

STAY

Written by
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"In the universe, there are things that are known, and things that are unknown, and in between, there are doors."

- William Blake

TEASER

FROM BLACK, THE WEEPING MELODY OF A SOLO VIOLIN...

TITLE OVER: 90 YEARS AGO

Full accompaniment now -- the music swells as we FADE IN ON...

INT. GREYFIELD MANOR - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A masquerade ball in full swing.

Guests crowd the massive ballroom dressed in Victorian attire and hooded cloaks -- faces obscured by elegant masks.

Half naked dancers hang from ceiling swings. Champagne flows. A string quartet plays.

This is the party of the century.

We follow a tray full of hors d'oeuvres through the throng of people -- hands reaching -- plucking food from the tray...

We shift our attention to a trio of LAUGHING WOMEN -- their faces covered in spiked eye masks...

We move away from them toward a group of WELL DRESSED MEN, smoking pipes... we linger here a beat -- then drift toward:

A KITCHEN DOOR

We're slowly pushing in... something unsettling about this... nothing happening... why are we holding here so long... then:

SMASH!

A GIRL IN GRAY bursts through the door into the party -- she's unmasked and dressed like a servant -- lip bloody -- lungs exploding out air.

She takes a moment -- composes herself. She's out of place here amongst the well-to-do. But right now she doesn't care.

She starts through the crowd -- weaving through the guests -- a frenzy of shapes and colors blurring past her. The look in her eyes tells us one thing: she's afraid.

And now we see why:

The kitchen door slams open -- TWO SUITED MEN enter the ballroom -- not in costume -- eyes searching the area. One thing's clear: they're not here for the party.

They start through the crowd...

The Girl in Gray sees her pursuers -- tries to blend in -- keeping her head low -- searching for an exit...

There! She pushes through a side door into a:

HALLWAY

And takes off running. Past beautiful pieces of art. Past a MASKED COUPLE going at it. Past a sign that reads:

Greyfield Manor

She turns back, the suited men are right on her heels. She bolts up a staircase, two steps at a time, turns down a:

CORRIDOR OF DOORS

She's still running -- dry breath catches in her throat -- adrenaline floods her entire system --

She finally reaches a door -- studies it a moment -- pulls it open revealing: an elegant bedroom.

She closes the door -- glances down the corridor -- the two suited men are closing in...

She fumbles through her pocket -- takes out:

AN OLD KEY

Hands shaking -- she slides the key into the lock -- twists it -- pulls the door open -- this time revealing:

A snowy landscape -- impossible.

She's about to step through the doorway when:

BLAM! -- a bullet tears through her side.

BLAM! BLAM! -- two more shots just miss as she staggers out into the snow and pulls the door shut behind her...

The suited men reach the door -- yank it open revealing the elegant bedroom -- empty -- everything back to normal.

They exchange a look -- this is not good.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT ONE**TITLE OVER: TODAY**

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - EVENING

A nasty storm pummels the landscape with ice and snow.

A black dot moves across the vast whiteout, like a lone ant crawling through an ocean of flour.

CLOSER: the dot is actually a beat up station wagon towing a U-haul trailer up a winding mountain road.

INT. STATION WAGON - EVENING

Meet the Brenner family.

Behind the wheel: LUKE, 40's, a rugged handsomeness, diminished by the exhausted, drained look in his eyes. He glances up at the rearview:

In the backseat, his two daughters: CLAIRE, 16, angsty-hipster in I-hate-my-dad mode, and ELLIE, 10, small for her age -- born deaf -- born a fighter.

We soak in the silence, until:

CLAIRE

...Well?

LUKE

Well what?

Claire shakes her head -- pissed.

LUKE (CONT'D)

What else do you want me to say?

CLAIRE

You're such an asshole Luke.

Whoa. Looks like we came in at a bad time.

LUKE

Luke? What happened to dad?

CLAIRE

Good question...

Ouch. A tense moment, then:

LUKE

We've been having this same conversation since we left and nothing's changed--

CLAIRE

Well then change it.

Luke takes a deep breath.

LUKE

Claire. You have to trust me on this. We had to leave.

CLAIRE

Why?

LUKE

Because... we just did.

We get the sense that Luke wants to tell her the reason, but right now he's holding back.

CLAIRE

That makes a whole lot of fucking sense.

LUKE

Hey -- language.

Claire looks out her window.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I'm trying my best here.

CLAIRE

Well, your best sucks.

Silence for a moment. But Claire's not done.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Why can't you just ask for your job back? Tell them you weren't thinking clearly or something.

LUKE

It's not that simple.

CLAIRE

Do something else then. Get a different job.

A beat. Luke is silent.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Megan's dad lost his job. But he didn't pack up his family in the middle of the night and move them across the country.

(in a smaller voice)

Mom would have never made us leave.

This stings both of them.

LUKE

That's not fair.

A charged beat. The silence is loud. Claire's trying to keep it together. Luke takes a deep breath. Then:

LUKE (CONT'D)

My entire life was back there -- I hate this just as much as you do.
But we had to leave.

(beat)

And this -- this could be a chance for us to start something new... start over.

CLAIRE

I don't want to start over. I want to go home.

Claire stuffs earbuds in her ears. This conversation's over.

Luke watches her for a moment. Feels like such a fuck up. He shifts his gaze to his other daughter Ellie who sits wrapped in a blanket.

Luke signs to her: I love you.

Ellie signs back: I love you, too.

A quiet moment. Luke glances at the empty passenger seat next to him, almost like he's expecting to see someone... but the seat is empty.

And the absence of a mother in this car is suddenly heart-wrenching -- an open wound still bleeding this family.

This is the first time Luke's been on his own in eighteen years. Not enough time for him to pick up the pieces. Not enough time for him to figure out how to be a dad. But he's trying.

Luke focuses on the road -- at least what he can see of it. White snow blankets everything. They could be anywhere.

Luke fidgets with the GPS on the dash. The screen glitches -- current location out of range -- shit.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - EVENING

An overhead view of the station wagon crawling up the mountain road through the snowstorm -- chased by darkness.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Claire jostles awake in the backseat. It's pitch black outside the window. The night sky hemorrhaging snow.

Claire's arm is asleep because Ellie's napping on it. She gently moves Ellie, making sure not to wake her.

Her arm's liberated. She shakes out the pins and needles. Glances up at her father...

His half-lidded eyes fighting to stay open. She knows he's trying hard. And a part of her feels bad for how she acted earlier. Here comes the olive branch:

CLAIRE
Wanna trade?

LUKE
I'm fine.

CLAIRE
Where are we?

LUKE
No idea. GPS clunked out on me a few hours ago.

Claire checks her phone.

CLAIRE
I don't have service.

LUKE
Me neither.

CLAIRE
So, now what? We're just winging it?

LUKE
Yep.

CLAIRE
Well, can you wing me near a bathroom? I gotta go.

LUKE

To be honest I haven't seen a single gas station or rest stop since... its been a while. I can pull over.

CLAIRE

So I can squat in the snow? Pass.

LUKE

I think I've got an empty bottle somewhere...

CLAIRE

Are you serious? Please be joking.

Luke smiles -- he's joking. Claire hides a grin -- he's still just Luke to her, not dad yet.

Claire rifles through a bag of Doritos. Dumps the crumbs into her mouth.

Luke hits the GPS -- hoping that smacking it around a little will make it talk. He's too busy to notice a:

LARGE GRAY WOLF

Standing in the middle of the road. Claire sees it, screams:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Dad, look out!

Luke slams on the brakes -- skids along the icy surface -- U-haul fish-tails behind -- the car stops a few feet shy of the large animal.

Ellie startles awake. Claire signs to her: it's okay.

Luke stares at the wolf standing in the high-beams -- and the wolf seems to be staring right back at him. Almost like a warning. No fear in its eyes. Unsettling.

Then the wolf scampers away -- disappearing in the darkness. Silence. Everyone's on edge. Luke cuts the tension:

LUKE

If you hadn't stopped me, that could have been dinner.

CLAIRE

Or we could have been.

Luke half smiles. Checks to make sure Ellie's okay. Claire sees something out her window...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
What is that?

LUKE
What?

Luke stares out into the darkness -- then he sees it too:

A PINPOINT OF LIGHT IN THE DISTANCE

CLAIRE
You see it?

The light fades.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You saw it right?

LUKE
Yep.

Luke puts the car into gear -- starts up the road -- deviating from the main path.

Tension builds as they wind up a narrow passageway.

Luke sees it again -- the light -- this time brighter -- bigger -- some kind of structure.

And like that the storm picks up out of nowhere -- heavy wind and snow hammers the car -- visibility down to zero...

And through the blanketed darkness -- the soft glow of lights grow in intensity... a structure blossoms into existence:

THE GREYFIELD HOTEL

Perched like a tombstone on the hillside. An ancient relic left over from another era. The size and scope of this place is otherworldly. Something Carnegie would have built.

The Brenner family stares in wonder as their station wagon chugs through the main gate toward the front entrance.

Luke parks the station wagon behind a large PASSENGER BUS that sags to the right -- the back tire is missing.

A few other cars are just visible through the snowfall.

EXT. STATION WAGON / GREYFIELD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Luke climbs out of the station wagon -- he's almost knocked to his feet by the wind. He braces himself against the car. Opens the back door for Ellie.

She climbs out -- he shields her from the weather -- arms wrapped around her -- half-running toward the hotel.

Claire right in front of them -- leading the way -- she pushes through the main doorway...

INT. GREYFIELD HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The Brenners spill into the lobby -- the door closes behind them, shutting out the storm.

They're met with the eyes of two dozen other miserable people -- wrapped in winter clothing -- also escaping the storm.

We get the sense that none of these people are here by choice. But were forced here like the Brenners.

An awkward moment as the crowd silently eyes the newcomers -- and then, just like that, they go back to minding their own business.

Luke takes in the hotel. Massive. Hand-crafted. Spiraling staircases. Frescos and sculptures. A Victorian era masterpiece -- a place that time forgot.

EVA (O.S.)

What do you mean they're not working?

Luke's attention shifts to a Hitchcock blonde at the counter, this is EVA DANIELS, 30s, and right now she's arguing with the concierge behind the front desk.

CONCIERGE

I'm sorry. Storm must have knocked the lines down.

Eva walks away -- checks her cell phone for service -- runs a hand through her hair -- she's all nerves.

In her other hand we notice a tattered briefcase. Doesn't fit her Saks and Barneys attire. Whatever's inside is important to her.

EVA

Great. Just great.

Luke whispers in Claire's ear:

LUKE

You'll fit right in.

Claire shoots him a look.

CLAIRE

Good one.

Luke smirks -- he thought so. Ellie signs to him. He signs back, speaking as he does:

LUKE

I'm hungry too.

Ellie stares at a bathroom across the room. Claire notices--

CLAIRE

We'll be right back.

She takes Ellie's hand and leads her across the room.

Luke makes his way to the front desk.

LUKE

Excuse me...

Eyes the concierge's name-tag.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Mason.

MASON looks up. His smile is welcoming. His eyes are not.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You guys have a restaurant in here?

MASON

We're working on getting the kitchen up and running. Shouldn't be too long.

Mason points toward the far end of the lobby. Luke follows his crooked finger -- clocks the location of the kitchen and dining area. Turns back to Mason.

LUKE

Thanks. Looks like you have your hands full. Hell of a storm out there.

Mason just stares at Luke -- an uncomfortable stare.

MASON

We have plenty of rooms available.

LUKE

Oh, thanks, but we aren't staying.

Luke drums his fingers on the counter and moves away. He studies the faces of the others:

Two DETECTIVE looking types -- maybe U.S. Marshals -- guard a disheveled, handcuffed man -- their PRISONER.

Three TATTED-UP ROCKERS, two guys and a girl, sit with their instruments -- everything about them screams low-rent band that never made it.

The meek BUS DRIVER plays with a Zippo. Brushes the greasy hair out of his face.

A YOUNG BOY sits alone holding a backpack. His blue eyes watch the others in the lobby. We can't help but feel for him. *Where are his parents?*

Luke's eyes fall upon a serious looking man, FRANK HESS, and his teenage son, JAKE, who looks like the apple fell far from the tree and rolled into a Muse concert. JAKE holds a Canon 5D, scanning through some videos.

These are just a few of the people waiting in the lobby. We will get to know them all later.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Claire and Ellie wash their hands at the sink. Claire studies her reflection for a moment.

The girls start to leave. THE SOUND OF MUFFLED CRYING. Claire whips around. Scans the empty bathroom. Silent now.

CLAIRE

Hello...?

An unnerving moment. Then a stall door inches opens. ALISON HESS, 40's, steps out. Eyes puffy but she smiles anyway, as if doing so would hide the fact that she was crying.

ALISON

Hi.

CLAIRE

Sorry I... are you okay?

ALISON

Yeah, it's just -- it's been a long night. Looking forward to getting out of this storm.

Ellie is frozen, staring at something... Claire follows her gaze to a DEEP SCAR running up Alison's wrist. The kind of cut that's meant to end things.

Alison quickly rolls down her sleeve, concealing it.
Composes herself.

ALISON (CONT'D)

It was nice to meet you both.

She moves past the girls and exits. Ellie signs to Claire.

CLAIRE

(signing)

Yeah I saw it. C'mon.

They move toward the door. They don't notice, and we barely see: BLACK SEWAGE bubbling up from the sink drain...

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Claire and Ellie approach their dad.

LUKE

Ready?

CLAIRE

Yep.

Claire watches as Alison folds in next to her family: Frank and Jake.

LUKE

Let's eat.

He grabs Ellie's hand and the trio ambles to the restaurant.

CANON 5D POV: Zoomed in on Claire. SHUTTER CLICKS.

Jake studies the photo he just took on the LCD display. He senses someone watching, looks up at his father, who in fact was watching him... still is...

A tense moment. Jake jams the camera into his backpack.
Moves closer to Alison.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Brenners are stuffed. Plates cover the table. Left over fries drown in ketchup. The girls drink hot chocolate. Luke downs his second cup of coffee.

Claire checks her phone -- still no service. Looks up to see Luke signing to Ellie. Claire watches -- suddenly curious.

Ellie smiles big at whatever Luke is communicating to her.

CLAIRE

What was that? About the diner?

Luke eyes Claire -- didn't know she was watching.

LUKE

Oh, uh... I was telling her about -- about the first time I took mom on a date.

CLAIRE

How old were you?

LUKE

Nineteen.

A moment. Luke and Claire hold glances -- she's interested.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I took her to this diner, hole in the wall, first date, I'm trying to make a good impression, and uh, I'm wearing this suit I borrowed, it's huge on me, I look like a total idiot, and I know it. I'm so embarrassed I can't even hold a conversation. My sleeves are getting in the food...

Luke is lost in the memory for a moment. Then:

LUKE (CONT'D)

So, long story short, I drive mom home, walk her to the front door, say goodbye knowing that she's never going to want to see me again. And as I turn to leave I trip over my pants, twist my ankle and smack my face on the pavement. Spent the rest of the night in mom's kitchen with wads of tissue up my nose and ice on my ankle, hoping grandma wouldn't wake up and find me...

Luke's smiling now, remembering that night, remembering his wife. Claire doesn't smile, but she's moved. And now she's thinking about her mother too.

And we hold on the Brenners -- just watching their faces. Luke comes back to the present. Realizes it's late.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Anyway... we should get going.

He chugs the rest of his coffee.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Luke keys the ignition -- the engine tries to turn over, sputters and dies. He tries again. Nothing. Well fuck.

He turns back to Claire and Ellie. They're exhausted.

LUKE

Okay if we crash here tonight?
I'll get the car working in the
morning.

INT. GREYFIELD HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Luke and the girls come back in from the storm -- shaking off the snow. The lobby is almost empty. Most people probably checked in -- too tired to wait out the storm tonight.

Luke approaches the front desk.

LUKE

Looks like we'll be staying after
all.

MASON

I figured. Give me a moment.

Mason disappears into a back room. The Brenners wait.

Ellie notices the young boy with the blue eyes from earlier. Still sitting alone in the lobby. We will call him VINCENT. He stares at Ellie and she stares back.

Ellie tugs on Claire's shirt. Signs to her. Claire glances at the boy. Then back to Ellie.

CLAIRE

(signing)
I'm sure his parents are here
somewhere.

MASON

I'll show you to your room now.

CLAIRE

That boy over there, it looks like
he's...

She stops short, stares across the lobby. Vincent is gone.

Off Claire's searching eyes we CUT TO --

INT. THE BRENNER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mason gets the Brenners settled into a spacious double-queen. The room feels like it belongs in a museum -- hasn't been renovated in years, if ever -- the opposite of cozy.

MASON

We've been having problems with the hot water, just let it run. Kitchen opens at seven. Have a good night, Mr. Brenner.

Mason leaves, passing Ellie who stands in the hallway outside the door, looking at something. We move away from her to:

Luke, who sets his suitcase down and plops onto the bed. Kicks off his shoes, stretches his feet, man that feels good.

Claire throws her stuff on the other bed -- looks at her dad.

CLAIRE

This place is practically empty. Can't we have our own rooms?

LUKE

Might be empty, but it's not free. And it's just for one night.

Luke lays back, exhausted. And we drift away from him toward the open door. Ellie is still standing in the hallway...

She is staring down the corridor -- UNINTELLIGIBLE WHISPERS fill our ears. Ellie turns the other direction -- she hears them too.

But she's deaf... how is this possible...

We move out into the hallway revealing:

Just Ellie.

No one else is there.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - **FLASHBACK**

Pitter-patter of rain on the roof. A sleepy day out.

The walls are covered in photos of the Brenner family -- vacations and holidays.

We focus on the bed. A happier Luke rolls over -- wraps his arms around a beautiful woman, 30's. This is SARAH -- his wife. He kisses her.

She rolls over -- kisses him back. And now they are looking at one another, faces inches apart. Nothing else matters right now, just this moment. After a long beat:

SARAH
What time is it?

LUKE
I don't know -- alarm hasn't gone off yet.

SARAH
Couldn't sleep?

LUKE
I've been thinking... I need to tell you something. It's not going to be easy to hear...

SARAH
What is it?

A beat. Luke takes his time, this is serious.

LUKE
You snore really, really loud--

Sarah throws a pillow at him.

SARAH
I hate you, I actually thought you were being serious for once.

LUKE
I am. It's cute though...
(changing gears)
What do you have going on today?

SARAH

I'm opening the shop -- Tiff is out sick so I'm on cake duty. What about you?

LUKE

The usual. Babysitting a new deputy, my favorite. I think it's my turn to make dinner tonight.

SARAH

If you make a list, I'll stop by the store on my way home.

And now: BEEP BEEP BEEP. Luke's alarm finally goes off.

Sarah climbs out of bed, makes her way to the bathroom, crosses through the doorway as we:

SMASH BACK TO --

INT. THE BRENNER'S ROOM - MORNING - **PRESENT**

Luke startles awake -- breathing hard -- sheets twisted. He sits up in bed. Takes him a moment to gather himself. Takes him a moment to realize the room is empty. No Sarah here.

No Claire or Ellie either...

LUKE

Claire...

No answer -- he climbs out of bed -- and now his heart's pumping fast.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Claire!

He checks the bathroom -- it's empty. He's back in the room, mind racing -- panic setting in -- *where the hell are they?*

Then, he notices a piece of paper on the dresser -- he picks it up -- a note in Claire's handwriting:

Went to breakfast

The panic abates. He exhales a breath of air. Relieved.

He makes his way to his suitcase -- searches for some fresh clothes -- digs to the bottom -- stops... he's staring down at something... and now we see it:

A FILE

Luke is fixated. Finally snaps out of it -- grabs a shirt -- covers the file in clothes -- gets dressed.

INT. RESTAURANT - MORNING

Claire and Ellie sit in a booth eating breakfast. Claire has her earbuds in. Ellie is drawing on a napkin. Not a lot of interaction between them.

CANON 5D POV: Close on Claire's lips as she mouths the words to the song. A voyeuristic moment, then: she looks up -- right at us -- gives us the middle finger and turns away.

At the other end of the restaurant: Jake lowers the camera. Caught. But he's still watching Claire. She senses it. Keeps her eyes averted.

Luke enters the restaurant. Pours himself a cup of coffee from a self-serve pot. Approaches his daughters.

LUKE

Morning. You sleep okay?

Claire nods. Pushes leftover eggs around with her fork.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get the car working so we can hit the road.

Luke glances at Ellie.

LUKE (CONT'D)

(signing)

I love you.

Ellie smiles and hands him a piece of buttered toast. He takes a bite.

INT. LOBBY - MORNING

Luke makes his way to the front desk.

No one there. He picks up the phone, tries to dial out from the land line. Phones are still down. Takes his cell out -- checks for service -- none.

WAGNER (O.S.)

Everything's still down -- been trying all morning.

Luke turns to find WAGNER HOYT, 30's, the bus driver, standing behind him.

LUKE

Yeah, looks like it. You drive
that bus in? Saw you blew a tire.

Wagner nods.

WAGNER

I'll keep you posted if I can get
through to anyone. Lose my job if
I don't get the hell outta here
soon.

(extends a hand)

I'm Wagner.

Luke shakes it.

LUKE

Luke Brenner.

WAGNER

Car trouble too?

LUKE

Yep. You wouldn't happen to have
jumpers cables would you?

WAGNER

Sorry, man. Wish I did.

Luke moves toward the massive lobby windows. Stares out.
The storm is worse today -- the cars are buried in snow.

Off Luke's look we CUT TO --

INT. THE HESS' ROOM - BATHROOM - MORNING

Alison Hess stands in the shower -- warm water washing over
her. A momentary escape from her marriage. She's at peace
in here, if only for a moment.

She glances at her hands -- fingers are beginning to prune --
been in here a while. Her eyes drift to the deep scar on her
wrist. A vulnerable beat.

She twists the knob. Water gradually fades. She dries off.
Towels her hair. Exits the shower to find:

ROOM 528

Written in steam across the bathroom mirror. A moment of
stunned silence as she just stares.

The writing begins to fade...

INT. THE HESS' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alison exits the bathroom to find her husband, Frank, sitting naked on the edge of the bed, a faded Bible in his hands.

She watches him for a moment. It takes real courage for her to say something...

ALISON

Were you just in the bathroom?

Frank turns his head slightly. But says nothing. Goes back to reading his Bible. Alison is used to this. She gets dressed. Leaves the room.

INT. LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Hotel guests relax in the lobby. Bored. Exhausted. Gives the feeling of people waiting on a layover.

We focus on the Brenners. Luke's sunken into an oversized chair -- taking a break from trying to find jumper cables. Ellie is asleep next to him.

Nearby, Claire keeps warm by the fireplace. Tries to relax. Can't. Pulls the headphones out of her ears.

CLAIRE

I've listened to every song twice.

Luke eyes his irritated daughter.

LUKE

What do you want me to do?

CLAIRE

Um, literally anything. I'm so bored.

Luke gets up, careful not to wake Ellie.

LUKE

Keep an eye on her.

Claire watches her father leave.

INT. FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Luke hits the bell. Waits for Mason. Nothing.

LUKE

Hello...

Luke hits the bell again.

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The two suited detectives, KELLER and AIDEN, 30's, watch their prisoner eat oatmeal with his hands -- like a starving animal. The prisoner's handcuffs rattle with each bite.

KELLER
You've had enough.

KELLER takes the bowl away. The prisoner looks up through the frayed openings of his long, black hair. His eyes are empty. His teeth a faded yellow.

Luke approaches from behind.

LUKE
Excuse me. Sorry to bug you.
Either of you have cell service?

Keller and Aiden glance at one another. Then back to Luke.

KELLER
No.

LUKE
Yeah, I figured. Thanks anyway.

Luke glances at the prisoner and the prisoner stares right back. A tense moment. Until:

KELLER
Anything else?

Luke breaks eye contact, glances back at KELLER. Shakes his head. Doesn't like this group. Something unsettling about all of them. Luke leaves.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Alison moves down the corridor. An eerie silence. Eyes scanning the room numbers.

Passes rooms: 526... 527... 529... she stops. Turns back. Scans the room numbers again.

There is no room 528. Strange.

INT. LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Claire looks through old text messages on her phone, the name MOM at the top of the screen. Buried emotion surfacing in her eyes as she reads...

Jake sits down next to her. She puts the phone away. Hides the emotion.

JAKE
Hey.

CLAIRE
Uh. Hi.

Claire's not in the mood for this.

JAKE
Sorry about earlier.

CLAIRE
What?

He holds up his camera.

JAKE
Wasn't trying to creep you out...

CLAIRE
Well, you take pictures of people without them knowing, that's what happens.

JAKE
I wasn't taking pictures. I was just curious.

CLAIRE
About what?

JAKE
About you.

CLAIRE
Okay, that's even creepier...

Jake drinks her in, she's beautiful. Claire turns away, tries to end the conversation.

JAKE
So... where are you from?

Claire can't believe he's still talking.

CLAIRE
(bored, monotone)
Duluth.

JAKE
Cool.

CLAIRE
Are you always this awkward?

JAKE
Sorry.

Jake looks down, fidgets with his camera. He's just trying to be nice. Claire feels a bit guilty. A beat, then:

JAKE (CONT'D)
Wanna see something weird?

Jake plays a video on his camera -- Claire watches --

LCD SCREEN: a handheld shot out of a hotel window. The camera zooms in on a frozen lake -- the cross of a church tower is just visible poking up out of the ice.

Claire leans in...

CLAIRE
What is that?

The video ends.

JAKE
Wanna see? I'll show you. C'mon.

Claire can't believe she's actually about to follow him. But she does.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I'm Jake by the way.

They disappear. Ellie remains sound asleep on the chair.

INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Luke moves down an endless, empty hallway. Hears MUSIC. Classical. Violins. Drifting down the corridor. Luke follows the sound, which leads him to:

A door -- larger and older looking than all the others. Luke opens it into:

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

The same ballroom from the teaser. But now it's empty. Covered in dust. Unused. The music is gone.

Luke explores. Moving his hand across an ornate banister. Studying the dust on his fingertips.

MASON (O.S.)
What are you doing in here?

LUKE
Sorry, I uh... thought I heard
music and--

MASON
How'd you get in here?

LUKE
I just walked in...

MASON
It was unlocked?

LUKE
Yeah.

MASON
Are you sure?

LUKE
I'm sure. Something wrong?

MASON
Follow me.

Luke follows Mason out of the ballroom and into the:

INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Mason takes out a key ring, with dozens and dozens of keys,
flips through them. Finds one. Locks the ballroom door.

MASON
This room is off limits.

LUKE
Sorry, I didn't know.

MASON
Something I can help you with?

LUKE
Yeah, actually. Our car won't
start. Any idea when the phones
will be up?

MASON
I'm not sure. I apologize for the
inconvenience.

Mason turns to leave.

LUKE
Hey, what was this place?

Mason stops.

MASON
What?

LUKE
Before it was a hotel, what was
this place?

Mason turns back. Almost as a warning:

MASON
Stay away from locked doors, Mr.
Brenner.

And off Mason's unblinking stare--

SLAM TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Ellie blinks awake. Slowly sits up in the comfy chair.

She looks around for Luke and Claire, but instead finds Vincent, the young boy from earlier. He sits across from her. Just staring. A long moment, then:

Ellie wipes sleep from her eyes. And so does Vincent, matching her exact movements.

A beat as she just stares at him. Then she smiles. And Vincent smiles back.

Ellie gives a slight wave. Vincent gives a slight wave.

Ellie scratches her head. And guess what, Vincent does too.

We get the game. And it's cute.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Jake and Claire stand in front of a door. Jake knocks.

After a moment, his father, Frank, opens up. Glances at his son and then at Claire. An uncomfortable beat.

JAKE

Sorry. Didn't know you were in here. Um, is it okay if I show my friend something?

Claire holds out her hand.

CLAIRE

Hi, I'm Claire.

Frank doesn't shake it. Doesn't say anything. Claire lowers her hand. Jake clocks this uncomfortable exchange -- looks to Claire:

JAKE

Let's come back later.

Frank moves aside. Claire and Jake trade looks. Then enter. The door closes behind them.

INT. THE HESS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Claire follows Jake to the window. Can't help but notice Frank's clothes laid out on the bed, military style, folded to perfection.

Jake pulls the curtains back, wipes the condensation from the window. Hands Claire the camera.

JAKE

You have to zoom in to see it.

Claire takes the camera. Zooms in. Tries to spot the church tower through the storm.

Frank watches his son and Claire. Watches how close they're standing. Doesn't like this one bit.

FRANK

Where's your mother?

Jake and Claire both freeze. Jake slowly turns.

JAKE

Um. Not sure.

The mood is charged. Claire realizes it's time to go. She starts to move, stops...

The distant sounds of: *ding... ding... ding...*

She turns back to Jake. He hears it too. It's coming from outside. From the church? Can't be. No time to look.

They head for the door, passing Frank on the way out. He stares after them.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Claire and Jake glide down the hallway.

JAKE

You heard it, right? The church bells.

CLAIRE

I don't know what I heard.

JAKE

We should go down there.

CLAIRE

First off, there's no "we."

JAKE

I didn't mean--

CLAIRE

Second, there's no way in hell I'm going down there.

JAKE

Sorry.

CLAIRE

And seriously stop saying "sorry!"

JAKE

Sor--

Jake stops himself. As the two of them turn down another corridor.

INT. LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Wagner, the bus driver, sits staring out the window. Flips a Zippo open and closed. Clink. Clink. Clink.

A phlegm-rattling cough. He spits into a wadded up handkerchief. Specks of blood dot the white fabric. It would appear he's pretty sick. He doesn't seem surprised by this. Goes to pocket the cloth...

Freezes. Squints. He sees something outside. He rises. Inches closer to the window. There it is again...

Something moves in the snow. A gray shape -- a person -- running -- stumbling -- collapsing. He yells out:

WAGNER

There's someone out there!

Hotel guests turn.

WAGNER (CONT'D)

There's someone outside!

Guests migrate over to the windows -- peering out into the storm.

Luke and Mason enter the lobby mid-commotion. They play catch up, trying to figure out what's going on.

They make their way to the window. Luke sees the shape lying on the ground. It's a person. He doesn't even think twice -- he pulls open the door and rushes outside.

EXT. GREYFIELD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The cold stings Luke's entire body. He pushes against the numbing pain, moving through the lashing wind and snow.

Behind him, Wagner follows.

Both men approach the body. The snowstorm obscures any visibility, can't make out any features, just a gray mass.

They pick up the body and stumble-walk back to the hotel -- feels like it's a mile away -- finally they reach the main doorway and reenter:

THE LOBBY

Luke and Wagner set the body down on the ground. The crowd gathers. Everyone looks on. Luke catches his breath. Stares down at:

THE GIRL IN GRAY

The same girl from the opening teaser. He studies her ragged, torn clothes from some bygone era.

Who is she? Where did she come from?

WAGNER

Is she breathing?

Luke checks.

LUKE

Yeah.

He notices blood on the girl's clothing. He peels away some of the fabric revealing the bullet wound she sustained in the opening.

Gasps from the crowd. Luke locks eyes with Mason.

LUKE (CONT'D)

We need to get her to the hospital.

Mason just stares at the girl -- not saying or doing anything.

LUKE (CONT'D)

We need to get her to a hospital or she's going to die. Do you understand me?

MASON

The phones aren't working.

Luke rushes Mason -- grabbing him by the jacket -- looking him right in the eyes.

LUKE

How far is it to town?

Mason doesn't answer.

LUKE (CONT'D)
How far?

MASON
Mr. Brenner, let go of me.

Luke releases him. Mason fixes his jacket. He looks to the girl then back to Luke. Takes a beat, then:

MASON (CONT'D)
Twenty miles into town. But you
won't make it. Not in this.

LUKE
We'll take our chances.

Luke addresses the crowd.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Does anyone have cell service?

People check their phones for service -- no one has anything.

Claire and Jake push through the crowd and get their first glimpse of the bleeding girl.

CLAIRE
(covering her mouth)
Oh my God.

Luke locks eyes with his daughter.

LUKE
Claire.

She can't take her eyes off the body.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Claire!

She looks up at him.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Stay with your sister.
Everything's going to be fine.

CLAIRE
We need a car, she needs a
hospital.

LUKE
I know.

Luke eyes the faces around him -- no one offering help. A tatted-up rocker in the crowd breaks it to him.

TATTED-UP ROCKER

A lot of us were on that bus. Or
we'd be taking her.

Silence again. A few murmurs amongst the group. Then:

JAKE

You can take ours.

Luke and Claire turn to Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I uh... just gotta get the keys.

Luke nods. Jake looks to Claire, then takes off -- we follow him as he barrels up the spiral staircase -- turns down a:

CORRIDOR

And bumps into his mother -- scaring the living piss out of both of them... and us.

ALISON

Jake... what's wrong?

JAKE

A woman got hurt -- in the lobby --
they need our car to get her to the
hospital... dad has the keys.

And the mention of him brings a charged silence.

ALISON

I'll go get them. Meet me
downstairs.

Alison heads off. Jake watches her go.

INT. THE HESS' ROOM - AFTERNOON

Frank is standing in the center of the room listening to:

CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK CHIK

A strange noise in the walls -- like scurrying rats -- or the gears of a clock. Frank moves to the far wall. Places his ear against the faded wallpaper. Listening.

TWISTING METAL -- but not from inside the walls -- it's the hotel room door opening behind him.

Frank faces his wife. A quiet standoff. Then:

ALISON
I need the car keys. Someone got hurt.

Frank stares at Alison.

FRANK
Where were you?

ALISON
What? Did you hear me? Someone got hurt.

Frank heard her, but he doesn't respond. Alison eyes the car keys on the night stand. She crosses the room -- reaches out for the keys -- Frank's hand shoots out and grabs her wrist.

Alison locks eyes with her husband. A charged moment. And then he lets go. She backs away from him...

FRANK
Where were you...

ALISON
I've been right here, same as everyone else.

FRANK
No. Last week. You didn't come home.

Alison's face is unreadable. Covering something.

ALISON
I'm not talking about this right now.

She reaches the door. Exits.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Luke hovers over the unconscious girl. Wagner holds a sweater over her wound to stop the bleeding.

The crowd looks on -- helpless, terrified faces.

Alison moves through the group -- holding out the car keys.

ALISON
Here!

Luke makes eye contact with her -- a moment between them -- and then he grabs the keys.

LUKE

Thanks.

ALISON

It's the old Buick.

Luke and Wagner carry the unconscious girl out into the storm.

We linger with the crowd. People talking to each other, like bystanders curbside at a car wreck.

We find Claire -- she's standing by the fireplace -- searching the area -- panicked. Jake approaches.

JAKE

What's wrong?

CLAIRE

I can't find my sister...

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

A row of stalls line the room. Ellie opens a stall door. Closes the latch behind her.

We linger a moment... just the hum of the overhead lights... the drip of water... and the faint sound of whispers... We hear it. So does Ellie.

She lowers to her knees -- peering down the row of stalls -- there are no feet -- no one else is in here except Ellie. And the whispers suddenly stop. A tense moment... then:

A wave of black liquid rushes underneath her -- she emerges from the stall -- finds the sinks overflowing with black sludge...

She backs away toward the door, terrified, until:

A hand wraps around hers -- comforting -- she turns to find Vincent standing beside her.

They lock eyes as the water soaks their shoes... and then he guides her out of the flooding room.

INT. BUICK - AFTERNOON

Luke's in the backseat -- the unconscious girl in his arms -- he checks to make sure she's still breathing.

Wagner climbs in behind the wheel -- keys the ignition -- the engine grinds -- it's not starting.

Wagner tries again. And again. Again. FUCK! He pounds the steering wheel.

LUKE

Why won't any of the cars start?

Wagner cuts Luke a look. A beat, Luke studies the wounded girl -- feels responsible now. He opens the door --

LUKE (CONT'D)

Pop the trunk -- I'll check for jumper cables.

Wagner pops the trunk. Luke gently slides out from underneath the unconscious girl, exits out into the storm.

EXT. BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Luke covers his face against the barrage of snow. Reaches the trunk. Pulls it open revealing:

A shovel. Duct tape. Garbage bags. Rope.

What the hell...

Off Luke's foreboding look we:

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. OLD NISSAN - AFTERNOON - **FLASHBACK**

Rain pours. Sarah pulls into the parking lot of a school. Claire waits under an awning. Sees her mother, races over, climbs inside. Shuts the door. Shakes off the rain. Sarah puts the car in gear, pulls out onto the rain-slicked road.

SARAH
How was school?

Claire keeps her head down. Seems upset.

SARAH (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

CLAIRE
Know that final I studied for...

SARAH
Mr. Neely's class?

Claire unzips her backpack. Hands over the graded final. Sarah glances at a giant red "A" is scribbled at the top.

SARAH (CONT'D)
You got an "A?"

A smile breaks across Claire's face, it was an act.

CLAIRE
You and dad promised if I aced this test I'd be ungrounded.

SARAH
I said we'd talk about it.

CLAIRE
You said promise.

SARAH
I said talk.

A beat. Claire's reflecting on something, then:

CLAIRE
She deserved it.

SARAH
Deserve has nothing to do with it. You did something wrong and you're being punished for it. That's how this works.

CLAIRE
Admit it, she did deserve it
though. You're secretly impressed.

SARAH
You spray painted a teacher's car.
I'd hardly call my reaction
impressed.

Claire studies her mother's face.

CLAIRE
There! You just smiled.

SARAH
I didn't smile.

CLAIRE
Yes you did.

SARAH
Maybe I grinned.

CLAIRE
You're impressed.

This isn't just a mother/daughter relationship. We sense the
friendship and respect between them.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Well, while you and dad talk about
giving me my life back -- can I
borrow the car this weekend?

SARAH
This weekend, for what?

CLAIRE
Nolan's throwing a... get together.

SARAH
A get together. Like the last one
where the neighbors called the cops
because of the music and dad showed
up with his deputy and--

CLAIRE
That was one time. And no, not
like that. It's gonna be like
eight of us max. And his parents
will be home.

Red light. Sarah brakes. Wipers working like crazy against
the rain.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I haven't done anything in almost a month. I'm a total shut in. Boo Radley got out more.

The light turns green. Sarah pulls through the intersection.

SARAH

I'll let you can take my car, but only if dad says--

SMASH! -- Sarah's head hits the steering wheel as the left side of the car implodes -- glass and metal fly through the air -- Claire's body is whipped sideways, held in place by the seatbelt.

A BLACK SUV HAS PLOWED INTO THEIR CAR

Both vehicles skidding -- the rain-slicked ground fueling their momentum --

Sarah's car spirals toward a guard rail and careens off the road -- plummets into a ravine -- rolls and eventually comes to a stop in a river of mud.

We are upside down with Claire, still belted in. Cuts on her face. She's bleeding. Her vision blurry.

She musters strength to turn her head. Sees her mom who's also belted in, hair hanging in her face. Not moving.

CLAIRE

...Mom...

Sarah remains motionless. Claire's eyes flood.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Mom!

Claire's vision -- blurring in and out -- suddenly sharpens into focus. And she's looking past her mother now, out through the shattered window...

Standing at the top of the ravine is a person in a SKI MASK staring down at her -- a terrifying sight.

AND WE SLAM BACK TO --

INT. CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON - **PRESENT**

Claire moves down the hallway with a purpose. Jake tries to keep up.

CLAIRE
She's prob'ly so scared, she hates
being alone.

JAKE
We'll find her.

CLAIRE
I was supposed to be watching her.

JAKE
It's not your fault.

CLAIRE
She's my responsibility.

JAKE
Why? You're not her mom.

Claire stops -- snaps him a hard look.

CLAIRE
Don't talk about my mom. Ever.

JAKE
Jeez. Okay, chill.

Claire calms herself. A tension filled beat. Then:

JAKE (CONT'D)
We'll find Ellie. There's only so
many places she could be.

On the move again. They round a corner to find a CORRIDOR OF
DOORS that stretches on forever.

CLAIRE
Only so many places?

She cuts Jake a look--

INT. LOBBY - AFTERNOON - **PRESENT**

Luke and Wagner carry The Girl in Gray back into the lobby.
The crowd is still gathered. Commotion as they set her body
down on a couch.

Wagner studies the blood on his hands -- suddenly the
seriousness of the situation catches up to him.

WAGNER
She's gonna die man -- she's gonna
die.

LUKE
No she's not.

Luke makes eye contact with Alison -- thinking about what he just saw in her trunk -- can't even process it right now.

ALISON
What happened?

LUKE
Wouldn't start.

He tosses her the keys just as -- Eva, the nervous blonde with the briefcase from earlier, kneels down, rolls up her sleeves, inspects the unconscious girl's wound.

Luke shoots her a look -- *where did you come from?*

LUKE (CONT'D)
Didn't go through. Slugs still inside.

EVA
Help me move her.

LUKE
You a doctor?

EVA
Not really.

No other choice. Luke and Eva pick up the girl.

EVA (CONT'D)
Table -- over there.

Luke sees it. They carry the girl over and set her down on the wood surface.

EVA (CONT'D)
I need alcohol. Towels. Something to pull the bullet out -- tweezers if you can find em. And a needle and thread.

Luke cuts Wagner a look.

LUKE
Think you can handle that?

WAGNER
I'm on it.

He rushes off. Alison lingers...

ALISON

What about those guys -- the ones in the suits? Looked like cops or something. Maybe they can help.

LUKE

Worth a shot. Ask if they have a med-kit in their car.

She nods. Hurries away.

INT. CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Claire and Jake continue the hunt for Ellie. Checking door after door. All locked.

JAKE

Maybe we should ask for the keys.

CREAKING. Claire and Jake turn to see one of the doors now slightly open... weird.

CLAIRE

Did you...

JAKE

No. It just -- opened.

Claire starts toward the door--

CLAIRE

Let's look inside.

JAKE

Sure that's a good idea?

CLAIRE

Grow a pair. C'mon.

Claire pushes the door open. Too dark to see anything. She hits the light switch. Nothing. She takes out her cell phone, uses it to light the way as they enter...

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The space is jam packed with wooden bed frames, broken pieces of furniture, and an assortment of junk. The light from the cell phone cuts through the darkness.

JAKE

It's just crap. Don't think she's in here. I'm going back.

Jake turns around, blind-searches for the door, finds it. Realizes it's now closed. He twists the handle. Won't open.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Did you shut the door?

CLAIRE
No, why?

JAKE
Uh, I think we're locked in.

CLAIRE
What? Move--

She pushes past him. Tugs at the handle. Rams her shoulder into the door. Again. Again. Won't budge.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hey, hey! Is someone out there?
Open up!

Nothing. She cuts Jake a look--

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Now we're trapped. Nice one.

JAKE
I didn't shut it...

CLAIRE
Maybe there's another way out.

Claire's phone lights the way. Tension rising as she moves through the darkness. An obstruction blocks the way.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Help me with this.

Claire and Jake push aside a tangle of broken furniture -- revealing a window.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Now we're talking.

Claire tries to lift the window up. It's stuck.

JAKE
We're not actually -- are we going
out there? Maybe we should wait
for someone to--

Claire picks up a broken chair leg.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Okay hold on, you can't just--

SMASH! She breaks open the window. Uses her jacket to cover the glass, climbs out into the blistering cold.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Uh, have you done this before?

CLAIRE
 Yes.

"Yes?" Jake registers her answers. Reluctantly follows...

INT. SECOND FLOOR - SITTING AREA - SAME TIME

Alison finds the detectives, Keller and Aiden, still guarding their prisoner. Out of breath, she chokes out a sentence:

ALISON
 A woman got hurt, downstairs, we need some help... please.

The detectives trade looks. Neither rushes into action. Neither seems to care.

KELLER
 Not our problem.

There's a sudden shift in energy. Something isn't right.

Alison eyes the "detectives" and the prisoner. She thinks it, but doesn't say it: these guys aren't law enforcement.

She backs away from the trio, turns and disappears down the hallway. We stay with Keller, Aiden, and the prisoner.

AIDEN
 I'm telling you, we need to get the hell out of here.

KELLER
 I know.

AIDEN
 We should go now.

KELLER
 We wait for the storm to die down.

Keller looks at the prisoner -- a long, hard stare.

KELLER (CONT'D)

Last thing we want is to be
stranded out there with him.

The prisoner has no emotion in his eyes. But he stares back at Keller. Some serious history between them. *Who the hell are these guys?*

INT. LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Luke dumps alcohol on Eva's hands -- she scrubs them.

He sterilizes a pair of pliers. Lays out a bunch of towels. Sets down an oven tin. A makeshift operating room.

Luke eyes the unconscious girl, studies her young face, and he's suddenly aware that her life is in his hands.

EVA

You ready?

Luke nods. And they get to work.

The other hotel guests watch from a distance as Luke and Eva begin the process of extracting the bullet.

EXT. LOWER ROOFTOP - AFTERNOON

Snow whips past. Visibility at zero. Claire and Jake move across the roof, trying to find an open window. So far nothing. And we don't need to mention how cold it is. Claire's trembling, Jake's lips are slightly purple.

Finally some luck -- Claire uses all her strength, pulls up on a window. It breaks the snow layer--

CLAIRE

Come on!

Jake crawls in. Then Claire...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She JAMS the window shut. And the two of them sit there a moment. Breathing hard. Trying to warm up.

Claire spots a suitcase on the bed. Empties it, spilling clothes all over. Finds two sweaters. Tosses one to Jake, slides the other on.

JAKE

We're stealing these?

CLAIRE
Borrowing. Let's go.

They head toward the door. But we stay on the pile of clothes. Drifting toward a black knit object on the ground... A SKI MASK... like the one we saw in the flashback.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN TUNNEL - AFTERNOON

A dark, leaking corridor. Pipes groan. Water drips. There's nothing moving down here... nothing... until:

A flashlight beam cuts through the blackness -- it's Mason -- he stumbles along -- moving with a sense of panic and purpose. He rounds a corner to find:

A LARGE MAN wielding a giant wrench -- using all of his strength to tighten a leaking pipe.

MASON
Been looking for you.

The Large Man turns -- wipes grease from his face.

MASON (CONT'D)
Have you unlocked any of the doors?

The Large Man shakes his head 'no.' Mason considers this.

INT. LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Thousands of books line the shelves. Multi-level. Antique statues. Stained glass windows. Domed ceiling. This place is big enough to have its own zip code.

Sitting on the floor behind a couch are Ellie and Vincent.

Vincent unties Ellie's left shoe -- it's soaking wet and covered in sewage thanks to the flooded bathroom.

He takes a cloth out of his backpack, starts scrubbing her shoe, drying and cleaning it at the same time.

Vincent puts her shoe back on and ties it for her. Then he removes her right shoe and does the same.

Ellie watches this curious boy for a moment as he finished.

Then he takes Ellie's hands and puts them over her eyes. It takes her a second to understand, but she finally gets it -- hide and seek. Vincent takes off running.

Ellie counts to herself. Then: WHISPERS FILL OUR EARS. She opens her eyes and looks around -- no one is there.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Mason enters the kitchen. THE COOK prepares dinner. His sister, THE MAID, scrubs the floors.

MASON

Have you unlocked any doors?

COOK

No.

Mason looks to The Maid. She shakes her head.

MASON

Are you sure?

He's running out of people to ask. He rubs his forehead, frustrated. His eyes make sharp, tiny movements. He's realizing something...

MASON (CONT'D)

I have to turn on the machine.

The Cook and The Maid suddenly stop what they're doing and stare at him.

And Mason exits -- man on mission.

INT. LOBBY - SAME TIME

TINK. A bloody piece of metal drops into the oven tin, the slug from the unconscious girl, definitely wasn't fired from a modern weapon.

Luke applies pressure to the girl's abdomen, soaking up the blood. Eva stitches up the wound.

Luke studies the unconscious girl -- her pale face -- her purple lips.

LUKE

She needs a hospital.

EVA

I know, be a miracle if she makes it through the night.

Eva dumps alcohol on her hands. Cleans off the blood.

LUKE

Thank you, for helping.

EVA

Don't thank me yet.

Luke rinses the blood off his hands -- dries them. There's a bit of blood on his wedding band -- he scrubs it clean. Eva notices, turns away. A moment, then:

LUKE

I'm Luke.

EVA

Eva.

LUKE

So earlier when I asked if you were a doctor...

EVA

I'm not.

Luke waits. He wants more.

EVA (CONT'D)

I was a medic. Army. Another life.

Eva pulls a blanket over the girl.

EVA (CONT'D)

Where do you think she came from? Who did this to her?

LUKE

I was wondering the same thing.

A silent moment as Luke and Eva stare at The Girl in Gray.

INT. LIBRARY - SAME TIME

Claire and Jake enter. The search for Ellie continues. Jake kneels by a wet shoe print.

JAKE

I think she's in here.

Finally a lead.

CLAIRE

Check over there!

Claire and Jake split up to cover more ground.

Claire moves through the labyrinth of bookshelves. She sees a shape move ahead -- calls out:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Ellie!

Of course Ellie can't hear her. Claire runs -- reaching an intersection of sorts.

She looks around. Eyes flicking down each aisle...

Empty. Empty. Empty. Vincent.

Claire is frozen. Vincent is staring at her. His blue eyes never blinking. Claire slowly approaches the boy, careful not to startle him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hi... I'm Claire. What's your
name?

Vincent says nothing. Claire takes a few steps toward him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I'm looking for my sister. She's
about your age. Have you seen her?

Vincent says nothing. Claire takes another step. He bolts--

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Wait!

Claire chases after him -- reaches the end of the aisle.

Vincent is gone.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LIBRARY

Jake scans aisle after aisle -- he could spend the next week in here and never search the whole place.

THE FAINT SOUND OF: *Ding... Ding... Ding...*

It's coming from outside...

Jake nears a window. Stares out through the storm. Searching the darkness.

He can just barely see the frozen lake and the cross of the church tower pushing up through the ice...

And then he sees something else... the faintest outline of FIGURES moving through the storm. Dozens of them.

No features. Just silhouettes. So eerie. Jake raises his camera to snap a picture. But as fast as they appeared... they're gone. He stands there, registering what he just saw.

INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Mason stands before a battered, old door. He fumbles with his key ring, scanning the dozens and dozens of keys.

He finds the right one. Unlocks the door and enters:

INT. MASON'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

A dark, windowless space. He drags a wooden chair across the room. Positions it in front of a decaying desk with an antique TELEGRAPH MACHINE on it.

Takes a seat. Straightens his back. There's a ritual to this. Something he's done many times before.

THE HUM OF THE MACHINE POWERING ON.

Mason taps the Morse key...

Click Click Click Click Click Click Click...

AS WE SLAM TO BLACK.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Rain falls hard. The red and blue pulses of a police cruiser light up the night. The sound of a car door opening...

And through the rain we see Luke stumbling down the ravine, feet sloshing in thick mud.

LUKE
Sarah! Claire!

He reaches the scene of the accident. The overturned Nissan's one remaining headlight shines through the rain. PARAMEDICS work to pull the driver side door open.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Sarah!

MOANING from nearby. Luke turns to find Claire strapped to a gurney, another PARAMEDIC tends to her. He staggers over, drops his knees in the mud--

LUKE (CONT'D)
Hey...

Claire looks up at him. Eyes lidded.

CLAIRE
Dad...

LUKE
You're okay, you're gonna be okay.

He puts his hand on her cheek.

CLAIRE
W-where's mom?

Good question. Luke eyes the paramedic. His look says everything. Luke glances back at the overturned car.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Don't go.

LUKE
I'll be right back.

Luke sloshes over to the car where paramedics are struggling with the driver side door. He pushes in front of them...

LUKE (CONT'D)
MOVE!

Sees Sarah hanging upside down. Her hair wet and matted. Blood drips from various cuts. Her eyes blink softly.

Luke reaches out and takes her hand.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Hey baby -- I'm right here, I'm right here...

She just blinks at him. Blood dripping up her forehead.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I'm getting you out of here, we're going home.

(to the paramedics)

Help me!

Luke uses every ounce of strength in his body as he tries to pry open the driver side door. But the car is too damaged. It's not going to work... he can't get her out through here.

PARAMEDIC

Sir, it's not safe we need to stabilize the vehicle first.

Luke moves around to the front of the car. The windshield is spider-cracked in a million places. He SMASHES his foot through glass -- creating an opening. Climbs inside...

Glass crushing beneath his hands -- breaking skin -- he doesn't even care.

Tries to unbuckle the seat belt. It's stuck. He pulls out a folding blade -- flicks it open -- saws the belt off Sarah.

LUKE

I need a hand!

The paramedics crawl in next to him and together they lower Sarah onto the roof of the car.

PARAMEDIC

Hold c-spine, don't let her neck move.

They carefully lift her out of the vehicle.

Luke sits on the wet ground -- holding his wife while one the paramedics treks up the hill for another gurney.

A tender moment as Luke holds Sarah, looking into her eyes. And she looks right back at him.

LUKE

Everything's gonna be okay. We're going home -- we're going home.

Rain and tears and blood stream down their faces.

Luke watches his wife slip away...

And in the mud, on a rainy Friday night in December, Sarah Brenner exhales her final breath.

SMASH BACK TO --

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT - **PRESENT**

Luke stands at the window looking out at the storm. This weather hasn't let up a single moment since they got here.

Eva approaches -- stands beside him.

EVA

First time I decide to take a bus and this happens.

Luke understands her frustration.

LUKE

Where were you headed?

EVA

Tucson. What about you?

LUKE

Seattle.

EVA

What's there?

LUKE

A new start.

Eva glances down as Luke fidgets with the gold wedding band on his finger. A long moment, then the sound of FOOTFALLS. Luke turns to find Alison approaching.

ALISON

Can I talk to you for a second?

Luke moves away from Eva -- the conversation gets quiet.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I found those guys, I thought maybe they could help us.

Luke studies her face.

ALISON (CONT'D)
They're not cops. They're
something else. I gotta bad
feeling about them.

LUKE
Let's keep this between us.

Alison nods. Okay.

ALISON
She gonna make it? The girl?

LUKE
I don't know.

Alison's eyes stay on Luke a moment too long. She realizes it, breaks her look.

ALISON
Let me know if there's anything I
can do.

Alison leaves. Luke's still thinking about what she just said. Eva approaches from behind.

EVA
What was that about?

LUKE
Nothing.

EVA
Didn't sound like nothing.

She knows he's lying -- doesn't push it.

EVA (CONT'D)
I'll take the first watch. You
should clean up -- get some rest.

Luke glances down at the girl's blood on his shirt.

LUKE
You sure?

Eva nods.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

And Luke's gone, crossing the lobby, leaving Eva alone by the window.

He makes his way to the fireplace in the far corner. Searches the area. Doesn't see his girls.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Jake moves down row after row of bookshelves. Lost in the maze. Calling out:

JAKE

Claire!

He picks up the pace, turns down another aisle.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Claire!! Where are you!?

He moves down another row. Stops. Claire sits on the ground, back against a shelf. Thousand yard stare. Jake registers her broken look. Takes a seat beside her.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You okay?

Claire doesn't answer. She's not.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Talk to me.

(still nothing)

We're not gonna find your sister sitting here--

CLAIRE

Why are you helping me?

Jake stares into her eyes--

JAKE

Because.

CLAIRE

Because isn't an answer.

The energy between them is palpable as they hold looks. This is usually the moment where they'd kiss... but they don't.

JAKE

I think it's time for you to tell your dad.

She hates to admit it, because to her it means she failed.

CLAIRE

I know.

Jake gets to his feet. Reaches his hand down.

JAKE

C'mon.

She takes his hand, he pulls her up. They're standing close together. But Claire breaks the connection.

They move down the aisle of books toward the exit.

INT. BRENNER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Luke pulls off his bloody shirt. Studies it a moment. Takes a seat at the edge of the bed. Buries his face in hands.

LUKE

(a trembling whisper)

I don't know if I can do this
alone.

He's talking to his wife.

Emotion tremors through him -- he's been fighting it back for weeks -- maybe months -- and now here it is. He hardens. Moves to his suitcase. Digs a shirt out. Slips it on.

Buried at the bottom of the suitcase is the file we saw earlier. He takes it out. Studies the faded cover for the longest time... opens it. This is a police file.

Flips through various photos -- we get glimpses of his wife's upside down Nissan in the mud...

He turns to a series of B&W security cam images of two masked thugs robbing a bank. There's a red "X" over one of the robbers. Over the other is a circle with a question mark.

Something changes in Luke's eyes as he studies the photos -- anger, guilt, and sadness waging a war inside of him.

We get the sense that this case, this file, is an obsession -- an anchor tethering him to a hurtful past -- a past he's running away from... or at least trying to.

We understand so much about Luke in this moment...

FRANTIC KNOCKING ON THE DOOR

Luke slides the file back in his suitcase -- opens the door -- revealing:

Claire and Jake. Claire's on the verge of tears.

LUKE (CONT'D)
 Claire? What is it? What's wrong?

CLAIRE
 Dad I'm -- I can't find Ellie.

Panic festers in Luke.

LUKE
 What do you mean?

CLAIRE
 I--

LUKE
 You were supposed to be watching
 her--

CLAIRE
 I know, I know, I--

Claire and Jake move aside as Luke exits out into the:

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Claire and Jake fall in behind him -- trying to keep up.

LUKE
 Where'd you last see her?

CLAIRE
 In the lobby -- she was sleeping.

LUKE
 When?

CLAIRE
 I don't know... I can't remember.
 Few hours ago--

Luke stops -- turns back to Claire.

LUKE
 A few hours ago?

Claire doesn't say anything. Doesn't know what to say. And Luke is moving again -- Claire and Jake rushing to keep up.

CLAIRE
 I think she might have gone off
 with that boy. The one from the
 bus.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I saw him in the library, they
might have been playing or
something.

LUKE
Where's the library?

CLAIRE
It's in that long hallway past the
bathrooms, downstairs.

They round a corner and start down the:

SPIRAL STAIRCASE

Luke's heart slams in his chest as he bounds down the steps.
Claire and Jake right behind him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Do you think she's okay?

LUKE
Go to the lobby, ask if anyone's
seen her. Find the driver or
someone who was on the bus. Find
out who that kid was traveling
with, see who knows him.

They reach the bottom of the stairs.

CLAIRE
Dad.

Luke plants his feet -- turns back.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I'm -- I'm sorry...

LUKE
It's not your fault.

A beat as Luke takes in his own words -- a hard truth hitting
him at his core. He was so busy helping The Girl in Gray
that he neglected his own daughters.

Luke buries the emotion -- keeps moving.

Claire watches him disappear down the hallway. And Jake
watches her... he puts a hand on her shoulder...

JAKE
Come on.

INT. MASON'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Mason sits in front of the telegraph machine. Waiting. Its been awhile... suddenly:

Tick tick tick tick tick tick tick...

Incoming message.

Mason takes out a metal device -- like a sundial -- numbers and letters of various arrangements cover the surface in complex combinations -- this is a decoder.

Mason begins translating the message.

He writes the letters:

F I N D

As we CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - SAME TIME

Jake makes his way from person to person -- holding out Claire's cell phone -- a picture of Ellie and her mother huddled together on the screen. He asks:

JAKE

Have you seen a little girl, she's ten, wearing a dark blue jacket.

So far no one has seen her. He keeps asking.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LOBBY

Claire spots a man wearing a shirt with the logo of the passenger bus on the back -- Wagner.

She races over to him. Wagner turns.

CLAIRE

My dad told me to find you. Said you could help me. We're looking for my sister.

WAGNER

You Luke's kid?

Claire nods.

WAGNER (CONT'D)

I saw her earlier, asleep near the fire. But that was a while ago.

CLAIRE

What about that young boy, the one
from your bus? Have you seen him?
Do you know who he was traveling
with? Maybe we can ask them...

A moment as Wagner considers this. Then:

WAGNER

There wasn't a boy on my bus.

Off Claire's confused look we CUT TO --

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Vincent covers his eyes with both hands -- counting to
himself. Still playing hide and seek.

After a moment he drops his hands -- his blue eyes staring
right at us -- something unsettling about them. He starts
down the hallway.

OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR

Ellie is searching for a place to hide. She tries all of the
doors, they're locked.

She keeps moving -- reaches a dead end. An empty wall with
faded wallpaper.

She looks around -- searching -- there's nothing -- no place
to hide.

She turns back to the empty wall -- freezes -- staring at:

A BLACK DOOR

It wasn't there a second ago. Where did it come from? Ellie
studies the door's smooth, almost mineral like surface.

The numbers 528 scratched into it. This is room 528.

Ellie reaches out -- as her hand nears the door, tiny ripples
move across the surface, like a still pond disturbed by a
pebble.

WITH VINCENT

As he stops at the end of the hallway -- watches Ellie
standing in front of the door -- her back to him. His eyes
remain still -- emotionless as always.

INT. MASON'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Mason is finishing translating the message. His pencil scraping across the paper. He's done. A moment as he stares down at the decoded text...

And now we see what the message says:

FIND THE KEY. BRING THE GIRL.

INT. LOBBY - SAME TIME

Eva inspects the girl in grey's stitched up wound -- not looking good.

Eva covers the girl up with a blanket. It's cold. She needs to stay warm. Then she spots the girl's jacket on the floor. Picks it up. Shakes off the snow. Something falls out of the pocket -- clatters to the ground.

Eva stares down at:

AN OLD KEY

The same one we saw in the opening teaser. She picks it up, holding it in her palm...

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

HANDHELD CHAOS as Luke bolts down the hallway, searching every open room -- pounding on locked doors. Can't find Ellie. He's in a full panic now. Adrenaline peaking.

Luke sees something up ahead -- a young boy in the far distance -- Vincent.

And then he notices Ellie.

A moment of relief -- but only a moment. Because now he sees the strange doorway that she's standing in front of.

And Luke's full out running, calling out for:

LUKE

Ellie!

But she can't hear him.

CLAIRE AND JAKE

Round a corner, skid to a stop. They see Luke racing down the corridor. Up ahead -- Claire sees her sister...

WITH ELLIE

As she looks into the dark void before her -- a staircase descends into nothingness -- rippling like water.

UNINTELLIGIBLE WHISPERS coming from inside -- drawing her in. She takes a step forward -- crossing the threshold...

WITH LUKE

Hurtling down the hallway -- watching as Ellie disappears into the dark abyss.

He blows past Vincent -- barreling right toward the doorway...

Ten feet away... five feet... two...

And the liquid doorway solidifies and fades into the wallpaper.... fucking impossible.

Luke skids into the wall -- a moment of utter confusion -- and then he begins pounding the wall, relentless, the skin around his knuckles splitting with each hit, as he calls out:

LUKE (CONT'D)
Ellie! Ellie!

CLAIRE AND JAKE

Are frozen. Standing there. Trying to make sense of what just happened.

And as Luke continues to pound the wall, Vincent just watches. His face: still and empty. Off his blue eyes we --

SMASH TO **BLACK**.

THE END