

"The Writing on the Wall"

by  
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EXT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

1

SHARON PRYOR, in her early 30s and seven months' pregnant, walks up the stairs of her cozy home to the top floor. She is carrying a glass of lemonade. She knocks on a mostly closed door and calls out.

SHARON

Honey?

Her husband, MARK, in his mid-30s, answers her - his voice muffled from behind the door.

MARK

Yeah?

SHARON

Are you OK in there?

MARK

Yes. Just taking a breather for a second.

SHARON

May I come in?

MARK

Sure, but *please* watch your step. There's all kinds of stuff on the floor.

Sharon slowly opens the bedroom door. The room is covered in ugly pink wallpaper. On the floor, we see paint cans, various types of scrapers, and a few half-empty bottles of some colored stuff. Birdsong can be heard through the open window. Sharon enters, stepping carefully around the clutter on the floor. Mark is standing on the first step of an old wooden ladder, wiping his brow with his sleeve.

Sharon holds the glass out to him.

SHARON

I made some lemonade. I thought you might be thirsty.

Mark comes down from the ladder and eagerly takes the drink.

MARK

Thanks, sweetheart! You read my mind.

He takes a big gulp.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

I don't know who put this pink wallpaper up back when, but he's to be congratulated.

SHARON

Why is that?

MARK

It's on but *good*. I think he used Super Glue!

(beat)

Not the best job though. Kind of sloppy. He must have been in a rush to get it done.

SHARON

Maybe *his* baby came early?

MARK

Could be.

(beat)

Once I get down to bare walls, I'll have to track him down and ask.

Sharon notices a hubcap-sized bare spot on one wall.

SHARON

I see you're making *some* progress.

MARK

Not much. I *really* thought I'd be further along by now.

SHARON

It's a start.

Mark takes another big drink.

MARK

I should have known when we bought this house with a *pink* kid's bedroom that you'd be having a *boy*.

SHARON

(sarcastically)

Forgive me for getting your order mixed up.

Mark chuckles slightly.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Maybe the *next* one will be a girl.

SHARON

Whoa, mister! One baby at a time.  
What do I look like - the Octo-  
Mom?

(beat)

Do you want me to help you strip  
the wallpaper?

MARK

Absolutely not! With all the  
chemicals I'm using, it's probably  
not even good for *me* to be in  
here. I'm not about to threaten  
the health of you or the baby.

SHARON

I feel kind of guilty. You're  
working hard, and I'm not doing  
much of anything.

MARK

You're carrying our baby. That's  
*plenty*.

SHARON

I'm sure Dr. Malone would say that  
it's alright for me to -

MARK

Maybe he would, but *I* won't.

(beat)

Besides, this isn't the biggest  
bedroom in the world. We'd only be  
bumping heads.

SHARON

If you insist.

(beat)

Are you gonna keep at it?

MARK

Yeah. I still have a couple of  
hours of daylight left. I'll stop  
when the sun goes down.

He rubs an aching neck muscle.

MARK

These old muscles of mine are sure  
gonna be *sore* tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

I'll draw you a nice *hot* bath to  
soak in later.

Mark approaches her and gently caresses her cheek.

MARK

I was more hoping that *you* might  
. . . well. . .

SHARON

If you catch me between bathroom  
trips, maybe.

MARK

I'll make a note of it.

(sighs)

At the rate this wallpaper is  
coming off, it's a good thing we  
still have a couple of months  
before Junior pops out.

SHARON

"Pops out?" You romantic devil,  
you!

MARK

Sorry. Bad choice of words. It  
must be the chemicals.

SHARON

Uh huh.

MARK

What I *meant* to say was. . .

(majestically)

"Before the fruit of our love  
enters this unworthy world and the  
waiting arms of his loving,  
devoted parents."

(beat)

Better?

SHARON

Good save!

Sharon notices something on the threshold and walks over.  
She runs her finger along some pen markings.

SHARON

How *sweet*!

(CONTINUED)

MARK

What?

SHARON

They're height measurements.

She reads the words written on the wood.

SHARON

"Ashley, age 2 ½; Carol, age 4."

(beat)

My dad used to do that for my  
sister, Jess, and me in our old  
room.

MARK

Well, there will be none of that  
in *this* house, mother to be. I  
have *enough* work to do without  
trying to remove ink marks!

FADE OUT.

Mark hurriedly opens the door and urgently calls out to  
Sharon.

MARK

Sharon! Sharon, come quick!

After a beat, Sharon, approaching, calls back as she  
walks down the corridor.

SHARON

Coming!

(beat)

What's wrong?

MARK

Where were you?

SHARON

I'm seven months' pregnant. Where  
do you *think* I was?

MARK

You're not gonna believe what I  
found under the wallpaper.

(beat)

Look!

(CONTINUED)

He points into the room at a a good deal of handwriting in the middle of a bare spot.

SHARON

Now why would someone do that?

MARK

I've only been able to uncover part of it. As far as I can tell, it's a confession.

SHARON

To *what*?

MARK

(beat)  
Murder.

FADE OUT.

Mark and Sharon are talking to LT. LYNN SAMUELS, a 50-ish police detective. Uniformed officers are milling about the house. Mark introduces Sharon to the Lieutenant.

MARK

Sharon, this is Lt. Lynn Samuels of the police department.

Samuels nods at Sharon.

SAMUELS

Mrs. Pryor.

SHARON

Pleased to meet you, Lieutenant.

Samuels looks at Sharon's belly.

SAMUELS

When are you due?

SHARON

In about two months.

SAMUELS

Your first?

SHARON

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

SAMUELS

Do you know if it's a boy or a girl?

SHARON

A boy.

She turns to Mark.

SAMUELS

That explains why you were stripping that pink wallpaper.

SHARON

Do you have kids, Lieutenant?

SAMUELS

Three: two girls, one boy. It's been an adventure.

MARK

I would imagine.

SAMUELS

A *happy* adventure, but an adventure.

SHARON

Is there anything new on what my husband found?

SAMUELS

The writing *does* appear to be a murder confession. My team is trying to strip away every bit of wallpaper to reveal *all* of it.

She turns to Mark.

SAMUELS

I assumed you wouldn't mind.

MARK

Be my guest.

SAMUELS

From what we know of this house's past, this confession may be just what we've been looking for for more than a decade.

(CONTINUED)



SHARON

This house has a . . . a "past?"

SAMUELS

You didn't know?

SHARON

No.

(beat)

What. . . What "past" are you talking about?

SAMUELS

Did either of you ever hear of the Woodward family?

SHARON

No.

MARK

Can't say we have.

SAMUELS

Matthew Woodward lived here with his wife, Patricia, beginning in the late '90s. They had two daughters.

SHARON

Ashley and Carol.

SAMUELS

How did you know that?

SHARON

The height marks on the room's threshold.

SAMUELS

Oh, of course.

(beat)

Anyway, in 2002, Mrs. Woodward died in a car accident. A drunken driver ran her off the road and into a guardrail. Her husband fell into a state of shock and required hospitalization for a time.

SHARON

How *horrible*!

MARK

The poor guy.

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

What about the girls? What happened to them?

SAMUELS

Their paternal grandmother cared for them for a while, until her son recovered enough to be discharged.

(beat)

Not long after Mr. Woodward was released from the hospital and returned home to this house, Ashley and Carol disappeared.

MARK

What happened to them?

SAMUELS

To this day, no one knows.

MARK

Their dad?

SAMUELS

We investigated him and found nothing incriminating. My people tore this house and the town apart looking for those girls. *Nada.*

(beat)

About a year and a half ago, Matthew Woodward hanged himself.

Sharon is shocked.

SHARON

In *this* house?

SAMUELS

I'm afraid so.

SHARON

And the girls? Could their bodies be. . . be hidden *somewhere* in here?

SAMUELS

It's *possible*, but - with the way we looked - I doubt it.

SHARON

Why didn't the realtor *tell* us this, Mark?

(CONTINUED)

SAMUELS

Would you have purchased the house  
if you knew about the Woodwards?

SHARON

Of course not.

MARK

No wonder we got the place for  
such a good price. He saw us  
coming!

(beat)

I'm going to have a little "chat"  
with him as soon as I get the  
chance.

SHARON

I. . . I *can't* stay here, Mark.  
Not any more.

MARK

What?

SHARON

Someone committed suicide in this  
house, and the bodies of those  
girls *might* be hidden somewhere in  
here. I. . . I just can't -

MARK

Sharon, be serious.

SHARON

I *am* being serious.

(beat)

Doesn't the fact of what went on  
here bother *you*?

MARK

Well, of course, but the past is  
the past. There's nothing we can  
do about it *now*.

(beat)

Would I prefer that this house  
used to be owned by a little old  
lady who volunteered at her church  
on Sundays and read to the blind  
on weekdays? Sure I would.  
Unfortunately, that's *not* the  
case.

SGT. HARPER, a young male officer, approaches.

(CONTINUED)

HARPER

Lt. Samuels?

SAMUELS

Yes, Sergeant?

HARPER

We've stripped every scrap of wallpaper we can. Unfortunately, bits of the old glue won't come off, and a portion of the writing is still obscured.

SAMUELS

Is it a murder confession, Harper, like we thought?

HARPER

Yes, ma'am. Mr. Woodward admitted to killing his daughters by drowning them in the tub. He even signed and dated the confession.

SHARON

How *awful*!

(beat)

Did he say where he put the little girls' bodies?

HARPER

No, ma'am, unfortunately he didn't.

SAMUELS

Sergeant, call Dr. Prager down at police headquarters. He should have *something* in that lab of his that will make that wall look like it's brand new. I want to be able to see every *letter* that Matthew Woodward wrote.

HARPER

I'll get right on it, Lieutenant.

(beat)

Excuse me.

Harper turns and walks off.

MARK

Why would Woodward spend all that time to write the confession only to paper over it later?

(CONTINUED)

SAMUELS

*That's* the \$64,000 question, Mr. Pryor.

SHARON

What should we do, Lieutenant?

SAMUELS

For one thing, *stay here*. Don't be frightened out of your home by a maybe.

(beat)

My people will be here off and on for a bit gathering evidence, if that's OK with you two.

MARK

Take whatever time you need.

SAMUELS

Thank you.

(sighs)

Unfortunately, with the discovery you made up in that bedroom today, this case has gone from missing persons. . . to double homicide.

FADE OUT.

The room is partially illuminated by moonlight. Mark, snoring slightly, awakens with a start. He fumbles in the dark for the clock. We see that it says 2:20 a.m. Mark puts the clock down and yawns.

MARK

Even *farmers* are still asleep.

He rolls over and notices that Sharon isn't beside him.

MARK

I'll bet she's in the bathroom again, the poor thing.

He calls out to her.

MARK

Honey!

There is no answer. Concerned, he gets up.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

I'd better check.

He walks to the bathroom. She isn't there.

MARK

The kitchen, I'll bet. She *is*  
eating for two, after all.

He walks downstairs to the kitchen, joking as he enters.

MARK

A ham on rye, lots of must. . .

He stops abruptly. She is not there. Confused, he notices  
that the cellar door is open.

MARK

Why would she be in the cellar?

He flips on the light switch and walks down the stairs.  
He calls out.

MARK

Honey, are you down here?

He notices Sharon curled up in a ball on the floor. He  
approaches her and kneels down. She is snoring slightly.

MARK

She's *asleep*.

He gently shakes her.

MARK

Honey? Honey, wake up.

Sharon starts coming to. Mark shakes her a little more.

MARK

Honey? It's me. . . Honey?

Sharon wakes with a start and sits up.

SHARON

Where. . . Where am I? Mark, where  
am -

MARK

In the cellar.

SHARON

The *cellar*? Why. . .

(CONTINUED)

MARK

You were sleeping.

SHARON

I was?

MARK

*Sound* asleep.

SHARON

How did I get down here? And *why*?

MARK

I'm not sure, but I think we ought to go see Dr. Malone and find out.

DISSOLVE TO:

DR. MALONE, an older gynecologist with half glasses, enters his book-lined office and sits behind his desk. Mark and Sharon anxiously wait for him to speak.

MALONE

I'm happy to report that all the tests show *no* ill effects to the baby from your little. . . excursion.

SHARON

Thank God!

MARK

How did she get to the cellar from our bedroom?

MALONE

Do you remember walking down there, Mrs. Pryor?

SHARON

I don't remember a thing about it. One moment I was in our bed. The next thing I know, Mark was waking me up in the cellar.

MALONE

Then the only logical explanation is that you sleepwalked.

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

*Me?* I've never done that in my life! Why would I start now?

MALONE

It's not uncommon for pregnant women to exhibit novel behaviors.

(beat)

One of my patients started eating asparagus when she was pregnant. Couldn't get enough of it! Before she was expecting, she couldn't stand the stuff.

MARK

But why would Sharon head for the *cellar*, of all places?

MALONE

While sleepwalking, the walker is usually attempting to get to something he or she wants. They feel it's an urgent need that simply can't wait.

SHARON

What would I want in the cellar? It's not a finished basement. It's a *cellar*.

MALONE

(beat)

It *was* a mild night last night. Were you warm?

SHARON

I've slept in warmer weather.

MARK

But not *pregnant*.

MALONE

Perhaps your unconscious mind thought that the stone floor of the cellar would be cooler and would allow you to sleep better?

MARK

It makes sense.

(CONTINUED)



SHARON

What *really* worries me, Doctor, is that I walked down a lot of stairs *asleep*. I could have fallen on any one of them and hurt the baby!

MARK

And *yourself*.

MALONE

You're right. You could have.

MARK

Could Sharon go for another stroll - maybe tonight?

MALONE

Possibly.

(beat)

Does your bedroom door have a lock on it?

SHARON

No, it doesn't.

MALONE

Have one installed, and lock yourselves in at night. Mr. Pryor, you hold onto the key, and *don't* let your wife know where it is.

MARK

Gotcha. We'll stop at the hardware store on the way home. I'll have a lock on there tonight.

MALONE

Good man.

SHARON

But I have to get out of bed so many times to pee. I'll be waking Mark up three or four times every night.

MALONE

It's the only way I can see to ensure your safety and the safety of your unborn son. Hopefully, before too long, your sleepwalking will stop.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

He's right, honey.

SHARON

(sighs)

Well, I apologize in advance for all the times I'll be waking you up.

MARK

(chuckles)

Don't worry about it. I guess we're gonna be bathroom buddies for a while.

DISSOLVE TO:

Mark, exhausted, is speaking with Lt. Samuels.

SAMUELS

We're just about done upstairs, Mr. Pryor. I *will* need to get one more person over here in the morning, if that's OK.

MARK

That's fine.

SAMUELS

You and your wife have been very accommodating - especially under these unpleasant circumstances. On behalf of the police department, I thank you.

MARK

You're welcome. We want this case to be solved too.

SAMUELS

Where is Mrs. Pryor?

MARK

Upstairs taking a nap. Neither one of us slept very well last night.

DISSOLVE TO:

7

INT. PRYORS' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

7

Sharon is napping uneasily, tossing and turning on the bed.

At the foot of the bed, a light begins to shine. It expands, eventually opening like a flower. Two young girls, CAROL (age 4) and ASHLEY (age 2 1/2), wearing matching taffeta dresses, are suddenly seen standing there - ghostlike. The younger one wears a ribbon in her hair.

CAROL  
(calling)  
Mrs. Pryyyyyyyyyor?

Frightened, Sharon quickly sits bolt upright in bed, looking at the ghostly images of the girls.

SHARON  
Who. . . Who are you? What are you  
doing here?

ASHLEY  
Hello, pretty lady.

SHARON  
You're here. . . but you're *not*  
here.

CAROL  
I'm Carol, and this is my little  
sister, Ashley.

ASHLEY  
Pleased to meet you.

SHARON  
Carol and Ashley. . . *Woodward?*

CAROL  
That's right.  
(beat)  
We need you to find us, Mrs.  
Pryor. *Please.*

ASHLEY  
We're tired and want to rest. It's  
been *so* long.

SHARON  
Find you? But I don't know where  
you are.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHARON (CONT'D)

The police couldn't find you! Lt. Samuels said they tore the house apart looking for you!

CAROL

The three of us will help you. You'll know how to find us. You'll see.

SHARON

*Three?* But there are only *two* of you. What. . . What do you -

The girls begin to disappear.

ASHLEY

(fading)  
Goodbye, lady.

CAROL

*Please* find us. We need your help. You're our only hope.

SHARON

Wait! I don't know what to do. I don't know how to help you. *Wait!*

The girls slowly disappear, and the light fades to nothing.

FADE OUT.

Mark is upstairs when he hears Sharon scream from behind their closed bedroom door. He throws open the door and rushes in. Sharon is still sitting upright in bed.

MARK

What is it? What's wrong?

Sharon is very emotional, trying to hold back tears.

SHARON

They were here, Mark. *Both* of them. I *saw* them.

MARK

Saw who?

SHARON

The dead girls - Ashley and Carol.

(CONTINUED)

Mark sits on the edge of the bed.

MARK

Honey, you were *dreaming*.

SHARON

No. I'm -

MARK

I checked on you not five minutes ago. You were *asleep*.

SHARON

But they were here in. . . in little dresses. The younger one had a ribbon in her hair.

(beat)

How could I know what they looked like?

MARK

We don't know for sure *what* they looked like.

SHARON

Mark. . .

MARK

I. . . I don't know. You could have seen two little girls *anywhere*.

SHARON

Like where?

MARK

Oh. . . Dr. Malone's office, for instance.

SHARON

He's a *gynecologist*. He deals with babies that haven't been born yet.

MARK

True, but there's a children's wing in his building. Lots and lots of pediatricians! You probably saw two girls when we visited Malone there and subconsciously put them into your dream as the Woodwards.

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

I didn't see *any* little girls  
there!

MARK

Then, in your dream, you simply  
*pictured* two little girls.

SHARON

(beat)  
They asked for my help.

MARK

The dead girls did?

SHARON

They said they needed to be found.  
They want to. . . to rest.

MARK

Sounds like one hell of a dream.

SHARON

Mark. . .

Mark caresses his wife's cheek.

MARK

Sweetheart, neither one of us  
slept very well last night. How  
about we go out for dinner?

SHARON

I don't know. This whole thing has  
me so -

MARK

I'll get you *curly fries*. I know  
how you like them.

SHARON

Why don't. . .

Sharon grabs at her belly and grunts in pain.

SHARON

Oh boy!

MARK

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

I . . . I'm not sure. My belly  
feels. . . *funny*.

MARK

The baby?

SHARON

I'm not . . .

She grunts again.

SHARON

There it is again!

MARK

Could you be in labor?

SHARON

I don't know! This is my first  
baby. I've never been in labor  
before. I don't know what it feels  
like!

MARK

OK, honey. *Don't* worry.

SHARON

Mark, I'm *scared*.

MARK

I'll call Dr. Malone, and we'll go  
right to Mercy Hospital.

SHARON

Quickly?

MARK

I'll break every traffic rule I  
have to.

(beat)

Don't you worry. Our little man  
has just decided he wants out of  
there early so he can see his  
pretty mother.

FADE OUT.

The Woodward girls, ghostlike, watch out the window as  
Mark and Sharon quickly drive away.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL

She didn't understand. They've  
left the house to go to the  
hospital.

ASHLEY

We messed up.  
(beat)  
What do we do now?

CAROL

They'll be home soon. We'll try  
again later.

ASHLEY

I'm *so* tired of waiting.

CAROL

It won't be much longer. You'll  
see.

ASHLEY

But what if it doesn't work the  
next time?

CAROL

Then we'll try again. . . and  
*again*. As long as it takes.  
(beat)  
It will work. It *has* to.

FADE OUT.

10 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

10

Sharon, hooked up to some beeping monitors, is lying in a  
propped-up bed. Mark sits nervously in a chair beside  
her.

The door opens, and Dr. Malone enters. He walks over to  
them.

SHARON

(eagerly)  
Is the baby OK?

MALONE

He's *fine*.

MARK

Then what. . .

(CONTINUED)



MALONE

The only conclusion I can reach is  
that it must have been false  
labor.

SHARON

*Now?*

MALONE

Seven months along *is* a little  
early for it, true, but it's not  
unheard of. The important thing is  
that your baby is perfectly  
alright.

SHARON

Thank God!

MALONE

Have the pains stopped?

SHARON

Yes. They stopped not long after  
we drove away from the house.

MALONE

I've signed you out. You're free  
to go.

MARK

Thanks, Doc.

MALONE

Between the sleepwalking and the  
false labor, I'd suggest that the  
two of you get a good, *long* rest.

FADE OUT.

In the dark cellar, the upstairs light is flipped on.  
Mark walks down the stairs. Sharon is curled up on the  
stone floor, just as she was before, the key to the  
bedroom door lock beside her. Mark walks over to her,  
kneels by her side, and gently prods her.

MARK

Honey? Honey, wake up.

Sharon wakes with a start, sits up, and looks around.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

SHARON

Not *again*!

MARK

Yep.

SHARON

But *how*? You hid the key to the lock.

Marks points at the key.

MARK

You must have found it.

SHARON

(sighs)  
I don't understand this.

MARK

Let's head upstairs. I have an idea.

SHARON

What?

MARK

You'll see.  
(beat)  
C'mon.

FADE OUT.

12 INT. PRYORS' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

12

Mark locks the door and drops the key in his pajama top pocket.

MARK

*There!* I'll feel it if you try to take it again. And just to be on the safe side. . .

With a grunt, he pushes a heavy chair in front of the door.

SHARON

This is ridiculous! I feel like a prisoner in my own bedroom.

MARK

One more thing.

(CONTINUED)

He starts rummaging in Sharon's knitting basket on their bureau.

SHARON

What are you doing?

MARK

Getting some yarn.

(beat)

Do you want blue or pink?

SHARON

For what?

MARK

I'm tying our wrists together:  
Improvised handcuffs.

SHARON

Like I couldn't break *that* to go  
sleepwalking if I wanted to.

MARK

I'm betting you won't be able to  
break the yarn, pull the chair out  
of the way, *and* get the key  
without me noticing. I'll do  
whatever it takes, honey, to keep  
you and our son safe.

He holds up two lengths of yarn - one blue, one pink.

MARK

Pick one.

SHARON

(sighs)

Blue, I suppose. We're having a  
boy after all.

FADE OUT.

It is several hours later. Both Pryors are asleep, Mark  
snoring slightly, when Sharon wakes with a start,  
grabbing at her belly.

SHARON

*Wow!*

Mark groggily comes to.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

What? What is it?  
(beat)  
False labor again?

SHARON

No, I've felt *this* before. Our boy  
just gave me one *hell* of a kick!

MARK

(yawns)  
Maybe he'll be a soccer player.  
There's good money in that.

She grabs at her belly from another kick.

SHARON

I can't sleep like this.

MARK

Try sitting up.

Sharon tries to sit up, but becomes entangled in the yarn  
attaching to her right wrist to Mark's left. She huffs in  
anger.

MARK

Would you rather be asleep on the  
cellar floor?

SHARON

(exasperated)  
No.

She sits on the edge of the bed.

SHARON

(beat)  
*Wow!*

MARK

Another kick?

SHARON

Yeah. Let me stand up for a bit.  
Maybe *that* will settle him down.

Sharon rises and stands by the bed.

MARK

(beat)  
Better?

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

So far.

(beat)

But I can't sleep standing up.

MARK

Maybe if -

She grunts a little and grabs at her belly.

SHARON

*There* he goes again.

MARK

What is *up* with the little man  
tonight?

Mark rolls on his side and focuses on Sharon's baby belly  
as he speaks.

MARK

Calm down in there, Junior! It's  
2:00 in the morning. You'll have  
*plenty* of chances to keep your mom  
and me awake *after* you're born.  
Tonight, all three of us need some  
sleep.

SHARON

(with sudden  
recognition)

*Three!* That's it! That *must* be  
what they meant.

MARK

What *who* meant?

SHARON

The Woodward girls.

Exasperated, Mark flops down on his back.

MARK

We're not going back to that *dream*  
of yours, are we?

SHARON

It was not -

Mark rubs his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

OK. OK. I'm *much* too tired to argue with you.

(beat)

What was this about. . . "three?"

SHARON

One of the girls told me that "the three of us" would help me find their bodies.

MARK

Are you sure?

SHARON

She *definitely* said "three."

MARK

But there were only two Woodward girls.

SHARON

Right.

She pats her belly.

SHARON

And baby here makes *three*.

(beat)

I think our boy is trying to tell me something, Mark.

MARK

Like you shouldn't have had that cold pepperoni pizza before going to bed?

SHARON

More than that.

(beat)

I think our baby is *somehow* in contact with the two dead girls.

MARK

Oh, come on!

SHARON

All of his kicks have been directed toward the door.

MARK

Meaning what?

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

Meaning that he wants me to leave  
this room and go somewhere.

MARK

The cellar?

SHARON

Maybe.  
(eagerly)  
Let's go!

Mark props himself up on one elbow.

MARK

At 2:00 in the morning?

SHARON

Yes.

MARK

(sighs)  
You're not going to take "no" for  
an answer, are you?

SHARON

No, I'm not.

MARK

Can I *please* sleep when we're done  
with our field trip?

SHARON

I think *all* of us will sleep  
better when we're done.

(beat)  
First, let's get rid of this yarn!  
I feel like a fool!

FADE OUT.

The cellar light is on as Mark and Sharon walk down the  
stairs. Mark yawns as he looks about.

MARK

I hope you're happy.  
(beat)  
Even the spiders are still asleep.

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

The baby's kicking like *crazy*!

Sharon walks around the cellar, her belly held high.

MARK

*What* are you doing?

SHARON

Trying to go in the direction he's  
kicking me - following his lead.

MARK

(sighs)  
My son, the GPS.

Sharon stops in front of the coal burner.

SHARON

He's stopped.

MARK

He's probably asleep.  
(sotto voce)  
Lucky kid.

SHARON

Why did he stop kicking me here?

Sharon reaches forward and opens the creaky furnace door.

SHARON

Honey, can you please get me the  
old crowbar?

MARK

(exasperated)  
A crowbar she wants. . . at 2:00  
in the morning.

SHARON

*Pretty* please?

MARK

(sighs)  
Alright.

He reluctantly fetches the crowbar and brings it to  
Sharon.

MARK

What do you want with it?

(CONTINUED)



SHARON

Give it to me.

MARK

Tell me. I don't want my pregnant wife operating heavy machinery - especially before sunrise.

SHARON

Will you do what I ask and take me seriously?

MARK

Will it get me back to bed?

SHARON

Yes.

MARK

Then I will. I promise.

SHARON

Rap on the furnace pipe.

MARK

Any particular tune?

SHARON

Honey. . .

MARK

Sorry.

With a grunt, Mark raps on the pipe with the crowbar three times. We hear three hollow sounds.

SHARON

A little higher.

Mark stretches and does as asked. Three more hollow raps.

SHARON

Once more. . . as *high* as you can reach.

MARK

(with some sarcasm)  
Yes, dear.

Mark reaches as high as he can and raps on the furnace pipe with the crowbar. The first two raps produce a hollow sound, but the third does not.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Hey!

SHARON

You don't think. . .

MARK

Step back.

With all of his might, Mark raps three more times on the pipe. On the third rap - *not* hollow - the pipe comes apart, a portion of it dangling precariously.

MARK

Look out!

Mark pushes Sharon back.

The dangling section of the pipe falls to floor with a loud clang, spreading coal ash about. Sharon points above them and screams. A small, bony hand can be seen dangling out of the broken furnace pipe.

A piece of paper flutters down to them. Mark retrieves it.

MARK

(reading)

"So now they are found. I admit  
the deed. Matthew Woodward."

FADE OUT.

Lt. Samuels is on the Pryors' phone.

SAMUELS

Thank you, Doctor.

(beat)

Goodbye.

She hangs up the phone.

SHARON

(eagerly)

Lieutenant?

(CONTINUED)

SAMUELS

(beat)

Dr. Robertson, the police psychiatrist, believes that Mr. Woodward was likely schizophrenic. For some reason we'll never know, he killed his two girls not long after his wife died in that drunk driving accident.

MARK

Depression?

SAMUELS

Could be. Depression does strange things to people.

(beat)

Evidently, sometime after he wrote that confession on the wall of the pink bedroom, Mr. Woodward must have decided to save his own skin by hiding the bodies and hastily putting up new wallpaper. That note you found in the cellar may have been his attempt at closure.

SHARON

He lived here for years *knowing* that his daughters' bodies were stuffed in that furnace pipe?

SAMUELS

He did.

Sharon turns to Mark, tears welling up in her eyes.

SHARON

What do we do now?

(beat)

Can we keep living here with all that's happened in this house?

MARK

I think we *have* to.

SHARON

What do you mean?

MARK

This place has seen enough death, honey.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK (CONT'D)

With you, me, and - soon - our  
boy, I think it's time it finally  
saw some *life*.

FADE OUT.