

EXT. OLD TOWN / PORTLAND, OREGON - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A classic old town, literally and figuratively, where the Willamette bends, where Pioneer Square casts ornate brick and other finely crafted buildings in every direction.

Building facades with curious patterns and stone features that say people used to give-a-damn all those years ago. You can see it in the old metal framed windows with tightly joined corners that feature doohickeys everywhere.

A look, this mysterious and established, tells a story about the long-forgotten souls who made it.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside one of these brick buildings is an office of eclectic tastes oozing loft sensibilities, tasteful lighting, art on painted brick walls, antiques, and hardwood.

Behind a large ornate desk sits DR. ELLEN JACOBS (50s), black, with a heavy South African accent.

ELLEN

Long work history, no referral.  
First name Gus, last name Severs.  
Is that right?

In an antique chair, staring out the window, a million miles away, is Gus Severs, in his (40s), white. He's completely lost in thought, not hearing a word Ellen said.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Gus?

GUS

Yeah, sorry.

ELLEN

I'll take that as a yes. You want me to put this through your company benefits?

GUS

No.

ELLEN

People do this every day. It's nothing to worry about.

GUS

Cash. No records, please.

Ellen's eyebrows rise, setting Gus' papers out of reach on the large ornate desk before easing back into her chair.

ELLEN

What brings you here today, Gus?

Gus stares out the window, lost in thought.

GUS

It's. I don't know.

ELLEN

This isn't about knowing.

GUS

I don't know where to start.

ELLEN

Start somewhere. Anywhere.

Gus examines Ellen's eyes, unable to speak. It's clear going anywhere is painful. His eyes slowly close.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FOYER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A dark foyer of a rundown, once grand home, minimal light framing a dual spiral staircase under a dome. Gus is in the middle of chasing something making noise, knocking things over. His revolver up, searching.

GUS

This is my house!

Something darts across the room in front of Gus. Something translucent, not a human. Gus fires two rounds.

GUS (CONT'D)

Get out! You don't belong here!

(shouts)

YOU HEAR ME! SAY SOMETHING!

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Gus rounds the corner, looking down a long hallway off the kitchen. A translucent force is moving a large cabinet toward a hallway door.

GUS

HEY!

Gus empties his revolver into the cabinet, trying to break it apart.

GUS (CONT'D)  
YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!

He tosses the useless weapon and runs toward the door, putting himself between the cabinet and the door. A physical battle between Gus and the force pushing the cabinet ensues.

GUS (CONT'D)  
No..! You can't do this..! What are you?

A desperate battle, Gus smashing the cabinet, pushing back. The force desperately pushing back.

GUS (CONT'D)  
You don't talk, you don't exist!  
The only thing that exists is the here and now!

The statement angers the force, pausing for a second, allowing Gus to push the cabinet back a couple feet.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Yeah, that's right! This isn't happening!

Gus stops pushing, thinking he's won.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Just leave me alone.

The entity in Gus' home gathers a renewed energy of its own, glowing brighter than before. Gus is awestruck.

GUS (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing?!

The entity's force blasts the cabinet into Gus, throwing him into and through the hallway door.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Gus remains motionless in the chair, his eyes still closed, now slowly opening. He finds Ellen at her desk before he slowly looks away again.

GUS  
I don't believe in stuff like this.

Ellen tilts her head.

ELLEN  
Believe in what, Gus?

GUS  
(struggles)  
It doesn't make any sense.

ELLEN  
I talk to people about things that  
don't make sense for a living.

GUS  
I bet you've heard a thing or two.

ELLEN  
I have.

Gus remains frozen, lightly exhaling.

ELLEN (CONT'D)  
Take me back to when you felt  
normal.

He tries to settle, wildly gazing out the window.

GUS  
I don't know what normal is  
anymore.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A.M. MANUFACTURING - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A retrofitted older building among other manufacturing and  
industrial supply firms not far from Old Town.

Super: Two Weeks Ago

INT. A.M. MANUFACTURING / PRODUCTION LINE - DAY

The older building has been transformed into a semi-sterile  
production line with a small assembly crew working in an  
organized fashion, finding Gus in a hair net.

Co-workers, ALAIN, French European, (50), and MARIO, Italian,  
(40s) argue over details, receiving Gus' parent like gaze.

ALAIN  
See this. I hate this. It's not  
going to last.

MARIO

You think it's going to the moon or something? Relax.

ALAIN

I get tired explaining your shit work.

MARIO

Shit work. Says who?

ALAIN

If the product fails, we don't get contracts.

MARIO

It only has to outlast the attention span of the average North American, which is like a gnat.

ALAIN

You think they get away with this in China?!

Gus drops his head briefly, like, *not again*.

GUS

Guys! We got work to do.

MARIO

In China, they have..  
(making quotations)  
Accidents.

Mario winks at Gus, thinking it's funny.

GUS

Yeah, well maybe they got it right with that iron fist thing over there. You ever wonder?

ALAIN

Now two of you think you're being funny. This isn't funny.

MARIO

I'm not an Italian robot, anymore than you're a French technician.

Alain wants to get in his face, causing Gus to erupt.

GUS

Guys! It's over. Get back to work.

ALAIN

(to Mario)

How many times do I have to tell  
you, we're at war here.

JESSICA, a Chinese American (30s), chimes in.

JESSICA

Isn't there a workplace policy  
against racism here? Do I need to  
file a grievance or something?

ALAIN

Can you just please tell him that  
they don't take afternoon naps in  
China like they do in Italy.

JESSICA

That's not helping, Alain. None of  
us are perfect, not even you.

Gus stares into space, boiling under the surface.

MARIO

Eh, I tell you something, Alain the  
perfectionist! You won't win no  
war against the Chinese if don't  
stop obsessing like a little French  
girl.

(mockingly twirls)

Oh bonjourno Alaino!

Jessica laughs and throws sponge pieces at Mario and Alain,  
then launches into a tirade in Cantonese.

ALAIN

See.. She said I was right!

JESSICA

I said you're both morons!

The three of them laugh at each other, finding Gus who is  
anything but laughing. It all stops.

GUS

Back to work. Last time.

The trio settles back into working at their stations, holding  
back their snickers.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

In the afternoon light just before four, Gus exhales and watches a transit bus stop before stepping aboard. He's surrounded by a melting pot of people from everywhere.

INT. TRANSIT BUS - DAY

The back of the bus is crowded. The end of the morning shift for most. The beginning of the afternoon or evening shift for others. Gus' head rests against the window.

His eyes almost never blink, mesmerized by what he sees outside.

Ethnic food stores and customers.

Kids of every variety playing.

The addicted and homeless huddled in doorways and tents.

Community support workers trying to help the helpless.

A police car with its lights flashing and the sound of an ambulance.

Gus' attention turns toward the patrons around him in the bus. A collage of every race and different social classes.

People with various issues. Some who are happy, and most who aren't.

People with addiction issues and people who are beaten down by terrible jobs and no future. It isn't pretty.

Gus' brooding look is that of a man trapped. With a final exhale he pulls the life cord and stands.

The halting bus, swishes fresh air into his escaping face, trailed by a pair of others.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Only a couple blocks on the better side of chaos, Gus is free in the relative quiet. The couple behind splits, all going separate ways.

At the base of a moderate incline sits Chartwell Drive, scribed on a metal sign with doohickies, bringing attention to the area's heritage district.

Gus throws a pack of worry over his shoulder and begins his daily ascent up the hill while he initiates a phone call. No answer. Leaving a message, he keeps walking.

GUS

Kath, it's Dad. Just on my way up the hill. I keep dreaming that one day you're going to answer.

(he thinks)

I miss you. I'm not giving up on you. I care. I miss your mother too. If there was anything I could have done, I would have done it.

(frustration)

Forgive me, curse at me, whatever you need. Just call. Please.

He ends the call, continuing up the hill.

Chartwell Drive is dotted by homes that are old, renovated, mostly beautiful, and some that are creepy looking.

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

At the top of the drive is a peculiar hump that affords vistas of the drive, the river, and Old Town. On that hump is a run down heritage home that used to be classic.

Gus pauses at the walk of the home with its stone foundation, stone fencing, iron accents, and a classic gate entry. It's now a shadow of a once well-loved home that has long lost its luster.

He makes another call, waiting for an answer.

GUS

Ma. How yah doin'?

His head dips, getting an earful.

GUS (CONT'D)

Woah, slow down, okay. Just take it easy.

A tirade on the other end continues.

GUS (CONT'D)

I just called her! She didn't pick up. What was I supposed to do?!

Gus spins, exasperated.



GUS (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, well I'm callin' ta see if  
 maybe yah can help smooth things  
 over a little.

The voice of his mother gets louder and louder.

GUS (CONT'D)  
 Okay, fine. I get it! Can yah  
 talk ta Kath for me, that's all I'm  
 askin'!

The call abruptly ends, Gus letting a stained expression as  
 he lowers the phone.

GUS (CONT'D)  
 Great. Thanks Ma. Thanks for  
 helpin' out.

As Gus ambles toward the stained stone wall near the mailbox  
 by the front gate, a pitted metal plaque from long ago reads,  
 "CHARTWELL HOUSE".

He fetches mail from the box and thumbs through it. A couple  
 bills and at least two flyers from local contractors hawking  
 restoration services.

The heavy metal gate groans when Gus pushes it toward the  
 house, offering a grand reveal of overall neglect.

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FRONT YARD - DUSK

The rundown spookiness of the home's style and setting  
 contrasts glimmers of elegance from the past.

Gus' phone chortles, creating an anxious response before he  
 answers.

GUS  
 Hello.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - DUSK - INTERCUTS

Gus' co-worker, Jessica, protects her phone from bad trumpet  
 playing noise from the adjacent apartment. Her conversation  
 with Gus INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY

JESSICA  
 Hey Gus, it's Jessica.

Gus wanders through the neglected garden area showing weight.

GUS

Hey, Jess. I hope everything is okay. Today was a day.

Gus listens, seeing stone that's dark and mossy. Seeing sculpted garden features that are faded.

JESSICA

It can't be easy keepin' us all in line. You're a good boss.

GUS

You're right, it's not easy sometimes.

The kid on the trumpet next door to Jessica is making a crazy bad squelching sound while Gus pauses at a once elegant garden bed with nothing alive unless impossible to kill.

JESSICA

(protecting her ear)

The kid next door is killing me with that sound he's making. You wanna meet me somewhere?

Gus stops at the bottom of the front steps, taken aback by the offer and the somewhat grimy exterior.

GUS

I should. My daughter never picks up my calls and my own mother hung up on me tonight.

JESSICA

Okay. Let's go. What does Gus do when he's not being a line boss?

GUS

Jess, we work together. It's not something. I don't think it's a good idea.

JESSICA

Why not? You should get out of your head once in a while.

GUS

Yeah. Why's that?

JESSICA

You might expand your horizons, meet someone new.

GUS

There's a lot of people who want nothin' ta do with me right now.

JESSICA

Hey, I just asked you out.

GUS

You ever think the world's just broken beyond repair?

JESSICA

Don't go there. Let's go for a beer, or something to eat.

GUS

Jess, you're a good worker and I like you. But it's just not my style.

JESSICA

Your style. Okay. What's your style?

Gus is lost in thought. He gazes upwards, as if discovering for the first time the enduring quality of his home with doohickies in the details and its sculpted features.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Earth to Gus. Are you there?

GUS

Yeah. I'm here. My style is keepin' to myself.

JESSICA

All the time?

GUS

Nobody can hurt me this way. Or piss me off.

JESSICA

You need to lighten up.

GUS

Actually, I need to go. Thanks for reaching out, I appreciate it.

Gus terminates the call.

Jessica's miffed by the sudden end to the call.

JESSICA  
I take it all back!

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / PORCH - DUSK

Gus' key engages an old lock in a creaky door embedded with exquisite trim, framing a frosted glass window.

A gothic angel sculpted into the glass would be beautiful if it were clean and didn't have tacky blinds shuttered on the other side.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FOYER - DUSK

The foyer is open and unkept with stacks of newspaper, recycling, and a couple fitness machines that work as a coat rack and something to lean stuff against.

Looking past the home pollution, the construction is still beyond quality with the dual sweeping staircase to the upper floor under a small dome that was once opulent.

A dusty grand chandelier hovers as a centerpiece over books mixed with unused home litter on the stairs with the original red stair runner still intact.

Gus deposits the reno bulletins on a random table, as if thinking his whole life pattern might change when it hasn't in the past and likely won't in the future.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / KITCHEN - DUSK

Entering his kitchen, Gus twists his neck, stressed from his recent exchanges. Plucking a beer out the fridge, he cracks it before taking a drink at the counter.

Gus stands there for what seems like a long time, staring out the window. Counters in a semi-chaotic state, dishes, jars, food boxes, not horrendous, just a single working guy's home.

He sits his phone on the counter, activating another call, this one on speaker. Something he's done before, the phone rings. His conversation with Mary INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

INT. MARY'S PLACE / KITCHEN - DUSK

Gus' ex, MARY (40s), answers. She's in Gus' league of making poor decisions. A male on the losing end of the scale nearby, she's moved on, but not for the better. Her conversation with Gus INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

MARY  
How you doin'?

GUS  
I've been better.

MARY  
I'm trying. She's on'er own now.  
I can't expect her not to have her  
own mind.

GUS  
I told her if there was anything I  
could have done to fix things, I  
would of.

MARY  
She reminds me of you.

Gus takes a drink of his beer.

GUS  
Thanks.

MARY  
How's everything at the house?

GUS  
Still big and empty.

MARY  
Why don't you sell.

A sore spot for Gus, taking another drink.

GUS  
Why's everything so hard?

MARY  
Quit doom scrolling and get out  
once in a while.

GUS  
You think that'll fix everything.

MARY  
It won't hurt. I worry about you  
sometimes.

GUS  
Yeah.  
(looks around)  
This house was going to be for all  
of us. Even Ma.

Mary's followed somewhere more private.

MARY

Gus. I never wanted to hurt you.

GUS

I gotta go.

Gus terminates the call, throwing the rest of the beer back, immediately fetching another beer out of the fridge.

He stands motionless at the window again, lost in some sort of meditative state.

Just when it feels creepy, he finds a set of keys hidden in a jar in front of him and exits the kitchen.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - DUSK

Gus saunters with dangling keys in the dank hallway, stops at a door he unlocks, then slips inside. Closing and locking the door behind him, it's something familiar to him.

Slowly, we slide further back from the door until we can see the entire length of the dark hallway with only a sliver of light escaping from under the door where Gus is.

Music that sounds angry begins to blare.

In the hallway, you get the impression something is moving without seeing anything. Pinned notices and papers on a pair of bulletin boards begin to move, looking like a breeze.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

On the kitchen counter, one of the mail pieces just placed there moves slightly, followed by the empty beer can.

Something out of the ordinary, something unexplainable just happened. The sound of Gus' angry music stops.

Activity in the kitchen stops with the sound of the hall door opening, closing, then locking before Gus' entry.

He's flustered, pulling a few vegetables out of the fridge with a few dry ingredients from a cupboard.

In the middle of chopping, adding ingredients, and then stirring the beginnings of soup on the stove, Gus pauses.

The sound of the floor creaking in the hall gets his attention. Gus freezes and listens, hearing it again.

Armed with the knife, he moves to peer up and down the hall, seeing nothing.

Gus moves back to the kitchen counter, finding a small picture of Alain, his co-worker, on the counter.

Spooked, Gus turns the stove off, throws his coat on before exiting the kitchen.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gus quietly unlocks the hallway door, enters briefly, exits with a revolver, stuffing a box of bullets in his pocket.

Making sure the door is locked again, his gun raised, Gus tries to turn on some lights. One works, the rest flicker.

GUS

Alain! Is that you?!

No answer. We follow Gus' search of the main floor.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dim light spills in from the street before Gus activates a wall switch and illuminates old electric flickering wall candles that were once elegant, now creepy.

Hardwood walls, built in cabinetry, shelves for books, mostly empty, dusty, and without life for a long time. The noise invites Gus to rediscover these rooms again.

Gus passes through the empty room, exiting.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Another empty room, the walls dingy, the trim elegant, everything in need of paint and restoration.

Once elegant bay windows illuminated by flickering sconces, a once amazing fireplace sided with exquisite carpentry.

Gus pauses to listen, looking slowly up at the sound of creaking floors from upstairs.

GUS

Eh, Alain! C'mon man, quite joking around!

No response, the creaking continues.

GUS (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry about work today! I  
didn't mean to upset anyone!

Gus looks up, then exits the living room.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FOYER - NIGHT

Gus enters with his eyes fixed on the creaking noise upstairs and his gun raised. He stops between the dual spiraling stairs, framed there in fear.

GUS  
Alain! Look, I'd rather you just  
surrender. I'm armed. Just come  
down here. I won't hurt you.

The steps are louder, more persistent.

GUS (CONT'D)  
I really don't want to hurt you or  
search for you.

No response, more noise and sounds, something crashes.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Okay, that's it! You've left me no  
other choice!

Gus moves to the steps, following him. Each step he takes makes a small creak of its own.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / UPPER FOYER - NIGHT

From the left stairs, Gus tenses, ready to make a loop of the upper floor. Flipping light switches produces more dim light before he moves forward and exits.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / UPSTAIRS BATH - NIGHT

The absolutely old and creepy time capsule bathroom comes into full view. A once elegant bathroom now softly flickers in the light of a mini chandelier.

Gold accents in the crown moldings, aged yellowish paint, large mirrors, and a series of three stained glass windows featuring a spirituality meets nature theme.

Tarnished brass taps, ahead of its time stone counters, a huge curved soaker bath, nothing in sight, letting his guard down for a moment to wonder.



Gus stops and listens. No sound. He turns around into an old garment hanging at body height.

GUS

Ahh!

It scares the life out of him. The noise resumes in the next room. Gus is fixated, sneaking out of the old bathroom.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / UPSTAIRS STUDY - NIGHT

Gus enters, looking behind the door first, turns back to the barely lit room with an antique reading chair, footstool, side table, and a non working table lamp.

An old picture light on an empty wall illuminates scores of built in bookshelves with a few remaining dusty books. Old cardboard is tacked over another trio of windows.

He can hear noises, now in the next room.

GUS

You know, I never figured you to be the vengeful type, Alain.

Gus stealthily exits with purpose.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / UPSTAIRS MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gus enters the dimly lit master bedroom in keeping with the overall elegance, now stained, dusty, and run down. An empty room, Gus quietly examines, looking and listening.

GUS

I'd be lying if I said I didn't sometimes wonder. About you, about a lot of things.

Gus listens, hearing nothing. Struggling to keep his anger in check, he moves to the floral curtains, possibly original. He slowly parts them, shedding dust.

Low light seeps through another large pane of decorative glass, seeing the garden area below. Inserts and carvings depict another angelic theme, clouds, and floral corners.

Creaking resumes again right above Gus' head, slowly lifting it again, looking straight up.

GUS (CONT'D)

You're really going to make me go up there!

(MORE)

GUS (CONT'D)  
C'mon, there's nowhere to go after  
that! Will yah stop this already!

His head drops in frustration, moving to open a period  
crafted door with ornate edging, loudly creaking.

Gus produces a flashlight, seeing undisturbed dust on the  
steps, touching it, easy to disturb, then slowly traces the  
steps up toward the attic, clearly affected.

GUS (CONT'D)  
What the hell.

He exits to begin a slow ascent.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / ATTIC - NIGHT

Gus carefully and slowly searches the creepy attic, seeing  
forgotten dust covered storage, old chests, drop sheets  
covering old fabrics, and an old sewing machine.

He pauses, smelling something strange. With his light and  
gun raised, Gus slowly turns. When all of the sudden, an old  
mannequin in a once elegant dress is shoved toward him.

Gus fires a single round, is knocked down, the mannequin on  
top of him. The sound of footsteps bolting down the stairs  
causes Gus' head to tilt, like, *what the?*

Seconds later, he hears crashing and commotion downstairs,  
then he pushes the mannequin away and bolts down the stairs,  
exiting.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gus enters, finding silverware sprayed across the floor.  
Among the silverware is a small picture of Mario.

He picks up the picture, befuddled, before setting it down  
and retrieving the silverware, frozen in thought.

The silverware is tucked away before Gus collects the photos  
of Alain and Mario and exits.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gus unlocks the room in the hall and enters with the photos,  
shutting the door and locking it.

Something appears from the dining room at the far end of the hall. An unrecognizable translucence slowly moves forward, pausing at the hallway door.

Causing minor physical disturbances, the translucence moves forward and exits just as Gus emerges again with a jacket and hat, locking the door behind him.

Gus exits the house through the garden door at the far end of the hallway with purpose.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A decent bar, not a dive or a fancy bar, but an every person's kind of bar. Gus enters, seeing a table of three male cohorts and approaches. His visit is unexpected.

GUS  
Can I sit down for a minute?

Gus is anxious and stressed, waving the WAITRESS over.

WAITRESS  
What'yah havin'?

GUS  
Whatever they're having. Make it a round.

WAITRESS  
All righty then. A round for the boys.

The three guys are like Gus, mid-40s, blue collar guys. BOB, RED, and PETE, are pretty neutral about Gus' presence.

PETE  
What's new?

GUS  
Not much.

BOB  
Geek saves himself working at small tech firm.

GUS  
Way things are goin', who knows.

RED  
Nothin's changed at the plant?

The dour mood and long gap is unsettling.

GUS  
I got somethin' goin' on at home.

PETE  
Don't we all.

RED  
Tell me about it.

Gus is unnerved, leaning forward, his voice quiet.

GUS  
If yah know anyone that's got a  
beef with me, let me know. We'll  
talk it out.

The guys are a bit mystified.

BOB  
Not here.

GUS  
If yah hear anything, let me know.

PETE  
I think we're all feelin' a little  
uneasy these days.

Gus' intense look down into the table says it's more.

RED  
You okay?

The Waitress comes with their drinks, setting them down. Gus  
waits for her to leave.

GUS  
There's someone keepin' an eye on  
me or somethin'. I don't know who.

BOB  
Still in the mansion on the hill?

A few indifferent smiles. Gus isn't impressed.

GUS  
What's your point?

BOB  
Old houses make a lotta noise.

GUS  
I'm not talkin' about a squirrel in  
the gutter.

PETE  
So, are yah ready?

Some pretty neutral looks are passed around.

GUS  
Getting there.

At the other end of the bar, Jessica's playing pool, crouches to shoot, sees Gus, finishing her shot.

Gus sees Jessica, feeling awkward about their earlier conversation. He gives her a small wave.

BOB  
Who's that?

GUS  
Jessica. Co-worker.

RED  
That's different.

GUS  
I need to talk to her. Enjoy the drinks.

Gus stands.

PETE  
Hey.

GUS  
Yeah.

PETE  
Get yourself ready and take care of it.

GUS  
I'll see you guys again.

Gus leaves the table and slowly makes his way to see Jessica at the pool table, finishing her game with another guy.

When Gus arrives, Jessica lets the tension sit there, still miffed with how their call ended.

GUS (CONT'D)  
I don't wanna interrupt.

Jessica aims to shoot again, sinking a nice shot.

JESSICA  
Neither do I.

Gus watches her line up her next shot, missing this time.

GUS  
I need to talk.

JESSICA  
If you wanna be alone with three  
other guys, I don't care.

The game ends when Jennifer's competitor sinks the eight ball.

GUS  
Can we sit down?

They get a seat together somewhere private.

JESSICA  
Did you think I was trying to trap  
you or something?

GUS  
I'm not good at this.

JESSICA  
Neither am I. You think too much.

GUS  
Thinking's a good thing.

JESSICA  
Not all the time.

GUS  
If I'm not thinking, I can't  
control my circumstances.

JESSICA  
At work, okay. But when you're not  
working, you need to *feel*  
sometimes.

GUS  
I felt all the time until Mary left  
me and my daughter stopped talking  
to me.

Jessica warms slightly.

JESSICA  
You still got parents, friends, and  
siblings don't you?

GUS  
Mom thinks it's all my fault.

JESSICA  
You can't control what other people  
think.

GUS  
Did I upset Alain and Mario?

Jessica smirks, then takes a drink.

JESSICA  
How do you upset people without a  
serious bone in their body?

GUS  
There's something going on at home.

JESSICA  
Like what?

GUS  
There's someone in the house.

JESSICA  
Someone in the house?

GUS  
I found pictures of Alain and Mario  
in my kitchen.

JESSICA  
What are you doing with their  
pictures?

GUS  
I had nothing to do with it.

JESSICA  
Fear messes with your mind.

GUS  
It's an empty house that was  
supposed to be a place to make  
memories.

JESSICA  
Until you start to feel, it's not  
going to change.

GUS  
You think this is in my head?!

Jessica reclines back, wryly smirking.

JESSICA  
There's something in your head.  
What exactly, I'm not sure.

GUS  
I just burned the tape of our  
conversation.

JESSICA  
Okay, man of mystery, next time you  
can be my therapist.

GUS  
Your secrets are safe with me.

JESSICA  
The kid next door should be in bed  
by now.

GUS  
Hey, I'm sorry for shutting you  
down earlier.

JESSICA  
Time to go.

They get up together and leave.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gus enters from the same garden door he used to exit. After he enters and shuts the door, he stands and listens.

GUS  
Hello.

Not a sound. He waits. Nothing.

He moves to the hallway door, unlocks it, slips inside, and locks it behind him. Music is turned up.

The loud and angry sounding music continues.

The translucent glow appears again at the end of the hall near the door, very slowly creeping forward.

It vanishes when it reaches the hallway door.



Sharp and heavy smashing sounds hit everywhere.

It continues, shaking the house.

Gus' music stops. After a pause, he exits, armed and terrified, locking the door behind him.

From a bag over his shoulder, Gus hurriedly attaches a silencer to his weapon.

GUS (CONT'D)  
You obviously don't respect this is  
my house, not yours!

Moving toward the foyer, Gus exits.

Focusing on the hallway door, the knob turns and then shakes, pulls and pushes violently. Something wants in or out.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FOYER - NIGHT

Now in the foyer with flickering lights and darkness, Gus is focused on finding whatever it is. His gun is raised like a trained user.

GUS  
Come on out. I'll show you my  
feelings if that's what you want.

The translucent glowing entity responds, appearing behind Gus, hovering there in silence.

His jacket still on, Gus is suddenly freezing, zipping up the jacket and seeing his breath.

GUS (CONT'D)  
What's happening?

He moves to the thermostat and tries cranking it up, not seeing the entity until he turns back to the foyer.

Gus' first face-to-face meeting with the entity shows his bewilderment and awe.

Gus and the entity seem to try and understand each other.

GUS (CONT'D)  
I'm not sure what kind of a trick  
this is, but you're not real and  
you can't stay here.

The entity slowly moves toward Gus.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Stop! What is this?

It doesn't stop. Gus discharges two silenced rounds that go through the entity into the foyer walls.

Angered, the entity's force pushes into Gus, knocking him down onto the hardwood floor, losing his gun.

GUS (CONT'D)  
You're in my house and you have to go. Now!

The force spins and slides Gus across the foyer floor, slamming him into the wall by the front door.

Gus gets up, stunned, then bolts for the hallway door.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gus scrambles to the hallway door, fumbling for his keys, trying to unlock the door when the force knocks him down and drags him across the floor back into the foyer.

Gus watches his keys get thrown across the kitchen floor on the way by.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FOYER - NIGHT

Gus gets up in the foyer and tries to evade the force, discharging another round to no avail.

Bolting up the stairs, the entity takes after Gus.

Centered at the top of the dual staircase over the foyer, Gus and the entity face off.

GUS  
What stops it?!

He sees an old lamp base with bulb on the floor and moves to pick it up.

But the force now picks Gus up and suspends him over the foyer from above.

GUS (CONT'D)  
What do you want from me?!

The force lets Gus go and he falls to the floor, stopped, and suspended a foot off the ground, unhurt.

After Gus is gently laid on the floor, he guts up and scrabbles back up the steps to get the lamp base.

After he comes back down, he sees it doesn't have a bulb. Gus is fully freaking out, completely full of fear now.

He retrieves his gun, produces his flashlight and slowly opens a door to the basement.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / BASEMENT - NIGHT

From the dark basement looking up, Gus slowly engages each step, his flashlight and gun ready, until he reaches the bottom.

Like he's never taken a really close look at what's in the large basement area, he scans his light across the room, seeing what used to be some sort of work area.

Rows of shelves filled with file boxes, covered by old sheets, and some sort of work desk at the far end.

Nothing there to harm him, he turns his light to a shelf to fetch a dusty extension cord and a couple old light bulbs before making his way back up to the main floor.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FOYER - NIGHT

Gus appears in the foyer, seeing flashing police lights outside.

GUS

Shit.

He quickly screws a bulb into the lamp base, runs the extension cord to the hall outlet and back to the door to light it up.

Gus opens the door, lamp in hand, when he hears the knock.

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / PORCH - NIGHT

Two Officers (50s), OFFICERS HARRIS and MYLES, stand there, guarded and ready looking. Peculiar to them is the sight of Gus standing there with a lamp base and lit bulb.

OFFICER HARRIS

Good evening, sir. Some of your neighbors reported sounds that resemble gunfire.

Gus looks outside, wondering who it might be.

GUS  
The house needs work. I shouldn't  
be hammering so late.

Harris looks at Gus, then OFFICER MYLES, his partner, both a little suspicious looking.

OFFICER HARRIS  
You mind if we step in to see if  
everything's all right.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FOYER - NIGHT

Gus backs away, lamp still in hand. Harris and Myles can't hide their suspicion when they enter. Myles dismounts his weapon, gesturing to bullet holes in the wall.

OFFICER HARRIS  
Put the lamp down and keep your  
hands up. I smell powder.

Gus sets the lamp down, holds out his arms.

OFFICER MYLES  
Have you been discharging a weapon  
inside the house?

OFFICER HARRIS  
Against the wall.

Harris moves Gus against the wall, collecting his gun tucked in the back of his pants.

GUS  
It's registered.

OFFICER MYLES  
I'll search the house.

Myles begins a search.

OFFICER HARRIS  
Is there anyone else in the house?

GUS  
No. But there was an incident  
earlier.

OFFICER HARRIS  
An incident.

GUS  
I apologize. Should of been  
straight from the beginning.

OFFICER HARRIS  
What happened?

GUS  
I heard something and went looking.  
This place gets to me when it's  
dark and I got spooked.

Officer Harris looks away and back.

OFFICER HARRIS  
Spooked. At what?

Gus shudders at his comment.

GUS  
I have no idea.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Myles is searching the living room, behind doors, anywhere  
that's hidden, seeing more bullet marks. He continues toward  
the living room, exiting.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Myles is pretty creeped out by the overall feeling he's  
getting, feeling the extreme chill, smelling something  
strange.

OFFICER MYLES  
What's that?

The translucent haze appears behind Myles, tracking with him,  
then disappears.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / UPSTAIRS BATH - NIGHT

Myles looks quickly around with equal parts wonder.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / UPSTAIRS STUDY - NIGHT

Quickly checking the study, Myles pauses at the door.

OFFICER MYLES  
Place gives me the creeps.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / UPPER FOYER - NIGHT

Myles descends the stairs toward Harris and Gus, meeting them in the foyer.

OFFICER MYLES

What's in the room down the hall?

GUS

It's an office. I keep valuables and a couple registered firearms in there.

OFFICER HARRIS

Can we take a look?

GUS

I don't let anyone go in there.

Harris looks at notes on his phone back from his detachment.

OFFICER HARRIS

Well, mister Severs. Says no priors, no nothing actually.

GUS

I'm really sorry about this. I don't wanna hurt anyone.

OFFICER HARRIS

Your activity here tonight is on record if anything else comes to our attention.

GUS

Have a good night officers.

Gus lets the officers out, slowly shutting and locking the door behind them.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gus' dim side table light is dwarfed by the bright bare bulb he plugs into the lamp base from the foyer, casting light over the previously dim room.

He turns off the dim light and stares into the bright light, trying to comprehend anything that makes sense.

Moments later, Gus is in bed, his eyes still open and the lamp still on.

Later again, Gus is asleep, his eyes closed, and the light still on. The light flickers, then dies, as the illuminating glow comes into Gus' room, passing near him.

The illuminated entity leaves Gus' bedroom and the bulb slowly illuminates again.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - DAY

Gus' head peers out his bedroom door in the morning, looking both ways. He exits carrying the illuminated lamp connected to the extension cord, cautiously moving toward the kitchen.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

Gus enters the kitchen with the lamp. He stops in the middle of the kitchen, confounded.

Slowly scanning the kitchen, Gus sees that the kitchen has been completely reorganized overnight. Everything is in its place. It's completely clean.

His small table and chairs were moved, giving the kitchen perfect feng shui. Gus sits the lamp down. A conflict rages within Gus, afraid he's losing his mind.

He takes his phone out and takes pictures before he moves to the kitchen sink where he runs his finger over the clean surfaces.

A bit later, Gus sits at the table next to the lamp, wearing a jacket, completely silent. A packed lunch and his pack are nearby. He tries taking a sip of coffee, his hand shaking.

INT. BUS - DAY - MOVING

Sitting on the bus, surrounded by many others on their way to work, Gus is completely zoned out in a way we haven't seen in him before.

INT. A.M. MANUFACTURING - DAY

At his work station, Gus is getting ready, unusually withdrawn, beyond normal distraction.

At her station, Jessica's getting ready too, seeing Gus' dank expression.

JESSICA

Morning.

Gus exchanges a brief smile, no answer, turning his head down again.

Mario and Jessica trade glances, something clearly up with Gus.

Then they see Gus' hands shaking trying to setup his station.

MARIO

You okay?

Unable to hide it, Gus looks briefly at everyone.

GUS

I'm not sure.

JESSICA

If it was anything I said.

GUS

It's nothing to do with anyone here.

ALAIN

You don't look so good. What's going on?

GUS

(clearly frustrated)  
I honestly don't know.

ALAIN

If you need to sort something out, we'll be okay.

Gus' eyes dart around, nodding.

GUS

I'm sorry if I offended anyone here the other day. I get a little wound up sometimes when I shouldn't.

No immediate response.

GUS (CONT'D)

We're good, right?

Jessica looks at the others.

JESSICA

It's good with me. It's just, I look around sometimes and we're like the U.N. here. Look at us.



MARIO  
You got that right.

JESSICA  
I mean, I love Alain mostly, but  
sometimes I want to punch his face,  
you know.

The others start to snicker.

MARIO  
Tell me about it.

Alain throws his hands up in mock surrender, sending kisses  
to Jessica.

ALAIN  
As long as we can remain bitter  
rivals.

They laugh together, but Gus' complex anguish is too much.  
He gives up getting ready for his shift.

GUS  
Anyone ever go out to meetings,  
clubs, or special events after  
work?

MARIO  
I fall asleep by nine, after one  
glass of red wine, so I can be up  
by six. I miss going out.

ALAIN  
Making jokes at work is the only  
way I can survive. I go out with  
the dog and that's it.

Jessica looks at Gus with endearment.

JESSICA  
I went out for the first time in  
over six months. And I met you.

Several looks go back and forth. Gus trading a final awkward  
glance with Jessica.

GUS  
See you tomorrow.

They watch Gus leave, like, *what is going on with him.*

EXT. CITY OF PORTLAND ARCHIVES - DAY

On foot, Gus strides ardently on a mission, weaving around people. His pack over his shoulder, Gus turns into the City of Portland Archives building.

INT. CITY OF PORTLAND ARCHIVES / COUNTER - DAY

At the counter, Gus meets the archives' younger female ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT

Can I help you?

GUS

Yeah. Do you have anything on file about Chartwell House?

ATTENDANT

Let me look.

Gus turns away, the Attendant moving back to her computer. Gus doesn't think she'll find anything, wandering away to a window view.

In the background, the Attendant moves to collect a pair of small boxes before returning to the counter. She jots down a series of figures and a note to go with them.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Sir.

Gus returns to the counter, seeing the small boxes and note.

GUS

Microfilm?

ATTENDANT

Readers are to your left.

GUS

Thanks.

INT. CITY OF PORTLAND ARCHIVES / MICROFILM READERS - DAY

Microfilm scrolls quickly past the reader in front of Gus, stopping at an old newspaper clipping. Gus uses his phone to take a picture of the article.

He zooms in and scans across a development application, seeing the lot sketch of his house.

Further scanning reveals that the application is from Frank Chartwell with no additional information.

Racing ahead, a photo shows ground breaking with some local officials and Frank Chartwell. A well dressed woman is periodically in the background of the photos.

Racing ahead, another photo of the house in early stages. It's one of the only places on the hilltop. Frank Chartwell is featured again.

Further ahead, another photo and article showing the house framed with main wall construction happening. It's a detailed photo of the house under construction.

The last lead zooms ahead, discovering an obituary for Frank Chartwell with very little information.

It reads: "Frank Chartwell died on October 9th, 1905, age 74, of natural causes, divorced."

That's the last of the information. Gus ends his search.

INT. CITY OF PORTLAND ARCHIVES / COUNTER - DAY

At the counter, Gus returns the microfilm roll to the Attendant.

GUS

Do you have anything else for Frank Chartwell?

ATTENDANT

I'll take a look.

The attendant spends a moment at her computer after making another note she hands to him.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Digital records. You can use one of the terminals.

GUS

Huh. Okay.

INT. CITY OF PORTLAND ARCHIVES / COMPUTER TERMINAL - DAY

Gus is fixed on an digital article in front of him about Frank Chartwell that reads: "Frank Chartwell charged with embezzlement, attempted murder."

He takes photos of the article using his phone.

The article states that, "Frank Chartwell was found guilty of withdrawing the life savings of his wife, Emily Jenkins, in cash. Chartwell was also found guilty of attempted murder."

It went on to say that, "Emily Jenkins acted in her own defense and won case after promptly divorcing Chartwell. The money was never found and Chartwell was sent to Oregon State Penitentiary for the rest of his days."

Gus ends his session and shuts the terminal off.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

His mind in a million places, Gus' walk home is a catharsis. Referring to his phone for an address, he sees the sign for "Journey Books". Underneath, it reads: "Psychic Readings".

Gus enters the storefront shop.

INT. JOURNEY BOOKS - DAY

A smaller shop crammed with everything you find in a New Age store, from books to minerals, from body energy charts to obscure gizmos.

A middle-aged woman, BETH, with piercing blue eyes, watches Gus wander the aisle. As if she's already reading Gus, her looks toward him are guarded.

BETH  
Can I help you?

Gus sees Beth and feels very awkward in the store.

GUS  
I'm not sure.

He lets a long exhale.

GUS (CONT'D)  
There's something in the house.

Beth squints a little, looking sideways at Gus, nods.

BETH  
Good.

GUS  
Not for me. It needs to go.

BETH  
I see.

GUS  
Is there anything I can do to get  
rid of..  
(another long exhale)  
A spirit, a ghost, or something  
like that?

BETH  
It depends.

GUS  
Depends. On what?

Beth's head cocks just slightly.

BETH  
Maybe you need some sort of other  
help.

Gus is further out of his comfort zone.

GUS  
Like garlic.

Beth holds a neutral expression.

BETH  
Sure.

Gus is creeped out.

GUS  
I should go.

Gus moves to exit the shop, slowly followed by Beth, who  
closely watches Gus exit through the window blinds away from  
her store down the street.

INT. MARKET - DAY

Gus approaches the cashier at the produce market with a  
couple bags of garlic, receiving a strange look from her.

GUS  
I'm into dried foods.

CASHIER  
I see.

Pete, from the bar, sees Gus and approaches.

PETE

Good plan. We dehydrated a bunch  
over the winter.

The Cashier looks at Pete, unhappy, remembering.

CASHIER

This is all we have. If you take  
it all we won't have any left.

PETE

My advice. Take it.

GUS

I'm not dehydrating it.

PETE

You got vampire friends?

GUS

No.

Pete issues a funny vampire impression.

PETE

Good luck gettin' ready.

The cashier is deadpan through the whole thing, lifting her  
eyebrows as Pete exits.

CASHIER

I'm preparing for the weekend,  
that's it.

Gus looks at her, speaking quietly.

GUS

There's something in the house. I  
don't believe in the supernatural,  
but I don't know what it is.

CASHIER

If you leave the garlic behind, I  
might be able to help.

GUS

The house was vacant for some time.

She finds a business card and hands it to Gus.

CASHIER

Josh is the host of the paranormal  
hour. They're always looking for  
ideas.

GUS  
 You ever feel like everything is  
 collapsing around us?

CASHIER  
 I'm a student who works part-time  
 at this market. Talk ta Josh.

GUS  
 I wish I didn't care so much.

CASHIER  
 Try saying, *'it's just something  
 that's happening'*, next time.

GUS  
 Trouble is, my next thought is  
 always, *why?*

With a peculiar expression, the Cashier watches Gus exit  
 without the garlic.

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE - DAY

A lost relic waits for Gus to approach the front walk where  
 he pauses at the gate, seeing the nameplate again before  
 pushing the gate open and entering the garden.

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FRONT YARD - DAY

With his mind racing in every direction, he studies the yard,  
 perplexed, on his way to the front door.

GUS  
 Frank. If you can hear me, you had  
 great taste and style.

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / PORCH - DAY

Gus approaches the front door with his keys open, wondering  
 again what it used to be like when it was new.

GUS  
 I bet you used to spend afternoons  
 on this patio.

He puts a key into the lock and creaks the door open,  
 entering.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FOYER - DAY

Shutting the door behind him, Gus immediately finds the lamp with the long extension cord attached and turns the bright bulb on

GUS

I've been a little off lately and I don't wanna feel this way.

Gus moves toward the kitchen with the lit lamp.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - DAY

Like an explorer in the hallway, Gus looks for signs of the entity, pausing with the lamp raised. Nothing there, he turns into the kitchen.

The translucent glow appears, moving slowly toward the kitchen.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / KITCHEN

The kitchen still feels like a foreign territory to Gus when he enters, slowly scanning everything in a slow turn.

GUS

I don't know everything that went on back in the day. Today, I read you might of had a tussle with the law.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY

The slow moving entity stops in the hallway, just hovers there.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

Gus finds his car keys in the same container as the hallway keys.

GUS

I'm taking a drive down to the prison this afternoon.

Gus moves out of the kitchen with the lamp.



INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY

Entering the hallway with the lamp toward the rear door to the garden, the entity is gone, letting Gus shut the lamp off at the door before he exits.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The I-5 just outside of Salem, Oregon, seeing a sign for Salem exits.

INT. GUS' CAR - DAY - MOVING

Inside a small compact that isn't much, Gus signals to exit the freeway, travelling South from Portland.

EXT. OREGON STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY

Gus passes the prison sign on his way into the complex.

EXT. OREGON DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS - DAY

A large badge like sign quoting, "1859", the year it opened sits outside the yellowish adobe like building where Gus enters.

INT. OREGON DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS - DAY

Gus enters, nervous looking, wanting to ask some delicate questions. He meets an amped up CLERK, organizing a tour that's set to begin for about ten people.

CLERK

Okay everyone, your tour guide today is Ron. He knows this place all too well!

RON, the tour guide, plays it up with morbid dramatics.

CLERK (CONT'D)

He's a part-time actor. He didn't spend any time here.

Gus steps up to the counter during the chuckles while Ron attaches an ear piece and radio.

CLERK (CONT'D)

You're just in time, you can join the group.

GUS

I came to ask about an inmate from a long time ago.

The Clerk is interested, speaking low.

CLERK

I tell you what. Write down his name and I'll send the details to Ron and he'll use it as part of the tour. He does this all the time.

Gus, slightly hesitant, writes, "Frank Chartwell" and slides the note back to the Clerk.

GUS

Thanks.

INT. OREGON STATE PENITENTIARY / OLD WING - DAY

Ron leads the tour folks and Gus into the prison's oldest wing with dull grimy walls that can almost speak themselves, pausing at cell 6A.

RON

This is the oldest wing of O.S.P. Only the best of the best, or the worst, spent time here. It's a horrible place to spend nearly fifty years. But that's what happened to Frank Chartwell.

Gus moves to take a closer look at the cell, seeing some patches on the wall.

GUS

He spent nearly fifty years in here?

RON

The justice system back then had no patience for a man who took all of his wife's money and then beat her to within an inch of her life.

GUS

What else do you know about him?

RON

The patches you see on the wall earned Frank several stints in solitary, and it earned him his nickname, 'The Squirrel'.

GUS  
The Squirrel?

RON  
He used to squirrel things away in  
the walls, from knives to candy.  
He never expressed remorse for what  
he did and it's reported that he  
even relished his time in solitary.  
Now, if you'll follow me.

Gus stands frozen in thought as the tour moves on.

INT. OREGON STATE PENITENTIARY / SOLITARY WING - DAY

Ron's standing in front of the solid metal door plastered  
with heavy rivets and a slit to pass food through. Gus  
stands at the back behind the rest of the tour.

RON  
It says a lot about the condition  
of a man's soul who found no  
remorse for evil deeds and had no  
fear of its consequences.

Ron pulls open the large, extremely noisy and heavy door,  
parting everyone to give Gus full view of its starkness.

RON (CONT'D)  
(looking at Gus)  
Most people can't tolerate five  
minutes in here, and yet mister  
Chartwell used to refer to it as  
his dark vacation after months at a  
time. Care to try?

All eyes are on Gus as he reluctantly moves into the grey  
walled cell with nothing in it but a bucket.

Gus watches the door close, engulfing him in total darkness  
except for the slit in the door.

RON (CONT'D)  
(muffled)  
And this slit would stay closed  
unless you were being fed or told  
to stop singing, which Frank often  
did.

Ron closes the slit, putting Gus in total darkness where he  
can't hear a thing except his own heart beating.

Outside the door, Ron holds up his watch and whispers to the rest of the tour.

RON (CONT'D)  
The record is three minutes. Let's see how he does.

In darkness, Gus' knocks echo eerily in the dark.

The door slowly groans back open, seeing over exposed flooding light and hearing the piercing scrapes of the door.

The tour sees Gus' distant look with mild concern. Ron checks his watch with surprise.

RON (CONT'D)  
Four minutes and forty-five seconds. That's a new record.

Gus wanders back out, his vision and hearing still distorted.

RON (CONT'D)  
Now, if you'll follow me this way, it gets worse yet.

As the tour moves on, Gus is fixed on the door to solitary.

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / BACK LANE - DUSK

Gus' sedan drives into a parking area at the back of the house near a garage sized building at the back of the house.

After Gus gets out his car, he pauses at the door to the small building and unlocks it.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / GUEST HOUSE - DUSK

The door squeaks as it opens. Low light filters in through passable living quarters with windows. Gus finds a light switch.

Light reveals a quaintly appointed apartment style dwelling with lower end finishings, including a small kitchen, dining and living room, bathroom, and a single bedroom.

Gus shuts the light off and exits.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - DUSK

Gus enters from the garden, pauses to look and listen, before picking up the lamp and turning it on with the other lights. He's definitely not comfortable after the prison visit.

GUS

I'm home, Frank. I'm not looking for any trouble. I'm heading out to get some air in a minute.

Gus walks with his lamp into the kitchen, turning on whatever lights will light up.

He gets a beer out of the fridge, his hand shaking a little, then sits down and opens it. He takes a drink.

GUS (CONT'D)

I have so many questions right now.  
(takes another drink)  
You did all this work on the house.  
Yah made this into a monument for your wife. I don't get it.

Transfixed in thought, Gus downs the rest of the beer.

After another bout of staring at nothing, Gus stands with the lamp and exits the kitchen.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - DUSK

Gus makes his way to the garden door again, the entity hovering briefly at the other end.

He shuts the lamp off and sits it on the ground, stalled there for a moment.

GUS

I don't wanna get it. I think that's what I meant. How did you go through all that?

Gus shuts all the lights down and exits again, watched by the translucent presence.

INT. GUS' CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

Gus is driving through a really rough couple of blocks on his way for a bite to eat. Chaos, tents, and disfunction are everywhere.

Traffic is slow to move because of numerous people wandering out onto the street that are high and unaware.

EXT. PORTLAND STREET - NIGHT - INTERCUTS

A small group of about THREE MALES and TWO FEMALES jump in front of Gus' car, nearly getting seriously injured. Interactions with Gus INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

Gus lays on his horn, rolls his window down.

GUS

Get off the road, will yah! Geez.

The group goes ballistic and starts slamming their hands all over Gus' car, forcing Gus to roll his window back up.

They all begin spewing the vilest of language and threats.

MALE 1

Who the fuck, are you, asshole!

MALE 2

Dick head!

FEMALE 1

Watch where you're goin' fuck face!

The other wasted female flashes her breasts.

FEMALE 2

Suck these, you fuckin' idiot.

Horns are blaring now and more are gathering on the street, just total chaos.

Gus discretely removes his weapon from the back of his pants, keeping it low.

His hand shakes, removing the safety.

Gus keeps his head down, avoiding eye contact, clearly nearing a boiling point.

Multiple police sirens burst and flashes appear behind Gus' car. TWO POLICE OFFICERS with Myles and Harris wade into the mele. Police interactions with Gus INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

Gus stuffs the loaded gun under his seat, seeing Officer Harris approaching from the rear.

GUS

Shit.

Gus slowly rolls down his window, expecting Harris, who gets a good look at Gus.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Officer Harris.

OFFICER HARRIS  
Yeah, that's right. Gus Severs.

GUS  
Yes, sir.

OFFICER HARRIS  
Seems like we just met and here you are again.

GUS  
I was just on my way to get a bite.

OFFICER HARRIS  
At some point we start to wonder if it's coincidence or somethin' else.

GUS  
They came out of nowhere! Nobody was hurt. They started hurling insults and smashing the car!

OFFICER HARRIS  
Mister Severs, are you carrying a handgun with you now?

Gus hates the question, trying to stay calm.

GUS  
Ah, c'mon, this isn't fair.

OFFICER HARRIS  
Step out of the car for me.

Gus steps out of the car, standing there.

GUS  
It's under the seat.

OFFICER MYLES  
Keep your hands where we can see them.

A scene is developing around Gus, standing against his car. The other pair of officers move traffic along.

GUS

It's a rotten hell hole down here.  
You know it isn't safe, so give me  
a break.

Harris carefully removes Gus' gun, seeing bullets inside.

OFFICER HARRIS

You got your first strike, mister  
Severs, for improper storage. And  
you had the safety off.

GUS

You ever bust any of these freaks  
taking over the streets?

Harris disarms Gus' weapon and puts the contents into a heavy  
bag held open by Myles, then starts writing a citation.

OFFICER HARRIS

It's not your job to fix humanity,  
mister Severs, but it's our job to  
try and keep everyone safe.

GUS

If this shithole isn't cause for  
the second amendment, I don't know  
what is.

OFFICER HARRIS

I'm writing a citation for a court  
appearance. You keep going, it's  
gonna get worse.

GUS

All right, all right. I'm gonna  
pick up something to eat and go  
straight home.

Myles produces a card and hands it to Gus.

OFFICER MYLES

If you're holding any unregistered  
weapons at home, I'd seriously  
think about giving them up.

OFFICER HARRIS

You don't, and say we stop by one  
day with a warrant, your next stop  
is prison.

Harris finishes the citation, handing it to Gus.



OFFICER MYLES

Keep that number.

Harris and Myles exit the scene, letting Gus back into his car to resume his evening.

EXT. PORTLAND DINER - NIGHT

Gus is standing outside of an old diner with his phone, just after he's dialed.

GUS

Hey, Jess. I'm at the diner near your place. Why don't you stop by.

(listens)

Okay, see you soon.

Gus ends the call and enters the diner.

INT. PORTLAND DINER - NIGHT

At a window seat, Gus is looking at a menu with a cup of coffee, watching the street outside for Jessica. A shady looking PUNK (20s) won't let Jessica past, hassling her.

GUS

Jesus.

Gus bolts for the nearby door to the street.

EXT. PORTLAND DINER - NIGHT

Gus, completely amped, gets between the Punk and Jessica.

GUS

Hey Jess.

Jessica has her phone out.

JESSICA

Gus.

GUS

Put that away for me.

Punk comes toward Gus.

PUNK

Oh yeah.

GUS  
Tough guy! Yah gotta hassle a  
woman do yah!

PUNK  
You wanna go, shit for brains?!

GUS  
I'd rather sit down with my friend  
for a quiet dinner.

Punk spits at Gus, who moves.

PUNK  
There's no love on the streets  
asshole! How do yah think we all  
got here!

Gus looks at Jess, motioning.

GUS  
Go inside.

She does, exiting the fight.

Gus slowly backs up into a dark area away from the diner  
window and into a darkened laneway.

PUNK  
C'mon man, give me a few bucks and  
spare the bullshit!

GUS  
You know, Punk! Hear me out first.  
I've had the shittiest couple of  
weeks you could ever imagine!  
First, my co-workers, from every  
corner of the globe argue over the  
stupidest stuff you can imagine.  
I've been 'getting ready', and you  
don't wanna know what that is.  
Then, I started getting haunted by,  
get this, the ghost of someone who  
took all of his wife's money and  
attempted to murder her.

PUNK  
Man, I just need ten bucks.

GUS  
And this is no average ghost. It  
threw me off a high balcony in the  
house and stopped me from hitting  
the floor with a foot to spare.

(MORE)

GUS (CONT'D)

It makes a ton of racket all the time. And I've even chased it around the house and fired bullets at it.

PUNK

Look, man, I'm just broke. Can yah spare anything at all?

GUS

The only thing I'm trying to spare is a violent response. Jess, who you just met, is an amazing person. But why are we all so different and so fucked up. Like what leads you to wanna threaten and attack a woman for God's sake?

PUNK

It usually works. But I have bad days too, asshole.

GUS

Tell me about it. Right now, I'm having this fantasy about teaching you a lesson.

PUNK

A lesson about what?

GUS

You don't wanna know.

PUNK

Hey man, seriously, are you okay?

GUS

No, I'm not okay. The only reason I'm not doing you in right now is because I stood in a dark cell in solitary confinement for a little under five minutes and it scared the shit out of me.

(raises finger)

And yet, Frank Chartwell, loved it for months. He sang songs in there. He loved it! Makes absolutely no sense.

PUNK

You don't like to sing do you?

GUS

Sometimes.

PUNK  
Fuckin' lunatic!

Punk bolts, running away as fast as he can.

Gus exhales relief and turns back toward the diner.

INT. PORTLAND DINER - NIGHT

Gus quietly joins Jessica inside the diner.

JESSICA  
What happened?

GUS  
Nothing.

JESSICA  
Wha'do'you mean nothing.

GUS  
We chatted about the error of his  
ways and off he went.

Jessica laughs a bit. Both take a look at a menu.

JESSICA  
The error of his ways.

GUS  
And singing.

They finish looking at their menus and sit them down.

JESSICA  
Is everything okay, Gus?

GUS  
It was a busy day.

JESSICA  
I'm a bit worried about you.

GUS  
It's been a strange week or so.

Their SERVER comes by.

SERVER  
What can I get yah?

JESSICA  
Soup and salad. And a water.

GUS  
Salisbury steak. I'll have coffee.  
Black.

SERVER  
All right.

The Server exits.

JESSICA  
Anything you wanna talk about?

GUS  
You ever had experience with  
anything supernatural?

Jessica briefly opens her smile.

JESSICA  
No, but I am relieved.

GUS  
Yeah, why's that?

JESSICA  
We thought it was something more  
serious.

DISSOLVE TO:

GUS  
You think Alain or Mario would ever  
wanna do anything like maybe break  
into my house to scare me or  
somethin' like that?

Jessica chuckles, whiffing it off.

JESSICA  
Alain and Mario? They'd be too  
terrified.

GUS  
About what?

Jessica raises her eyebrows, smirking at Gus, saved by the  
arrival of their food.

SERVER  
Here you are. If there's anything  
else you need, let me know.

The server exits with the food in front of them.

GUS  
Before we eat. Thank you for  
Jessica and this food. Amen.

Jessica looks at Gus.

JESSICA  
You know what my secret is to a  
happy life?

GUS  
Tell me.

JESSICA  
Think happy thoughts, unplug as  
much as you can, keep it simple,  
and get outside.

GUS  
You mean, all the things I'm not  
doing.

JESSICA  
(whispers)  
Gus, you don't have to be so  
serious all the time.

GUS  
So, no one's talked about wanting  
to break into my place and move my  
furniture and personal possessions  
around?

JESSICA  
(quietly)  
Gus, what's going on with you?

GUS  
I honestly don't know.

Jessica gets a serious expression.

JESSICA  
You need to talk to someone.

GUS  
I don't want people in the house.

JESSICA  
You go to a shrink for this kind of  
talk.

It hits Gus pretty hard.

GUS  
Can I talk to you instead?

JESSICA  
You already are.

GUS  
You ever just wanted the world to be like it used to be when we were kids?

JESSICA  
Every day.

GUS  
Isn't there something we can do about it?

Jessica starts to sense his pain.

JESSICA  
I don't think so. No one in history managed to stop change. Many tried, but none succeeded.

GUS  
So. What? We do nothing?

JESSICA  
More like adapt and survive.

GUS  
I'm not sure if I can yet.

JESSICA  
What do you pray about?

GUS  
I pray about stopping the eroding fabric of society, the drugs, and people losing their minds.

JESSICA  
Sometimes I pray about flowers, small bugs, and the hidden world that I don't understand.

GUS  
(uncomfortable)  
When I was a kid, I couldn't stop or sleep until I figured out what was bothering me.

JESSICA

It's a recipe for insanity. You need to rest.

DISSOLVE TO:

Gus lays out some cash for their meals, standing together.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Straight home, happy thoughts, then straight to bed.

GUS

I'm a slave to routine like the rest of us.

JESSICA

See you in the morning.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gus, outside with a small light, unlocks the door and enters before turning on lights that'll turn on. He picks up the lamp base and turns on the light.

GUS

Hey Frank. Guess what? I'm exhausted. Can I ask a favor? It's been a bit nuts lately and I could use a quiet night tonight.

Gus moves into the bathroom off the hall with the lamp.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / BATHROOM - NIGHT

Gus enters the spacious, but less opulent white tiled bathroom with brass fixtures, traditional wall sconce, fixtures in keeping with the home's age and style.

After putting warm water on his face, Gus runs water into the bath he never uses.

DISSOLVE TO:

Gus reclined in the bath covered by bubbles, taking in the silence, also taking in the last number of days.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gus exits the bathroom in his robe, holding the lamp, pausing in the hallway outside his bedroom door.



GUS

I bet this used to be quite the place back in the day.

Gus exits into the bedroom and shuts the door.

EXT. A.M. MANUFACTURING - DAY - MOVING

Follow Gus on his street walk, finding his way to work, buzzing his entry into A.M. Manufacturing with a pass dangling off a neck hanger.

INT. A.M. MANUFACTURING - DAY - MOVING

Follow Gus past a few awkward glances into a locker room where he quickly drops off his jacket and lunch. After he puts on his lab coat and hair net, he exits.

We follow him out onto the manufacturing floor past people we haven't met, turning toward his line group, meeting Jessica.

GUS

Moring, Jess. All set for a great day on the line?

JESSICA

Is that a smile?

GUS

Maybe there is something to the straight to bed thing.

Gus continues toward Mario and Alain.

MARIO

We almost made quota yesterday without you, Gus.

ALAIN

He thinks there's a prize for almost.

GUS

I missed you guys.

Jess follows, the four scattered around the production line.

MARIO

How was yesterday?

GUS  
 Pretty strange actually. It's been  
 a strange time.

ALAIN  
 How's your family?

GUS  
 A mess. I'm working through it.

ALAIN  
 It's a good thing we're perfect.

JESSICA  
 Let's get to work.

INT. BUS - DAY

On his commute home, Gus is transfixed on the scene outside the bus window. A terrible view of dysfunction.

EXT. CHARTWELL STREET - DAY

Walking up Chartwell, Gus is a little down, dialing his daughter, Kathy, not expecting to, hearing it go to message. His conversation with Kathy INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

GUS  
 Hey, Kath, it's Dad again. Just  
 checking in. You really know how  
 to worry a guy. You know that, eh.

INT. PORTLAND ROOMING HOUSE - DAY

KATHY (20s) is huddled in a small dingy room that's dirty with at least SIX GIRLS around her age, each showing signs of filth and abuse. She activates her phone, whispering. Her conversation with Gus INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

KATHY  
 Dad, I'm in trouble.

GUS  
 Kath?

KATHY  
 One of the girls in the rooming  
 house owed some cash so they  
 rounded us all up.

GUS  
Where are you?

A THUG breaks through the door near Kathy, grabs her phone.

THUG  
Bitch!

He slaps her across the face, Gus hearing it.

GUS  
Kath!!

The Thug slams her phone to the ground and crushes it with his heel, abruptly ending the call.

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE - DAY

Gus hustles into the garden through the cranky metal gate.

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / PORCH - DAY

A key is driven into the front door lock.

Gus drives the door open.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

Huddled around the lit lamp at the kitchen table, Gus finds a small picture of his daughter, Kathy, that he didn't put there. There's an open beer beside him.

Extremely stressed, Gus takes a drink. Gus' conversation with Mary INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY

GUS  
I have no idea what's happening.  
Where did you find this?

His hand shakes, dialing his phone.

GUS (CONT'D)  
C'mon Mar, pick up. I forgot about  
this picture.

INT. MARY'S PLACE / KITCHEN - DUSK

Mary, worse appearing, answers Gus' call, seeing only one side of her face. Her conversation with Gus INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

MARY  
Gus, is that you?

GUS  
Yeah. Hey, look..

MARY  
She sent me a text a while back.

GUS  
You knew?

Mary becomes emotional, a male figure in the background.

MARY  
I thought it would work itself out.

GUS  
She picked up when I called and she's in trouble.

MARY  
What happened?

GUS  
She was talking in a low voice and mentioned a rooming house.

MARY  
I have no idea where she is.

GUS  
Let's start with a town or city.  
Do you know anything?

Mary's freaking out, afraid to answer.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Mar, we've been amicable all the way through the mud. She's all I got. She's all we got.

MARY  
Gus, she left, you know, young and full of unbridled everything.

Gus' tension rises throughout the call.

GUS  
She's in trouble right now and she needs our help.

MARY  
She has issues about our past.

GUS  
The past is gone, Mar. She's in  
trouble and she needs me.

MARY  
She didn't want you to know.

GUS  
(explodes)  
JUST ANSWER THE GOD DAMED QUESTION!  
WHERE IS SHE!

MARY  
She's in Portland. Somewhere.  
That's all I know.

Gus is sacked, becoming very emotional with Mary.

GUS  
You mean she's in town and nobody  
thought I should know?

MARY  
Gus. It hasn't been easy.

GUS  
And Mom knew.

MARY  
I don't know! Maybe if you weren't  
such a hard ass all the time. And  
maybe if a conversation wasn't a  
lecture all the time we wouldn't be  
here.

GUS  
Hard ass! I was trying to protect  
the people I care about.

MARY  
Do you love us or do you just wanna  
to control us?!

Mary turns, exposing a bruise on her face.

GUS  
(softens)  
Of course I loved you. Same with  
Kath and Mom. I still do.

MARY  
You do? When did we hear it?

GUS  
I've made mistakes, Mar. I'm  
working on it.

MARY  
Then you need to find Kath, and  
tell her yourself.

GUS  
I'll find her. Somehow I'll find  
her.

MARY  
Gus, I have to go.

EXT. KINGDOM GUNS - NIGHT

Gus parks his small sedan in a private area near the local gun shop. Making his way around the front, a brooding Gus keeps his head down and wears a hat, entering the shop.

INT. KINGDOM GUNS - NIGHT

A product of recent political sentiments, the store visually plays with second amendment themes, religiosity, and the right to protect oneself and property.

When Gus enters the shop, with his hat down a bit lower than normal, he approaches the gun counter from the side aisle to possibly avoid cameras.

DIRK, an ex-Marine behind the counter with a look that's a weapon in its own right, nods as Gus lays out his firearms license.

DIRK  
How yah keepin', Gus?

GUS  
I've been better, Dirk. You?

DIRK  
Kinda' depends how the wind's  
blowin'. Lotta stressed folks out  
there.

GUS  
Yeah, my wind's blowin' like shit.

DIRK  
I got your license here. What're  
yah lookin' for?

Dirk punches in Gus' info into the system, exchanging a brief look of concern.

GUS

I'm a responsible gun owner, clean record, no mental health issues.

DIRK

Looks like you just had one seized.

GUS

It was a bullshit traffic stop.

DIRK

Looks like they wrote you up pretty hard. Not a lot I can do here.

GUS

My daughter's in trouble. All cash and we're good, okay.

Dirk lowers his voice.

DIRK

I can't do that, bro. You know the rules.

Gus' fear is palpable as Dirk slowly and very discretely slides a card under Gus' license. Gus nods, discretely folding it in his license without looking.

GUS

All right, thanks.

Dirk watches Gus exit, wondering.

EXT. LANEWAY GARAGE - NIGHT

Gus' cranky beater turns off a laneway through high shrubs into a secluded location housing a sterile outbuilding girded in stainless steel, no windows, and LED lights.

A security camera keeps watch over the paved parking area.

A blonde lady, BARB (50s), exits the building, meeting Gus at his car. Gus rolls his window down as Barb checks him over.

BARB

Who are you?

GUS

Gus. I called.

BARB

All right, come in.

She waits for Gus, showing her an empty canvas bag he tucks under his arm. Barb checks him out as they walk toward the building together.

BARB (CONT'D)

Yah can't be single now. If yah are, who knows. Maybe we can do business together.

GUS

I'm in tech for now, but there's weird shit happening. Depending on the outcome, who knows.

They pause outside the secure entrance.

BARB

Weird shit is what keeps us in business.

GUS

Might be a good place to lay low if it hits the fan.

The door buzzes, sounding the lock release.

BARB

I'm Barb and you're on camera the whole time. As long as you're cool, there's not gonna be any issues.

GUS

It's your show.

They enter through the heavily secured door together.

INT. LANEWAY GARAGE - NIGHT

Barb leads Gus into a fortified armory that's stocked with everything, including military assault riffles. He's taken by the selection, surveying the inventory.

GUS

You got a big inventory.

Barb slips behind the counter, sided by a pair of SECURITY GUARDS whose looks say, *don't even think about it.*



BARB

We don't deal with criminals, drug dealers or smugglers. We're just here to help people like you who need a little extra assurance.

GUS

I appreciate it.

BARB

And one more thing. We don't advertise word of mouth.

GUS

Wouldn't have it any other way.

After a set of approving glances, a pair of AK assault rifles, a hand gun with silencer, and a number of rounds are placed on the counter.

BARB

This is your order. A thirty-eight with silencer and a pair of AKs.

You got a primary and backup now.

(pointing to one)

This is your primary, fully refurbished.

(pointing at the other)

This is your backup. Older, but still dependable if you find yourself in a jam.

Gus nods, looking everything over.

GUS

Double the rounds please.

Security Guards look at each other, relenting. One reaches for the extra boxes of ammo, placing them on the counter with a look that says, *don't do anything stupid*.

From his waist pack, Gus retrieves a number of bills, laying them across the counter.

GUS (CONT'D)

This should cover everything and include a nice tip as well.

Gus opens his canvas carrying bag and carefully starts loading everything inside.

BARB

I'll take you out.

Barb escorts Gus to the secure door, exiting when it buzzes.

EXT. LANEWAY GARAGE - NIGHT

Barb walks with Gus to his car.

GUS

The females in my life are messed up, mostly victims of bullshit.

BARB

Stay in touch.

GUS

All right. Take it easy.

BARB

You're far too cute to hurt anyone. Remember that.

Gus smirks at her.

GUS

It's just for show.

She watches Gus open the back door of his beater, raise the rear seat and deposit the gun bag into a custom cavity.

BARB

Safe and slow all the way home. No stops.

Buttoned up, Gus hops in and starts the car, his window down, keeping eyes on each other as Gus exits the property.

INT. GUS' CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

Slowly rounding the corner on Chartwell Drive, Gus encounters a few vans with open doors, exposing media production gear, mostly millennials, and "The Paranormal Hour" signage on the vans.

Gus pauses off to the side, putting his flashers on as he fishes the card out of his wallet from the produce clerk showing the show title with Josh's first name on it.

GUS

I'll be go da Mars.

He can't resist, exiting the car.

EXT. CHARTWELL DRIVE - NIGHT

The mixed crew of young people prep equipment, taking it into a home.

Gus approaches from across the street, finding, JOSH (30s), with a thick perfect beard and strong rimmed black glasses, a perfect paranormal host, who sees Gus approaching.

JOSH

I hope we're not in your way here.  
We'll be outta here in a couple  
hours.

GUS

The clerk at the produce store gave  
me your card.

JOSH

Ah, Melissa.

GUS

I was hopin' to have a word with  
you.

JOSH

Well, you've got my card so I'm  
assuming it's something strange.

GUS

It's in my house.

JOSH

There's something strange here too.  
We're just about to get started.  
Turn your phone off and follow me.

Gus glances back at his car, then turns to catch up to Gus, moving into the house.

INT. GHOST HOUSE - NIGHT

Gus huddles behind the crew in an empty low light room, watching monitors and Josh with night vision as he approaches the camera, whispering.

JOSH

This is the Paranormal Hour, and  
I'm your host, Josh Greenwood.  
Tonight, we're at the home of the  
infamous 'Kennedy Boy' haunting.  
(with dramatic effect)

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)  
 A wayward child from the thirties  
 who died in a sudden crib death and  
 seems to have never left the home.

One of the Crew members with wired headphones in front of  
 Josh starts making wild gestures, motioning silence.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
 What're we getting guys? We're  
 hearing something.

CREW  
 Tapping. Shhhhh.

Gus looks around, unsure what the deal is. He can't hear  
 anything.

A very sensitive sound recorder with large display shows a  
 barely audible something.

JOSH  
 (hushed)  
 This is totally amazing. We're  
 getting a slight sound of  
 something. We're going to ask if  
 Gary can hear us.

After another long moment of silence, Gus' look suggests he's  
 not impressed.

CREW  
 (hushed)  
 Call Gary.

JOSH  
 Gary. This is Josh. Can you hear  
 me?

The super sensitive sound recorder picks up a single blip.

CREW  
 (hushed)  
 Single blip.

JOSH  
 He seems to be responding. We're  
 not sure what he's trying to say.

GUS  
 (whispers)  
 That, I get.

Crew ballistic, motioning silence.

GUS (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Is this it? You should see..

JOSH  
Quiet please. Gary?

No response. Crew watching the sound recorder.

CREW  
Nothing.

GUS  
No offense. But this is child's  
play. Can I talk to you outside?

JOSH  
Take five everyone.

Josh is a little unhappy, exiting with Gus.

EXT. CHARTWELL DRIVE - NIGHT

Josh marches out near the trucks by the street, turning to  
face Gus. His Crew slowly file out, keeping a distance.

JOSH  
Hey, man. I appreciate your  
enthusiasm, but this is my  
business, not yours!

Gus exhales, searching for words.

GUS  
A couple weeks ago, I would of told  
you this is all bullshit.

JOSH  
Then take a hike.

GUS  
I live in Chartwell House. I'm  
going crazy.

JOSH  
We've been several times while it  
was vacant. Nothing's there.

GUS  
Let's start over.

JOSH  
What's happening in the house?

GUS

What isn't happening is the question. I found out about Chartwell, prison, how he took his wife's money after he tried to kill her. He deserved what he got.

JOSH

Chartwell was arrested while the house was being finished. It's in the archives.

GUS

I didn't see anything.

JOSH

It's her house, not Chartwell's. She was the brains behind everything. Emily was her name.

GUS

Emily.

JOSH

Jenkins. Not much is known about her.

GUS

Can yah help me find out.

JOSH

Try the archives.

Gus sees police flashers appear behind his car.

GUS

Thanks for your help. I have to go.

Josh watches Gus anxiously move toward his car, sided by his Crew.

JOSH

Now that was spooky.

EXT. CHARTWELL DRIVE - NIGHT

Gus approaches Officer Harris, writing a ticket, trying to suppress his anger. Harris is equally miffed with Gus.

OFFICER HARRIS

Mister Severs. We meet again.

GUS  
Is this really necessary?

OFFICER HARRIS  
It is if you're double parked.

Gus looks down, folds his arms, holds himself tight.

GUS  
I had the flashers on. It's a  
quiet street at night. I was just  
havin' a word with Josh about his  
show.  
(he pauses)  
You're right, I shouldn't have done  
it. I'm sorry.

A second police cruiser arrives with its lights on. Harris waves them out for assistance. Gus' heart sinks.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS approach Gus' car, inspecting it inside with flashlights.

OFFICER HARRIS  
Now we have cause, yah see. Now  
we're gonna have a look inside your  
inner onion ta see if there are any  
other secrets you're hiding.

GUS  
Officer Harris, if there's anything  
we can do to turn this whole thing  
around.

OFFICER HARRIS  
Right now, I want you ta step up  
onto the curb and keep your hands  
where I can see them.

Josh, his Crew, and neighbors are taking notice.

GUS  
We're causin' a scene here.

OFFICER HARRIS  
People hide all kinds of things in  
their cars, mister Severs.

GUS  
Like what?

Harris moves and quietly gets into Gus' grill, whispering.

OFFICER HARRIS

I want yah to cut the attitude and  
expose your revolver.

GUS

You took it yesterday. Forget  
already?

Harris isn't amused, fishing around Gus' waist.

Myles and the Two Officers are going through the car, the  
front seats, completed, beginning in the trunk and the back  
seat area.

As the Two Officers start taking a closer look at the back  
seat area in Gus' car, they're thwarted.

OFFICER MYLES

Found something.

Myles appears from Gus' trunk with a bag of weed, ending the  
search for now.

GUS

I have a hard time sleeping. It  
used to help. But, it's not my  
thing. You can take it with you.

OFFICER MYLES

If you're even the slightest bit  
over state possession limits,  
you'll be hearin' from us again,  
Severs. And that'll be strike two.

Harris opens an evidence bag, letting Myles slide it in with  
complete satisfaction on their faces.

Myles exits with the bag while Harris begins writing the  
parking citation with some theatrics.

OFFICER HARRIS

And one maximum parking citation  
for double parking. Another day in  
the life of Gus Severs, our new  
best friend.

Gus takes the citation and watches the officers all leave  
with quiet relief.

After observing all the people observing him, Gus shrugs and  
gets in his car, exiting up the street.



EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / BACK LANE - NIGHT

Gus' car quietly slides to a stop and rests for a moment in the dark. Then Gus cautiously pops his car door open and gingerly exits.

He takes careful steps up and down the lane in each direction before he returns to open the car's rear door to retrieve the canvas bag of guns.

Purposely, he strides through the rear garden to the back door, getting keys ready in advance.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Entering the garden end of the hall with purpose, Gus looks briefly behind him, pushing the canvas bag in first, setting it down in the hall next to the locked room.

Gus scrambles to a light switch, then into the kitchen.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

In the dimly lit kitchen, Gus sees it's again perfectly tidy. Grabbing the hall room keys from the same odd container, he swiftly moves back into the hall.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nervously, fumbling with the keys, Gus opens the hallway door and takes the canvas bag inside, immediately closing and locking the door. The secret room lights up and the music begins.

In the barely lit hallway, the translucent presence rounds the corner from the far end, becoming brighter in its illumination before making an assertive move forward.

The entity pauses at the door, growing brighter as it spins, creating a large disturbance of air around it.

The door handle shakes and wiggles, wanting in. Then the pounding starts, getting louder and louder. The music stops.

Then silence, nothing, a long pause in everything.

GUS (O.S.)  
(yells)  
WHAT DO YOU WANT!

The entity, slowly and deliberately thuds the door with several equally timed heavy blows, throwing its translucent force into the door with each blow.

A silenced bullet smashes out through the door into the hall, doing nothing. The smashing blows continue.

Then another, and another, and another silenced bullet is fired out through the door.

The disturbance outside the door grows, overall the scene getting wilder and wilder, now a WHIRRING of energy in the hallway.

GUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

Gus discharges another silenced round through the door before he throws the door open, entering the hall in a rage, quickly trying to lock the secret door again.

A physical battle with the force ensues, Gus pulling the door shut with all his might and just barely able to lock it again.

He struggles to escape toward the foyer with his loaded and silenced 38, pulling the force with him.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FOYER - NIGHT

Gus struggles into the foyer, encountering another surreal scene of organization, everything eerily tidy, post-modern perfect, the chandelier flickering.

The whirring entity approaches Gus slowly through his tirade.

GUS  
(going insane)  
Look, I don't know what you are or where you came from! Maybe you're Frank, maybe you're Emily! If you are Emily, I'd be miffed too.  
(searching)  
My world is about to completely come apart and bad things are going to happen if I can't solve what's happening.  
(angry)  
IF YOU KNOW SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW, THEN HELP ME! I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT OR WHO YOU ARE!

The entity begins churning itself again, close to Gus, pulling him into its energetic mini-tornado.

Gus' gun comes flying out of his hand just before the force releases Gus, sending him flying across the foyer in a controlled manner, hitting the living room wall, damaging it.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gus gets up, adrenalin pumping, runs for the dining room.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Gus bolts across the dimly lit room, looking for an escape, when the entity's force elevates Gus again and sends him airborne across the room into another wall, damaging another wall.

As Gus struggles to stand, the force cuts off his exit out the back door and Gus makes a run for the front of the house again.

Only to quickly be elevated and thrown into another dining room wall before stumbling to his feet again.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barely getting a foot into the living room, Gus is elevated again and thrown into the wall next to the last hit mark, bouncing to the ground again.

Almost completely spent, Gus bolts back to the foyer.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FOYER - NIGHT

Gus scrambles toward his gun and the door when the gun moves away from him across the floor.

He bolts toward the front door exit, stopped dead, yelling.

GUS

WHA'DO'YOU WANT FROM ME!

He's dragged by the force away from the front door on his knees toward the basement door as it opens and the basement lights up, ending his slide at the top of the stairs.

Then silence, nothing, another dead stop and long pause of nothing. And it's very obvious what the entity wants.

GUS (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / BASEMENT - NIGHT

Lighting is better down here, like a respite as Gus descends the stairs. It remains quiet as Gus' view of the basement comes into better view.

He cautiously moves toward the covered shelves lining the large room that frame a large work area at the very end, lit with a pair of very old task lights.

Slowly, Gus makes his way down the aisle, observing dusty old labeled boxes, piled from floor to ceiling on both sides in several shelving units, covered in old canvas.

At the work desk area at the very back, Gus encounters what might have been an old desk, a place for research or study.

A newly spilled box there shows photos, documents and an old newspaper article.

Gus exhales, looking at the material, several things getting his attention.

GUS

What is this?

First, Gus picks up an old newspaper article with a photo showing a finely dressed woman in a white dress outside a building with "ROOMING HOUSE" painted on it.

The photo's caption reads: "OFFICIALS CALL EMILY JENKINS' ABILITY TO SOLVE CRIMES REMARKABLE AND UNCANNY".

Gus focuses on a sentence in the article that reads: "JENKINS SAID THE ROOMING HOUSE AT 281 MAIN STREET WAS INFESTED WITH CRIMINAL ACTIVITY THAT SHE COULD, QUOTE, SENSE."

Gus wants to read on, suddenly stopping to pull out his phone. He opens Google Maps and types in the Portland address on Main Street.

On Gus' phone screen, "PORTLAND'S ORIGINAL ROOMING HOUSE" comes up at the same address today.

Gus is wildly stirred, exiting back upstairs.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FOYER - NIGHT

Gus arrives back up in the foyer, almost hyper ventilating, trying to process what happened. He stops and exhales.

GUS

I need you to listen for a minute before I go. I'm not perfect. I'm as messed up as the worst of'em. The people who have my daughter are way more dangerous. Please help keep me out of harm's way and help look after my daughter and those girls for just a couple more days.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gus quickly moves to the hallway room, quickly unlocks, enters to collect the canvas bag.

Gus exits the room again quickly into the hall with the canvas bag and binoculars, locking the door again behind him.

Hurriedly moving toward the garden door to exit, Gus can feel the presence behind him and sets the canvas bag down, slowly turning.

Gus' head twists just slightly, trying to understand what he doesn't. He lets the moment linger.

GUS

Thanks. Emily.

Gus turns and slips out the door with the canvas bag and binoculars.

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / BACK LANE - NIGHT

Extremely paranoid and more cautious, Gus sets the canvas bag down and clears the back lane before he collects it again and hides it under the back seat of his car.

Gus starts his car and pulls out super slowly, exiting.

EXT. DRIVE THROUGH - NIGHT

Gus pulls forward to the pick-up window to collect a burger, fries, and coffee. There, he meets the same Cashier from the produce store, recognizing each other.

CASHIER  
Hey, how's it going?

GUS  
Yeah, good. You?

She passes his food.

CASHIER  
Burger, fries, and a coffee.

GUS  
Thanks. Debit please.

She passes Gus the machine.

CASHIER  
Here you go.

Gus taps his card, then she takes it away.

GUS  
How yah keepin'?

CASHIER  
Good, yeah. Hey, how'd it go with  
Josh?

Gus takes a sip of coffee.

GUS  
It went great. Josh is amazing.

CASHIER  
Did he find anything in your house?

GUS  
No, but I learned something.

CASHIER  
Like what?

GUS  
We both have different ideas about  
what paranormal means.

CASHIER  
Glad you didn't need all that  
garlic.

GUS  
Maybe it was just a squirrel in the  
gutter after all.

CASHIER  
Okay, detective, have a great  
night.

GUS  
You too.

Gus raises his coffee as he drives off.

EXT. PORTLAND STREET - NIGHT

Gus' sedan is discretely hidden in the dark off a side  
street. He raises a pair of binoculars to his eyes.

INT. GUS' CAR - NIGHT

Gus' binoculars are raised to his eyes.

BINOCULARS POV: ROOMING HOUSE

Seeing only the address number "281" above the door.

BACK TO SCENE

Gus finishes his fast food and coffee, brooding.

He engages his phone, taking periodic looks through  
binoculars while talking to Mary. His conversation INTERCUTS  
AS NECESSARY.

GUS  
Hey. It's me.

INT. MARY'S PLACE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Almost desperate looking, hunched over, Mary looks dire with  
bruises and worry.

MARY  
I haven't heard a thing.

GUS  
I got a tip.

MARY  
From where?

GUS  
It's a long story.

MARY  
Where are you?

GUS  
I need you to do something for me.

MARY  
Like what?

GUS  
I need you to call the police in  
Portland here and tell them your  
daughter's been missing for over a  
week, all right.

Mary stands and paces.

MARY  
What's going on, Gus? Why can't  
you call them?

GUS  
They're on my case. I can't. And  
you can't mention my name either.

MARY  
That's not good, Gus. You're not  
gettin' into trouble, are yah?

GUS  
I know it's not good, Mar. But  
this is about Kath, not me.

MARY  
If I had any brains, I should've  
taken her and left a lot sooner.

Gus is stung by Mary's words.

GUS  
Can you just convince them to find  
her last cell location.

MARY  
And then what?

GUS  
I don't know.

Mary puts a glass of ice and a few shots of booze on her  
forehead.

MARY  
Are you okay?



GUS

Make sure you call the police and do what I asked. Please.

MARY

Don't make it worse than it already is. Can you do that?

GUS

I don't know, yet.

MARY

Wha'do'yah mean you don't know!

GUS

If there's a way to protect the only thing I care about, then I'm going to do it, whatever the cost!

MARY

Gus, no. Please.

GUS

I have to go check this place out.

Gus terminates the call and sits for a moment.

EXT. PORTLAND STREET - NIGHT

Gus quietly exits his vehicle in the dark and has a look around before obtaining his silenced 38 from under the driver's seat and tucking it into the back of his pants.

After he locks his vehicle, Gus crosses the street to approach the rooming house.

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

Approaching the grime covered door under "281", a COUPLE, high on drugs, exits, hearing music when the door swings open. Gus catches the door before it closes and enters.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

Carefully taking his time through the hallways, several doors are ajar, music blaring, with an occasional DRUGGED OUT PERSON moving from one room to another.

Peering into every door he can, Gus is horrified by the scenes of shooting up and people laying across beds in zombified states.

Many of the doors are closed, frustrating Gus.

GUS

Kath!

He moves further down the hall toward a stairwell.

GUS (CONT'D)

Kath! Can yah hear me?

A muscular TENANT (20s), with a bandana enters the hallway from one of the rooms, unhappy about Gus' calls.

TENANT

Hey! Keep it down!

GUS

You're kiddin', right!

TENANT

Yeah, we don't allow people to go snoopin' around here.

GUS

My daughter might be in danger. I got a tip that she might be here.

TENANT

Yeah, well we're not the police in here.

GUS

No shit. Have you seen anything? A group of girls?

TENANT

No, man. Nobody sees nothin' here so you best be leavin'.

GUS

All right, I'll keep it down. After a quick look, I'll leave.

TENANT

Don't make me come out here again.

Gus watches the Tenant go back inside the room and close the door, then he continues toward the stairwell.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE / STAIRWELL - NIGHT

It's a scary dank scene in the filthy dark hallway with a couple unhoused addicts huddled in corners, following Gus up the stairs.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

A frightful scene unfolds again. Music blaring.

Doors ajar, Gus discretely searches. Mostly young people either passed out or intoxicated. An intoxicated couple appears in the hallway, raising a crack pipe to Gus.

GUS

No. Have you seen a group of girls?

A blank stare didn't comprehend the question.

Gus finishes searching at the end of the hall.

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

Gus exits the grime covered door under "281" and faces the dysfunctional street scene in a moment of crisis.

FADE OUT:

The sound of a fast beating heart accelerates.

FADE IN:

Gus pulls the loaded and silenced 38 from his waist and storms back inside the rooming house.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT (DREAMSCAPE)

Storming down the hall to the door of the Tenant, Gus pauses.

Then Gus violently boots the door open, revealing the group of KATH, and FIVE CAPTIVE GIRLS, and THREE MEN.

Gus quickly exterminates all three men with a pair of bullets each, spattering blood on the walls.

FADE OUT:

The sound of the accelerating heart slows slightly, giving way to the sound of knocking.

FADE IN:

EXT. A.M. MANUFACTURING - DAY

Jessica's knocking on Gus' driver door window, asleep in his car right outside the front entrance to his workplace.

JESSICA  
Gus! Gus, wake up!

Gus' eyes slowly open, exhausted, unshaven, weary. He slowly rolls his window down.

GUS  
Hey.

JESSICA  
Yeah, hey. What's up?

GUS  
Not much.

JESSICA  
You okay?

GUS  
I found out my daughter's in town  
and nobody told me. So I went out  
looking for her last night.

JESSICA  
Better than being hung over I  
guess.

GUS  
What time is it?  
(checks his watch)  
Ah, Jess, I'm sorry. I'll be right  
in.

JESSICA  
All right, see you in a minute.

Jessica goes inside. Gus can barely move, rubs his eyes, then cracks his car door without looking, getting a horn, missing a near collision. He looks in the back seat, thinking before he exits his car and locks it.

GUS' POV - LOOKING INTO TRAFFIC

From the side of his car, seen as overexposed and blurry, heard as loud and startling.

BACK TO SCENE

Gus making his way toward the front door of his workplace, still disoriented, mildly colliding with a pedestrian.

INT. A.M. MANUFACTURING - DAY

Gus enters the workplace, surreal, not seeing anyone at the front desk area, his condition still poor.

GUS' POV - WALKING

Past the empty reception area, his vision moving in and out of focus. Gus hears a ringing sound in his ears.

In through the empty locker area, it's intensely overexposed and the ringing in his ears gets louder.

BACK TO SCENE

Gus pauses to put water on his face, drinking some too.

Lifting his head into the mirror, he sees Kathy with a bullet through her temple, hearing her distorted voice.

KATHY

Whose fault is it now?

Gus squeezes his eyes shut through an intense ringing. Opening them quickly again, it stops. Kathy's vision gone.

GUS' POV - WALKING

Out of the locker room area, surreal, not seeing a soul as he makes his way out onto the production floor toward his line.

Gus' vision and sound start to badly distort again, hearing ringing again in his ears, everything in slow-motion.

When Gus gets to his line position, all he can see is Alain and Mario having a vicious argument in slow-motion, throwing assembly parts at each other, their words echoing so much you can only hear parts of what they're saying.

MARIO

YOU'RE THE PROBLEM, NOT ME! YOU'RE  
THE ONE WHO CAN'T GET OVER  
YOURSELF!

ALAIN  
NO, YOU'RE THE LAZY ITALIAN AND I'M  
THE PERFECTIONIST!

MARIO  
OF COURSE! WHAT WAS I THINKING?!

ALAIN  
C'MON GUS, DO SOMETHING! DON'T  
JUST STAND THERE!

BACK TO SCENE

Gus' head drops, his ears scream a high pitch ring, then in slow-motion, he bolts for the exit out of the production line.

INT. A.M. MANUFACTURING / RECEPTION - DAY

Gus, running toward the front door, is perfectly snared by Jessica, catching him in a firm grasp, there together alone.

In a beautifully surreal moment, hearing Gus' heart smashing at first, Jessica just holds him for a long moment.

The scene becomes normal, Jessica holding Gus, showing affection and understanding, speaking softly.

JESSICA  
Easy. Just stay here with me for a  
minute. Deep breaths, nice and  
easy.

Gus weeps for a moment, something he hates, tries to stop.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
It's okay. We still think you're a  
great boss, Gus.

Gus breathes heavily, coming into reality.

GUS  
Really.

JESSICA  
Come with me.

Jessica leads Gus by the hand, exiting.

INT. A.M. MANUFACTURING - DAY

Jessica leads Gus onto the production floor where everyone is normally situated and several more people have gathered.

Gus has calmed, seeing and hearing normally. Everyone is clapping, laughing, and smiling.

They make it back to his line area, seeing a cake and a small gift for Gus.

JESSICA

It's your ten-year. We didn't forget.

Gus forces a smile, hiding the reality of the moment that just passed.

Alain and Mario give each other a high-five.

MARIO

We got you, Gus. You should have seen the look on your face.

ALAIN

You were running right out of the building! We love you, Gus.

GUS

You guys really got me. Thanks for making my anniversary so special.

Jessica cuts cake and hands it out while Gus tries to hide the severe surrealness of the occasion.

INT. CITY OF PORTLAND ARCHIVES / COUNTER - DAY

Approaching the counter, Gus meets the same Attendant who helped him last time and remembers him.

GUS

Hi, I called earlier today about Emily Jenkins.

ATTENDANT

Yeah, there's quite a bit here.

She finds microfilm boxes and a selection of slips with handwritten notes.

GUS

What did you find?

ATTENDANT

You won't be able to get through it  
all because we're closing soon.  
You want the abbreviated version?

GUS

Please.

She slides one box of film forward and a slip with notes.

ATTENDANT

Long story short on Emily is that  
she was a young shipping magnate in  
early Portland. After she sold her  
company, it became the Shaver  
Transportation Company.

She retrieves a couple photo copied stories.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

I knew you'd be short on time, so I  
copied a couple articles for you.  
She had the ability to make a lot  
of money. Even after Chartwell  
cleaned her out, she made it all  
back and more. Then, in her later  
years, she thrived as a private  
investigator.

Gus is quietly amused.

GUS

Investigator. It's her.

ATTENDANT

Excuse me.

GUS

It makes perfect sense.

The Attendant points to one of the articles.

ATTENDANT

They said.. She could see things.

Gus' eyes cast away for a moment.

GUS

See things.

ATTENDANT

In people.

Gus looks back at her, thinking about it.



GUS  
Okay, thanks.

The Attendant watches Gus exit the counter.

INT. CITY OF PORTLAND ARCHIVES / MICROFILM READERS - DAY

Gus is scanning images of Chartwell House being built at different stages, enthralled by them.

Toward the very end of the images, in pictures of interior finishings, Gus stops and zooms in.

One microfilm image of a pair of walls in the living room and dining room showing what looks like white bricks between the walls.

Now Gus surveys the printed article, focusing on a passage, quoting Emily, reading: "DARKNESS HAS NO DOMINION OVER LIGHT WHERE THE LIGHT IS STRONGEST."

Gus packs up and returns the microfilm to the Attendant, who watches Gus exit without a word.

EXT. CITY OF PORTLAND ARCHIVES - DUSK

When Gus exits the Portland Archives, he shows mental, physical, and emotional exhaustion, barely making his way to a bench on the sidewalk, setting down heavily.

A face of turmoil fights tears, eventually leaning forward to bury it into both hands.

GUS  
What's happening to me?

After a moment, collecting himself, Gus sits up again and scans the articles quickly.

Then he rises and exits.

INT. GUS' CAR - DUSK - MOVING

Gus' car pulls to a stop outside the rooming house at "281" on Main Street and shuts his engine off.

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

Gus wakes up in his car, seen through his windshield, looking especially disheveled now. After checking the time, he starts the car and exits.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gus enters through the rear garden door, turning on a dim light, then the lamp base, also hauling the canvas bag.

He rests the canvas bag outside the secret door and fetches the keys in the kitchen, unlocking the door and taking the bag inside, quickly exiting again and locking the door.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / BATHROOM - NIGHT

Gus finishes shaving and gets in the bath, cleaning himself.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

The entity's glow survey's the hallway, pausing at the bathroom door.

Then moves away after a moment of waiting.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

In his poorly lit kitchen, sitting at the kitchen table next to the lit lamp base, Gus eats a sandwich near the lit lamp with something other than a beer to drink this night.

As he's nearly finished, the glowing entity slowly appears in the hall where Gus is able to see it.

Gus stops eating and tries to remain still and calm. It's the moment when Gus fully meets the supernatural presence of Emily for the first time.

GUS

Emily.

Emily's light responds, silently flickering.

Gus almost breaks down because of the surreal nature of everything he's endured.

GUS (CONT'D)  
 Thank you for your help. I might  
 have done something worse than  
 Frank if you didn't stop me.

Emily's light flickers again, unintelligible muffled sounds  
 with it this time, as if wanting to comfort Gus.

GUS (CONT'D)  
 I feel like I'm getting to know  
 you.

Suddenly, Gus' phone starts going off, seeing Mary's number,  
 so Gus answers. His conversation with Mary INTERCUTS AS  
 NECESSARY.

GUS (CONT'D)  
 Mar..

INT. ROOMING HOUSE / UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Mary's pacing the hall, not looking great herself, getting  
 looked over by dangerous looking people while she's on the  
 phone with Gus. Mary's conversation with Gus INTERCUTS AS  
 NECESSARY.

GUS  
 Gus! You were right! She's here,  
 at the rooming house!

GUS (CONT'D)  
 Mary! Where are you?!

MARY  
 I took a flight out last night! I  
 didn't want anyone to get hurt!

GUS  
 What? How! How do you know she's  
 there?

MARY  
 One of the other girls sent a text!

GUS  
 Mar, get out of there, it isn't  
 safe!

A large CAPTOR comes storming out of one of the rooms and  
 assaults Mary, taking her phone.

GUS (CONT'D)  
 Mar! Where are you?!

INT. ROOMING HOUSE / SUITE - NIGHT

Mary is dragged by the CAPTOR back into the grimy room with THREE MORE CAPTORS. Scattered around the room are SIX GIRLS, one of which is Kathy, with Mary makes seven.

KATHY

Mom!

CAPTOR

Shut up! Call for the cars! We gotta go!

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gus' rage starts to build before he stands, now shaking with fear and fury.

GUS

I have to go for them, Emily.

Emily's light starts to build and twirl, hearing something garbled resembling, "Nooooo."

GUS (CONT'D)

I can't leave them. They're all I've got.

Gus isn't having any of it, grabbing the hallway keys and quickly exiting the kitchen.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gus moves for the hallway door, met by Emily's force from the other direction, now a wad of swirling energy.

He's raised and thrown a foot off the ground into the wall of the foyer, casting another big dent in the wall there.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FOYER - NIGHT

His adrenalin pumping, Gus gets up, angered.

GUS

Emily, not now!

He tries bolting across the foyer to go around, but is caught in Emily's energy of concern, spun around and thrown into another wall in the living room, making another huge dent.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gus gets up again and runs toward the dining room.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Gus attempts to battle Emily's force, throwing chairs at it. But they start spinning in the room, eventually catching Gus and smashing him into two more wall panels denting them.

As if Emily can't believe Gus' determination, she watches him bolt back toward the hallway again.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gus fumbles with his keys to open the secret door, being buffeted by Emily's force.

GUS

You can't come in here!

Just as Gus exits the room into the hall, he's smacked by a large moving cabinet pushed by Emily's force, thrown to the ground. Gus gets up again and struggles to exit.

GUS (CONT'D)

Let me go for Kath and Mar, then  
you can deal with me!

Emily's essence darts across the room in front of Gus.

GUS (CONT'D)

(shouts)

YOU HEAR ME! SAY SOMETHING!

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gus rounds the corner, looking down a long hallway off the kitchen. Emily's force is moving a large cabinet toward the hallway door.

GUS

HEY!

Gus empties his revolver into the cabinet, trying to break it apart.

GUS (CONT'D)

YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!

Gus tosses the useless weapon and runs toward the door, putting himself between the cabinet and the door. A physical battle between Gus and Emily pushing the cabinet ensues.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Emily! No..! Don't do this..!

A desperate battle, Gus smashing the cabinet, pushing back. The force desperately pushing back.

GUS (CONT'D)  
I have to go for them now!

Pausing for a second, Emily allows Gus to push the cabinet back a couple feet.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Yeah, that's right! I have to go now!

Gus stops pushing, thinking he's won.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Emily.

Emily's force gathers renewed energy, glowing brighter than before. Gus is awestruck.

GUS (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing?!

Emily's force blasts the cabinet into Gus, throwing him into and through the hallway door.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

On the floor of the secret room, Gus' ears ring loud, surrounded by a blinding light.

Gradually, the ringing sound eases and Gus' vision slowly normalizes.

He rolls slightly, seeing where the cabinet put another huge dent in the wall, breaking it open, exposing the white "bricks" that are bundles of old wrapped cash.

GUS  
(quietly)  
It's money. It's all your money.

Emily's light that floods the room settles and lights begin to function normally.

Also on the walls are far-right sympathizer posters, shelves of survival gear, food rations, and a number of other weapons.

GUS (CONT'D)

Nobody was ever supposed to see this.

Emily's light swirls around Gus, as if seeing what he was hiding, pausing in front of a big computer with four monitors with screens that show a complex network of communication related to preppers and far-right paramilitary groups.

Gus' eyes close, becoming emotional. Then he quickly fills out information on the computer from the card Harris gave him. Then Gus looks at the light of Emily.

GUS (CONT'D)

I need to go save what's left of my family now.

Emily's light leaves the room and waits in the hallway.

Gus gathers the canvas bag from the floor and exits.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gus exits the not so secret room into the hall where Emily's light waits by the garden exit door, and walks toward it as it slowly opens for him.

GUS

If I don't make it back, I'll see you on the other side.

Gus exits with the canvas bag, locking the door, watched by Emily's light as he moves toward his car.

EXT. DRIVE THROUGH LIQUOR DEPOT - NIGHT

Gus hurriedly drives up to the pickup window.

EMPLOYEE

Cash, debit, or credit.

GUS

Cash, keep it all.

He quickly over pays for four bottles of whisky, driving off.

EXT. PORTLAND STREET - NIGHT

Gus' sedan works its way through the chaos of tents and dysfunction, finding his stakeout spot on the side street close to the rooming house.

INT. GUS' CAR - NIGHT

Gus finishes making four Molotov cocktails, stuffing them into a box next to him.

EXT. PORTLAND STREET - NIGHT

Gus exits his car, yanking open the back door, tearing open the rear seat storage and pulls the canvas bag out of the car and shuts the door.

Quickly, Gus tears open the trunk, tossing the canvas bag inside, nervously filling the two AKs with a battery of rounds.

Then he fills the new 38 without the silencer and puts it in the back of his pants.

Looking over his trunk lid, Gus' face explodes.

GUS

Nooo!

GUS' POV - TWO BLACK ESCALADES

Pull up to the front of the rooming house, seeing the Captors forcing Kathy, Mary, and the other females onto the sidewalk, looking for cops, heading for the Escalades.

BACK TO SCENE

Gus jumps in his car, quickly starts it, jams the gas, careening out into traffic, getting horns before he jams the brakes on the wrong side of the street.

Bolting out of his car with the bag of incendiaries, Gus takes cover behind his vehicle. His interactions INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

TWO ESCALADE DRIVERS produce guns and start blasting them toward Gus' sedan. Street battle INTERCUTS AS NECESSARY.

Gus' shoulder is grazed by a bullet.



GUS

Shit!

While more bullets slam his car, he quickly tears a long sleeve off his shirt and wraps his wound.

While he's doing this, an Escalade Driver gets out, moving to finish Gus off.

Gus suddenly pops up and finishes him first, killing him.

The other Escalade Driver fires again, nearly hitting Gus.

The Captors and Captives exit the chaotic scene and go back inside the rooming house.

Gus ducks, then lights two incendiaries, hurling them from behind his car.

The lit incendiaries land under each Escalade, exploding them into fire, forcing the driver out the passenger side.

With the AKs over his shoulder and a bag with two more incendiaries, Gus advances on the Escalades.

Rounding the corner of burning chaos, Gus sees the remaining Escalade Driver facing the wrong direction.

GUS (CONT'D)

Goodnight, asshole!

Escalade driver spins around with his gun, but is quickly exterminated by Gus instead.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

Gus enters the rooming house on a mission. Soiled and battered, he pulls the fire alarm and starts pushing open cracked doors.

GUS

Get out now! There's a fire.

GUS (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Fire! Everybody out!

Unhappy drugged out people spill out of the units, see Gus and then move out of his way quickly.

Just before Gus gets to the stairwell, the Tenant he had the previous encounter with exits his unit, furious, trailing off at the sight of Gus and his guns.

TENANT  
What the fuck are..

GUS  
(sarcastic)  
It's check out time.

TENANT  
Check out time?

GUS  
You're an asshole, but you don't  
need to die tonight. Get out.

The guy gets a few things and gets out quickly behind Gus, who's advancing to the stairs. Sirens are heard in the distance.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE / STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Gus slowly makes his way up the stairs.

He slowly transfers the 38 to his pants and brings around his semi-automatic.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE / UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

With only a few units on the top floor, Gus waits at the top of the stairwell, intensifying his look.

Then he lights both of the incendiary devices and throws them into the opposite stairwell, bursting into flames.

With the alarm still going, the ceiling sprinklers open and begin soaking the hallway, Gus, and all the units.

Gus stands in the middle of the only exit, waiting for the Captors to come out, now furious and soaked.

One by one, the units empty, Gus motioning the innocent forward.

GUS  
This way. Hurry.

They listen to his commands, joined by the Punk he met on the street outside the restaurant, who pauses near Gus.

PUNK  
Who are you?

GUS  
A changed man.

PUNK  
A changed man?

GUS  
Yeah, you should try it sometime.

Gus motions, *scram* with his eyes. The Punk quickly exits.

The door of the last unit cracks open.

Gus takes cover in the stairwell, watching. Fire still rages in the other stairwell.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Let them go and you can escape for  
all I care!

A Captor wearing a bullet proof vest sees Gus and starts firing.

CAPTOR  
The bitches belong to us.

Gus stays hidden.

GUS  
Your drivers are dead! You have no  
escape vehicles! And the police  
are waiting for you outside!

CAPTOR  
Even a slim chance is better than  
what the world outside offers.

GUS  
I get it! But this isn't the way!  
Go do some time and you can figure  
it out later!

Gus tries to show himself.

A second Captor appears with the first, also wearing a bullet proof vest. They both alternate fire, slowly advancing on Gus.

Gus sprays bullets into their leg areas, hitting one, pausing his firing, then nicks the other in the leg.

Bloody and hobbling, the gunmen charge Gus, emptying their guns.

Gus easily finishes the pair off with multiple rounds in the apocalyptic scene of fire, smoke, and water.

The remaining Two Captors push all the women out first, using them as shields with Kathy and Mary up front.

Gus is forced to retreat, backing down the stairs, fired randomly at.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

On the lower floor, the Two Captors are seen from behind, pushing the seven women toward the only exit.

Gus slowly exits one of the rooms from behind and slowly puts an AK gently into each of the Captors' backs.

GUS

Don't. Just don't make me do this.  
I'm tired and I just wanna go home.  
(emotional)  
Go to prison, do your time. Okay?

They don't do anything, thinking.

GUS (CONT'D)

Let the girls go and put your  
weapons down.

EXT. PORTLAND STREET - NIGHT

It's a huge scene now in the street. Fire trucks are in the distance, several police cars and SWAT Team surround the burning Escalades with lights aimed at the rooming house.

Officers Harris and Myles are in protective vests near the SWAT team.

OFFICER HARRIS

Gus Severs! Come out with your  
hands up!

Everyone is surprised to see the door under "281" open and seven women coming outside with their hands up.

OFFICER MYLES

This way ladies!

OFFICER HARRIS

Severs! It's over.

Then the door opens again and Gus holds the two remaining Captors by their collars with the AKs around his shoulder, pushing them out in front.

Everyone moves cautiously toward Gus and the Captors.

GUS  
These are the scumbags you're  
after. Arrest them.

The Captors are taken away. Gus raises his hands.

Harris moves in, perplexed, his gun raised.

OFFICER HARRIS  
Drop your weapons, Severs!

An FBI FIELD OFFICER appears behind Harris.

FBI FIELD OFFICER  
Stand down officer. F.B.I.

Harris turns, seeing the agent's raised Creds.

OFFICER HARRIS  
You mind telling me what's going on  
here?

FBI FIELD OFFICER  
Mister Severs just gave our  
downtown a free makeover.

OFFICER HARRIS  
Severs?

Harris is handed a copy of Gus' gun surrender notice.

FBI FIELD OFFICER  
And he's volunteering to surrender  
all of his firearms.

Gus removes the weapons and hands them to ANOTHER FBI AGENT.

GUS  
There's more at the house.

FBI FIELD OFFICER  
How'd you do it, Severs?

GUS  
It's a long story.

FBI FIELD OFFICER

This way, mister Severs. We'd like to hear it.

Harris watches Gus exit with a *how did he do it* look.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / SECRET ROOM - DAY

Gus enters his shrine of trouble with a large garbage container, surveying the room with fresh eyes. He's had a bath, wearing fresh clothes, still battered and tired looking with nicks and cuts on his face.

He tears down permanent window coverings, letting light fill the room, causing Gus to squint.

Gus removes target shooting posters, putting them in the container.

Smaller signs and postings from fictional militia groups are also taken down and crumpled.

Among the crammed walls with multiple levels of weaponry, are the practical supplies for someone to survive a long time. Various old radios, military rations, water in jugs, and non-perishable foods.

But the most shocking thing in the room is the cabinet that was rammed into the broken wall, exposing wrapped bundles of cash.

At his desk in the room, an elaborate computer system that was once part of an extensive operational effort, is now full of pictures and information about Emily Jenkins.

After a moment of reflection, Gus exits with the garbage container and a large bag of other paper items.

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / BACK YARD - DAY

Gus exits the house with the garbage container, moving down to the garden area near a run down gazebo near an outdoor firepit and gathering area.

He starts a fire using the posters and gathers some dried limbs and other debris.

With the fire going, Gus looks around the yard and up at the house with new possibility.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / UPSTAIRS STUDY - DAY

Gus enters with the container, planning to remove the material blocking the windows.

The old lamp on the side table illuminates on its own, flickering slightly. An old book sits there that wasn't there before.

Gus picks up the old leather bound Bible and opens it. Inside, he sees a handwritten note inside.

GUS (V.O.)

Dear Emily, I pass this onto you as it was to me as a reminder to be light, always, because the world will always have darkness. Our greatest mission in the entire universe is to become agents of light at all costs. May you become light in your life and beyond and pass this on at the right time to the right person so they can do the same. From your mother and our greatest agent of light.

Gus puts the Bible down and removes the material tacked over the windows, letting light fill the room again, smirking.

GUS

I've heard of listening to your mother, but you went above and beyond, Emily.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Gus is more lucid now, still in the same chair looking out the same window.

ELLEN

You're not alone, Gus. Millions of people around the world report hauntings.

GUS

I didn't believe in any of this stuff. Now I feel forced to.

ELLEN

So, what do you believe in?

GUS

The basics. Hard work. Showing up  
in life. Family, above everything.

ELLEN

Tell me about your family.

Gus looks at Ellen, obviously uncomfortable.

EXT. CHARTWELL STREET - DAY - ESTABLISHING

From a high angle, seeing Chartwell House at the top of the  
hill, smoke wafts skyward from Gus' fire.

Looking out toward Old Town and the Willamette River, a quiet  
train of four black federal vehicles make their way up  
Chartwell Street, arriving at the house.

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE - DAY

Gus cracks the cranky metal gate and hesitantly stands there.  
With the vehicle doors cracking, Gus sees Kathy and Mary,  
both battered and bruised.

The agents stay back at the vehicles, letting the family come  
together for a moment.

KATHY

Dad.

They come together in a three way embrace.

GUS

Kath, I can't believe you're here.  
You too, Mar.

KATHY

We're finally together again.

GUS

Welcome home.

MARY

We both have some work to do. And  
we don't mean the house.

Mary and Kathy turn toward the house.

KATHY

It's huge.



GUS  
It's going to be restored.

MARY  
How?

GUS  
Do you know anything about non-profit organizations?

KATHY  
Maybe.

MARY  
You couldn't afford it in the first place. How are you going to afford restoring a house like this?

GUS  
I'm not. This isn't Chartwell House. It's Emily's House. It's her legacy, not ours. We're just caretakers.

The girls are confused.

MARY  
Who's Emily?

The FBI agents begin to move toward them.

GUS  
We'll talk later.

Mary and Kathy let Gus take the agents into the house.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FOYER - DAY

The FBI Field Officer and SEVEN FBI AGENTS are inside the house, seeing a curious scene of dented walls with several bullet holes scattered throughout.

FBI FIELD OFFICER  
I've been to a lot of strange scenes over the years, but this takes it.

GUS  
All the weaponry is in the room off the hall to your right.

The FBI Agents file into the secret room, the two alone.

FBI FIELD OFFICER  
You were under some pretty heavy  
scrutiny by the locals.

GUS  
Officer Harris means well.

FBI FIELD OFFICER  
The rooming house has been a blight  
in the downtown for a long time.

Kathy and Mary enter with Josh. They're all standing near an old wood pallet stacked full of the white bricks, covered with a canvas tarp, perplexed by the bashed walls.

JOSH  
I was in the area.  
(looks around)  
And I was a bit short with you the  
other night. Maybe we can come by  
for a closer look.

GUS  
I think I figured it out.

JOSH  
Yeah, what did you find?

GUS  
Emily.

JOSH  
As in Jenkins? That Emily?

GUS  
When we're done with the renos,  
I'll have you over. I'll introduce  
you.

Josh studies Gus' semi-serious look and starts to chuckle.

JOSH  
Right. You're good. Introduce me.

GUS  
I'm serious.

Josh starts to chuckle some more.

JOSH  
Okay. I'll let you finish up here.

GUS  
Have a good afternoon.

Josh exits.

FBI FIELD OFFICER  
What was going on inside the house,  
exactly?

They part for a moment, watching two FBI Agents taking black duffle bags full of weapons and gear.

Gus' variety of looks passed around feels awkward and strange, ending in a resolute look of hope.

GUS  
A guy named Gus found himself in  
the most unusual and unexplainable  
way you could imagine.

They're all startled by the sound of old plaster wall crumbling from one of the large dents, dropping a couple more bricks of sealed cash on the floor nearby.

FBI FIELD OFFICER  
What's that?

GUS  
Emily's legacy.

They have no idea what he means. Two FBI Agents go upstairs, and another pair goes down into the basement.

The Field Officer next to Gus is perplexed, looking at the covered pile next to them.

An FBI Agent appears with Gus' computer box.

FBI AGENT  
We're taking this as part of the  
immunity deal you signed.

GUS  
Take it all.

The agent steps, stops, and turns.

FBI AGENT  
Who's Emily? The screens were full  
of information. Fascinating lady.

Two FBI Agents appear from the basement, sort of weirded out.

GUS  
She still is.

FBI AGENT 2  
Did you know she was a private  
investigator?

GUS  
A good one too.

FBI AGENT 2  
By some strange coincidence, there  
were old photos of the rooming  
house down there.

GUS  
That was no coincidence.

The FBI Agents come down the stairs and begin to exit with  
the rest of the Agents, their search wrapping up.

FBI FIELD OFFICER  
This place gives me the creeps.

GUS  
Thanks for stopping by.

Gus, Kathy, and Mary stand close, watching the house clear  
itself.

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Gus is cleaning counters. Mary sweeps the floor of the  
apartment sized guest house. They pause work coming  
together.

GUS  
We're starting over, the right way.

MARY  
What's the right way?

GUS  
Emily's way.

MARY  
How are we going to afford all  
this?

INT. CHARTWELL HOUSE / FOYER - DAY

Mary and Gus enter the foyer, pausing there together.

Kathy was in the middle of cleaning up, kneeling by the brick sized paper bundles in a good sized square pile. She cracks the corner of one, curious about what's inside one.

KATHY

Dad. Is this what I think it is?

She holds up one of the wrapped bricks of cash, partially torn open.

MARY

What are we supposed to do with it?

GUS

Fix the house the way Emily made it. This is her house. The rest goes to a trust in her name.

KATHY

Who's Emily?

GUS

She's the one who saved us.

MARY

A non-profit organization to help women who need a second chance.

KATHY

Are you going to quit your job?

GUS

No. I need them and they need me. Emily's House needs you and other women who need a fresh start.

There's a knock at the door. Gus opens it, finding TWO BRINKS ARMED GUARDS.

ARMED GUARD

We received a call from your lawyer's office about a pick up of some cash.

GUS

Come in.

The Guards step in seeing the palate of wrapped cash.

GUS (CONT'D)

Thanks for getting here so quickly. This is it for now.

ARMED GUARD  
You found this in the house?

The Guards look at each other like it's the strangest thing they've ever encountered.

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE - DAY

From a high angle, the Brinks Guards carry out multiple bags of cash each while another GUARD watches the loading.

A radio broadcast plays over the scene.

RADIO BROADCASTER (O.S.)  
It was a wild night in the city last night. Portland's field office of the FBI just released a statement saying that a local man who works in the tech sector single handedly brought down a human smuggling and extortion ring last night.

INT. A.M. MANUFACTURING - DAY

Gus returns to work on the line, everyone hearing the news, but nobody knowing what to say. The line shuts down, everyone silent.

ALAIN  
I don't know if this is the right time to say this, Gus. But while you were away, Mario's work doesn't bother me so much.

JESSICA  
Welcome back, Gus.

GUS  
Thanks Jess, I mean that.

MARIO  
What's it like being a hero?

GUS  
I'm not a hero. I'm incredibly lucky that something better found me at the right time.

Gus turns the line on and they begin working.

EXT. CHARTWELL HOUSE - DAY

From a wide angle, contractors are at the house with a large refuse bin.

FOUR WORKERS are removing refuse and dead foliage and branches from the exterior of the property.

Gus is talking to the CONTRACTOR near the front entrance, gesturing to the property.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Ellen smiles at Gus in his chair.

ELLEN

That's it for today, Gus. You covered a lot of ground. Between now and our next session, try to remember this.

GUS

I'll try.

ELLEN

The important thing isn't whether something is real or imagined. The important thing is that it's real to us. And in the end, if it helps make our lives and the world a better place, that's okay.

GUS

The world we live in now doesn't easily accept anything that's not on their phones. It's a shame.

ELLEN

Is it possible that you really did encounter a supernatural source of light?

GUS

It's more than possible. Can I really help the three of us change for the better?

ELLEN

What do you think?

Gus' growing smile is directed back outside.

FADE OUT.