

FAWN

Written by

Laurel Elizabeth Hasara

FADE IN:

EXT. WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY - NEARBY WOODS - NIGHT

A group of female university STUDENTS and their off-campus BOYFRIENDS meander aimlessly through the trees, obviously intoxicated as they flirt, exchange pecks on the lips and joke around. They're voices are kept to a whisper as they're not permitted to be here after hours. The year is 1927 in Boston, Massachusetts and they're dressed accordingly.

A HERD OF ABOUT A DOZEN DEER - BUCKS, DOES AND FAWNS - RUSH BY THEM AND SEND THE YOUTHS INTO A SCREAMING FRENZY! THEY TAKE OFF RUNNING!

We follow this herd of deer until it passes a stream - stay on this natural stream of fresh water.

A SOFT DRAGGING NOISE AMONG THE GRASSES AND FALLEN LEAVES.

We come upon a spotted baby fawn, but this is no ordinary fawn - it's deformed, possessing two heads like conjoined twins. Sadly, one head is deceased, which forces the living head to have to DRAG the dead head of its sibling along the forest floor. Its weak little legs buckle every few steps.

Bucking and dragging, bucking and dragging.

The fawn stops at the perfect spot along the stream, bends down and sips from the fresh water source before continuing on in the same direction.

Buckling and dragging until it suddenly disappears, fading into thin air like a ghost.

PAN UP to see the bright university lights shinning above the treeline nearby - the tops of academic buildings.

EXT. WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY - DAY

Various establishing shots of students traveling to and from classes, eating picnic lunches and studying hillside.

EXT. WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY - BUILDING ROOFTOP - SAME

Safely sitting sideways on the rooftop's brick ledge is FAWN BRECKENRIDGE (18) who peers down intensely at the bustling campus below. A startlingly underweight and frail, mistakable for malnourished, girl of average height with a plain face.

She hardly ever blinks and has gaunt, hollow cheeks like that of a decayed corpse. Her long, dark hair and grey school dress billow in the breeze.

In her hand, she fidgets with a beautiful silver pocket-watch, opening, closing and spinning the crown to a repetitive rhythm in threes over and over again - OCD.

The sound fades as we slowly PULL BACK all the way to the rooftop's double doors where we can clearly see that this is not an area permitted to the public, how did she get up here?

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - LATER

The room is empty other than the SECRETARY and Fawn who sits in complete poised stillness with her hands on her kneecaps.

The candlestick telephone at the secretary's desk RINGS!

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The secretary leads Fawn up the hallway and holds the door open to a conference room...

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The secretary closes the door behind Fawn.

A table filled with FOUR BOARD OF TRUSTEE MEMBERS, MS. BROWER (55) is in one of the center chairs. They rise, caught off guard in the middle of their own conversation.

MS. BROWER

Ms. Breckenridge, hello. Thank you for coming. Sorry for the rescheduling. First, I'd like to start by introducing the remaining board members. Down here on my...

As Ms. Brower gestures to her right, she pauses seeing that Fawn has already taken a seat - she acknowledges no one.

Ms. Brower gestures for everyone to sit down. They do.

MS. BROWER (CONT'D)

So, how are preparations for your summer departure coming along?

Fawn makes eye-contact with her, annoyed. No small talk.

FAWN  
Has everything been sanctioned?

HER VOICE for the first time - it's soft, yet projects well.

MS. BROWER  
Here's all of the confirmation.

Ms. Brower removes a manila folder from a bag she has on the ground beside her and slides it across the table. The mood is no longer friendly, but serious - down to business.

Fawn sorts through the papers inside and counts the cash inside of an envelope - two-hundred-dollars. Perplexed, she looks up at Ms. Brower, what the hell? She removes seventy-five dollars from the stack and sets it in her lap.

Looking back through the paperwork, she places one particular sheet back on the table and points to a specific area.

FAWN  
Do you see where you've circled on this floor plan?

MS. BROWER  
Yes, I do. And it stands.

Fawn only stares, Ms. Brower grows anxious.

MS. BROWER (CONT'D)  
Fawn, the bedroom you requested is where the president's granddaughter stays - has stayed for three consecutive years now. We feel that we've compensated you very well in other areas, even overcompensated.

FAWN  
I don't stay on the first floor.

MS. BROWER  
It has views of a beautiful sunflower field, you're own botanical kingdom really.

Ms. Brower giggles, trying to fake her enthusiasm. Fawn tosses the extra seventy-five dollars across the table.

MS. BROWER (CONT'D)  
You would throw away nine months of hard work, your sweat, your time on this small of a basis?

FAWN

... I could look at it all like  
good practice.

Some of Fawn's responses are very delayed - odd.

MS. BROWER

Fawn, we have a tight, TIGHT  
deadline. We were planning - as you  
know - to begin the subpoenaing  
process this week.

Fawn's eyes wander as she rambles, full of pauses - odd.

FAWN

Now, I CAN compromise. I am able to  
do so. Yes. But you're not somebody  
I need to be in unity or in harmony  
with. I don't live with you. I  
don't particularly care about the  
ramifications of making you  
unhappy, so...

MS. BROWER

(stuttering like crazy)

We-- we-- have really tried to work  
this out with the Dean, but his--

FAWN

Here's what I can do, I can provide  
you with half of the names. That  
would be nine, yes?

Fawn lifts up her dress and removes A SMALL NOTE tucked  
inside one of her shoes. She unfolds it and slowly rips it in  
half. One of the halves she tucks back into her shoe and the  
other she places on the table.

FAWN (CONT'D)

And I'll give you until the end of  
the summer to do whatever it is you  
think you need to do. I'll be  
checking the mailbox frequently for  
my REVISED confirmations.

She places her hand over the note, SO CLOSE to handing it  
over - taunting.

BOARD MEMBER, JILL

And just how old are you?

MS. BROWER

Jill, please.

BOARD MEMBER, JILL  
I'm sorry, I was just expecting  
somebody a little older... looking?

Fawn rolls her eyes as the two momentarily bicker.

FAWN  
Do you want the faggots gone or  
not?

EXT. WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY - CURB - LATER

Outside of a dormitory, Fawn sits on top of one of her many suitcases in waiting.

Some students wave goodbye to Fawn as they head for their family cars parked in the round-about.

A Rolls-Royce pulls up beside Fawn, a CHAUFFEUR steps out.

CHAUFFEUR  
Good afternoon, Ms. Breckenridge.

As he loads her luggage into the trunk, Fawn climbs into the backseat.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE - LATER

Fawn sits in the backseat, fidgeting with her pocket-watch again to a rhythm in threes as she watches upper-class Boston neighborhoods pass by out the windows.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE - LATER

A sharp turn as they pull into a mile long driveway...

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - SAME

On a perfectly manicured landscape sits a brick mansion with white columns and a cupola. It's fenced in by four different tree lines in all four directions. There are neighbors close by next door as the property is long and narrow, not wide.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE - SAME

Fawn rolls down the window and stares at the guesthouse.

Its window curtains are drawn, a lit candle sits on one of the sills, flickering. Someone's inhabiting it, but who?

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn steps out of the Rolls-Royce and is immediately met by her MOTHER (44) who holds her hands over her mouth as she descends the front porch steps ready to burst into tears.

Fawn stands awkwardly as her mother pulls her in for a hug.

MOTHER

Ah! Honey, oh my goodness. I've missed you. I've-- let me see you.

The mother lets go and examines her daughter up and down, adjusting her clothing and hair in disappointment as she mumbles comments under her breath - Fawn doesn't look good.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn momentarily watches her mother order around the chauffeur, telling him where to put her luggage before she wanders off up the hallway.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fawn stops a few feet away from the threshold to see...

Her siblings (almost all) are hanging out together - sitting on the window bench, the couches and near the fireplace. Two even play a game of chess on the coffee table.

They turn to look at Fawn - PHOEBE (12), XAVIER (14), CONRAD (15), JULIUS (17) and IVAN (21).

In comparison to her physicality, her siblings look healthy and normal.

JULIUS

Now that's what I'm talking about.  
One down, one more to go.

Phoebe sprints to Fawn and hugs her lower half - this is her role model, her only big sister.

PHOEBE

Yay! Fawn ! Fawn! Can I show you my dollhouse? Can I? Mother bought me more accessories. I have a new chandelier and potted plants and throw pillows!

Conrad approaches Fawn and is forced to pry Phoebe off in order to give her a hug.

CONRAD

Hey, big sis. How was freshman year?

FAWN

Hi, where's Edvard?

CONRAD

There was an issue at the train station? With his ticket number? I don't know. Father spoke with him last.

One by one, Fawn's siblings go to her and give a welcome home hug, all except Ivan. He stays seated on the couch, concentrating on his chess board.

PHOEBE

Fawn! Wait, can I show you after dinner? Please?

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FATHER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn stands before her FATHER (50) who's seated behind his desk, scrutinizing the report card in his hands.

FATHER

"Occasional tardiness can result in disciplinary action."

(beat)

And I'm not sure how one can earn a B in a history course when it calls for memorization over application.

FAWN

Have you fixed the crack in the base?

FATHER

What? Fawn, hold on--

FAWN

From the lightening strike?

FATHER

Fawn, respond to what I've said. It goes back and forth. You know this. What's the reason for the B? Did you have too many distractions?



FAWN

I was distraction-free. I just don't find the middle east interesting. The crack in the cupola lets a draft into my bedroom... sir.

The father eyes her a moment.

FATHER

We haven't had the time to fix it.

FAWN

You didn't care to find the time.

FATHER

Fawn.

FAWN

... Sorry, sir.

FATHER

And you look God awful. Where are your B Vitamins? Did you ever take them? We obviously wasted money on a meal plan.

FAWN

I weigh the same as when I left--

FATHER

No, you don't, Fawn. And we both know you're mother's going to be in denial about it. Do I have to get back in touch with Dr. Clovis?

FAWN

NO... sir. Please, no.

FATHER

You know what, you're an adult now, Fawn. You start slipping into syncope again, and it's on you.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Fawn's bedroom is the highest point in the house, the top floor containing private staircase to the cupola.

Fawn first locks her bedroom door before unpacking.

She removes a crinkled letter from a hidden zipper in one of her suitcases and hides it inside the bodice of her dress.

She removes a toe kick from the bottom of one of her dressers to reveal a small makeshift shelf where various items are stored. She places a black fanny pack inside.

She unscrews the finial on one of her bed post. Hidden inside the hallowed out wood is a plastic cylinder container containing various telescope mirrors of different sizes.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn cleans and polishes all of the telescope mirrors off in the sink.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

At her bookshelves, which takes up an entire wall of her bedroom, Fawn steps on top of a wooden stool to reach a book located on a high shelf. It's hollowed out and inside are a stash of black blow-darts. She counts them - fifteen.

Fawn pulls another hallowed book off a nearby shelf. A blow-dart gun is inside, disassembled. She checks to make sure that all of the parts are there - they are.

Inside of Fawn's only walk in closet, a rug covers a large portion of the wooded floor. Kneeling, she peels up the back section of the rug. One of the floorboards is loose. She lifts it to reveal a hidden cubby for storing various articles of black clothing. She adds a few long sleeved shirts and pants to the stack.

The staircase leading to the cupola - Fawn sits down at the eighth step and unlocks a latch hidden underneath the step's nosing. The entire step opens like a chest to reveal a steel safe inside.

She enters the code and places a percentage of the money the board members gave her inside among the stacks of thousands of dollars - all organized and tied off with blue rubber bands in bricks.

She closes the safe.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - CUPOLA - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn rises off the staircase, enters into the small space that has a 360 panoramic view of the estate and the surrounding neighbors.

This is her sanctuary - she admires her view.

The top half of a RADIO TOWER a few miles away - abandoned.

A car pulls into the driveway at the front of the house and parks. She opens one of the windows to hear her family members rush outside to greet her brother, EDVARD (20) as he exits the backseat.

They greet him more excitedly than they did her.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - HALLWAY - LATER

With a near silent footfall, Fawn moves past two of her sibling's bedrooms and peers through the partially open doorways to get a glimpse into their little worlds...

Xavier is reading a book at his desk to candle light and Phoebe is brushing one of her doll baby's hair.

Fawn descends a staircase.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Two dirty strangers speaking with her father and brother, Edvard. This is ANGELO, a darker skinned Latin man in his mid twenties, and a little five year old boy EMANUEL of a lighter skin tone.

FATHER

Oh, well how convenient. This is Fawn, our eldest daughter.

Fawn finishes her descent. She shakes hands with Angelo.

FAWN

Hello?

ANGELO

Hello, Fawn.

FATHER

Fawn, this is Angelo and his son Emanuel. They're our new groundskeeper. They've been with us for about...

He looks to Angelo, expecting him to finish his sentence.

ANGELO

Um, it's-- we are-- how long? Two week now. Two.

It's here that we hear that his English is VERY broken and he often struggles with understanding what's being asked of him.

ANGELO (CONT'D)

My-- our accent, it is thick. We are both learning still. He is much shyer with his English than me.

He gestures to Emanuel.

FAWN

We haven't had a groundskeeper in years. Why would we need one-- or two now?

ANGELO

We answer to the paper's add, the one in the "Herald."

Angelo awkwardly laughs.

FATHER

(low, to Fawn)

The local lawn services along with many other small businesses have gone on a labor strike. This isn't the time, okay?

Both men turn away from her. Edvard rolls his eyes at Fawn.

FATHER (CONT'D)

(dismissive)

Thank you, Fawn.

EDVARD

And where did you say you immigrated from?

ANGELO

From small village in Guatemala.

As Fawn walks off as the men continue talking.

EMANUEL

Bye, bye.

Emanuel innocently waves.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn crosses through the yard.

Two of her brothers, Ivan and Julius play horseshoes.

At the eastern treeline sits two trails splitting off from one another. The left is marked by a sign "FAWN'S TRAIL" and the right "PHOEBE'S TRAIL."

Fawn travels down her trail.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

The trail is paved, not with gravel, but with pebbles that have been pressed, matted down so it's easier to walk on.

Once Fawn reached a marble bench (the only bench along the entire trail), she steps off the trail and moves behind a conjoined tree where she pulls a tiny shovel from inside of some shrubbery.

Beneath the conjoined tree, she digs until she hits a TIN BOX that's about one foot by one foot in width and height.

She kneels down in the dirt and opens it. Inside is a stash of momentos from small antique trinkets, notes, broken jewelry, newspaper clippings, torn pages from books - all of which have a meaningful story behind them.

Fawn reaches down into the bodice of her dress and pulls out the crinkled letter. Looking at it closer, we see that it's seal has been long broken - opened and reopened multiple times. It has no postage stamp or address. It's only signed "apple of my eye."

Fawn meticulously places the letter inside, shuts the box.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

The family is being served dinner by the resident BUTLERS.

Fawn stares at her plate of food in disgust.

The father CLEARS HIS THROAT to get everyone's attention as he takes his wife and Julius's hands. Everyone follows suit and takes the hands of whomever is next to them.

Phoebe enthusiastically snatches Fawn's hand and smiles.

FATHER

Let us pray.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - CUPOLA - NIGHT

Fawn screws the cap of a flashlight into place, unlocks and opens one of the windows - the one facing in the direction of the radio tower, which is hard to make out in the darkness.

Her hair flails around in the wind as the crack in the base of the cupola lets in a chilly draft - this annoys her.

She leans out of this window and begins flashing her light into the sky. The flashlight, on, off, on off. It's a pattern - this is MORSE CODE.

She repeats the same message again before pulling herself back inside and waiting.

It takes a long beat, but flashes soon appear near the very top of the radio tower. She reads the message live and promptly responds - a conversation has begun.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Fawn changes out of her dress and into an all BLACK ENSEMBLE consisting of a hooded sweatshirt, athletic pants, sneakers and a bandana she wraps around her mouth and nose.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn unscrews the last of four loose nails from the bathroom's only vent. She crawls into the vent, which is so small the only other human able to do so would be a child.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The vent's cover is KICKED onto the grass as Fawn emerges.

As though she's done this one-hundred times, she pops the cover back in place, flips up her hood and takes off into the eastern treeline.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Fawn locates a bicycle leaning against a tree that looks to have gone untouched for a long time as vines and weeds have begun to grow around it.

She rips them away, checks the tire pressure and rides off.

EXT. OBSCURE WOODS - LATER

Fawn rides her bike - faster upon hearing a TRAIN WHISTLE, until she reaches a clearing and props her bicycle up against one of the trees in the treeline.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - MOMENTS LATER

As the train rolls by, Fawn runs along side it until finding the perfect moment to jump onto one of the empty cars.

INT. TRAIN CART - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn holds onto a railing as she peers out at the passing scenery. She turns to look back into the cart to see there's a HITCHHIKER bundled up in a blanket, staring at her.

EXT. THE EMPLOYER'S STREET - LATER

Fawn walks up a sidewalk, passing by a row of high-end townhouses with beautiful oak trees planted in the small front yards. One in particular is guarded by TWO MEN (these men will be known only as employees) wearing all black, typically large and intimidating.

They say nothing as she walks by them and up the front porch steps.

EXT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fawn KNOCKS on the front door. After a moment of waiting, she leans her head up against the door. Impassioned, she says...

FAWN  
Ctyri nohy, ona chodi. Bez zapachu  
a strakate.

This translates in English as "Four legged, she walks. Spotted and scentless."

This language is CZECH and she speaks it fluently, perfectly.

After a beat, the front door opens to utter blackness - Fawn slips inside.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

THE EMPLOYER (55) is a serious Czech man with light hair and eyes, but harsh wrinkles and a crooked nose, which we can assume is from being broken multiple times.

Not a single light is on in the townhouse. It appears as if it's empty apart from him - pure silence.

Fawn removes her bandana.

He examines her for a moment - it's all very serious until he smiles darkly and gestures behind her.

THE EMPLOYER

Jdi. Jit, moje malicka.

This translates in English as "Go. Go, my little one."

The Employer, Fawn and the employees will all fluctuate between languages often - speaking fluently in both Czech and English.

Fawn disappears into the darkness of another room, he follows close behind.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The Employer has lit a single oil lamp and hung it above the breakfast nook - it flickers. He pours two glasses of Bourbon on the rocks for him and Fawn.

He sits down with her at the table.

FAWN

I don't recognize the guys out front.

THE EMPLOYER

So just what did my northern constituents rally up for you? I hope it was something to keep away the rust.

FAWN

A gay student committed suicide back in October.

THE EMPLOYER

And the soda tax in China has inflated, the hell would I care?



FAWN

Journals were found in her dorm room, documents, a lot of them. "Behind the Queer Gates" or B.Q.G. Evidence of a secret society for gay students. The dates went back three years, but all the names mentioned were aliases.

THE EMPLOYER

Ah, and how long did it take?

FAWN

Less than two months, but I milked it for nine, so I could hike up my going-rate.

THE EMPLOYER

And these American schools, how do they measure talent? Because in my country, they prefer children of dissidence over someone, you know, of your silver spoon predicament.

Fawn pauses, turns her head slightly to peer back at the dark hallway behind her. The Employer takes a sip of his Bourbon.

FAWN

There were thirty-seven members. Only sixteen of them hadn't already graduated, but I'm only giving fifteen.

THE EMPLOYER

And why the bestowal of mercy upon lucky number sixteen?

FAWN

It was her writing talent. I couldn't stunt a career like that - a gift like that.

THE EMPLOYER

Jesus, if you were my hire I'd break your fucking legs right now.

They both laugh evilly.

FAWN

Her love letters made me cry.

THE EMPLOYER

You do, huh? You look a little older. A real budding woman. Even your hair is different, wavier.

FAWN

It's probably just wind-damage.

He chugs the rest of his Bourbon, savors the taste a beat.

THE EMPLOYER

Close your eyes. Give me every noise.

Fawn closes her eyes. After a beat, she begins...

FAWN

Since we've sat down... movement up and down the back staircase twice. Then in the area above the kitchen island, but they've stopped. Whomever it was has probably sat down at a desk or on a bed. Their soles are rubber. A lighter footfall than whomever was on the back staircase. Lastly, in the hallway right behind me about a half minute ago, approximately twelve feet. Probably eavesdropping.

THE EMPLOYER

Is that all?

FAWN

Tapping at one of the windows in the foyer two to three minutes ago, but I'm sure it's just because of your shitty tree trimming.

Fawn reaches into her hoodie pocket and tosses a portion of the money she earned from her assignment at the university (forty percent) across the table. He takes it, counts.

THE EMPLOYER

Welcome back.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Fawn is being examined by an EMPLOYEE who looks to have experience in the medical field as he gives her a reflex tests, an eye exam, weighs her, checks blood pressure and examines her body for injuries.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn exits a hallway passing another employee - one she does not recognize in the slightest, eyes him.

The Employer is standing near a sort of station where two cabinets open to reveal a set-up of paperwork, calenders and piles of disorganization.

She eyes another employee who's in the middle of a conversation with the Employer - she doesn't recognize him either.

Fawn suddenly races up the back staircase and into...

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Fawn sticks her head into the hallway.

FAWN

Anton!? Milos? Hello? Anton?

No responses. As she moves towards an open door at the end of the hallway, it SLAMS shut - this stops her in her tracks.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn reenters to see a plastic medicine bottle flying across the room to her. She catches it. It's full of red pills - the label reads: Psychotropic, sensory enhancers."

THE EMPLOYER

They've moved on, transferred, resigned.

FAWN

All of them?

THE EMPLOYER

Not all, but a lot happens in the span of a year, oh tiny one.

FAWN

I'm good. I have some left over.

THE EMPLOYER

They've been modified. Twice the strength, work three times quicker. Take only one at a time.

The Employer reads from papers in front of him, Fawn tucks the pills into her pocket. She watches him a beat.

FAWN

Do you think now maybe... I could start-- because I'm eight-teen now--

THE EMPLOYER

Start off small, ease your way back into routine? Yeah, I think so too.

FAWN

Someday soon you'll have to stop holding me back from--

THE EMPLOYER

And someday soon you'll hopefully get your own phone-line, so we don't have to creatively accommodate you like the child you are. Ah, how life's full of "someday's."

He removes a gun from the cabinet's top drawer, hands it over to her.

THE EMPLOYER (CONT'D)

Hit the faux owl.

Fawn turns and fires a shot, aiming for the faux owl he speaks of sitting high on a shelf across the den.

It's a rubber bullet, makes minimal noise. She misses it by a foot. The Employer smirks, dissatisfied.

THE EMPLOYER (CONT'D)

And you're three pounds overweight. There's two things you'll be working on.

FAWN

Oh, yeah. I have a summer project. I won't let it get in the way of anything though.

THE EMPLOYER

And again, soda tax inflation in China. Be on the look out in the coming nights. Anticipate Monday.

He slams his cabinet doors shut.

EXT. THE EMPLOYER'S STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn exits the Employer's house and descends the front porch steps. She ties her bandana back over her face and heads up the sidewalk.

The employees standing guard watch her go.

EXT. OBSCURE WOODS - LATER

Fawn rides her bike through the woods - heading back home.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The mother enters quietly, appearing excited to wake her eldest daughter, but stops midway through the bedroom and stares in disgust and SIGHS.

Fawn lies asleep in bed sprawled out on her stomach, mouth wide open and drooling - not the most lady-like.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - STUDY - AFTERNOON

Fawn is dressed for the day and sitting in a chair across from her new, elderly ETIQUETTE TEACHER (70) who speaks in a very soft tone.

A pole has been tied around Fawn's back, forcing her to sit up straight. She looks wildly uncomfortable.

ETIQUETTE TEACHER

You never guide the conversation.  
He decides the topic and when to  
move on from it. Do you understand?

FAWN

Yes.

ETIQUETTE TEACHER

It's his job to impress you, to woo  
you. It's your job to listen. If  
you ever find yourself descending  
into boredom, do not show it. I  
teach all my girls the same trick:  
do not lean back, do not position  
yourself too comfortable. Stay on  
the edge of your seat, so your eye-  
lids never miss a beat.

Fawn lets out an accidental snort of laughter. A moment of very awkward pause as the teacher eyes her.

ETIQUETTE TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Show me how you would drink from  
your teacup.

Fawn picks up the teacup as delicately as possible.

ETIQUETTE TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Wrong.

She sets it down, tries again.

ETIQUETTE TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Wrong.

Fawn drops the cup as she holds it too delicately, catches it  
just in the nick of time. The teacher eyes her for a beat.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - STUDY - LATER

Fawn practices walking across the study, while wearing her  
pole back-brace as the teacher observes her.

ETIQUETTE TEACHER  
Stop holding your breath. Work with  
your "O" breathings. Reshape your  
mouth. Go back.

Fawn fixes her breathing, turns and goes back across the  
study - retry. As she does she sees Angelo out the window  
mowing the front lawn with a push lawn mower.

ETIQUETTE TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Good. Come back my way again.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Fawn stands on a stepping stool wearing an elegant dress.

A TAILOR (50) sticks some pins into the bottom of her dress,  
marking where it needs to be tailored. The tailor and the  
mother both chat about the measurements.

Fawn turns her head to see her reflection in her mother's  
vanity. She makes a distorted face with her eyes rolling back  
in her head as if to symbolize her repressed boredom.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - WOODS - EVENING

Fawn sits on a tree stump a little ways off her trail and  
assembles her blow-dart gun.

He tears a piece of cloth from the inside tool of her casual day dress.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - WOODS - LATER

The setting sun in the background as Fawn target practices.

She shoots her darts, aiming for the piece of cloth she has pinned to a distant tree that stands about twenty yards away.

She retrieves the darts from the tree and locates the two she missed this round, which lie on the forest floor. With every one she handles, she's careful not to touch anywhere close to the tip, and places them into a protective black sack.

A PIERCING WHISTLE!

Fawn stops, did I hear? THE PIERCING WHISTLE A SECOND TIME!

In a panic, she begins stuffing her gear into the bodice of her dress as she rushes towards her trail.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn hurries up the back porch where her mother waits for her by the slider doors.

MOTHER

You're cutting it close, kid.

The mother looks up at the setting sun in a strange distrust. She shuts the glass slider doors behind her.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Fawn stands at her sink.

With the medicine cabinet removed from the wall, we see a man-made hole she's dug to store a small collection of (unregulated) plastic bottles of drugs, jarred chemicals and eye droppers/thermometers.

Wearing latex gloves, she uses a dropper to heavily douse the ends of her blow-darts with a light blue chemical extracted from one of the jars.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Fawn waits staring at the abandoned radio tower.

She removes her pocket-watch from her pocket, checks the time - it's a minute away from midnight.

FLASHES of light finally appear, Fawn begins jotting down notes in a small note-pad.

She opens one of the windows and continues to interpret the Morse code pouring in when she stops taking notes... stares up at the tower as if suddenly DISTURBED.

Her hair billows in the breeze leaking from the base's crack.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - STUDY - DAY

Fawn stands before her etiquette teacher yet again, no pole attached to her back this time, but now two books are balanced atop her head.

FAWN

A big fat hen. A couple of ducks,  
three brown bears, four running  
hairs, five facetious females, six  
simple Simons sitting on a stump,  
seven Sicilian sailors sailing the  
seven seas, eight egotistical  
egoists eagerly echoing  
ecclesiastical ecstasies, nine  
Nubian nudes nimbly nibbling gnats,  
nuggets and nicotine.

The teacher pauses a moment, letting Fawn take a breath before saying...

ETIQUETTE TEACHER

You looked away three times. Once  
to the left, twice down. Go again.

FAWN

... May I use the bathroom?

ETIQUETTE TEACHER

Quickly.

Fawn lets the books drop in her hand, sets them in her chair and takes off into the hallway.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FIRST FLOOR BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fawn locks the door behind her, removes her pocket-watch from her dress pocket, opens a small compartment and pours a pill (the ones the employer gave her) into her hand.



She pops it into her mouth and chases it with sink water.

She takes a DEEP, BRAVE BREATH before heading back out into her living hell on earth.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - KITCHEN - LATER

Fawn carries a white box labeled "LAB CORP" and headed towards the glass slider doors. The two youngest boys, Xavier and Conrad, nearly run her over as they're roughhousing.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

As Fawn crosses the backyard towards the estate's gazebo, she notices someone is already inside. She continues on despite.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GAZEBO - CONTINUOUS

Ivan is seated at one of the two wooden chairs, smoking a cigarette in the peace and quiet.

Fawn enters and begins unpacking her science lab kit on the table - burners, beakers, test tubes, racks, etc.

Neither say a word to one another nor acknowledge the other's presence - extreme tension.

Ivan rises and takes one last drag of his cigarette before purposefully blowing the smoke near her as he exits. He drops the fag in the middle of the gazebo floor.

As it's still lit and smoking, Fawn is forced to stomp on it.

Fawn watches Ivan head towards the house before shifting her attention back to her ten pound Alchemy textbook.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GAZEBO - LATER

Fawn pulls a waterproof tarp over her lab equipment - finished working for the day.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

It's another family dinner.

Fawn interacts with no one and only avoids eating her plate of food, pushing around peas with her fork to make it seem like she's eating.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - MASTER BATHROOM - LATER

Fawn sits on the closed toilet seat as her mother trims the dead-ends off her long, brown hair.

During this time, Fawn flips through a homemade pamphlet, featuring biographical information about a particular man (a suitor) who's name has yet to be identified - this is her mother's creative doing.

Flipping through the pages too quickly for her liking, the mother says...

MOTHER

You can't possibly read that fast.

FAWN

Yes, I can.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - HALLWAY - LATER

Fawn heads towards her bedroom, Phoebe follows close behind babbling about her dollhouse again.

PHOEBE

Can you? Please, Fawn. I want you  
to help pick the wallpaper. Please!

Fawn slams her bedroom door in her little sister's face. She throws a fit, yells an insult and stomps back up the hallway.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - CUPOLA - NIGHT

Fawn appears on edge as she takes notes on the incoming messages (FLASHING LIGHTS) from the radio tower.

She signals something back with her flashlight as she leans out the window, unnerved by whatever she's responding to.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Having removed her dress, Fawn only wears her silk slip as she assembles her dark work uniform for the night.

She stops... ears perk up like a dog - she hears something.

She picks up the pocket-watch that's been temporarily placed on her bed and checks the time - 12:29 a.m.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

A barefoot Fawn wanders the house - everyone seems to be asleep, tucked away into their bedrooms for the night, until she comes to a hallway where she spots a closet door open.

She approaches to find...

Emanuel is on the floor inside the closet polishing shoes in the dark all by himself. She kneels down, in a low whisper...

FAWN  
Hey there, little guy.

EMANUEL  
Hi. Hi.

FAWN  
What are you doing? Where daddy?

EMANUEL  
Clean it. No done. No clean.

Fawn puts her finger over her mouth, signalling "shh." He lifts up a shoe, Fawn puts it back down on the floor and helps him up onto his feet.

FAWN  
Okay, come on. Come here.

EMANUEL  
No daddy. Where daddy?

She wipes a smudge of wax off his arm, notices some holes in his shirt sleeve. His clothing is of poor quality.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Fawn guides Emanuel to the front door. Very quietly, she unlocks it and opens it for him.

EMANUEL  
Bye, bye.

He hugs her leg before he takes off down the front porch and towards the guesthouse. All of the windows are flickering with candles - how strange the groundskeeper is still up at this hour...?

As Fawn watches him go Fawn sees there are holes at the bottom of one of his shoes.

She removes a pill from the secret compartment from her pocket-watch and pops it into her mouth, swallowing it dry.

She quietly shuts the front door.

EXT. OBSCURE WOODS - LATER

Fawn rides her bike, garbed in her all black uniform, hoodie, bandana and all.

She emerges out onto a community street...

EXT. COMMUNITY - CONTINUOUS

Fawn glances down at her hand where the number "448" is written in ink. She scans the passing house numbers until she comes to house 448.

She stops and opens the mailbox, reaching inside to pull out a wooden box that's small enough to fit in her hoodie pocket.

She opens, checking the content inside - we cannot see what she sees. As she closes house 448's mailbox, she spots a hand in the window emerging out of the curtains. It waves to her - a sort of "glad you got it" gesture. She waves back before taking off up the street.

EXT. BUSINESS PARK - LATER

Fawn stands on the sidewalk away from the path of any glaring streetlights. She stares at the AUCTION HOUSE catty-corner to her, scoping out the area. No movement around its perimeter.

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn rounds the side of the building, tries opening a couple of the ground-level windows by her feet - they're all locked.

When she reaches the corner, she peeks her head around to see if anyone's in the back - emptiness apart from a squirrel running across a row of trash-cans.

Fawn examines the back wall of the building, locating a water drainage pipe stretching from the roof to the ground.

She jumps onto the dumpster and scales up the wall using only the pipe as a grip to pull herself up all the way to the rooftop - she does so with ease, her weight is easy to carry.

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Fawn goes to the rooftop's door and kneels on the ground so she's eye-level with the lock.

She removes several supplies from her fanny pack, including matches, a plastic container of an unknown liquid, a piece of cloth, a charcoal-like stone and a needle-sized metal rod.

She pours the liquid onto the cloth, wraps a small piece of the stone inside and shoves it into the door's keyhole with the needle-sized metal rod.

With a match, she lights the cloth on fire and covers her head in wait for the tiny EXPLOSION! The lock has been destroyed.

Fawn quickly gathers her supplies and hurries into the auction house.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fawn descends the steps into pitch blackness, lighting a match along the way to help guide her travels.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Fawn descends more stairwells and passes door after door labeled with office name plates until she finally comes to a door labeled "STORAGE UNIT."

She does the same routine, taking out all of the same supplies and BLOWING UP the lock in the door.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - STORAGE UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn moves through the aisles of antiques. The moonlight shinning through the ground-level windows her only light.

Set off in the back corner of the storage unit are a section of paintings propped up on easels. Fawn approaches each and examines them, lighting a match to get an even brighter view.

She locates the one she wants, checking for the artist's hidden signature within the painting itself.

Fawn blows out the match and removes the wooden box from her hoodie pocket. Inside is a bubble wrapped steel camera, two glass plates and a magnesium ribbon flash lamp.

She inserts one glass plate and backs into place. She lights the flash lamp with a match and holds it high in one hand before SNAPPING THE PHOTOGRAPH with the other - holds still for ten seconds after.

She wraps all of the content back into the wooden box.

Next, she removes her note-pad from her fanny pack and begins jotting down notes feverishly. Eyes inches away from the canvas, holding a lit match between her teeth, relighting another and another every half minute.

Fawn pauses, stands up straight... ears perk up like a deer - she's heard something. She collects her things and scurries off up an aisle, shimmying between two dressers pressed against one another - this space is so tight no one apart from a toddler could possibly fit.

FOOTSTEPS as the sound of heavy shoes enters.

A flashlight - Fawn can see it frantically sweeping through the storage unit.

THE SOUND OF A COP SPEAKING OVER A WALKIE-TALKIE, reporting back to whomever all that he sees as he moves down every aisle - Fawn goes undetected.

Once the cop has left and presumably called in for back-up judging by his rushed exit, Fawn shimmies back out of the dressers, crosses back over to the painting and finishes jotting down notes - shaking from a panicked hurriedness.

When finished, Fawn leaps on top of a nearby antique chair to reach for one of the ground level windows. She unlocks it and pulls herself out onto the street.

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn shuts the window behind her, hurries with her head down across the street and cuts through the parking lot of another business building.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn exits the treeline with her bicycle, which she had left hidden in the nearby woods, when she spots a well dressed MAN walking on the parallel sidewalk. She stops and stares impolitely, who could possibly be out at this late hour?

She crosses the street with her bicycle and heads right for the complete stranger, removing her intimidating bandana and lowering her hoodie.

The man stops walking as he sees her approaching. Now closer, we see that he's an older man and wearing a yarmulke.

MAN ON STREET

I don't have any cash on me.

FAWN

... Where are you coming from?

MAN ON STREET

I was praying at my Synagogue.

FAWN

What were you praying for?

MAN ON STREET

I believe that's to stay between me  
and my God, miss.

Fawn pauses before reaching into her hoodie's pocket and as she does the well dressed man flinches and backpedals. She pulls out the wooden box and sets it on the ground as she assembles the steel camera, inserting the second glass plate.

FAWN

Could you take a photograph?

MAN ON STREET

Of what?

FAWN

Of me.

The man hesitates, but accepts the steel camera.

FAWN (CONT'D)

It's this silver button. Hold it  
for a ten second minimum. You can't  
shake in the slightest.

Fawn backs away into the middle of the street and plays with her hair, trying to making herself more presentable.

MAN ON STREET

Tilt your chin up, miss. A little?

Fawn shakes her head - no. She stares down at the concrete as the FLASH GOES OFF, her hair blowing into her face in the light breeze at the last second.

In the background, the man notices blue and red flashing lights heading down the street a few blocks over. The faint sound of SIRENS!

Fawn doesn't notice this and crosses back to the man. She grabs her steel camera back, places it into the wooden box and takes off on her bicycle.

The man looks at the distant lights, back to Fawn - is there a connection?

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

This bedroom isn't really being used as a bedroom, but has been converted into a work space.

Fawn stands beside and ART FORGER who has only one hand.

THERE IS MOVEMENT DOWNSTAIRS, CONVERSATIONS IN CZECH.

On the table is the steel camera and the glass plate negative now developed from the use of cotton swabs and various cleaning substances.

The forger dusts off any grime with a dry paint brush.

Fawn and the art forger speak English as she reads off information from her note-pad. The art forger writes/sketches in his own personal sketchbook, while staring intensely at the glass plate negative.

ART FORGET

The blanket askew on the hillside?

FAWN

Navy blue.

With every answer (color) Fawn points to a specific swatch of paint in the book filled with paint colors.

ART FORGET

Nymph number three's hair?

FAWN

Auburn.

ART FORGET

The ribbon in her braid?

FAWN

A mustard-gold.



INT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - OFFICE - LATER

Fawn sits in a chair in front of his desk in patient waiting, fiddling with her pocket-watch, opening, closing and spinning the crown in the same rhythm of threes.

The CONVERSATION in the hallway fast approaches the office door - in enters the Employer waving off some of the employees away from the doorway as they bicker.

Appearing irritated, he says nothing to Fawn before entering into a closet. He comes back out with an envelope and hands it to her. She opens it and counts the cash inside.

ALL IS SPOKEN IN CZECH...

FAWN

I have to ask, a forger with a cleft hand?

THE EMPLOYER

You don't know his credentials. I do. And you of all people should know how disability can sharpen other dexterities. Show yourself the door. You can't be around for this next meeting.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

As Fawn approaches the door an EMPLOYEE rushes up behind her.

AN EMPLOYEE

Hey. The second plate.

FAWN

Do you like playing a game of fetch with him?

AN EMPLOYEE

Just hand it here, bitch.

FAWN

I destroyed it. I fucked up the first shot. Good preparedness, boys, supplying a spare.

And with that, Fawn exits with a conniving smirk.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - WOODS - LATER

Fawn sets her bike down a good ways away from the treeline.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

As Fawn heads for the house, she stops to stare at the guesthouse. No candles flicker in the windows anymore.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fawn circles the guesthouse, curious. All curtains are indeed blocking view of the inside. She does not force entry like she very well could.

At the front and only door, Fawn removes the Employer's envelope from her hoodie pocket. She takes half of the cash and pockets it before sliding the rest, still in the envelope, underneath the door - a charitable donation.

She heads for the house.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

At Fawn's desk, she removes the second negative glass plate and transfers it from the bubble wrap to a silk cloth. She wraps it with gentle care, opens her desk drawer.

She removes a few small items from the drawer in order to lift the false bottom. Here, she sets the wrapped glass negative inside for safe keeping.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The mother roughly shakes Fawn out of her deep, ugly sleep.

MOTHER

Up. Up. Now. Come on.

Her tailored floral dress hangs over on her bedroom door.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Fawn sits at the mother's vanity in a dead silence as she gets her gaudy make-up done.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FOYER - DAY

Fawn and her mother wait at the bottom of the grand staircase. Fawn is wearing the perfectly tailored dress. She appears VERY TIRED, trying her best to conceal her yawning.

Through the windows on both sides of the front door, Fawn sees her father speaking to a young man as he's just arrived and parked his car. This is WILLIAM SHEFFIELD (28), a very handsome young man at around six-feet tall.

The two enter the foyer and just as the father begins to shut the door behind him, he gestures outside to Angelo who's close by watering plants.

FATHER

Take his coat, please.

Angelo clumsily hurries inside and takes William's hat and coat. He disappears down the hallway to hang it up in a closet. He smiles at Fawn along the way.

FATHER (CONT'D)

And has he received the riding gloves yet? They're custom made by our tanner. I could only guess that our hands were of a similar size.

WILLIAM

He has, and already put them to good use.

FATHER

Wonderful. And here we are.

William turns his attention to the mother first, taking her hand and planting a kiss on top.

WILLIAM

Mrs. Breckenridge.

MOTHER

Hello, William. I hope the trip wasn't too long.

Fawn conceals another yawn.

WILLIAM

Oh, but what does it matter? No trek, no matter how long, how arduous, even if the streets were overrun by bandits and marauders, could it keep me away from the knee weakening beauty of the Breckenridge estate.

As the mother giggles in delight by his charm. William moves to Fawn.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
And good morrow to you, Ms. Fawn.

He stares into her eyes as he kisses her the top of her hand.

FATHER  
The study is equipped with finger  
foods and freshly brewed tea.

WILLIAM  
Shall we head on down to more  
private quarters?

He looks to Fawn, but the father intervenes.

FATHER  
Angelo, why don't you show them to  
the drawing room?

Angelo has stood awkwardly half inside the foyer, half inside  
the hallway not wanting to interrupt the introduction in  
order to get back outside.

He nods, Fawn and William follow him up the hallway.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angelo opens the door. Fawn enters first and William second.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DRAWING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn and William sit in opposing bergere chairs where a small  
table of treats and tea has been set up for them.

The SOOTHING SOUND of the tea as he pours it into a teacup.

WILLIAM  
I admire coy women. Not trying to  
be something they aren't. Not  
fancying attention for themselves.

He passes the cup of tea to Fawn, she nods in gratitude.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
Now, I do hope your nerves don't  
prevent you from opening up to me.

FAWN  
I've only ever been nervous twice  
in my life.

WILLIAM

Oh yeah? And when was this?

He sips from his own cup of tea.

FAWN

Well, I can't tell you about either time. It involves things and people I can't speak about, so...

He pauses, thinking she's being flirtatious - she's not. He awkwardly laughs to fill the silence.

WILLIAM

So a little about myself. My father immigrated here from Winnipeg through Pier twenty-one when he was just seventeen and by twenty he met and bought stock from two brother you may have heard of by the names Johnson and Johnson.

FAWN

None of that was about yourself. It was all about your father.

She says this with no animus, genuinely confused. He's annoyed by her interruption.

WILLIAM

I wasn't quite finished, Ms. Fawn.

FAWN

I know of all this already. You see, my mother creates these pamphlets for me to read-up about each of my potential suitors. A self-taught biographer, she is.

William bites his tongue, leans forward and pours himself some more tea - the sound again, so SOOTHING. Fawn's eyes do dippy-birds as she sinks lower into her seat and conceals another yawn.

WILLIAM

Now, Ms. Fawn, if you would mind not speaking over me again.

Fawn nods, sips her tea.

FAWN

Do forgive me.

After a beat of staring at her to assert his power, William reaches for the teacup saucer left on the table.

WILLIAM

Wow, twenty-two carrot gold  
banning.

He sets it back down, impressed with its rarity and worth.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

As I was saying before...

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The mother sits on the couch crocheting, Xavier lays across another couch across the room reading.

FOOTSTEPS come from nearby - somewhat abrupt - causing both him and the mother to look up.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The mother rushes up the hallway to see the front door is wide open and William's car is headed up the driveway.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The mother approaches the drawing room doorway to see...

MOTHER

Fawn? Fawn...

FAWN IS DEAD ASLEEP IN HER CHAIR, head rolled over to the side. The teacup in her hand has tipped over in her lap and is spilling down her dress, forming a puddle on the floor.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FATHER'S OFFICE - LATER

Fawn is bent over the side of an arm chair with her bare ass high in the air - dress flipped over her back, panties on the ground. The father BEATS HER ON THE ASS with a wooden paddle!

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn slowly ascends a staircase, holding onto the railing for dear life as she exhales in pain with every step she takes.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn closes the door behind her and immediately looks down to see a note has been slid under her door.

She bends over and picks it up. Reads: "Thank you, Ms. Fawn, I will be saving it for special time or if I ever have a emergency. From Angelo & Emanuel." Fawn smiles to herself.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bath water is running as Fawn undresses and slowly submerges her blistered bottom. She cringes in pain for a moment. Once relaxed, she grabs a bottle of Epsom salt off the floor and sprinkles it inside.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - PHOEBE'S BEDROOM - DAY

A MULTITUDE OF CONVERSATIONS CAN BE HEARD FROM LOWER FLOORS.

Fawn hunches over beside Phoebe and plays with her grand dollhouse - she's unable to sit down because of her blisters.

Phoebe excitedly rambles on about why she has each room decorated the way she does. Fawn reaches into the dollhouse's living room on the first floor and closes one of the open windows.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

A daytime social event of young people (the sibling's friends). They migrate all through the house, served by a staff of butlers.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GAZEBO - LATER

Fawn works on her summer project at her homemade laboratory.

One of her beakers is on a burner. After adding a few drops from a dropper, the content inside begins separating.

As she's adjusts the dial slightly higher, she looks up to see some of the boys outside are staring at her - Ivan and two of his FRIENDS, both friends smoke cigarettes coolly.

They soon head her way. She NEVER looks up from her work again, even when replying to their questions.

FRIEND #1

Baby Fawn, what cha' cooking good looking?

FAWN

... I don't know who you are.

FRIEND #1

Wait, are you serious? We met years ago. I've known you for years.

FAWN

I'm practicing the alchemic process of distillation. Today's liquid is white vinegar. What do you want?

IVAN

We were just taking a stroll and thought we'd stop by. Something wrong with that?

FAWN

No, you deliberately walked across the yard about thirty feet to stand where you are now - right in front of me. There was no happenstance at all.

FRIEND #1

Where did you get all this stuff?

FRIEND #2

You're making us look lazy over here, relaxing like underachievers.

FAWN

I'd be careful getting any closer some of this is flammable.

The smokers back up a little. The boys toss their fags and enter into the gazebo.

FRIEND #1

(mispronounces)

So, what is distilling-ation again?

FAWN

Scientifically, it's the separation of components in any given substance. But magically, it's about capturing the purest spirit of said substance - purification.

(MORE)



FAWN (CONT'D)

Think of it like the rain cycle,  
water rising from earth up to the  
heavens only to come back down  
again. As above, so below.

Friend #2 grabs her textbook.

FRIEND #1

That's a lot of God damn paperwork.

FAWN

Well, I also have to create an  
medical remedy or ointment. That's  
part two.

IVAN

Thought of what it'll be yet? You  
open to any suggestions?

The boys begin toying with her equipment.

FRIEND #1

Oh, got it. Make something for  
tooth-pain. I bit into a peach-pit  
the other day. My molar's been  
throbbing ever since.

FRIEND #2

Hell, just cure polio.

IVAN

Ever heard of something called  
"chastity pimples," Fawn-y-girl? I  
think that's the advertising slogan  
these days, right boys?

Ivan pokes to an area of her chin where she has mild acne.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Just a suggestion. One you could  
personally benefit from.

The boys laugh at her, and exit the gazebo still in a fit of  
laughter. Fawn finally looks up at them and stares DARKLY.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GAZEBO - EVENING

Fawn pulls the tarp over her lab station and exits the gazebo  
with one Alchemy text book.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The party is finally dying, only a few people remain outside.

Fawn spots Angelo chopping wood at the wood piling near the guesthouse. His physical build is not muscular enough to cut through each piece of wood with only one swing - his struggle is almost comical as he nearly falls over several times.

Fawn changes her course and heads his way.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Fawn stops a few feet from him and waits for him to notice her. He stops, and as if embarrassed, wipes his sweat away with his sleeve.

ANGELO

Hello.

She sees his hands are cut up and partially bleeding, he hides them quickly as if ashamed.

FAWN

You can take off for the rest of the night.

ANGELO

Oh. Okay.

FAWN

I'll walk you back.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn and Angelo walk across the driveway in an awkward silence when Fawn stops... she stares up the driveway as if she's just seen something.

She starts walking up the driveway (towards the road), Angelo stays behind, watching in confusion.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

There are a pile of six stacked stones - Fawn counts them - in the grass to the left of the driveway. They look sorely out of place.

Fawn stands back up from kneeling and looks all around her as if paranoid. She spots Angelo waiting in the distance, quickly heads back down the driveway towards him.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GUESTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn hovers over Angelo's shoulder as he unlocks the guesthouse with his key.

Feeling forced to ask...

ANGELO

Want to go inside?

Fawn nods, he holds the door open for her.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fawn wanders around the barren one-room house composed of minimal furniture: a table, one bed, kitchen essentials and a secretary desk where Emanuel currently sits and studies flash cards. He waves to Fawn excitedly, she smiles back at him.

FAWN

How long are you planning on staying? It doesn't look like you've done much nesting...

ANGELO

Uh, as long as you have us. We are very grateful. Out of work we were for many-- for long time.

Fawn locates the only decorative article, the only personal touch that's been added - a framed handwritten biblical quote in Spanish. She pokes the frame with her finger, it sways.

ANGELO (CONT'D)

It speaks of redemp-- the redemptive part of suffering. What is pre-- predestined for a select few here on this earth. Conform, they will, to the image of his son, Jesus Christ.

FAWN

Second languages are hard.

He nods in agreement knowing he mispronounced many of the words he just spoke. He heads over to the sink to rinse off his bloodied hands.

FAWN (CONT'D)

And the scratches on the ceiling...?

ANGELO  
Sea-- ceiling?

She points to the ceiling, he now understands what it means.

ANGELO (CONT'D)  
Oh! Were there maybe before?

FAWN  
I don't remember them being there.

Emanuel holds up a vocabulary card and waves it in the air - this is code for "I need help!" Angelo goes to Emanuel and helps him read the vocabulary word.

FAWN (CONT'D)  
By the way, I don't actually have  
any authority in ending your  
shifts, so...

And with that, she exits awkwardly.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FATHER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn knocks on the door. Through the glass she can see her father is sitting at his desk, gesturing for her to come in.

FAWN  
Do you have a list of everyone who  
came today?

FATHER  
No, honey. It wasn't a gala.  
They're all your brothers friends.

He looks back down at his work, dismissing Fawn.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

To the light of an oil lamp, Fawn has set up a station at her desk consisting of cotton swabs, a dry paint brush, bottled clear cleaner and paper towels.

She places the glass plate negative on a paper towel and begins wiping away the dust particles that it has collected in its dormancy.

Fawn pours the cleaner onto a cotton swab and begins gently scrubbing away the blackness, revealing the image underneath...

Not surprisingly, it depicts her standing in the middle of the street. Wearing her all black uniform, she almost blends in with her background. Hair strewn across her face. Head staring down at the ground - she appears extremely unhappy.

Fawn leans back in her chair and stares at the image of herself, having yet to scrub away about half of the black.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - CUPOLA - LATER

Fawn leans against one of the walls, waiting for the incoming flashes of light.

As they pour in, she opens one of the windows - her usual routine - but this time her lip rises ever so slightly in sheer disgust at whatever it is she's interpreting.

She SLAMS the window shut, descends the cupola's staircase.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fawn removes the toe kick from the bottom of her dresser, grabs the flashlight off the hidden shelf along with another contraption from her fanny pack.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - CUPOLA - MOMENTS LATER

Hanging half out the window, Fawn sends a message back as she holds small binoculars to one of her eyes (it's only made for one eye).

Fawn's POV: A closer look at whomever is standing on the top ledge of the radio tower. It's ONE MAN, but no features can be made out. It's far too dark and he's too far away.

Fawn steps back inside, lowers the binoculars and watches the reply to her message flood in.

She takes quick notes. CLOSE ON the note-pad - it's an address.

EXT. OBSCURE WOODS - LATER

Fawn rides her bicycle through the trees - standing up, not sitting on the seat. She's not wearing her all black uniform, but dressed in her normal day dress.

She stops for a moment and unfolds a map in her pocket, making sure she's headed in the right direction.

EXT. MILTON'S TAVERN - WOODS - LATER

Fawn tosses her bicycle on the ground and heads towards the shining lights and youthful laughter beyond the treeline.

EXT. MILTON'S TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn walks through the parking lot - many of the cars are parked in the grass - and towards the rowdy SPEAKEASY flooded with YOUNG INEBRIATED PEOPLE. This is a remote location as it's also an illegal location.

Fawn scans the crowd of people outside - she knows what it is she's looking for. Her anxious tick emerges - with her pocket-watch out, she opens, closes and spins its crown to the usual rhythm in threes.

She enters the tavern.

INT. MILTON'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC plays, youths dance and drink.

Fawn goes and sits at the bar among mostly men. She orders a drink and immediately pays in cash, leaving a hefty tip.

None of the nearby men pay her any attention. She looks very awkward and unassuming compared to the prettier, more lively and scantily clothed women surrounding her.

Fawn sips her drink and again... scans the crowd.

Out of the corner of her eye, Fawn spots A FEW FLASHES OF LIGHT! She looks over out of a window to see a car parked near the back of the tavern - these are from its headlights.

The same flashes again - this is a short message in Morse code. Fawn jumps to her feet, chugs down the rest of her drink and rushes for the exit.

EXT. MILTON'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Fawn slowly approaches TWO MEN hanging out calmly by their car, smoking cigarettes with two BEAUTIFUL WOMAN - one is named CYNTHIA SHEPARD (23). They are all drunk, but the women more so than the men - they will ramble nonsense amongst themselves throughout this entire scene.

TELEGRAPHER

Oh, no. It can't be. You're the legendary Fawn. Say it ain't so.

(MORE)

TELEGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Glad we can meet face to face. You want a smoke?

He extends his pack out, Fawn doesn't move.

DRUNK GIRL

You two old flames or somethin'?

TELEGRAPHER

Nah. Same line of work. I recently even requested a transfer so I could work closer to her. I was in a... different branch lets say.

CYNTHIA

Wait, did you go to St. Margaret's middle? Oh, shit. Fawn? Like Fawn Breckenridge?

The girls start laughing about how weird she was as a child.

FAWN

(in Czech, ignoring her)  
Stop referring to me as the "gaping mouthed whore." And sorry to break it to you, but I could give a shit about your dick size.

The girls react to this language switch in shock.

TELEGRAPHER

It's a joke. Shit. It's all just a joke, okay?

FAWN

(in Czech)  
Who even are you? I've never had a problem like this with any of the other telegraphers.

DRUNK GIRL

Uh, what the hell is she saying?

FAWN

(in Czech)  
Just send me the information I need from now on and stop being a creep.

As Fawn begins to turn away...

CYNTHIA

Seriously like, is this pig Latin?

TELEGRAPHER

Whoa, whoa, wait up. Hold on.

He turns towards his friends the girls - back to English...

TELEGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Guys, do you know what we can all agree on? Can you guess what it is? No? It's that we ALL hate fags.

He wraps his arm around Cynthia's neck as they all start following his lead in laughing - peer pressure.

TELEGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Everyone hates fags. My dad, your uncle, but what everyone does love is a pair of lezbos. Right boys?

The boys agree with him, while the girls both roll their eyes and detest - where did that even come from?

TELEGRAPHER (CONT'D)

A pair of lesbians, who can hate that? Sensual, kind, no poking or prodding included.

His mood has changed - no longer laughing. He grabs onto the other girl and now holds them both under his arms tightly.

TELEGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Fawn, by chance do you recognize the name Lillian Yelcovitch?

Fawn's face drops - this name must mean something to her.

TELEGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Because I... I'm Bennett Yelcovitch.

Fawn rubs her mouth and exhales in disbelief, cusses. At this point, she notices another MAN staring out of the window from the driver's seat.

FAWN

(to self, under breath)

You? What are the God damn odds?

(to him)

What, are you her brother?

TELEGRAPHER

You know, next year would have been her senior year. Could you maybe guess why she won't be returning?



The girls start to whine about how tightly he's holding them, asking him to let go. The other men stand idle, unfazed.

FAWN

You falling into the line of fire  
isn't my problem. It's a business.

TELEGRAPHER

Yeah, it's only ever business  
depending on who you ask.

FAWN

(in Czech)

Your sister's the one that eats  
dirty pussy. I mean, what kind of  
low-lives raised her?

TELEGRAPHER

She's been assaulted twice -  
hospitalized since the names were  
released.

The one drunk girl escapes his grip and runs off SCREAMING!

TELEGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Shit! She's so special a Klansman  
even targeted her. Did you know  
they have a hit-list? I didn't.

He starts spinning around and LAUGHING hysterically, still  
gripping Cynthia and forcibly kissing her cheek.

TELEGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Yeah, she'll do.

Fawn steps forward, seeing where this is going.

TELEGRAPHER (CONT'D)

But hey, I'm just here exercising  
my sexual right like everyone else.  
(quiet, re: friends)  
Get the car.

The friend snaps his fingers to the man inside the car. He  
starts the engine, REVS IT!

The struggle escalates as Bennett drags a flailing armed  
Cynthia towards the car. Fawn sprints over to help, but fails  
- Cynthia is shoved into the backseat.

Plan B: Fawn leaps over the hood, opens the passenger side  
door, which they forgot to lock, and jumps inside.

The car takes off up the road with Fawn in it and the passenger side door bouncing open and closed.

INT. TELEGRAPHER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

FAWN BEATS THE EVER-LOVING SHIT OUT OF THE MAN IN THE PASSENGER SEAT, quickly bloodying his nose. She tries reaching for the wheel to crash the car, but the men quickly and collectively overpowers her...

EXT. MILTON'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

As the zigzagging car speeds up the country road, Fawn's body is tossed out of it and rolls around the dirt like a weightless tumbleweed.

Bennett rises out of the sunroof to yell out...

TELEGRAPHER  
We'll be thinkin' of you!

Once they disappear, SHE SCREAMS!

She starts to notice people are beginning to gather outside near where their car was originally parked, looking on at the noise and madness in both worry and intrigue.

Fawn panics and runs into the nearest treeline in an effort not to be seen by any of the growing number of bystanders.

EXT. MILTON'S TAVERN - WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Fawn locates her bicycle and takes off riding - already out of breath from shock.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - LATER

Fawn crawls out of the vent and immediately runs a bath before going to the mirror to assess her physical damage.

There are some scratches on her neck and cheek and a large bleeding scrape running down her entire left arm from tumbling around on the dirt road.

She dabs away the blood with sink water.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bay windows are cracked open to let in a breeze.

Fawn has stripped herself of her clothing and the bandages around her blistered bottom - her frailness isn't easy on the eyes, her ribs protrude out from her flesh.

She lowers herself into the bathtub and takes a moment to stare out the bay windows - a view of the guesthouse, dark, motionless. Finally, she submerges herself underwater.

UNDERWATER - Fawn's eyes remain closed, relaxing, escaping.

Outside the bathtub... the rustling curtains in the breeze, what looks like an empty clawfoot bathtub and an opened bottle of Epsom salt.

THEN... a foggy BLACK MASS BEGINS MANIFESTING out of thin air over the bathtub, growing in size and darkening in color.

It VANISHES with the arrival of a strong gust of wind.

Fawn's finally flies up out of the water, coughing and spitting up inhaled water over the side of the bathtub.

She frantically looks around the bathroom in search of whatever it was she saw hovering over her body moments ago.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Fawn quickly pops a pill in her mouth, chases it down with sink water. In the mirror's reflection, she looks behind her - no one. She turns around anyway for further confirmation.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A dressed up Fawn sits at the vanity and flips through a NEW PAMPHLET while her mother french braids her hair.

MOTHER

And how's your backside?

FAWN

Fine. Just dandy.

A long pause. Fawn begins to chew on a stray strip of her hair, her mother quickly yanks it out of her mouth.

MOTHER

I want you to know it's never something we take joy in doing. The doctors - all of them - have informed us that children of your condition respond best to physical punishment.

FAWN

Well... if the doctor's say so...

She yanks at the hair in her hand extra hard, Fawn flinches.

MOTHER

We'll be doing most of the talking  
this time.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DRAWING ROOM - LATER

Fawn sits - on the edge of her seat - with both of her parents and DOMINIC WEBSTER THE THIRD (27), a good looking British native. A small table of finger foods and cups of tea have been assembled just like before.

DOMONIC

Yes, in total, and that's with the  
tax write-offs.

FATHER

Sound investment. Expand while  
you're still young before you've  
started a family. And the location?

DOMONIC

Right outside of Plymouth. We've  
finalized the layout and demolition  
is set to begin on the 18th.

Dominic looks over to Fawn seeming concerned with her silence and lack of involvement. They make eye-contact, but she simply smiles and nods as if afraid to speak.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FOYER - LATER

Farewells are exchanged. Domonic goes to Fawn last and kissing the top of her hand modestly - he's a kind soul.

DOMONIC

Until we meet again, Ms. Fawn.  
(whispers)  
And maybe next time in a more  
private setting.

Dominic smiles at Fawn before Angelo hands over his hat and coat, having been temporarily turned into the doorman.

The father escorts Dominic out.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

The family eats dinner.

Fawn is completely zoned out of the conversations, Phoebe gently nudges her leg under the table.

PHOEBE  
(whispers)  
Eat something.

Fawn turns around to see that drizzling rain has begun to beat down against the windows behind her.

FAWN  
(under breath)  
Shit.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - KITCHEN - LATER

Fawn stands by the glass slider doors with her mother. Outside, a storm brews and two of the brothers, Julius and Edvard rescue Fawn's lab equipment from the powerful winds.

It's strange how Fawn is not allowed outside to help them. When Edvard drops one of the items as he ascends the back porch steps, Fawn attempts to go out to help him, but her mother grabs her arm harshly.

FAWN  
Really? I can't walk ten feet?

She obeys her mother's silent orders to stay inside.

The two boys wipe off their shoes on a towel that's been placed on the floor like a doormat.

MOTHER  
In the spare bedroom. Take it there  
for the night.

EDVARD  
Which one?

MOTHER  
The one being repainted.

Fawn follows the boys as they head into the hallway. Immaturely, they shake their hair like wet dogs so it sprays all over one another.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fawn has set up her lab equipment on the floor of the empty spare room. The walls have been freshly painted, the tape lining the trim has been left up.

The moonlight is her only light source as she writes in a notebook and frequently crumbles up papers and tosses them around the room in frustration - writer's block of some kind.

By chance, Fawn happens to look up and see Angelo and Emanuel walking across the lawn in the pouring rain.

Fawn rushes over to the window, opens it - WHISTLES WITH HER FINGERS PRESSED TO HER TONGUE!

Angelo stops, sees her. He gestures for Emanuel to go on without him. Emanuel runs along towards the guesthouse as Angelo jogs over to the window. He stands under the awning to keep himself dry.

ANGELO

Yes, Ms. Fawn?

She pauses as if not really having anything to ask.

FAWN

I, uh, I don't really know why I called you over, but...

(beat)

What did you think of the man that came over today?

ANGELO

I had thought he seem very nice...?

FAWN

He was nice, yes.

ANGELO

Then why the sad look on face?

He gestures to his own face.

FAWN

Because I need a good enough excuse to get out of it.

ANGELO

Well... I saw his cheeks, they get red when he kiss your hand.

FAWN

Sure. If they blush, it's not at me, but at my father's wealth.

ANGELO

Ms. Fawn, I do not mean to, uh-- I better go to Emanuel. He need me.

FAWN

Does he like it here?

Angelo has started to backup, but stopped upon hearing Fawn's question - she doesn't understand social cues.

ANGELO

Emanuel? Yes, this is home for him. He is good. Happy boy. Only little trouble with him falling to sleep.

FAWN

... He has insomnia?

ANGELO

Oh, I do not know that word-- that last word. In-so-som-i-a?

FAWN

Good night.

Fawn closes the window in his face, scurries over to her notebook. She quickly scribbles down notes - inspired!

ANGELO

Good-- good night then, Ms. Fawn!

Angelo yells through the window before walking off.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - CUPOLA - LATER

Fawn waits patiently with a fearful glaze in her eyes for her messages to come. She takes out her pocket-watch and checks the time - 12:03 a.m.

Her hair flails around from the wind seeping through the crack in the base of the cupola.

MORSE CODE COMES IN - she opens the window in front of her.

EXT. OBSCURE WOODS - LATER

In her all black uniform, Fawn rides her bicycle, but stops after catching sight of a car parked with its headlights off a little ways up the dirt road she's about to cross.

Its lights turn on, and with that, Fawn turns and rides away.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn sets her bike against her designated tree, but cautiously looks around - worried about possibly being followed.

THE TRAIN WHISTLES UP AHEAD!

She heads out into the clearing.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - OFFICE - LATER

Fawn sits before the Employer, reading through documents.

THE EMPLOYER

It's a unique one... like I said.

The Employer lights a cigarette.

THE EMPLOYER (CONT'D)

The other half of Frau Troffea's descendents are in Grafton, Vermont. Population less than two-hundred. We'll see how it goes tonight and take it from there.

FAWN

... You seriously have me house hopping suburbia for something worn by a four-hundred year old nut-job?

THE EMPLOYER

A nut-job who led a very famous event in morbid collector history - The Dancing Plague of 1518.

Fawn just stares - blank, deadpan.

THE EMPLOYER (CONT'D)

You should be so thankful that Jews don't like to disperse from each other. One community. That's it.



FAWN

What's you're prerogative with me anymore? I don't get it. This is something I could have done four, five, six years ago.

THE EMPLOYER

Oh, Fawn. Now, tell me you're not going to bring up your FEELINGS.

FAWN

Why bother to groom me then? When the time's right the time is right--

THE EMPLOYER

No, the time is not right. And I didn't groom you, darling, you CAME to me groomed. You just needed the structure. You've been destined to be a silent threat since whatever creator floating above the nimbostratus commanded which of daddy's spermatooids was going to face plant first into one of your mommy's ova, and you damn well know it.

FAWN

I'm fucking tired, okay? I'm not moving backwards. I don't care what the pay is.

He gestures for her to give her his hand. She hesitates, but eventually gives in. He immediately pulls her halfway across the desk and puts his lit cigarette out in the palm of her hand.

The documents spill all over the floor.

SHE YELLS OUT in a moment of brief pain!

THE EMPLOYER

There's a legend surrounding the gown, a superstition. Whomever puts it on with the intent of mockery will go paralyzed in both legs in a matter of days, unable to ever dance, to ever boogie again.

He lets go of her, she falls back into her seat. He rises from his, laughing hysterically at his own joke.

THE EMPLOYER (CONT'D)  
Oh, baby Fawn, I've been in this  
for forty years. That's more than  
double your pubescent lifespan.

He rounds the table, grabs her by the neck and lifts her to her feet. He holds her almost romantically, forcing her to stare into his eyes.

THE EMPLOYER (CONT'D)  
But go forth and fuck up. Please  
See what happens. Because this is  
not the real world, Fawny-girl.  
Here, you don't get the opportunity  
to learn from your mistakes. The  
cost of failure is much greater.

He kisses her on the mouth and throws her into the wall.

THE EMPLOYER (CONT'D)  
The car's waiting for you out  
front, you entitled brat.

EXT. THE EMPLOYER'S STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn goes to the parked car beside a fire hydrant, jumps in.

An employee is in the driver's seat, casually waiting for her as he smokes a cigarette.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn removes pills from a compartment in her pocket-watch, swallows them dry. She ties her bandana back over her mouth.

EXT. JEWISH COMMUNITY - LATER

Fawn exits the employer's car, which has turned off its headlights to better remain undetected, and heads up the sidewalk of this posh predominately Jewish suburbia.

Written on her hand are the numbers 219, 243, 225, 250.

INT. HOUSES 219, 243 & 225 - LATER

A MONTAGE of Fawn breaking into each house-- 219 by breaking the rusted lock off the basement doors using a pair of small pliers she fishes out of her fanny pack. 225 by climbing in through an open bedroom window on the first floor. 243 by picking the lock of a porch door with a needle-sized rod.

Throughout all three houses, Fawn moves throughout each room and hallways checking every closet and dresser - doing so in near COMPLETE SILENCE while each family member is asleep.

She's so underweight that her footfall makes nearly no noise!

She stands over the sleeping husband and wife of house 243, staring transfixed, head tilts - very creepy.

Moments later in the house 243's kitchen, Fawn removes a carton of milk from the refrigerator and drinks from it.

EXT. HOUSE 250 - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn does the same routine as she did with the last house where she picks the back door lock with the needle-sized rod. When she opens it, it makes a HIGH PITCH SQUEAKING NOISE!

Fawn immediately reaches into her fanny pack and pulls out a container of a clear liquid, which she quickly douses the door's hinges with.

She waits a beat before pushing the door open again - no more squeaking.

INT. HOUSE 250 - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn searches every nook and cranny as the family sleeps.

As she walks through the upstairs hallway, she notices a string hanging from the ceiling - this is the attic, which she nearly didn't notice.

On her tiptoes, she grabs the string and opens the attic door. Once she attempts to pull down the ladder, CRACKING from the metal legs bending. She freezes, sets it back in place.

Fawn jumps up, gripping onto the attic floor above with her bare hands and pulling her entire body up into the attic.

INT. HOUSE 250 - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Once having risen to her feet Fawn is startled to see...

A YOUNG BOY between the ages of 10-12 is chained to a radiator and sitting on top of a dirty mattress. He's obviously mentally retarded and has been hidden away by the family. He only wears a pair of stained, damp boxers with a diaper underneath.

There are food and water bowls within reach as if he's a dog.

His face lights up at the sight of her, drooling. He MURMURS to himself, having no motor skills or concept of language.

Fawn looks around the rest of the attic to see some storage boxes. She starts rooting through them until she notices a small door in the back wall.

She opens this small door, hunches down to climb inside. After retrieving a match from her fanny pack, she lights it and places it between her teeth as she searches the tiny room to find a chest - a family crest is engraved on the front.

Fawn removes all of the decor on top and opens the chest.

Inside are dozens of family heirlooms: baby slippers, scrapbooks, framed diplomas and... a silk box. Fawn opens this silk box to reveal a folded dress - this is THE PLAGUE DRESS. The inside lid has a portion of a tattered label written in another language - authentication.

Fawn places everything back in the chest, including the now EMPTY silk box, and places the decor back on top.

INT. HOUSE 250 - ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn stands before the young boy holding the dress.

Fawn begins undressing in front of him, gently shimmying into the plague dress - a near priceless artifact. It's far too big on her and is forced to hold it up herself. She straps her fanny pack around her hips.

Fawn crosses slowly to the young boy who smiles brighter and brighter the closer she comes - innocent.

She bends down and kisses him on the cheek. He reaches his hand out and gives her a large brown button, which he most likely ripped off the side of the mattress.

He holds her hand for a moment before letting go.

INT. HOUSE 250 - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn descends the second floor staircase to see one of the DAUGHTERS (6) has awoken. She stands in the threshold of her bedroom, rubbing her eyes, hardly even aware of Fawn.

Before the little girl has a chance to scream, Fawn removes the blow dart from her fanny pack and shoots the little girl in the shoulder. She falls immediately - out cold.

Fawn finishes her descent, grabs the little girl off the ground, carries her back into her bedroom, drops her in bed, rips the dart HARSHLY from her shoulder, unlocks her bedroom window and leaps outside.

EXT. JEWISH COMMUNITY - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn walks up the sidewalk wearing the plague dress. She's lost in thought, in no rush to get back to the car.

She stops in front of one house when she sees an OLD MAN (80) sitting on his rocking chair on the front porch as he smokes a pipe. He's unmoved by Fawn's presence.

OLD MAN

Top of the morning to ya.

FAWN

... Does this make me look fat?

OLD MAN

Top of the morning to ya.

It's at this point she concludes that he's delusional - probably Alzheimer's - and keeps walking up the sidewalk.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Fawn unlocks the false step on the cupola's staircase. She opens the safe and places her newest brick of cash inside.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn lowers her frail, nude body into the running bathtub.

The early morning is nigh as the sun begins to seep over the treetops beyond the bay windows.

Fawn repeatedly rubs water on her face.

In the far back corner of the bathroom, the same BLACK FOGGY MASS as before manifests. Fawn does not see what looms behind her. Her face slowly falls into her kneecaps - body giving way to a depressive slump.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - BACKYARD - EARLY MORNING

Fawn heads toward the treeline containing the trails.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Fawn stops walking upon seeing Angelo up ahead sweeping fallen debris and branches off her trail. She continues on after taking a beat to stare at him in a sort of annoyance.

As she passes by, his face lights up. He stops to wave.

ANGELO  
Good morning.

Fawn only smiles, but soon stops and turns back to Angelo.

FAWN  
You're awfully young to have a son  
as old as you do.

Angelo stops and looks to her.

ANGELO  
Son? Oh, no. Emanuel is not my son.

FAWN  
... What?

ANGELO  
No, I never say he is. People a lot  
of time think I am his father, so I  
let them think so. It is easier.

FAWN  
Then what the hell is he to you?

Angelo laughs awkwardly.

ANGELO  
I find him in our country. He was  
selling fruits, chocolate candies,  
other goods on street. I've come to  
meet many children like him who is  
used by gangs to try to get money  
from people. He did not belong  
there. His heart is too good. I  
take him away.

FAWN  
Where's his mother?

ANGELO  
His mother probably prostitute and  
left him. It is very common in our  
country. Or she died of infection.

FAWN  
(baffled)  
... How did you even find this  
place?

Again, Angelo awkwardly laughs.

ANGELO  
We come for better life-- to  
America. We walk many mile together  
to get here.

FAWN  
You didn't take some kind of  
boat... from Guatemala to Boston?

Fawn stares at him for another moment - skeptical - before  
continuing up the trail.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn has dug up her tin box and placed the button the  
retarded boy gave her into a plastic bag. She writes in  
marker - "July 28th 1927, touched by the hands of innocence."

She places it inside the tin box, begins burial.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn heads up the staircase when her mother exits her  
father's office, halting a conversation she's in the middle  
of with her husband.

MOTHER  
Fawn, honey!

Fawn stops. She enters back into the father's office for a  
split second and comes back out with a letter in hand.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Probably just information about  
move in day. They're a little  
early, but...

Fawn descends, takes the letter - it's from her college.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
You're going to get ready, right?  
It's already half past nine.

FAWN  
Yes, mother.

Fawn ascends the staircase and rips open the letter.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn enter and grabs the perfectly ironed floral, formal dress hanging on her door as she reads the college letter.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DRAWING ROOM - LATER

Fawn and Dominic Webster - who has miraculously returned for a second time. He's in the midst of pouring her a cup of tea.

DOMONIC

And your hobbies outside of academia, do you have any?

FAWN

Yes. I like to...

Fawn draws a blank for a beat.

FAWN (CONT'D)

I like to spend time with my family... doing family things.

He nods, and? Fawn is reluctant to speak.

FAWN (CONT'D)

And, uh... I like to tend to my trail.

DOMONIC

(laugh)

You do mean garden, don't you?

FAWN

No. Trail. I chose the type of gravel and everything.

DOMONIC

I can't say I've ever heard of someone having their own trail, unless in memoriam maybe. And how did this come to be?

FAWN

Years ago my father bought my brothers-- I have five-- Turkoman thoroughbreds, but nothing for my sister and I, so I pled the unfair case.



DOMONIC

Where is it located? Locally?

FAWN

Say, what's the criterion for  
getting into a gentleman's club?  
Say, the Union Club of Boston?

He's thrown for a moment by her sudden change of subject.

FAWN (CONT'D)

(awkwardly)

I might of read... somewhere that  
you were... apart of it.

DOMONIC

Well, it's written in the title  
really. You have to pledge loyalty  
to the efforts of the Union.

FAWN

Do you like that title? The doors  
it opens for you?

DOMONIC

I like being surrounded by like  
minded people who share my same  
political beliefs. Period.

FAWN

... Here's a hypothetical:  
nevermore could anyone you ever  
meet know of your membership. You  
could never bring it up in  
conversation, you could never wear  
a unifying pin that a connection  
could be drawn from, the public  
could never even know of its  
existence. Tell me... what then  
would the title be valued at after  
this new appraisal? Or can  
exclusivity only exist in the minds  
of outsiders?

Dominic sips his tea, unmoved by the question.

DOMONIC

Ms. Fawn, they host lunch-ins. You  
may be flattering it far more than  
deserved.

Fawn stares off - oddly - not yet finished with the thought.

FAWN

But what would it be like, I wonder, to look someone in the eyes and know deep down that there's something you're missing. A piece to the puzzle that is their identity. But it's that very piece--very nothingness that ends up being the greatest power of all. It's a silent one... when people don't know what it is they're looking at.

DOMONIC

My, Ms. Fawn, you sure aren't shy about my hearing your voice anymore. I must say, it's lovely.

Dominic smiles at her. She's still caught in her deep thought, staring off.

DOMONIC (CONT'D)

Tell me, why did your mother give you your name? There must be a story behind one as peculiar as yours.

FAWN

... I was born prematurely.

DOMONIC

So were plenty of other children. That can't possibly be the full scope of the story.

FAWN

And what if it was?

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GAZEBO - EVENING

Fawn works at her lab station, distilling another substance of the day as she jots down notes.

The glass slider doors on the back porch open with force!

FATHER

Fawn!

She stops. He waves for her to come inside. She turns off her burner and exits the gazebo.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn exits the front door, which had been left open for her.

The father stands with their neighbor, MRS. CHAMBLEN (40), who's both angry and on the verge of tears.

FAWN

Hello?

FATHER

Fawn, Mrs. Chamblen has something she wishes to address with you.

MRS. CHAMBLEN

Hello, Fawn. I have a five year old son, Jamison, and for the past few... sorry.

She pauses to take a breath, calming herself down.

MRS. CHAMBLEN (CONT'D)

For the past few nights he's been coming to me crying about how the monster outside was watching him. I didn't want to placate his imagination, so I dismissed it until last night when I decided to finally take his accusation seriously. I went to his bedroom and looked out the window to see... well, I'm not so sure what. It was a figure standing inside that high tower of yours peering downward.

Mrs. Chamblen turns to the father and grabs his arm tenderly.

MRS. CHAMBLEN (CONT'D)

Now, Mr. Breckenridge, I tracked it. She stood there, unmoving for over two hours. I didn't want to come over today. I didn't, but...

She turns her attention back to Fawn.

MRS. CHAMBLEN (CONT'D)

It's all very strange. Don't you sleep, honey? Don't you tier?

FAWN

From what hours? Eleven to one? Two to four?

FATHER

Fawn. I'm sorry, Mrs. Chamblen. We thought we had put problems like this in the past.

(to Fawn)

Fawn, apologize.

Fawn pauses, backs up a few feet.

FAWN

No.

FATHER

Fawn. Now.

FAWN

No, I-- I-- didn't do it.

The father looks so pissed that he comes after Fawn as if ready to hit her. She backs away from him and into the house.

The father SLAMS the front door in her face.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The neighbor and the father continue speaking on the porch.

Fawn backs up and sits on a bottom step of the staircase.

After a beat, the father reenters the house - the neighbor has left the property. He rushes up the staircase past Fawn.

FATHER

Ivan! Is Ivan here?

The mother enters upon hearing the commotion.

MOTHER

What is going on?

(calling out)

Ivan's in the study.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The three eldest and strongest men of the house - the father, Ivan and Angelo gather pieces of plywood from various unused stacks and carry them inside the house.

The father also grabs a large red toolbox.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn stands in the middle of her bedroom listening to the CONSTRUCTION NOISES coming from her cupola - drilling and hammering!

Angelo comes down the staircase to grab another two pieces of plywood that lay on one of the bottom steps.

He momentarily locks eyes with Fawn before disappearing back up the staircase.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FATHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bare bottom hoisted high into the air, Fawn is bent over the arm of his chair and BEATEN WITH THE PADDLE!

The mother stands present watching in the background.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn enters into her bedroom having to waddle from the pain.

She closes and locks the door behind her, and takes a moment to stare at her darkened bedroom in fear of what she might see.

She crosses to her desk, lights her oil lamp.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - CUPOLA - CONTINUOUS

Fawn ascends the staircase with the oil lamp to see the men's handy work - every window has been BOARDED UP with the plywood - her 360 degree lookout is no more.

She turns to look down the staircase to see that a few drops of blood have made a trail behind her.

Fawn lifts up her dress to see a small stream of blood running down her left leg.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

A drooling Fawn is draped over the side of the bathtub asleep. The bathtub water is tinted pink from her blood.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Fawn's stands before her medicine cabinet mirror and pops two pills into her mouth, chases them with the sink water.

She turns, looks around the bathroom - no shadow figure.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Fawn paces back and forth in anxious contemplation in front of her desk staring at the unfolded letters from the college laying atop of it - the documentation confirming her top floor suite in the president's house.

She stops, raises up her dress - a stream of blood runs down her leg and forms a puddle around her sock. She cusses.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GAZEBO - LATER

Fawn is scribbling down last minute notes at her lab, while simultaneously flipping through text books. She tears a page out of her notebook, folds it and puts it in her pocket.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GUESTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn approaches the guesthouse's door and knocks. Soon enough, little Emanuel answers.

EMANUEL

Hi.

FAWN

Hi there little guy.

She pushes the door open a little more to see that Angelo isn't inside. She bends down to get eye level with Emanuel.

FAWN (CONT'D)

Do you want to take a ride into town with me?

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn wheels her bicycle out of the treeline.

EMANUEL

Pretty color!

FAWN

Yes, it is a pretty color.

Fawn shows Emanuel where he'll sit. He gets the entire seat as Fawn is still forced to stand because of her blisters.

They take off up the street, Emanuel giggles up a storm.

INT. NURSERY - LATER

Fawn holds Emanuel's hand as they walk through the plant nursery together, collecting the flowers she needs for her alchemy project and placing it into a basket.

INT. NURSERY - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn lifts Emanuel onto a wooden table. She picks a sign out of one of the pot's soil, brings it closer to him.

FAWN  
Can you sound out this one?

EMANUEL  
F-o-x-g-l-o-v-e.

FAWN  
Very good.

He sneezes from the pollen, she laughs and blesses him.

INT. NURSERY - MOMENTS LATER

Now with a basket full of plants, the two are in another aisle. They kneel down by a shelf of baskets and individually hand pick strands of lavender.

She has him count each strand out loud.

EMANUEL  
Four... five... six.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FRONT YARD - SAME

Edvard and Julius stand by one of the parked family cars and smoke cigarettes. They've just pulled up moments ago and wanted to finish their fags before heading inside.

A paper shoots out from underneath the car.

Their conversation stops as Julius chases the paper down in the wind. Edvard turns around as two more paper shoots passed the right side of the car.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The brothers approach with caution to find more of the same papers partially tucked under the doormat and a few more taped to the front door.

As he reads one on the door...

JULIUS  
What the hell?

INT. NURSERY - SAME

Fawn is next in line at the check out counter, pays in cash.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - LATER

Fawn and Emanuel turn the corner of their street to see an odd car parked not too far away from their driveway.

Fawn hits the breaks of the bicycle, STOPS - whiplash.

She watches this car as it quickly starts its engine, knowing its been seen, and high tails it up the road.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn exits the treeline where she's hidden her bicycle.

Emanuel quickly rushes off towards the guesthouse. Fawn pauses a moment to watch as Angelo exits the guesthouse having seen Emanuel through a window.

The two rush into each other's arms. Angelo kisses Emanuel all over his face in relief.

Fawn heads for the gazebo with her two bags full of plants.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Fawn enters through the glass slider doors to see some of her brothers sitting at the breakfast nook with a few of the papers laying on the table.

They look distressed as they speak to the mother about how they don't think they need to call the police.

Fawn eavesdrops for a moment, none of them acknowledge her. She moves to the breakfast nook, picks up one of the papers.



It's copied newspaper page where every article but one has been X-ed out. It's a young local woman's obituary named "Abigail Delaney" who had "died unexpectedly" after having "not found peace in this life." It states that she was a "third year student at the Boston Academy for Women."

FAWN  
Is everyone okay?

Everyone stops and looks at her funny, what?

FAWN (CONT'D)  
Where did you get this? Where's  
Phoebe?

Before they can answer, Fawn runs into the hallway.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Fawn ascends staircases, up both second and third floor's.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - PHOEBE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fawn knocks open the door - no Phoebe in sight. She runs to the en suite half bath and too knocks it open to find Phoebe brushing her teeth at the sink.

Fawn exhales in relief, catches herself from falling over.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DINING ROOM - LATER

The family eats dinner - no one is speaking.

Fawn fidgets in her chair, still unable to properly sit on her wounds. She has not touched her food.

Ivan stares at her darkly from the other end of the table.

FAWN  
You're burning a hole through the  
side of my face.

She never looks up at Ivan. He looks away, scoffs.

IVAN  
The unceasing embarrassment you  
bring to this family...

MOTHER  
Ivan, please. Peace and quiet. It's  
all I'm asking for right now.

IVAN

I'm sorry, mother. I really am.  
It's just a little infuriating when  
I think about all of the man-hours  
you've invested-- nay wasted on her  
when you could have--

FAWN

Could have what? What?!

Fawn finally lifts her head and looks at him.

FAWN (CONT'D)

Been supervising your lemonade  
stand? Taking you to the ice cream  
social? Quit whining and move on.

Ivan rises from his seat so quickly his thighs RAM into the  
table and sends everything shaking.

IVAN

Let us recount, FAWN. Taking the  
groundskeeper's kid without asking  
the father's permission. Because  
trying to understand the panicked  
man's impeccable English is just  
how I wanted to spend my afternoon.  
Oh, and lets not even bring up  
yesterday. You now, maybe you just  
have a thing for little boys. No,  
seriously. Maybe the whole peeping-  
Tom gig isn't enough for you. Maybe  
you need the real thing.

FATHER

Ivan, sit down!

IVAN

In any other animal species the God  
damn runt gets left out in the cold  
to starve. But not here. No. Here,  
we throw all of our best resources  
at it and cross our fingers.

FATHER

Ivan! I swear to God--

IVAN

You know, by appointment four-  
hundred and fifty-two I bet the  
psychologists were just putting you  
inside of an empty room with a one-  
way mirror and charging entry fees  
to the show.

The father jumps to his feet, BANGS his fist on the table.

FATHER

Get out! Get the hell out! GO!

Ivan wipes his mouth with his napkin, tosses it on the table and walks out of the dining room.

IVAN

Thank you for dinner, mother.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DINING ROOM - LATER

The mother stands in front of Fawn, arms crossed vindictively, and watches her finish every last bite of the meal - everyone else has long left the dining room.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fawn tries leaning far out of her bedroom window with her flashlight to see if she can see over the treeline - she can't. She leans a little too far out, catches herself.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn is dressed in her all black uniform - bandana too - and holding an envelope in her hand. It's stamped and addressed to her university.

Her eyes - dark, feverishly pissed.

She places the piece of torn paper with the other half of the gay student's names inside and seals it shut.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn goes to the mailbox and opens the door. She raises the letter... but fails to put it inside - guilt.

She backs away and looks up and down the street.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - LATER

Fawn sets her bicycle against the same tree she always does and enters out into the clearing.

She waits for the train. As if paranoid, she looks up and down the tracks as if in fear someone may be watching her.

EXT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - LATER

Fawn passes two men standing guard and ascend the front porch, KNOCKS. There's no answer. She tries again. No answer. SHE BANGS EVEN HARDER until it finally opens to reveal an employee who's peeved by Fawn's presence.

All spoken in CZECH...

FAWN  
Where is he?

EMPLOYEE  
He's busy. You missed your appointment. Yes?

FAWN  
My vantage point has been compromised. Let me tell him.

EMPLOYEE  
Your what has been what?

As the employee backs into the house, Fawn tries to push past him. He quickly shoves her back into place.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)  
Step back, you fucker. I can snap you like a wish-bone.

Fawn makes a Czech hand gesture that means "fuck you" by flicking her thumb under her chin towards him.

He disappears inside, shutting the door in her face. Fawn waits impatiently. VOICES FROM INSIDE. The door opens again.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)  
Here. Your first in person assignment, but for fucking up - no prep for you.

He shoves a small stack of papers against her chest so hard she nearly falls backwards.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)  
Best find your footing, Fawn. And make sure to study your script.

FAWN  
Script?

Once again, the door slams in her face - the final time.

EXT. THE EMPLOYER'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

Fawn heads up the street, lifting her hoodie back in place as she reads through the papers - the script!

The two guards see Fawn leap up into the air - literally jumping for joy about a half block away.

She shouts a "WHOOOOOOOO" into the night sky!

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - LATER

Fawn exits the treeline, stops to stare at the guesthouse - lit candles sit in the window sills.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Fawn approaches the front door, she removes her hoodie and bandana, proceeds to very LIGHTLY KNOCK.

The door opens moments later. Angelo quickly moves outside as to not wake Emanuel who can be seen moving around half asleep, half awake in bed.

He looks her up and down, what the hell are you wearing?

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn and Angelo walk in silence up her trail guided only by the moonlight. He often looks over to her and smiles, but she only stares down at the ground.

ANGELO

The wind. It is getting stronger.

Fawn only nods. The wind picks up the further they walk.

EXT. BOATING DOCKS - LATER

Fawn and Phoebe's trails both lead to the boating docks.

Fawn and Angelo emerge off Fawn's trail.

As she immediately heads down to the docks, Angelo stays back in awe of the beautiful bay and the commercial fishing boats tied along three docks.

Fawn walks back towards Angelo.

FAWN

I never like, touched him in any way-- in any inappropriate way.

Fawn bows her head, immediately regrets her choice of words.

ANGELO

It is okay. It all is okay now.

He smiles at her.

EXT. BOATING DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn and Angelo head towards one of the docks until Fawn veers off, scales down some bedrock to get to a small beach.

Angelo does not follow her, but stands by watching.

Fawn push one of the row boats into the water. Once she's in up to her ankles, she looks to Angelo.

FAWN

What's wrong?

ANGELO

It is no ours.

FAWN

We will put it back when we're finished.

ANGELO

How would it look that I am grown man alone with you, just a girl?

FAWN

You already are alone with me?  
(off his silence)  
Two people can share a beautiful view together.

ANGELO

I did already forgave you, Fawn. No have to do this for me. And I no have many clothes-- pairs of clothes. Can not get them wet.

Fawn pushes on, further into the water without him.

FAWN

(under breath)  
I just need to get away.

She leaps into the row boat and begins paddling off into the open ocean, leaving Angelo behind.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

As Fawn rows with the sole paddle, she removes her pocket-watch and empties a pill directly from the hidden compartment into her mouth.

Fawn stops rowing once she gets about a quarter mile away from the docks. She looks back at Angelo who has now moved to the end of the longest dock, watching her.

As the drug takes effect, Fawn takes deep breaths and looks out at the vast, endless, dark expanse of ocean - longing.

She sinks onto the dingy's floor so she has a perfect view of the starry sky above.

After a moment of closing her eyes, she opens them to see...

THE BLACK FOGGY MASS HAS MANIFESTED at the other end of the row boat. Fawn GASPS in pure, unadulterated fear.

She crab-walks backwards onto the bow. Her hand slips as she loses balance. SHE FALLS INTO THE WATER.

Fawn quickly swims to shore, looking back only once to see the BLACK MASS evaporating into thin air.

She makes it to the dock where Angelo remains standing his watch. He bends down and pulls her onto the dock as there is no ladder. He holds her for a moment, clearing the hair from her shaking face - neither say a word to one another.

She shivers as the wind picks up and sits on top of a piling, momentarily flinching from sitting on her blisters.

Angelo spots the dingy still floating in the distant waters. He removes his shirt and shoes before leaping off the dock.

Fawn watches helplessly as Angelo swims all the way to the row boat and begins pulling it back to shore by himself.

Fawn reaches into her hoodie pocket when she begins to panic as she pulls out pieces of ripped, soggy paper. She pulls out the rest of it - it's the SCRIPT from the Employer.

She SIGHS, tosses the pieces of the paper off the dock and throws her head into her hands - cussing.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn and Angelo - both dripping wet - walk back toward the estate in total silence.

A GUN SHOT GOES OFF IN THE DISTANCE. They both stop, look around - how strange?

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Once they reach the end of the trail, they both stop.

FAWN

Something's following me.

She says this to herself, but loud enough for him to hear.

He watches her cross the lawn and disappear around the side of the house.

Angelo looks up at the windows on the second and third floor to see closed curtains in all but one window - its curtains slightly sway as if having just been moved.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Fawn lies in her bed wearing a silk slip as she watches the sun come up through her only bedroom window.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Fawn stands by the bay window and looks out to see her parents standing in the driveway, along with Julius, Edvard and a POLICE OFFICER. They stand near the squad car.

She unlocks the window and cracks it open to get a better ear for the conversation - WHISPERING only she can make out.

She toils with her pocket-watch anxiously in her signature rhythms of threes, opening, closing, spinning as she listens.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - STUDY - LATER

Fawn climbs up the ladder pressed against a section of bookshelves. She wears a pretty gown and her hair in a French braid again - it's yet another date.

At the bottom of the ladder is Dominic Webster, watching her closely to make sure she doesn't fall.



FAWN

Found it.

Fawn pulls a large book off a shelf. It's weight forces Domonic to take action - he climbs a few steps to assist her. He discreetly and romantically touches her waist as he does.

FAWN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He smiles, carries the large book over to a podium positioned in front of a row of windows and sets it down.

FAWN (CONT'D)

You were nervous walking up to the front door earlier. You self comforted with your hands twice.

She shows how he "self comforted" with his hands by cupping her own together and rubbing them.

FAWN (CONT'D)

Then you picked at your hair, brushed it back.

DOMONIC

It's a good sign. Means I care what you think.

(beat)

Do you like watching people?

FAWN

I was never very good at... reading people when they were right in front of me. It's like I have this perpetual delay... so I started doing it from afar... watching that is... at a young age.

DOMONIC

That was very vulnerable for you, wasn't it? My attraction to you, Fawn, it's... ah, sometimes the best things said is nothing at all.

He just stares at her a beat as if in love already.

FAWN

Mr. Webster, are you really looking for a wife?

DOMONIC

Well, of course I am?

He holds a beat to gauge her reaction, clears his throat.

DOMONIC (CONT'D)

Honestly, I was hoping to have found one long before now. I did have a girl - she was just a girl at the time - a sort of a childhood sweetheart who failed to remain faithful while I was serving. It's really the same sappy story of unadulterated heartbreak you've heard a thousand times over. But why else would I put myself into these sort of - as you've pointed out - nerve-wracking situations if not to narrow down my search of finding a life partner?

FAWN

But there are so many other debutantes in the area. I could literally give you their addresses, some even off the top of my head.

His face at the moment she says this - what?

FAWN (CONT'D)

So why would-- why have you settled on me?

DOMONIC

And is that how you see yourself? As if anyone who could possibly want you must in default be settling?

FAWN

No. I didn't mean it that way. It's just that I'm... I'm...

DOMONIC

You're what, Ms. Fawn?

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn turns the pages in the large book until she settles upon one. Dominic stands close by her side.

FAWN

May 19th, 1903, a group of mushroom researchers in the Lye Brook Wilderness came across this little oddity of nature.

THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY multiple pages long provides two black and white images of a deformed baby fawn with two heads, conjoined twins (the same fawn we saw in our opening scene).

DOMONIC

(from study)

"The necropsy showed that the fawns had normal fur, heads, and legs, but internally had a shared spine, liver and an extra spleen."

FAWN

One of the twins actually died shortly after birth, so the living twin had to carry around the corpse of its own sibling and watch it decay until it too died later in veterinary care.

Dominic flips through the pages himself, absolutely intrigued.

FAWN (CONT'D)

I was a twin once.

DOMONIC

... Stop. Were you really?

FAWN

When my mother first read this exact study, my sister and I were inside of her. She used to volunteer as a librarian to get out of the home a few hours a week.

DOMONIC

I didn't know you had a twin?

Fawn turns to face him.

FAWN

We were supposed to be Pamela and Phoebe after our grandmother's. But I blocked Phoebe's blood flow, her nutrients.

(MORE)

FAWN (CONT'D)

And at around six months, my mother thought she had miscarried because she began bleeding, but it was actually Phoebe's innards, her brains. The body's expulsion of them. And after that, my mother told me while lying on the hospital bed for some reason she couldn't bring herself to name me Pamela like planned because she just couldn't stop seeing the images of the deformed fawns. She believed that she had cursed her own womb. She went into a deep depression after my birth.

DOMONIC

(re: book)

But-- I'm sorry, why then would she keep this in her house?

FAWN

Well, the curse has already fallen, now hasn't it? And that's only if you ever believed in one in the first place.

Fawn turns and lifts the large book off the stand, heads back over to the ladder. Dominic rushes after her.

DOMONIC

Hey, hey. Give it here. Too much heavy lifting.

He takes the book from her as she's clearly not strong enough to carry it back up the ladder by herself.

DOMONIC (CONT'D)

I've got it, okay?

He leans down and kisses her gently on the forehead.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The parents, Domonic and Fawn are all gathered in the foyer as Dominic bids everyone farewell. Lastly, with his coat and top hat in hand, he goes to Fawn.

DOMONIC

I'll be out of town in the coming week for business, but I do plan on making arrangements to spend the day together in a more formal setting.

Fawn smiles and curtsies awkwardly. He kisses her hand.

Like always, the father escorts him out. Once the front door closes, the mother speaks...

MOTHER

You need them to love you more than you love them. It's harder for men to hold fast, and in order for them to do so it must be comparable to life or death for them. Remember that.

And with that, the mother walks off.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GAZEBO - LATER

Back in her casual attire, Fawn works at her lab slicing and dicing the plants she bought at the nursery.

An unopened jar of cherries sits next to her cutting board where she chops up strands of lavender.

Two boiling beakers sit on the burners.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fawn dangles one leg out of her bedroom window as she contemplates lowering herself onto the rooftop.

She checks her pocket-watch. The time: 11:54 (p.m.)

She puts the flashlight in her mouth, climbs out the window.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Fawn scales the siding before getting the momentum to swing herself up onto the highest rooftop of the house. She straddles the ridge and crawls toward the cupola, which she leans against for balance.

She removes the flashlight from her mouth and begins firing her MORSE CODE MESSAGES TOWARDS THE DISTANT RADIO TOWER. Soon enough - as midnight has hit - a little conversation begins.

Fawn admires the rattling treetops surrounding the property in the light summer breeze for a moment until seeing Ivan and Julius exit the treeline near the guesthouse.

Fawn ducks down low, worried they might see her - they don't.

Julius is carrying something long, black, folded like a belt.

The brothers disappear walking around the side of the house. Fawn stares at this same area of the treeline in suspicion.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - LATER

Fawn stands in front of her medicine cabinet mirror, grasping onto the sides of the sink as if about to pass out.

She empties two pills from the medicine container, swallows and chases them with water.

She looks at herself in the mirror - eyes already dilating.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - WOODS - LATER

Fawn grabs her bike from inside the thick brush and begins rolling it through the woods in the direction of the street when she hears...

A SOFT MOANING OF PAIN.

She stops, props the bicycle up on its stand and proceeds forward crouching down as if on guard for possible predators.

Through the darkness, she's able to see THE BACKSIDE OF A PARTIALLY NUDE ANGELO who's tied to a tree. His back has been whipped a dozen times and most of his blood has dried.

Hearing the footsteps walking up, he thinks it's one of the brothers - his body trembles as he's unable to turn his head.

ANGELO

Please. Please. No more. Please.

Fawn kneels down behind him, saying nothing, and touches his back in an area unmarked by whipping. This is her attempt to comfort him, he FLINCHES and WHIMPERS!

She reaches into her fanny pack and pulls out a mini bottle of water. She pours the water all over his wounds and wipes some dirt away with her fingers.

Fawn circle around the tree and unties the rope binding his hands. Angelo falls to the ground - freed.

FAWN

I have to go.

Saying nothing further, but heads back in the direction she left her bicycle and looks back at the house with pure hatred, which she can only barely make out through the trees.

EXT. VARIOUS ROADS IN BOSTON - LATER

Fawn rides her bicycle - hood up, bandana on - down various roads. One she turns down, has the same car that was parked outside of her house the other day parked near a stop sign.

Fawn hardly notices this car and rides right by it. As soon as she passes, the car engine turns on and the chase ensues.

Fawn takes notice and speeds up as the car attempts to run her over or at least run her off the road. The latter is successful as she flies into a gutter and off her bicycle.

The car stops and goes into reverse.

The men scream of LAUGHTER out the windows, probably drunk - this is sick, twisted entertainment for them.

Fawn grabs her bicycle and rides off into the woods just as whomever is inside the car throws a few objects out of the window at her - they break and shatter as they miss their intended target and hit trees - probably a few beer bottles.

EXT. OBSCURE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn stops riding and hops off to catch her breath.

From under her bandana, we hear her GROAN before tossing her bicycle on the ground and heading back towards the street.

EXT. VARIOUS ROADS IN BOSTON - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn runs for a while ducked down close to the treeline until she sees the same car parked up the street. Thinking it's unwatched and finished with its nightly harassment, it's engine is turned off.

Fawn can see the man in the driver's seat is one of the telegrapher's friends who was at the tavern weeks ago. She begins removing content from her fanny pack.

INT. TELEGRAPHER'S CAR - SAME

The three men - Bennett in the backseat - smoke cigarettes and drink as they CHAT with the windows rolled down.

A BLOW DART SHOOTs INTO THE NECK OF THE DRIVER - he's immediately stunned and passes out.

The other passengers begin CURSING as they push the gas pedal with their bare hands and man the wheel while their friend is out cold.

EXT. VARIOUS ROADS IN BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

As the car drives off, Fawn coolly steps out from the treeline in her all black uniform and waves to them as they speed past her.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - LATER

Fawn tosses her bicycle into another gutter - on purpose this time - before approaching the employer's car parked on the side of the street. The employees heckle to her from the front windows, WHISTLING in sarcasm.

As she hops inside, they immediately toss her a new copy of THE SCRIPT - the one she had lost to water damage the night before.

EMPLOYEE DRIVER

Per your request.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn changes into a more professional attire in the backseat, consisting of a white collared shirt and black pants.

The man in the passenger seat watches her from the rear view mirror. She sees him watching.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Now reviewing her script, Fawn remains in the backseat.

EMPLOYEE DRIVER

We'll use the land for fencing,  
fencing our goods. That's what  
we'll use it for.



FAWN

And how won't the farmer notice?

The two employees look at one another, crack a smile.

EMPLOYEE DRIVER

He's on vacation. Don't worry about it. He'll be compensated.

EMPLOYEE PASSENGER

So many questions, Bambi.

EMPLOYEE DRIVER

Bambi, huh? You'd be amazed at the size of the balls dangling off that scrawny thing. You know how we found her?

EMPLOYEE PASSENGER

Stork left a delivery.

EMPLOYEE DRIVER

The little juvenile broke into the wrong house on the block when she was-- what? Twelve?

FAWN

Thirteen.

EMPLOYEE DRIVER

Boss kept her a few nights, had a real slumber party together. Showed her what good fellas we are.

The two employees crack up.

EMPLOYEE PASSENGER

Ah, hooks you, don't it? This shit sunk its teeth into me at a young age too.

The passenger turns back to face her and extends his hand.

EMPLOYEE PASSENGER (CONT'D)

Well, nice to meet you, Bambi. Looks like we were written in the stars.

EXT. FARMLAND - MOMENTS LATER

The employer's car drops Fawn off at the entrance of the property.

She takes a moment to collect herself and fix her shift collar before lifting the latch to the farmhouse gate and entering.

EXT. SHARECROPPER 1 HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn approaches what could be mistaken for a shack, but is in fact a one bedroom house.

SHE KNOCKS ON THE WOODEN DOOR. It opens after a beat. We meet SHARECROPPER 1 - a dirty middle aged man who looks like he's ten years older than he really is.

SHARECROPPER 1  
Who the hell are you?

Fawn extends her hand after freezing up for a split second - she's obviously very nervous.

FAWN  
Hello Sir, I'm Sara O'Connor. I'm the overseer's niece. I need to speak with you about an urgent matter.

SHARECROPPER 1  
He got himself a white niece?

FAWN  
It's possible to not have any blood relation to an uncle.

SHARECROPPER 1  
... What?

FAWN  
Sir, I'm only going to need a moment of your time.

SHARECROPPER 1  
Miss, have you got any idea what TIME it is? If this is about the flats on the wheelbarrows, I had told him--

FAWN  
It's not. Let me in.

He looks at her funny, GRUNTS under his breath - annoyed. He finally backs off and holds the door open for her.

SHARECROPPER 1  
Keep it quiet my kids is asleep.

INT. SHARECROPPER 1 HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fawn observes the interior, it's a mess. Cots and layers of both blankets and straw on the floor are filled with children - four in total. There's limited furniture, cracks in the roof and buckets filled with water from rain seeping through.

The WIFE sits at a table peeling oranges, looking on at her husband and Fawn in confusion.

FAWN

(quiet)

I've been sent on behalf of this plantation to inform you that you've hereby been formally evicted. According to our crop production report you are well below the crop average yield in the region. And for this reason you are being replaced. You have two days to evacuate the premises.

Fawn attempts to hand over a piece of paper she has pulled from her pocket, but the couple is frozen in disbelief.

FAWN (CONT'D)

Here. This is your notice, sir.

SHARECROPPER 1'S WIFE

We can't read.

FAWN

Also, share tenancy is also less productive, so the owner will be switching over to fixed rent.

Fawn turns her head and looks out the window behind her as if she's heard something - she catches the tale-end of a shadow hiding out of view from the window.

The wife begins to break down in tears.

SHARECROPPER 1

Who are you? Who are you?! Who the fuck are you?!

His volume rises as he walks towards her, Fawn backs up. She tries extending the paper again. He SWATS it away.

SHARECROPPER 1 (CONT'D)

Two days?! We got two fuckin' days? That's what you're telling me?

He shoves her against a closet. At this point, all of the children have awakened and the mother has lured them over to a far corner of the house for safety.

SHARECROPPER 1 (CONT'D)  
Show the numbers then. Show em'.  
Prove it, you bitch!

FAWN  
You're illiterate anyway, so how  
would it help?

As he pulls his arm back to punch her, she bolts for the door.

SHARECROPPER 1  
Aye! I'm going to the owner! I hold  
up my end! You ain't telling me I  
don't, bitch!

EXT. FARMLAND - CONTINUOUS

Fawn backs away from sharecropper 1's house as if waiting for him to emerge from the door after her, but he doesn't.

She takes off running up the dirt trail - YELLING and BANGING coming from behind her.

Up ahead, she can spot sharecropper 2's house as thick smoke rises from the chimney up into the sky.

INT. SHARECROPPER 2 HOUSE - LATER

Fawn stands before this second family of sharecroppers. A husband, wife and three children - one of which is a newborn.

The husband is down on his knees before Fawn begging with his hands together in prayer. Fawn tries handing him the paperwork.

FAWN  
Sir, please get off the floor. I  
need you to look over this  
information.

The wife grabs the newborn girl from its crib, tries handing her to Fawn.

SHARECROPPER 2'S WIFE  
Please. My baby. She's only six  
weeks. Look at her. Please.

Fawn knocks away the sharecropper's hands as he begins to tug at her shirt.

FAWN  
You have two days.

SHARECROPPER 2'S WIFE  
Please! Take her!

Fawn exits as more dramatics ensue.

EXT. FARMLAND - CONTINUOUS

Fawn heads back up the trail in the direction she came. She crumbles the paperwork in her hand and tosses it on the ground, neither family having ever looked at it.

She pauses a moment as she hears subtly RUSTLING in the greenery to the left of the trail.

DEEP SCREAMING up ahead out of nowhere. Fawn doesn't move as sharecropper 1 comes into view with his loaded shotgun.

HE FIRES A ROUND OFF INTO THE SKY!

Fawn still doesn't move as if paralyzed from fear.

SHARECROPPER 1  
Ding-dong! He's dead, bitch! Put  
your fuckin' hands up!

Fawn listens and slowly raises her hands.

SHARECROPPER 1 (CONT'D)  
I seen him through the window laid  
out on the floor with a hole in his  
fuckin' chest! You done shot him,  
huh? TELL ME! Was it you?

He spews his brown tobacco-chewing spit at her.

SHARECROPPER 1 (CONT'D)  
WHO IS YOU, WHITE-Y!? WHO!?

He moves closer to her and HITS HER IN THE SIDE OF THE MOUTH with the barrel of his shotgun. She falls over and spits up blood as the psycho sharecropper begins firing rounds into the air, while spinning in a circle.

WHISTLING from nearby - the sharecropper stops and looks to see one of the employees (the driver) has jumped over the nearby fence. He walks for the dirt trail casually, still smoking his cigar.

EMPLOYEE DRIVER  
Prichazime v miru!

SHARECROPPER 1  
What the fuck did you just say?

He holds up his gun as if ready to fire.

EMPLOYEE DRIVER  
It means we come in peace, you  
hillbilly fuck.

The employee driver reaches into his jacket pocket and fires a single bullet with his revolver - sharecropper 2's family has gathered outside the house to watch, but once sharecropper 1 falls over dead from a single shot to the head, they scurry back inside.

The employee passenger leaps out from the greenery to the left of the trail and shoots him again just for fun.

Fawn continues to spit up blood as employee driver grabs her and yanks her to her feet.

EMPLOYEE DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Now, I'll ya. You didn't do so well  
today, Bambi.

EMPLOYEE PASSENGER  
TWO DAYS! YOU'VE GOT TWO DAYS!

He fires one more shot into the sky!

The employee driver hands her his handkerchief to wipe up the blood pouring out of her mouth. They grab Fawn's arms and lead her back up the trail.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - DEN - LATER

Fawn sits on a sofa with an ice-pack pressed to the side of her mouth.

A few of the employees are gathered in the background, smoking and chatting amongst one another. The Employer sits on a coffee table covered in lines of drugs and alcohol bottles and faces Fawn.

THE EMPLOYER  
When somebody is in a crisis  
situation, you sympathize with  
them, even go as far as empathize.  
You're on their side, you act as  
their friend.

(MORE)

THE EMPLOYER (CONT'D)

It weans them away from feeling of abandonment. Now, what you don't do is call them "illiterate" EVEN IF they call themselves it first. The thing about people is they can state a fact about themselves that they are insecure about, but if someone else states that same fact it will be considered an insult.

FAWN

... So none of that was real?

The Employer does a little head tilt side to side as if contemplating the question.

THE EMPLOYER

No, I mean we were really just going to kill them off like we did the owner's family, but we decided the falsified eviction notices could be a good little gauging tool for us to see what it is we're working with after all these years.

He rubs her head of hair like one would to a child.

THE EMPLOYER (CONT'D)

Look at it like you've spared their lives... most of them.

FAWN

Wow. Love the optimism.

As Fawn fixes her hair back in place, the Employer reaches forward and pulls the ice-pack off her mouth. He rubs the side of her mouth which has already begun to swell.

THE EMPLOYER

Now, Fawn, just what kind of business would this be if we didn't oust our failures? No more than once at least. For women - or our sole woman - we'll naturally lower our expectations just a little.

FAWN

It wouldn't be a very good business I guess.

THE EMPLOYER

And your guess is right, so here's how it's going to go.

(MORE)

THE EMPLOYER (CONT'D)  
You have two options. One, resume  
back to your usual one-man show.

He leans closer to her, whispers lowly...

THE EMPLOYER (CONT'D)  
Or two... because all these guys  
really want to get rid of you  
they've prepared a little something  
else, another simulation of sorts.

Fawn looks back at some of the employees looming behind her.

They both continue to speak in a low whisper...

FAWN  
And do you want to get rid of me?

She does not say this with any fear or victimization, but in  
all seriousness.

THE EMPLOYER  
No. I want to keep you right where  
you fucking were. Making quick cash  
quietly. But I do have a one strike  
rule. Again, for you I'll make it  
two strikes. And about them...  
well, they just like to watch a  
dying worm squirm.

Fawn straightens up her back, drops her ice-pack.

FAWN  
Where am I going?

EXT. THE EMPLOYER'S STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn is taken to the Employer's car and stuffed inside by the  
same two employees who took her to the farmland - she hits  
her head on the side of the door due to their roughness.

They appear very eager to drive her wherever they're taking  
her, laughing all the while.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S CAR - LATER

Fawn watches from the backseat window as they travel deep  
down back country roads.

She eyes the doorhandle for a moment, contemplating the  
thought of jumping out - she does not act on this thought.



EXT. OBSCURE WOODS - LATER

IT HAS BEGUN TO RAIN, A LIGHT DRIZZLE!

Fawn is walked by the employees through some obscure wooded area with no man-made trails.

FAWN

Just let me know if we're going to get shot for trespassing.

EMPLOYEE PASSENGER

We won't be. He owns all of this.

EXT. THE EMPLOYER'S LOG CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

They exit the treeline into a clearing where a small log cabin is perched at the top of a tiny hill.

What is so bizarre about this log cabin is that there are FOUR FRONT PORCHES - four identical entry ways on each side.

The employers continue dragging Fawn up the tiny hill.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

PITCH BLACK - the sound of a door unlocking. One of the doors opens, letting in light. The two employers shove Fawn inside. She falls to the floor. They toss her a lighter.

EMPLOYEE DRIVER

For the oil lamps. Instructions are on the table.

Fawn looks around - the cabin contains barely any furniture apart from a few oil lamps hung and a beautifully decorated dining room table set with place mats, teacups, a tray for sugars and even a flower centerpiece.

There are NO WINDOWS. The kitchen is empty other than one tea kettle sitting on an unlit burner.

EMPLOYEE PASSENGER

Many of us have been through a similar-- the fuck did he call it back there?

EMPLOYEE DRIVER

Simulation.

## EMPLOYEE PASSENGER

Yeah, that. We've just gone all out  
in the theatrics department for  
yours.

The men laugh, slap each other playfully on the chest.

Fawn walks over to the table and grabbed the envelope propped  
up against the centerpiece's vase.

The men hurry out of the door laughing like mad as they LOCK  
UP the door behind them.

THEIR LAUGHTER FADES.

Fawn travels around the now pitch black room and lights the  
hanging oil lamps.

The room now illuminated, she sees that each of the four  
doors is labeled with a number (1-4).

She opens the dreaded envelope which she can now see has her  
name written on it.

As she begins reading the letter to herself, her face grows  
white and goosebumps ravage her arms.

EXT. THE EMPLOYER'S LOG CABIN - SAME

Outside in all four directions of the surrounding woods walk  
FOUR SUITED MEN in top hats. As if their steps are in robotic  
sync, they each ascend up the four different porches and  
stand silently in front of the doors.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S LOG CABIN - SAME

Fawn drops the letter on the floor and bumps into the dining  
room table suddenly startled by the sounds of THREE  
SIMULTANEOUS KNOCKS ON ALL FOUR DOORS!

Fawn crosses to the kitchen where she quickly fills the tea  
kettle with the sink water, which erratically spurts water at  
different pressures.

She sets it on the burner and lights the fire.

THE KNOCKING AGAIN - THREE TIMES EACH!

A horrified Fawn inches to one of the four doors and  
hesitates a moment before sliding the eye-slot's steel cover  
open.

Through the eye-slot we see STRANGER #1. He turns to face the door as he was staring out at the woods. He removes his hat and pretends as though he's in a dazed confusion.

STRANGER #1

Hello miss, I don't mean to disturb, but I seem to have been overtaken by an unrelenting trance, though I don't recall suffering any head injury. My compass is frozen, I don't know where I've come from and I can't surmise of my intended destination. May I come in to dry off? Maybe have... a cup of tea?

Fawn's hand shakes as she holds the eye-slot's knob. The long pause causes stranger #1 to step forward a step. And with that, she SLAMS THE STEEL COVER.

She hurries to the next door, opens the steel cover. Stranger #2 stands WAY TOO close to the eye-slot. His hat is already removed, eyes wide. The same rehearsed monologue begins...

STRANGER #2

Hello miss, I don't mean to disturb, but I seem to have been--

Fawn SLAMS the eye-slot shut before letting him even finish and backs away to the center of the cabin.

Stranger #2 BANGS on the door in rage, "I didn't finish!"

The KNOCKING THREE TIMES on the final two doors.

Fawn musters up the courage to go to a third door, opens the eye-slot to see STRANGER #3 remove his hat.

STRANGER #3

Hello miss, I don't mean to disturb, but I seem to have been overtaken by an unrelenting trance, though I don't recall suffering any head injury. My compass is frozen, I don't know where I've come from--

He stops as Fawn's eyesight shifts from him to something beyond, above the treeline. A SHADOW AMIDST THE AIR, A LARGE BIRD-LIKE WING SHOOTs OUT FROM THE TREETOPS. The rain somewhat distorts the image. A GAWKING NOISE!

Even stranger #3 has stopped and turned to look at it.

STRANGER #3 (CONT'D)

Did you see that?

Fawn SLAMS the eye-slot shut and rushes to the forth and final door. The routine monologue begins...

STRANGER #4

Hello miss, I don't mean to disturb, but I seem to have been overtaken...

He trails off distracted as Fawn has reached her fingers through the eye-slot opening - this is a test - she dangles them in front of stranger #4. He stares at them - tempted.

He reaches his hand out and rubs his fingers against hers, almost sensually.

STRANGER #4 (CONT'D)

Tell me, do you still cry with your back to the wind so you can sense upwind dangers? Is your back to the wind now, Fawn? Shall we discuss it over a cup of tea?

He gives her a smile. Fawn slowly pulls her hand away and closes the eye-slot.

She pauses to steady her breathing before running around to each of the four doors and opening each eye-slot to see if she can get a glimpse of each of the four strangers again. All four stand feet away from the door - having backed up and put on their top hats again - and stare at their feet.

FAWN

Shit.

The tea kettle begins to steam. She rushes over and grabs it from the burner. She burns her hand on some stray water that flies out of the spout - YELLS OUT!

She turns off the burner and moves into the center of the cabin where she stares at all four doors - completely lost.

FINALLY... She approaches door number one, unlocks it and opens it to reveal the full body of stranger #1. Again, he politely removes his top hat.

FAWN (CONT'D)

Come in. Dry off.

He smiles before entering the premises. She locks the door behind him and watches as he moves about the room.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S LOG CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn pours both stranger #1 and herself a cup of tea.

Stranger #1 grabs the letter off the floor before sitting down at one end of the dining room table. He reads the letter as he waits for her to be seated.

THE LETTER reads as follows: "Mafia, Mafia, Mafia, Paid Pedestrian. Invite the poser one in for tea, the rest will go. Don't, and safe passage to whatever life's after this one."

Stranger #1 turns the card around so the front faces her before flicking it across the table. It hits her shoulder.

STRANGER #1  
(under breath)  
Safe passage to whatever life's  
after this one. Safe passage to  
whatever life's after this one.

Fawn shakes in suspense. A long beat as he likes watching.

He finally rises and moves to the midway point of the table where he removes a rolled up cloth from under his coat, tucked in his pants.

He unrolls it to reveal various TORTURE TOOLS, tape and rope.

STRANGER #1 (CONT'D)  
In my experience, the thinner the  
person the lower their PPT -  
pressure pain threshold.

FAWN LEAPS UP FROM HER CHAIR AND SPRINTS TO THE NEAREST DOOR!

Stranger #1 heaves one of the glass jars containing sugar across the room with such speed that when it HITS THE BACK OF FAWN'S HEAD she flies into a wall and hits her forehead.

He crosses to her and grabs her by her bloodied hair, dragging her back to the table and setting her in one of the chairs which he's moved into the center of the room.

STRANGER #1 (CONT'D)  
You'd never last with a rotten gut  
anyway.

He approaches her with the thick rope, and just as he readies to tie her limbs, she speaks...

FAWN

Can I at least document my time of death?

STRANGER #1

What?

Fawn reaches into her pocket. He grabs her neck as she does this, but releases in tension as it's revealed that all she's grabbing is a pocket-watch.

He allows her to open it, while still gripping her neck.

FAWN

Four-twelve a.m. Ah, I was born at five-twelve a.m. I wonder if that means something?

Fawn flicks a small button and a knife POPS OUT OF THE POCKET-WATCH. She JABS IT RIGHT INTO STRANGER #1's CHEST at jarring speed. He immediately begins bleeding out - BAD! She struck his heart.

STRANGER #1

You little shit.

He KNOCKS her out of the chair, her pocket-watch goes flying.

A BLOW TO THE SIDE OF THE CABIN as if a small earthquake has just hit - the entire cabin shakes. Stranger #1 shuffles backwards, losing his balance.

Fawn appears just as alarmed by this. Stranger #1 grabs one of his torture tools from the cloth and lunges for Fawn.

ANOTHER BLOW TO THE SIDE OF THE CABIN - FIVE TIMES IN A ROW!

Stranger #1 falls over, Fawn screams!

Once the reverberations stop, he rushes over to Fawn, grabs her by the neck and drags her along as he travels to a door.

He opens it and looks outside, but barely peeks his head through the threshold in fear. HE YELLS OUT TO WHATEVER IS SHAKING THE HOUSE!

Only pouring rain - he sees nothing.

ANOTHER TWO BLOWS FOLLOW, BACK TO BACK! HE SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT! ITEMS FALL OFF THE TABLE, AN OIL LAMP FALLS!

Stranger #1 is growing weak from blood loss - Fawn takes advantage of this and punches him in the face while he's fading off.

THE BLOWS TO THE SIDE OF THE CABIN NOW MOVES TO DIFFERENT AREAS OF THE ROOF, causing dust to fall from the ceiling.

Stranger #1 chases after Fawn, while applying pressure with his hand over his open wound to try and lessen the bleeding.

As Fawn makes it to another door, he grabs the kettle off the stove and heaves it at her - misses.

EXT. THE EMPLOYER'S LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Fawn stumbles down the porch steps and looks up to see nothing in the sky or on the roof that could have been making the noises. She runs for the treeline as she's pounded by the heavy rain, continuously falling over - disoriented by the head trauma.

Stranger #1 tries pursuing her, but soon falls to his knees as the blood pouring through his fingers is too much for him to stop. Fawn's one jab to the heart was deadly. He's on all fours as gravity is slowly taking him down.

Fawn watches safely from a distance as stranger #1 finally drops and renders motionless.

After a beat, Fawn looks all around the treeline and in the surrounding skies one more time to see if she can catch a glimpse of whatever was shaking the cabin - nothing.

She heads back towards the cabin, keeping a safe distance away from deceased stranger #1.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Fawn looks around until she spots her pocket-watch - the glass has been cracked. She grabs it, along with a cloth napkin and runs back outside.

EXT. THE EMPLOYER'S LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Fawn rushes over to stranger #1's body and drops to her knees. He's still clinging to life.

She grabs his face - looks him in the eyes.

FAWN

Which door was it? Which one?

He turns his head to look her in the eyes, holds up three fingers - thumb, pointer and middle - before turning his three fingers to his temple in the shape of a gun.

He smiles as he "pulls the trigger."

EXT. OBSCURE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn runs, dabbing her blood away with the cloth napkin.

She soon stops and begins removing all clothing covered in blood, stripping down to just her pants, tank top and shoes.

EXT. RANDOM STREET - LATER

Fawn walks alone along the sidewalk.

Finally, she sees CAR HEADLIGHTS coming up behind her. She holds out her hand, symbolizing she needs to hitch a ride.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Fawn lies asleep in the bathtub, body partially draped over the side. The water is tinted pink from her blood. She COUGHS, shivers in pain.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Fawn applies makeup over the bruises on her forehead and mouth. She changes the part of her hair, moving her bangs for additional coverage.

She removes her pocket-watch from her dress pocket and tries emptying out pills. There's one left. As she pops it in her mouth, she notices blood encrusted in the wheel's lining - it's stranger #1's blood.

Fawn stares at it as if caught in a moment of PTSD.

She turns on the sink water and washes the blood away.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FATHER'S OFFICE - LATER

Fawn stands before her father who appears sullen as he sits behind his desk.

FATHER

Did he do anything to you?

FAWN

No. He would never.



FATHER

But you went swimming together.

FAWN

No.

FATHER

No? So your sibling's lying about seeing you both drenched? I suppose they also lied about the gunshot which awoke him. Oh, wait I heard it too.

FAWN

Which one was it? Ivan?

FATHER

A concerned one, that's which.

FAWN

I fell in. I fell off the dock and dropped my pocket-watch. I started crying, so he dove in after it.

FATHER

I'm supposed to believe it was all the result of a rescue mission?

Fawn removes her pocket-watch, hands it to him.

FAWN

The small hand has stopped working and it's cracked. See?

FATHER

Do you remember the last time your mother had severe migraines?

Fawn nods slowly.

FATHER (CONT'D)

And you know her feelings regarding the night, specifically you IN the night...?

FAWN

Yes, I do.

FATHER

So you blatantly disregarding your mother's triggers. You sneak around with a brown boy, one so morally bent he conceives out of wedlock.

(MORE)

FATHER (CONT'D)

You hardly spend time with your siblings, or maybe it's that they don't want to spend time with you. I've wrongfully assumed before.

(beat)

Your mother wants to lock you inside your bedroom at dusk for the remainder of the summer. Your punishment will start there... or rather... no it won't.

He rises, heads for the cabinet where he keeps his paddle.

FATHER (CONT'D)

It'll start here.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FATHER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn is bent over the chair being BEATING ON THE BARE ASS with the wooden paddle by her father!

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - LATER

A nude Fawn wraps bandages around her blistered ass.

She begins to cry like a little girl for the first time.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Fawn enters with a tray of tea, toast and honey. She moves around the bed to see the front side of her mother who's bedridden from pain still wearing her bedtime robe.

She sets the tray on the nightstand and hovers beside her mother's side of the bed. She's very awkward, doesn't rub her mother's back to console or say a single word.

The mother rolls over to her other side, dismissing Fawn.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn empties the contents of her tray into the trash/sink.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GAZEBO - EVENING

Fawn is at her lab station. She mixes the colorful liquid inside of a beaker with a spoon before pouring it into a glass vial. She screws on a cap.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GAZEBO - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn is cleaning up her station, tossing her scraps and unused plant bits into a plastic bag when she stops and flinches in pain. She grabs at her backside, leans on the table when she spot...

HEADLIGHTS shine from the road, they stop. She can't make out the car (who's or what make) from this distance.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn heads up the driveway. Once she reaches the end, she looks up and down the street - no car, not a single person.

Her attention then goes to the mailbox. She approaches and opens it. She reaches her hand inside upon seeing an object and pulls out... we can't see what it is, but she GASPS in horror as she drops it. It makes a PLOPPING sound as it hits the gravel.

She look up and down the street once again in panic.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn watches the content of whatever she found in the mailbox BURN IN A SMALL FIRE she's ignited with her matches and gas.

Through the flames, it appears to look like some kind of severed body part is being cremated.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fawn stands in her bedroom as she watches her mother close her bedroom door and LOCK IT from outside.

Fawn rolls her eyes - as if it's really going to stop her.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - LATER

At her desk - forced to kneel instead of sit - Fawn writes notes out on blank paper with one of her many alchemy text books laying open nearby.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn shimmies into her vent, wearing her day dress - no all black uniform.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn sprints across the yard, looking back at the house every few seconds - now for the very first time paranoid of being spotted from a window.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fawn knocks lightly on the door, but receives no answer. Plan B: she circles the house, checking the windows.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GUESTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fawn enters though an unlocked window to see no one is home.

She lights one of the oil lamps, crosses to the nightstand beside the bed and begins assembling her gift to Emanuel. From her pockets she pulls out the glass vial containing the colored liquid, a spray bottle containing a different colored liquid, a measuring cup and folded instructions with the words "Insomnia Cure-All" written on the front.

When done organizing the items, she wanders around the guesthouse. She first travels to the fridge where she sees there are only jars of cut up fruit and a carton of milk.

She runs her fingers along some shelves, collecting dust - nothing's really been cleaned.

She opens a few drawers, browses through their clothes.

She pulls a chair up right underneath the scratch marks on the ceiling and steps on top to get a closer view. She runs her fingers along the scratches.

Finally, Fawn approaches the secretary desk. She unfolds the table to see cubbies filled with pencils and note-cards for Emanuel's English learning.

Fawn looks through some of the note-cards, smiles at the simplicity of the words - rat, blanket, grass, teeth.

She notices a cabinet in the way back of the secretary and opens it to reveal STACKS OF HOLY BIBLES, all worn and old.

Fawn grabs one and opens it to see that the printed language inside is unrecognizable - this is Armenian. She grabs another bible, opens - Swahili. Another - Turkish. Each of them is covered with notes written in these same languages.

She places them all back into the cabinet and closes the secretary.

She steps backwards and sits on the bed, taking this discovery in - how strange?

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GUESTHOUSE - LATER

MOVEMENT can be heard from outside - the door opens.

Angelo and Emanuel enter with their lantern, stopping once they see Fawn asleep in their bed.

Emanuel runs over to Fawn calling out her name and hugging her sleeping body. She awakes and leaps to her feet in embarrassment, blushing bright red.

FAWN

I, uh-- I left everything there--  
the remedy. It's all written out. I  
used only simple words. I'm so  
sorry.

She points to the nightstand as she stumbles towards the door, running into a chair.

ANGELO

Fawn.

EMANUEL

Night-night, Fawn.

She apologizes again before exiting.

Angelo moves to a window where he watches her go. Before she disappears around the side of the house, she turns back and looks to the guesthouse - Angelo smiles.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DAY

Spread out in every room are the Breckenridge children and other mingling affluent youths of Boston's upper class - a party chaperoned by only the staff of butlers.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GAZEBO - SAME

Fawn is sitting on a stool she's brought outside as she jots notes. Another beaker of her insomnia elixir is brewing on one of her burners.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - KITCHEN - LATER

Fawn enters and crosses to the island where she begins pouring herself ice tea from a pitcher.

A butler soon approaches and assists her.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn sips her iced tea as she makes rounds throughout the house, people watching as if fearful something bad is going to happen.

A YOUNG GIRL outside waves at her when she accidentally makes eye-contact. She seems friendly, but Fawn quickly scurries away from the window with her head down.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn stands before Domonic who holds a letter.

DOMONIC

I can't stay long, but I wanted to come and personally deliver it. I never put my trust in the postal service.

He extends the letter to Fawn, she opens it - a formal invitation to the "Belmont Stakes Horse Race." It's addressed to him, but there is an extra ticket - his plus one.

DOMONIC (CONT'D)

Do you like the seats? It's rumored that Gloria Swanson will be just two rows over.

As Fawn stares at the invitation for a prolonged period of time, Domonic grows insecure and fidgety.

DOMONIC (CONT'D)

Fawn? What's wrong-- why the pause?

Fawn looks up at him. She hoists herself onto her tip-toes and kisses him on the cheek. This is a relief to Domonic.

FAWN

Do you have a pen?

He pauses - really? He begins searching his pockets, pulls out a pen and hands it over. Fawn writes inside of the invitation.

When finished, she closes the card and inserts it back into the torn envelope. She hands it back.

DOMONIC

Uh, so I'll be picking you up on the 12th?

Fawn nods. He smiles.

DOMONIC (CONT'D)

It's probably best I don't keep you from all the festivities.

He stares at her a moment longer, reaches down and caresses her cheek.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

As Domonic nears his car, Fawn rushes out the front door.

FAWN

Mr. Webster.

He turns back to her, smiles. Fawn's pointer fingers point up towards the sky as she stares off in deep contemplation.

FAWN (CONT'D)

The heavens are watching. They always have been... and this couldn't have been bore there.

And with that she disappears inside, leaving Dominic looking up at the sky in bafflement.

INT. DOMONIC'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

In the backseat, Domonic decides to re-open the invitation.

Fawn's cursive reads: "Don't cry for me" - that's all.

His state of bafflement only heightens.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - BACKYARD - EVENING

Fawn descends the back porch steps to view the remainder of guests in the backyard - many of the boys hide their flasks in their jacket pockets.

Her eyes lock on Angelo who's being of assistance to the butlers and picking up empty glasses on the back porch.

As Ivan and one of the same friends who bullied her at the last house party pass Angelo, he cowers and moves away - the mere sight of Ivan frightens him.

Fawn watches Ivan and the friend walk around the side of the house. She quickly ascends the back porch steps and enters through the glass slider doors.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn removes the false bottom of her dresser and grabs the blow-dart gun from inside her fanny pack.

Out of blow-darts, she retrieves her stool and climbs it to reach the proper hollowed out book.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - CONRAD'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vacant - Fawn rushes to the windows to get a view of Ivan and his friend who smoke cigarettes and drink from the same flask down below.

She does not have a good enough shot here.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - XAVIER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Right next door is Xavier's bedroom - vacant.

Fawn rushes to the windows to see if the view down below is any better - they're now located directly beneath her.

Fawn slowly unlocks and opens the window.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - SAME

Ivan and his friend's casual chatter is interrupted when a dart shoots into the neck of Ivan's friend - he falls down unconscious within a matter of seconds.

Ivan looks up at where it came from to see Fawn sitting on the window sill holding a black contraption in her hand.

Ivan cusses in disbelief before starting to take off running.

Fawn shoots him in the back before he can get far.

Both boys are out cold - Fawn closes the window.



EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn drags both Ivan and the friend's bodies towards the shrubbery where she makes it look like they've passed out from drinking. She pours the contents inside of their flask all over their bodies, RIPS THE BLOW DARTS from their flesh.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Anxiously fiddling her pocket-watch to the usual rhythm of threes, Fawn watches as her mother locks her bedroom door from out in the hallway.

THE SOUNDS HER FOOTSTEPS as she walks off.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fawn sits at her desk lit by an oil lamp and cuts black string from a wheel, some of her lab notes lay askew around her. She stops at the sound of commotion outside - she has purposefully left her windows open.

She goes to the window to see party guests rushing to an area out of view (the back porch).

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn kneels by the window and stretches one of her telescope mirrors outside, reflecting a perfect view of the back porch where the unconscious bodies of Ivan and his friend are laid out across the wooden floorboards.

The father is checking their vitals when Angelo looks up directly at Fawn's mirror - she's been caught.

Fawn yanks the mirror back inside and ducks down.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - LATER

Fawn lies in an empty bathtub fully clothed - this has become her bed for the night.

She looks like a wounded animal and is showing signs of hallucinating - eyes dilated, rocking back and forth, murmuring to herself. Down by the drain are a few pills, her opened pocket-watch sits in her lap.

She has tried to overdose.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - IVAN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The mother and father surround Ivan's bed as he lays unconscious. The mother sits beside him, caressing her eldest son's sweaty forehead.

MOTHER  
Ivan, baby. Sweaty.

He doesn't wake.

FATHER  
Let him be, love.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn remains inside the empty bathtub fully clothed. She looks sickly, pale in the face. Her hands shake as she reaches up to wipe her eyes.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn violently PUKES into the toilet. When finished she lies her head against the toilet seat.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As Fawn re-bandages her blistered ass, she moves closer to the window to see the POLICE CAR pulling down the driveway - no siren, no lights.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The three eldest children, Edvard, Julius and Fawn (excluding Ivan) stand before the POLICE OFFICER. The parents stand in the background.

POLICE OFFICER  
I'm aware you all went to primary school with her, so anything from places she frequented, names of people she was involved with, even hearsay, no matter how banal the memory may seem, it could be of considerable help to us.

Fawn and the officer make brief eye-contact.

JULIUS

I'm sorry. Do you happen to have a photo of her? I recognize the name, but putting a face to it...

POLICE OFFICER

Of course. Here, why don't you and I speak first?

The mother leads them into the hallway.

MOTHER

Would you like anything to drink, officer?

POLICE OFFICER

A glass of water would be fine.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - HALLWAY - LATER

Edvard and Fawn - who fidgets with her pocket-watch to the usual three second rhythm - stand in waiting outside the dining room.

The sounds of CHAIRS scooting across the floor. Julius appears from the dining room's doorway and looks to Fawn.

JULIUS

You're up.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn sits across from the police officer who has an assortment of files in front of him.

POLICE OFFICER

What happened to your cheek?

Fawn looks up at him, away from her hands in her lap.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

You can cover the color, but not the swelling.

FAWN

I got into a fight with my brother.

Good enough for him, he takes a beat to look at papers.

FAWN (CONT'D)

My classes were separate from the main building, part of the "Special Abilities Program."

POLICE OFFICER

But you shared cafeteria hours with the main building, yes?

FAWN

Yes.

POLICE OFFICER

Did you know of Cynthia Shepherd?

FAWN

I know of her, yes.

POLICE OFFICER

What kind of girl was she? Kind, quiet, irresponsible? A little too preoccupied with what boys thought of her maybe?

FAWN

That's a leading question.

POLICE OFFICER

Ever heard of Milton's Tavern, Ms. Breckenridge? Popular hangout for youths, an illegal one actually. It was recently raided.

FAWN

I know of it.

POLICE OFFICER

(from a paper)

"She was very frail like I'd imagine a feral child, but she appeared clean and wore a nice dress. I watches her get thrown out of a black car where she then rolled around on the ground screaming. I thought she had broken a bone, but then she got up and ran into the nearby woods. It was dark and I only got a glimpse of her for a few seconds, but again she was very frail."

He sets down the paper.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Two more eye-witness have come forward. Tell me, Fawn, can you match anyone to that description?

FAWN  
... No.

POLICE OFFICER  
May I ask where you were the night of July 3rd?

FAWN  
Like most nights, it's likely I was in bed.

POLICE OFFICER  
Your jaw drops when you hit vowel sounds. The "O's" like in the word most. I worked with many linguists overseas. Your accent fluctuates every so often. It's strange.

He stares at her a beat, she says thing. He jots down notes.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
But the word strange is an understatement for you, Ms. Breckenridge. Charged with non-verbal harassment - which I had never even heard of - after following two female students home from school on several occasions and three counts of breaking and entering. A missing persons report was filed on your behalf November 8th 1922, just shy of your fourteen birthday. Missing for a total of nine days before showing up on the front doorstep of your parent's home with only minor bruising. All you ever told authorities was that you had quote: "gotten lost while out catching fireflies." Innocent enough.

FAWN  
Was there a question?

The following is spoken in RAPID QUICK-FIRE...

POLICE OFFICER  
Who took you?

FAWN

No one.

POLICE OFFICER

Did they rape you?

FAWN

I don't know. Did your imaginary kidnappers rape you, officer? I've been through this same interrogation half a decade ago, I'd really prefer not going through it again.

POLICE OFFICER

Who was in the car? How many?

FAWN

I don't know what you're talking about. I'm not allowed out after dark.

POLICE OFFICER

What do you know about Cynthia Shepherd, Ms. Breckenridge?

FAWN

Why? Is she dead?

POLICE OFFICER

Do you think she's dead? You went missing and wound up not being dead.

FAWN

Oh, so we're back to me again.

POLICE OFFICER

Yeah, it looks like we are.

FAWN

Well officer, if you want further information out of me... detain me.

Fawn rises and heads for the door.

POLICE OFFICER

Do send in the last sibling as to not raise any alarms of the true nature of my visit this afternoon. Thank you, Ms. Breckenridge. You'll be seeing me again VERY soon.

She finally exits, but not without giving a fake smile.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn stares at her reflection, pupils dilated - high.

A QUICK FLASHBACK of the burning severed hand in the woods.

Fawn backs away from the mirror, having snapped out of whatever had taken hold of her - she back into her bedroom.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - GAZEBO - LATER

Fawn sits on the floorboards jotting notes as Emanuel answers her interview questions as best he can.

FAWN

Dizzy? Did it make your head feel  
silly-- funny?

She does hand gestures to explain dizzy, he shakes his head.

Fawn loosens a necklace she's tied around his neck as he begins picking and pulling at it. It's made of the black string she was cutting from the wheel the other night, but instead of a charm serving as the necklace's centerpiece, is a small vial containing her Insomnia Cure-All potion.

FAWN (CONT'D)

Is it good now?

He nods and kisses the vial. Now back to the real questions--

FAWN (CONT'D)

How many minutes until night-night?

He holds up five fingers.

FAWN (CONT'D)

Five minutes? No way!

EMANUEL

It quick, it quick! It made my-- it  
made it warm! Made this...

He gestures to his chest, jumping up and down with glee.

FAWN

It made your chest warm?

EMANUEL

Yes.

FAWN

Did Angelo sing to you again?

EMANUEL

No. Angelo went bye-bye. He go.

FAWN

... What? Where did he go?

EMANUEL

To go for run. To run in dark! No  
take me. No take me with.

YELLING AND BANGING! They turn to see Ivan in his pajamas  
stumbling towards the gazebo with the father trailing not too  
far behind.

IVAN

You fucking bitch! FAWN!

Fawn grabs Emanuel and shoves him under the lab table before  
going to the gazebo door and locking it.

IVAN (CONT'D)

You shot me, bitch! What the fuck  
was that? What kind of gun? BITCH!

He tries ripping the gazebo door open, but the father grabs  
hold of him before he can do real damage to the lock and  
drags his sickly body away.

EMANUEL

I'll kill you! I will fucking kill  
you, bitch!

Fawn grabs Emanuel from under the lab table, picks him up.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn carries Emanuel halfway through the yard towards the  
gazebo, but is stopped once she spots something moving  
through the treeline in front of her - some kind of animal.  
It disappears into the greenery too quickly for her to make  
out what kind.

She blinks erratically, is it the drugs?

Her focus quickly shifts. LOUD CRASHING NOISES come from the  
top floor - more specifically her bedroom.

Fawn sets Emanuel down and whispers for him to go on home  
without her before taking off towards the back porch.



INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn rushes inside the find Ivan knocking over her furniture in search of the gun she shot him with. The father is chasing him around, trying to restrain him.

IVAN

Where is it!? Where's the gun!?

Fawn just watches him throw his tantrum, seeing that he's not searching in any of the right places.

FAWN

Didn't I tell you, I keep it next to my unicorn horn and talking jelly-beans.

FATHER

Fawn, shut up.

The father resorts to pinning him to the wall, smashing his head HARD! As he's finally calmed down...

IVAN

So what the hell are you, huh? Who are you, Fawn? Can you at least answer me that? Don't I deserve to know that?!

FAWN

(pure hatred)  
Snitch.

IVAN

... That's what this is all about?  
It wasn't even me who saw you it was your sister, dumb ass. I just followed orders from the man.

He looks to the father who says nothing in his defence and drags Ivan out of the bedroom.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Fawn sits at her desk to the light of an oil lamp and finishes removing all of the black veneer off her glass plate negative with the appropriate cleaning supplies.

Once she unveils an area in the top left corner of the photograph she stops... leans back in her chair.

PHOTOGRAPH: In the top left corner above the treetops a dark object protrudes from the branches - it looks like the tip of a giant bird wing as it's shooting down into the woods.

Fawn rubs her eyes, am I high?

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn uses her needle-sized rod to pick the lock of her door.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - PHOEBE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn enters and goes to her sleeping baby sister's side. She sits down on the bed slowly as to not wake her.

She very awkwardly moves hair out of her sister's face and pulls up her blanket so they cover her shoulders.

Fawn turns to look at her highly organized dollhouse, smiles.

EXT. OBSCURE WOODS - NIGHT

In her signature all black uniform, Fawn rides her bicycle. As she rides across the back country roads she looks up and down - slightly more paranoid than usual.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn hops off her bicycle and leans it against the same tree as always before entering out into the clearing. THE DISTANT TRAIN WHISTLE!

EXT. FARMLAND - LATER

Fawn hides in the treeline surrounding the property. With her one-eyed binocular, she peers through the lens to see...

Fawn's POV: stolen items both large and small being moved by her fellow employees from cars into various organized areas in the fields and inside the farmer's main house.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Fawn is lead through the downstairs hallway by an employee.

INT. THE EMPLOYER'S HOUSE - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn sits before the Employer who eyes her as he taps the temple tips of his eye glasses against the desk.

THE EMPLOYER

Well, you didn't really pass, but you're sitting here, so... maybe you did. You really did make a mess of my cabin. I had to bring in my special cleaning service.

FAWN

... Wasn't intentional.

A pause, Fawn looks fearful, stares at her lap.

THE EMPLOYER

Look up at me. You killed a man. You killed him with your bare hands. Tell me, how do you feel?

FAWN

It was out of self-defence...?

THE EMPLOYER

It doesn't matter. You've destroyed that part of yourself.

FAWN

What part? My temporal lobe from my concussion?

THE EMPLOYER

There's a line most never cross. And this is done intentionally because once one does everything beyond that line becomes a little more conceivable, one cup of water at a time evil's potency will dilute away until it's just another puddle that you step over on your way to work - unrecognizable. When a child is molested, their innocence is gone, would you agree?

FAWN

Yes.

THE EMPLOYER

It doesn't matter if they didn't consent to their uncle giving them a blow-job inside of a tree house.

(MORE)

THE EMPLOYER (CONT'D)  
Sometime's we're pushed over that line.

FAWN  
... Am I fired or not?

THE EMPLOYER  
(laughing)  
Jesus, kid. You think you'd have learned by now. Our version of a "firing" doesn't include a severance package.

FAWN  
Oh. Yeah.

THE EMPLOYER  
I don't know what to do with you.  
I'm both pissed off and impressed.  
I'll be keeping the latter of my emotions in mind moving forward.

He smiles at her, cunning.

EXT. THE EMPLOYER'S STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn heads up the sidewalk, the guards watch her go.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - LATER

Fawn leaps off the empty train cart, but doesn't land well. She stays down for a moment having hurt her leg. Once recovered, she heads for the treeline.

EXT. OBSCURE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The precise moment Fawn grabs the handle bars of her bicycle she is JUMPED BY THE TELEGRAPHER, BENNETT, AND HIS TWO FRIENDS who were in hiding.

They violently throw her to the ground, bind her hands with black tape and place a bag over her head.

To silence her CRIES FOR HELP, Bennett punches her.

As the men carry her into the woods, Bennett soon orders one of the friends to go start the car waiting down at the road.

As Bennett and the remaining friend continue carrying Fawn through the woods until...

A MASSIVE WINGED CREATURE BLACK AS NIGHT DROPS DOWN FROM THE SKY - EASILY THE SIZE OF AN AUTOMOBILE - AND GRABS THE FRIEND WITH ITS TALONS, CHUCKING HIM A MILE WHILE ACCIDENTALLY SENDING BENNETT FLYING IN THE OTHER DIRECTION WITH ITS WING.

The creature's wing gets caught in the tree branches as this area is too claustrophobic for it. Thus, knocking several heavy tree branches down. The THUDS as they hit the ground.

The creature SCREECHES as it struggles to takes off back into the night sky.

Fawn has been dropped and left, still bound and blind. After all of the noises cease, she gets to her feet and removes the bag from her head and runs away on foot, having to jump over the fallen tree branches.

EXT. RANDOM COMMUNITY - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn exits a treeline and pauses in the middle of an unfamiliar street where she looks around at the houses before hurrying to a steel mailbox and using the handle to slowly saw off the black tape binding her hands together.

When she steps back into the street with her hands now freed, she looks up to see that her surrounding scenery has changed.

THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY LOOKS TO BE BURNED, chard black - cars, streets, trees, houses, children's toys in the front lawns, EVERYTHING. In the windows of some of the houses there are gaunt skeletal looking figures peeking through the curtains all watching Fawn.

Fawn backs into the street and falls over out of exhaustion.

As soon as her blistered ass hits the chard street, the scenery returns back to normal instantly - REALITY AGAIN!

Car tires SQUEAKING close by, piercing the air.

Fawn springs to her feet and SPRINTS UP THE ROAD!

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - LATER

Fawn crawls in through the vent, immediately strips herself of her black uniform until she's down to her silk slip.

She retrieves her pocket-watch from the pant pocket and exits the bathroom...

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fawn crosses to her bedroom door where she takes her desk chair and wedges it underneath the knob to block entry.

She goes to her bedroom's only bay window and opens them letting in the summer breeze.

As she stares out at the backyard with a depressive glaze over her eyes - in the background we see the FOGGY BLACK MASS manifesting in the bathroom doorway. It moves toward her.

Fawn plays with her pocket-watch, fidgeting it the usual rhythm in threes, opening, closing and spinning the crown.

Out of the window movement appears in the back yard's treeline - out of the dark brush walks A DEFORMED TWO HEADED BABY FAWN (the same one from the opening scene). It weaves through some of the trees, buckling and dragging its dead sibling's head before disappearing.

Fawn's pocket-watch fidgeting has stopped, the small KNIFE pops up at the press of a button and she raises the blade to her left wrist - presses down.

Just as blood spills on the floor, the FOGGY BLACK MASS enters into her from behind - stopping her suicide attempt and causing her to drop to the floor into some sort of silent, convulsing possession.

She lies there convulsing, eyes rolling into the back of her head until we hear THE BATHTUB FAUCET TURN ON!

Feet step into the shot, brown arms swoop down and lift Fawn up - her eyes are now as black as the foggy mass.

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angelo lowers Fawn into the still running bathtub where he lets her fully submerge underwater, having no concern for her breathing.

He removes his shirt and kneels down beside her. He places one hand in the water and the other he uses to hold one of hers.

HE PRAYS REPETITIVELY IN FLUENT LATIN in an accent unrecognizable to his own Spanish one.

The bath water begins to bubble and then boil.

Angelo's entire arm - the one holding Fawn's hand - begins blistering, changing color as if burning from the inside out.

His voice crack from the pain he's enduring as his eyes look up - still reciting prayer - and turn the same jet black color of the foggy mass.

HE STOP SPEAKING and drops her hand. The water stops boiling and goes still. Fawn remains submerged, but Angelo rises to his feet with eyes still black as death.

Very methodically and with great grace, Fawn's body rises from the water and turns to face Angelo. She appears to be in a trance until Angelo's eyes go back to normal.

A GUN SHIT GOES OFF! Commotion from below floors - scream!

They make eye contact with each other - only then does she begin breathing again.

Fawn embraces him with a weeping passion when... ANOTHER GUN SHOT FROM OUTSIDE. This time, glass breaks. It has hit somewhere in the house - screams!

INT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fawn and Angelo exit the bathroom.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
(very distant)  
Fawn! Fawn!

As Fawn heads for the door, a GUN SHOT zips right through the cupola upstairs. Her and Angelo both dive to the floor.

Fawn crawls to her bed and grabs the container of telescope mirrors hidden in the bedpost - retrieves one.

When she turns back to Angelo she sees he has gotten to his feet and walking towards the bay windows - HE'S STRUCK WITH TWO BULLETS BACK TO BACK!

Fawn SCREAMS, watches helpless as Angelo topples out of the window head first.

A sobbing Fawn crawls over to the window and reaches her telescope mirror outside to see a shaking reflection of what's down below...

MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
FAWN! Fawn, crawl to the stairs!

THE MIRROR'S REFLECTION: Angelo is face down on the grass below, motionless - the reflection shakes as Fawn quivers in grief - in the treeline are Bennett and the friend who went to go ready the car.

Bennett is bleeding from his head due to the winged creature's attack. They stalk the property with their guns.

BACK TO ANGELO - she sees a limb moving, another, then another. His body begins to slowly change color, change shape, expand in size and morph into the dark creature - WINGS SPROUTING FROM ITS BACK ONE AT A TIME!

A resurrection!

Fawn's face - absolute horror! She drops the mirror outside and crawls backwards away from the window.

A GUST of hurricane-like air enters the bay window as SCREAMING from the predatory males outside ensue!

MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Fawn! Say something please! Are you there? FAWN!

A ROUND OF GUN SHOTS ARE FIRED - SIX IN A ROW!

Fawn curls up into the fetal position until a THUD rocks the entire house. When she looks up she sees...

ANGELO IN HIS TRUE ANGELIC FORM clamping down onto the window sill with his long talons. His wings are black and scaly, webbed veins like a bat - an unconventional looking angel!

He gestures for her to come to him with one talon.

MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Fawn, dammit! Answer me! Please!

Angelo takes his single talon and runs it down the side of her face tenderly.

ANGELO  
(perfect English)  
You've ruined this life both  
through your own will and ill-fate.

The tone of his new voice is a deep, slow hissing.

With one talon, Angelo grabs a coat hanging on the back of her desk chair, dangles it before her. She takes, puts it on.

He wraps his talons around Fawn's tiny body and away they TAKE OFF INTO THE NIGHT SKY!



EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Angelo sets Fawn down to her trail and lands a little further up the trail himself. As he walks towards her, he transforms back into his human form - unmarked by any bullets, any harm.

ANGELO  
(perfect English)  
You're free, absolved... but you  
are no more.

He leans in and kisses her cheek before walking off the trail and into the treeline where Emanuel awaits him behind a tree.

Emanuel looks to Fawn, waves innocently like he always does and kisses the vial necklace she made for him before they disappear into the night - forever.

Fawn sprints back up her trail until she reaches her marble bench. She grabs her shovel hidden in the bushes and digs until she recovers her tin box of priceless treasures.

In a panic, she accidentally knocks off the tin box's lid to see the envelope of cash she once gave him along with the handwritten thank you note on top.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Fawn runs and as she nears the end of her trail, she notices clouds of smoke filling the sky!

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

At the end of her trail, Fawn stops to see a FIRE HAS ENGULFED THE ENTIRE TOP FLOOR OF THE BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - relegated to only her bedroom and the cupola!

The entire family is gathered in the backyard watching it burn down - the fire is mysteriously not spreading anywhere else in the house.

Her family does not seem to cry, mourn or have any kind of emotional response to the fire, which one would presume Fawn would be caught inside.

Fawn sees her gazebo - there's nothing left of her lab station, all of the equipment has vanished.

Phoebe turns and spots Fawn at the end of her trail, but she stares at Fawn squintingly - who is that? Once she begins to point in Fawn's direction and tug the sleeve of Conrad beside her, Fawn backs up and out of sight.

EXT. BRECKENRIDGE ESTATE - FAWN'S TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Fawn pauses another moment to look back at the life she's leaving behind before turning and running up her trail with only the coat on her back and the tin box in her hand, and disappears into the darkness of the night.

HOLD ON her trail - the ground begins to shake!

The sign reading "Fawn's Trail" falls over and is quickly buried into the soil, covered by growing tree roots. The rest of trail sinks into the earth and is covered by new trees and plant life like it never even existed.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END