

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ed lies awake in bed. He is sweaty and nervous. His eyes are wide-open, blood-shot and tired.

He picks up his bedside clock which is ticking loudly. It is 3:37.

He looks over at the other side of the queen-size bed. It is still made. He picks a long, blonde hair from the pillow and examines it curiously.

There is a noise outside and Ed gets up to investigate.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ed walks through the dark hallway and into the living room of his small house.

INT. LIVING ROOM

By the front door, hanging on the wall, is a framed picture of Eve, Ed's wife. Ed passes by it and looks outside through the window. There is some wind outside, but nothing else.

INT. BATHROOM

Ed looks longingly at his reflection. Ed Saxon, 45, is a morbid, insecure man. His frustration with his life has tinged his sense of humor with an acerbic bite. His early success, a few publications of his poetry, has given him a professorship at the University. He is well-read, intelligent, a bit pompous and occasionally condescending. But mostly, these qualities are restrained and his outward appearance is a little sorrowful. There is an unquestionable charm about him, and its effect is evident in the people around him.

He searches through the medicine cabinet, which is full of women's

items, and takes out a Cosco-sized bottle of sleeping pills. He reads the back and takes two.

He hears something bang against the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

He opens the front door and takes a step outside.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

He looks down by his feet and finds the morning paper, wrapped in blue plastic, lying on the doormat. He picks it up and goes back inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ed stands helplessly in the empty living room.

Ed's desk sits on one side of the living room, crammed into the corner. He searches quickly through the stuff on the desk and finds a small address book. He finds a name in the book and dials the number.

SUSIE

(over  
phone)

Hello?

ED

Susie. Hi, it's  
Ed. I'm sorry I  
woke you up.

SUSIE

Is something  
wrong?

ED

Eve isn't there,  
is she?

SUSIE

No. She's not  
there?

ED

No. She didn't  
come home after  
work.

SUSIE

Oh, no. Didn't  
she call or  
anything?

ED

No. She was  
supposed to be  
home around six.  
I cooked her  
dinner.

SUSIE

Could she have  
gone anywhere  
else?

ED

I don't think so.  
Do you?

SUSIE

I don't know.

ED

I'm a little  
worried.

SUSIE

I bet. Did you  
call Harborview?

ED

No. Do you think  
I should?

SUSIE

Yeah. If she got  
into an accident  
of something,  
they would take  
her there.

ED

You don't think  
that's  
overreacting?

SUSIE

Don't be silly.  
Just call them.  
It can't hurt.

ED

Alright. But if  
she comes home  
later and it  
turns out to be  
nothing, don't  
tell her I called  
the hospital, OK?

SUSIE

Call me back.

ED

Alright.

Ed finds the Yellow Pages and finds a page of "non-emergency" numbers. His finger runs down the list: Trauma, Fire, Disaster, etc. until he comes to Hospitals and then Harborview. He dials the number.

OPERATOR

Harborview.

ED

Hello. I wanted  
to find out if  
someone had come  
in. In an  
emergency, maybe.

OPERATOR

Hold on.

She transfers him and the phone rings again.

NURSE

Emergency room.

ED

I wanted to find  
out if someone  
had been brought  
in.

NURSE

What's the last  
name?

ED

Saxon. Eve Saxon.

NURSE

Are you a  
relative?

ED

She's my wife.

NURSE

One second. No.  
No one with last  
name Saxon.

ED

Are there any  
other hospitals  
that I could  
check?

NURSE

Well, we serve as  
the emergency  
room for King  
County, so unless  
they specified a  
hospital, they  
would have been  
brought here. In  
an emergency.

ED

OK. Thank you.

He calls Susie back.

SUSIE

What happened?

ED

Nothing.

SUSIE

Jeez. Did you  
guys have a  
fight?

ED

No. No.

SUSIE

Did you call the  
school?

ED

Yeah, a while  
ago. No one  
answered the  
phone there.

SUSIE

It's not like her  
to not call, is  
it?

ED

No, she would  
have called.

SUSIE

Why don't you  
call the police?

ED

The police?

SUSIE

Maybe they know  
something? Like  
if she was in an  
accident.

ED

It's going a  
little far, don't  
you think?

SUSIE

I don't know. If  
you're  
worried...It's  
not like the  
police have  
anything better  
to do.

ED

I guess. OK. I'll  
call you  
tomorrow. Sorry  
to wake you up.

SUSIE

It's OK. Call me  
tomorrow.

He hangs up.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ed looks around the kitchen,  
searching lazily for something to  
eat. He opens a cabinet that is full  
of boxes of fat-free Skin-EE(  
chocolate-marshmallow cookies.

He opens the fridge, looks around and  
takes the plate of food he made for  
his wife. He takes off the cellophane  
and starts to eat.

He sits at the table, but after a few  
more bites, he loses his appetite.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ed sits at his desk, staring at the  
phone. He takes a breath and calls  
911.

OPERATOR

911 emergency.

ED

Hi. I don't think  
this is an  
emergency.

OPERATOR

What's the  
problem?

ED

My wife hasn't  
come home and, I  
don't know..I  
wanted to check  
with the police  
to see if there  
was an accident.

OPERATOR

When was the last  
time you saw her?

ED

This morning. She  
was supposed to  
come home from  
work, but she  
didn't.

OPERATOR

When does she get  
off work?

ED

Around six.  
Usually.

OPERATOR

She hasn't called  
since then?

ED

No.

OPERATOR

Do you have any  
idea where she  
might have gone?  
Maybe to a  
friend's house?

ED

I don't think so.  
I called the only  
place I could  
think of.

OPERATOR

But you were  
expecting her  
home.

ED

Yes. I cooked  
dinner.

OPERATOR

I could send a  
police officer to  
your house.

ED

Do you think  
that's necessary?  
Maybe I should



wait.

OPERATOR

Until when? It's  
five in the  
morning.

ED

Maybe she went  
somewhere.

OPERATOR

Where?

ED

I don't know.  
Should I be  
worried?

OPERATOR

I would be.

ED

Yes, I'm worried.

OPERATOR

So, do you want  
me to send an  
officer to your  
house?

ED

I don't think so.  
I think I should  
wait.

OPERATOR

Do you think  
she's going to  
come home soon?

ED

I hope so.

OPERATOR

So do I. How long  
are you going to  
wait?

ED

A little longer.  
I think I may be  
overreacting. She

might have gone  
somewhere I can't  
think of.  
Sometimes I worry  
too much.

OPERATOR

OK. It's up to  
you. My name is  
Paul. I'll be  
here if you  
change your mind.

Ed hangs up.

INT. BATHROOM

Ed takes the sleeping pills from the  
medicine cabinet and takes two more.

INT. HALLWAY

Eve has a small room in the house  
that Ed is cautious about entering.  
He walks in and looks around, as if  
he hasn't been in there for a while.

INT. EVE'S ROOM

The room is painted sky-blue and the  
ceiling has clouds painted on it.

On one side of the room, there is a  
console piano with some sheet music  
resting on it.

On the other side of the room is a  
small, antique writing desk. Ed sits  
down and looks at some of the items  
lying on it. There are a couple of  
letters and an address book. There is  
a box containing paper clips, etc.  
There is an open box of Skin-EE(  
cookies.

There is a drawer in the desk which  
he tries to open, but finds that it  
is locked. He searches around the  
desk for a key, but can't find one.  
He presses a little harder at the  
drawer, but it won't budge. He takes  
a letter opener from a jar on the  
desk and starts to fidget with it,

but he still can't open it.

Then he hears some distant voices coming from outside. He looks out the window where he can see the house next door. There is a light on in the neighbor's window, where the voices are coming from, and some vague shadows move around inside. Ed turns off the lights in Eve's room, so that he can see more clearly.

From the muffled sounds, it is soon clear that the couple next door is having an argument.

Only the woman's voice is clear.

WOMAN

I hate you! Stay  
away from me!  
Don't touch me!  
Just go to sleep!  
I'll scream! I am  
not screaming  
now! You don't  
know anything  
about me!

Then the noise dies down and the woman can be heard sobbing in the distance.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ed picks up the phone and dials 911.

OPERATOR

911 emergency.

ED

Hi. I called  
before. I think I  
was talking to  
Paul.

OPERATOR

Hold on.

Paul comes on the line.

OPERATOR

This is Paul.

ED

Hi. I called  
before. My wife  
hasn't come home.

OPERATOR

Yes. I remember.  
You want me to  
send an officer  
over?

ED

Yes.

OPERATOR

What's your  
address?

ED

4523 East Street.

OPERATOR

He should be  
there in a few  
minutes. OK?

ED

Yes. Thank you.

OPERATOR

You did the right  
thing, sir.

Ed hangs up. Almost instantly, he sees some lights pass by the window. He looks through the window and sees a police car pull up. He opens the door and watches the officer as he approaches the house.

OFFICER STEWART is a youngish patrolman. He is relaxed, caring and formal.

STEWART

You called the  
police?

ED

Yes. It was me.  
That was fast.

STEWART

Thank you.

ED

Come in.

Stewart is led a few steps into the living room. He looks around.

STEWART

Your wife didn't  
come home? Is  
that right?

ED

Yes.

STEWART

When was the last  
time you saw her?

ED

When she left for  
work this  
morning. She was  
supposed to come  
home after work.  
I cooked dinner.

STEWART

And she made it  
to work, right?

ED

Yes. I think so.  
I don't know.

STEWART

What time does  
she usually come  
home? Around six?

ED

Yes. Usually.

STEWART

What does she  
look like?

ED

She's blonde,  
straight hair.

STEWART

What was she  
wearing? Do you  
remember?

ED

I think it was a  
red sweater and a  
dress.

STEWART

What kind of car  
does she drive?

ED

A Volvo. Gray.  
'85, I think.

Stewart lets out a sigh of relief.

STEWART

Well, you had me  
worried. There  
was a blonde  
woman involved  
with a car-  
jacking around  
six. Apparently  
she was hit on  
the head by one  
of the  
perpetrators and  
then wandered  
away from the  
incident in a  
daze. Nobody's  
seen her since.  
When I got the  
call on the  
radio, I thought  
that must have  
been your wife,  
but this woman  
was driving a  
Pathfinder and  
was wearing  
jeans, so it  
probably wasn't  
her. You had me  
worried.

ED

She drove a  
Volvo. Drives a  
Volvo.

STEWART

That's a relief.  
Do you know  
anywhere your  
wife might have  
gone?

ED

I called the only  
place I could  
think of. And I  
called the  
hospital.

STEWART

Harborview?

ED

Yes.

Stewart takes a couple of pills from  
a bottle and takes them, chasing them  
down with a coffee he has with him.

STEWART

I'm afraid  
there's not much  
I can do now. By  
law, we can't put  
out a missing  
persons until 72  
hours has elapsed  
since the last  
time she was  
seen.

ED

72 hours?

STEWART

Usually in these  
cases, it was  
something stupid.  
Maybe she was  
upset about  
something, had to  
get away. Who  
knows? What I can

do is take the  
license plate  
number of her car  
and if it shows  
up for some  
reason, we'll  
give you a call.  
Do you have your  
wife's license  
plate number?

ED

Yes. Actually,  
it's easy to  
remember. 007  
FEC.

STEWART

James Bond.

ED

Right. And FEC,  
For Every Child.

STEWART

And what's her  
name?

ED

Eve. Eve Saxon.

STEWART

And your name?

ED

Ed. Saxon.

STEWART

Like I said, it  
was probably  
something stupid.  
Did you have a  
fight?

ED

Not at all.

STEWART

Well, you should  
try to get some  
sleep and, if she  
doesn't show up  
tomorrow, give us



a call and we'll  
see what things  
look like then.  
OK?

ED

Yes. Thank you.

STEWART

Usually, they  
come back.

ED

Yes. Thank you. I  
feel much better  
now. Thank you  
for coming.

STEWART

No problem. You  
have a good  
night. Or  
morning, I guess.

ED

Yes. You too.

Ed shuts the door. He's a little wired so he sits at his desk and picks up a pile of his students' papers. He reads the one on top, marking it with a red pen as he does.

He hears a gurgling noise coming quietly from the bathroom. He gets up and walks into the-

INT. BATHROOM

He looks around the bathroom, tracing the sound to the bathtub drain. It gets louder as he approaches it, but before he can investigate, there is a knock on the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

When Ed comes out to answer the door, it is now bright daylight outside.

The sun is streaming in through the windows. Through the washed-out sunlight outside his window, Ed can

see a police car parked in front of his house.

Someone knocks again and Ed answers the door. As he does, he picks up the mail that has been dropped through the slot in the door.

DETECTIVE DERM, 46, stands outside in plain clothes. Derm is, above all, a nice man. Experience has given him a knowing stare, but he is affable, not suspicious. He is consistently professional and genuinely concerned.

ED

Hello.

DERM

Mr Saxon?

ED

Yes.

DERM

Sorry to wake you up.

ED

I wasn't asleep.

DERM

Oh. I called a few times and when there wasn't any answer I thought I better come over.

ED

What time is it?

DERM

About 3:30.

ED

3:30? Maybe I did fall asleep.  
Damn.

DERM

I'm Detective Derm of the

Seattle Police  
Department. You  
called last night  
about your wife.

ED

Yes.

DERM

We found her car  
this morning. On  
Capitol Hill.  
Actually,  
somebody called  
it in. It was  
running.

ED

Running?

DERM

Did your wife  
come home last  
night?

ED

No.

DERM

Did she go to  
work today?

ED

I don't know. I  
haven't called.

DERM

Do you have a  
number for her  
there?

ED

Sure.

Ed picks up the phone and dials from  
memory.

DERM

Why don't you let  
me?

He hands Derm the phone.

DERM

Hi, this is  
Detective Derm of  
the Seattle  
Police. I was  
wondering if Mrs  
Eve Saxon had  
come into work  
today, or called  
in, any word from  
her. Yes. Since  
yesterday. Did  
you see her leave  
yesterday? Yes.  
About what time  
was that? I'm not  
sure. Is she  
calls, or comes  
in, could you  
please ask her to  
call me. My  
number is 734-  
9722, extension  
38. Thank you.  
Bye.

He hangs up.

DERM

She hasn't been  
in today.

ED

My God.

DERM

She hasn't called  
here at all?

ED

No.

DERM

Any messages?

He points to the answering machine.  
It is blinking, full of messages.

ED

I must have been  
asleep.

DERM

That happens.

ED

I was up late  
last night.

DERM

I understand. Why  
don't we listen  
to these  
messages?

ED

Alright.

Ed pushes the button on the machine.

The first message is from Eve's work.

CELESTE

(on  
machine)

Hi, this is  
Celeste, calling  
for Eve. We're  
worried about  
you. You don't  
come in. You  
don't call. No,  
seriously, we  
just want to make  
sure you're OK.  
Don't worry about  
your students.  
Marie's covering  
for you. But give  
us a call, OK?  
Bye.

ED

That's the school  
where Eve works.  
She's a piano  
teacher at  
Franklin High.

Then there's a message for Ed.

MRS MASTRIONI

(on  
machine)

Hello, Mr Saxon.  
This is Mrs  
Mastrioni from  
the University.  
You didn't show  
up for your  
morning class and  
I'm calling to  
see if you'll be  
in for your other  
classes so that I  
can make the  
proper  
arrangements. I  
assume you  
remember how to  
use the phone.

ED

Damn.

DERM

You're a teacher  
too?

ED

A professor at  
the University.

The next message is Derm.

DERM

(on  
machine)  
Hello, this is  
Detective Derm  
from the Seattle  
Police  
Department...

Derm takes a small pill box from his  
overcoat, while the machine plays in  
the background.

DERM

That's me. Do you  
have a glass of  
water?

ED

Sure.

Ed goes into the -

INT. KITCHEN

- and fills a glass for the detective.

INT. LIVING ROOM

When he comes back, he sees Derm casually looking over the woman's magazines on the coffee table. Derm picks up a filled-in New York Times Sunday Crossword and looks it over.

DERM

Your wife did this?

ED

Yes.

DERM

Smart woman. The acrostic, too.

Ed hands Derm the water.

DERM

Thank you.

Meanwhile the next message comes on. It is a girl from Ed's class.

SADIE

(on machine)

Hello, Mr Saxon?  
This is Sadie,  
from your  
creative writing  
class. Anyway,  
you didn't show  
up today and I  
just wanted to  
see if you were  
OK and, you know,  
if there was any  
reading or  
anything you  
wanted us to do.  
My number is 323-  
4854. I hope

you're alright.  
Bye.

DERM

A student?

ED

Yes.

DERM

Do they call you  
often?

ED

No, but they all  
have my number.

The next message is from Susie.

SUSIE

(on  
machine)

He, Ed. I just  
wanted to find  
out what happened  
last night. If  
Eve ever showed  
up, or what  
happened. Call me  
at work, 672-  
5695.

ED

I thought she  
might have gone  
over there last  
night. Excuse me,  
I better call the  
University.

The next message is Detective Derm  
again and it plays behind Ed's  
conversation.

ED

Hi, Mrs  
Mastrioni?

MRS MASTRIONI

(over  
phone)

Yes.



ED

This is Ed Saxon.

MRS MASTRIONI

Oh, yes. Didn't  
make it in today,  
huh?

ED

I guess not.

MRS MASTRIONI

There were  
students waiting  
for you.

ED

Yes, I know. It's  
a personal  
matter.

MRS MASTRIONI

A personal  
matter, huh?

ED

That's right.

MRS MASTRIONI

So you'll be in  
tomorrow.

ED

Yes, tomorrow.

MRS MASTRIONI

Or you'll call.

ED

Or I'll call,  
yes. Hello?  
Hello?

Ed hangs up, having been hung up on.  
He turns around to see Derm standing  
right by, listening to his call.

The next message is from George  
Simian, a man who works with Eve. His  
cautious voice makes it known that it  
is weird that he is calling. Ed pays  
special attention to this call.

GEORGE

Hi, Eve. This is  
George, from  
school. You  
didn't come into  
work today and I  
just wanted to  
make sure  
everything was  
OK. I guess I'll  
see you tomorrow.

DERM

Who's that?

ED

Some guy she  
worked with. P.E.  
teacher, I think.

DERM

I see. Mr Saxon,  
does your wife  
have an address  
book?

ED

Yes.

DERM

Could I see it,  
please? And a  
picture, if you  
have one.

ED

Certainly.

Ed heads into -

INT. EVE'S ROOM

- and picks up the small address book  
from the desk.

INT. LIVING ROOM

He hands the address book and takes a  
picture of Eve from his desk,  
removing from the frame.

DERM

Great.

Derm flips through the address book and a business card falls out. Derm picks it up and looks it over.

DERM

George Simian. Is that the same George that called?

ED

Yes.

DERM

This address, this George Simian lives on Capitol Hill, where we found your wife's car.

ED

Really?

DERM

May I borrow this?

ED

I suppose.

DERM

I'll call the numbers in here and see what I can turn up. Try not to worry, Mr Saxon. I'll be in touch.

ED

Yes, thank you.

Derm leaves. Ed shuts the door and locks it.

The phone rings and Ed picks it up.

ED

Hello.

SADIE

(over  
phone)  
He, Mr Saxon?

ED

Yes?

SADIE

Hi, it's Sadie  
Crumb, from your  
creative writing  
class.

ED

Oh, yes. Hi.

SADIE

Are you OK? Is  
this a bad time  
to call?

ED

No. It's alright.

SADIE

I was, I don't  
know, wondering  
if you were sick  
or something,  
when you didn't  
come to class.

ED

No, well, a  
little.

SADIE

Do you need  
anything? I mean,  
I could bring you  
something.

ED

No, I don't think  
so.

SADIE

Really, it's no  
problem. Have you  
eaten?

ED

No, but...

SADIE

I can bring you  
something to eat.  
It's no problem.  
Some soup or  
something.

ED

Really, I don't  
know if it's a  
good idea.

SADIE

Oh, I'm sorry.

ED

No, don't be.  
It's just that I  
don't feel too  
well.

SADIE

That's OK. I used  
to volunteer at a  
hospital.

ED

Really?

SADIE

Yeah, I was a  
candy striper.

ED

You're kidding.

SADIE

What I mean is,  
I'm used to it.  
You know, sick  
people.

ED

Yeah? OK.

SADIE

Where do you  
live?

ED

4523 East Street.

SADIE

I'll be there  
soon.

ED

OK.

SADIE

Oh. Do you not  
eat meat, or  
anything?

ED

No. I eat  
anything.

SADIE

Great. Bye.

Ed hangs up the phone. He walks into  
the -

INT. BATHROOM

He looks in the mirror. His hair is a  
mess and he is unshaven. He looks  
tired. He turns on the shower.

INT. BEDROOM

Ed takes off his clothes and walks  
back into the -

INT. BATHROOM

He puts his hand under the water. It  
isn't warm yet, so he picks up his  
toothbrush and puts some paste on it.

Then he hears a piano playing, behind  
the sound of the shower. It can  
hardly be heard.

ED

Eve?

INT. EVE'S ROOM

He looks around Eve's room quickly.  
There is no one there. Ed goes back  
to the -

INT. BATHROOM

He comes back into the bathroom. The music has stopped and all that can be heard is the shower filling up the tub.

The water is about ankle-deep.

ED

Damn.

Ed reaches into the drain and pulls out a clump of Eve's hair. He throws it into the toilet and then gets in the shower. The drain is obviously still clogged up. He is up to his knees in soapy water.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Ed comes out of the shower, he sees that it is completely dark. There is a knock on the door.

ED

Hold on! One  
second!

Ed grabs Eve's robe from the back of the bathroom door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ed answers the door.

SADIE, 18, is the kind of girl who always has something to say in class, who has always done her homework and who has definite ideas about her future and the future of the planet. She is innocent and naïve, nice and well-mannered. But also pushy and manipulative, used to getting her way.

SADIE

Hi, it's me.

ED

Oh, hi.

SADIE

Are you OK?

ED

I didn't think  
you'd be here so  
fast.

SADIE

It's almost  
eight.

ED

Oh. I seem to be  
having a little  
trouble with  
time.

SADIE

I know what you  
mean. I'm one of  
those people who  
is always late.

ED

Come in.

SADIE

I hope you don't  
mind me coming  
over like this.  
It didn't occur  
to me that it  
might be a little  
strange until  
after I hung up.  
It's just, well,  
at my high  
school, I went to  
boarding school,  
and we were  
pretty close with  
our teachers.

ED

It's nice.  
Kindness. Very  
refreshing.

SADIE

I brought you  
some soup.

ED

I better get some



clothes on. Make  
yourself at home.

SADIE

OK.

INT. BEDROOM

Ed gets dressed. As he does, he notices a pile of Eve's clothes on the floor. He picks them up and puts them in the closet, on top of a pile of Eve's dirty laundry.

INT. LIVING ROOM

When Ed comes out, Sadie has put the soup in a bowl and set a place at the table.

SADIE

I put it in a  
bowl for you. I  
hope you don't  
mind.

ED

Thank you.

Ed sits down and tastes the soup.

ED

It's good.

SADIE

I got it at my  
favorite place.  
You don't mind me  
hanging out for a  
little while, do  
you?

ED

No. I could use  
the company. Like  
I said, I haven't  
been feeling very  
well.

Sadie notices the pile of papers on Ed's desk.

SADIE

Oh, you graded  
our papers.

ED

Some of them.

SADIE

Can I look?

ED

Sure.

Sadie looks through the papers. She  
finds hers marked with a C minus.

SADIE

Oh.

ED

What is it?

SADIE

I just...I guess  
I though this one  
was better.

ED

Let me see.

Ed looks over the paper for a second.  
He takes a pen and crosses out the C  
and changes it to an A.

ED

I was in a bad  
mood when I  
graded these.

SADIE

Don't change it  
if it's not good.

ED

It's just a  
grade.

SADIE

Please don't. No.  
Don't. Please.

Sadie takes the paper away from him.

ED

Sorry. I didn't  
mean to.

SADIE

It's just. I  
don't think  
you're doing me  
any favors by  
letting me off  
easy. I mean, I'm  
hard to learn. It  
means a lot to me  
to do well in  
your class.  
You're the best  
teacher I've had  
since I came to  
the University.

ED

How long has that  
been?

SADIE

Well, I'm still a  
freshman, but  
I've met a lot of  
teachers and I'm  
very discerning.  
Before I took  
your class I went  
to the library  
and looked up  
your work.

ED

You're kidding.

SADIE

No. I read all  
your poems, or  
all they had. The  
ones in the New  
Yorker and in  
Poetry Magazine,  
and two short  
stories.

ED

What did you  
think?

SADIE

I loved them; the poems especially. I mean, they're dark, but they're so...true. Really. I really got into them. I photocopied one and put it on my wall. I hope you don't mind.

ED

Which one?

SADIE

"The Passion of my Youth". It is so intense. "Her eyes blew gently, purposefully by my ears, echoing gentle pulses of bliss which bounced and fired like a chill on my whole being, leaving just a trace to fuel my longing."

ED

My wife like that poem.

SADIE

You're married.

ED

Yes.

SADIE

Where's your wife?

ED

She's at her mother's. She's gone for a while.

SADIE

Oh.

There is an awkward silence.

SADIE

May I use the  
bathroom?

ED

Sure. Go ahead.

Sadie takes her purse and goes into  
the bathroom. Ed finishes his soup.  
The phone rings and he picks it up.

ED

Hello.

GEORGE

Is this Ed?

ED

Yes.

GEORGE

This is George  
Simian.

ED

Yes.

GEORGE

Where's Eve?

ED

Why do you want  
to talk to Eve?

GEORGE

What have you  
done?

ED

Excuse me?

GEORGE

You've done  
something. I know  
you have.

ED

What are you  
talking about?

GEORGE

The police found  
her car near my  
house. They think  
I have something  
to do with her  
disappearance.

ED

Maybe it's  
because you were  
fucking her.

GEORGE

You son of a  
bitch. What did  
you do? If you  
hurt her, I  
swear, I'm going  
to kill you.

ED

Look, she  
disappeared. I  
haven't seen her.  
Why do you think  
I called the  
police?

GEORGE

I'll kill you.  
I'll kill you,  
you bastard. I  
swear.

Ed hangs up. He is shaky, but also  
strangely exhilarated. He turns off  
the ringer on the phone and turns  
down the volume on the answering  
machine.

INT. KITCHEN

He brings the rest of the soup to the  
sink, scrapes it into the garbage  
disposal, and flicks the switch. When  
the food has gone down, he starts to  
wash the dishes. He stops and looks  
back to the bathroom.

INT. HALLWAY

Ed walks over to the bathroom door.

ED

Sadie?

There is no answer. He knocks on the door.

ED

Sadie? Is  
everything  
alright?

There is still no answer.

ED

I'm coming in.  
OK?

INT. BATHROOM

Ed opens the door. Sadie is lying on the floor, passed out. Her pants are around her knees, as if she passed out while standing up from the toilet.

Her nose is bleeding, like she might have hit it on the way down. It has bled on her sweater.

The air from the open door wakes her up, but she is in a heavy daze.

ED

Are you alright?  
My God. What  
happened?

Ed comes over to her and lifts her head. She stares at him strangely.

ED

Can you stand? Do  
you understand  
me? I'll help you  
to the bedroom.

Sadie notices her pants are down.

SADIE

Oh.

ED

I'll wait  
outside.

INT. HALLWAY

Ed waits outside and, a second later, Sadie comes out, still reeling, clutching her purse. She leans on Ed, who leads her into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

Sadie lies down on the bed.

ED

You want some  
water.

SADIE

Yes, please.

Ed goes into the -

INT. KITCHEN

He takes a glass from the cupboard and fills it up. He stops, having noticed something on the glass. He holds the glass up to the light.

Eve's lipstick is clearly marked on the rim.

He puts that glass down and fills another.

INT. BEDROOM

When he comes back, he finds Sadie digging through her purse. She pulls out an asthma inhaler and takes a couple of big hits.

Then she sits on the bed and drinks a little water.

SADIE

I'm so  
embarrassed.

ED

No, don't be.



SADIE

God, my nose.

ED

Does it hurt?

SADIE

No, but the  
blood.

ED

Maybe you hit it  
when you fell.

SADIE

It was so weird.  
I heard someone's  
voice, a woman's  
voice. Like a  
scream. And then  
it was like all  
my blood left my  
body.

ED

Sometimes you can  
hear the  
neighbors.

SADIE

It was like it  
echoed around the  
bathroom. Maybe I  
imagined it. I've  
been taking these  
caffeine pills to  
stay awake.

ED

Just relax.

SADIE

I should go.

ED

I can't let you  
leave like this.

SADIE

I didn't mean to  
be such a burden.  
I'm such a loser.  
I am so sorry

about this.

It seems that her nose has stopped bleeding, but her sweater has a surprising amount of blood on it.

ED

I'll get you a towel.

Ed leaves and then comes back with a wet towel.

He starts to wipe the blood off her nose.

SADIE

I feel better now. Thank you.

ED

Do you want me to drive you home?

SADIE

I'll be OK.

ED

Maybe you want me to call your roommate.

SADIE

My roommate moved out. She hated me. She said I was immature, do you believe that?

ED

Your friends, then.

SADIE

I don't have any friends. I don't know what it is. People don't like me here. I thought it would be a good idea to go to a school far away from

home, but since  
I've been here,  
it's like, I  
spend all this  
time on my own.  
At my high  
school, my  
friends and I  
were so close. I  
just don't get  
along with people  
anymore. I don't  
know what it is.

ED

You get along  
with me.

SADIE

You're the first  
person I've met  
since I've been  
here that talks  
to me like a real  
person.

Ed walks over to the closet and takes  
out a sweater.

ED

You can borrow  
this, if you  
want. It's my  
wife's.

SADIE

She wouldn't  
mind.

ED

No.

SADIE

I bled so much.

Ed gets up to give her some room.

She slips out of her sweater and puts  
the other one on.

Sadie looks at a picture next to the  
bed.

SADIE

Is this your  
wife?

ED

That's my mother.  
That picture is  
older than it  
looks.

SADIE

She's so pretty.

ED

She was young  
when that was  
taken. She died a  
few years ago.

SADIE

That's awful.  
How'd she die?

ED

Cancer. It was  
quite an ordeal.  
She died very  
slowly.

SADIE

That's so sad. I  
better go, huh?

ED

It's getting  
late.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ed walks her to the door.

SADIE

I'm sorry about  
everything.

ED

Don't be sorry.  
I'm glad you  
came.

SADIE

I'll see you  
tomorrow.

ED

Tomorrow?

SADIE

In school. You'll  
be there, right?

ED

Oh, yes. I'll be  
there.

SADIE

Bye.

Sadie kisses him on the cheek and  
then leaves.

Ed locks the door after her.

INT. BATHROOM

Ed looks at the tub in the bathroom  
which is full of water.

He sticks his finger deep into the  
drain, trying to free whatever is in  
there. There is another tuft of hair,  
and again he throws it into the  
toilet.

The gurgling sound that he heard  
before has come back, resonating  
through the soapy water from the  
drain.

INT. BASEMENT

Ed follows the gurgling sounds into  
the basement.

He takes a flashlight from behind the  
basement door and shines it at the  
pipes that lead from the bathtub  
drain. He can hear the gurgling sound  
running through them. It sound like  
they ate something they can't digest.  
He reaches up and touches the pipe.  
It seems to be leaking a little, or  
maybe it is condensation.

Ed traces the noise to a larger  
sewage pipe that runs down into the  
basement floor. He watches the pipe,

but slowly, his attention is drawn to the shadow next to the pipe.

As he stares intently into the darkness of the shadow, a figure begins to emerge in the distance. The darkness begins to change into a long hallway. A small figure is walking towards Ed and his footsteps echo in the distance.

Ed watches, mesmerized.

The basement fades into the blackness, and now, the hallway becomes more clear.

INT. HOSPITAL

It is a very long hospital hallway, and the figure walking toward Ed is a doctor, carrying a clipboard.

DOCTOR

Mr Saxon.

ED

Yes.

DOCTOR

There's nothing we can do for her now except to alleviate any pain she may be feeling. We have her on a morphine drip and we'll keep increasing the dosage as she shows any signs of pain.

ED

I see. Can she understand me?

DOCTOR

At this point, probably not. She has so much morphine in her, I doubt she can

even recognize  
you. But you  
never know.  
Actually, in  
cases like this,  
where the end is  
inevitable, I  
recommend that we  
increase the  
dosage on the  
morphine drip at  
an accelerated  
rate. There's no  
point in making  
this last longer  
than it has to.

ED

Whatever you  
think is best.

The doctor nods, then walks into the hospital room where, we see now, Ed's MOTHER is lying in a hospital bed, hooked up to a digital IV. She is old, but looks older - she's been through chemotherapy and radiation and they have all taken their toll.

She stares at Ed with confused and desperate eyes. It is hard to tell if she is looking at him or not.

The doctor, at the door, has a few words with the NURSE, who then looks into the room.

Ed sits next to his mother and takes her hand. She stares at him.

The nurse comes in and pushes a button on the digital IV. Ed watches the LED numbers on the digital IV go up. The nurse smiles an attempt at comfort, then leaves the room.

Mother reacts to the higher dosage of morphine. Her eyes get wider and more delirious. She sits up a little and tenses her muscles. She lets go of Ed's hand and starts moving her arm up and down.

She starts shouting something. At first, it is completely unintelligible, but slowly, it becomes clearer.

MOTHER

IT MEANS YOU'RE  
GOING TO HELL! IT  
MEANS YOU'RE  
GOING TO HELL! IT  
MEANS YOU'RE  
GOING TO HELL!

Ed stands up and backs away. He backs out of the hospital room as his mother continues to scream.

Ed backs into the hallway, which is now blackness.

As he backs away, another noise starts to echo around him. A banging. A loud banging is coming from upstairs.

Ed backs away and then runs upstairs.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

As Ed opens the basement door, he sees that it is bright daylight again.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ed opens the front door and before he can react, a fist hits him hard in the face.

Ed falls to the ground, next to a pile of letters that has been dropped through the slot in the door.

GEORGE SIMIAN walks in, wearing a track suit. George, 35, is a stronger man than Ed. He is better looking, too, or, at least, younger. He has a genuine honesty about him, like a big boy. It is this boyish quality that makes his anger seem uncontrollable.

GEORGE

You son of a



bitch. Get up.

Ed staggers to his feet. He tries to get a swing in at George, but George grabs him by the collar, hits him again, then throws him over the coffee table. Ed hits the phone and the answering machine on the way down.

GEORGE

EVE!

When Ed doesn't say anything, George starts searching around the house.

GEORGE

(O.S.)

EVE!

Ed can hear George searching around in the other rooms.

He gets up and sits on the couch, nursing his wounds.

After a minute, George comes back into the living room.

GEORGE

What have you  
done?

ED

Don't hit me  
again.

GEORGE

You son of a  
bitch.

George sits down on a chair across from Ed.

GEORGE

You son of a  
bitch.

ED

What did you  
think would  
happen? Nothing?

GEORGE

You did  
something.

ED

I did what I  
always do. I woke  
up, went to my  
shitty job, came  
home and cooked  
dinner for my  
wife, who was too  
busy bouncing up  
and down on your  
bedsprings to  
cook it herself.  
Not exactly what  
I had planned for  
my life. The same  
boring shit as  
always. Why don't  
you leave?

GEORGE

I love her. I'm  
sorry. I know  
she's your wife.

George is crying. Ed, despite  
himself, is moved.

ED

What? Am I  
supposed to feel  
sorry for you  
now? Well, I  
won't. People  
think they can  
just carry on.  
They don't think  
that there might  
be consequences  
to their actions.  
You won't find  
sympathy here.  
Why don't you  
just leave?

GEORGE

What did you do?

ED

I didn't do  
anything. She  
didn't come home  
after work.

George gets up and starts to leave.

ED

Don't come back  
here again.

George stops when he hears this and turns towards Ed with an angry look on his face. He grabs Ed's collar, picks him up from the couch and slugs him hard across the head. Ed lands on the floor, stunned and not moving.

GEORGE

I swear. If I  
find out you did  
something to her,  
I'll kill you.

Ed watches George leave and stays lying on the floor as George's car can be heard driving away outside.

The telephone is lying on the floor, knocked off its cradle, just out of Ed's reach. Ed stares at it for a few seconds. It is making that beeping noise that phones make when they are off the hook too long.

He slowly gets up and limps into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

He looks in the mirror. His eye is swelling up already and his lip is bruised. He washes his lip off, and then takes a towel from the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN

He fills the towel with ice and holds it to his head.

INT. LIVING ROOM

He picks up the phone as he walks

into the living room and places it on the coffee table. He sits on the couch and stares at it for a second.

Then he brings the phone over to his desk and finds Derm's business card. He sits down at the desk and calls Derm.

ED

Hello. Detective?

DERM

Mr Saxon?

ED

Yes.

DERM

I've been trying to call you.

ED

You found her.

DERM

No. I need to talk to you.

ED

Detective. George Simian was just over here. He hit me.

DERM

Are you OK?

ED

I think so.

DERM

Do you want me to call an ambulance?

ED

I don't need an ambulance.

DERM

I'll be right over.

ED

OK.

He hangs up the phone.

He sits at the desk, resting the ice on his forehead.

Then he notices something under the sofa. It grabs his attention. He gets up for a closer look.

There are dust bunnies and dust under the edge of the sofa, like it hasn't been swept for a while. Ed kneels down and tries to peer under the sofa. It is dark underneath and he can't see anything.

He reaches his fingers under and sweeps out a few dust bunnies.

Then he reaches a little further under the sofa and sweeps out Eve's pinkie finger.

He recoils at the sight of this. The finger has been neatly cut, as if by a sharp blade. Dust has clung to the clotted blood around the stump, but it is unquestionably a woman's pinkie finger.

He stares at it for a second, curiously disgusted.

He goes to pick it up, decides he doesn't want to touch it, then uses a tissue to pick it up.

He hurries to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

He drops the finger into the toilet with the tissue and flushes it.

INT. LIVING ROOM

He hurries to the edge of the couch with a sponge and cleans up the small amount of blood and dust left there.

INT. KITCHEN

He squeezes the sponge out until it is clean, then puts it aside.

He lets out a huge sigh of relief.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Much of the ice has melted and the towel it was wrapped in is now soaking wet.

INT. BATHROOM

He takes the towel into the bathroom and rings it out.

Then he looks over at the toilet. The finger is still there, floating like a cigarette butt. The water is pink from the blood, the tissue is gone, but the finger floats there defiantly.

He flushes the toilet again, but this time stays to watch. The water goes down, but the finger stays buoyant and won't go down.

There is a knock on the front door.

Ed takes a bunch of toilet paper from the roll and tosses it over the finger. He flushes again, but the tank hasn't filled up yet and, if anything, this makes it longer until it will fill up again.

There is another impatient knock at the door.

ED

One second!

Ed sits there waiting, listening to the toilet tank filling.

The knocking outside is becoming more impatient.

The tank finally fills. Ed flushes and watches. This time the paper he

threw in clogs the toilet and the bowl quickly fills up with water.

Ed reaches behind the toilet and turns off the water, stopping it from overflowing.

He looks in the toilet and can't see the finger through the mess of toilet paper.

There is another knock on the door.

Ed closes the toilet lid.

INT. HALLWAY

Ed shuts the bathroom door firmly, takes a breath, and hurries out to meet Derm.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ed answers the door. Derm comes in with two assistants, MAZUREK and SNYDER. Snyder is holding Ed's morning paper.

DERM

Damn. You did take a couple of blows, didn't you.

ED

I was just putting some ice on it.

DERM

That's the best thing for it. Try to keep the swelling down. It's going to look worse tomorrow. You don't want to have a doctor examine you?

ED

It's not

necessary.

DERM

Mr Saxon, Officer  
Mazurek and  
Officer Snyder.  
They'll be  
assisting me.

ED

Hi.

MAZUREK

How's it going?

SNYDER

Here. I brought  
this in.

Snyder hands Ed the newspaper.

ED

Thanks.

DERM

You say it was  
George Simian who  
hit you?

ED

Yes, he did. He  
came barreling in  
here and hit me.  
Several times.

DERM

Do you have any  
idea why he would  
come here?

ED

Because he's a  
fucking asshole.

DERM

I should say that  
I'm concerned  
that he would  
come here. Mr  
Simian has a  
history of  
violent behavior,  
in regards to



domestic  
disputes.

ED

What kind of  
history?

DERM

Nothing too  
serious. No  
felonies. But  
enough, I think,  
to warrant some  
concern. With  
your permission,  
I'd like to fill  
in a complaint  
report for his  
assault on you,  
and as soon as  
we're finished  
here, I'll send  
these two over to  
arrest him,  
assuming he can  
be found.

ED

You think he did  
something to Eve?

DERM

We don't have any  
evidence that  
he's even seen  
your wife she  
left her office  
and disappeared.  
We'll be  
arresting him  
solely for his  
assault on you.

ED

But Eve's car.  
You said you  
found her car  
near his house.

DERM

It does no one  
any good to jump

to conclusions.

ED

I guess I  
misunderstood.

DERM

We're going to  
have to take some  
pictures of you  
for the complaint  
report. The  
pictures will be  
used as evidence  
against Mr Simian  
if this matter  
does, eventually,  
go to trial.

ED

Fine.

Derm turns to Snyder, who has heard  
this conversation, and Snyder begins  
to take pictures of Ed.

DERM

Mr Saxon. These  
investigations  
can be quite  
demanding,  
especially when  
experiencing the  
trauma of loss.  
Do you understand  
what I am saying?

ED

Yes.

DERM

If you feel that  
you need someone  
to talk to, at  
any time, there  
are people,  
sometimes victims  
of similar  
situation  
themselves, who  
are will to  
listen and would

like to help.

He hands Ed a business card which reads Human Support Services, and has some address and phone information on it.

DERM

Are you aware  
that your wife  
has been having  
an affair?

ED

With George  
Simian?

DERM

Yes.

ED

The P.E. teacher.  
I guess I should  
have known.

DERM

Apparently your  
wife has been  
seeing him for  
some time. Almost  
a year, in fact.

ED

A year?

DERM

Do you consider  
that you and your  
wife have a  
normal  
relationship?

ED

I don't know.  
Normal  
relationship. We  
get on each  
other's nerves,  
have sex a few  
times a year,  
order pizza on  
Fridays. We've

been married for  
ten years. It  
doesn't stay rosy  
forever. Maybe it  
isn't paradise,  
but that doesn't  
mean that I don't  
love her.

DERM

Are you having  
any other  
relationships?

ED

No.

DERM

Does your wife  
keep a diary?

ED

No. She isn't the  
type.

DERM

Mr Saxon. May I  
be frank?

ED

Yes. Please.

DERM

Cases involving  
missing persons  
are not uncommon.  
In many cases,  
and that is not  
to say in every  
case, but in many  
cases, the  
results are  
unfortunate.

ED

My God.

DERM

I'm not saying  
that you should  
give up hope, but  
my experience

tells me that you should prepare yourself for the worst. Now, having said that, we will do everything in our power to find your wife.

ED

I understand.

DERM

Now, it's best if we can gather as much information as possible, as quickly as possible. I'm sure you understand the urgency here.

ED

Of course.

DERM

It will be necessary for us to search through some of your wife's personal items.

ED

I'm sure I can find whatever it is that you want.

DERM

It's really in your wife's best interests if you allow us to do it. We won't disturb anything or touch anything without your permission.

ED

Alright.

DERM

How about we  
start in the  
bedroom?

ED

The bedroom.

DERM

Yes.

ED

Right. I'll show  
you.

Ed stands up and leads them into the  
bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY

They pass by the bathroom. The  
gurgling noises from the plumbing  
echo around the hallway, and while  
the police don't seem to pay it any  
mind, Ed can definitely hear it.

INT. BEDROOM

Ed looks around the bedroom quickly  
before they go in.

ED

Here you go. It's  
sort of a mess.

DERM

Do you know where  
your wife keeps  
her credit card  
receipts?

ED

Yes. Sure. This  
way.

Ed leads Derm to Eve's room, leaving  
the two assistants in the bedroom.

INT. EVE'S ROOM

Ed goes over to Eve's writing desk

and looks over the papers lying on top.

DERM

Nice room.

ED

You like it?

DERM

Yeah. Very  
Magritte. It's  
like a nursery.

ED

I guess it is. I  
always thought it  
was more of a  
conservatory.

DERM

With the piano.

ED

Right. She plays  
in here  
sometimes. It's  
nice. We always  
wanted to fix up  
the whole house,  
but, this is the  
only room we got  
to.

DERM

Things always  
cost more than  
you think.

ED

Yeah, I don't  
know what  
happened. Anyway,  
we share a credit  
card, but she  
mostly uses her  
own.

DERM

If someone has  
taken your wife,  
there's a chance

they might have  
used one of her  
credit cards. Or  
she might have  
used it herself.

Ed pulls at the locked drawer in the  
writing table.

ED

I think she keeps  
the receipts in  
here, but I don't  
have a key.

Derm looks at the lock.

DERM

Let me try.

Ed gets out of the way and Derm sits  
in the chair to examine the lock more  
closely. He presses his thumbs  
against the desk and breaks the wood  
around the lock, forcing the drawer  
open.

DERM

There we go.

ED

I could have done  
it if I wanted to  
break it.

DERM

I'm sure she'll  
understand.

ED

She won't. I  
promise.

Ed sits back down and searches  
through the drawer. He finds some  
credit card receipts and sorts  
through them.

MAZUREK

Detective Derm.

Mazurek comes into the office  
carrying Sadie's sweater, which has



blood all over it.

Snyder follows Mazurek in and looks over Mazurek's shoulder.

MAZUREK

It was under the  
bed, sir.

Derm takes the sweater and looks at the blood on it.

DERM

Is this your  
wife's?

ED

No.

DERM

There's blood on  
this sweater, Mr  
Saxon.

ED

Yes, I know. A  
student.  
Detective, this  
is going to sound  
awkward, I guess,  
but a student of  
mine came to the  
house yesterday,  
after you were  
here. She was  
nervous, I  
suppose. She had  
a bloody nose.

DERM

Why would she  
have been  
nervous?

ED

I don't know, but  
she seemed  
nervous.

DERM

That is awkward,  
isn't it.

ED

I suppose it is.  
I gave her one of  
my wife's  
sweaters to wear  
home. She must  
have left that  
one by accident.

DERM

By accident?  
Under the bed?

ED

I don't know.

DERM

What was her  
name?

ED

Sadie. Sadie  
Crumb.

Derm finds a small, printed name-tag reading Sadie Crumb sewn into the collar. Derm shows it to Mazurek and then indicates for him to go back to the bedroom.

Derm shows the label to Ed.

DERM

Do you have this  
girl's phone  
number? I'd like  
to talk to her.

ED

I don't think so.  
Maybe.

Ed gets up and walks into the -

INT. LIVING ROOM

- where his desk is. He searches around and quickly finds a photocopy of a hand-written list of phone numbers.

DERM

I should call

her.

ED

Sure. Here.

He hands him the phone. Derm dials the number.

ED

I didn't tell her  
about my wife. I  
didn't see any  
reason to.

Derm reaches into his pocket and pulls out a roll of Tums. He takes a couple and chews them and it obviously puts a bad taste in his mouth.

DERM

Could I trouble  
you for a glass  
of water?

ED

Sure.

Ed walks into the -

INT. HALLWAY

He passes by the bathroom and stops by the bedroom door. He looks into the bedroom where the officers are searching through his stuff. They find a copy of Hustler Magazine and they chuckle about it, before they notice Ed watching them.

As he watches, he can hear Derm talking to Sadie.

DERM

(O.S.)

Hi. May I speak  
to Sadie Crumb,  
please? This is  
Detective Derm of  
the Seattle  
Police  
Department. Can I  
ask you a few

questions?

The officers turn and stare at Ed until he leaves.

INT. KITCHEN

Ed takes a glass from the cupboard. He takes it over to the sink and fills it with water. The tap makes enough noise so that he can't hear anything else.

INT. HALLWAY

As Ed passes the bathroom door, the gurgling noises from the plumbing get louder. He makes sure the door is firmly shot and then brings the glass of water to Derm.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Derm hangs up the phone and drinks the water.

DERM

Thank you.

ED

Well?

DERM

She sounded very nice. You know, I think she left her sweater under your bed on purpose.

ED

Why would she do that?

DERM

So that she'd have a reason to come back.

ED

I see.

Derm sees an open box of Skin-EE(

cookies.

DERM

Hey. My wife  
loves those  
things. I swear,  
she eats them by  
the box. I think  
they taste like  
shit.

ED

I know. I hate  
them. Sometimes I  
think she eats  
them just to  
spite me.

MAZUREK

Detective Derm.

Derm looks at Ed, then goes into the  
other room. Ed follows.

INT. HALLWAY

DERM

Did you go to  
work today, Mr  
Saxon?

ED

No. I guess I  
didn't.

DERM

If you'd like, I  
can call the  
University for  
you and explain  
the situation. It  
might help. I'm  
sure they would  
understand.

ED

I don't think  
it's necessary.

DERM

Well, the offer  
stands if you  
change your mind

later.

ED

It's just that, I  
don't want them  
to know anything  
about all this.  
At least not yet.

DERM

I understand.

They walk into the -

INT. BEDROOM

Mazurek is holding a small, fabric-  
bound writing book.

DERM

What's that?

MAZUREK

Looks like a  
diary, sir.

DERM

Let's have a  
look.

Derm looks it over, reads the last  
couple of entries quickly.

DERM

Where'd you find  
this?

MAZUREK

Behind the  
bedside table.

ED

I didn't know.

DERM

We have to keep  
some things to  
ourselves, or  
we'd go crazy.  
This is your  
wife's  
handwriting?

He shows him the diary.

ED

Yes. Can I look  
at that?

DERM

Of course.

Ed takes the diary and wanders into  
Eve's room, flipping through it as he  
walks.

INT. EVE'S ROOM

Ed flips through the last pages of  
the diary. He reads for a minute.  
Some distant noises are coming from  
the neighbor's house. While we can't  
hear exactly what is being said, it  
is clear that a man is saying  
something funny and a woman is  
laughing hysterically.

Ed reads for a minute until,  
astonished, he puts it down and looks  
up at Derm, who is standing in the  
doorway watching him.

ED

I guess you never  
really know  
anyone.

DERM

You didn't know  
that you're wife  
is pregnant?

ED

No.

DERM

I'm sorry. I  
talked to her  
doctor yesterday.  
I thought you  
knew.

Mazurek comes up behind Derm and says  
something inaudibly in his ear.

DERM

Is it alright if  
Mazurek uses the  
bathroom?

ED

Excuse me?

DERM

The bathroom. May  
we use the  
bathroom? We  
might be here for  
a while.

ED

No. The toilet is  
stuffed up.  
Actually. Do you  
mind leaving? I  
just would like  
to be alone.

DERM

Mr Saxon. I'm  
sorry about the  
intrusions into  
your privacy, but  
you must  
understand: my  
first priority is  
finding your  
wife. There is  
still a great  
deal to go over.  
We might want to  
notify the press.

ED

The press?

DERM

In cases like  
this, when we  
don't have many  
substantial  
leads, getting a  
picture of your  
wife on TV can be  
invaluably  
helpful.

ED



I don't know if  
I'm comfortable  
with that.

DERM

We still have  
options left, but  
without a  
thorough search  
of your wife's  
belongings, those  
options are  
extremely  
limited.

ED

I want to be  
helpful, but I  
really don't see  
how, if you think  
she was  
kidnapped, I  
don't see how it  
helps you to  
search around our  
things.

DERM

We don't know  
that she was  
kidnapped. We  
can't draw those  
kinds of  
conclusions. She  
could have simply  
decided that she  
needed some time  
alone. We have to  
consider every  
possibility.

ED

I just don't see  
how it helps.

DERM

I don't want to  
argue with you.  
We're trying to  
help you. This is  
our job.

ED

I understand.

DERM

It is in the best  
interest of your  
wife that you let  
us do that job  
without  
impediment.

ED

I don't want to  
get in the way. I  
just would like  
some time alone.  
You can come  
back tomorrow,  
but, please. I'm  
very tired. I  
know it might  
seem irrational,  
but I haven't  
slept in a long  
time and this is  
all extremely  
overwhelming.  
Please. I need to  
be alone.

DERM

Certainly. If I  
could just take  
those receipts.

ED

Sure. Here. Take  
them all.

The receipts are on the desk in front  
of him and he hands them to Derm.

Derm reaches out for the diary.

ED

I'd like to keep  
this.

DERM

There are some  
things it may be  
better not to

know, especially  
if your wife  
comes back.

ED

I can give it to  
you tomorrow, if  
you still want  
it.

Ed leaves the diary on Eve's writing  
table and walks the officers out.

INT. LIVING ROOM

DERM

Mr Saxon. Is  
there something  
wrong with your  
answering  
machine?

ED

Yes. It broke  
when I fell on  
it.

DERM

You haven't been  
answering your  
phone.

ED

It hasn't rung.

Derm looks at the phone and sees the  
ringer is turned off.

DERM

The ringer is  
off.

ED

Oh. I must have  
turned it off.

DERM

What if your wife  
calls?

DERM

Yes. Of course. I  
wasn't thinking.

DERM

Could you please  
leave the phone  
on from now on?

ED

Yes. I thought I  
was. OK. Thank  
you.

DERM

I'll be calling  
to let you know  
how things go  
with Mr Simian.

ED

Yes. Thank you.

Derm and the officers leave.

Ed lets out a sigh of relief. He  
touches his forehead and it obviously  
hurts.

He goes back into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

He opens the medicine cabinet and  
searches through the plethora of  
over-the-counter medicine crowding  
the shelves. He takes a bottle of  
Midol, or some other feminine pain-  
killer. He takes a few of them and  
chases them down with a handful of  
tap water.

Then he turns to the toilet, lifts  
the lid and looks at the stuffed-up  
mess.

He rolls up his sleeve and sticks his  
hand in the bowl. He searches around  
for the finger.

The phone rings. He gives up  
searching and, with some wet toilet  
paper stuck to his arm, hurries to  
answer the phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ed picks up the phone.

ED

Hello.

MRS MASTRIONI

Mr Saxon. This is  
Mrs Mastrioni,  
from the Dean's  
office.

ED

Yes?

MRS MASTRIONI

Mr Saxon. You are  
supposed to call  
us when you plan  
on missing class.  
There were  
students waiting  
for you.

ED

Yes. I know. I'm  
just having some  
personal  
problems.

MRS MASTRIONI

Anyway, the Dean  
wants to see you.

ED

The Dean?

MRS MASTRIONI

Yes. Can you come  
in today?

ED

No. What does he  
want to see me  
about?

MRS MASTRIONI

I don't know.

ED

Is it about me  
missing classes?

MRS MASTRIONI

It might be.

ED

What's that  
supposed to mean?

MRS MASTRIONI

It means that if  
I was the Dean,  
and I wanted to  
see you, that is  
what it would be  
about.

ED

What kind of  
bullshit is that?

MRS MASTRIONI

There's no need  
to get upset, Mr  
Saxon.

ED

Am I being fired?  
Is that it?

MRS MASTRIONI

Look, I don't  
know. The Dean  
said he wanted to  
see you.

ED

Well, I can't see  
him.

MRS MASTRIONI

Personal  
problems?

ED

That's right.  
Yes.

MRS MASTRIONI

That's too bad.

ED

Yes it is too  
bad. Because I  
know what you're  
trying to do.

MRS MASTRIONI

Really? What's  
that?

ED

You know what?  
Why don't you  
tell the Dean to  
go fuck himself?

MRS MASTRIONI

Mr Saxon...

ED

And you go fuck  
yourself too.

MRS MASTRIONI

Does this mean  
that you won't be  
coming to class  
tomorrow?

ED

Fuck you!

Ed slams the phone down.

INT. BATHROOM

Ed takes the bottle of Midol from the  
medicine cabinet and takes a few  
more.

Then he notices a trail of pink water  
leading from the toilet, along the  
bathroom floor and into the hallway.

He follows the trail.

INT. HALLWAY

The trail leads up to the pinkie  
finger. Ed watches while the finger  
moves, inchworm-like, across the  
floor, toward Eve's room, leaving a  
wet trail behind it.

Ed watches for a second while he  
decides what to do.

He quickly grabs the finger and takes  
it to the kitchen sink. He drops it

in the sink, pushes it down the drain and flicks the garbage disposal on. He turns the water on and leaves it running until it sounds like there is nothing left of the finger.

When he turns it off, he sticks his hand in, searching for any remnants of the finger. It appears to have gone down.

He takes the sponge and wets it.

INT. HALLWAY

He wipes up the trail of the finger, following it back into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

He looks at the toilet, which is still stuffed up.

INT. BASEMENT

Ed searches around the basement for a plunger. The basement is full of strange sounds, all ruminating from the exposed pipes.

He finds a plunger among some other tools and starts back upstairs, but on his way upstairs, he finds that there is a puddle of water on the floor. He traces the source of the puddle to the pipe that was only moist before. It is now dripping slowly and a large pool of dirty water is collecting in the shallow recess of the cement floor.

Ed stares into the murky, black pool.

There is a knock on the door upstairs and Ed turns to answer it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ed answers the door and sees that it is now dark outside.

GEOFFREY COSTAS stands outside.  
Geoffrey, 54, is a wise, patient man.



He is formal and calm in his manner, but these qualities belie a warm emotional vulnerability. Physically, he is not small or weak. One gets the impression that he wasn't always so kind.

GEOFFREY

Mr Saxon?

ED

Yes.

GEOFFREY

Hello. My name is  
Geoffrey Costas.  
I'm from Human  
Support Services.

ED

I'm not  
interested.

GEOFFREY

Detective Derm  
asked me to stop  
by.

He hands him a business card. Ed takes the card and looks it over.

GEOFFREY

You've been hit.

ED

I'm fine. I don't  
need a doctor.

He tries to hand the card back.

GEOFFREY

Oh, I'm not a  
physician. I'm a  
psychiatrist. But  
I'm not here on  
business. This is  
my time off.

ED

This is a  
personal visit? I  
don't understand.

GEOFFREY

Human Services is  
a volunteer  
organization. We  
offer assistance  
to victims of  
traumatic crimes.

ED

What kind of  
assistance?

GEOFFREY

Advice, support,  
a shoulder to cry  
on.

ED

Why would I want  
to cry on your  
shoulder?

GEOFFREY

Maybe you just  
want someone to  
talk to. It can  
be a lonely world  
when those you  
love are taken  
from you.

ED

No. I don't think  
so.

GEOFFREY

Well, you have my  
card. If you feel  
like talking at  
another time,  
please feel free  
to call.

ED

Actually, there  
is something you  
can help me with.  
I've been having  
trouble sleeping.

GEOFFREY

That's

understandable,  
under the  
circumstances.

ED

Is there  
something you can  
give me?

GEOFFREY

You mean a  
prescription?

ED

You're a doctor,  
aren't you?

GEOFFREY

Yes.

ED

I can't seem to  
find anything  
strong enough.

GEOFFREY

You're anxious.

ED

Yes. I can't  
sleep. It makes  
me anxious. Or  
maybe I can't  
sleep because I'm  
anxious. I don't  
know.

GEOFFREY

How long has this  
been going on?

ED

A long time.

GEOFFREY

Weeks?

ED

Oh, yes.

GEOFFREY

You must have  
slept some.

ED

Maybe I do. But I don't seem to get the benefits. I never feel rested. There just doesn't seem to be the time to relax anymore. I'm always two steps behind. I have to stop the thinking. The longer I stay awake, the more my thoughts become frantic, irrational. If I don't get some sleep soon, nothing is going to make any sense.

GEOFFREY

I see. May I come in?

ED

Yes. Come in.

Geoffrey comes in and places his briefcase on the table inside.

GEOFFREY

There are times when the pressures of everyday life become overwhelming. As a doctor, I notice more and more of my patients experiencing similar symptoms. I'm afraid it's a sign of the times, as much as anything else.

ED

Can you help me?

GEOFFREY

Like I said, I'm not here on a professional basis. Your insomnia is merely a symptom of a greater unwholesomeness. A lasting treatment may be extremely hard to come by. There's very little we can hope to accomplish with pharmaceuticals alone. However, under the circumstances, I can give you something to help you sleep. Do you have health insurance?

ED

Yes, through work.

Geoffrey takes a prescription pad from his briefcase and scribbles out a prescription.

GEOFFREY

The prescription I'm going to write for you is expensive, so I recommend you save the receipt for your insurance company. I'm sure they'll cover it. These pills are quite new. I've been prescribing

them to my  
patients who  
travel a great  
deal, for their  
jet lag. They  
will help  
stabilize your  
internal clock by  
chemically  
suppressing  
certain amino  
acids in your  
brain.

ED

Will it help me  
sleep?

GEOFFREY

Oh, yes. Now,  
take two at  
night, and don't  
take more than  
six in a day. OK?

ED

Yes. Thank you.

Geoffrey shuts his briefcase and  
starts to leave.

GEOFFREY

I'm glad I could  
help. How about I  
check in on you  
tomorrow  
afternoon?

ED

Tomorrow?

GEOFFREY

To see how you're  
doing?

ED

I don't know.

GEOFFREY

For what it's  
worth, I  
understand your

position better  
than you think.  
Don't shut it all  
out. Sometimes  
that fragile  
connection to the  
rest of the world  
is all we have. I  
sincerely hope  
things turn out  
for you. Tomorrow  
then?

ED

Tomorrow.

Ed shuts the door behind Geoffrey.

INT. BATHROOM

Ed works the plunger in the toilet. The water is still pink from the finger, but also might be pink from the pink toilet paper that is now broken up and mixed in with the water.

He plunges the toilet a few more times and then stops to see if it is working. The water slowly goes down. He reaches behind the toilet and turns the water back on. He flushes it and it seems to be working again, albeit weakly.

He sits on the edge of the bathtub and takes a breath. The water in the tub hasn't gone down, so he takes the plunger and starts to work it over the drain.

After a minute, he sees that it isn't working. He reaches into the drain and pulls out a huge clump of scum-filled hair. It is repulsive to Ed. He throws it into the toilet.

The water in the bathtub still hasn't gone down.

INT. KITCHEN

He searches under the sink through an

exhaustive supply of cleaning supplies. He eventually pulls out a king-size container of Drano.

INT. BATHROOM

He reads the back of the container quickly, then pours the whole thing down the drain.

He watches it for a second, waiting for it to go down.

Slowly, then softly, the piano can be heard playing in the other room.

Ed listens to it before following it down the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

The lamp on Eve's writing desk is on and it lights up the end of the hallway. The music still seems to be coming from her room.

INT. EVE'S ROOM

Ed comes in and looks around the room. There is no one playing the piano, but the music continues over the rest of the scene.

Ed's attention turns to the diary, which is still sitting on the desk where he left it. Ed sits in the chair and starts paging through Eve's diary. The piano continues playing.

We hear Eve's voice as it must have been when she was writing.

EVE

(V.O.)

More than three  
weeks late. Damn.  
I'm so stupid. I  
haven't told  
George because  
I'm sure he would  
use this as an  
excuse to  
pressure me to



leave Ed. And how  
can I tell Ed.  
There's no way he  
could be the  
father. We  
haven't had sex  
in months. He  
would know it  
isn't is.

Ed flips back a few pages.

As he does, the camera starts to  
travel around the room, passing the  
piano, and then a few pictures from  
Eve's past, then some souvenirs on a  
shelf.

EVE

(V.O.)

Saw a movie last  
night with  
George. It was  
awful; just the  
kind of movie Ed  
hates. I wanted  
to tell him about  
it, but I  
couldn't. I told  
him I was at  
Susie's. George  
loved it, of  
course. I think  
he likes every  
movie. Still, it  
was nice to go  
out on a date  
like that. It was  
fun.

INT. HALLWAY

Now the camera has turned to the  
empty hallway. It slowly moves toward  
the bathroom.

EVE

(V.O.)

Ed came home in a  
shitty mood and  
started picking a  
fight with me

about a coffee  
cup I broke last  
week. It was the  
last thing I  
needed, today  
especially.  
Sometimes I  
fucking hate him.  
He can be such a  
shit.

INT. KITCHEN

The camera pans over the glass that  
has Eve's lipstick on it.

EVE

(V.O.)

I can't believe  
what a jock  
George is. I knew  
he worked out,  
but he really  
takes care of  
himself. After we  
had sex, I was  
embarrassed to  
let him see me  
naked. How could  
I have gotten so  
fat? I'm going  
back to the gym  
tomorrow. I've  
really let myself  
go to pot. Maybe  
I'll get him a  
softball bat for  
his birthday next  
week.

INT. BATHROOM

The camera comes into the bathroom  
and passes over all of Eve's things  
sitting on the back of the toilet.

EVE

(V.O.)

Ed doesn't sleep  
anymore. He's  
beginning to  
scare me. He

takes all these pills to help him sleep, but they only make it worse. And he hates me. I can see it in his eyes. He blames me for everything that went wrong in his life. Maybe he's right. Maybe it is my fault. I feel so guilty about George that I can't argue with him anymore. I can't keep this up much longer. Fuck it. I'm going to tell him about George tomorrow. He knows anyway. He must know. He's been acting so weird. Poor Ed. He used to have so much ambition. And he's so talented. I just wish things had turned out better.

The camera turns toward the bathtub, and focuses slowly in on the drain. A few bubbles pop out from under the water and the water starts to drain out. As the camera dollies in on the drain, the last of the murky water disappears.

Ed, now standing in the bathroom, strikes a match and holds it up to the diary until the corner finally catches on fire. He fans out the pages so that it will catch more.

When he can't hold it anymore, he

drops it into the bathtub and watches it burn. He watches it until it has burnt itself out, burning into a pile of thick, black ashes.

INT. HALLWAY

Ed looks up at the smoke alarm. He tries to pull it down, but it is out of his reach.

Ed grabs a chair from the living room and stands on it so that he can reach the alarm. He pulls the cover off the alarm and then the battery out and the alarm is finally silenced.

Then he hears voices coming from outside the front door.

He approaches the front door cautiously, then puts his ear up to the door and listens. The voices are muted and whispered, but Ed can still hear what is being said, although it is hard to tell who is talking.

HARVEY

(O.S.)

No. I won't.

SADIE

(O.S.)

You are so crazy.

HARVEY

(O.S.)

I'm crazy? What about you?

SADIE

(O.S.)

Quiet. He's going to hear you.

HARVEY

(O.S.)

So what if he hears me. Who is he, anyway?

SADIE

(O.S.)

God, you are  
being such an  
asshole.

Ed opens the door quickly.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Sadie and Harvey freeze like caught  
children.

HARVEY, 19, looks younger than his  
is; his facial hair isn't capable yet  
of filling out his meager goatee. He  
seems hurt, like a spoiled child who  
hasn't gotten his way.

ED

What's going on?

SADIE

Christ. I'm so  
sorry.

HARVEY

Who's this? Is  
this him?

SADIE

Will you shut up?

HARVEY

He's so old.

ED

Excuse me?

SADIE

Can we just go  
inside? Please?

Ed lets Sadie inside.

HARVEY

So that's it?  
You're going with  
him now?

SADIE

You really don't  
understand  
anything.

HARVEY

You said you  
loved me.

SADIE

Jesus. Would you  
shut up? You are  
so embarrassing.

HARVEY

Embarrassing?  
I'll tell you  
what's  
embarrassing. You  
with this fucking  
geriatric old  
man. That's  
embarrassing.

ED

You little shit.

Ed makes a move toward Harvey, but  
Harvey backs away quickly.

HARVEY

Don't touch me!

SADIE

Let's just go in,  
OK? He'll leave.

HARVEY

User.

SADIE

Stalker. Psycho.

HARVEY

Slut.

Sadie slams the door on him.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sadie stands staring at the floor.

SADIE

I can't believe  
that. You know,  
he followed me  
here.

ED

He followed you?

SADIE

Yeah. Do you believe it? Oh my God. What happened to you?

ED

Somebody hit me.

SADIE

Are you alright?

ED

I'm fine.

SADIE

Who hit you?

ED

I really don't want to get into it.

SADIE

I nearly had a heart attack when the police called me.

ED

What did they ask you?

SADIE

Just about me being here. About what happened.

ED

But nothing happened.

SADIE

That's what I told them.

ED

They found your sweater. It has blood all over

it.

SADIE

You're kidding.

ED

You left it under  
the bed.

SADIE

Oh, yeah. Damn. I  
don't know why I  
do things like  
that.

ED

What if my wife  
had found it?

SADIE

Oh. Is she here?

ED

No. Look, Sadie.  
I don't want you  
to get the wrong  
idea.

SADIE

Don't be mad.  
It's just that I  
worry too much.  
You didn't come  
to class again.  
And you said you  
would. I started  
getting all these  
ideas. I called  
you, but nobody  
answered. I meant  
to bring your  
wife's sweater  
back, but I  
forgot it.

ED

Actually, I'm  
glad you're here.  
Can you do me a  
favor?

SADIE



Sure. Anything.

ED

I have to get a  
prescription  
filled.

SADIE

No problem.

Ed finds the prescription on his  
desk.

ED

I'd go myself,  
but I'm expecting  
a phone call.

SADIE

Sure.

He hands her the prescription.

ED

There's a twenty-  
four pharmacy on  
Market.

SADIE

I know the one. I  
go there all the  
time. It's like  
my second home.

ED

I'll give you my  
credit card.

Ed finds his wallet and hands her the  
card.

SADIE

I'll be back in a  
minute.

ED

Thank you.

Sadie skips out the door and Ed shuts  
it behind her.

INT. BATHROOM

Ed turns on the shower, washing the ashes down the drain.

After he's watched them go down, he takes a sponge and cleans off the burnt mark in the tub as best he can. He turns the shower on, rinsing it out.

He turns the shower off and hears the phone is ringing.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ed picks up the phone.

DERM

Mr Saxon?

Detective Derm.

ED

Yes, hi.

DERM

I wanted to let you know that we've taken Mr Simian into custody.

ED

I understand.

DERM

We found him at his place of work.

ED

At the school?

DERM

Yes. We arrested him there. He'll come up for arraignment tomorrow morning and then, as far as I can tell, he'll probably be released on his own recognizance.

ED

I see.

DERM

It's just  
standard  
procedure, but I  
thought I'd keep  
you informed.

ED

Yes. Thank you.  
Did he say  
anything about  
Eve?

DERM

Try to rest, Mr  
Saxon. We have a  
lot of ground to  
cover tomorrow.

ED

I will. Thank  
you.

DERM

Good night.

Ed hangs up the phone.

Then he hears some sounds coming from  
Eve's room.

INT. EVE'S ROOM

Ed takes a few steps into Eve's room.  
He traces the noises to the window  
and looks out at the neighbor's  
house.

The light is on in the neighbor's  
window, and there are some vague  
shadows moving around on the closed  
curtain. As the noises get louder, it  
soon becomes clear that the neighbors  
are having sex.

Ed peers out at the light in the  
window, listening to the woman's  
increasing moans. The woman seems to  
be in some sort of painful, orgasmic  
delight. In other words, it mostly

sounds like she is having a good time, but there should be a growing suspicion that not all is right.

WOMAN

(O.S.)

Oh. Oh. Oh! Oh!

OH! OH! NO! NO!

NO!

Ed backs slowly away from the window. He hears someone knocking on the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ed opens the door and Sadie comes in holding a colorful paper bag.

ED

Thank you.

Ed takes the bag from Sadie and goes into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Sadie follows him in.

Ed opens the pills quickly and swallows three of them with a glass of water.

SADIE

Those pills cost a lot. They must be strong.

ED

They're sleeping pills. I've been having trouble sleeping.

SADIE

You must have anxiety. I can never get to sleep when I'm anxious.

ED

I am anxious.

Yes.

Sadie takes some other stuff out of the bag. One of the items is an individually wrapped Skin-EE( fat-free cookie, chocolate, chocolate chip.

SADIE

I got you some peroxide and stuff. And a cookie. I haven't eaten today.

ED

You put it all on my credit card, right?

SADIE

Actually, I paid for it. They wouldn't take your card.

ED

Why not?

SADIE

They said you hadn't paid your bill, on the phone. They called the credit card people when it didn't go through.

ED

Damn. Well, I'll pay you back.

SADIE

It's OK. I charged it to my Dad. I don't even pay the bill.

ED

No, those pills are expensive.

And my insurance  
will cover it  
anyway.

SADIE

Pay me back  
later, then.  
Really, it's OK.

ED

Are you sure?

SADIE

It's fine. I  
swear.

Sadie looks at the cuts on his face.

SADIE

Your face must  
hurt.

ED

No. I don't seem  
to feel anything.

SADIE

It's nasty.

Sadie takes a closer look.

SADIE

Here. Sit down.

She sits Ed down at the kitchen  
table, under a light, and sits across  
from him, then takes the peroxide and  
some cotton swabs she bought at the  
pharmacy and starts to dress his  
wounds.

ED

I've never been  
hit before.

SADIE

Me neither.

ED

It's not so bad,  
really. It's  
humbling, but I  
like the effect

it seems to have  
on people. It  
seems to make  
them more  
compassionate.  
There's a  
competitive  
market for  
suffering in the  
world. It's  
difficult to  
stand out from  
the handicapped  
and the homeless  
and the  
politically  
oppressed.  
Sometimes a  
little  
advertising helps  
remind people  
that you're a  
human being.

SADIE

It does make you  
look sort of  
cute, in a  
pathetic kind of  
way.

ED

Sadie.

SADIE

Are you really  
married?

ED

What? You think I  
just made it up?

SADIE

I don't know.  
Some people just  
say they're  
married, you  
know, because  
maybe they think  
it's more  
respectable or  
something.

ED

I'm not one of  
those people.

SADIE

I didn't mean to  
imply anything.  
It's just that  
you act sort of  
weird.

ED

I act weird?

SADIE

Not weird,  
really. Worried,  
I guess.  
Secretive. Like  
you're worried I  
might find out  
something about  
you.

ED

You don't want to  
get involved with  
my problems.

SADIE

Maybe I do.

ED

Believe me, you  
don't.

SADIE

I didn't mean to  
pry. Well, maybe  
I did. I'll just  
put a band-aid on  
it.

ED

Would you like a  
drink? I'm going  
to have one.  
1tt1He finds a  
bottle of wine.

SADIE

You're not



supposed to mix  
wine with  
sleeping pills.  
It increases the  
amount of  
medicine that's  
absorbed into the  
bloodstream.  
Ed searches  
for a corkscrew  
and starts to  
open the bottle.

ED

I need all the  
help I can get.

SADIE

It's dangerous.

ED

It's just wine.  
I'll only have a  
glass. He  
offers her some  
and she nods. He  
pours her a  
glass. Sadie  
takes her glass  
into the living  
room. Ed downs  
his glass of wine  
and refills it  
quickly before  
following her.

INT. LIVING ROOM  
SHE SITS DOWN AT HIS  
DESK.

SADIE

Are you working  
on anything new?

ED

No. I don't write  
anymore.

SADIE

Why not?

ED

I just don't have

the time. I have  
to work all day.  
Time just slips  
by.

SADIE

I know what you  
mean. There's not  
enough time in  
the day.

ED

Not as much as  
there used to be.

SADIE

There used to be  
more?

ED

Yes. Before I had  
to work there was  
plenty of time.

SADIE

But you had all  
that stuff  
published.

ED

Sure, but it  
didn't pay very  
much. I had a lot  
of debts from  
school that  
needed to be paid  
off. And then,  
credit cards. And  
then I got  
married, bought a  
house. Life comes  
with all these  
expenses. And  
poetry just  
doesn't pay. I  
thought working  
at the University  
would at least  
give me summers  
off.

SADIE

Doesn't it?

ED

Not really. No.  
1tt1There is a knock on the door. The idea that someone else might see them together makes it awkward for both of them. 1tt1Ed freezes for what seems like a long time; long enough for whoever it is to knock again.

ED

I better see who that is.

SADIE

Yeah. 1tt1Ed goes over to the door and opens it cautiously. It is Eve's friend, SUSIE.

SUSIE

Hi, it's me.

ED

Oh, hi Susie.  
1tt1She is about to walk in, when Ed blocks her way. She can see Sadie sitting at Ed's desk holding a glass of wine.

ED

Eve's not here.

SUSIE

Oh. She came back though, didn't she?

ED

No, she didn't.

SUSIE

Oh no. Can I come  
in?

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT 1TT1ED, RATHER THAN LET  
HER IN, PUSHES HER OUTSIDE AND SHUTS THE  
DOOR BEHIND HER.

ED

No. I'm busy  
right now. I  
called the  
police.

SUSIE

What did they  
say?

ED

They're working  
on it. You can  
call them if you  
want. 1tt1Ed  
finds Derm's card  
in his pocket and  
hands it to her.

SUSIE

Aren't you  
worried?

ED

Of course I'm  
worried. I'm just  
working right  
now. This girl is  
one of my  
students. She  
wanted some help  
on an assignment.  
She doesn't know  
anything about  
Eve being  
missing.

SUSIE

What happened to  
you?

ED

George Simian hit  
me.

SUSIE

George?

ED

You know him. It  
figures.  
Susie starts  
crying. Ed stares  
at her  
helplessly, then  
goes back inside.

SUSIE

Wait. Ed  
stops.

SUSIE

Can I come back  
later?

ED

It's late. I just  
took some  
sleeping pills. I  
haven't slept  
much since this  
all started. Why  
don't you come  
back tomorrow?

SUSIE

Tomorrow?

ED

Good night,  
Susie.

Ed walks back in, leaving Susie  
standing on the porch.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ed waits by the door until he hears  
her footsteps walking away outside.

Sadie stands up, looking nervous.

SADIE IS THAT YOUR WIFE?

ED NO. IT WAS A FRIEND OF HERS.

SADIE 2T2I SHOULD GO.

ED 2T2NO. WHY?

SADIE 2T2YOU MUST BE TIRED. THOSE  
PILLS MUST BE WORKING.

ED 2T2I DON'T THINK THEY'RE  
WORKING AT ALL.

SADIE 2T2STILL. YOU'RE MARRIED,  
RIGHT?

ED 2T2YEAH, BUT, PLEASE DON'T GO.  
PLEASE. TIME HAS A WAY OF SLOWING  
DOWN WHEN YOU'RE AROUND.

SADIE 2T2REALLY? FOR ME, TOO.

ED 2T2SO YOU'LL STAY?

SADIE 2T2IF YOU WANT ME TO.

Ed comes over to her and kisses her.

SADIE 2T2CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING?

ED 2T2WHAT?

SADIE 2T2DO YOU THINK MY WRITING  
IS GOOD?

ED 2T2YOU'VE DONE SOME GOOD WORK.

SADIE 2T2YEAH. C MINUS GOOD.

ED 2T2I TOLD YOU, I WAS IN A BAD  
MOOD WHEN I GRADED THAT.

SADIE 2T2I GUESS SO.

She is unresponsive at first.

SADIE

(to  
herself)  
2t2What  
am I  
doing?

They kiss for a minute, then Ed slips  
his hand under the back of Sadie's  
sweater.

She kisses him again.

INT. BEDROOM

Sadie turns the lights off and we can only see by the light coming in from the hallway.

Ed lies on the bed and Sadie lies next to him, under the covers. Ed slips his hand under the back of her sweater and fiddles with her bra while they kiss.

The gurgling sound starts up again, and while Sadie doesn't notice, or doesn't hear it, it becomes increasingly distracting to Ed. He looks to the bathroom where the noise is coming from.

INT. BATHROOM

The camera focuses in on the drain. The water in the bathtub starts rising again.

INT. BEDROOM

Sadie breaks away from him, sits up and takes off her sweater. Ed takes off his shirt.

Ed's kisses move around the side of her neck. As he reaches her ear, he looks up and notices Eve's clothes sitting on the chair.

INT. BATHROOM

The water is rising slowly, but we can see solid stuff (the ashes from the diary are clearly part of the muck) seeping out of the drain with the water. It is a cloudy, dark, disgusting water which probably stinks too.

INT. BEDROOM

Ed is trying to concentrate on Sadie, but he notices the closet door is open and there are some dresses

blowing around inside.

And the noise from the bathroom is getting louder.

He turns Sadie onto her back, turning himself away from the closet. His kisses run down her chest until he gets to her jeans. He unbuttons her jeans and starts to pull them off, kissing as he goes.

Ed has taken her pants off, but his passion and enthusiasm has faded, and he stops and stares off into space, towards the bathroom. He is spooked.

SADIE 2T2WHAT'S WRONG?

He looks down and sees Sadie staring at him.

ED 2T2I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE IT'S THOSE PILLS. I DON'T KNOW.

SADIE 2T2JUST RELAX. LIE BACK.

Sadie gently pushes him back and starts to go down on him.

Ed get more uptight.

ED 2T2NO. PLEASE. JUST STOP.

She keeps trying until Ed is forced to push her away.

ED 2T2IT'S JUST NOT WORKING. OK?

SADIE 2T2ALRIGHT. I'M SORRY.

Sadie turns away. She's upset.

SADIE 2T2MAYBE I SHOULD GO.

ED 2T2NO. PLEASE, DON'T. IT'S MY FAULT. PLEASE. DON'T GO.

SADIE 2T2DAMN, I'M SO STUPID.

ED 2T2NO, IT'S ME. PLEASE.

SADIE 2T2THIS WAS A MISTAKE.



Sadie gets up and puts on her shirt. She grabs the rest of her clothes and goes into the living room.

Ed stares after her, listening to her finish dressing herself and then leave.

The clock next to the bed is ticking loudly and the sound of the ticking continues of the next few scenes, as indicated.

INT. KITCHEN

Ed pours a few more pills into his hand, swallowing them with some wine from the bottle.

INT. BATHROOM

Ed looks at the bathtub, which is full of the murky water. He picks up the plunger, which is still by the toilet, and starts working it on the drain.

More stuff is coming up, making the water darker, but as he relaxes the plunger, the water doesn't go down. If anything, the gurgling sound is louder.

He works the plunger some more, more vigorously and then, again, relaxes it and watches the drain hopefully. The gurgling noise seems closer and the water still does not go down.

Then he hears something hit the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ed opens the front door and picks up the newspaper which has just been thrown. He puts it with the other newspapers, which have piled up in their plastic wraps on his desk.

INT. BATHROOM

He comes back into the bathroom and

looks at the bathtub.

He puts the plunger over the drain and works it much harder and, this time, after a few seconds, there is a loud knock in the pipes, as if he hit something. He takes the plunger away and watches the drain.

Suddenly, a large air bubble bursts out of the drain. He watches, but the water shows no sign of draining.

Then, slowly, blood starts to leak into the tub from the drain.

Ed is naturally terrified by this. He watches until it is clear that it is blood and not just more gook.

He puts plunger back on the drain and pumps it a few more frantic times. More blood seeps out of the drain. He seems to be making the problem worse.

He shuts the shower curtain and backs out of the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN

He spills the pills on the kitchen counter and counts them quickly. There are about ten left. He pours them into his mouth and swallows the rest of the wine.

Then the ticking stops. Ed looks at a clock on the wall. The second hand has stopped.

He hears voices in the other room.

INT. EVE'S ROOM

He looks out of the window in Eve's room. He sees that the light in the neighbor's window is on. The couple next door are having another argument, but this one is much more intense than the last.

WOMAN

(O.S.)

2t2Why do  
you care!  
You don't  
care! You  
know  
nothing  
about me!  
I hate  
you! Stay  
away from  
me! I'll  
scream! I  
am not  
screaming  
now! You  
think  
you're  
the only  
one? Yes,  
I do! I  
LOVE YOU!  
You never  
do that!  
You do  
not! You  
never do  
anything!  
You think  
that  
nothing's  
wrong!  
You think  
we live  
in  
paradise!  
This is  
what I  
think of  
this  
fucking  
house!

There is the sound of things  
breaking.

WOMAN

(O.S.)

IT'S NOT MY  
FAULT! IT'S NOT  
MY FAULT! THEN  
DON'T! I AM NOT!

I LOVE YOU! FUCK  
YOU! I CAN'T  
BELIEVE YOU SAID  
THAT! STAY AWAY  
FROM ME! YOU  
RUINED MY LIFE!  
STAY AWAY FROM  
ME! STOP IT! SHUT  
UP! STAY AWAY  
FROM ME! NO! STOP  
IT! YOU SON OF A  
BITCH! HELP!  
HELP!

This ends with a loud, terrifying shriek. It seems to echo around the room as Ed watches. Then the voices stop.

Ed watches the window and sees a featureless man stick his head through the curtains to see if anybody is listening. Then he closes the window and curtains.

The phone rings in the other room.

INT. KITCHEN

He hurries to answer the phone.

While he is on the phone, a new sound is coming from the bathroom. It is like the gurgling sound, but also subtly different.

ED

Hello.

DERM

Mr Saxon?

ED

Yes.

DERM

It's Detective  
Derm. I'm sorry  
to call you so  
late, but I  
thought you would  
want to hear  
this.

ED

Yes?

DERM

I'm afraid I have  
some bad news.

ED

What is it?

DERM

It's your wife.  
We've found  
her...

ED

You found her.

DERM

We found her  
body.

ED

Her...

DERM

Yes, sir. In the  
woods, near  
George Simian's  
house, where we  
found her car.  
I'm afraid she's  
dead.

Ed drops the phone. He walks trance-  
like into the hallway.

He follows the noise into the -

INT. BATHROOM

The noise coming from the bathroom  
now sounds more human, like a baby  
gurgling.

As Ed walks into the bathroom, he can  
see that there is something in the  
bathtub. The shower curtain is  
closed, but behind it, there is some  
sort of body moving. Ed pulls the  
curtain back. He reveals a baby, just  
born, lying in the tub. Most of the

murky water has drained and left a dirty ring around the tub.

The BABY is a newborn, except that its eyes are maybe larger than they would be. The Baby is also SIX FEET TALL. It's immense frame fills the bathtub. It is naked (it's a boy).

Ed watches with amazement. The baby looks incredibly real, except for its size. The stare at each other for a minute. The baby looks a lot like George Simian. It has his eyes.

Other than this, it behaves like a baby. It is lying on its back, gurgling peacefully with his feet in the air and his left hand gripping the shower curtain.

The baby reaches out for Ed lovingly.

Ed backs away.

Seeing this, the baby starts crying.

Ed, panicking, approaches the baby. It is still crying. Ed reaches out to touch it. He touches its arm and the baby's crying starts to subside. The baby moves with typical, quick, chaotic movements that, because of the baby's size, are almost threatening.

Ed puts his hand in the baby's hand. The baby grips it as baby's do, but this baby's hand is about the size of Ed's. The baby stops crying and returns to its curious gurgling.

Ed tries to pull his hand back, but the baby won't let go. The baby, it seems, is incredibly strong. Ed pulls harder. He still can't get the baby to let go. Ed tries to pry the baby's fingers off, and this time manages to get his hand out of the baby's grip.

But as soon as he does, the baby starts crying again.

He backs out into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

Ed is in a panic. The baby's cries echo around him as he backs away from the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN

Ed finds himself in the kitchen. He looks at his hands which are covered with bloody muck from the tub. He washes them off in the sink. He looks over at the kitchen knife which has been drying in the dish rack.

INT. HALLWAY

Ed walks slowly, purposefully to the bathroom. The crying baby gets louder as he approaches.

INT. BATHROOM

He comes into the bathroom, but in the tub, instead of the baby, there is a grown man's body. It is Ed, staring up at himself from under the water. We only see a very tight shot of BATHTUB ED's head and part of his neck. His head is under water and he looks up, unable to move.

We then see the reverse shot of this and it is also of Ed, so that Ed is, in effect, looking up at himself through the cloudy water.

The baby cries continue, although the baby is no longer in the scene.

From Bathtub Ed's point of view, we see the other Ed takes the kitchen knife and lean forward and to the right, off-camera.

Bathtub Ed, who can move his eyes, tries to look to his arm, where the other Ed is cutting. Soon, blood starts to mix with the water, diffusing over Bathtub Ed's face.

The blood also diffuses over Bathtub Ed's P.O.V., as he looks up at the other Ed cutting him. When the other Ed is finished cutting, Bathtub Ed sees him put the knife aside and then reach down, off-camera. After a short struggle, the other Ed pulls up Bathtub Ed's severed arm and slips it into a garbage bag he has already prepared.

The blood from Bathtub Ed's cut fills the water with dark blood, turning the film red.

The red dissolves into a pool of blood that is in the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

Ed, with a bucket and sponge, is cleaning pockets of blood from the floor and walls. He is crying while he does this.

He squeezes the sponge for the last time, then inspects the hallway as closely as he can, searching for any spots he might have missed.

Then he picks up the bucket and takes it into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

He dumps the water from the bucket into the bathtub. The water is pink and dirty. He sits down on the edge of the bathtub and watches the water go down the drain.

He stares at the drain in a trance until he hears a knock on the front door. He turns to listen to it in the other room.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

As he opens the bathroom door, he sees that the sun is shining in from the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM



Geoffrey stands patiently outside as Ed opens the door. He carries his briefcase and looks dressed for work. His appearance is a stark contrast to the half-dressed, blood-shot Ed.

GEOFFREY

Hi. I wanted to see how you were getting along.

ED

Getting along?

GEOFFREY

I have to say, you don't look well.

ED

I'm not well.

GEOFFREY

Have you slept?

ED

I don't know. Maybe. It's difficult to tell. I have these lapses, but I'd hardly call it sleep.

GEOFFREY

Did you take the pills?

ED

The pills are fucking useless.

GEOFFREY

But you took them?

ED

Yes.

GEOFFREY

I see. May I take your blood

pressure?

ED

OK, fine.

Geoffrey comes in and places his briefcase on the table. He takes a stethoscope and the rest of his blood pressure kit and starts to take Ed's blood pressure.

ED

I feel like a lab rat. Like one of those lab rats they drug up and study. You know what I mean?

GEOFFREY

You feel like a rat.

ED

They put them in a maze and they give them shocks and drugs and they see what they do. They try to prod them in the direction they want them to go.

GEOFFREY

Try to relax.

ED

I feel like a rat who took all the turns, took all the drugs, went down the right path and then, when I got to the end, they shocked me anyway, right up the sphincter, like it was all just a big joke. I guess they

thought I'd be  
too drugged up to  
notice.

GEOFFREY

It's been a few  
days, hasn't it,  
since your wife  
disappeared?

ED

Days? Yes. I  
guess.

GEOFFREY

Has there been  
any word from the  
police?

ED

Haven't you  
talked to them?

GEOFFREY

No. But if you'd  
like me to, I  
will, on your  
behalf. They know  
me and I've been  
through this  
before.

ED

With others?

GEOFFREY

With others, and  
myself. My wife  
was taken from me  
about three years  
ago.

ED

What happened?

GEOFFREY

It was a similar  
situation to  
yours. The police  
found her car in  
the parking lot  
of a mall. They

found her body  
about a week  
later in some  
woods nearby.

ED

She was murdered.

GEOFFREY

Yes.

ED

Did they ever  
catch the man who  
did it?

GEOFFREY

No.

ED

Why would  
somebody do that?

GEOFFREY

Sometimes a man,  
when faced with  
his own problems  
or inadequacies,  
takes it out on  
someone weaker  
than themselves.

ED

I'm sorry.

GEOFFREY

Do you feel  
responsible at  
all for your  
wife's  
disappearance?

ED

Why?

GEOFFREY

People often  
blame themselves  
for events that  
they have no  
control over,  
especially when  
the events seem

so random and  
cruel. Action  
leading up to  
tragedy tend to  
become more  
significant.  
Details weigh on  
the conscience.

ED

I do seem to be  
having problems  
with my  
conscience.

GEOFFREY

I see.

ED

Do you think  
that's why I  
can't sleep?

GEOFFREY

Could be.

ED

Is there anything  
you can give me?

GEOFFREY

A prescription?  
For your  
conscience? Of  
course not.

ED

Then what's the  
point?

GEOFFREY

There are other  
ways I can be of  
help.

ED

A shoulder to cry  
on?

GEOFFREY

Would you like me  
to call the  
police? There

might be some  
news.

ED

The police called  
last night, late  
last night. They  
found Eve's body.

GEOFFREY

Oh, no.

ED

They found her  
buried in the  
woods, near where  
they found her  
car.

GEOFFREY

I'm sorry. I  
didn't know.

Geoffrey's watch alarm goes off. He  
looks at the time and then,  
habitually takes a shiny silver  
pillbox from his pocket. He takes two  
pills out.

GEOFFREY

Excuse me.

ED

I never knew I  
could feel so  
alone.

Geoffrey takes a thermos from his  
briefcase, pours some hot tea into  
the lid and swallows the pills with a  
mouthful of tea.

GEOFFREY

He hasn't called  
since last night?

ED

No.

GEOFFREY

It's been a  
while. Why don't  
you let me call

him? Maybe  
there's some  
news.

When Ed doesn't object, Geoffrey takes his address book from his briefcase, along with a cellular phone and dials the number.

GEOFFREY

Detective Derm,  
please. Hi,  
Charlie, it's  
Geoffrey. I'm  
over at Ed  
Saxon's house.  
Yeah. He was  
hoping to get  
some information  
on his wife. Uh-  
huh. Well, he  
said you called  
him last night  
and told him that  
you had found her  
body. Uh-huh. I  
see. In the  
woods, near where  
you found her  
car. I don't  
know. Yes. Well,  
I did give him  
something to help  
him sleep. Right.  
Yes.

Then Geoffrey turns away from Ed and says a few words quietly, so that Ed can't hear. Then...

GEOFFREY

Yes. Yes. I'll  
tell him. Yes.  
OK. Bye.

Geoffrey hangs up and turns back to Ed.

ED

What?

GEOFFREY

He says he never  
called you last  
night.

ED

What?

GEOFFREY

He told me to  
tell you to wait  
here for him;  
that he's coming  
over.

ED

I don't  
understand.

GEOFFREY

It is possible  
that you did fall  
asleep, that you  
dreamed the phone  
call. I have to  
say that I was  
surprised when  
you said you  
hadn't slept.  
Those pills are  
very effective.

ED

The pills. Yes.  
Maybe.

GEOFFREY

Still, this is  
better, isn't it?  
I mean, now  
there's still a  
chance. Your wife  
could still  
be...There's  
still hope.

ED

Yes. Hope. But  
why is he coming  
over here?

GEOFFREY

He said he had



some questions to  
ask you.

ED

What questions?

GEOFFREY

He didn't say.

ED

If he had some  
questions to ask  
me, he could have  
asked me on the  
phone.

GEOFFREY

Calm down, Mr  
Saxon.

ED

Why did you turn  
away from me when  
you were talking  
to him? What did  
you say?

GEOFFREY

I said you were  
very tired and  
anxious and that  
you seemed to be  
under a great  
deal of stress.

ED

You're lying.

GEOFFREY

I have no reason  
to lie.

ED

Don't you?

GEOFFREY

No. Why do you  
think I'm lying?

ED

Because you're  
scared.

Geoffrey does look scared. He has quickly packed up his briefcase.

GEOFFREY

Mr Saxon. Please.  
I understand  
you're under a  
lot of stress.

ED

You don't  
understand  
anything.

GEOFFREY

I came here to  
help you.

ED

Then help me.  
Please.

GEOFFREY

I've done all I  
can now. I'm  
sorry. I can't do  
any more.

ED

But, you'll come  
to see me again,  
won't you?

GEOFFREY

No. I don't think  
I will.

Geoffrey leaves. Ed shuts the door.

The phone rings.

Ed picks it up.

ED

Hello?

GEORGE

Is this Ed?

ED

George.

GEORGE

What did you do  
to Eve?

ED

I didn't do  
anything.

GEORGE

I know you did. I  
saw her before  
she left work. We  
met in the  
parking lot, like  
we always did.  
She told me she  
was leaving you.  
She was going to  
tell you when she  
got home.

ED

You don't know  
anything about  
it.

GEORGE

Yes, I do. I know  
you. Eve talks  
about you. She  
tell me things.

ED

What things?

GEORGE

I know about the  
fights you have.

ED

She's my wife. We  
fight sometimes.

GEORGE

That's bullshit.  
I know what kind  
of a son of bitch  
you can be. She's  
told me.

ED

What don't you  
tell it to the

police?

GEORGE

I did.

ED

You think she was  
some sort of  
angel? She was  
cheating on me.

GEORGE

I love her. I  
loved her.

Ed listens to George break down.

ED

I'm sorry.

There is a long pause.

GEORGE

It's not enough.

George hangs up.

INT. BATHROOM

The bathroom is completely clean.  
There is no sign of any of the  
activity from before. Ed finds the  
bottle of prescription sleeping  
pills. It is empty. He takes a couple  
of Midol and swallows them dry.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ed sits down at his desk. He looks  
over the papers on his desk. Sadie's  
is on top. He looks it over.

The phone rings and he picks it up.

ED

Hello?

SADIE

Hello.

ED

Sadie.

SADIE

I wanted to  
apologize.

ED

No. Don't  
apologize. It was  
me.

SADIE

I shouldn't have  
left like that. I  
don't know what  
came over me.

ED

It was  
understandable,  
under the  
circumstances.

SADIE

I really wanted  
you to like me.

ED

I wonder if  
you'll still feel  
the same way when  
you find out what  
kind of person I  
really am.

SADIE

I'll still keep  
your poem on my  
wall.

ED

Yes.

SADIE

I think it's a  
beautiful poem. I  
really do. Are  
you still there?

ED

Yes.

SADIE

I wish things had  
turned out  
better.

She hangs up. Ed stays on the phone, listening until the dial tone clicks back in.

Then Ed hears a car pull up outside. He follows some quiet footsteps as they walk up to the front door.

He sees the door knob turn quietly in the door. The door is locked.

Ed approaches the door slowly, but suddenly, there is a crash against it. Someone is trying to knock the door down.

The door is strong, and doesn't open, but the wall around it shakes.

After a few seconds, there is another crash against the door. This time the wall shakes so much that Eve's picture, which hangs by the door, almost falls off its nail.

Ed looks out of the window. The window is positioned facing the street, but not the porch, so he cannot see who it is, but he can see a car parked out front, with the door still open. Inside the car, there is a softball glove lying on the passenger seat, along with something that George Simian was wearing when we last saw him.

George crashes against the door again. This time Eve's picture falls off the wall. It hits the ground and smashes, spreading broken glass around her picture.

The door is starting to loosen around the lock and jamb.

INT. HALLWAY

Ed backs into the hallway. As he passes the bathroom, he can hear the gurgling sounds from the plumbing starting up again.

INT. KITCHEN

Ed backs into the kitchen. He searches around, quickly finding the kitchen knife. He grabs it out of the dish rack and starts walking toward the front door.

INT. HALLWAY

There's another bang on the door. Ed passes slowly through the hallway, watching the door, holding the knife in front of him.

The gurgling sounds in the bathroom are deep and resonant, echoing out of the drain, around the bathroom and into the hallway.

There is another hard crash against the door, which breaks the jamb. The door is only being held on by the splinters around the lock and George starts kicking the door with his foot.

Ed backs into the basement door. He opens it and goes into the-

INT. BASEMENT

He hurries down the stairs into the darkness of the basement. The pipes surround Ed with hysterical, thick, watery sounds. There are metallic creaks and strains which reverberate around the walls of the basement as the pipes seem to expand and contract.

A couple of inches of dark, dirty water have collected on the floor and Ed's feet get wet as he steps off the last stair.

Ed finds a place to hide in the shadows behind some boxes. He stares up, as he hears the door breaking open upstairs and someone walking into the living room.

With his eyes, he follows the

footsteps as they search the apartment.

Ed has hidden under a large pipe, which is dripping drops of dirty water onto his face. In the darkness of the basement, the color of the water is unclear, but as he wipes some onto his fingers, he can see it is murky and dark.

The basement door opens slowly, and from the light upstairs, Ed can see the silhouette of George Simian standing with a softball bat.

Ed grips onto his knife and watches as George comes down the stairs, step by step. The water keeps dripping on the top of Ed's head, running down the side of his face, but he holds still.

Ed watches George come down the stairs.

George reaches the bottom and steps into the shallow water. He peers cautiously into the shadows. He starts walking toward Ed.

Ed withdraws as much as he can into his corner until he is in complete darkness.

He watches George approaching him and he slowly raises his knife.

George raises his softball bat. He takes a few more steps up to Ed, but then steps blindly past him and into a deep, dark shadow.

Ed watches him disappear into the shadow and then, makes his move. He rushes into the shadow with his knife raised and both he and George are engulfed in darkness.

After a few seconds, Ed emerges from the shadow. He drops the knife into the water at his feet. As he does, blood runs out of the shadow, mixing



with the water in the basement floor.

Ed walks slowly upstairs. The noises around him in the basement are now at their loudest.

INT. BATHROOM

Ed takes a long look at himself in the mirror. He is wet with blood and dirt. He opens the medicine cabinet and finds the sleeping pills he was using before. He opens the bottle and empties it into his hand. There are only about five pills left.

He takes the two toothbrushes from a toothpaste-crusty glass and fills it with water. He takes the pills.

Unsatisfied, he searches through the rest of the medicine cabinet. The selection, though not particularly toxic, is a good representation of standard, over-the-counter pills and tonics. He finds the Midol and takes the last few from the bottle. There is a bottle of cold medicine which he finishes off. He drinks down a nearly full bottle of pink diarrhea medicine. He finds a bottle of multi-vitamins and takes a handful of those. As he finishes each one, he drops the empties onto the floor of the bathroom.

When he stops, he notices blood seeping out of the bathtub drain. It is pure, thick, dark blood. He backs away into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

Ed backs into the wall and then, losing strength in his legs, lowers himself to the floor. He keeps watching the bathtub.

Piano music starts to seep through the gurgling noises. Ed turns towards Eve's room.

On the other side of the house,

outside the broken door, Ed can hear Derm's car pull up. Ed watches the living room as Derm comes in carefully, flanked by Mazurek and Snyder.

Derm comes over to Ed and kneels down in front of him. Ed looks up at him helplessly.

ED

It wasn't me.

Derm looks at Ed's hands, which are covered in blood.

ED

It wasn't me.

Ed watches Derm looking at him. Then he notices, behind Derm, blood seeping over the rim of the bathtub.

Ed turns to Eve's room, where the piano can still be heard.

The camera continues on where Ed can't go: down the hallway to Eve's room. As it approaches, all the other noises fade out and the piano is all that we hear.

Ed watches from his position in the hall so that it all seems like his point of view.

INT. EVE'S ROOM

The camera comes into Eve's room and turns to the piano.

EVE is sitting at the piano, playing some music. We watch her for a few seconds. She turns to the camera as she plays, then continues playing.

Then the camera turns toward the clouds painted on the ceiling. A crack appears in the plaster and starts widening until there is an empty black space behind it. The sound of the baby crying seeps in from the crack. The camera zeroes in

on this black until it fills the  
frame. Over the blackness, we can  
hear the baby crying until it fades  
out.

THE END