ears.

Todd's body stretches beyond it's elasticity. It's about to Hazel and Todd both EXPLODE! Black liquid mixes with blood, flesh and leeches, coats the wall like paint.

The blast knocks Brenda to the floor. Brenda cries out -- pieces of Todd scatter all around the room.

The leeches live! They crawl into a pile that forms Hazel.

BRENDA
You killed him, you bitch. You
killed him.

Hazel approaches Brenda. Brenda drops the locket. It hits the floor, opens, revealing the photo of Hazel and Isabella.

Hazel stops and stares at the open locket.

MEMORY HIT - PARK - DAY

Hazel and Isabella playing around in the park, alive and happy -- being joyous in a better time.

BACK TO SCENE

Hazel is half-altered -- her eyes turn blue, her skin softens, but she is still thin, and pale. The memory brings about a physical change, returning Hazel to when she was alive and beautiful.

Hazel reaches out to the locket on the floor. Brenda glances at Hazel then to the locket.

BRENDA
You want it?

Hazel comes out of her flashback trance and gazes at Brenda.

BRENDA
Is this what you want? You want it?

Hazel pulls back her hand. Brenda picks up for the locket.

Hazel's glare darkens. Brenda offers the locket to Hazel.

Hazel's skin darkens and decays: she's returning to her deceased form; leeches crawl from under her hair.

BRENDA

Take it. What are you waiting for?
Just take this damned locket and
leave me and my mom the hell alone!

Hazel raises her head to look at Brenda.

FLASHBACK - INT. HIGH SCHOOL - 1981

Hazel and Gail rolls around on the floor, fighting.

BACK TO SCENE

Hazel grins at Brenda. Brenda's jaw drops.

BRENDA

No, don't, she... she didn't have
anything to do with this!

Hazel smiles -- a leech crawls across her rotten teeth.

BRENDA

Just take it and go. TAKE IT!

Hazel wails and propels herself. Brenda recoils. Hazel LIQUEFIES, hits the floor and seeps through the cracks.

Brenda turns to run out the door.

EXT. TODD'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Brenda gets into her car and speeds down the road.

EXT. BRENDA'S CAR (MOVING) HIGHWAY

Brenda cries and drives like a rocket through the city, running red lights and nearly crashing into other vehicles.

INT. GAIL'S HOME

Brenda rushes in. She checks the living room, kitchen...

BRENDA

MOM!

No response, just silence.

BRENDA

Mom?

Brenda rushes upstairs. Brenda walks into Gail's bedroom. Nothing. She hears MURMURING, from the bathroom. She knocks.

BRENDA

Mother?

No response. Brenda knocks hard.

BRENDA

Mom, please...

Brenda knocks harder. From under the door a leech crawls on Brenda's foot. Brenda rips it off in pain. She stomps it!

Brenda steps back. She kicks the door. After a couple kicks the door opens.

SHE SEES: Gail covered with thousands of leeches. Other leeches sprout from the toilet.

BRENDA

MOM!

Brenda rips away at the glob of leeches feasting on Gail's skin. Gail SCREAMS out in pain, making Brenda's task more taxing.

The leeches relish feasting on Gail. MINCING her limbs and torso, they reduce her to a sickening foam and pull her into the toilet. Gail extends her decaying arms to Brenda, who grabs them and pulls!

The opposing pull of the leeches grows ten times stronger. Gail's body sinks in to the toilet -- fast. Gail's head submerges in the toilet water. Brenda's grip weakens from the force and from leeches climbing over and biting her.

BRENDA

Mom... No. no..!

Brenda cries. Gail's head is minced and sucked into the toilet. Brenda's grip gives out.

Brenda flies back. The skin from Gail's arms dangles grotesquely in her hands.

Gail's limbs are sucked away by the leeches. She's gone!

BRENDA

NOOOOOO!

Brenda drops her mother's flesh. She stares at the toilet.

A death RATTLE sound comes from the inside the toilet.

Brenda steps over to the toilet. Brenda hovers over it, looking in.

BRENDA

Mom? MOM!

A powerful ERUPTION of SLUDGE knocks Brenda off her feet. The sludge hits the ceiling and rains minced bone, flesh, blood and black water all over Brenda.

Globs of black sludge drip from the ceiling. Brenda SCREAMS! Penicillium Digitatum, GREEN MOLD, rapidly develops and slowly spreads across the ceiling and down the walls.

The mold destroys the furnishings, and all that it touches becomes brittle and SHATTERS. Brenda gets up and runs into the hallway. She stops.

The mold spreads out of the bathroom and into the hallway. Brenda runs! The mold spreads fast, consuming everything in it's path. Brenda rushes down the steps, slips about halfway down, and falls the rest of the way. The green mold splits and cracks the wooden banister and steps behind her.

Brenda sees this, gets up and keeps running. The mold quickly spreads. It's seconds behind her, splitting and peeling the floor, the kitchen -- ravishing the entire home.

Brenda runs out front door, jumps off the steps and runs to her car. The front door slams shut. The mold stops there.

The mold spreads all over the house, obscuring the windows, ageing the wood of the shutters and door. A death RATTLE echoes and vibrates from inside the home.

INT. BRENDA'S CAR, GAIL'S HOUSE (PARKED)

Brenda sits behind the wheel, crying. A thousand thoughts plague her mind. Heavy rain falls.

INSERT SERIES OF FLASHING SHOTS:

- From the toilet, Gail grasps Brenda's hands.
- Todd's body exploding in bloody pieces.
- J.R.'s cold face on the coroner's gurney.
- Matt holding the locket at the reception.

INT. BRENDA'S CAR, HIGHWAY - DAY

Brenda comes up on the exit for BEAR LAKE.

She hits her turn signal to move out of the exiting lane.

She stares at the sign, thinking.

INSERT FLASHBACK: INT. JR'S CAR, HIGHWAY (MOVING)

J.R.

You take the long way back home
whenever you come into town. What
is there to be afraid of Brenda?

BACK TO SCENE

Brenda turns off her turn signal.

BRENDA

Nothing's left; everyone's dead.

She takes the exit for Bear Lake.

INT. BRENDA'S CAR, BEAR LAKE EXIT - DAY - RAINING

She drives, staring out at her surrounding, a feeling of deja vu hits her. Even the rainy weather is eerily similar to the day of her accident as a teenager.

Suddenly, SHE SEES: A LITTLE GIRL with long hair stumbles into the road.

BRENDA

Oh, my God!

Brenda swerves her car off the road -- missing the little girl. The car hits a ditch. Brenda's head bangs off the steering wheel, knocking her unconscious.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD, WOODS

Brenda awakens with a nasty, bloody bruise on her forehead. Smoke seeps from the engine, and the front end is totaled.

Brenda struggles free from the car. She leans against it and gains her composure.

In pain, Brenda looks in the driver's side mirror. Her head bruise drips blood into her eye. In the background of the mirror a FIGURE moves behind her.

She turns. She sees the LITTLE GIRL. (The same little girl she hit years ago.) Blood runs down the child's wet and tattered dress from her neck.

BRENDA

Who are you?

The girl cries with her hands covering her face. Brenda approaches her.

BRENDA

No, no everything will be alright.
I just need you to tell me...

The girl removes her hands from her face and, at the top of her lungs, SCREAMS. She darts off into the woods.

BRENDA

Hey. Hey wait. Stop!

Brenda gives chase, but she's slow and in a daze from the car crash. Brenda labors to keep the girl in her sights.

BRENDA

Please let me help you. I am not
going to hurt you. Please.

Brenda runs faster -- the girl falls out of her sight. She continues running, hoping for a glimpse of the girl.

Brenda stops. She rotates in a circle, looking for the girl.

BRENDA

Hey! Hey, come back! Please!

The girl SCREAMS. It's coming from behind Brenda, but when Brenda turns -- no girl.

Another SCREAM. Brenda turns around to nothing again. MORE SCREAMS come audibly from every direction and fast.

Brenda spins around confused, her frustration growing. Brenda covers her ears and shuts her eyes. She lets out a loud scream.

BRENDA

STOOOOOOOOP!

Brenda's scream ends. And so, apparently, do the girl's screams.

There's complete silence now.

A car horn BLARES.

Brenda opens her eyes.

BRENDA'S POV: EXT. BEAR LAKE HIGHWAY

She sees HERSELF behind the wheel of her own car, swerving. Her screeching tires hydroplane. The rear of the car swings and collides to hit our POV and we ...

SMASH TO BLACK

FADE UP ON:

AN ANGLE FROM THE LITTLE GIRL'S POV: examining the devastation remaining from the car crashes and the subsequent tractor trailer catastrophe.

Looking on her person: more blood and mud soaks her clothes, her legs and feet are bruised but still move.

Her stride becomes a labored run through the woods.

Her breathes comes heavily. She runs faster, and becomes disorientated in the woods.

Her view remains distorted. She runs faster and faster through the woods until she falls down a pit, she crashes to the bottom with a loud THUD.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. PIT

Brenda awakens in near complete darkness. She arises, moaning in pain stands on the dirt bottom.

She pulls out her phone for light. She looks around.

From the moonlight above she determines she's fallen into an open pit.

BRENDA

Help... somebody please help me!

Brenda dials 9-1-1.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Operator, how can I assist you?

BRENDA

Please help me. I somehow fell down a hole.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Ok ma'am - where are you exactly?

BRENDA

I... I, I am somewhere in Bear Creek.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I am going to need you to tell me exactly where you are at in more detail. Can you look around and tell me, maybe, any landmarks.

BRENDA

Shit! I'm in a damn hole into the ground!

Brenda hangs up and dials Doctor Carter from her phone.

INSERT: INT. DR CARTER'S OFFICE

Leaving work, Dr. Carter locks his office door. He hears the phone RING from the inside. He pauses.

BACK TO SCENE

AUTOMATION

You've reached Doctor Carter's office, we are out of the...

Brenda begins to cry.

DR. CARTER (O.S.)

Hello, this is Dr. Carter.

INSERT: INT. DR CARTER'S OFFICE

He holds the phone.

BRENDA

Dr. Carter, please, I need you to come and help me! Please help me!

DR. CARTER

Brenda! Okay, calm down. Now tell me where you are?

INT. OPEN PIT - LATER

A BRIGHT LIGHT shines on Brenda in the pit. Brenda covers her eyes from the blinding light. A fireman rappels down into the pit by rope. He lands.

FIREMAN

Just try to relax. I need to see if you broke anything.

The fireman examines Brenda's battered body but finds no deep wounds or broken bones. The bright spot light from up above shines around the hole exposing a skeleton.

FIREMAN

Oh, my God!

The Fireman walkie-talkies.

FIREMAN

HEY WE GOT A BODY DOWN HERE!

Brenda watches the fireman move toward the skeleton. The fireman blocks Brenda's view. The fireman unearths the skeleton. He steps away to grab his bag when thunder CRACKS. A flash of LIGHTENING illuminates.

BRENDA'S POV: of ISABELLA, alive. Isabella gazes at Brenda with a smile.

BRENDA WITH EYES WIDE SEES: that the little girl from her accident is the Isabella from the locket. She cries.

BRENDA

Isabella!

INSERT SERIES OF FLASH CUTS:

- A bolt of LIGHTNING STRIKES, illuminating Frank's face. He is startled by something he sees, but it's off screen.

- In the trunk Isabella, conscious, looks at Frank. Frank steps off and slams the trunk; it doesn't shut all the way.

- The car submerges beneath the water.

- Isabella emerges from the water gasping for air. She paddles her tiny legs to shore.

Isabella looks back at the water, crying.

ISABELLA

Mama... Mama!

- Isabella spots Frank's truck fading away in the distance. She runs into the wood.

INT. WOODS

Isabella runs and runs and runs! Tears and blood run down her face. The heavy rain obstructs her doubling vision.

Her cries, along with the thundering rainstorm, drown out the sound of the passing cars.

Isabella fights with her long hair to see -- she steps onto a road. Isabella removes her hair from her eyes and spots an oncoming car. Behind the wheel is Brenda, texting.

Brenda's car swerves, and the rear of the car sends Isabella flying off into the ditch, on the other side of the road.

MOMENTS LATER.

Isabella slowly gets up coughing up blood and holding her side in pain. She turns to the aftermath of the car accident. She turns and runs off through the other side of the woods.

She runs faster and faster. She grasps her neck, struggling to breath. She FALLS into the pit. She hits the side of the wall -- her body twists.

She lands on an angle in the corner. Her face smacks the wall breaking her neck with a chilling CRACK. Isabella is dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

Small bright lights shine into Brenda's eye. She gasps! An emergency room Doctor stands over her

DOCTOR IN EMERGENCY ROOM

Calm down, calm down. You are
alright now. Can you hear me?

Brenda lies there -- in shock. A doctor and nurse Hoover over her. The sound of their voices fades. The over head view lifts up and fades away.

DISSOLVES TO:

INT. BRENDA'S CAR, SIDE OF HIGHWAY - DAY

Brenda pulls to the side of the highway and glances to the woods in a daze.

MOMENTS LATER

Brenda stands in front of the hole that was the scene of Isabella's death. A wooden cross has been made and stuck in the ground. She reads with the words: "In remembrance." etched on the cross.

Stuffed animals are placed around it. The hole has metal rods with yellow crime scene tape wrapped around them to cordon off the area around the hole.

Brenda stares at the hole and walks over to the cross. She takes from her pocket the locket and places it on the cross. Brenda steps back and glances at it. Brenda closes her eyes and takes a deep breath of relief.

She opens her eyes. SHE SEES: a bright, shimmering light just a few yards in front of her.

She squints to gain her sight. A small body steps out from the light -- it is Isabella.

Isabella walks up to Brenda. Brenda bends down, teary eyed. Isabella extends her arms to Brenda. Brenda hugs her. Isabella releases and smiles at Brenda.

BRENDA

I am so sorry.

Isabella kisses Brenda on the forehead. Isabella glances behind her to see Hazel standing in the light. She looks now a beautiful as she looked in life.

Hazel looks at the two of them and gives a graceful smile.

Isabella releases Brenda. She runs into Hazel's arms. The two embrace in a warm caress.

Brenda watches Hazel lift Isabella up and spin her in the air, joyous about their reunion.

Hazel places Isabella down. She looks to Brenda with a curious smile, Isabella mouths the words "thank you."

Isabella looks up and tugs at Hazel's hand. They walk off into the shimmering light together.

BRENDA

Wait.

Brenda takes the locket off the cross.

BRENDA

Your locket.

They are both gone and the light fades into nothing. Brenda looks on deeper into the woods. She holds the locket up to her chest and cries in happiness.

FADE TO BLACK

The sound of hard water courses through a shower head.

FADE UP ON:

INT. BATHROOM

CLOSE ON: a medicine cabinet opening. A feminine HAND grabs a plastic, dusty bottle from a cluttered shelf.

The dusty bottle's label reads: *WITCH HAZEL*.

The medicine cabinet closes with a sick SQUEAL. In the mirror reflects a nude Brenda with a dozen pus-seeping bruises and bloody lesions running from face to chest.

She examines the scars and bruises marring her once beautiful complexion. She soaks a cotton ball in the astringent.

The sting of the liquid on raw, pink flesh triggers.

A bone-chilling, death *RATTLE* -- *similar to the sound of someone taking their very last breath. Damn terrifying.*

Her eyes fill with water, her heart pounds, her skin goes numb. She heard that and it's damn familiar. Damn terrifying.

She opens the toilet bowl, the cabinets; all looks normal. She looks to the shower head -- clear water sprays out. Her breathing eases.

The the death *RATTLE*, returns. Brenda gazes into the mirror with an intense stare. She holds the astringent-soaked cotton ball on a lesion.

She caps the bottle, opens the mirror cabinet, shelves it and closes the cabinet door.

IN THE MIRROR:

A reflection of a nude, beautiful, ALIVE HAZEL appears behind Brenda. Surprised, Brenda shuts her eyes. She turns around. She opens them. SHE SEES: a nude Hazel standing in front of her.

She exhales. Then a leech crawls from under Hazel's hair. Her fair skin darkens, sweats and decomposes. Brenda gasps!

A patchwork of mildew and aspergillus niger (black mold), green mold and slime blankets the entire bathroom in seconds.

BRENDA'S POV: Hazel's mouth widens -- she WAILS -- leeches crawl out over her face. WE move in on her mouth into darkness.

Her WAIL continues. The leeches SQUEALING, join in.

Brenda lets out one, final, SCREAM, as we...

...SMASH TO CREDITS.

THE END.