

Characters:

Emily - Children have disappeared. Husband died earlier in life

Marcus - lost son and wife in murder suicide. Doesn't really believe in ghosts.

Brett - High functioning autistic. Takes everything literally. Technical-minded. Marcus's brother

Katie - Mid 20s. Fresh out of college. Impulsive and spontaneous. Quick learner who isn't afraid to speak her mind.

John - Late 50s. Long-time scientist at the Center, a few months from retirement. Kind heart and a systematic brain.

Location:

1. Lab at the Lobdow Center for Advance Research

1. Emily's house

Time of day:

Night

(CONTINUED)

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**INTRO BUMPER**

Efx: recorder button/tone

KATIE  
(whispering)  
Roth-Lodbow Center for Advanced  
Research. Project Cyclops, Day 4,  
about to begin. Entering the  
laboratory now.

Efx: keycard beep. A loud buzz, a metal lock unlatched.  
Door opens, footsteps.

JOHN  
Hi, Katie.

KATIE  
Good morning, Dr. Kinsler.

JOHN  
Did you have a good night?

Efx: A purse is plopped down on the table. The audio  
fuzzes for a moment.

KATIE  
Okay.

Awkward silence.

JOHN  
Look, about the last trial...

KATIE  
(sullen)  
Really, it's fine. Like you said,  
let's just keep our heads down and  
do our jobs.

JOHN  
I talked to Ramsey this morning.

KATIE  
(excited)  
No way! Dr. Kinsler, I wouldn't  
have the guts to do that. God,  
Project Cyclops is all I've been  
thinking about. Tell me  
everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Not much to tell, really. It was a pretty serendipitous meeting. We happened to be sharing an elevator, and I asked her if any positions were opening up in her department...to break the ice. She said she wasn't allowed to talk about that, and she got off on the fourteenth floor.

KATIE

(dejected)  
Oh, Dr. Kinsler...

JOHN

Why so disappointed? I thought you'd be happy. You know, with your conspiracy theories and all.

KATIE

(to herself)  
Okay, this is fine. Everything is going to be fine.  
(to John)  
Let's break this down a little bit. Have you ever talked to Ramsey before?

JOHN

I have not.

KATIE

We might have a big problem here.

JOHN

How so?

KATIE

If Ramsey has never met you before, she might be wondering, 'Hmm, how does this random scientist from a different department happen to know who I am'?

JOHN

That's possible, but not a certainty.

KATIE

And you asked her if any jobs are opening up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

I did.

KATIE

You're retiring, there's a great chance that Ramsey was thinking you're asking for me. You know, your young, green behind the ears partner.

JOHN

Again, that's possible, but it's still an assumption.

KATIE

Now, these two anonymous workers in a company that employs probably ten-thousand people may be firmly situated on her radar. The radar of a person that - up for interpretation, mind you - murders people for a living.

JOHN

We don't know that, Katie.

KATIE

(sighs)

You've never seen her before today. Are you sure about that?

JOHN

Positive.

KATIE

And you've been working in this same laboratory for...how many years?

JOHN

Seventeen.

KATIE

Shit.

JOHN

What?

KATIE

She wanted to share that elevator with you today, Dr. Kinsler. She already knows about us. She knows what we're doing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

That might be an overreaction.  
Katie, let's keep level heads  
about this. I'm sorry that this  
upset you.

KATIE

It's not your fault. Really.  
You're the doctor, I'm just the  
assistant. I mean no disrespect,  
and I have this tendency to speak  
my mind.

(chuckles)

You've probably noticed.

JOHN

I have noticed.

KATIE

Can I ask one more question, Dr.  
Kinsler?

JOHN

Go ahead.

KATIE

If it's all just glitches and  
faulty formulas, why did you  
approach her? Why did you talk to  
Ramsey?

JOHN

(sighs)

I got home last night, had a nice  
supper with my wife. Thought about  
Project Cyclops some more, read a  
little in bed. It's just  
that...can we get started?

Efx: sheet being thrown off a box. Wet popping noise.

KATIE

(impressed)

That's usually my job.

JOHN

Blood withdrawn, serum deposited.  
Project Cyclops. Trial 5-charlie-  
0. Timestamp is registering  
correctly. Initiating playback in  
3...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2...

1...

Initiate.

Efx: distinctive noise.

GHOST HUNTER

IN THE LIVING ROOM OF EMILY'S HOUSE.

Efx: unpacking equipment noises, bags unzipping, cords being uncoiled and hitting the floor

EMILY

So... so how does this usually work?

BRETT

Hmm?

NARRATOR

Emily watched the two men unpacking equipment in her living room. Heavy, metal boxes with screens and too many cords kept appearing. They'd arrived a few minutes before 8:30, just after sundown.

MARCUS

(laughing)

Don't worry about Brett. When he's on a job, nothing else really gets through.

EMILY

I'm not sure I have enough plugins for all that.

MARCUS

Don't worry about it. We brought our own power strips.

EMILY

Oh. How does this all work though?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCUS

We'll go through the process with  
you just as soon as we get  
everything set-up.

(to Brett)

We almost ready, Brett?

BRETT

Hmm?

MARCUS

Are we almost ready?

BRETT

Oh. Yeah. Almost there.

MARCUS

Good.

(to Emily)

You can take a seat. It'll be just  
a little longer, then we can get  
started.

EMILY

(sitting and  
laughing)

I'm kind of nervous. You're not  
scam artists, right?

MARCUS

Right, and don't be nervous.  
You're in good hands. We're  
professionals. We do this all the  
time.

EMILY

I just want to be able to sleep  
again.

MARCUS

Hold on just a sec, Emily. Let  
Brett get everything set-up then  
you can tell us all about what's  
going on here. It usually teases  
out a bit more paranormal activity  
that way.

EMILY

(sighing)

Okay.

(pause)

What kind of success rate do you  
two have?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCUS  
One-hundred percent.

BRETT  
(mumbles)  
Ninety-eight point three.

MARCUS  
(sighing)  
Do you have any siblings?

EMILY  
No.

MARCUS  
Working with a sibling can be a  
special kind of burden.

EMILY  
(laughing)  
I didn't realize.

MARCUS  
(laughing)  
Yeah.

BRETT  
Finished.

MARCUS  
Great. Did you want to get  
yourself something to drink before  
we start, Emily?

BRETT  
She shouldn't be drinking when we  
start.

MARCUS  
Did you want to drink something  
non-alcoholic before we start?

EMILY  
No. I think I'm alright. I just  
want to get started.

NARRATOR  
Emily hadn't felt this empty since  
the twins had disappeared.

MARCUS  
You okay? It looked like something  
came over you for a second.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

EMILY

I'm fine. I just...

MARCUS

You miss them. I totally get it.  
That's what made me get into this.

EMILY

You lost someone you loved?

MARCUS

My son.

It never really goes away, you  
know?

The hurt.

The pain.

EMILY

The hole in your stomach?

MARCUS

Exactly. It's like a bottomless  
pit that can never be filled.

EMILY

What happened, if you don't mind  
my asking?

MARCUS

It seems insane how normal that  
morning was. There wasn't any  
fighting or any discernible reason  
that it should've happened.

I think that's the worst part.

I left for work like usual that  
morning, kissed my wife and son on  
the way out, and went about my  
day. The first clue something was  
wrong came when I got home that  
evening.

EMILY

What clue?

MARCUS

The silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

NARRATOR

Emily nodded. After a while the silence began to weigh heavy.

MARCUS

There was also a thickness in the air as I set my stuff down. It was dark so I turned on the foyer light. Our house was two stories tall and we had one of those vaulted ceilings with a chandelier hanging down to light the entryway.

When I flicked on the light, a circular shadow appeared on the tile floor, right below the chandelier.

I thought it was just a blown light bulb, which were a pain to change. So I looked up, already angry that I was gonna have to pull out the ladder and deal with all that nonsense.

It wasn't a light bulb that needed fixing.

My wife had tied a noose around her neck with an extension cord and jumped from the second floor. When I came in that evening, her feet were almost low enough to brush the top of my head.

EMILY

Oh my God, Marcus. I'm so sorry.

MARCUS

(bitter laugh)

That wasn't even the worst part.

EMILY

What do you mean? How could that not be the... oh.

MARCUS

Right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

So I go running up the stairs,  
tears streaming down my face,  
falling more than running, just  
trying to get to the second floor  
so I can get my Susan down from  
the chandelier.

I get to the second floor landing  
and there's a note taped to the  
banister. Before, I'd thought that  
someone had done this to my Susan,  
but now that I see a note I've got  
a feeling she might've done it to  
herself. So I reach out and pick  
up the note, fingers trembling,  
heart racing, sweat dripping.

(get progressively  
quieter here and  
slower with speech  
so audience is  
really listening and  
focusing.)

I unfold it, read what it says,  
and drop it. I stop moving, stop  
thinking, stop everything. I get  
real still. Even my breathing  
slows down.

(pause)

(deep breath in and  
slowly out)

EMILY

(timid and almost  
whispering)

What did the note say?

BRETT

(jump scare. Really  
close to the mic.)

All ready, guys!

(At the same time)

EMILY

(startled)

Ah!

MARCUS

(angry)

Jesus, Brett!

EMILY

(nervous laughter)

You scared me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BRETT

Oh. Sorry. We're ready.

MARCUS

Sorry about that. He's not the greatest with people.

EMILY

(on edge still)

Oh, it's fine. What did the note say?

MARCUS

Oh. It said "dinner's in the oven."

EMILY

Okay? I don't understand.

MARCUS

My son. She slow-roasted my son.

EMILY

(covering mouth)

Oh my God. Oh my God.

MARCUS

Yeah. The coroner said that he probably hadn't been conscious when it started, but I know that's not true.

NARRATOR

Emily almost didn't want to ask, didn't want to put him through any more pain, but she had to know.

EMILY

Why do you say that?

MARCUS

Hide and seek was her favorite game to play with him. That's how she got him to crawl into the oven. In fact, deep down, I think she'd just been waiting for the moment he did crawl into the oven to do it. Like delaying pleasure?  
(to self)

Yeah. Yeah, that's how she did it.

EMILY

I really am sorry, Marcus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MARCUS

Thanks.

We're not here for me though.  
We're here for you.

EMILY

It's fine.

MARCUS

Brett. Do you want to explain how  
this all works to her?

BRETT

Yeah, sure. So what we do is plug  
in all this equipment to monitor  
the different rooms. The goal is  
to catch any anomalies. If  
something triggers a machine, we  
get an alarm and will go to the  
site that triggered the alarm.

After that it's just a matter of  
recording the ambiance as you ask  
questions, filtering the  
recordings through our software,  
amplifying certain pitches, and  
then playing it back.

Fairly basic stuff.

MARCUS

He's being modest. He set this  
whole system up himself as well as  
wrote the scripts that analyze the  
recordings.

EMILY

That's very impressive, Brett.

BRETT

(shrugs)  
Yeah.

MARCUS

Alright, so all the rooms are  
mic'ed and being monitored for any  
sort of deviation in environment.

EMILY

Okay. So... what happens next?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

MARCUS

(laughing)  
How do you like playing Go Fish?

EMILY

(laughing)  
Really? I haven't played Go Fish  
since Mary-

Efx: sudden, loud alarms going off. Jump scare.

MARCUS

(yelling over alarms)  
Brett?!

EMILY

What is that?

BRETT

(panicked)  
It's... I... I don't know how...

MARCUS

What? What is it? Spit it out and  
kill the alarms.

Efx: alarms die. If there was tracking previously, kill  
it here. No sound except voices.

BRETT

Every room.

MARCUS

What?

BRETT

Every room just lit up. All of  
them. Every single one.

EMILY

Is that not normal? What does that  
mean?

MARCUS

That's impossible. There must be a  
short in the system or you plugged  
something in wrong.

BRETT

I didn't.

MARCUS

Check it, then check it again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

BRETT

Marcus?

MARCUS

Yeah?

BRETT

The monitors recorded something.  
Look.

Efx: starting building a slow steady track from this  
point to the jump scare.

Efx: computer keyboard clicks

MARCUS

That's impossible.

BRETT

You're looking at it though.

Efx: computer keyboard clicks

MARCUS

The same thing in every room?  
There has to be a crossed wire.  
Plus look at how loud that is.

EMILY

Something was already recorded?

MARCUS

There's no way that's anything  
other than an error.

BRETT

What if it's not though?

MARCUS

What if's don't count.

EMILY

Can you play it?

BRETT

Yeah.

EMILY

So what's the harm in listening  
first, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

MARCUS

Right.

Let's play the damned recording  
and then we can start triple  
checking all the connections.

(pause)

Efx: computer keyboard clicks

BRETT

Okay. It's queued up. Play it on  
the monitors?

MARCUS

Yeah.

BRETT

Alright.

Efx: Single computer keyboard click. Probably spacebar.

STUDIO MONITORS

(static. Creepy  
girl's voice.)

Kill you.

(static)

(silence)

EMILY

(in a quiet voice)

That sounds like Mary.

Efx: starting building a slow steady track from this  
point to the jump scare.

MARCUS

So, do you want to tell me a  
little more about what's been  
going on? We really only glossed  
over things on the phone.

EMILY

I keep seeing them.

MARCUS

Seeing them?

EMILY

Yeah. At night when I turn the  
lights off.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (11)

MARCUS

Wait a second. You told me on the phone that there hadn't been any contact.

EMILY

There hasn't. I've tried talking to them and they don't respond. They just stand there, almost like they're waiting for something.

Or maybe someone.

MARCUS

Waiting on what?

EMILY

But that's your job, right? To figure out what they're waiting on?

MARCUS

I mean, in a basic sense we just record ambiance and boost the volume. We don't attempt to interact with...

(trails off)

EMILY

With what?

MARCUS

Spirits. Demons. Whatever that was.

EMILY

Okay. I don't get it. You bill yourselves as ghost hunters, right?

MARCUS

... yeah.

EMILY

You said that you were professionals.

MARCUS

... yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

EMILY

So now that there's a ghostly encounter you're all "there must be something wrong with the equipment" and "we don't interact with spirits." What is that?

MARCUS

I... It was always just a hobby. It seemed to help people cope with the loss of their loved ones. We would sometimes get a little snippet of something, but never anything like what just happened.

EMILY

So now you're no longer hobbyists. Now you're officially ghost hunters and you've caught one. What do you do next?

MARCUS

(deep breath)  
Right. Well we need to verify that it wasn't interference or some other...

BRETT

It wasn't interference. Everything was set up to spec. Nothing was mis-plugged.

MARCUS

Right.

Okay.

Ah, so we need to duplicate the result.

EMILY

How do we do that?

MARCUS

We start everything back up. We start monitoring again. We wait.

NARRATOR

Marcus's face did not inspire a lot of confidence in Emily. In fact, she was beginning to wonder if he was actually a fraud.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She'd dealt with her fair share of those. They always tended to surround the disappearance of children. Psychics, mediums, and everyone else looking to make a quick buck off a tragedy. They would write, email, and sometimes even appear at the door.

These people were always so apologetic and caring about the loss. So careful to not make any promises but always attempting to fill the bereaved with a sense of hope that they, the medium, could in fact reach out to the lost one.

They could make contact.

They could kickstart the healing process and allow the bereaved to move forward with their lives.

BRETT

You see them at night?

EMILY

(thinking)

Hmm? Yes.

BRETT

Do they talk to you?

EMILY

Like I said, they never say anything, they just stand there, like they're waiting for something.

BRETT

Can they move things? Like a poltergeist can move things?

EMILY

Not that I've seen. There have been times when dishes have fallen off a cabinet when I wasn't close to them, but nothing thrown or floating or anything like that.

MARCUS

What are you thinking, Brett?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

BRETT

Not sure yet, but something is strange.

MARCUS

How do you mean?

BRETT

Usually there's more of an attempt at communication by the spirit.

MARCUS

We've never seen anything like this.

BRETT

I mean historically.

MARCUS

(frustrated)

Historically? What are you talking about?

EMILY

(to Marcus)

Let him finish.

BRETT

Thank you. What I mean is there's the loop type encounter and the communication type encounter. The spirit is stuck in a loop doing mundane things.

Walking down a hall. Standing in a room. Those type things.

Then there are the communicating type spirits that want to show you something or tell you something.

What you've got is a mix of both almost. If you keep seeing your daughters, but they haven't attempted to contact you, I'm wondering why. Why would they not attempt to contact you until now? Your daughters don't know us. Why wait until strangers are here to reach out?

(pause)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

MARCUS

Sorry about that. Sometimes he  
speaks before thinking.

EMILY

Yeah, well. I guess everyone does  
at times. Can I get you something  
to drink?

(to Brett)

What about you, Brett?

MARCUS

No thanks.

BRETT

I'll take a glass of milk.

MARCUS

Do you have milk?

EMILY

Skim.

BRETT

That'll work. Thanks.

Efx: footsteps as Emily leaves room

MARCUS

You should have asked what she had  
before just requesting milk.

BRETT

She offered me something the  
drink. I wanted milk.  
I asked for milk. I don't  
understand what the problem is.

MARCUS

(frustrated sigh)  
Yeah, you wouldn't.

Efx: footsteps as Emily returns

EMILY

Here you go, Brett.

BRETT

Thank you.

EMILY

Not a problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (16)

Efx: drinking noises

BRETT

Mmmm. That tastes good.

EMILY

I'm glad you think so. Well? What now?

MARCUS

More waiting, unless you want to actively try to force another encounter.

EMILY

Why not? I was their mother, I think they should still respect me. Let's move forward.

MARCUS

Right. Okay.

(to Brett)

Brett, which room had the most activity?

BRETT

Kitchen and basement.

MARCUS

Had to be the basement, right?

(nervous laugh)

Let's try the kitchen first.

EMILY

Sounds good. What are we supposed to do?

MARCUS

Brett will stay here to watch the monitors. You and I will head to the kitchen.

EMILY

Let's do it.

Efx: footsteps away

MARCUS

(mumbling)

Right. Let's do it.

Efx: footsteps away

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (17)

NARRATOR

Emily and Marcus headed to the kitchen, leaving Brett behind to watch the monitors.

MARCUS

So, you never really mentioned what happened to your daughters. What were their names?

EMILY

Mary and Ashley.

MARCUS

Mary and Ashley. Right. I remember you mentioning Mary earlier.

EMILY

She was the good one. Ashley was the bad one.

MARCUS

How do you mean?

EMILY

Mary always did what I said. Ashley was the one that never wanted to mind, never wanted to follow instructions.

MARCUS

Oh. So super willful.

EMILY

More than that though. She was much more than just "willful." She was outright rebellious and disrespectful. Anyways, welcome to the kitchen.

Efx: power going out. Maybe a hum of electricity disappearing?

Efx: Metal scraping against concrete in right ear. Very sudden.

MARCUS

Shit. What is that noise? I can't see anything.

EMILY

Do you have a flashlight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (18)

MARCUS

Yeah.

Yeah, I do. Hold on, hold on.

(Efx: flashlight  
click)

There.

EMILY

Will this affect the monitors?

MARCUS

The power? Shouldn't at all.  
They're hooked up to redundant  
battery backups. Shouldn't be an  
issue.

EMILY

Anything like this ever happen  
before?

MARCUS

No. Not the power, not all rooms  
triggering the alarms at once.  
Nothing like this ever.

Efx: Metal scraping against concrete in left ear. Very  
sudden.

MARCUS

Shit! What is that?!

NARRATOR

Marcus shone the flashlight around  
the kitchen, shadows jumping and  
racing as he did so.

Emily leaned against one of the  
counters, arms folded across her  
chest, looking relaxed as ever.  
Marcus didn't feel the same sense  
of calm. Everything about this job  
had gone wrong so far. What was  
supposed to be an easy five-  
hundred dollars was turning into  
something he never wanted to  
attempt again.

EMILY

What noise? What are you talking  
about?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (19)

MARCUS

You don't hear it?

EMILY

Hear wh-

Efx: Metal scraping against concrete in right ear. Very sudden.

MARCUS

That! Right there! You don't hear that?!

EMILY

(frustrated)

Hear. What.

MARCUS

Hear that noise. Metal on concrete.

EMILY

Metal on... concrete.

MARCUS

Yeah. Like metal scraping against concrete. Something heavy being dragged maybe?

I'm not sure.

EMILY

I can't really say that I know what you're talking about.

Efx: Electricity hum/buzz. Power back on.

MARCUS

Thank God. Wasn't sure it was going to come back.

Efx: Electricity hum/buzz. Power right back off.

EMILY

Annnnd it's off again. At least you didn't turn off your flashlight.

CREEPY VOICE

(whispered into left ear slowly)

Kill you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (20)

MARCUS

Goddamn it. What was that?

EMILY

The metal noise again?

MARCUS

No. It was that voice from earlier.

EMILY

Mary.

MARCUS

Yeah. It was Mary ag-

CREEPY VOICE

(in right ear)

Kill you.

MARCUS

Ahhhh, God she keeps whispering in my ear.

EMILY

What's she whispering?

MARCUS

She keeps whisp-

CREEPY VOICE

(in both ears. One  
voice higher than  
other.)

Gonna kill you.

MARCUS

Gonna kill you.

EMILY

What?

MARCUS

Gonna ki-

BRETT

(jump scare. Speaking  
loudly.)

Everything alright? We keep getting power surges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (21)

MARCUS

(scared laughing)

I swear I'm going to have a heart attack. Why haven't the alarms gone off?

BRETT

They weren't tripped. Everything has been normal.

MARCUS

Everything has been very much not normal. Emily, I want to thank you for considering us for this job, but I can't do it. I can't do this. I'm being targeted by your daughters and I'm not sure why.

EMILY

(sad sigh)

Ashley's probably the one behind all this. She could sometimes convince Mary to go along with her plans. I, of course, never approved and always

(pause)

always

(pause)

made sure to punish them both when they misbehaved.

(pause)

Anyways, I appreciate your time, even though you were less than advertised. Could you help me reset the circuit breakers?

MARCUS

Of course. Where are the switches?

EMILY

In the basement.

MARCUS

(nervous laugh)

Of course they are. Lead the way.

Efx: footsteps

EMILY

Door's right here.

(Efx: creaking door opening)

It's at the bottom on the right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (22)

MARCUS

(deep sigh)  
Alright. You coming with me,  
Brett?

BRETT

Sure. It's just a basement.

MARCUS

Right. It's just a basement. You  
go first.

BRETT

Sure.

Efx: creaking footsteps down stairs

Efx: second set of creaking footsteps down stairs

Efx: third set of creaking footsteps down stairs

MARCUS

Oh, you're coming too, Emily?

EMILY

I don't really want to stay up  
there by myself.

MARCUS

Sure. I get that.

BRETT

I don't.

MARCUS

Don't be a dick, Brett.

BRETT

What? She wasn't scared before,  
but she's scared now? How does  
that mak-

MARCUS

(to Brett)  
Stop. That's enough, alright?  
(to Emily)  
I'm so sorry, Emily. He really had  
no reason to talk to you like  
that.

BRETT

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (23)

Efx: Heavy thud.

NARRATOR

Brett surged forward, tumbling  
down the stairs. Marcus hurried  
down the last few steps, crouching  
next to his brother. Blood frothed  
from his mouth, bubbling over his  
lips and down the sides of his  
face as his eyes jumped back and  
forth across the dark basement.

Efx: choking. Labored breathing.

MARCUS

(panicked)  
Brett? What's wrong?

BRETT

(garbled choking  
noise)

Efx: metal scraping against concrete from behind. Very  
sudden.

CREEPY VOICE

(in left ear)  
She's gonna kill you.

MARCUS

Ashley's going to kill me?

CREEPY VOICE

(in right ear)  
She's gonna kill you.

MARCUS

Who's going to kill me?

EMILY

(chuckling)  
I am.

Efx: hollow thud and then splash.

NARRATOR

Emily swung the sledgehammer she'd  
dragged across the concrete.

This was almost exactly how she'd  
taken care of her two daughters.  
Poison the one, cave in the  
other's skull.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (24)

EMILY

They tried to help him, Brett.  
They really did.

BRETT

(gurgle)

EMILY

Say hi to my daughters if you see  
them.

(raising voice)

Girls? That was a good attempt.

We'll try again soon. Don't worry.

In the meantime, I brought you  
some more liars to keep you  
company in your graves.

Efx: hollow thud and then splash.

**OUTRO BUMPER**

Efx: distinctive noise.

KATIE

Dr. Kinsler?

(pause)

Dr. Kinsler?

JOHN

Have I told you about my daughter,  
Eve?

KATIE

Just that I remind you of her.

JOHN

She died. Fifteen years ago. Drunk  
driver. She was about your age.

KATIE

Dr. Kinsler, I don't know what to  
say.

JOHN

How could Emily do that to her  
children? To just end them. I  
would give anything for one more  
minute, one second, with Eve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (25)

KATIE

You said it yourself. This isn't necessarily real. Something is affecting the samples, the formula is all wrong, the...

JOHN

I need to stop kidding myself. Something is going on. Vivian, Ray, Ramsey...and now this Emily.

KATIE

Emily? Wait, you know who she is?

JOHN

Emily Wilcox. She's on the Board of Directors here. She's about as high as it goes.

KATIE

(exhales)

And here I thought my first lab assistant job would be an absolute bore.

JOHN

I don't know what any of this means, but I've been shutting you down from the beginning. What do you think we should do?

KATIE

I have no idea, Dr. Kinsler. Maybe maybe get a drink?

JOHN

You read my mind. And please, call me John.

Efx: rummaging through purse. Recorder button press/tone.