

ABYSMAL TEMPORALITIES

Written by

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**EXT. DURAND MANOR - DAWN**

A giant gothic mansion rests imposingly amidst the rolling wilderness of the Hudson Valley.

At any other time it would look majestic and beautiful, but time doesn't work like that, so it's ancient and dangerous.

Silence is broken by the turret door swinging open.

**CASSIDY** (27) bursts out. If her ripped jeans and vintage Kraftwerk T shirt didn't already make her stand out around here, her shitty attitude does.

She stomps her way to the Rolls Royce in the gravel roundabout, yawns, pops the trunk, then heads back inside.

There's that silent creepy serenity again.

Cassidy fumbles back out the door with something huge in her arms. A wrapped bundle, exactly the size of a human body.

Half way to the car, she loses control and it falls to the ground with a clumsy thud. Cassidy curses and rights herself.

She drags the damn thing the rest of the way, awkwardly heaving it up into the trunk and slamming the door shut.

A deep sigh, a shake of the head. Cassidy leans against the Rolls and lights a cigarette.

**INT. BOSTON METRO TRAIN - DAY**

**ABIGAIL KANAN** (32) is out of place among normal people on the train. She looks like if Annie Hall were a professor at Oxford.

An unlit pipe dangles from her mouth as she works to sync her sophisticated wrist watch to the MTA clock and her phone.

Her focus is so tight she doesn't notice the man she is blocking in from exiting the train. He clears his throat.

Abby stands to let him pass without ever removing her focus from her watch, then sits back down, looking up to check the--

**INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - DAY**

ABBY

Time.

Abby looks at a different clock now as she sits at a large table by window which looks out over the Boston Commons.

**MILES** (17) scribbles away on a piece of paper at the other end of the table.

ABBY

Pencil down or I won't grade it.

Miles drops the pencil and pushes the paper away from him with an anxious sigh. Abby nods approvingly.

**20 MINUTES LATER**

Mike taps his foot nervously while looking out the window. Abby clicks her pen shut.

ABBY

I've got good news and bad news.

MILES

Can I have the bad news first?

ABBY

It's the same news.

MILES

Oh.

ABBY

Your test score is appalling.

MILES

How is that good news?

ABBY

Your previous score was horrendous.

MILES

That's worse?

ABBY

That's worse. This is an improvement. I'm proud of you.

Abby eyes the clock as she packs her things quickly.

MILES

So, like, um, do you have any notes for--

ABBY

Notes next week.

Abby is up and on her way out of the room.

MILES

Oh. Ok, bye?

ABBY

Don't worry. We'll cover it all next week. I have somewhere I have to be right now, but I am very encouraged by your progress. Really. Terrible job. Much better than last time.

And she's gone. Miles is alone and confused.

**INT. BOSTON METRO TRAIN - DAY**

Back on the train, Abby rifles through her bag, hunting for something.

She removes an unopened fancy-looking envelope with an ornate red wax seal and sets it aside, continuing to rifle.

She rolls her eyes when she comes across yet another fancy red wax sealed envelope, identical to the first.

They sit together on the seat next to her as she continues rummaging through her stuff.

**EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY**

Abby speed walks through the crowded sidewalk, darting in the front door of a place called ...

EDUGATORS: FIRST RATE TUTORING AND PRIVATE EDUCATION. The sign above the door sports a smiley alligator in a graduation cap and gown.

**INT. EDUGATORS - DAY**

Abby stares blankly at the wall clock as she leans on the front desk, waiting.

Her brow furrows and she looks down to check its time against her own perfectly synced wrist watch.

**JEFF** (30) eager young academic arrives behind the desk with a stack of papers and a smile.

JEFF

Ok, I've got payment from everyone through Monday, and these are the sample tests or next week.

He hands it all across to Abby who quickly shoves it into her back and turns to leave.

ABBY

Thanks.

JEFF

So, What does--

Nope. She's gone.

**EXT. BOSTON STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Abby begins to head back the way she came when Jeff comes bursting out the door behind her waving something.

JEFF

Hey! You I forgot to give you this.

Abby walks back to find Jeff holding yet another Fancy envelope with a red wax seal. She takes it, annoyed.

JEFF

Hey, is that another offer from that family?

ABBY

It would appear so. They are persistent.

JEFF

Can I be honest?

She raises her eyebrows.

JEFF

You're crazy if you don't take that job. I've worked here 5 years. I've never seen anything like that kinda offer.

ABBY

Ok, thanks Jeff.

She turns to leave.

JEFF

Ok, but also, can I be honest about something else?

She turns back to him, annoyed and waiting.

JEFF

You should totally go to dinner with me. Like, tonight.

ABBY

What? Why?

JEFF

For food? Or like as a ... a date. I'm asking you on a date.

ABBY

Oh! Oh ok ... why?

JEFF

Um ...

Jeff searches for how to answer that question. But he searches in vain. Abby's face reads "no" loud and clear.

#### **INT. BOSTON METRO TRAIN - DAY**

Abby looks tense. She silently recites something to herself as she chews on her pipe with her eyes shut tight.

WOMAN (O.S)

You can't smoke on the train.

Abby opens her eyes to see a perpetually angry woman sitting across the aisle, scowling at her.

ABBY

It's not lit.

She takes the pipe out of her mouth and shows it to her. See? She shoves it back in her mouth defiantly and closes her eyes again, reciting.

#### **INT. HARVARD OFFICE OF ADMISSIONS - DAY**

Abby nervously sits in a very fancy chair in a very fancy room.

On the other side of a giant antique desk sit four old white men with old white hair.

These professors are the deans of the Harvard departments of PHYSICS, NEUROSCIENCE, SOCIOLOGY, and EDUCATION.

SOCIOLOGY

"The Epidemic of time"

PHYSICS

It's a great title.

NEUROSCIENCE

Love the title.

Oh sweet relief.

ABBY

Really? Thank you. I worried the title was too sensationalist. Obviously I don't mean to suggest that time itself is an epidemic, but rather the construct or version of time we have mistakenly built up around--

EDUCATION

Love it.

PHYSICS

We love it.

ABBY

Oh wow. Thank you.

NEUROSCIENCE

And, before we get into the details, we'd just like to give our condolences.

EDUCATION

Your mother was an institution on this campus and she is dearly missed.

ABBY

Thank you. It's been two years but--

PHYSIC

I worked with your mother for 6 years. We still use her book.

Abby smirks.

ABBY

Everyone uses her book.

PHYSIC

Your mother was a brilliant woman.

SOCIOLOGY

And the apple clearly hasn't fallen  
far from the tree.

Abby clearly finds this as touching as she does flattering.

ABBY

Thank you. Very much.

NEUROSCIENCE

Which is why it's so difficult for  
us to have to deny your proposal  
for doctorate study.

Wait, what!?

ABBY

Excuse me? I thought you said you  
loved it.

PHYSIC

The title.

ABBY

You love the title.

EDUCATION

The work is great. The science is  
sound and your mastery of the  
subject matter is probably  
unparalleled but ...

PHYSIC

We don't get it.

ABBY

You don't get it?

NEUROSCIENCE

In so many words, yes.

SOCIOLOGY

It seems more like the stuff of  
science fiction than academic  
study.

ABBY

The common conception of time is  
the stuff of science fiction. My  
proposal specifically seeks to  
demystify--

Physics has her proposal open and reads as he speaks.

PHYSIC

In stated goals for the study you posit that "building a bridge between the past and the future should require less computation than the average smartphone."

NEUROSCIENCE

Ms. Kanan, we can't accept doctorate proposals for mad ideas about building time machines.

ABBY

Oh for fuck sake, a time machine??

EDUCATION

Language.

SOCIOLOGY

Incivility will not improve your chances of admission young lady.

Abby holds back screams. Takes a breath.

ABBY

We have walked on the moon. We have transcended the boundaries of our entire galaxy. We built a computer program that wrote a Beatles song for Christ sake. All my study is suggesting is that humanity has the capacity to experience time in it's true form, where there is no such thing as the "present" and our future effects the past as much as the other way around. We can change the entire experience of human life. All it takes is a little know how.

The professors all stare back at her, impressed and moved, but not convinced.

NEUROSCIENCE

It's a no.

PHYSIC

I'm sorry.

Abby clenches her jaw and fights back tears.

**INT. BOSTON METRO TRAIN - EVENING**

Abby sits on the train staring out into nothing, wading in a pool of rejection and lost hopes.

**INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - EVENING**

The waiter puts down a second bottle of champagne, taking the empty first one as he goes.

ABBY

Do you need a machine to  
appropriately experience the heat  
of the sun? Um. No ...

Abby reaches for it to refill her glass as she continues to pontificate.

Across from her sits **ROGER** (67) her father, A kindly, elderly, academic. His face equal parts interest and pity.

ABBY

We shouldn't need a machine to  
experience the organic flowing of  
time. Not flowing, I mean ... time  
is not inherently directional, it--

ROGER

I know, sweetheart. I've read your  
proposal.

ABBY

And?

He puts his glass down.

ROGER

I can't say I get it either. But,  
I'm just a philosophy nerd, what do  
I know?

Abby huffs and drains her glass, pouting..

ROGER

You're thinking, "Mom would  
understand."

ABBY

Mom *does* understand. Somewhere in  
this convoluted spectrum of time,  
call it the past or whatever, Mom  
is still here, and yes, she gets  
it.

ROGER

Ok. That I do not understand. But I do know this. If mom was here. She would want you to be happy. To have an actual life, maybe even a husband, kids, some real joy.

ABBY

Who are you talking to?

Roger gives his daughter a second to cool down.

ROGER

Your mother was a brilliant, brilliant physicist. She accomplished great things, published like crazy, spread knowledge everywhere she went. But the thing that made her truly happy was you. Being your mom.

ABBY

Come on, Dad. I've done enough crying today.

ROGER

I know she would have wanted that same happiness for you.

A nice moment between father and daughter.

ROGER

You should take that giant tutoring job. Could be a good break for you. Clear your head. Live some life.

ABBY

I'm not a tutor, Dad. I'm a scholar.

ROGER

Scholars have fun too, y'know. They even go on dates sometimes.

ABBY

Ha. I will have some fun, eventually. I promise. My work isn't done yet.

ROGER

"Eventually", is that a fancy scientific time term?

Playful sarcasm brightens the mood.

ABBY

Yes, it means yesterday, depending on how you look at it.

ROGER

Oh, well then, can you please place our dessert orders yesterday? Maybe that way it'll get here sometime this year.

They laugh, having resolved nothing, but found a smile.

**INT. BOSTON METRO TRAIN - NIGHT**

Exhausted, Abby sits once more, syncing her antique wristwatch to her phone and the MTA clock through dead eyes.

**INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Abby flicks on the light, closes the door and kicks off her shoes. Her place is not great. Lifeless and messy.

Two walls are painted chalkboard green and covered in the complex scribbles of a giant impossible equation set.

Abby drops her bag on the floor by her desk. The three wax sealed letters fall out as she fiddles with her phone.

One final tap on the phone and Philip Glass' String Quartet No. 5:V starts to play over a bluetooth speaker.

She drops the phone on the bag, grabs her pipe and a piece of chalk, gazing into the giant equation, losing herself in it.

After a beat, she removes the pipe from her mouth and steps forward, scribbling a few hasty numbers.

She steps back and places the pipe back in her mouth. Thinking. A framed photo of her mother stares on from the desk.

**INT. ABBY'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

Abby sleeps sitting up on her couch facing the equation wall, pipe hanging from her mouth.

She jolts awake as if from a nightmare. Morning pipe tastes like death. She gags and rises quickly to wash her mouth out in the kitchen sink.

She rubs her eyes, crossing to her bag to check her phone. There are those red wax sealed letters. Abby ponders.

She grabs one and plops down in her desk chair, ripping it open and reading with a combination of intrigue and loathing on her face.

After a beat she looks at her phone. The decision has already been made. She dials and puts it to her ear.

**INT. TRAIN - DAY**

Abby sits on the train, speeding through the rolling hills of upstate New York and the Hudson Valley.

The fiery autumn colors actually pull Abby's attention away from her watch as she gazes out the window and fake smokes her pipe.

**EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY**

Abby grabs her bag from the baggage car and steps away from the crowd.

Gathering herself, she turns to look for the exit only to see a sign with her own name on it in the hands of a young woman.

It's Cassidy, leaning against the platform railing, waiting, bored.

Abby puts on a smile and approaches.

ABBY

Hi. Are you Margot? You look so much younger than I--

CASSIDY

I'm not Margot.

ABBY

Oh. I'm sorry. Well, hi, I'm Abby.

Abby extends her hand.

CASSIDY

I know.

Cassidy puts the sign in Abby's hand, grabs her bag from her, turns on her heels, and heads for the parking lot.

Put off and Annoyed, Abby takes a second before following.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

There's that Rolls Royce. As Cassidy approaches the car, Abby's eyebrows raise. I mean, it's an impressive ride.

Cassidy pops the trunk. It's completely empty until she heaves Abby's suitcase into it and slams it shut.

**INT. ROLLS ROYCE - DAY**

Abby and Cassidy sit in total awkward silence as they speed along the highway.

Abby chews on her pipe and looks at the lovely scenery rolling by.

CASSIDY

You can light that if you want. I don't care.

ABBY

Hm? Oh, I don't smoke.

CASSIDY

What?

ABBY

This is just a family heirloom. I find it comforting. Relieves stress ... without actually poisoning my body with carcinogens. It's just a habit, or a--

CASSIDY

Oral Fixation?

Abby regrets attempting conversation and turns back to the window.

Cassidy lights a cigarette.

Abby turns to look at her. *Seriously?*

Cassidy winks.

Abby rolls down her window.

**LATER**

Abby's eyes light up as they round a curve on the mile long driveway and she sees the Durand Manor for the first time.

It does indeed look different in the day. Giant and glorious, this place is an incredible sight.

Cassidy pulls up into the roundabout and stops right in front of the entrance.

**EXT. DURAND MANOR - DAY**

Abby steps out of the car, gazing up at this spectacular place.

Cassidy pulls Abby's bag out of the trunk and plops it on the gravel.

ABBY

Thank you.

By the time Abby makes it to her suitcase, Cassidy is already back in the driver's seat, slamming the door closed.

The Rolls pulls away, leaving Abby standing there with her suitcase, utterly confused and pissed.

After a beat, she looks back to the house and makes her way up to the front door. Finding no doorbell anywhere she just knocks.

Nothing. She knocks again. More nothing. What is with this place?

After a fourth unanswered knock, Abby just reaches down and turns the knob. The door opens with ease. Abby warily picks up her case and pushes her way into the house.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

Directly inside the door, Abby finds the entrance blocked by painters cloth draped over the door.

She begins to push her way through, moving the cloth around to find a way in when she comes across someone's HAND.

Abby SCREAMS and jolts back, but she is caught up in the cloth and finds herself tumbling forward through it.

She bounds into the room, caught in a tumble with the person that hand belongs to, falling clumsily to the floor in a mess.

Abby launches into apologies before her eyes can even adjust.

ABBY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm not breaking in. My name is Abigail Kanan. I'm the tutor. I'm supposed to be here.

As Abby and the other person get back to their feet, Abby gets a good look at her.

MARGOT

Abigail?

MARGOT DURAND (45) is indescribably beautiful. She somehow manages to be unpretentiously elegant even in this clumsy exchange.

MARGOT

What are you do ... Where's Cassidy?

ABBY

Cassidy? Is that the ...?

MARGOT

She didn't introduce herself? Jesus, that girl. I am so sorry. She's my husband's assistant. Honestly, I would fire her if I could, but with the ... Oh god where are my manners? I'm Margot. Margot Durand.

Abby extends a hand.

ABBY

Abby. Nice to meet you.

Margot swats her hand endearingly and goes in for a hug.

MARGOT

None of that. I'm a hugger. We've already rolled around on the floor, no need for formalities.

Abby chuckles.

ABBY

I'm sorry if I scared you.

MARGOT

No no. I'm sorry. This place is a mess. We are in constant construction around here, as you can see.

Abby can indeed now see that there is painters cloth everywhere. Windows are covered, walkways are outlined.

The results of the construction are clear as well. The interior of this place does not match the facade.

The place has been upgraded to feel like a modern loft. The Durand's are clearly not preservationists.

Like a vision of the future built into a relic from the past, Durand Manor is pretty exquisite.

MARGOT

Jules!! She's Here!! Come meet Abby!!

While Margot yells, Abby looks to the left to see the Grand Hall, a yet untouched cavernous room.

It still looks like it did a hundred years ago, save the cloth covering the furniture and windows.

MARGOT

Jules! Ok, y'know what? Never mind him. Come with me.

Margot leads Abby by the arm through the Foyer into a back hallway under the stair.

#### **INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

It's even darker in this hallway as Abby follows Margot blindly past countless closed doors.

MARGOT

I'm not going to lie. I don't even know what is behind most of these doors. We haven't been here long.

ABBY

Oh? I assumed it was a family Heirloom. It showed up on my phone as Durand Manor.

MARGOT

Ugh. We really need to do something about that. Sure, it's been in my husband's family for centuries, but we've never lived here. We've never lived in the same place for more than a few months, really.

ABBY

That sounds exhausting.

MARGOT

You have no idea. Not that I'm complaining. All hail the family business. But I can't tell you how happy I am to be staying here for the year. Construction or no.

ABBY

What does your husband do?

CREAK!! One of those hallways doors opens up right into them. Both Abby and Margot jump and gasp.

JULES DURAND (50) steps through the door with the presence of a mountain and a boyish smirk.

MARGOT

Jesus! Jules! You scared us!

JULES

Oops.

MARGOT

Is that the cellar? Ew. That place is so creepy. What were you doing down there?

JULES

Creeping.

He leans in and gives Margot a playful kiss.

MARGOT

Jules, this is Abby. At long last! Abby, my husband, Jules.

Jules brightens and extends a hand.

JULES

Oh right right. Hi. Welcome. Sorry about all the work and junk and the dusty old place.

ABBY

Oh not at all, your home is amazing.

JULES

Amazingly old and empty. It can get to you, but don't worry. We know how to have fun out here.

(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)

You're not just going to be holed up in a construction sight, hanging out with a ten year old for months.

Abby is confused.

ABBY

Ten year old? The job description said SAT and Gaokao prep. I ...

MARGOT

Lets discuss this in the kitchen where we can actually see each other.

Margot leads, Abby follows.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

What once was a large old crew kitchen for the entire manor has been tastefully updated into a very modern and cozy room.

Margot leads Abby in, all energy and miles, Jules lags behind.

MARGOT

The fridge is always stocked. If you need anything, just tell Cassidy and she'll grab it from town. Feel free to think of the kitchen as your own.

ABBY

I'm sorry, but could we ... I'm a high school level tutor. I specialize in college test preparation. Your son is ten years old?

The Durands share a look.

MARGOT

Leon is not like other ten year olds.

JULES

That's one way of putting it.

Margot's eyes shoot daggers.

ABBY

Ok. Just to make sure I understand.  
Has he received an education for  
gifted children?

MARGOT

Remember I told you we move around  
a lot? His education has been all  
over the place.

JULES

He was certified as 'gifted' in  
France.

MARGOT

We had to certify him so that ...  
look, with as much as we move  
around--

JULES

Leon's education problem just needs  
to be over.

ABBY

Education "problem"?

MARGOT

No no, it's just ... with the SATs  
and Gaokao out of the way, living  
internationally will be much  
simpler. Internet based higher  
education is such a different game  
than high school.

ABBY

We are still talking about a ten  
year old boy?

Jules fails to stifle a chuckle. Margot opens her mouth to  
speak, then stops, having a better idea.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Margot and Abby stand outside the large oak door to the  
Parlour. Margot knocks, opening before getting an answer.

MARGOT

Monkey? Are you in here?

**INT. PARLOUR - DAY**

LEON DURAND (10) sits on the floor with construction paper and markers, scribbling away. Seeing Margot and Abby, he stands and smiles.

Tiny trousers, perfectly ironed button down under a v neck sweater vest. Were it not for the Curious George socks, he would look like a miniature accountant.

MARGOT

Monkey, this is Ms. Kanan, your new tutor. Abby, meet Leon.

Abby approaches Leon and kneels down to meet his eye level.

ABBY

Please, don't call me Ms. Kanan. Sounds so old. You can just call me Abby. It's nice to meet you Leon.

No young boy shyness here. Leon looks Abby straight in the eye.

LEON

And please, don't call me Monkey. Sounds so primitive. You can just call me Leon. It's very nice to meet you too Abby.

Abby is equal parts put of and charmed by this kid's sophisticated manner.

MARGOT

I'll leave you two to get acquainted. Abby, I'll be in the kitchen when you're done. We can discuss more then.

Margot leaves and Abby and Leon turn back to each other.

LEON

Please sit.

He moves to an 18th century club chair, motioning to another for her. She obliges.

ABBY

We're not going to have any lessons right now, I thought today we could just get to know each other a little bit.

LEON

There's no need for the tone. I'm a child not a cartoon.

Abby's jaw tightens.

ABBY

Nice socks.

Leon smirks.

ABBY

You like Curious George?

LEON

Indeed.

ABBY

Do you like him because he's silly or because he is curious.

LEON

Do you mind if I ask you a question?

ABBY

Not at all.

LEON

You're an academic at heart.

ABBY

That's not a question.

LEON

BA in physics, Stanford, Magna Cum Laude. MA in Neuroscience from Princeton. Another MA in Comparative Literature, studying works on quantum gravity against global anthropological surveys, Brown--

ABBY

Wow. You did your homework.

LEON

So why are you teaching?

ABBY

Most academics teach.

LEON

Most failed academics teach.

ABBY

Ok listen. You don't have to call me Ms. Kanan, but you will treat me with respect.

LEON

I meant no disrespect.

ABBY

And for your information, *most* academics are sheep. They don't have the same goals I have.

LEON

What goals are those?

ABBY

Why am I having this conversation with a child?

LEON

We're supposed to be getting to know each other.

ABBY

Getting to know one another usually involves simple questions like 'what is your favorite color.'

LEON

Orange. My turn. What are these goals you've abandoned to come teach me how to take tests?

Rage.

**INT. HALLWAY/FOYER - DAY**

Abby stomps her way through the house towards the foyer, holding back oceans of anger while also radiating it.

She ignores the painters cloth walkways, stepping wherever she pleases to get back to her suitcase, which she lifts up and heads to the front door.

Margot arrives just in time to see Abby awkwardly struggling with the cloth covering the door.

MARGOT

Abby? What are you--

ABBY

Mrs. Durand, I'm sorry but--

Margot moves to help Abby untangle herself.

MARGOT

It's Margot, Abby, wait, I thought--

ABBY

Margot, I am sorry, but your son is ... look, your job offer did not mention that Leon is ten years old and--

MARGOT

Oh no. He was a little asshole wasn't he.

ABBY

No. Um. No no, it's just, tutoring gifted youth is a very particular trade. You will have much better results hiring a specialist.

Margot huffs and plops down on the lowest step of the giant swirling staircase to the second and third floors.

MARGOT

Ugh. I know, but those gifted youth tutors are such a bunch of weird little bitches.

Abby tries but fails to stifle a laugh.

MARGOT

Admit it. They're weirdos and Leon is a little asshole.

Abby sits next to her, offering comfort.

ABBY

No no. Don't say that.

MARGOT

Oh you know what I mean. I love him. More than anything in the world. But he's ... man, he can be tough to handle.

ABBY

Most gifted kids are. And he really is very bright.

MARGOT

I know, I know. I just, I need this whole thing to be done. Jules just doesn't understand it.

(MORE)

MARGOT (CONT'D)

He wants to just send him off to a boarding school somewhere.

ABBY

That is a recipe for disaster with an advanced student like Leon. You are right, he needs a good tutor.

MARGOT

A good tutor. Like you.

ABBY

Margot, I'm sorry. This was going to be a difficult commitment for me even before I knew Leon was so young. I am working to resubmit my doctorate proposal to Harvard and it's going to take everything I have.

MARGOT

Oh that's fantastic. We are Donors. What department?

ABBY

It's a comparative thesis split between the departments of Physics, Neuroscience, Sociology, and Education.

MARGOT

I don't understand.

ABBY

Well, neither did they. I was rejected about a week ago.

MARGOT

What? That's ridiculous. You have to let me talk to them. Better let, Jules will call them, let them know they screwed up, big time. Who you know can go a long way over there.

ABBY

That's very kind but, my mom actually used to be the dean of physics over there. She literally wrote their intro to physics book.

MARGOT

Listen. She may have written the book, but she doesn't cut their checks. Money talks, kid.

(MORE)

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong. I'm sure your mother pulls a lot of weight around there--

ABBY

Pulled. She died two years ago. Breast cancer.

MARGOT

Oh no. Oh, Abby I am so sorry, I didn't know.

ABBY

It's ok, its ... thank you.

Margot puts her hand on Abby's.

MARGOT

Abby. Stay. I'll talk to Leon and make him promise to be nice. He'll grow on you. Trust me.

Abby considers, heavily.

MARGOT

Stay here. Help my little monkey pass those tests, and before you go, I promise, Jules and I will have Harvard on their knees, begging you to study there.

Abby is convinced. Margot holds out a hand. Abby takes it. They shake on it.

**INT. ABBY'S ROOM - EVENING**

Abby stands at the desk pulling books and papers out of her backpack.

The room is mildly updated like the rest of the house to feel like modernity and antiquity belong together.

Abby pulls out a small stack of printed photos of the equation from her wall back home in Boston.

KNOCK KNOCK

Abby drops the photos and answers the door. It's Cassidy, carrying Abby's suitcase.

ABBY

Oh thank you, I could've--

CASSIDY

You cold?

ABBY

Hm?

Cassidy puts the suitcase down in front of Abby and points to her chest.

Abby looks down to see that her nipples are very clearly standing out from her blouse. Cassidy chuckles.

Embarrassed and insulted, Abby draws her cardigan in tight then looks back up, prepared to call out Cassidy's rudeness.

Cassidy is gone. Abby huffs, pulls the suitcase inside and shuts the door.

**INT. ABBY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Abby sleeps soundly in her giant bed. The room is pitch black and silent.

And then it isn't. A SCREAM. Muffled. Somewhere in the house. Abby doesn't stir.

Another. SCREAM. Not muffled. Blood curdling. Abby still sleeps.

Another. Followed by a loud THUMP. Abby wakes. Startled. She looks around the room and listens for whatever that could have been.

Nothing. Silence. She lays back down in bed.

No there is something. A weird low SOUND. What is that? It sounds like ... dragging?

Abby grabs her phone to use as a light and heads to her door. She puts her ear up to it and listens. She can barely hear.

What the hell is that noise? She tries to open, but finds that the door is LOCKED. She pulls and turns - nothing.

She goes to pound on the door, but notices her phone just before she does. It's 2 in the morning.

She listens again. The low weird noise is gone. Better to just deal with all this in the morning.

Abby crawls back into bed and closes her eyes.

**INT. ABBY'S ROOM - MORNING**

Abby wakes to see fog resting on the expansive autumn wilderness outside.

She pops out of bed and heads straight to the door, grabbing her phone on the way.

Surprisingly, the door opens up without a problem. That's weird. Or is it? Maybe she was just tired last night?

Anyway, it's fine now. She shuts the door and heads for the shower.

**INT. PARLOUR - MORNING**

Abby and Leon sit across from one another at an ancient round table in the corner, surrounded by overflowing bookshelves.

LEON

We got off on the wrong foot yesterday.

ABBY

Then it's a good thing we have two feet, isn't it?

LEON

I'm sorry.

ABBY

No need to be sorry. Meeting new people isn't always an easy or comfortable thing.

LEON

I'm not like other little boys.

ABBY

That's not necessarily a bad thing. Now, what do you say we dive straight into our sample test work and put it all behind us?

LEON

I had hoped to hear about your studies. I was rude when asking yesterday, but I am interested.

ABBY

That's kind of you, but we have a lot to cover today. First, I'd like to to take this sample test. It's--

LEON

I'm serious. We were supposed to get to know each other yesterday and I ruined it. Please. Tell me about your work.

ABBY

Leon, my thesis is a giant topic that would take forever to get into and would only confuse you. Besides, it's class time. Maybe later we can--

LEON

Margot said it has something to do with time?

ABBY

Leon, please don't ... I didn't tell your mother about my thesis.

Leon frowns sheepishly.

LEON

Sorry. I lied. I looked it up. But I could only find the title. "The epidemic of time". What does that mean?

Abby eyes him with annoyance and suspicion as her wheels turn.

ABBY

Leon, if I tell you the basis of my proposal will you promise to drop the subject, take this sample test, and focus on studies?

Leon extends his hand.

LEON

Promise.

Abby smirks at the gesture. They shake on it.

ABBY

Ok, well, The Epidemic of Time works from a place of understanding that the the human brain processes time incorrectly. We perceive time as a constant, flowing from the past, through the present, and to the future.

(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

In reality there is no such thing as the present, and the past is just as effected by the future as the reverse. Everything we hold true about time is false. My proposal is to open a field of study to correct that. If we can learn to understand time as it truly is on a more fundamental level then we can finally build a real and visceral relationship with the future and the past.

Leon considers what he has heard.

LEON

Hm.

He leans back in his chair and crosses his arms.

LEON

That's awesome.

Abby laughs.

ABBY

An apt choice of words.

LEON

So then, this isn't about furthering study of how time works but rather how we experience it.

ABBY

You promised if I explained then we would study.

LEON

Sorry. Yes. Yes I did.

Leon picks up his pencil as Abby slides the sample test over to him. He smirks and shakes his head.

LEON

"Build a visceral relationship with the past", that's really cool.

Abby holds up the timer on her phone. Leon looks back down to his test.

ABBY

And .... begin.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

After class, Abby wanders looking for Margot. She checks a few doors, only to find them locked.

She tries the cellar door Jules came out of earlier. It opens. Cold, ancient air wafts up from the dark staircase.

ABBY

Margot?

Was that an echo Abby heard back? Or ... is there someone down there? You know what? Never mind. Abby shuts the door, way too creeped out.

She moves quickly to another door in the hallway. It opens up easy.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

Abby finds a crowd of DAY LABORERS hard at work pulling out old built in shelves and flooring.

ABBY

Oh sorry.

She moves to leave, but then thinks better.

ABBY

Have any of you seen Margot? Mrs. Durand?

They all look at one another, shrug, and shake their heads, no.

ABBY

Ok. Well thank you.

Abby leaves, closing the door behind her.

**INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN - DAY**

From the Hallway, Abby can hear Cassidy's voice before she sees her.

CASSIDY (O.S.)

Can I ask you something? Are you telling me his usual room isn't available because you know he'll pay to clear it out so you can get more money?

(MORE)

CASSIDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Or are you actually stupid enough  
to have booked someone in his usual  
room?

Abby enters. Cassidy sits in the dining nook. Her legs  
resting up on the table, her phone held out in front of her.

Abby finds no one else in the room. A heavily accented voice  
comes through Cassidy's phone.

MAN'S VOICE

Madame, we are a hotel. We cannot  
simply leave rooms vacant.

CASSIDY

Dude. Take a photo of the booking  
you have and text it to me. I want  
to see it.

MAN'S VOICE

I assure you, we--

CASSIDY

You have gotten used to being paid  
twice as much for his room whenever  
it "happens" to be booked up when  
he wants it, so now you just fuck  
with me every time.

Abby gives Cassidy the "when you get a second" look. Cassidy  
holds up one finger - wait.

MAN'S VOICE

We are so sorry for th--

CASSIDY

Yeah. Book the room. For Mr.  
Durand. Usual price. Make it  
happen. Or we can find a different  
hotel to pour mountains of fuckin'  
money into all year long. K Thanx  
buhbye.

Cassidy hangs up. Abby can't help but almost smirk at the  
hilarity of her professional phone demeanor.

CASSIDY

What do you need?

ABBY

I'm looking for Mrs. Durand? I had  
a little problem with my door last  
night, an I Was hoping to discuss--

CASSIDY  
MARGOT!!!

Cassidy hollers at the top of her lungs, scaring the shit out of Abby who jumps, covers her ears, and crouches.

ABBY  
Are you crazy?

CASSIDY  
Haha!! Dude, chill. She's not home.  
No one is home.

ABBY  
Leon is home.

CASSIDY  
Yeah but he's up in his, er I don't know. Who knows where that little dude ever is. This place is huge. No one can hear.

She leans her head back and lets out a GIANT SCREAM. Abby flinches again, but this time finds it kind of funny.

CASSIDY  
See? It's fine. You do it.

ABBY  
Me? Oh. No. I'm fine thanks.

CASSIDY  
Do it. It feels good.

Abby considers for a brief second, but can't bring herself to. It's a vulnerable and endearing moment.

Cassidy lets out a quick, ear splitting screech! Abby actually laughs this time.

ABBY  
No thanks. Could you just let me know when Mrs. Durand gets back?  
I'll just be in my room--

Disappointed Abby won't play along, Cassidy huffs and stands, approaching her.

CASSIDY  
Ugh, fine, gimme your phone.

Abby does. Cassidy takes the phone and enters her info, standing a bit too close for comfort.

All Abby has to do is step back. She does not. She just quietly and awkwardly observes Cassidy in this moment in time.

ABBY (PRE-LAP)  
Time can play tricks on you.

**INT. PARLOUR - DAY**

Back in the parlour for another day of lessons. Leon sits in his seat while Abby circles table, talking.

ABBY  
You could be the smartest boy in the world but if you don't master the timed element of these standardized tests, it can make all the difference.

LEON  
Maybe if I change my perception of time like your thesis suggests.

Smirk.

ABBY  
I've been working on that my whole life so if you can pull it off between now and these tests, well then, you won't need these tests. Back to the subject. Some questions are designed to take longer, no way around it--

LEON  
Your whole life. I was thinking about that. Your whole life doesn't seem like enough time to reach your intended hypothesis.

ABBY  
Probably not. But with any luck, my students and successors will follow in my footsteps and finish my work.

LEON  
Maybe me.

ABBY  
Maybe you indeed.

LEON

But you won't be around to enjoy  
your success.

ABBY

Ah. That's the trick of my work.  
When it is finally achieved, the  
erroneous barriers between now and  
the past will be broken down and  
you'll be able to visit my past  
living self and congratulate me.

LEON

Visiting the dead in the past when  
they are still alive.

ABBY

That's right.

LEON

Is that why you are doing this?

Kids always cut to the quick. Abby is knocked off balance but  
quickly moves to regain composure.

ABBY

Leon, we are way off topic. Focus  
please.

LEON

You've only made it harder on  
yourself coming out here.

Abby is only getting more flustered.

ABBY

How is that?

LEON

Time moves faster here.

ABBY

What?

LEON

You were in Boston, right? Sea  
level. We're at roughly four  
thousand feet out here. Time moves  
faster at altitude.

ABBY

Ha. Marginally, but yes. Now can we  
please get back to your lesson?

LEON

Sorry. It just fascinates me.

ABBY

It's quite alright. Now, certain questions ... wait, how do you know that?

LEON

I read a lot.

ABBY

You're ten years old, Leon. Sure, I read *The Special and General Theory* at age 13, but I didn't actually understand it until years later.

LEON

You grew up in Boston. With fast cars, fast people, an endless whirring of the modern world to distract you. I grew up out here, where, though time itself may technically move faster, one need only take a walk around the grounds here to feel a sense of freedom from overbearing order of time.

Abby stares at Leon, unable to fully process hearing such things from a little boy. Shaking it off, she gathers herself.

ABBY

Ok, no more time talk for the rest of the day. We have work to get through.

**EXT. DURAND ESTATE GROUNDS - AFTERNOON**

Following Leon's subtle advice, Abby takes a walk through the grounds of the estate.

The fallen leaves are gone by now. The landscape is grey and barren. Ominously beautiful and seemingly bereft of time.

Abby makes her way from the clearing into the woods following a sign towards the lake.

At night, these woods would be spooky and horrifying, but time doesn't work like that so right now they are just grey and sad.

A STRANGE NOISE startles Abby out of her reverie. Intrigued, she steps off the path, following the sound.

Before long, the lake comes into view. Abby is so focused on the lake she almost doesn't see ...

Cassidy. She is crouched up against a tree and she is crying. Hard.

Abby hides behind a tree, not wanting to intrude, hoping to wait it out. But the crying does not stop. In fact it gets worse. Cassidy is in some very real emotional pain.

Abby takes a deep breath and decides to go over there and comfort her. The moment she moves, Cassidy rises to her feet and faces the lake.

Abby stays perfectly still so as not to be heard or seen. Jesus it's cold out here.

Cassidy takes off her shirt. Then her bra. Before long, she stands naked out in the freezing wilderness.

Abby doesn't move. Her eyes are glued to Cassidy's body. She takes in every inch of her.

Cassidy jumps off the ledge of the lake. She seems to hang in the air for a thousand years. Maybe a million. How long can time hold its breath?

She crashes into the lake with a freezing splash and the spell is broken. Abby runs like hell through the woods towards the manor.

#### **INT. KITCHEN - EVENING**

Abby bursts through the kitchen door. Still frazzled and cold she swiftly heads for the hallway.

VOICE (O.S.)

There you are.

Abby SHRIEKS and turns on her heels to see Margot and Jules by the butcher block. Abby breathes heavily and tries to gather her wits.

ABBY

Oh my god. I'm so sorry. I didn't see you there.

MARGOT

No, it's fine. We were wondering if you'd forgotten.

Off Abby's confused look.

MARGOT  
Friday. 5 o'clock.

JULES  
Ha. She did forget.

ABBY  
(remembering)  
Progress report. I am so sorry. It  
is not like me to--

JULES  
It's fine, it's fine. I'm just  
breaking your balls.

MARGOT  
Oof. "Progress report" sounds so  
stuffy. Did I call it that? We just  
want to check in. See how it's  
going? Can I get you a glass of  
wine?

ABBY  
No. Thank you, I'm fine.

JULES  
So how *is* it going?

Abby tries to shake what she just saw in the woods and turn  
her mind to Leon.

ABBY  
Well. Leon is a ... wow, he is a  
smart kid.

Margot smiles, Jules smirks.

JULES  
A little too smart maybe?

ABBY  
Eh, you're joking, but a little  
bit, yes. Getting him to take it  
seriously or to focus on the  
assignment at hand is heavy  
lifting.

MARGOT  
Do you want us to talk to him?

ABBY

No no. Better he and I work it out on our own terms. I think we broke some ground today. It'll be smooth sailing in no time.

MARGOT

Do you want a coat or something? You look freezing?

ABBY

No, I'm fine. I was just going to take a hot shower actually.

MARGOT

Ok. If there's anything else you need from us you just let us know.

ABBY

Actually now that you mention it. It was weird. The other night I tried to open my door and it didn't work. Like it was locked.

MARGOT

Are you sure? It shouldn't been locked.

ABBY

It was fine in the morning. But I just thought I'd mention something.

Jules pulls out his phone.

JULES

I'm gonna get Cassidy to come take a look at it.

ABBY

No. No, no need to trouble her. It's working fine now. Just thought I'd ... Thank you.

Margot and Jules barely have time to react to Abby's sudden jumpiness before she is out the door.

**INT. ABBY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

As the bathtub finishes filling up, Abby tuns off the tap. No hot water. Only cold.

She rises and steps back. The TICK of her wrist watch echoes through the bathroom.

Abby closes her eyes and takes a breath.

**EXT. LAKE - EVENING - FLASHBACK**

Cassidy stands, facing the lake, in the exact same position as Abby.

Abby's wrist watch echoes across the lake.

**INTERCUT ABBY/CASSIDY**

Abby's eyes snap open and dart to her watch. She unfastens it, pulls the crown out, and places it on the sink counter. She then turns back to face the tub engulfed in silence.

Cassidy pulls her shirt off, one sleeve at a time.

Abby matches her movements, keeping her eyes closed. Remembering it as perfectly as she can.

Cassidy unsnaps her bra and drops it to the ground behind her.

Abby's bra slips out of her fingers unto the tile.

Things begin to move faster. Cassidy's pants come off in a swift move.

Abby steps out of her pants and kicks them aside, sliding her underwear down her legs.

Cassidy kicks hers aside and stands facing the lake completely naked.

Abby lifts her foot slowly towards the water as Cassidy dives out over the lake and falls towards it.

Three things happen at once. Cassidy hits the water, disappearing into it, Abby's toes touch the surface of the bathwater, and ...

BOOM BOOM!! A stumbling, fumbling, giant noise crashing down from upstairs. Much louder than last time.

Abby recoils from the bathtub in fear as a muffled woman's voice drifts through the ceiling. Screaming? Crying?

Abby wraps a towel around herself and steps out the door to her bedroom, listening to the ceiling as she goes.

**INT. ABBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Abby cranes her neck, turning her ears up to try to understand what she is hearing.

It's impossible to identify exactly what it is - but it definitely sounds bad. The noises move towards the hall. Abby follows straight towards her door.

It is locked. Again. She shakes and tugs at it furiously, but nothing. Fear has given way to frustration and even anger.

ABBY

Uuughh!

Abby goes to the dresser and grabs her phone. Scrolling frantically she finds Cassidy's number and begins to text.

The noise stops. As quickly as it started. Total silence.

Abby keeps texting anyway. She texts Cassidy WAS THAT YOU?  
... nothing

DID YOU HEAR THAT? ... nothing.

ARE YOU OKAY? ... nothing. Wait ... three dots appear from Cassidy's number. She is texting something back.

Abby holds her breath. The three dots disappear.

Abby crouches against the wall, looking at her phone, waiting for a response that never comes. Scared and confused.

**INT. ABBY'S ROOM - MORNING**

The bright grey light of an early winter morning wakes Abby on the floor of her room. Phone still in hand. She immediately checks it. No texts.

She bolts straight up and goes to her door. It opens up. No problem at all.

Consumed with a soup of conflicting emotions, Abby slams the door shut.

**INT. DURAND MANOR/MULTIPLE ROOMS - MORNING**

Abby makes her way through the house looking for the Durands. This place is so huge. She barely knows where to look.

She checks the Office. Even the dayworkers aren't there. The room sits silent, empty, and unfinished.

Even the kitchen, where there is usually at least one person. No one. Annoyed, Abby looks at the clock to see that it is already 8:15 in the morning.

ABBY

Shit.

She hurries out of the room.

**INT. PARLOUR - DAY**

Abby quickly pulls materials out of her bag and gets things ready for today's lesson while Leon sits patiently.

ABBY

So sorry. It's not like me to be late.

LEON

Indeed. I thought you'd said you were a slave to time.

She avoids response to the joke/dig and sits, sliding today's sample test across the table to him.

ABBY

I have your essay from yesterday. Graded--

LEON

Did you enjoy the subject matter?

ABBY

I did not. Besides, the subject matters less than the form. The point of our less--

LEON

I rather catered it to your interests.

ABBY

And I really wish you wouldn't, Leon. Frankly it's becoming annoying. I didn't come out here to have lengthy discussions about Block Universe Time Theory with a ten year old. I came out here to bring your test scores up.

That hits Leon pretty hard. But he takes it silently. His hurt shifts to a stiff upper lipped stubbornness. He grabs the sample test and begins to scribble answers immediately.

Abby feels like a total asshole. She reaches out to him.

ABBY

Leon, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that  
I--

Leon recoils and continues writing answers, lightning fast.

ABBY

I just didn't get much sleep last  
night and I'm edgy. I'm sorry. Did  
you want to discuss your essay?

No response. Leon just keeps writing. Abby rests back in her own guilty conscience and checks the clock.

### **30 MINUTES LATER**

Leon finishes his test in a flurry and slides it back to her without even checking it.

ABBY

Hey why don't we take a little  
break for something fun?

Leon stands and begins to gather his things.

ABBY

Leon have you ever read the letter  
Einstein sent to Michele Besso's  
family?

Leon is up and already half way to the door.

ABBY

Leon, please sit down. I am very  
sorry for snapping.

And he's gone. Abby slumps back in her seat. This is not her day.

### **INT. ABBY'S ROOM - EVENING**

Abby sits at her desk. The wall in front of it now sports a bulletin board full of papers with equation scribbles.

She holds her red pen, going over Leon's test. She smirks as she reaches the end of the first page. No mistakes.

Flipping to the second page, the smirk turns into surprise as she notes that his entire second page is also flawless.

Quickly flipping through, Abby is shocked to discover not one single issue anywhere.

Baffled, Abby pulls out his previous tests to compare. They are all covered in red marks.

She reaches into her bag to check if maybe-- KNOCK KNOCK!!

Abby jumps, startled. Another round of knocks make it clear someone is at the door. She rises and opens it.

Cassidy stands, clad in her usual attitude, though it is impossible to not see right through it now.

CASSIDY

They said something is wrong with your door?

ABBY

Um. Not right now but ... did you get my texts?

Cassidy doesn't think of a lie fast enough. It shows.

CASSIDY

Oh. I didn't see those til this morning. I didn't know what they were about so ...

ABBY

You didn't hear anything last night?

CASSIDY

Hm-m. What's wrong with your door?

ABBY

It was terrifying.

Cassidy's ability to feign toughness is cracking.

CASSIDY

What did it sound like?

ABBY

Like someone was being hurt.

Cassidy shakes it off and finds her snark again.

CASSIDY

Yeah, they can sound like that sometimes when they, y'know, get the itch.

Abby is unconvinced.

CASSIDY

They've been married like three hundred years. They've gotta keep in interesting somehow.

ABBY

Their room isn't even above mine.

CASSIDY

Dude, there's like a thousand rooms in this place. If you owned them all would you only fuck in one?

ABBY

Well, it didn't sound like that. It sounded horrible, and I was locked in here, and I had no idea what was going on. You could at least just answer a text.

Abby looks on the verge of crying. She has had a rough day. Cassidy feels bad for her.

CASSIDY

Here. Lemme show you something.

Abby watches as Cassidy grabs a wire hanger from the closet and returns to the door, closing it and sitting on the floor.

She looks up at Abby and pats the ground next to her.

Abby sits down next to Cassidy, who rapidly unbends and reshapes the hanger.. She shoves it into the keyhole and gives it a few turns until it clicks.

CASSIDY

Give it a try.

Abby tries the knob.

ABBY

Locked.

Cassidy twists the hanger again - click.

Abby watches in silence as she works the lock. You could call it staring. You could even call it longing. The door opens.

CASSIDY

Tada.

ABBY

Where did you learn how to do that?

Cassidy's tough act has completely disappeared.

CASSIDY

Growing up in my house, if you smelled whisky, this was the only way to keep a certain set of hands off you.

Abby is not used to this level of vulnerability. She places a comforting hand on Cassidy's.

ABBY

I'm ... really sorry.

CASSIDY

Don't be. You don't even know me.

ABBY

Then why did you tell me?

Their gaze locked on one another, they both look as if they might cry, scream, laugh, or explode at any second.

CASSIDY

Because I'm clumsy at letting people in. I'm awesome at locking them out, but--

Abby kisses Cassidy.

Time stops.

When it starts back up again they are on the floor in a passionate frenzy. Abby rolls on top of Cassidy and begins to unbutton her shirt.

Time stops.

When it starts again they are in Abby's bed. They are naked. They are surging.

Time stops.

Cassidy traces kisses down Abby's naked body. Abby's eyes close. Her breath quickens.

Time stops.

When time starts back up again this time, you might not notice. The two women lie naked together in the dark. Asleep. Motionless. Wrapped in each other and lost in dreams.

BOOM. BOOM BOOM. Those creepy, bounding, struggling noises start up again. Abby sleeps right through it.

Cassidy, however, does not. She lies perfectly still, wrapped in Abby's arms, staring at the ceiling as the noises climax and then cease.

**INT. PARLOUR - DAY**

Abby and Leon sit in their usual places at the table.

ABBY  
Leon, I wanted to--

LEON  
I'm sorry I was so--

LEON  
Sorry, please you first.

ABBY  
I wanted to say that I am sorry for snapping at you the other day. You didn't deserve that.

LEON  
No no, I am sorry. You have a curriculum you are trying to stick to, and I just keep asking about your work. I am sorry.

ABBY  
Not at all. Leon, you are a very bright boy. You are curious. It only makes sense that you would be curious about me. So I have an idea. Today, we put our studies away, and you ask me whatever you want to ask.

Leon looks like he just got exactly what he asked Santa for.

LEON  
Really? Anything?

ABBY  
Sure.

Leon thinks.

LEON  
Why are you so passionate about time?

Abby opens her mouth to give her usual canned answer, then stops, considers, and looks him in the eye.

ABBY  
My mom.

LEON

I read about your mom. Wrote the book on modern astrophysics. You want to follow in her footsteps?

ABBY

No. I want to see her again.

Um. Leon doesn't know what to say. Would you?

LEON

I'm sorry. I thought your mother had died.

ABBY

She did. Which means she exists only in the past now. Whereas you and I stumble constantly on the threshold of the future.

LEON

Which is another way of saying she *doesn't* exist anymore.

ABBY

Come on, Leon. You're smarter than that. Observed at a granular level, the past and the future are indistinguishable.

LEON

Indistinguishable, but irreconcilable.

ABBY

Phooey. All of the greatest achievements of science have worked directly against the order of natural laws. We defy gravity with jet propulsion, the refrigerator defies entropy by keeping ice from melting--

LEON

Did you just say "phooey?"

ABBY

Pay attention.

Abby pulls a notepad from her bag and flips through it as she talks, getting more excited by the second.

ABBY

My work measures thermal energy in multiple instances.

She lays the book open for Leon to see. The pages are a smaller version of her equation from her wall.

Leon pears over it while she talks.

ABBY

By applying interruptions at any point in the transfer from order to chaos in any system of thermal energy--

LEON

But you are still assuming a directional flowing of time.

Surprised, Abby considers and looks at her work.

ABBY

Well ... I'm not assuming anything, entropy dictates that--

LEON

I don't see how you are going to overcome entropy by including it in your calculations.

Abby looks at the pages frustrated.

ABBY

Well, it's not that ... ugh. Well this is only a piece of the formula. The whole thing takes up too much space.

Leon smiles.

LEON

Then lets find some more space.

Leon goes to his drawing materials on the ground, bring over construction paper, tape, and markers.

He drags his chair to the wall and begins to tape paper up on the wall, essentially building her a white wall.

Abby can't help but find this all adorable, but reconsiders.

ABBY

Leon, this was supposed to be a day off. Are you sure this is what you want to do?

LEON

You've just told me that you are working on an equation that can help you talk to the dead. Yes, Abby. This is precisely what I would like to do today.

He smiles and offers her one of his markers.

Abby smirks and takes it, rising and moving to help him tape up more paper.

**INT. MULTIPLE - DURAND MANOR - DAY/NIGHT**

Abby finally finds her rhythm out here.

**PARLOUR**

The room is now half covered in taped up construction paper. Leon stands on a chair, scribbling in marker.

ABBY

It doesn't cycle back through, X is the same as--

LEON

I know, I know, I'm trying something.

He keeps writing.

**ABBY'S BEDROOM**

Abby and Cassidy lay naked in bed, covered in sweat and smiles, cheerfully debating some trivial thing.

CASSIDY

Ugh. Who cares if the science doesn't make sense. It's an amaaaazing movie!

ABBY

I care if the science makes sense. It is not physically possible. I did cry so hard at the end, though.

CASSIDY  
See!?! Exactly! Turn your fuckin  
brain off for two seconds.

Abby smirks.

ABBY  
Make me.

Cassidy kisses her.

### **PARLOUR**

Abby and Leon sit at their usual spots at the table. Leon scribbles away at a sample test.

He finishes his last question, hands the test to Abby who pulls out her red marker.

Leon gets up and marches straight to the wall, now covered in so much construction paper it even drifts across the bookshelf.

ABBY  
Leon. I still need to grade this.

LEON  
By all means. You grade, I work.

He steps up onto the chair.

### **KITCHEN**

MArgot and Jules remain seated at the nook while Abby packs up her things and stands.

ABBY  
Of course, ultimately, it's up to you, but I don't see any reason to continue SAT samples. Leon should be focusing on the Gaokao.

MARGOT  
You're the boss.

Abby smiles and excuses herself. Jules barely looks up from his phone.

### **HALLWAY**

Abby makes her way through the dark hallway back to the parlour when ...

BLAM - Cassidy pops out of the cellar door and scares her.

ABBY

Jesus! Oook my god, don't do that!

Cassidy laughs and kisses Abby, pulling her in close.

Abby pulls back.

ABBY

Cass, they're right in there. I told you I don't want them--

CASSIDY

Calm down. It's fine.

Cassidy kisses Abby once more. She gives in.

### PARLOUR

Abby and Leon stand back, looking at the wall. At this point it looks hysterical.

Construction paper, sometimes of various colors, covers the entire wall, including paintings, and even covers over the entire bookshelf.

LEON

The idea is, with this set in place, you consistently run variables to test for states of interruption.

ABBY

Which I have been doing for 4 years.

LEON

Which is why you have gotten nowhere.

ABBY

I haven't gotten nowhere, I am building data. When you are older you'll see this is how you--

LEON

This is how you waste your time. You are running it backwards.

ABBY

I'm not wasting my time, I'm ... what do you mean?

Leon smiles at her, she looks back to the wall, beginning to understand what he means.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Abby enters, knocking lightly on the wall as she does.

ABBY

Hello?

MARGOT

There she is.

Margot sits at the kitchen nook with a forced smile and a glass of red.

ABBY

Ms. Durand. Good evening.

MARGOT

Is it?

ABBY

It certainly is as far as Leon's progress is concerned.

Another attempt at a smile escapes Margot.

MARGOT

Well that is good to hear. Come here. Have a seat. Tell me all about it.

Abby sits across from Margot.

ABBY

Are we waiting for Mr. Durand?

MARGOT

Waiting for Mr. Durand. You know, I think you've just titled my memoir.

Awkward.

ABBY

Is he not coming?

MARGOT

Let's just say it's best not to expect him.

Margot drinks from her glass. Abby's cheerfulness turns to concern.

ABBY

Is everything ok?

Margot tries to compose herself. She does not necessarily succeed.

MARGOT

We have been married a long long time. You go through ups and downs and ... look, you can't tie yourself to another person without breaking them every once in a while. You can cut the ties or you can heal together and come out the other end stronger for it.

Margot stops herself from crying and finds her smile again.

ABBY

Is that a quote from something?

Margot laughs.

MARGOT

No that's just me.

ABBY

Well it's beautiful.

MARGOT

Thank you. You know, I have to say, it is really refreshing to have another woman around here to just talk to, y'know?

ABBY

Sure. Of course.

MARGOT

I had thought Cassidy might be able to fill those shoes when Jules first hired her.

Abby hides the smile that appears at the very mention of Cassidy's name.

MARGOT

Turns out all she's good for is fucking my husband.

Wait what? Abby's heart races as it drops. It takes everything in her to stop from screaming or crying.

Margot keeps talking, but Abby doesn't hear it.

**INT. ABBY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Abby sits at her desk, looking over the smaller version of the equation on her wall while scribbling in a notebook.

Her eyes are red and swollen.

KNOCK KNOCK

CASSIDY (O.S.)

Abby. It's me.

Abby turns and stares daggers at the door. A coat hanger sticks crudely out of the lock.

CASSIDY (O.S.)

Abby.

Abby stifles the urge to yell out something cruel. It hurts but she turns silently back to her work, ignoring Cassidy.

Cassidy knocks once more before giving up and walking away.

**INT. ABBY'S ROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**

SCREAMS jolt Abby out of her bed. Her fear is now matched by frustration and annoyance. Enough with this shit.

She turns her phone to flashlight mode, cranks the coat hanger until the door is unlocked, and makes her way out into the dark house.

**INT. STAIRS - NIGHT**

Abby slowly makes her way through the dark manor with only her phone to light the way.

Halfway down the stairs she hears another CLAMOR and YELP. Flinching, she quickly recovers and makes her way down.

**INT. FOYER - NIGHT**

At the bottom of the stairs, Abby moves towards the hallway door when ...

CLANG! The dark shape of a man's body bursts from the hallway door. He trips and falls, Crying out when he does.

Abby ducks and hides behind a giant planter against the wall.

It's one of the Day Laborers. He runs towards the Grand Hall, leaving a trail of blood behind him as he goes.

Another FIGURE bursts out of the hallway, through the foyer, and into the Grand Hall after the man.

The figure is on him in a flash, knocking him to the floor and burying it's head in the mans neck.

The RIPPING of flesh can be heard along side the CHOKING sounds of the laborer bleeding out.

CLICK. The lights switch on. Shit. Abby crouches down lower. She covers her mouth to hide a gasp as she sees who is there.

It's Margot. Looking tired and annoyed. She carries an empty wine bottle in one hand and a large funnel in the other. She switches on the lights to the Grand Hall as she moves.

The lights reveal the first figure to be Jules. He lifts his head from the dead Day Laborer to reveal a face covered in blood and clotted flesh.

JULES

Sorry, darling I was trying to--

MARGOT

Shut up. Just, quick, before this stupid mess gets bigger.

She shoves the funnel and bottle into his hand. Jules lifts the Laborers dangling head up onto the large funnel so the blood from his neck runs through it and into the wine bottle.

Abby watches in terror as Margot slumps down in a nearby armchair.

Finished, Jules grabs two crystal glasses from a display case and sits in the chair next to her.

JULES

I was saying. I wanted to do something special for you.

He pours blood into both glasses and hands her one. She takes it and drinks.

MARGOT

Well, this was special alright.

JULES

Margot, I am trying to apologize. I know I screwed up.

(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)

Can you at least see that I was  
trying to do something nice here?  
For you?

The body on the floor gurgles. Then it spits. Then it cries out in a low ghastly tone.

MARGOT

Christ, Jules. He's still alive.

Margot rises, grabbing the Laborer's head in both hands and gnashes her jaws into his neck.

Tears stream down Abby's face as she watches Margot suck the rest of the blood out of the dying man's body.

Finished, Margot stands and walks out towards Abby into the foyer.

MARGOT

I'll go ahead and let you clean  
this up.

Jules rises, grabbing her glass and following after, quickly.

JULES

Margot, please ...

Jules follows quickly after Margot. As they disappear down the hallway, Abby is left behind in the foyer, scared out of her mind.

Once they are gone, she darts fast as hell up the stairs.

She's not in the clear yet. The open stair case winds around the foyer, passing each floor on it's way up.

The second she reaches the second story, Margot bursts back into the room with cleaning supplies. Jules in close on her heels.

JULES

I said I would take care of it.

MARGOT

You say a lot of things, Jules. I  
stopped believing them about two  
hundred years ago.

Abby ducks into the second story hallway crouching down out of sight, making a descent amount of noise in the process.

MARGOT

What was that?

Jules and Margot both stop and turn, looking up to the stair case, listening.

Abby stays crouched in the shadow of the hallway, eyes shut tight.

Hearing nothing, Jules and Margot go about their business. Abby lets out a heavy but silent breath, she is safe for n--

Two small hands reach out from behind her, cover her mouth and drag her back into the shadows.

**INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT**

In pure darkness, a door SLAMS, Abby hyperventilates, feet move, a light FLICKS.

Leon stands at the light switch, looking at Abby with a look of pity. She recoils from him across the floor to the wall.

The room feels ancient and dead and covered in dust. Abby looks for a weapon or something to grab and protect herself.

LEON

Abby. It's ok. You are safe.

ABBY

I'm safe!? I'm far from safe.  
You're parents just ... I mean your  
parents are ...

Abby teeters on the brink of hysterics.

LEON

They are not my parents.

ABBY

Did you see what they did??

LEON

Yes, and I'll see it again.

ABBY

They've done this before??

LEON

Abby. You're in shock, It's understandable. Please believe me when I say you are out of danger. I need you to calm down.

ABBY

Calm down? They drained ... She  
tore open ... Did you say they  
aren't your parents?

LEON

I did. And they aren't. Not in the  
way that you are used to thinking,  
anyhow.

ABBY

Are they ...

LEON

You can say it. It's ok.

ABBY

Vampires?

Leon nods. Yes.

ABBY

No. That's not real. That's not  
real. It doesn't make sense. There  
is no such--

LEON

You have dedicated your life to  
informing people that everything  
they think they know about their  
world is wrong. That time as they  
know it simply does not exist. You  
expect them to believe you and  
accept the truth, but when I  
present you with the simple fact  
that vampire do indeed exist, this  
is how you react?

Abby's brain is on fire.

ABBY

If they are vampires then you ...  
what, vampires can reproduce?

LEON

They cannot. I told you they are  
not my parents.

ABBY

Fine, they are vampires, they are  
not your parents, nothing makes  
sense, the world is upside down--

LEON

Abigail. You are a frighteningly intelligent woman. Please. Let that intelligence win over fear. Think of it like an equation. It will calm you down.

Abby's breathing slows as she stares at him. Her brain churns. He's right. She calms. Slightly. Then it hits her.

ABBY

How old are you?

Leon breathes a sigh of relief.

LEON

I am two hundred and fourteen years old.

The fact that she believes him is more mind blowing than the fact itself.

ABBY

Of course you are.

LEON

They turned me when I was ten years old. They had already been married for around one hundred and fifty years. Margot wanted a child. She thought it would help with their marital troubles. She thought it would strengthen their familial bond and keep him from ... wandering.

Abby can't believe what she is hearing ... but she has to. She knows it is true.

LEON

I imagine you've seen how well that worked out for her. She still got me in the bargain. And I her. But--

ABBY

I don't understand. Why does a two hundred year old vampire care about his SAT scores. Why in the world would you need a tutor.

That moment when you know you are about to say something that will change everything.

LEON

I don't. I need a companion.

Ideas like this sink in slow.

LEON

I love Margot, but certainly not for her intellect. I have no one with which to discuss, well ... the sort of things you and I can discuss.

Somehow this is more frightening than what she saw before.

ABBY

You brought me out here to ... turn me? To seduce me? Or--

LEON

Abby, there is no text book for how to be a vampire. Loneliness is a word that dies with every human being when they go. What I feel, makes loneliness feel like a warm bath. I wake every day knowing that I will never die and no one will ever understand me, ever challenge me, ever see the world as I see it ... and then I met you.

Oh god.

LEON

I know this is a lot to take in. You don't have to give me an answer now. Think about it. But promise me something. Do not let Margot or Jules know that you know. I want you to choose a life here with me. To want it. They ... don't care what you want.

Buried in shock and confusion and thoughts, Abby sits there, stunned.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAWN**

As dawn's light creeps through the corners of the curtains, Abby walks, dead-eyed, as if in a daze.

**INT. FOYER - DAWN**

She makes her way down the stairs and heads straight for the front door, still covered in painters cloth.

**EXT. DURAND MANOR - DAWN**

Abby makes her way, on foot, across the grounds, towards the opening gate of the manor.

It's about a mile walk. Fear reminds her to turn to make sure she isn't being followed.

No matter how far away she gets, the manor still looms large in the morning mist of early spring.

**EXT. 9W HIGHWAY - DAY**

The sun is high in the sky when Abby reaches the end of the private drive and turns onto the highway.

She walks in a daze.

**EXT. 9W HIGHWAY - LATER**

Abby walks with her thumb out. Cars speed by, paying her no mind.

Maybe if she turns around. Maybe eye contact will help. Oh Shit!

The ROLLS ROYCE turns the curve up ahead and barrels down the highway towards her.

Abby stumbles off the road and hides behind a tree as the car drifts by.

Abby can see Cassidy behind the wheel, scanning the road as she drives. Obviously looking for Abby.

The car disappears up ahead. Safe for now, Abby trudges back to the road, not so scared to try for a hitch, she just continues walking.

**EXT. TRAIN STATION - LATE AFTERNOON**

Abby finally arrives, completely exhausted. She rights herself and tries to look awake as she approaches the kiosk.

The grumpy CLERK (60s) who looks like she lives her, doesn't acknowledge Abby's presence for a second.

ABBY  
Um, excuse me.

Nothing.

ABBY  
I was wondering if you might be able to help me. I need to get to Boston.

The clerk doesn't look up from her computer. Barely even moves her face to speak.

CLERK  
What a coincidence. I sell train tickets to boston.

ABBY  
Yes. The thing is. I seem to have misplaced my wallet.

The clerk looks up through tired and annoyed eyes.

ABBY  
And my phone actually. You see--

CLERK  
Yeah, no. Just, beat it honey. No money, no ticket.

Abby tries to hold her frustration together.

ABBY  
Of course, of course. But I do have money, just not on me right now. I'll send the money once I get home. I can give you my address in Boston so you could find me if I don't pay --

CLERK  
Alright. Byebye. Go away now.

Abby has been pushed to her limit.

ABBY  
I am trying to go away!! Can't you see I need help!? Please! Please please please! You don't understand! My life is in danger!  
(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

I need to get on a train and get  
out of this place! Please help me!

This is not the Abby we are used to. Something has snapped.

The Clerk looks at her like she's an alien who's head just  
popped.

ABBY

Ugh! Fine! Well fuck you!! I hope a  
vampire sucks all the blood out of  
your stupid face!

Abby storms off. She slams herself down onto a nearby bench,  
buries her head in her hands, and cries.

This is more than just the fear and trauma of the past 24  
hours. Years of frustration, mourning, and pain all come out  
at once.

**EXT. TRAIN STATION - A BIT LATER**

As a train departs the station, Abby still sits on the bench,  
staring out into nothingness. Lost in a daze.

TAP TAP. She raises her head to see the clerk, standing in  
front of her with a ticket in hand.

CLERK

Take it.

ABBY

Is this ...

CLERK

Yeah yeah, Boston.

Abby's spirits burst as she grabs the ticket.

ABBY

Oh my god. Thank you! Thank you so  
much!

She rises to hug the clerk.

CLERK

Eh eh eh. Nope.

Abby respectfully backs off.

ABBY

Well, thank you anyhow. And I promise I will send you the money once I get to Boston.

CLERK

Don't worry about it. You're in a rough spot. I been there. You just get home safe. The train leaves in three hours.

ABBY

Ok. Ok thank you.

CLERK

Yeah yeah. Just be on that train or I'll suck all the blood outta your face. Got it?

ABBY

Ha. Yes. Thank you so much.

The Clerk walks away without so much as a goodbye. Abby reads the ticket and looks around for where to go.

#### **EXT. TRAIN STATION - EVENING**

Abby fights off sleep with everything she has. The digital sign reads "Boston 7:00" the clock next to it reads "6:30".

Abby nods off for a second before JERKING her head back up. The sun is down. The sky still light. Her nerves are shot.

She looks back at the clock. "6:31".

ABBY

Come on, come on.

A NOISE in the woods behind the platform jolts her attention away. She squints to see a squirrel scamper away.

She sighs deep out of relief and allows herself to shut her eyes for a brief moment.

A HAND on her knee. Abby jumps. Her eyes burst open.

Margot sits next to her, perfectly calm. Abby reels. The clock reads "6:55". Fuck! The sky is pitch black.

MARGOT

Abby. Calm down. I'm not going to hurt you ...

Abby stumbles to her feet, backing away.

MARGOT

... Unless you try to run.

Abby is frozen still, can she outrun Margot? Are vampries super fast?

Margot sighs and reaches into her coat, pulling out the same tiny knife that she used on that worker's throat last night.

She places it descretely on the bench next to her, out of sight of the Clerk. (Don't make me use this).

MARGOT

Abby. Sit.

Fuck. Abby slowly sits next to Margot on the bench, scared stiff, unsure where to even look.

MARGOT

So. You know.

ABBY

Know ... what?

MARGOT

Don't. I found your little coat hanger contraption on the door. I know. You saw something. Didn't you.

Abby can't find the words, but her face says it all.

MARGOT

Oh shit. I am so sorry. You poor thing. You must be terrified.

The train arrives. Abby watches with longing as it rolls into place directly in front of them. The door sslideopen.

ABBY

I just. Please I--

MARGOT

Don't worry. No one else knows that you know. I hid the coat hanger. I covered for you.

Abby didn't think she could be more confused, but, here she is.

ABBY

Just let me go. I won't tell  
anyone. I--

MARGOT

The only reason you are alive right  
now is because Jules doesn't know.  
If you get on that train, he will  
know.

Abby's eyes plead with her. Margot takes both Abby's hands in  
hers.

MARGOT

Abby, I would let you go. I would.  
If you want to get on that train, I  
won't stop you.

Abby looks to the inside of the train. Escape is just 10 feet  
away.

MARGOT

But if you do, there is nowhere in  
this world you can hide where he  
will not find you.

Abby looks back to Margot, tears in her eyes.

MARGOT

If you get on that train, you will  
be dead inside a week. I promise  
you. Stay. Hear what I have to say.  
I can protect you. Or ... you can  
take your chances on your own.

Abby's brain is out of room. She breathes it all in. The  
train doors close.

Abby watches in despair as her train out of this nightmare  
pulls out of the station and into the darkness.

#### **INT. JAFFE'S DINER - NIGHT**

Margot and Abby sit in a dark, faded, janky booth. The whole  
diner looks like it's lit by a single, old light bulb.

Abby's coffee is half full. Margot, of course, hasn't touched  
hers.

MARGOT

Look, I never even had a choice.  
Consider yourself lucky.

ABBY

Get eaten by or get turned into a vampire? Forgive my lack of enthusiasm for the options.

Margot looks around uncomfortable.

MARGOT

Maybe ease off the V word, ok?

ABBY

So, what? Jules just attacked you?

Margot laughs.

MARGOT

Ha! Hardly. No, honey, he wooed me. And remember, I'm talking, early 1800's Paris so it was a real wooing.

ABBY

I thought you said you didn't have a choice.

MARGOT

Well, he wooed me then he attacked me.

Off Abby's response.

MARGOT

Which, in a sense is exactly what we had planned for you and Leon.

ABBY

Jesus. Do you have any idea how insane that sounds?

MARGOT

Honestly, at three hundred and forty three years old, nothing sounds crazy anymore.

ABBY

Margot. Please. Tell them I found out. I ran away. You found me, and ate me, or fed on me, or whatever and that's that. I promise. Listen to me. I promise I will never tell anyone what I know. Please.

Margot looks disappointed. She notices Abby's coffee is finished and swaps it out for her untouched one.

MARGOT

I thought we were friends.

ABBY

I ... I mean of course ... I thought--

MARGOT

It's not just about Leon.  
Everything doesn't have always be completely about him, for fuck sake.

MArgot takes a breath.

MARGOT

I love him. Of course I love him, he's my son, forever. But sometimes ... Y'know.

ABBY

Yeah. Yes, I know.

As usual, even in the strangest of times, these two women find a comforting middle ground.

MARGOT

From the moment you arrived, I thought - There. I'm finally going to have a daughter. More than a daughter. A friend. A kindred spirit.

Abby is touched beyond words.

MARGOT

I know I can't replace your mother, that's not even ... but this is nice.

ABBY

It is.

Margot smiles.

MARGOT

I mean, I'm literally offering you eternal life here. Not exactly sure what you're whining about.

Abby actually laughs.

MARGOT

Come back with me. Consider it. No harm will come to you, I promise.

Abby searches Margot's face for some kind of answer as her coffee gets cold.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAWN**

Abby and Margot enter through the back door. Abby looks around. Everything looks and feels different now.

Margot hangs her coat by the door and puts a hand on Abby's arm.

MARGOT

Make sure to keep up appearances for now. Morning classes. Friday updates and whatnot. I'll play along too.

Abby nods.

MARGOT

If Leon or Jules know that you know, this will get nasty real fast.

Abby nods again.

MARGOT

G'morning.

Margot kisses Abby on the forehead and heads out to the hallway.

**INT. HALLWAY/FOYER/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Abby makes her way, bleary eyed, through the house, up to her room.

**INT. ABBY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Abby lifelessly opens the door to her bedroom, moving like a zombie until ...

Cassidy sits on the edge of the bed, surprising Abby and pulling her out of her daze.

CASSIDY

Abby.

Abby's face shifts from weary to fury.

ABBY

Fuck You!

She turns on her heels and storms away, Cassidy hops off the bed and follows.

**INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Abby stomps down the hallway as Cassidy follows close behind.

CASSIDY

Abby!

Abby spins back around.

ABBY

How could you not tell me? You just let me--

CASSIDY

I was going to tell you. Of course I was going to tell you. I needed to earn your trust first.

ABBY

Ha! Well fat chance of that now.

CASSIDY

What was I supposed to say? Oh by the way, did you know, your employers are totally fucking vampires? You would never have be--

ABBY

Yes. Ok? Yes. Something like that would have been nice. Hey Abby, You should know, The people you work for are vampires. Oh and also, I'm sleeping with one of them!

Cassidy, kicked in the gut, fills with rage.

CASSIDY

Oh, fuck you. You have no idea--

ABBY

Margot told me.

CASSIDY

Margot told you what, exactly?

ABBY

That you've been sleeping with Jules. Her husband. Her vampire husband. Jesus that is so gross. What is wrong with you?

CASSIDY

What's wrong with me? I'll tell you what's wrong with me. I took a fucking PA job. Thinking I'd do maybe two years living the easy life out here, then walk away with a dope ass letter of recommendation from Jules Fucking Durand. King of the entire global shipping industry.

Cassidy leans against the wall and slumps down tot he ground.

CASSIDY

After like two weeks I saw Margot fucking eat some dude. I thought it was just her so I went to Jules to, I don't know, warn him?

Cassidy has begun to cry almost imperceptibly as she tells the story. Abby leans against the other wall and listens.

CASSIDY

He made no attempt to hide anything. He told me Margot loses it if anyone ever finds out. He said she'd kill me if she found out I knew. He said that if I wanted him to keep my secret, I'd have to "be really nice to him".

Understanding, Abby begins to tear up as well, sliding down to the ground to meet Cassidy's eye level.

CASSIDY

That was two fucking years ago. After about a year I found out that Margot knew the whole time. It's all just part of their 300 year old fucked up marital games.

Abby's anger is gone, replaced with pity and guilt.

ABBY

So he just--

CASSIDY

Pfft. Please. That fuckers got the attention span of a fly. He tired of me in a few months. Thank God. They just keep me around as their errand girl

Abby's heart hurts as much as her brain at this point.

CASSIDY

So now you know why you are really here, huh?

ABBY

Yeah.

CASSIDY

And if you're still alive, that means you are actually considering it.

Off Cassidy's judgemental look.

ABBY

What choice do I have, Cassidy?

Cassidy considers this.

CASSIDY

Come with me.

Cassidy gets up and extends a hand to Abby.

#### **INT. BASEMENT - MORNING**

Cassidy leads Abby by the hand down the stone stairs to the ground. The basement is cavernous, dark, dank.

The light from the open door illuminates a pretty standard billionaire collection of wine bottles for days.

Cassidy flips on the lights, revealing the back end of the room.

The old stonewall cellar is huge and dark and creepy, but has been updated with a long wall of controlled wine refrigerators. Each refrigerator's digital display reads 98°.

At the end of the wall of refrigerators hang FOUR DEAD MEN, upsidedown, their veins tapped and connected to the refrigerators by medical tubes.

Abby reels in terror as Cassidy opens one of the refrigerators and rifles through the bottles, motioning for Abby to join her.

Abby reads as Cassidy's fingers trace the labels, looking for something.

CASSIDY

Here you are.

She pulls down a bottle and hands it to Abby who reads.

"Lisa Hollingsworth - Princeton", Cassidy hands her another.  
"Megan Joiner - Yale"

CASSIDY

Did you think you were the first  
tutor they tricked out here?

Abby is speechless.

CASSIDY

This is what happened to the ones  
that didn't work out.

ABBY

How many have they killed?

CASSIDY

Dude, you don't even want to know.

ABBY

But ... Leon?

CASSIDY

Yes. Of course. Leon. What, you  
think he's Caspar the friendly  
vampire. He's a fucking murderer,  
Abby.

ABBY

I mean, I, of course. I just didn't  
...

CASSIDY

This is why I was such a dick to  
you when you got here. I didn't  
want to get close to someone who  
was just going to die. I didn't  
even want to know you, let alone  
fall in love with you.

Abby's eyes go wide. What?

CASSIDY  
Oh shit. I didn't mean to--

Abby kisses Cassidy, passionately.

ABBY  
I love you too.

Cassidy lets her guard down and kisses Abby again.

ABBY  
We are going to get out of here.  
Ok?

Cassidy nods and holds Abby's hands in hers.

CASSIDY  
Yeah. Yeah. I have a plan.

**INT. CASSIDY'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Abby sits on the unmade bed while Cassidy rummages underneath it for something.

She looks around the extremely messy room. Dirty clothes all over. Nothing on the walls.

ABBY  
I like what you've done with the  
place.

CASSIDY  
Fuck this place. Mph. There it is.

Cassidy crawls out from under the bed and tosses a small brown bag next to Abby.

Abby uncrumples it and looks inside to find a small plastic bag of white powder. She looks at Cassidy confused.

CASSIDY  
Party?

ABBY  
Wha--

CASSIDY  
Kidding. Jesus. It's for them.

ABBY  
I still don't get it.

CASSIDY

It's heroine. We inject it through the corks in those blood bottles down there. They drink it, get all fucked up and weak. Boom. We do our thing.

ABBY

Whats our thing?

CASSIDY

Kill them, Abby. Wake up.

ABBY

What? I thought this was a plan to get out of here. I don't think I can. I mean I can't kill them.

CASSIDY

Last year, a worker got away. He saw some shit and ran. Jules tracked him down to fucking Venezuela. Some of his blood is still bottled down there. There is nowhere we can run.

ABBY

It's just ... my only options on either side of this situation involve killing people and I don't--

CASSIDY

Options? Wait, I'm sorry, are you seriously considering whether or not you're going to choose them over me?

ABBY

No, I just ...

Abby buries her head in her hands - strung out beyond belief.

ABBY

I am exhausted. I am scared and confused. I haven't slept in - God I don't even know. I need to think. I need to sleep.

She looks at the clock on Cassidy's bedside table.

ABBY

Ugh! Only I can't because I have to go pretend to teach Leon so Margot doesn't know that he knows that I know.

Cassidy just stares at her. Pissed. She grabs the bag of drugs out of her hands.

CASSIDY

Yeah, cool, well, let me know what you decide.

ABBY

Cassidy, don't. I ...

Cassidy steps back and just motions to the door.

Abby just looks at Cassidy, "really?" Before reluctantly getting up and leaving.

**INT. PARLOUR - DAY**

Abby enters, half asleep. Were it not for her zombie-like appearance the place would look the same as always.

Even the little vampire boy, politely sitting in his place at the table.

LEON

My god, Abby you look frightful.  
Have you slept?

Abby moves like she weighs eight hundred pounds to a spot on the floor and lays down on it, looking up.

ABBY

No. You?

LEON

Well no, but--

ABBY

That was a joke, Leon. You're a vampire. Vampires don't... wait, do you sleep? How are you even awake now? I thought vampires only come out at night.

Leon chuckles.

LEON

Books and films about vampires,  
while entertaining, have rather  
missed the mark on a few things.

ABBY

Ok. So you're fine in the daytime?

LEON

Not exactly. Hypersensitivity to  
light is a dominant symptom.

ABBY

Symptom?

LEON

Yes of course. It's a virus, Abby.  
A particularly weak one in fact.  
The subject must be brought to near  
death in order for it to even take  
hold.

ABBY

So you are proposing to bring me to  
the brink of death and infect me  
with a virus.

LEON

Well, when you put it that way--

ABBY

What other way is there to put it,  
Leon?

LEON

That I am offering you an escape  
from death. From time itself.

Abby looks at him for the first time. From this angle the  
room around him does indeed look different.

She can see the cobwebs in the shelves, the true color of the  
wood behind the picture frames. This place is truly ancient,  
painted over with a veneer of brand new fake ancient.

LEON

Look at this, Abby.

Leon turns to their giant wall of numbers and equations and  
scribbles.

LEON

Look at what we accomplished in  
just a few days.

(MORE)

LEON (CONT'D)

Imagine what you and I could do  
with a few centuries.

Abby sits up and buries her head in her hands.

ABBY

Why? A life in academics surrounded  
by brilliant minds. Why is it that  
the first person who understands my  
work is a two hundred year old ten  
year old?

LEON

Because you are not like them,  
Abby. You're like me. We are  
kindred spirits.

Abby looks away, hating how right he is.

ABBY

But you are asking me to murder  
people. Regularly.

LEON

I am telling you that if you don't,  
Margot and Jules will murder you.

That hits hard.

ABBY

Margot knows.

LEON

She knows that you know?

Abby nods.

LEON

Then we have even less time than I  
thought.

ABBY

'Less' time? Have a taught you  
nothing?

Leon smirks.

LEON

You asked me once if I'd ever read  
Einstein's letter to Bessos'  
family.

Abby nods, remembering.

LEON

"People like us who believe in physics, know that the distinction between past, present, and future is only a stubborn persistent illusion".

Abby is on the verge of tears.

LEON

Let me help you tear down that illusion. This is it Abby. This is how you get to see your mother again. This is how you build a world free from the shackles of time.

Abby thinks it over.

ABBY

I'm beginning to think the only freedom from time is death.

**INT. HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON**

Abby makes her weekly walk down the dark hallway towards the kitchen. She is filling with conflicting emotions, but mostly overcome with anxiety about what is about to happen.

She stops before the kitchen door, takes a deep breath, then steps through into the light.

**INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON**

Abby moves into the kitchen with the best feigned confidence she can muster.

ABBY

So sorry, I'm late, Margot, Leon and I were just discussing--

All that feigned confidence is kicked in the gut when she sees Margot is not there. Jules stands alone, leaning against the counter, flipping through his phone.

ABBY

Oh. I'm sorry. I was expecting Mrs. Durand.

Jules smirks.

JULES

So sorry to disappoint.

ABBY

Oh. No, I didn't mean ... I just was--

JULES

I'm kidding. Can't say I know where the missus is. She's not returning my texts.

ABBY

Oh, I ... well, we can do this another time if that's better for you.

JULES

No no, let's do this now. I can fill her in later.

Jules pushes away from the counter and towards Abby. As if she wasn't uncomfortable already.

JULES

So how is it all going?

Abby swallows her hatred for this guy and everything he has done to Cassidy.

ABBY

It's ... going very well. Leon scored his first perfect a week ago, so that's promising.

JULES

Yeah but I mean how's it *going*? You must be bored as hell. Young thing like you, cooped up in some dusty old fuckin' castle.

ABBY

I'm not that youn--

JULES

When I was your age, I would be losing it out here. What do you normally do for fun?

ABBY

I thought we were supposed to talk about Leon's progress.

Jules steps closer. Abby fumes, but hides it.

JULES

All I'm saying is, just because you're out here for Leon, doesn't mean the two of us couldn't have a little fun, right?

MARGOT (O.S.)

Just what every young woman wants. To "have a little fun" with a creepy old man.

Margot leans on the hallway door frame. Abby and Jules both turn to regard her. Jules rolls his eyes and steps away from Abby.

JULES

Sticks and Stones, Darling.

There is tension in this room from all sides.

ABBY

Honestly, we can do this another time if you two--

JULES

No, everything is fine, right Margot?

MARGOT

Don't mind him. I thought in time he would get less annoying, but it turns out, nope. You're the time expert, Abby. Tell me, is there an equation for much time it takes to drown out annoyance?

ABBY

You're joking, but, time is not a straight line as most people think of it. So if someone were to annoy you just once, that moment doesn't just disappear and remain in the past. You bring that moment with you wherever and whenever you go. So that person is essentially annoying you, always.

MARGOT

Always. Literally always. I like this theory.

JULES

See. I probably just annoyed you once and you just won't let it go.

ABBY

To correct that, one would have to take the amount of time spent together, in your case 314 years, and plug that variable for time into--

JULES

314 years? Why did you say that?

Shit.

ABBY

Oh I ... Um ... it was just a joke. You said you'd--

JULES

That's a very specific number, 314.

At this point, everyone is freaking out, silently.

ABBY

I was just joking that you--

MARGOT

It doesn't matter, let's talk about Leon's--

JULES

Can it, Margot!

They say it's calm before the storm. They are wrong. This is tense. Jules looks to Margot. Nobody knows exactly who knows exactly what - but we all know the jig is up.

ABBY

Please. I just ... don't hurt m--

MARGOT

Abby, just listen--

They are both interrupted by Jules lunging at Abby, pushing kitchen table and chairs aside to get to her.

MARGOT

Wait!

Abby reaches behind her to the curtains in the window nook and rips them off the rods.

The bright light of the late afternoon pours into the kitchen.

Jules screams and covers his face with his arm. He falls to the ground, pushing himself under the kitchen table.

Margot yelps and darts away from the light, also holding her hands up to her face.

Abby wastes no time and runs like hell through the kitchen and out the hallway door.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Abby tries to keep her wits together, first door on the left is the dining room, on the right, the basement, she charges into the dining room.

**INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Abby runs through the still unfinished room straight to the window. She pushes the curtains aside and tries frantically to open it.

The damn thing is locked, or maybe even not able to open at all. Abby raises her shoulder and breaks one pane of glass. It's not enough to fit through. Think think think.

Margot bursts through the door and rushes Abby, grabbing her by the shoulders.

Abby shrieks and flies backwards, knocking Margot against the wall.

MARGOT

Abby stop!!

Abby manages to shove Margot off her and into the corner, ripping the curtains back further and letting the light in.

Abby leans against the wall panting. Margot pushes herself up against the opposite wall, afraid of the light from the window in front of her.

MARGOT

Abby listen to me. I am not going to kill you. You have to let me turn you, now! If he catches you he won't--

It's too late. Abby bolts for the door, leaving Margot trapped behind the window's light.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Abby turns on her heels, slamming the dining room door shut behind her to slow Margot down, then turns to head down the hallw--

BLAM! She is grabbed from behind by Jules and SLAMMED into the wall.

Completely disoriented, Abby reels backwards, still trying to escape. But it's over.

She stumbles through the basement door, misteps, and rolls down the dusty steps, screaming the whole way down way down.

**INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Reaching the concrete floor she rolls crashing into the wine shelf, shatter several bottles with her head.

Surrounded by blood and shattered glass, the last things Abby sees before losing consciousness are the hanging bodies of the dead workers, gazing at her as footsteps bound down the stairs.

**INT. BASEMENT - LATER**

Abby is jolted back into half consciousness as she is tugged and lifted up.

The sounds of Margot and Leon arriving at the basement door can be heard as Abby finds herself hoisted over Jule's shoulder.

LEON

Jules. Wait--

JULES

Don't you say a fucking word, you little shit!

Abby watches as blood drips from her head, down her neck, to her shoulder, all the way to her finger where it lingers.

MARGOT

Don't talk to him that way!

JULES

Margot! Not now!

Jules heaves Abby up the stairs, her blood dripping all along the way.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jules pushes past Leon and Margot into the hallway. Abby can barely make out any of it.

LEON

I didn't tell her, she found out.  
Besides, Abby isn't a child, she  
deserves to know what--

JULES

No! No, no no! Neither of you have  
any fucking respect for how hard I  
work to keep this family safe.

MARGOT

Jules, we are both grateful, we  
just--

JULES

You just want to play with your  
food.

Abby's arm bumps the doorway as they move into ...

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

The light of the chandelier blinds her, forcing her eyes shut.

MARGOT

Oh that's rich, coming from you.  
What, you keep Cassidy around for  
her phone manners?

JULES

Everything I do, I do for you. Both  
of you. Including Cassidy. All of  
this is to keep you safe, to keep  
us and our lifestyle safe.

LEON

Did it ever occur to you that  
perhaps this isn't the life we  
wanted?

JULES

Oh christ, Margot, please tell your  
toy to shut up.

LEON

All we want is to give her a  
choice.

**INT. GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS**

Jules crosses to a club chair and carelessly plops Abby's limp body down into it.

MARGOT

Careful!

Abby reels from the awkward landing, but remains barely conscious.

JULES

A choice? Really? A choice. 'Join us or die' - you think that's a choice. You two are fucking adorable.

Jules pulls curtain ropes down and begins to tie Abby to the chair. Moonlight sneaks in through a crack in the curtains.

Abby stares at it, lifelessly as her body jerks, being tied to a chair.

MARGOT

Honestly, Jules, what do you care, She turns or she dies. We just want to offer her the choice that we never had.

Jules chooses not to respond to that last part.

JULES

You are right. I don't care. One way or another, this stupid project of yours ends tonight.

Jules finishes tightening the rope around Abby's torso and stands.

JULES

Leon. This is your pet. You turn her or you kill her. You know I will if you don't.

LEON

Yes. Of course.

Jules stands. Abby's the light from the moon begins to fog up her entire vision as it blurs more and more.

JULES

Then it's over, and we leave this ridiculous place and this stupid country.

If he continues talking, Abby doesn't hear it. She drifts off into deep unconsciousness.

**INT. GRAND HALL - NIGHT**

Abby's head jolts up as she finally wakes.

The Durands are gone. The rope keeps her bound tight to the chair.

The room is lit by countless candles, some in ornate brass stands, some in large candelabras, all arranged as if for a ritual.

Cassidy sits in an identical chair across from her. She is tied up, exhausted, and hopeless. The sight rouses Abby from her daze.

ABBY

Cassidy.

Abby begins to squirm and work her ties.

CASSIDY

Don't. Just don't. I've tried.

ABBY

We have to get out of here.

CASSIDY

We're not getting out of here.

Abby tries and tries, but Cassidy is right, it's no use. The two women look at each other, both too scared to even feel it.

ABBY

Then at least we are in this together.

CASSIDY

What?

ABBY

Obviously they're turning you too. Why else would they tie you up?

This actually makes Cassidy chuckle.

CASSIDY

Y'know for someone so brilliant, you can be pretty stupid sometimes. It's actually adorable.

ABBY

Cassidy, This is no time for--

CASSIDY

I'm your first meal.

Abby's heart sinks. She knows it's true.

CASSIDY

I'd wondered why they'd kept me around so long. They needed someone on hand to feed the newborn once Leon settled on a pet.

ABBY

Don't call me a pet, Cassidy. And I won't do it. I won't, they can't make me.

CASSIDY

Oh you'll do it. Jules told me all about it while tying me up. I guess, newborn Vampires are super hungry, vicious little fuckers. They kill the first thing they see, and for you that'll be me.

Abby is completely overcome with emotions of all kinds.

ABBY

No. I won't. I can't kill you. I love you. I won't. I'll turn you. And then we can do this together.

CASSIDY

No, Abby, just--

ABBY

I will. I don't care how blood thirsty or monstrous I become. There is no way I could do that to you. I will turn you instead. And--

CASSIDY

I don't want you to, Abby. Don't.

That stops Abby in her tracks. This is all starting to officially hit home.

CASSIDY

I don't want to live forever. I don't want to fucking drink people.

(MORE)

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

If you choose to join them, I'm not coming with. And if you actually gave a fucking shit ab--

ABBY

Shush! Just stop. This is it. This our last moment together. Lets not spend it fighting.

Cassidy stops and b reathes long enough for it all to set in too. They just look at one another, sharing everything in silence.

JULES (O.S.)

Fucking touching.

Jules barges in carrying a large bundle of clear plastic.

JULES

Seriously, watching you two think you were hiding your little thing over the past few months was the only thing that got me through the excruciating boredom of thiswhole charade.

Margot and Leon arrive carrying the same ornate knife and carafe from the night Abby discovered they were vampires.

ABBY

Let her go. After I'm turned you can feed me the same blood you guys drink from those bottles.

JULES

Nope.

Leon sets the carafe down next to her and places a comforting hand on her arm.

LEON

My infected blood will be coursing through your veigns. Anything less than warm fresh blood would fail to revive you.

ABBY

Then find someone else. Let her go or I won't do it!

JULES

Leon, if I have to hear her whining for one more second I'll do this myself. Get on with it!

LEON

Alright! Just ... a little respect  
for the gravity of this moment.

Jules face reads 'are you fucking kidding me?' Margot puts a hand of his shoulder and eases him off, giving Leon and Abby some room.

Leon picks up the carafe and leans in to speak to Abby in a near whisper.

LEON

I promised you I would give you the  
choice I never had. This is it.

ABBY

You don't even have a choice now.  
If you could, wouldn't you just let  
me live?

LEON

If you want freedom from the chains  
of time, it comes with some  
sacrifices.

ABBY

You're not free from anything.

LEON

Abby please, I'm trying to do the  
right thing here.

ABBY

Then kill me.

Leon backs up to look at her face clearly. His face anguished to hear her decision.

ABBY

Or kill him. Let me live. Let her  
live.

Leon's eyes harden. There is a coldness to him Abby hasn't seen before.

He reaches down and picks up the ornate knife, holding it to her throat.

Tears of blood stream down his face as he breathes deep and decides to JUST DO IT.

Leon PLUNGES the knife down swiftly to the rope tying Abby to the chair. In one swift JERK he cuts her free and then drops the knife in her lap.

JULES

Leon!! You little bastard!

Jules lunges for Leon from across the room. Margot grabs his arm, but it's of little help to hold him back.

As Abby scrambles to shed the lose ropes and grab the knife, Leon turns on his heels and grabs the nearest CANDELABRA.

He hurls it at the swift approaching Jules and tunrs to her.

LEON

Go!

Jules is knocked almost to the floor, the skin on his forearms catching fire immediately.

Leon grabs another Candelabra as he swiftly approaches the struggling Jules and Margot tries desparately to put out the flames without catching fire herself.

Abby gathers her wits and kicks the ropes away, picking up the knife and running to Cassidy.

Leon weilds the candelabra like a spear and uses it to shove the faltering Jules out the door into the Foyer.

MARGOT

Leon No! Stop this!

Abby cuts Cassidy free. They waste no time rushing for the door.

**INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

Margot tries to come between Leon and Jules.

MARGOT

Leon please! Enough! You've made your point.

Jules flails, grabbing for anything to help put out the fire. Bleeding and burning.

JULES

Margot help me!

Leon lunges, knocking Jules' arm hard, blowing him back into the grandfather clock.

MARGOT

Leon Please!!

Leon manages to trap Jules against the clock, shoved up against it by the burning candelabra.

Abby and Cassidy try to make their way to the front door, avoiding the burning Durands.

LEON

You've been a prisoner for two hundred year, Mother. This is for you.

MARGOT

Leon No!

Leon leans forward, shoving the candelabra into Jules' face.

Two candles burn his cheeks and forehead, then melt and smash entirely, giving way to the spikes underneath.

Jules SCREAMS in agony as the spikes rip through his flesh and then stop. Blood and fire pour from his face.

Leon's eyes drip blood, his face is that of a monster. Not a vampire, but a true killer.

Abby watches in horror as Leon leans all of his weight back into it with one final thrust.

The spikes pierce Jules' skull and he stops screaming. His body goes limp, bleeds, and burns.

MARGOT

Jules!

Margot tries to approach his body, through hysterical tears, but she can't for fear of burning. She just drops to her knees.

MARGOT

Leon what have you done!?

Leon steps back, exhausted and emotionally drained. His face covered in tears of blood. He stares at Jules' burning body in shock.

Cassidy sees her opportunity and takes it. She grabs the knife from Abby's hand and moves like lightning.

Before anyone even knows what is going on, she has punted the knife completely through Margots back and out through her chest.

Both Abby and Leon are completely shocked and surprised. Leon's heart breaks in a million places.

LEON

Mother!!

She's already gone. He runs to her as Cassidy struggles to remove the knife.

One final huge tug and the knife comes free from Margot's body, pulling blood and her insides with it.

As Leon lunges for Cassidy, she loses her footing on Margot's blood and the two of them fumble to the floor violently.

ABBY

No! No! Stop!

Abby tries to approach, but it's a mad scramble.

Cassidy tries to stab Leon but he knocks her arm away. The knife flies free and skids across the floor towards Abby.

Cassidy head butts Leon in the face. As he reels, she manages to grab his arms and lock them behind his body.

ABBY

Stop, both of you Stop!

Unable to use his arms, Leon begins to push backwards, sliding Cassidy towards Jules' dead and burning body.

By now, the grandfather clock has gone up in flames as well. Cassidy tries to push back but can't get her footing.

Leon shoves again and Cassidy's face even touches the burning corpse of Jules.

She SHRIEKS in pain as her cheek sears. Leon SCREAMS as he pushes with all his might ... and then stops.

Cassidy falls limply forward as she feels no more force from Leon, she looks to see what is going on.

Abby kneels over Leon with the knife buried deep in his chest. Leon breathe sin short gasps as he looks into her eyes.

Abby cries as she brushes his face with her hand.

ABBY

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. It was the only way.

Cassidy gets to her feet and goes to grab Abby to leave. Abby holds her hand up. Wait.

Leon grabs her other hand in his. She takes it and they hold each other's gaze.

ABBY

I'm sorry.

Leon struggles through gurgled breaths to articulate.

LEON

The only true freedom from time is death.

He struggles to force a smile. Abby tries to smile for him through the pain.

A final tear of blood falls down his cheek and he is gone.

The ancient wood and iron of the grandfather clock creak and moan as they burn.

Abby cries and lays her head on Leon's.

**EXT. DURAND MANOR - DAWN**

In the last minutes of darkness, this massive gothic mansion looks like a tired old friend lost in the rambling woods.

The turret door opens and out steps Cassidy. In her arms, a human shaped bundle is wrapped in cloth.

She struggles her way to the Rolls, pops the trunk and lays it inside before moving to the front seat and popping the glove compartment, rummaging through papers.

Abby steps out the turret door carefully. A smaller bundle cradled in her arms.

She makes her way to the car and very carefully places the body in the trunk kissing her hand before touching it to the bundle and closing the door.

**INT. ROLLS ROYCE - DAWN**

Cassidy drives. Abby gazes out the window as light brings the real world into sharp relief.

She rolls down the window and holds her hand out, letting the cold Autumn wind breathe through her.

She looks to Cassidy who watches the road as she drives.

Abby reaches across and takes her hand. Cassidy looks to her, overwhelmed.

Abby gives her a heavy smile. Cassidy gives one back. And they drive west down the I-90 directly into the rising sun and whatever comes next.

**THE END**