

SHINING VALE

"Pilot"

Story By

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Teleplay By

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REVISED PRE-TABLE
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SHINING VALE
EP. 101 - PILOT
CAST LIST

SPEAKING CAST

PAT PHELPS
TERRY PHELPS
GAYNOR PHELPS
JAKE PHELPS
DR. BERG
VALERIE HE
ROBYN SHORE
KAM
FRANK
OLDER COP
YOUNG COP
ROSEMARY

NON-SPEAKING CAST

LITTLE GIRL
JOCK
MARK
CHLOE

SHINING VALE
EP. 101 - PILOT
SET LIST

EXTERIORS

PHELPS HOUSE - DAY/NIGHT

Backyard

Porch

COUNTRY ROAD, CONNECTICUT - DAY

SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

INTERIORS

PHELPS HOUSE

Attic

Dining Room

Downstairs Hallway

Family Room

Entryway

Kitchen

Laundry Room

Library

Living Room

Pat & Terry's Bedroom

Pat & Terry's Bathroom

BROOKLYN APARTMENT (FLASHBACK)

Kitchen

MANHATTAN PUBLISHING OFFICE

TERRY'S OFFICE IN BROOKLYN

TINY NEW YORK SHRINK'S OFFICE (FLASHBACK)

SHINING VALE
EP. 101 - PILOT
DAY BREAKS

DAY 1

Scenes: 1 - 9 (Scene 3 is a flashback scene to three months prior)

NIGHT 1

Scenes: 10 - 19 (Scene 11 is a flashback scene to three months prior)

DAY 2

Scenes: 20 - 31

NIGHT 2

Scenes: 32

DAY 3

Scenes: 33 - 35

NIGHT 4

Scenes: 36 - 40

CHYRONS OVER BLACK:

Women are roughly twice as likely as men to suffer from depression.

Symptoms include: Sense of helplessness and despair, insomnia, change in sex drive, hallucinations, mood swings and feeling completely out of control.

Women are also roughly twice as likely to be possessed by a demon.

The symptoms are the same...

1 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, CONNECTICUT -- DAY (DAY 1) 1

HIGH-ANGLE shot a la "The Shining" tracks an SUV-- as it follows a moving van, winding its way into the wooded suburbs of Connecticut. As the camera DIVES towards the SUV, we hear the opening chords of ELO'S "EVIL WOMAN".

2 INT. PHELPS' CROSSOVER SUV -- CONTINUOUS 2

PAT PHELPS, the mom, former Wild Child who still has her demons, smiles as she gazes out the passenger window. TERRY, the dad, sweet and optimistic but with some serious unresolved anger (we'll find out why soon enough), drives while GAYNOR, their hot teenage daughter tries to sleep off a hangover and JAKE, their pubescent ADHD son kills something on his phone. ROXY, the dog is along for the ride.

TERRY

(sings)

"You made a fool of meeeee...
But them broken dreams have got to
eeennnd..." (makes piano sounds)...

GAYNOR

Oh my god! Will you please shut off
your old person music?

TERRY

(turns up the volume)

Sorry, I can't hear you over this
objectively perfect song.

(re: Pat smiling and nodding)

Your mom gets it.

(to Pat)

Bet I can guess what you're thinking.

Here's what Pat is thinking:

3 INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT KITCHEN -- THREE MONTHS AGO 3

Pat, skirt hiked up, holds onto the mini-island while FRANK, a young, hot handyman has sex with her from behind. Pat comes and nearly rips the mini-island out of the floor...

4 INT. PHELPS' CROSSOVER SUV -- BACK TO SCENE 4

TERRY

Pat?

PAT

(out of her reverie)

Hm?

TERRY

I said, I bet I can I guess what you're thinking.

PAT

Oh. Probably not.

TERRY

You were thinking thank God we got off the I-95 and missed all that traffic.

PAT

You nailed it.

He takes her hand. She smiles at him.

TERRY

This move's going to be great for us.

Pat looks out the front windshield and sees a YELLOW PLAYGROUND BALL bounce into the road. A moment later, a LITTLE GIRL chases the ball and stops in front of their car.

PAT

Terry, watch out!!!

Pat GRABS the wheel and swerves it hard. The car fishtails, Terry SCREAMS, Gaynor is jolted awake, Jake continues playing on his phone. The car stops as burning tire smoke wafts around it.

GAYNOR

Mom! What the fuck?!

TERRY

Gaynor! Don't talk to your mother like that.

(to Pat)

Pat, what the fuck?

PAT

(adrenaline-fueled)

There was a little girl. She was...
chasing a ball I think. Shit, Terry, I
think you hit her!

TERRY

What!? Are you sure? I didn't see
anything.

PAT

Yes! She looked right at me. Oh my
god, what if you killed her?

GAYNOR

This is so classic. You kill a little
girl, yet I'm not allowed to drive.

TERRY

We don't know that! Everyone CALM
DOWN!!

Terry and Pat get out of the car to check it out.

JAKE

(finally looks up from phone)

Dad killed a little girl?

5

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, CONNECTICUT -- DAY

5

The hazard lights illuminate the smoke coming off the SUV.
Thick black tire marks scar the road. Terry and Pat look
under the car. Around the car. No ball. No dead girl. Phew.

TERRY

I don't see anything, do you?

PAT

No. Is there blood? Maybe she crawled
away...

TERRY

Just tire tracks. I'll bet it was a
deer. We didn't have deer in Brooklyn,
but they're all over Connecticut. I'm
sure that's what it was.

PAT

It wasn't a deer. She had a flowered
dress. And like a ribbon in her hair.

TERRY

Sometimes antlers can look like a
ribbon--

PAT

I know what a fucking deer looks like,
Terry. Let's just keep looking...

TERRY

There's nothing here. You know,
sometimes when people are tired and
stressed they... see things.

PAT

They don't see deer wearing ribbons.

TERRY

Why not?

Pat thinks. Maybe Terry's right.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go to our new home.

Content, Terry heads to the car. Pat looks around once more.

6 INT. PHELPS' CROSSOVER SUV -- CONTINUOUS 6

Pat and Terry get back in the car.

TERRY

False alarm!
(puts car into gear)
Anyway, I think this move's going to
be just what we needed--

7 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, CONNECTICUT -- DAY 7

The Phelps' SUV drives off on a blown rear tire. Pat glances in
her sideview mirror and sees a YELLOW PLAYGROUND BALL roll
across the road behind them. She turns around and it's gone.
The camera drifts to a road sign: "Welcome to Shining Vale."

OMINOUS TITLE CARD: SUNDAY

8 EXT. PHELPS NEW HOME -- MOMENTS LATER 8

The SUV, now with a donut spare tire, pulls into the driveway
behind the EZ-MOVE moving van. The Phelps get out...

TERRY

Here we are: Casa de Phelps. *Slightly*
bigger than our apartment in Brooklyn.

The house is a giant, creepy 100-plus year old Tudor mansion.

GAYNOR

Are you shitting us?

PAT

No. He's not shitting you, Gaynor. Maybe you could wait-- I don't know-- one second before being critical?

GAYNOR

It's a legit question. It doesn't look like the pictures you showed us.

TERRY

Pat, please, let me: no, Gaynor, I am not shitting you. Those pictures were professionally shot and the house was staged. It's an old realtor trick. But wait until you see the inside.

JAKE

Wait. Why are we moving to a hotel?

PAT

It's not a hotel. It's our new house, okay? It's great. It's got a ton of space so we're not all over each other. Plus it's a hundred miles away from all the crazy of the city.

GAYNOR

In other words we have to pay because Mom boned some rando.

TERRY

(that's a trigger!)
Hey HEY! It's not about that! It's a great house! And I got it for two hundred below asking. IN THIS MARKET!!!

PAT

(wanting to end this)
Gaynor, your bedroom is on the opposite side of the house from ours. Jake, you have your own bathroom with a lock on the door.

JAKE

Sweet.

GAYNOR

Just say that then.

The kids run into the house. Terry takes a deep breath.

PAT

You okay?

TERRY
(repressing all of it)
Yeah. Just a long drive. And the whole
girl on the road thing added an hour--
might as well have stayed on the 95.

PAT
Sorry. I really thought I saw
something.

TERRY
Hey! It happens.
(then, upbeat)
Come on, let's move in!

Terry grabs one too many suitcases and heads to the house.

PAT
You need any--?

TERRY
Nope!

Pat turns and sees an intense WOMAN at the end of her
driveway, fondling a St. Christopher's medal and staring.

PAT
Hi! We just bought the house--

TERRY (O.S.)
Pat? Little help?

Pat turns and sees Terry, struggling to open the door while
balancing the luggage.

PAT
Hold on. I'm talking to someone--

Pat turns back, but the woman is nowhere to be seen.

PAT (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck me.

9 INT. THE HOUSE -- A LITTLE LATER

9

Pat and Terry do a walk-through with the broker, ROBYN SHORE,
50s, very done up, who leads them down the grand staircase.

ROBYN
She's the Pearl of Shining Vale.
Formal dining room, living room,
library, family room, laundry is
downstairs. No basement, but there's
plenty of storage in the attic.

PAT

I'm going to be using the attic as my writing annex.

ROBYN

Oh. You're a writer? Anything I would have read or seen?

TERRY

You ever read "Cressida: Unbound"? That's Pat's first novel.

ROBYN

Sure. The lady porn. That was what... twenty years ago?

PAT

No. Seventeen. And it's not porn. It's a woman's empowerment story. About a sex addict who makes bad choices.

TERRY

(to Robyn)
She told me it was fiction.

PAT

It is fiction.

TERRY

And I believe you.

PAT

(to Robyn)
I'm hoping being out in the country will help me find my Muse again.

ROBYN

Well these old houses have plenty of stories to tell.

Terry notices an old piano in the living room.

TERRY

Hey, what's with the piano?

ROBYN

Huh. The former owner must have left it. I can send a man by to pick it up.

TERRY

We'll keep it. I used to tickle the ivories in jazz band. I went to Penn.
(hits a few keys, no sound)
Huh. It's dead.

ROBYN

Well, you let me know. Any other questions, or shall I leave you to enjoy your new home?

PAT

One question. It's really cold in here. Is the heat working?

ROBYN

Should be. Give it a bit. The house has been empty for nearly two years.

(confidential)

She's probably not used to having people inside her. Anyway, welcome to Shining Vale.

She smiles, drops the keys into Pat's hand and exits. Then:

PAT

That was a really fucking weird way to put it, wasn't it?

10

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

10

The Phelps are having a picnic dinner on the floor. The kids are on their phones. As Pat stokes the fire, Terry approaches with an armful of logs.

TERRY

Here ya go.

PAT

Wow. Where'd you get all those?

TERRY

I found a hatchet in the shed. Maybe it was an axe. Either way, I went to town on some wood. I feel much better. It's a total game-changer.

PAT

Thanks. I don't know why I'm so cold.

GAYNOR

Maybe it's menopause.

PAT

Menopause makes you hot, wiseass. Who are you texting? No phones at the table.

GAYNOR

We don't have a table, so...

TERRY

Your mom's right. Phones away. Both of you. This is family time.

The kids reluctantly power off their phones. The Phelps' sit in silence. Finally, Terry breaks the ice.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Hey, you know what I wish?

JAKE

That the cheap-o moving company didn't lose our dining room table?

TERRY

No.

GAYNOR

That Roxy didn't just take a shit in the living room?

PAT

Crap. I'll get that.

TERRY

No! This is family time. You can pick up the poop later. I wish we started doing this a long time ago. I read families that eat dinner together are twenty-five percent happier. In fact, let's talk about what we're looking forward to most in our new house. Who wants to go first? Anyone.

(long awkward silence)

I'll start: nature walks. When I was chopping wood, I saw what looked like beaver scat. I'll bet we're near a creek. Jake, maybe we can go exploring.

JAKE

Outside?

TERRY

Yeah, outside. Whattaya say?

JAKE

I guess.

TERRY

Yes! Let's build on that. Gaynor? What are you looking forward to?

GAYNOR

Moving out.

TERRY

We'll come back to you. Pat?

PAT

Well, I'm looking forward to finishing my book, obviously, but mostly, reconnecting with my family.

TERRY

Hear hear! That's what it's all about. To family.

They clink glasses, drink soda. A painfully long beat, then:

GAYNOR

Can we be excused?

TERRY

I think so.

The kids take off... Terry yells after them...

TERRY (CONT'D)

We're gonna do this every night!

We hear far-away slams of two bedroom doors. Pat cinches her sweater, Terry stares at her, eyes getting teary.

PAT

I just can't get warm-- What's wrong? Oh, god, you're sad. Why are you sad?

TERRY

I'm happy. Why do you think I'm sad?

11

INT. TINY NEW YORK SHRINK'S OFFICE -- THREE MONTHS AGO

11

Terry and Pat sit across from DR. BERG, a soft-spoken psychiatrist specializing in family trauma. Terry is upset.

PAT

I didn't plan it. Frank came over to fix the drawer, he took off his shirt, next thing you know... it happened.

TERRY

He didn't even fix the drawer!

(then)

I'm going to ask you something, I want you to answer honestly. Do you love him?

PAT

Yes.

TERRY

Oh my god! You could at least have the decency to lie!!

PAT

I don't love him! I swear! I'm so sorry, Terry. I've been in a really dark place lately. It didn't even feel like it was me.

DR. BERG

Has anything changed recently?

PAT

No. The kids are teenagers and ignore me. Terry's at work, and I'm home alone in our tiny apartment trying to write my book. Every single day is exactly the same.

TERRY

So, then what's wrong?

PAT

I'm just really fucking sad.

DR. BERG

Do you have depression in your family?

TERRY

(trying to be helpful)
Her mom is psychotic.

PAT

Why are you bringing my mother into this? And, he asked about depression, not psychosis.

DR. BERG

Is your mother depressed?

PAT

She happens to be, yes. And psychotic.

DR. BERG

Hm. Have you been on drugs before?

TERRY

She was an alcoholic. Does that count?

PAT
(glares at Terry, then)
I'm sober. For over 16 years.

DR. BERG
I meant SSRIs or any other anti-depressants. Given your history and symptoms, I would recommend starting there.

PAT
Hm. What are the side effects?

DR. BERG
Short term-- weight gain, insomnia, extreme drop in sexual desire.

Pat and Terry look at each other for a beat, then:

PAT
I could live with that.

TERRY
Let's do it.

12

INT. LIVING ROOM -- BACK TO SCENE

12

TERRY
Hey, let's make love.

PAT
Really?

TERRY
Yeah. We haven't been romantic since you fff... you know, with FFF--
(he can't say it)

PAT
Here? The kids are right upstairs.

TERRY
(calling off)
Jake! Gaynor! Get down here!
(no reaction)
No one can hear us. Come on.

Terry turns off the lights, then, like John Cassavetes in *Rosemary's Baby*, starts to get undressed in silhouette. He tries taking off his shirt without unbuttoning it and gets stuck in it. He struggles, pinning his arms above his head.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Shit. I think I'm stuck. Wait. Nope.
Here we-- hold on. DAMMIT--

Pat watches this. It's not sexy. Finally, she helps Terry put the sweater back on.

PAT

Why don't you go upstairs, I'll meet you right after I straighten up.

TERRY

Okay, but as soon as you are done, we are gonna consecrate our new house.

PAT

You got it!

Terry bounds upstairs, a spring in his step.

13 INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER 13

Pat dumps a paper plate with Roxy's turd on it into the trash. Washes her hands, sighs. Checks her watch, too soon to go upstairs. THROUGH THE CUPBOARD BEHIND HER we watch as Pat puts a kettle on the stove, lights the burner-- a burst of flame from a stove that hasn't been used in 2 years.

Pat heads towards the cupboard, looks inside a box on the counter and pulls out a COFFEE MUG that says PAT with a picture of her on it-- it's one of a family set. She then hears the "Tink Tink" of piano keys. She looks up...

PAT

Terry?

But here's where Terry is...

14 INT. PAT AND TERRY'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 14

Terry puts a jazz record on the turntable. A little mood music...

15 INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER 15

From the hallway we track Pat as she crosses from the kitchen, through the library into...

16 INT. FAMILY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 16

Where Pat finds Roxy who starts barking...

PAT

What? Do you have to go potty?

(Roxy runs off)

Do not shit in this house again!

Just then the house gets really cold. Pat turns and notices the curtains at the back of the family room billowing. She opens the curtains all the way, closes and locks the window.

FROM OUTSIDE... we see Pat look into the yard.

BACK INSIDE... the tea kettle WHISTLE blows...

FROM THE HALLWAY we watch as Pat retraces her steps back to the kitchen. A moment later, she crosses back into the family room with her tea and a magazine. She looks up and the curtains are now closed. Huh. She puts down her tea and magazine... opens the curtains revealing...

...ROSEMARY, a FIFTIES HOUSEWIFE staring through the other side of the window. Pat SCREAMS!

17 INT. HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER 17

Pat RUNS, frantically, up the stairs and down the halls of her unfamiliar house. Cacophonous HORROR MUSIC gives way to--

18 INT. PAT AND TERRY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS 18

Soft jazz... as Pat BURSTS through the door...

PAT

Terry... I saw someone downstairs...
in the family room!

TERRY

Someone's in the family room?

PAT

I was in the family room. She was in the backyard, looking in the window.

TERRY

Who was it?

PAT

I don't know. She looked... old fashioned. Like your mother. It was really scary.

TERRY

You think my mother's scary?

PAT

She is if she's hovering outside a window!

TERRY
Yeah, that would freak me out. Okay,
let's have a look.

19 INT. FAMILY ROOM -- A LITTLE LATER 19

Pat waits, holding Roxy. Terry enters from the backyard.

TERRY
Nothing out there.

PAT
Are you sure?

TERRY
I couldn't really tell because it was
dark, but I didn't see anything
unusual. Must have just been a deer.

PAT
The window is ten feet off the ground.
How could it be a deer?

TERRY
How could it be my mother?

PAT
I didn't say it was your mother! I
said she looked old fashioned. And I
don't know why you think I don't know
what a deer looks like!

TERRY
Well, the good news is, whatever it
was is outside. Tomorrow I'll hire
someone to put floodlights in the
backyard. We had a great handyman,
but, obviously, you know...

PAT
Yes.

TERRY
I'll just put the lights up myself.

PAT
Do you think this was a mistake?

TERRY
Which part?

PAT

Moving here. Buying this house. I know it was my idea, but it wasn't this creepy when we saw it, and I don't remember Robyn telling us it was vacant for two years. Something feels not right. What do you think?

TERRY

I think... it's a little too late to ask me what I think Pat, we sold everything to buy this fucking house!

PAT

I was just asking a question.

TERRY

It's been a long day. You're tired. I bet if you get a good night sleep, you will feel like a completely different person in the morning.

PAT

Okay.
(Terry starts to cross off)
Where are you--?

TERRY

I'm going to chop wood!

Pat watches as Terry disappears into the dark yard. A moment later, he comes back, holding an axe. A moment of tension...

TERRY (CONT'D)

You're not in the mood to--

PAT

I am not.

Terry nods then disappears with his axe back into the yard.

OMINOUS TITLE CARD: TUESDAY

20 INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING (DAY 2)

20

Pat finishes packing sandwiches into lunch bags, then throws down an anti-depressant. The modern mother. She turns and...

PAT

No way.

We reveal Gaynor wearing a micro miniskirt...

GAYNOR

What?

PAT

You look like you're auditioning for
porn hub.

GAYNOR

You don't audition for porn hub. Your
ex-boyfriend puts you on it.

PAT

So proud you know that. Change.

Pat hands a bag to Gaynor, grabs the other one as Gaynor
follows her through the pantry into...

21 INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

21

Where Jake is standing, glued to his phone, shoeless.

PAT

Jake, where are your shoes?

JAKE

(looks down, no idea)
Um...

PAT

(hands him bag)
Put on shoes. Gaynor put on clothes.
It's your first day at a new school,
you don't want to be known as "that
girl."

GAYNOR

Guess you would know.

JAKE

(re: Sandwich)
Is this mine? I'm allergic to jelly.

PAT

No, you're allergic to peanut butter,
you don't like jelly. Find your shoes.
(to Gaynor)
What do you mean I would know?

GAYNOR

Nothing. You said I'm dressed for
giving blow jobs.

JAKE

You cut the crusts off? It's my favorite part of the sandwich!

PAT

I forgot about the crusts, and I never said blow jobs.

GAYNOR

Whatever mom. You're such a hypocrite. You talk about me being a slut and we all know the reason we're here...

JAKE

I can't eat this. I hate jelly, and I love crusts. There's literally nothing for me here!

The kids' voices become a cacophony. Finally, Pat explodes...

PAT

Stop it, stop it, stop it! I am your mother and I am doing the best I can! Now, go upstairs and get dressed so your first day at a new school isn't a complete fucking shit show!

Pat catches her breath, looks at the kids.

GAYNOR

Chill out. I'll change.

JAKE

I'll eat the jelly.

PAT

(composing herself)
Thank you.

22

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

22

Pat, Gaynor and Jake walk to a corner to wait for the school bus. Jake has earbuds in and is playing a game on his phone.

GAYNOR

This is so fucking lame. Why can't I drive?

PAT

Well, you don't have a license
aaaannnd you don't own a car. And stop saying "fuck" so much, you sound like--

GAYNOR

You?

PAT

No. You're better than me.

GAYNOR

Better than *I*.

PAT

"Better than *me* am. Better than *I* am."
Just don't be a dick, okay?

Gaynor gives her mom a slight smile, it's the best Pat's going to get. Pat notices the school bus turn the corner.

PAT (CONT'D)

Okay. Here's the bus. Jake? Jake!
Phone down, ear buds out. Gaynor,
remember what I told you?

GAYNOR

Yes. Use protection.

PAT

No! I mean, yes. But people don't know
you here. Take advantage of that.

GAYNOR

Gee. Thanks, Mom.

JAKE

What do *I* do for protection?

PAT

I think you'll be fine.

JAKE

What if I get beat up?

PAT

You won't. It's Connecticut. Both of
you, listen to me. This is a chance
for all of us to start over. Gaynor,
make good choices. Jake, make an age-
appropriate friend. Or at least eye
contact. Let's see your eye contact.

Jake tries to make eye contact with Pat. It's impossible.

PAT (CONT'D)

Close enough.

A cute JOCK on the bus gives Gaynor a "what's up?" look.

GAYNOR

Thanks for the pep talk. Later.

Gaynor heads into the bus. Jake stands there.

JAKE

I'm nervous.

PAT

You're gonna be great. Go. I love you.

She kisses him. Still no eye contact. He gets on the bus.

PAT (CONT'D)

Find someone to sit with. No. Not the bus driver, honey! Holy shit.

The bus closes its doors and takes off. Pat yells after it:

PAT (CONT'D)

I love you! Don't be nervous!

Pat turns and bumps into VALERIE HE, the woman with the St. Christopher's medal who was watching her move in.

VALERIE

Hello.

PAT

Jesus!

(notices medal)

No offense. I-- Wait-- were you watching me move in?

VALERIE

I'm your neighbor. I was going to say hi, but I didn't want to intrude. Hope I didn't scare you.

PAT

Trust me, I've had bigger scares.

VALERIE

(dead serious)

Like what?

PAT

Just, you know. Small town. Big house.

VALERIE

I get it. Shining Vale can be very intense. Especially if you don't know anyone. But now you do. Valerie He.

PAT

Hi. Pat Phelps.

VALERIE

A great way to meet people is through church. Why don't you and the family come by Sunday. I'll show you around.

PAT

Thanks, but I'm not a church person.
I'm a self-hating agnostic. Plus, I'm
very busy writing and... et cetera.

VALERIE

Oh. You're a writer. Anything I would
have read?

PAT

I'm sure not. "Cressida: Unbound"?

VALERIE

The lady porn?

PAT

It's a woman's empowerment... sex
fantasy. Anyway, I should get going.

VALERIE

Nice meeting you, Pat Phelps.

PAT

(holds out her hand)
You too, Valerie He.

VALERIE

(looks at Pat's hand)
You have a lot of trauma.

PAT

What's going on?

VALERIE

It's okay. I have The Gift.
(eyes going back and forth)
Something is wrong. You feel it.

PAT

(grabbing her hand back)
You're freaking me out. I have to go!

VALERIE

You attract darkness. You must be
careful!

PAT

I'm always careful!

Pat runs into the street and almost gets hit by a car.

PAT (CONT'D)

Jesus!

23 EXT. THE HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER 23

Pat approaches her front door and sees a Welcome Basket from the Shining Vale Homeowners Association: homemade crafts, cookies, a brochure featuring Stepford-looking couples with the slogan, "Shining Vale: Your Place to *Shine*".

24 INT. THE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS 24

Pat ENTERS, sniffs, something smells. She looks down the long hallway to the living room... Roxy took a dump.

PAT
Come on, man.

25 INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER 25

Pat throws away the poop, which is on a brochure for Robyn Shore Realty, into the trash. She washes her hands, sighs.

PAT
You can do this.

Pat starts off, a Dead Woman Walking...

THROUGH THE HALLWAY... UP THE BACKSTAIRS... INTO A DOORWAY that leads up to...

26 INT. ATTIC -- CONTINUOUS 26

Pat walks, zombilike through the large, unfinished attic-- which has remnants of occupants past, a rocking chair, sewing mannequin, old bureau-- until she sits at her desk which is near two large windows that overlook the yard. She takes a deep breath, then opens her laptop to write.

PAT
Here we go.

She opens a file "Cressida: Rebound". It has one sentence: "Her clothes still smelled of him." She SAVES it. Beat.

PAT (CONT'D)
Quick break.

Pat takes out her phone, opens Instagram. She scrolls to a picture of Frank, shirtless, working on a cabinet.

PAT (CONT'D)
Idiot.

She uses her fingers to zoom in on his lower abs and inadvertently taps it twice. A heart comes up: Shit, she "liked" it! Instantly, a DM from Frank: "**Hey...**"

PAT (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Panicked, Pat "unlikes" it. Pat's phone rings-- a FaceTime call from Frank! Shit! What should she do?? She answers it...

PAT (CONT'D)

What do you want?

FRANK (ON FACETIME)

It's Frank.

PAT

I fucking know it's Frank. I can see you! Why did you call me?

FRANK (ON FACETIME)

Why did you like my picture?

PAT

It was a mistake, Frank. All of it. Don't call ever me again.

FRANK (ON FACETIME)

Wait. I have something to ask you that's really important. Please.

PAT

I'm not leaving my husband for you. You need to move on.

FRANK (ON FACETIME)

Okay, cool. I just wanted to know if I left my drill at your place.

PAT

What?

FRANK (ON FACETIME)

It's blue and says "Frank's Drill" on it. It's a really good drill and I can't find it, so I was wondering if maybe I left it at your apartment and you accidentally packed it?

PAT

I don't have your fucking drill! I need to work. Don't call me!

(hangs up, then)

Idiot.

Pat goes to put down her phone, looks at the picture of Frank and reaches down her pants instead. Her laptop PINGS. An incoming SKYPE from Pat's publisher and friend, KAM.

PAT (CONT'D)

Kam! Ugh, I'm so happy to see you!

27

INT. MANHATTAN PUBLISHING OFFICE -- INTERCUT

27

KAM

What's up, 'Trish? I'm just checking in. How's your book coming?

PAT

What's that sound? Is that a siren? Is it a garbage truck parked in front of an ambulance? I miss New York. It's so quiet here. You would hate it.

KAM

How. Is. Your. Book. Coming.

PAT

You're going in and out. The Wi-Fi here sucks. It's like 2G. Anyway, I'm thinking of getting a Peloton. Would you do that with me? Also, I may start smoking again. Don't judge me--

KAM

They want me to drop you as a client.

PAT

What? Seriously?

KAM

Guess that fixed your Wi-Fi.

PAT

You can't drop me. We're like sisters.

KAM

Yes. I'm the sister who paid you an advance six years ago to write your follow up novel, and you're the sister who every time I ask about it, gives me more bullshit.

PAT

Fyi, it took J.K. Rowling nine years to write the sequel to Harry Potter.

KAM

Fyi, that's more bullshit.

PAT

Alright, well, I was working on my novel right when you called, so...

KAM

(noticing Pat's phone)
What's that? That research?

PAT

Frank FaceTimed me. Idiot. I don't even think he owns a shirt.

KAM

I say this as someone who loves you more than you love you: stop looking for distractions and write your novel. If not, I want the advance back.

PAT

Fine. But for the record, I think my new house may be possessed.

KAM

Bye-bye.

PAT

No, no, wait! Maybe not possessed. Occupied... by a spirit or something?

KAM

Are you drinking again?

PAT

No!

KAM

Using?

PAT

Only anti-depressants. And half a joint I found in Gaynor's backpack. But that was to teach her a lesson.

KAM

Every time something good happens you self-sabotage: the drinking, the drugs, the affair. Now, a ghost?

PAT

Or a demon.

KAM

The only demons are in your head. If we don't have the first chapter by next month, you're going to need a new publisher and a new friend. Now stop beating off to Frank and get to work.

PAT
I hate you.

KAM
I love you, too. Trish? You got this.

Pat kisses the camera on her computer. Kam disconnects.

PAT
I got this.
(beat)
Quick break.

As Pat reaches for her phone, Pat senses something. Thump. Thump. Thump. She looks down, sees a yellow rubber ball. She slowly turns, sees... Roxy wagging his tail.

PAT (CONT'D)
Roxy! You scared me, you little turd!

The ball then rolls across the floor and under an old bureau.

PAT (CONT'D)
You fucking kidding me?

Pat crosses to the bureau. FROM UNDER THE BUREAU we see Pat lean down and notice something. She reaches her arm in...

...and pulls out an old, hinged picture-frame. She opens it, the glass reflects Pat's face. She tilts the frame to reveal... on one half a picture of THE FIFTIES HOUSEWIFE, on the other, THE LITTLE GIRL she saw in the road! Pat gasps for breath, drops the frame... Roxy takes off, Pat grabs her lap top and gets the hell out of there...

28 INT. LIBRARY -- MOMENTS LATER

28

Pat is at a small table, typing on her laptop. She's Googling "Do I have a ghost". She sees an article, "Am I Possessed... Or Depressed?" She clicks it and starts scanning.

PAT
*"...Seeing things, feeling watched,
hearing noises..."*

Tink. Tink. Tink. Pat hears the piano, keeps reading...

PAT (CONT'D)
*"Triggered by anxiety, loneliness,
stress... Mental illness..."*

Pat hears footsteps, muffled voices coming from upstairs...

PAT (CONT'D)

"...signs of demonic activity include aversion to church... excessive use of profanity..."

A CRASH from upstairs...

29

INT. TERRY'S OFFICE -- BROOKLYN -- DAY

29

Terry is pitching an investment to a couple, MARK and a very pregnant CHLOE. Terry points to a brochure with a pencil.

TERRY

I can put you in something high risk/high return-- but you're starting a family, what you need is stability.

SFX: Terry's phone rings. Pat's picture comes up.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil. That's my wife.
(answers phone)
Hey, hon, I'm with a client...

PAT (ON PHONE)

THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE FUCKING HOUSE!

Terry inadvertently SNAPS the pencil and goes to the hallway.

TERRY

Pat. Pat! What's going on?

PAT

There's weird shit happening here Terry. There are noises coming from upstairs. I'm really scared.

TERRY

Honey, calm down. Maybe an animal got stuck in the attic, like a...

PAT

If you say, "deer" I'm going to lose my shit.

TERRY

How would a deer get in the attic? I was going to say raccoon.

PAT

It wasn't an animal. There were footsteps and voices and the piano...

TERRY
Sweetie, it's all explainable--

MUSIC: We hear Terry's music from upstairs.

PAT
They're playing one of your records!

TERRY
Get out of the house and call the
police!

30

EXT. HOUSE -- PORCH -- LATER

30

Pat holds Roxy as a YOUNG COP and OLDER COP exit the house.

OLDER COP
There's no one else here, ma'am.

PAT
Check again. I was downstairs, taking
a quick break from writing, and I
definitely heard what sounded like at
least one person, maybe two...

YOUNG COP
What were you writing?

PAT
A follow-up to a novel I wrote years
ago. Why is that important?

YOUNG COP
Just curious. What novel?

PAT
Oh my god. Cressida: Unbound. Anyway--

YOUNG COP
The lady porn. My wife used that once.

He jots something down.

PAT
Why are you writing that down? And
it's not porn, it's-- Can you please
just check the house again?

OLDER COP
Doors and windows are locked, no sign
of forced entry. I have an old house,
sometimes the wind makes a sound like
someone banging on a window.

PAT

It wasn't the wind. It was footsteps--
(the cops look at each other)
You're looking at each other like I'm
a deranged housewife. I know what I
heard. There were voices and music--
(the cops look at each other)
You're looking at each other again.

OLDER COP

We found this picture that was knocked
over. Probably from the wind.

The Older Cop hands Pat the framed photo which is shut.

PAT

Okay: I saw the woman in the picture
right outside my window and--

Pat opens it: it contains the generic pictures that come in
the frames-- a smiling woman and a little girl.

PAT (CONT'D)

Someone switched the pictures, there
was a girl on the road--
(the cops look at each other)
Just go.

As the cops exit, Pat notices Valerie He, at the end of the
driveway watching her. Pat goes back in and closes the door.

31 INT. HOUSE -- ENTRYWAY -- MOMENTS LATER 31

A moment later there's a knock. Pat opens the door...

PAT

I don't want to say fuck off because
I'm a good person--

It's the OLDER COP. Valerie is no longer there.

OLDER COP

Just wanted to tell you there was
another lady who used to live here,
she also saw things and heard voices.

PAT

Ha! I'm not crazy! What happened to
her?

OLDER COP

She's in a sanitarium. Point is, these
old houses have history. Some people
are sensitive to that kinda thing.

PAT

Thank you. It is creepy, right?

OLDER COP

I suppose you could say that.

He takes off his sunglasses revealing he has one cloudy eye that's creepy AF. Pat closes the door. MATCH CUT TO:

32

INT. PAT AND TERRY'S BATHROOM -- THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 2)

32

Terry closes the medicine cabinet. Pat watches as he finishes his pre-bedtime ritual of teeth brushing, flossing, etc.

PAT

There has to be a way out. I mean, we're not *prisoners* here...

TERRY

Why don't you just call the broker and say, "I think we have a ghost, can we get our money back?"

PAT

I think that'd be better coming from you. I feel like Robyn is one of those women who doesn't take other women seriously.

TERRY

I'm not calling Robyn! This is it. We either make it work... Or we don't.

PAT

I'm trying!

TERRY

Are you? Because everyone else is making it work. Gaynor, who has never said anything nice about anything, actually said, "fine" when I asked her how school was. And last night? I caught Jake jerking off in the woods.

PAT

Ew.

TERRY

It was outside! He never does anything outside!

PAT

Well, unless I'm going crazy-- Do you think I'm going crazy?

TERRY

No. I think you've always been crazy.

PAT

I'm serious. This was the age my mother went psychotic. I already got her porous teeth and the alcohol gene. What if I got her psychosis, too?

TERRY

You're not your mother. You're depressed. You're not eating or sleeping. Maybe try exercising. Chop wood! It's working wonders for me!

PAT

How? I have to finish this fucking book which is making me more stressed.

TERRY

Then guess what? You won't write it.

PAT

Kam says if I don't write it I have to give the advance back.

TERRY

Then guess what? You'll write it. I'll take the kids to school on the way to the station and you lock yourself in that attic until you're done.

PAT

But what if I can't?

TERRY

(holds her shoulders)
You are a Phelps. You can do anything.

Pat nods. He's right. She can do anything.

OMINOUS TITLE CARD: WEDNESDAY

33

INT. ATTIC -- LATE THE NEXT DAY (DAY 3)

33

Pat sits at her desk, bleary-eyed and broken, staring at the lone sentence: "Her clothes still smelled of him."

PAT

(to no one in particular)
Please...

And then... the room gets darker. An outside wind bangs the shutters. Pat looks at her arm: goose-bumps.

Then a sudden burst of energy. She erases the sentence and types: "Whatever was in the house had entered her, like an icy finger." Pat smiles-- something has been freed. She starts typing, the thoughts pouring out effortlessly like a woman possessed...

Just then, she hears VOICES coming from downstairs. Whispering and children laughing. Pat stops and gets up...

We follow her DOWN THE BACK STAIRS... THROUGH THE HALLWAY until she gets to the source of the laughter...

34

INT. DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

34

Terry and the kids are eating at a card table, laughing.

JAKE

Why are you laughing at me?

TERRY

I'm laughing with you. It's funny.

PAT (O.S.)

What's funny?

Terry and the kids turn to see Pat. The mood gets tense.

TERRY

Oh. Hey. Sorry, were we too loud? I know you were working.

PAT

No. I'm finished for the day. Actually got a lot done. So... what's funny?

TERRY

Nothing. We were just talking.

PAT

I could use a good laugh. Go on. What's funny, Terry?

JAKE

I joined a sports team.

GAYNOR

The sport is Minecraft.

JAKE

We have practices and I need a permission slip, so that's a sport!

TERRY

It's a video game!

PAT

Kids, your dad knows about sports. He was a cheerleader.

TERRY

Excuse me, I was a yell leader.

GAYNOR

Wow. You actually made it 40% dorkier.

TERRY

(standing up)

I didn't want to have to do this.

The camera slowly drifts back and out of the dining room.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Hurrah. Hurrah Pennsylvania. Hurrah for the Red and the Blue...

JAKE

What's going on?

GAYNOR

Make it stop!

PAT

Don't fight it, it only makes him stronger.

The camera stops in front of the grand staircase...

TERRY (O.S.)

Hurrah. Hurrah. Hurrah. Hurraaaaaah. Harrah for the Red and the Bluuuuueee.

We hear whistles, applause and cat-calls from the dining room-- a nice, normal family. Then the yellow rubber ball bounces down the stairs a la *The Changeling*. Tink.

35

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

35

Pat and Terry enter, carrying plates.

TERRY

That was nice. I don't know if the kids are too old, but I always thought it would be fun to do a talent show...

Pat dumps her plate in the sink.

PAT

Hey. Let's have sex.

TERRY

For the talent show?

PAT
Fuck, Terry, don't ruin this. I feel good. Maybe because I broke the ice on my book-- or the anti-depressants are working. I just want you to take me...
(whispers)
In my giant kitchen.

TERRY
Well, okay!

We watch through the cupboard, between the hanging family mugs, as Pat leans on the sink and Terry gets behind her.

PAT TERRY (CONT'D)
Harder, Terry. Come on! I'm trying!

With each thrust the family mugs bang together...

PAT (CONT'D) TERRY (CONT'D)
Fuck me, Terry! I am!!!

Until finally...

TERRY (CONT'D) PAT (CONT'D)
Aaaaggggh! YESSSS!!!

And Pat rips a drawer out from under the counter.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Dammit. We broke another drawer.

OMINOUS TITLE CARD: FRIDAY

36 INT. PAT AND TERRY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT (NIGHT 4) 36

Pat and Terry are sleeping. Pat bolts awake. From downstairs we hear "CLICK-CLICK WHIMPER. CLICK-CLICK WHIMPER."

PAT
Terry? You hear that? Terry! I think someone's downstairs.

TERRY
(asleep)
It's probably a deer.

Terry rolls over. Pat rolls her eyes and gets out of bed.

37 INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 37

Pat, in a robe, comes downstairs to see the source of the noise: ROXY is pawing at the doggie door and whimpering.

PAT
Really, Roxy? Really? It's a doggie
door. You're a doggie. Go.
(Roxy barks at the door)
Oh, for fucksakes.

She leashes up Roxy and grabs a small flashlight off a shelf.

38

EXT. BACKYARD -- MOMENTS LATER

38

They step outside and FLOOD LIGHTS illuminate the yard.

PAT
(impressed)
Aww, Terry.

She takes two more steps, the lights burn out and shut off.

PAT (CONT'D)
(disappointed)
Aw, Terry.

She turns on the flashlight as she and Roxy go into the yard.

PAT (CONT'D)
Take a shit. One shit for mommy.

Something moves. Pat shines the flashlight into the yard.

PAT (CONT'D)
Jake? If that's you, it's okay. Just
yell something.

Pat ventures into the yard. Her flashlight beam lands on the
AXE Terry uses to chop wood. She rakes the beam up to reveal
a HUGE PILE OF LOGS.

PAT (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Holy shit, Terry.

Pat takes the axe and makes her way further into the yard.
All of a sudden it gets very cold. A SHADOW darts!

PAT (CONT'D)
I have an axe and a dog!

Roxy is trying to back up out of his collar. Pat drags him.

PAT (CONT'D)
I have an axe!

As she gets to the edge of the woods her flashlight flickers
and goes out. Something moves! She drops the axe, panicked!

PAT (CONT'D)
(hitting flashlight)
Fuckingfuckfuckfuckfuck...

The flashlight flickers on. She shines it in the woods and right in front of her... TWO GOLD EYES look back!

PAT (CONT'D) ROXY
(screams) (yelps)
AAAGGGHHHH!!! Oooooowwwwww!!!!

The floodlights come on, revealing... a DEER. The deer looks at Pat and runs off.

PAT (CONT'D)
Huh.
(notices Roxy's taken a shit)
Good boy.

39 INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER 39

Pat, still amused by the deer, puts a kettle on and picks up the box of tea-- it's empty. She opens a box marked "Kitchen" and pulls out a blue drill that says, "Frank's Drill".

PAT
Idiot.

She tosses out the drill. Beat. She retrieves it. It really is a good drill. She notices the Welcome Basket, and finds some specialty teas. There's also a bottle of wine. Pat picks up the wine. Considers. The kettle whistles.

40 INT. FAMILY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 40

Pat enters with her tea and a magazine. As she goes to sit down, she notices the curtains are once again closed. Slowly, tentatively, Pat approaches the curtains, reaches out and pulls them open to see... her own reflection. She smiles, relieved. She's gonna be alright. Pat turns around and sees ROSEMARY, who's now standing in her Family Room.

ROSEMARY
What are you doing in my house?

Tink. Tink. Tink...

PAT
(silent scream)
Terry!

END OF EPISODE ONE