

THE DOOR PEOPLE

an original screenplay

by

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INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DAY

The house is laid out in shotgun style, with a single hallway that runs the length of the building. From the far end of the hallway, we begin in DARKNESS and track towards the light that comes from the DEN.

As we get enough light to see, the hallway is lined with doors, all of which are shut. Steadicam through the house from back to front as credits roll, pictures on the walls, hardwood floors, and rooms that have contained lives--all pass. During this, the following speech.

JUDE (V.O.)

The trouble with breathing...is that anyone can do it. In fact, everyone does it. It's involuntary. In other words, you don't really have any choice in the matter. If you try to hold your breath for too long, you'll just pass out and then once you're out cold...you'll start breathing again.

(Beat)

I wonder sometimes if having no choice in the first thing we experience in this world prepares us to have no choice for anything else. Or maybe that's just an excuse, like all the others.

Track into the front room--a combination foyer/den with the kitchen attached. Track to JUDE, lying on the sofa. She is in her late twenties, pretty but not beautiful, has shoulder-length brownish red hair. She is curled up, barefoot, asleep. A battered copy of The Return of the King lies on the floor by the sofa.

Beat.

JUDE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm not even sure why I'm telling you this.

Credits end. Nothing happens for a moment, her chest rises and falls.

A SOUND from outside, a MUFFLED CRY. A TINKLING OF GLASS from above her. Her eyes blink open.

JUDE (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Oh hell.

Moments pass, unmoving. A KNOCK at the front door. She sits up, rubs at her eyes a little, then walks over, opens the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOUG AND JUDE'S PORCH - DAY

Standing on her front porch are two CHILDREN, both around ten years old. One is wearing an Atlanta Braves baseball cap. The other wears a catcher's glove. They both wear looks of contrition. The rest of the TEAM stands on the other side of the street by the dusty baseball diamond.

The two BOYS obviously drew the short straws. JUDE knows perfectly well what's going on, and she is amused at their discomfort--although not cruelly so.

FIRST BOY

Ma'am? I'm sorry...we...well,  
I...kinda knocked a ball through your  
window upstairs.

JUDE

That would explain what I heard, yes.

SECOND BOY

We're sorry. We can pay to have it  
replaced. It only took out one pane,  
it looks like.

JUDE

(understandingly)  
Uh-huh. Well, I'll take a look at it  
and we'll see what damage is done. I'm  
sure we can get it figured out.

No one moves for a moment.

JUDE (CONT'D)

(getting it)  
Let me guess. That...was your only  
ball.

The two BOYS sheepishly nod.

JUDE

And you need it back to keep playing.

Another nod.

JUDE (CONT'D)

What inning?

FIRST BOY

Sixth.

JUDE

Uh-huh. And who's winning?

The SECOND BOY grins. The FIRST BOY does not.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Uh-huh. Let me see if I can track it down. Hang tight for a minute.

She shuts the door softly.

JUDE (cont'd)

(under her breath)

I didn't even realize this place had an attic.

JUDE walks back to the hallway...

INT. HALLWAY - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DAY

...and looks upward, studying the ceiling. No entranceway.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSET - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DAY

DARKNESS.

Then the door opens and JUDE peers in and up to the ceiling. No entrance there.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DAY

JUDE shuts the door to another room. Not in there.

QUICK CUT to the shutting of another door.

And still another.

CUT TO:

INT. UTILITY ROOM - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DAY

The door opens. JUDE peers in. This looks to be a garage that was enclosed to serve as an extra room. Lawn maintenance equipment lies around. An old lawnmower is in the corner on its back like a capsized beetle. The hot water heater hums complacently. Leaning up against the

wall are some 4' by 8' sheets of particle board. In the middle of the room, on the ceiling, she spies the entrance to the attic.

It's a simple rickety wooden door that barely stands out against the rest of the ceiling. It looks like a hole somebody cut in the ceiling and filled in with the frame that holds the door. You could probably just paint over it and never find it again--it almost looks like someone tried to do that, in fact. Sloppy workmanship.

JUDE leaves for a moment, returns with a small step ladder. She extends the ladder, climbs it, then pushes at the door, which opens upward. No sound from the hinges.

She pokes her head up through the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S ATTIC - DAY

The sunlight streams in through the small window, filtered only by a yellowing curtain. It's not a lot of light, so most of the room is obscured. A small desk and a dark oil lamp sit under the window. And sure enough, one pane was knocked out by the ball.

JUDE

Okay. So we have an attic.

As JUDE cranes around, she sees the ball on the far side of the room. She hoists herself up into the room, walks over, picks up the ball...

...and notices what it rolled against. She lets her fingers trace up the wooden surface of a DOOR, an ordinary door, leaning against the far wall. She can barely make out the number 12 written on it in chalk. She runs a finger over the number. Intrigued, she walks to the window, draws back the curtain, and more light streams in...

...revealing over two dozen DOORS in the room. Some, in a stack to her left, appear to be ordinary doors. Others, leaning against the wall to her right, are more unique. One is small and round. Another appears to be made of stone. Each has a number, like the first, written in chalk.

JUDE

(re: the round door)

Okay. There's a hobbit door in our attic.

JUDE walks back to the table, touches the oil lamp, and notices the BOOK.

It lies on its back on the table. The cover appears to be leather. She brushes glass from it, flips back the cover and on the first page, in handwritten script, it says: DOORS AND WINDOWS.

FIRST BOY (O.S.)  
(from outside, calling up)  
Ma'am? Did you find it?

JUDE  
Yes! I did, I'll be...I'll be right down!

She closes the book again, and traces her fingers over the cover. A perplexed look. Then she returns to the entrance and descends.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOUG AND JUDE'S PORCH - DAY

She opens the front door again and presents the two BOYS with the baseball. They reach to take it from her, but she withdraws it playfully.

JUDE  
Promise to be more careful?

FIRST BOY  
(nods, smiles)  
Promise.

JUDE  
Good. How many runs down?

SECOND BOY  
(gloating)  
They're down by three.

JUDE tosses the ball and the FIRST BOY catches it.

JUDE  
(to FIRST BOY)  
Knock em dead.

The two BOYS start down the stairs.

JUDE (cont'd)  
(calling after them)  
Them, not what's left of my window.

The two BOYS laugh and run to the street, look both ways and cross, then join their friends.

She watches them go and smiles, then shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

The stove is full of Jude's cooking: pasta. She holds a phone in the crook between her neck and shoulder, talking and stirring.

JUDE

(into phone)

No...yes...they were so cute. And so polite...I know, back home they would have probably just broken in and gone up into the attic themselves to get it themselves...And you said there were no benefits to moving out here. Anyway--

SOUND of the front door opening and closing.

JUDE (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hey, Robin. Listen, Doug's home. I need to...no, it's not like the phone thing used to be, I just need to finish dinner...No, it's not like that anymore...Listen, I need to go, okay? I'll call you later this week...Yeah, love you too. Bye.

She hangs up the phone as DOUG walks into the kitchen. DOUG: Early thirties, handsome, broadly built and a bit rugged. He's wearing overalls and a tool belt, and is carrying a small duffel of other equipment.

He walks over and kisses her.

DOUG

Hey honey.

JUDE

Hey. The Randalls get installed?

DOUG walks from the room, the conversation continues.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG'S WORK ROOM - NIGHT

This is a Man's Room. The surface of a work table in the corner has scattered over it: wires, alarms, a closed circuit camera which has been dissected, and a couple of small monitors in various stages of repair. Other tools hang on a large pegboard. The obligatory Sports Illustrated swimsuit calendar hangs to one side of the board.

DOUG begins to take off his paraphernalia, putting things away, still continuing the conversation.

DOUG  
Barely. It is the biggest bitch to get new wiring into these old houses. One's worse than the last.

JUDE (O.S.)  
(from kitchen)  
Sorry, baby. But you figured it out.

DOUG hangs up his tool belt and looks over at a stack of envelopes and flyers.

DOUG  
Is this all the mail?

JUDE (O.S.)  
(from kitchen)  
Sure thing.

DOUG picks up the stack and rifles through it, culling out the junk mail.

DOUG  
Crap...crap...bill.  
Crap...crap...crap...bill.

Those items designated "crap" are fed into a shredder that sits by his work table. He then leaves the room...

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

...rejoining JUDE.

DOUG  
The Randalls. Got it done, but took way too long. Frustrating.

DOUG goes to the fridge, procures a bottle of beer. He cracks it open.

DOUG (cont'd)

I can't keep taking these slow jobs. I need to get faster.

JUDE

You had talked about hiring somebody to help out.

DOUG grunts thoughtfully, then stands for a moment, swigging from his beer.

DOUG

Was that Robin Young on the phone?

Uncomfortable pause.

JUDE

Well...yes. She just called to see how we were doing. Just to chat. That's all.

DOUG

That's all. I'll bet. She's still mad at me that I convinced you to move out here, isn't she?

JUDE

No. No, Doug, she even asked how your business was going. She was happy for us.

DOUG grunts in response. Beat.

JUDE (cont'd)

Dinner'll be ready. I just need two minutes.

DOUG nods, shambles out of the kitchen. From the family room, the SOUND of the TV being switch on. A sitcom. A LAUGH TRACK.

JUDE looks into the den, breathes a sigh of relief, as if she had just dodged a bullet, then goes back to stirring.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

The pots and pans have moved from the stove to the sink, where JUDE is dutifully scrubbing them. The majority of them are already clean, sitting spotless next to the sink.

DOUG comes up behind JUDE, grabs her in a playful bear hug.

QUICK CUT TO:

JUDE'S FLASHBACK

Too quick to tell a location. It's dark. Perhaps some brickwork about. A hand closes over JUDE's mouth as she--

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

--jerks a little in DOUG's arms. He loosens his grip a little. Smiles, a trace of knowledge perhaps lurking behind his eyes.

DOUG

I'm sorry, honey. I didn't mean to startle you.

JUDE

(playing it down)  
No, I'm okay. It's okay.

DOUG

Come to bed soon when you're done. I've got to hit the hay. Early morning tomorrow. Seals' Hardware wants to get bars installed on their windows. The burglary at the drugstore finally convinced them.

He kisses her and goes.

DOUG (O.S.)

(walking down the hallway)  
I tried to tell them two months ago...but would they listen to me? Of course not...

His voice trails off. Once it has, JUDE puts a hand on the counter. She trembles violently, then manages to get herself under control.

She loses it again, calms herself again. She leaves the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL BATHROOM - NIGHT

DARKNESS.

JUDE pulls the string and click, the fluorescent above the sink sputters on. She runs some water in the sink, bends over, and splashes it on her face. Then, she considers her wet reflection for a moment before opening the medicine cabinet and pulling out a small pill bottle. She extracts a grey capsule from the bottle, pops it in her mouth, washes it down with some water straight from the tap.

She watches her reflection some more, then notices her hair has gotten a little out of place. A whitish line of scar tissue starts in the middle of her forehead just at the hairline and runs right--about two inches long in total.

JUDE traces a finger along it for a moment, then brushes the hair back down quickly. She dries her face on the hand towel and pulls the string again.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Overhead shot of the couple in bed. DOUG is a massive shape under the white sheets. JUDE looks so small in comparison. She is curled up and facing away from him. Closer in as her eyes blink--she's not asleep. Twice. Three times, then they close.

JUDE (V.O.)

I'm not even sure why I'm telling you this. I bet you'll think I'm insane or something. More insane than you do already, anyway. Maybe I'm trying to figure out what it means just as much as you are.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

DARKNESS

Some SOUNDS OF TRAFFIC. SOUND OF A BREEZE. We're somewhere else.

ROBIN (O.S.)

Do you know what you need?

JUDE (O.S.)

No. Please tell me what I need.

FADE IN:

INT. RICK'S COFFEE JOINT - ROOFTOP GARDEN - NIGHT

Metal patio furniture sits among the trees that are planted in furrows of soil amidst the roof tiles. Overhead lamps provide enough light to sip your espresso by. It's all rather nice, and apart from the SOUND of occasional traffic below and the invading lights from nearby neon--it's the kind of perfect urban hangout you wish you knew how to find.

ROBIN and JUDE sit at a table closest to the rim of the garden. We see ROBIN. Same age as JUDE, but looks young for her age--carded often at bars. She has ivory skin, red curly hair, and a slightly round face that looks like it's seen a good share of laughter.

JUDE sits across from her, her hair cropped to chin length. There's no scar on her forehead.

They both have steaming mugs of coffee.

ROBIN

You need to get over your dependency.

JUDE

My dependency? You're telling me this?  
You're the nicotine fiend.

ROBIN

I'm down to two packs a day.

JUDE

Yeah, down to two from one. It's that new math I keep reading about.

(she sips)

But no, please. Tell me what my dependency is. The kettle can't wait to hear it.

ROBIN

(all smiles)

You're a cruel woman.

(beat)

Okay. Now, hear me out. It's like this: you're addicted to guys.

JUDE

I'm a--

(bursts out laughing)

Oh that's good. You're not trying to hit on me again, are you? This isn't another one of your bi interventions, is it?

ROBIN

There was just that once. And I was drunk.

(beat)

No. How long have we known each other?  
Eleven years.

JUDE

And a half.

ROBIN

(gestures with her mug and sips)

Right. With you, it's one guy after another. Serial monogamy. Textbook case.

JUDE

And this is not beneficial...because...?

ROBIN

Because you keep picking guys, not men.

JUDE

Oh no. Not a serious conversation. Robin, come on, we were having so much fun here--

ROBIN

Like I said, hear me out. You've got guys and you've got men. All men are guys, but not all guys are men.

JUDE

Do they carry identification? Are there any conspicuous marks I should be looking for? Maybe a barcode on the back of the neck?

(idea)

You've been reading another self-help book, haven't you?

ROBIN

Listen to me. You can tell the difference because men aren't overly afraid of women. Guys try to shape you the way they see fit. Take Derrick for example.

JUDE

(buries face in hands)

Ah, God. I knew you were going here.

ROBIN

No. Honey, listen. Answer me this.  
When did you start seeing him, August?

JUDE

August 2nd, actually.

ROBIN

Fine, August 2nd. It's March. When  
was the last time you got any writing  
done?

SOUND of an ALARM CLOCK and we immediately

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

CU on JUDE from above. As we track back up, we see she has  
not moved at all; her eyes simply blink open. Into frame  
comes DOUG's large hand. It paws at her waist through the  
covers and then moves upward, groping.

DOUG

(soft but gruff)  
Wanna?

JUDE

(closes her eyes)  
Sure, honey.

Camera tracks to one side of the bed and the couple  
disappears out of frame.

JUDE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm trying to figure out what it  
means just as much as you are.

(beat)

The crazy part is that you were right.  
And I knew...well, part of me  
knew...that you were right. It's  
amazing our potential for utter and  
complete denial.

CUT TO:

DARKNESS

SOUND of something being TURNED ON. We blink back into  
life and we are

INSIDE COMPUTER MONITOR - LATER THAT DAY

looking out through the screen at JUDE, who has glasses perched on her nose and a red kerchief tying her long hair back. She looks at the monitor as if she hasn't seen it in a while. Probably because she hasn't. She rustles around to the side of the monitor and we are...

INT. JUDE'S STUDY - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DAY

...in the room with her as she flips through a box of multi-colored diskettes--the large, truly "floppy" variety. Camera pans around behind her.

This would have been a laundry room. The pipes and attachments are in their customary places, waiting for the unbought or unleased appliances.

Instead, a folding card table has been setup here. On top of it is an aged computer PC. If the monitor were any older, it would have green monochrome letters on its screen. If the PC were any older, it would be a planter.

This is the smallest room in the house.

She retrieves a diskette with a handwritten label: A SKY MORE THAN FULL.

JUDE  
(under her breath)  
God, I need help with my titles.

Some typing and the document is on screen. She looks it over. Thinks. The next several cuts take place quickly and we find ourselves inside the monitor again, looking out. Some letters remain backwards on the screen in front of us.

They never change.

INSIDE COMPUTER MONITOR - LATER

JUDE sitting down at the computer, cup of coffee in hand.

LATER

JUDE reading the screen intently, coffee spoon handle hanging out from between her lips.

LATER

The light has changed. She is standing behind the chair. We can only see her from the shoulders down as she cleans her glasses with the kerchief. Glasses exit from the frame

up top, we hear her BLOW ON THEM, then she cleans them some more.

LATER

JUDE, staring out the window at the far end of the room.

LATER

JUDE, turning off the monitor.

QUICK CUT TO:

DARKNESS

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S ATTIC - DAY

The door swings upwards again, and JUDE pokes her head up.

JUDE'S POV

Everything is just as she left it, including the broken window. The light is waning in here, and a CLICK as JUDE turns on her flashlight. We see the circle of light play around the room.

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S ATTIC - DAY

JUDE walks towards the table, running her hands over the doors as she passes--12, 23, 9...then she reaches the table.

Her beam falls on the book again, she picks it up, and opens it. She sits down, her back to the table as she reads.

JUDE  
(under her breath)  
Doors...and windows.

She flips a few pages in.

JUDE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(reading to herself)  
"Two things struck me as odd. One, that the process would be so simple. And two, that no one--no one I am aware of rather--figured it out before. If only I could select where they opened to, it would make everything much easier. Perhaps there is a way to do

this, and I simply haven't uncovered it yet."

More flipping.

JUDE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"Door #8. Conditions favorable. A bit unnerving at first, since for some reason the angle of entry was off. Had to fix that--another new trick I've learned. Gravity was another issue as well, feels just a little stronger than what I'm used to. It's an odd sensation."

JUDE (CONT'D)

(looks up, aloud)

Okay. A lunatic used to live here. How comforting.

CUT TO:

JUDE

going through a leaning stack of doors, lifting them away one by one and examining the numbers.

JUDE

Sixteen...  
(next door)  
Seven...  
(next door)  
Ah. Eight.

Door #8 is a hollow gunmetal grey door that one might find on a shed somewhere. The numeral eight is scrawled on the top middle in chalk just like all the others.

JUDE inches the doors on top of #8 to the side and leans them against the wall with a bit of effort. She considers #8 for a moment, then grabs the doorknob and pulls the door "open".

It slides off the stack and the side with the hinges bangs against the wall. Nothing else happens.

JUDE considers for a moment, then hangs her head and places a hand over her eyes.

JUDE (CONT'D)

I am losing my mind. What the hell am I doing? I'm trying to open doors that

don't go anywhere because a book  
implied that I could.  
(beat, looks up)  
And I'm talking to myself in an empty  
attic. Jesus.

She tries to readjust the door, but #17, the one that was  
behind #8, comes crashing down onto the floor, and she  
narrowly gets out of its path.

A bit of dust settles. The SOUND of the door banging down  
reverberates through the attic. Loudly. JUDE is visibly  
startled.

JUDE (cont'd)  
And I'm breaking shit. Lovely.

She reaches down and grabs the door by the knob to pull it  
up. At that moment--

--the door SINKS INTO THE FLOOR--

--THE HINGES CATCH--

--and THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN TOWARDS HER. Not expecting  
this, JUDE loses her balance and falls to one side behind  
the open door. The DOOR opens only so far and stops, due  
to the limitations of the hinges.

JUDE lies there for a moment in shock, looking at the door,  
which is hanging open, unable to see what it's opened onto.  
All she can see is light spilling out from the opening and  
illuminating a patch on the attic's ceiling. She crawls  
around slowly to the doorway, the light playing over her  
face. She looks down--

CUT TO:

JUDE's POV

--into ANOTHER WORLD. It's a sandy plain that stretches  
off to the horizon. The sun bakes down onto this strange  
landscape. It would look like any other desert, except  
that the sand is GREY. Some of it gets blown by a gentle  
breeze up into the attic and it collects across the back of  
JUDE's hands. JUDE is--

CUT TO:

JUDE

--looking down through the open door at us, eyes wide.  
She's filled with vertigo at the fact that she's  
PERPENDICULAR to this other world--

--then we see her EYES ROLL BACK and she faints, falling  
limply forward face first out onto the grey sand, hanging  
down (or out depending on how you look at it) from the  
attic floor onto the desert surface.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OVERHEAD SHOT - DESERT WORLD - DAY

A bizarre image. A door standing up in the middle of  
nowhere with a young woman (JUDE) lying half-out of it,  
face down in the grey sand.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT WORLD - DAY - LATER

CU on JUDE's face, half-buried in the sand. From another  
world and one floor away, we hear the PHONE RING faintly.  
It rings once, twice, three times--then stops.

JUDE stirs, tries to sit up, realizes where she is, held in  
place by one planet's gravity on one half of her body and  
another planet on the other half--

--and she props herself on her hands quickly enough to  
VOMIT onto the sand.

JUDE  
(wipes mouth)  
Christ.

JUDE has sand stuck to the sweat on her face. She looks  
around.

JUDE'S POV

Miles and miles of nothing but more grey sand, as far as  
the eye can see.

JUDE (O.S.)  
I was hoping I was dreaming this.

Looks down at what's left of her lunch.

JUDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
But I've never thrown up in a dream  
before.

JUDE hauls herself backwards through the door--

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S ATTIC - DAY

--and back up into the attic. She sits up on the floor and rubs her back. She wipes most of the sand from her face. Then she rubs at her neck--

JUDE  
(jerks her fingers back)  
Ow! Shit!

--it's sunburned. So are the backs of her arms, as she now notices.

JUDE (cont'd)  
Oh no. Oh shit. How long was I out?

She pulls herself shakily to her feet, then considers the DOOR. She shuts it, and once shut, she lets go of the doorknob. It RISES UP, separating itself from the floor. JUDE watches it, transfixed for a moment. Then--

--the phone RINGS AGAIN, and she starts.

JUDE (cont'd)  
Jesus!  
(beat)  
Oh God. Doug.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DAY

CU on ringing phone. FOOTSTEPS race down the hallway and then JUDE's HAND snatches it up. CU on her as the camera tracks around her slowly--

JUDE  
(into phone, cheerily)  
Hello? Oh...hey, baby. What? I'm sorry, I took a walk. Came back, sat down on the porch, fell asleep. Think I got a little sun...no...no, I'm fine. I didn't mean to scare you. Yes. I was going to run to the store--

--camera makes its way to her face, where we see she's practically SHAKING WITH TERROR, the complete opposite of what she's relating with her voice.

JUDE (cont'd)

--I was thinking meatloaf. Is that okay? Okay. Okay, well, let me go so I can make the trek to the store...I will. Okay, honey. Talk to you then.

She hangs up the receiver, waits a moment, then slides down the wall into a sitting position. She looks at the back of her arms, reddened by an alien sun. Then she crosses her arms over her and shivers violently.

JUDE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's amazing our potential for utter and complete denial.

(beat)

It's like I was saying before. About choices. I finally remembered what I wanted to say to you about that. It was an experiment that involved a dog.

DISSOLVE TO:

DARKNESS

The SOUND of a computer's low hum.

ROBIN (V.O.)

That's your title?

JUDE (V.O.)

Yes, that's it.

ROBIN (V.O.)

No, that is not your title.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBIN AND JUDE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

JUDE sits in a chair, again with the shorter hair we saw earlier, scarless. ROBIN stands behind her. They are both looking at the same computer that was in the laundry room/office.

In contrast to the interior of DOUG and JUDE's house, the larger window behind them is half-obscured by large ferns, hanging from hooks in the ceiling. Next to the window is a U2 poster, circa Joshua Tree and showing its age. Miles Davis can be heard playing in another room.

JUDE

Of course it's my title. What's wrong with it?

ROBIN  
"A Distance for the Soul."

JUDE  
Yes.

ROBIN  
Hon, you need help with your titles.  
That is the title for a Harlequin  
romance. That's a book that needs torn  
bodices and Fabio shirtless.

JUDE  
(waving an accusing finger)  
There is nothing wrong with a shirtless  
Fabio. You'd pay good money for a  
shirtless Fabio.

ROBIN  
And have. But that's not the point.  
You need help with your titles. If  
you're writing a fantasy-romance story,  
it's got to sound like one. Not like  
it's got heaving bosoms on the cover.

JUDE  
There is nothing wrong with heaving  
bosoms either.

ROBIN  
But I defy you to accuse me of having  
paid for those.

The phone RINGS.

ROBIN (cont'd)  
(crosses the room)  
I got it. Go ahead. Heave away. See  
if I care.  
(answers phone, into it)  
Hello? May I ask who's calling?

JUDE  
(mouths the words)  
Who is it?

ROBIN makes the sign for "D" with her hand. JUDE instantly  
stands up.

ROBIN  
Yeah, I think she's here, Derrick.  
Hang on.

JUDE comes to the phone, takes it from ROBIN and begins talking to DERRICK. We can't hear her, though. The SOUND is gone, but she talks excitedly, happily. ROBIN gives her a sad look and then leaves the room. The following speech over all of this.

JUDE (V.O.)

It was an experiment that involved a dog. What they did is they took this dog and placed it into a little room. And the room was cut in half by a partition, which was low enough for the dog to be able to jump from one side of the room to the other. So the experiment began like this: they electrified one half of the room, the half that the dog happened to be on.

CUT TO:

DARKNESS

--which is revealed to be inside the fridge when DOUG opens it.

INSIDE FRIDGE

We are looking over a six pack of Coronas. DOUG considers them, as though the decision to grab one was something of grave portents.

DOUG

I saw you took the dust cover off the computer.

DOUG grabs one, leans back out and shuts the door--

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

--then stands up and twists the cap off. JUDE is spreading melted butter onto some bread, her back to him.

JUDE

Yeah, I was just playing around. You know. For old times' sake.

DOUG

Nothing wrong with playing.  
(nods, deep swig)  
Some sun you got there.

JUDE

Tried to get some fresh air today. You  
know. While it wasn't too hot out.  
Fell asleep reading.

DOUG looks her over. JUDE can feel his eyes on her.

DOUG  
But the laundry got done, I saw.

JUDE  
Yes. Yes it did.

DOUG grunts again and walks away, swigging.

DOUG  
Need to put some aloe on that or  
something.

JUDE, with her back still turned, again has that look of  
relief.

JUDE  
(re: dinner)  
Two minutes, honey.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Overhead shot again. Again, the couple faces away from  
each other. They are both asleep. We JUMPCUT back and  
forth into JUDE'S DREAM/FLASHBACK as we slowly track  
downward towards them.

JUDE'S DREAM/FLASHBACK

Again, in a dark place, JUDE is grabbed from behind, a hand  
snaking over her mouth--

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JUDE makes a low noise in her throat, still asleep--

JUDE'S DREAM/FLASHBACK

--a low-top tennis shoe (JUDE'S) kicks backward, finding  
air as it leaves the ground--

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JUDE inhales suddenly and holds it. CU on her as her hand  
tightens around the covers--

JUDE'S DREAM/FLASHBACK

--JUDE is pinned face first up against a brick wall--one with the masonry not evened out--it's obvious the jagged bits sticking out are digging into her. Her attacker apparently does not care. Her forehead connects on the right side hard--

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

--JUDE is shaken awake by DOUG, who is leaning over her.

DOUG

Baby, wake up. Wake up!

JUDE has been crying in her sleep. Wide-eyed, she practically leaps into DOUG's arms. He rocks her as best he can, looking a little startled himself.

DOUG (cont'd)

You were moaning in your sleep. You started saying--I don't know what you were saying. Was it the dream?

JUDE merely nods, a few steps past coherent explanations. As DOUG comforts her, the camera tracks backwards away from the bed--

DOUG (cont'd)

Shhhh. Shhh...it's okay. That bastard won't be back. I'll protect you. I'll always protect you, you know that. Just calm down, and I'll get you your pills, okay?

JUDE lies perfectly still in DOUG's cradling arms, not moving at all, staring off into space, unblinking.

JUDE (V.O.)

They electrified one half of the room, the half that the dog happened to be on. Once that half of the room was electrified, the dog naturally moved to the other side of the room--away from the pain of being shocked. So then they'd wait for the dog to get comfortable...and shock that side of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

DARKNESS

The faint sound of WATER RUNNING IN A SINK fades up to where we can hear it. Then a KNOCK at an unseen door.

ROBIN (V.O.)  
Jude, open this door.

JUDE mumbles something inaudibly from the other side of the door.

ROBIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Bullshit. You're not that tired.  
(beat)  
I can wait here until you come out, you know.  
(beat)  
I know where you sleep, girl.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - ROBIN AND JUDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door to the bathroom cracks open and JUDE looks out with one eye. ROBIN pushes the door further and the other eye comes into view.

It's black. It's not swollen shut, but it's a shiner all right. JUDE looks for a moment like she's going to play it off--but she knows ROBIN won't fall for it. JUDE commences to look miserable.

JUDE  
Robin, wait--

ROBIN  
(not waiting, quietly)  
That...cocksucker.

JUDE  
(stepping forward)  
Robin, listen to me.

ROBIN  
(louder)  
Oh, that COCKSUCKER.

ROBIN breaks from her and storms down the hallway--

INT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM - ROBIN AND JUDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

--into her room and opens up a drawer in her dresser.

JUDE (O.S.)  
(coming down the hall)

Robin, NO. Stop it.

ROBIN fishes out a Glock model 22 pistol and a clip. JUDE comes in the room, already knows what her friend is up to. ROBIN does not make idle threats, especially when they involve the use of ammunition.

JUDE (cont'd)  
Robin, let me explain. Please let me explain.

ROBIN  
All right.  
(inserts the clip)  
Explain.  
(clicks it home)  
But I'm warning you now. If this is another "I fell down" excuse, then we have nothing to talk about.

JUDE takes a moment, and is painfully choosing each word with extreme care.

JUDE  
Okay. I'm not going to lie to you, Robin. He hit me. Okay? Derrick hit me.

ROBIN starts to move, JUDE grabs both her shoulders and holds her.

JUDE (cont'd)  
Listen. It was my fault, okay?

ROBIN  
Don't give me that--

JUDE  
It was my fault. I spilled something in his car. On his leather seats. Okay? I did that. I fucked up. He had just spent I don't know how much money on--

ROBIN starts laughing. JUDE is completely thrown off.

JUDE (cont'd)  
What...what's funny?

ROBIN  
(difficulty speaking)  
You. You're funny. Hon, how long have we known each other?

JUDE

Freshman year, second semester.  
English class. Mrs. Norman.

ROBIN

Right. Eleven and a half years. I'm  
your oldest friend that still talks to  
you.

JUDE

Robin, you're holding a loaded pistol.  
It would make me feel a lot better if  
you'd get straight to the point.

ROBIN

The point, Judy, is that I'm  
considering killing you. Right here.  
Right now.

A beat. JUDE looks a bit stunned. Wouldn't you?

ROBIN (cont'd)

(no more laughter)

That's right. It was Ms. Young. In  
the master bedroom. With the pistol.

JUDE

(rather confused)

Robin, what are you--

ROBIN

What am I talking about? I'm talking  
about sparing myself the suspense. I'm  
talking about being sick of wondering  
if--with each new boyfriend--if this  
one is going to be the one to finally  
put you in the hospital. Or worse, to  
finally get you killed. Better to put  
a bullet in your head now and save  
everybody the trouble. Because you  
obviously have some kind of issue with  
self-loathing or something.

ROBIN starts crying. Like someone threw a switch. She  
puts the hand holding the gun up to her forehead to cover  
her face with both hand and weapon.

ROBIN (cont'd)

I can't take it, Jude. I can't. I  
love you. You're my best friend in the  
world and one day I'm going to have the  
police explain to me that some fucking

moron has killed you. And I can't deal with that.

ROBIN hits the release for the clip. It falls from the gun and hits the floor. She sits down on the edge of her bed.

ROBIN (cont'd)  
And you know what the worst part is?  
The part that's going to put me in a psych ward?

JUDE, a little stunned, just shakes her head.

ROBIN (cont'd)  
The fact that when they tell me...when they come to the door and they start that speech, "Ms. Young? I'm terribly sorry..." They will have said just enough at that point for me to know the worst part. And it's not that you're dead. It's that I will know for a fact that you died apologizing to the bastard who killed you.

ROBIN puts the gun down on the bed and then leans forward and sobs into her hands.

Several moments pass with JUDE just standing there. Then she kneels in front of ROBIN. ROBIN grabs JUDE and pulls her up onto the bed, hugging her.

They rock each other there, and slowly try to comfort each other.

JUDE (V.O.)  
They'd wait for the dog to get comfortable...and shock that side of the room. With the new half of the room electrified, the dog would, of course, jump over the partition into the old half of the room, the one it came from. So they would wait for the dog to get comfortable again...do you see the pattern developing here?

DISSOLVE TO:

DARKNESS

SOUND of a bird chirping, muted as though it were coming in from outside a window.

JUDE (V.O.)

"It took me a full week before I returned here to the attic. My last experience was almost too much for me to bear."

We round a corner and we are tracking through...

INT. DEN - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DAY

JUDE (V.O.)

"I realize now I went through the first door..."

Track through the living room into...

INT. HALLWAY - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DAY

JUDE (V.O.)

"...totally unprepared and ill-equipped to handle what I might encounter. A world of utter and complete darkness. Except the darkness felt alive and wrong. I believe I saw something moving there in the blackness, but it could have been a trick of my eyes. I might not have seen anything, but I could hear...something. Something horrible. I very quickly shut #2 and won't open it again."

As she speaks, track down the hallway and up the step ladder into...

INT. ATTIC - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DAY

JUDE is sitting in the spot of sunlight that is streaming through the attic window, revealed to be reading to herself from the "Doors and Windows" journal.

Across from her is DOOR #2, a large oak door with the number, like all the others, marked on it in white chalk. JUDE has moved it in order to study it as she reads about it.

JUDE puts down the book and steps over to the door. She touches it, and like DOOR #17 before it, it SINKS INTO THE WALL. She pauses for a moment, thinking, then opens the door just a crack.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE DOOR #2

DARKNESS.

Then a crack of light appears--on the other side of which we can see JUDE's eye peering in at us. She looks about with that one eye.

There is only the darkness. Nothing happens.

Then something large, shrouded in darkness and WET SOUNDING moves between the camera and the open door, almost sliding. JUDE's eye goes WIDE. Our only visual of its presence is the fact that the light from the door is partially obscured. There is another SOUND, something not unlike a legion of ANGRY CICADAS.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE

JUDE looks down at the floor and a small BLACK TENDRIL is flailing about in the light of the room. It's slick and shiny, like some kind of eel. JUDE SCREAMS, kicks the tendril back inside and slams the door shut.

After a moment's pause, she removes it completely from where it stands against the wall. Then she sets it against another part of the wall, standing the door up again.

The moment she places the door back against the wall, at her touch, DOOR #2 SINKS IN AGAIN.

JUDE

Ah! Shit! No, stop that! Shit!

She pulls DOOR #2 free of the wall and looks uncertain for a moment; then in desperation she stacks it up against another door.

Still trembling, she waits another moment, then--just to be sure--she pulls the chair over and leans DOOR #2 against it, so it can't possibly make contact with a flat surface.

JUDE leans against the chair and catches her breath. Then she tries to calm herself, eventually sitting down on the attic floor. She brushes some hair out of her face and picks up the book again.

JUDE

(reading from the book)

"One thing that became obvious: I do realize now that I would have to take this entire thing much more seriously

than before. Because the danger is quite real."

(beat, eyes DOOR #2)  
No shit.

She rubs her eyes, then continues.

JUDE (cont'd)  
"So therefore, I have taken steps. With Door #3 I will try better to prepare for any eventuality."

She closes the book. Thinks for a beat.

JUDE (cont'd)  
Good advice.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

DOOR #17, which leads to the Desert World, is now leaning against the wall. JUDE's hand comes into frame, pushes the door flush with the wall, and--just as before--it sinks into the surface.

JUDE raises an eyebrow, then lets her hands drop from the door. It raises away from the wall. She puts a hand back on its surface, and it sinks again.

The rest of JUDE comes into frame now. She's brandishing a baseball bat--her version of being prepared. She holds it up as if she was about to get tossed a ball across the plate--

--then leans out and reaches for the doorknob--

--turns it and then makes a little jump backwards as the door swings open, still with the bat up.

ALIEN LIGHT, just as before, spills into the room as JUDE steps forward.

CUT TO:

JUDE'S POV

The DESERT WORLD stretches away from the doorway like before, although this time we're spared the vertigo of looking down into a rightside-up world. A discolored patch on the sand marks the place just inside the doorway where JUDE had vomited.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT WORLD - DAY

A far shot of the doorway standing open. Other than the spot of color on the ground, nothing has changed since the last time we were here. Nothing at all stirs.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ATTIC - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DAY

JUDE stands stock still for a moment, still with the bat up. Then she lowers it. She peers into the doorway and then shrugs a little. She closes the door.

Beat. She picks up the journal and flips several pages in.

JUDE

"Door #17. A grey desert world with a sun that never seems to set and no sign of life that I can detect. A dead end. Moving on."

(a small smile)

More good advice.

(beat)

Okay. Let's go back to the beginning. Figure out how we got here.

She flips back towards the start of the book and keeps reading.

JUDE (V.O.)

Do you see the pattern developing here? As they electrified one side of the room, the dog would leap to the other, trying to find safety.

(beat)

But then after a while...they electrified the floor on both sides.

DISSOLVE TO:

DARKNESS

JUDE (V.O.)

(tinny, as if through a phone)  
No, it's not like that anymore...

ROBIN (V.O.)

How is it then?

JUDE (V.O.)

(tinny)  
Listen, I need to go, okay? I'll call  
you later this week...

ROBIN (V.O.)  
You better. I love you, hon.

JUDE (V.O.)  
(tinny)  
Yeah, love you too. Bye.

SOUND of a click and a DIAL TONE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDIO - ROBIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ROBIN stands there holding a paintbrush and a plastic palette. She's wearing a wireless phone headset so she can work while she paints. She ponders for a moment, listening to the dial tone through the earpiece, then uses the back end of the brush handle to hit a button on the headset unit that's clipped to her belt. The DIAL TONE ends.

Track around to reveal the painting she's working on. It's a canvas about four by five feet in size featuring a dull gray city landscape, with grey faceless, almost shapeless people moving to and fro. In an alleyway towards the center of the piece, a BENGAL TIGER stands at the entrance to the alley. Perched on top of the tiger's head is a WHITE DOVE. Around them, the sloppily pieced together wall of bricks and mortar, along with the pavement, almost seem to have some vibrancy of life about them.

Beat.

The phone RINGS, doesn't startle her at all. She hits the button with the brush again and continues working.

ROBIN  
(into headset)  
Speak. Oh hey, Jerry. No,  
everything's going great, I'm glad you  
called. We still set for the end of  
the month? Good, good. Buyers?

She puts down her brush and palette and keeps talking as she walks...

INT. OFFICE - ROBIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

...into a cluttered office space that might have originally been a large walk-in closet. Wedged against one wall is a

metal five-drawer filing cabinet and a desk covered with papers of various shapes and colors. As ROBIN talks, she moves a large can of what appears to be house paint onto the floor. It was serving as a paperweight for another stack of documents. She leafs through them.

ROBIN

(into headset)

Buyers are good too, yeah. No...no, actually I'm ahead of schedule. I know, it's new for me too. I might take a couple days off right before. Smooth out before the show, you know? I'll let you know, though. Okay. Talk to you in a bit.

She hits the button and hangs up again. She's picked up a small sticky note. The note has handwritten upon it: JUDE LEWIS. 114 5th ST. MILLEDGEBURG.

She takes the note and using a pizza delivery service magnet, attaches it to the cabinet under a series of magnetic children's letters that spell out the words "IMPORTANT SHIT."

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Another day from when we last saw her, JUDE is now in different clothes with her hair tied back with a kerchief. She's sitting cross-legged on the floor of the attic, in a square of light that's coming through the window, the book open in her lap. From time to time she leans over and makes notes in a small notebook next to her on the floor.

JUDE

(under her breath)

Hmm. Door #8 is..."Swamp World".

Okay.

She writes this into the notebook then goes back to reading from "Doors and Windows."

JUDE (V.O.)

"Door #9. A world covered by ocean, it seems. No matter where I placed the door on its surface, it opened on water."

JUDE

"Where I placed the..." How the hell did you--?

She shakes her head and continues.

JUDE (V.O.)

"For some reason--some extraordinarily lucky reason--the process refuses to do anything such as place doors anywhere but upon the surface of a world. Imagine the deluge from that world into ours if the door opened a few hundred fathoms underwater."

JUDE looks up from the book. Considers this for a moment, then flips through some pages. Then flips back.

JUDE (cont'd)

Fuck it.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S ATTIC - A FEW MINUTES LATER

DOOR #9 slams against the side wall and SINKS IN. JUDE stands in front of it, steeling herself.

JUDE

(under her breath)

It's okay. It's okay. He said it opened on the surface.

(beat)

Wish I had a life preserver, anyway. Just in case.

She takes a deep breath and opens the door, tentatively at first, then letting it swing into the attic. CU on her face as we see rippling sunlight play across her face.

She leans into the doorway...

JUDE'S POV

Playing out in front of her is the OCEAN as described in the book, stretching out as far as the eye can see. The water is a dull green. Pinkish clouds move across the sky slowly.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN WORLD - DAY

Far shot of the doorway floating impossibly just above the surface of the water.

As JUDE looks down, a massive DARK SHAPE, only just visible below the surface of the water and roughly twice the size of a blue whale, swims straight under the DOOR's opening.

CUT TO:

JUDE's POV

JUDE watches in disbelief as what appears to be a tail vanishes beyond her field of vision.

CUT TO:

JUDE

The sunlight plays across her face still. Her eyes are wide.

JUDE (CONT'D)  
(under her breath)  
What is this process were you using?  
And just what the hell were you looking  
for?

She holds up her wrist and checks her watch. She thinks for a moment...

EXT. OCEAN WORLD - DAY

...and shuts the Door. One moment the opening is there, the next...gone. We linger a moment, then...

CUT TO:

EXT. MRS. CONNORS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON

JUDE pulls up in a red pickup truck--DOUG's other vehicle. She puts it in park, gets out and makes her way up the gravel to the porch, then to the front door. She knocks.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MRS. CONNORS' HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

JUDE is comfortably seated on a small sofa in the living room of her landlord, MRS. CONNORS. The living room is stuffed with furniture and accessories that have been probably been in the Connors family for at least three generations. MRS. CONNORS herself enters the room holding a tray with two cups of coffee on it. She's a kind but quirky older woman who is as close to Betty White as one could find in the real world.

JUDE

I really appreciate you taking the time to see me, Mrs. Connors.

MRS. CONNORS

Oh, well, it's not like I have a long line of people waiting in the parlor for an audience with me.

(offers JUDE a cup)

I don't have another house up for rental until...December. So I just sit and watch TV.

(beat)

I'm bored out of my mind. So how's the 5th Street house treating you? No problems?

JUDE

(glad to get a word in)

Oh, no. No problems at all.

MRS. CONNORS

Ah, good. Glad to hear it. Cream?

She offers the small pitcher to JUDE.

MRS. CONNORS (cont'd)

How is that nice young man of yours?

JUDE

Doug? Oh, he's doing very well, thank you.

MRS. CONNORS

Well, I'm glad to hear it. From what I understand, that security business he started up is keeping him busy.

JUDE nods, sipping her coffee.

MRS. CONNORS (cont'd)

I do so like it when good people succeed. Renews my faith in the world. But enough of my prattling on...do tell me how I can help you.

JUDE

Actually, this is going to sound...a bit odd. I was wondering: who was in the house before us?

MRS. CONNORS

Well, the 5th Street house stood empty for a good six months before you two moved in.

JUDE

And before that?

MRS. CONNORS

A gentleman in his forties. His name was Jackson. That was his first name, not his last name, though.

(sips her coffee)

Why do you ask?

JUDE

It appears that...some things of his were left in the house.

MRS. CONNORS

(displeased)

You know, I knew it was a mistake to hire that Harris boy. He and his friend were supposed to have cleaned out all of the man's stuff. They assured me it was taken care of. I walked through the house afterwards to check, but I must admit I was rushed at the time.

JUDE

No, Mrs. Connors. It's not a mess or anything, just some...small things. I was just curious. They're not a problem to dispose of, I assure you.

MRS. CONNORS

(unconvinced)

Are you sure? I won't have you two put out by lugging things around that those boys should have handled.

JUDE

It's fine. Promise. It wasn't...anywhere that someone would maybe think to look.

MRS. CONNORS

Well, that's all right then. I feel better.

(sips her coffee)

I just like things to be taken care of, orderly. One of my little things, you understand.

JUDE

(nods)

So he left a lot of things behind?

MRS. CONNORS

(sets her cup down)

Oh, he left everything behind. Not that there was much, mind you. He had a little one of those bed things that rolls up. Starts with an F.

JUDE

Futon.

MRS. CONNORS

Yes, thank you. And maybe a small TV, but the rest of the house was more or less unused. I thought he was a writer or something. You know they're always such strange people. I dated one in college, I should know--

JUDE

And what about the things in the attic?

CUT TO:

EXT. MRS. CONNORS' HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

JUDE walks from the house, silently. She goes back to the red pickup truck and gets in. Key in the ignition, then she cranks the vehicle to life. She sits with the motor running for a few moments, a look on her face that is dazed wonderment with a trace of terror mixed in. Then she looks over her shoulder and backs out of her parking space.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY LIBRARY - LATER THAT DAY

The same type of small, bland, brick building that ninety percent of all small town libraries seem to look like. The red truck sits off to the side in a parking space.

JUDE (V.O.)

(very softly)

Shit.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY LIBRARY - DAY

Establishing shot of three Internet terminals, in cubicles against one wall.

JUDE (O.S.)  
(softly)  
Oh, what the hell--? Shit.

The one at the far right has JUDE sitting at it. In a nutshell, she's not exactly Net-savvy.

JUDE types away at a couple of things. The screen in front of her does strange, arcane tricks.

JUDE  
(very softly)  
Ah. No. No. Don't do that. Shit.

A MAN walks up behind her.

MAN  
Excuse me, miss?

JUDE turns. The gentleman in question is young, blond and attractive. As they speak, they do so in hushed "library" tones.

JUDE  
Oh. I'm sorry. Am I cursing too loudly?

MAN  
No, no. Your volume's fine. I just figured that after doing so much of it, you might want a change of pace. Can I help you with something?

JUDE  
Yeah. Yeah, actually, that would be nice. Pull up a chair and save me, by all means.

The MAN goes and scoots a chair from another cubicle over. JUDE moves her chair over to make room for his in front of the keyboard. Once in place, he sits. He eyes the screen's contents for a moment.

MAN  
Don't take this the wrong way, but you're not exactly...computer savvy, are you?

JUDE

Ah...no. No, I do have a computer at home, but it's old. I think it belonged to my grandmother.

MAN

Family heirloom, eh? You still use those nasty floppy discs that really flop, I bet.

JUDE

(smiles)

Guilty.

MAN

Okay, then it's time to march boldly into the 20th Century.

(eyes the screen again)

What exactly are we trying to do here?

JUDE

We're trying to do some research on doors, if you can believe that. So, we're trying to get to where I can search the Internet for things.

MAN

Ah. That would explain why the spreadsheet program is up.

JUDE stifles a laugh. If you didn't know better, you'd think the two of them were flirting.

JUDE

(mock insulted)

Are you insinuating something about my computer skills, sir?

MAN

Insinuating? No, I'm coming right out and telling you point blank: you suck at this. But that's okay, we can fix it.

The MAN does some clicking and movements with the PC's mouse.

MAN

(pointing at the screen)

Try that. Search using this field here. If all else fails, you just hit the back button until you get back to this screen. Does that work?

JUDE tries it, smiles.

JUDE

Yeah. Yeah, that should work. Thanks.

MAN

No problem. Something comes up you need some help with, I'm doing research on my thesis at a table in the four hundred block of the Dewey Decimal System. Can't miss me.

He goes. JUDE smiles after him for a moment or two, then goes about her work.

CUT TO:

EXT. 5TH STREET - FRONT OF DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DAY

ROBIN's red convertible sportscar, ten years past new, pulls up to the curb. We're back in the present day. ROBIN eyes the driveway. Neither of the cars are there. She lifts up the sticky note which holds the address and checks it.

ROBIN considers for a moment, then pulls out a notebook and pen, begins to scribble.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

ROBIN takes the piece of paper (now torn from the notebook), folds it up, and slips it in between the door and the door jamb. Satisfied, she walks back to the car. REMAIN ON the note, which blows a little in a slight breeze, as we hear the car door slam, the engine start up and the car drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY LIBRARY - LATER

JUDE walks away from the computer area, finished. She passes by the rows of large, metal industrial strength bookshelves that only seem to exist in libraries--and stops at the row that encompasses the four hundred section.

She smiles to herself and keeps walking.

CUT TO:

DARKNESS

The SOUND of a radio playing some 80s station. It's accompanied by the SOUND of switches being turned off. As the RADIO is cut off...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - JUDE'S CUBICLE - DIXON INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

...we're in the past again, with scarless Jude as she prepares to leave for the evening, tucking things into her briefcase. Her desktop computer's already off. As she leans into the cubicle to turn off her desk lamp, we see the pictures it's illuminating:

ROBIN and JUDE at a bar somewhere, all smiles, toasting each other with margaritas the size of small children; JUDE standing between two older adults on graduation day--her proud parents; lastly one of JUDE and her BOYFRIEND (DERRICK) in an embrace. JUDE is smiling, the BOYFRIEND is not.

The lamp is turned off.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DIXON INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

JUDE walking alone across the lot. It's late, there are few cars parked about. The pavement is wet from a recent shower.

DOUG (O.S.)  
Ms. Lewis?

Sound of FOOTSTEPS coming closer behind her.

DOUG (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Ms. Lewis? I'm sorry--

We see DOUG running to catch JUDE. This is a different DOUG than we've seen. He looks a little less worn. He is wearing a security guard's uniform, complete with the silver badge and the hat. He's carrying JUDE's ID badge.

DOUG  
(catching up to her)  
--but you dropped your badge in the lobby. I called out to you but you must've not heard me.

He hands her the badge. JUDE smiles at him for a moment, a little taken.

JUDE  
Thanks, Doug. I really appreciate that.

Then she continues walking, leaving him standing there.

DOUG  
(calling after her)  
Um...Ms. Lewis?

JUDE  
(smiling, turns around)  
Yes, Doug?

DOUG  
(stumbling a bit)  
Look...I'm not really good at this. So I'm sorry if I seem like a jerk. Or if it's against some workplace policy or something, but...  
(beat)  
Would you...would you like to have coffee sometime?

JUDE  
(beat, smiles)  
I really don't need to be late for my bus, Doug. When I'm late my boyfriend tends to worry.

JUDE begins walking, again leaving him there.

DOUG  
(mostly to himself)  
Boyfriend.

JUDE  
Doug?

He looks up. She stops and turns around again.

JUDE (cont'd)  
Next time it's Jude, okay? Please call me Jude.

Then she turns and walks off. DOUG breaks out into a smile. We hear a vehicle's engine, getting louder and--

EXT. DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DUSK

--becomes the engine of the red truck, pulling up into the driveway. JUDE gets out and makes her way up the drive to the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DUSK

JUDE enters and sees DOUG sitting on the couch, reading the day's paper with his feet up on the coffee table in front of him. Next to his feet is the shredder from his workshop.

JUDE

Honey? What are you doing home so early? I didn't expect--

DOUG

(cuts her off)

I know. Tried calling a couple of times to check up on you--no one ever answered. So I came home early--because I was worried. Maybe you had slipped and fallen or something.

JUDE

Doug, I was just running some--

DOUG

(cuts her off again)

Errands. Funny, I didn't see flirting with some guy at the library on the shopping list.

JUDE

How did you--?

DOUG walks over and puts a comforting hand on her shoulder.

DOUG

Oh honey. You should know better by now. There's nothing you can do that I don't know about.

JUDE

(increasing panic)

Doug, he was just trying to help me with the computer. You know me, I don't know anything about--

DOUG shushes her softly, patting her lightly on the shoulder.

DOUG  
It's all right. I'm not mad, I understand.

He walks back around to the other side of the couch and stands next to the coffee table.

JUDE  
You do?

DOUG  
Of course I do. I'm not half as unreasonable as you seem to think I am, honey. I know how these things happen sometimes.  
(pause)  
And I'm not mad.

JUDE  
You're not?

DOUG  
No. You went to the library to do some research for something. What did you go to the library to look up?

Beat. JUDE does not answer.

DOUG  
Jude, don't make me start filling in the blanks myself. We both know that isn't any fun at all. Come on, just say it.

JUDE  
I...had an idea for a story. I needed to do some research, so I went to the library. I wanted to get on the Internet. That's all.

DOUG nods for a moment, considering.

DOUG  
All right. So your writing...made you leave the house.

JUDE nods, relieved, he's going to buy it.

JUDE  
Yes.

DOUG

And made me get worried because I  
couldn't find you.

JUDE

Well...yes.

DOUG

Now, Jude. We've talked about this. I  
don't mind your little hobby when it  
stays a little hobby. But when it  
starts to intrude on our lives...and on  
my peace of mind--

JUDE

Doug, wait--

DOUG

Seeing as how I'm the one that works as  
hard as I do so that you can relax all  
day and take it easy. I ask for so  
very little.

DOUG holds up JUDE's box of diskettes from the office. He  
shakes it and the disks inside rattle about.

JUDE

Oh Doug, no. Please.

DOUG

I can't enable this kind of behavior,  
honey. There has to be consequences.

He pulls a diskette out of the box.

DOUG

This is the one I found in your  
computer. This is what you were  
working on last, so presumably this has  
the story that made you go to the  
library.

(beat)

Shred it.

JUDE stands for a moment, horrified.

DOUG

You can shred it or I can shred all of  
them. It's your choice.

JUDE takes a step forward and takes the diskette from him.  
She fakes a smile.

JUDE

I can shred it, Doug. It won't make a difference. I have a backup of it.

DOUG

(laughs a little)

No you don't. You never backup your files. You keep meaning to, but you always put it off.

(pause)

You see? I know you, Jude.

JUDE's face falls. She's trapped. She walks over to the shredder and holds the diskette over it. The title on the label is visible now: A SKY MORE THAN FULL.

DOUG walks up behind her and leans his chin on her shoulder.

DOUG

I ask for so very little.

JUDE pushes down and as the SOUND of the shredder kicks in-

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - LATER

JUDE lies on the couch, unmoving, dazed. DOUG walks behind her, pulling on a light jacket.

DOUG

I'm going to go out for a bit, honey. I have errands of my own to run. Hold off on dinner, I'll pick something up on the way back.

DOUG leans down and kisses JUDE on the forehead. JUDE doesn't move in the least.

DOUG

Back in a bit.

He strokes her hair and then walks out--the SOUND of the front door closing. Beat, and the JUDE finally blinks. She slowly gets up from the couch and then walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASTELAND WORLD - DAY

CU on a barren patch of ground. A piece of black plastic flutters down and lands. This place looks like something out of the badlands of the American West, but the ground looks very red and the sky is a pale pink.

Track up a cliff face as more bits of black plastic float down. They're bits of the deceased diskette. At the top of a mesa sits Door #11, open, with JUDE visible sitting cross-legged on the floor of the attic just inside it. She's got a handful of what was her writing and is scattering it to the alien winds. When she runs out of diskette fragments, she stands up.

The door frame sits right at the very edge of the mesa.

JUDE's POV

She leans out and looks down. Just a foot away from the Door is the edge and a drop of at least a hundred feet.

JUDE

Still looking down, she closes her eyes, grips the sides of the door frame and leans out further. One foot steps out and onto the brown grit on the ground. The wind rustles through her hair.

After a moment or two, she sighs and leans back in to safety. Then she shuts the Door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WASTELAND WORLD - DAY

The shoeprint JUDE left on the ground slowly gets filled in by the dust and the wind.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

JUDE is sitting on the couch, watching television. It's a vintage game show of some sort, and JUDE is half-asleep, lulled by the people who are so happy to get the chance to win that new dinette set.

The front door opens and DOUG strides in, with a pizza held high above his head.

DOUG  
Somebody order a pizza?

JUDE

(awakened, surprised)  
Doug? What are you--?

DOUG sets the pizza down on the table. He turns and opens the lid with a flourish.

DOUG  
The lady's favorite. Meat, meat and more meat--with extra cheese. Everything she needs to have her heart explode at age thirty-five.

JUDE  
(stunned)  
Doug, I--you got pizza? I can't remember the last time you brought home pizza.

DOUG  
(gathers her into his arms)  
I know. I know. I went out and took some time to think things over. I don't think I've been doing my job very well. As a boyfriend, I mean.

JUDE starts to interrupt but DOUG very gently shushes her with two fingers against her lips.

DOUG (cont'd)  
No, let me finish. I came down really hard on you. Sure my job is stressing me out, but...you know, that's no excuse. So I want to try and do better. I want you...to help me do better, okay?

Beat. She buys it.

JUDE  
Honey, after that I don't know what you want me to say.

DOUG lets her go and walks into the kitchen area. He immediately opens a cabinet and pulls out two dishes.

DOUG  
I want you to say, "Time for pizza."  
Because I'm starved.

He flashes her a winning smile then walks into the den with the dishes.

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

The dishes DOUG took are now stacked by the sink. The pizza box is empty and in the wastebasket. DOUG is making ready to leave, dressed for work. JUDE is wearing a long cotton nightshirt and nothing else.

JUDE

Will you be late?

DOUG

I don't know. I'll try not to be. But I'll call. You'll know when I know.

JUDE

Okay. I love you.

DOUG

I love you too, honey. Have a good day.

They kiss briefly, then JUDE shuts the front door. She smiles and presses her forehead against it briefly. Then she gives a little laugh before walking back into the kitchen alcove. She picks up the phone and dials. Robin's machine picks up.

ROBIN

(recorded, from phone)

Hey. It's Robin. If you're a telemarketer, please go to hell. Go directly to hell; do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dollars. Everyone else, leave a message.

A beep from the phone.

JUDE

(into phone)

Robin. Hey, it's me. I guess you're already at work or at the gallery. Anyway, I just wanted to check in, because...well, things are really...really getting better around here. Doug...seems the happiest he's ever been. And...

(drops voice)

...we had the best sex last night. My God, I'll spill everything when you call me back.

(voice returns to normal)

Anyway, call me.

(goes to hang up, on second  
thought)  
And...don't play this back for anybody,  
okay? Bye.

She hangs up, looks around for a second, smiles some more,  
then walks down the hallway.

Camera lingers during next speech.

JUDE (V.O.)  
Do you see the pattern developing here?  
Eventually, the dog just lays down  
where he is and suffers. The  
experiment teaches the dog that there's  
nothing he can do about his situation.  
He has learned what helplessness truly  
is.

CUT TO:

DARKNESS

Nothing but the sounds of a struggle. Panting. Grunting.  
Then a heavy thud.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DERRICK AND JUDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

This is a very dingy studio apartment, one room to  
everything, two doors at one end lead to a closet and a  
bathroom.

We are in the kitchen side of the room, close in on  
DERRICK. We had seen him before in the picture at JUDE'S  
desk. DERRICK, frankly, looks like an accountant. He's  
wearing a white button down shirt with his blue tie hanging  
askew from his neck.

His face is peppered with sweat, his shirt is wet under his  
armpits. He's been working very hard at something. He's  
holding a rolled up newspaper.

DERRICK  
(slow dangerous burn)  
You have no idea how expensive these  
shirts are, do you? Do you?

JUDE

The thing he has been working on is revealed. She's tucked  
in some semblance of a ball in front of the kitchen sink.

Her hair is short, there's blood on her face, but we get no details about her condition--her arms are up, trying to protect her. She seems beyond speech.

DERRICK

With each emphasized word, he brings the newspaper down. It's psychological, rather than physical pain, that he's going for now.

DERRICK (cont'd)  
Apparently not. Because this is the second fucking one you've burned because you were busy daydreaming instead of ironing!

JUDE twists and howls with each blow, like a desperate animal in a cage.

DERRICK (cont'd)  
What, are you going to write me another shirt? You going to write a fucking haiku about what a goddamn mess you are?

A SPLINTERING sound and DERRICK turns.

DOUG has kicked in the door, sending the lock and most of the doorknob flying across the room. This is the slightly younger DOUG from before in the parking lot. He's in his civvies, no security guard badge to be found.

Before DERRICK can even completely turn, DOUG is already halfway across the apartment, cocking a Colt .45 pistol and pointing it at DERRICK's head.

DOUG eyes DERRICK for a moment, then looks over to

JUDE

She lies still in a miserable ball on the grimy floor. She's covered her head completely now and is wracking with sobs.

DOUG

Takes a few steps closer and jams the barrel of the pistol against DERRICK's forehead, pushing him back hard.

DOUG  
What kind of a man are you? Hitting your woman with a rolled up newspaper?

DOUG snatches the paper from DERRICK's hand and begins to beat the smaller man about the head and shoulders with it. Hard. Fast. All the while the gun stays up and steady.

DOUG (cont'd)  
How does it feel, huh? How does it feel? What, they wouldn't let you have a dog when you were a kid so you had to fucking take it out on her?

JUDE  
(weakly, trying to get up)  
Doug, no...please...please don't hurt him...

DOUG looks over at her, his face fills with pity. He turns back to DERRICK and pushes him into a chair using just the barrel of the gun.

DOUG  
Sit. Down.  
(leans over him)  
You so much as breathe in a way that makes me unhappy and I swear to Christ you'll be picking bits of your left kneecap out of the linoleum. Understand?

DOUG doesn't wait for a response. It's obvious from the look on DERRICK's face that he's not going to be moving for a while. DOUG keeps one eye going back to him nonetheless, and the gun stays ready. He goes to help JUDE off the floor.

DOUG (cont'd)  
Jude? Jude. Can you walk?

JUDE mumbles something.

DOUG (cont'd)  
(shakes her gently)  
Jude, please. Can you walk?

JUDE  
Yes. Yes!

DOUG  
Okay. Okay. I'm not going to hurt you, Jude. I'm going to get you out of here. I want you to go and get what you need for right now. Just pack a small bag. Can you do that? Just go and throw some stuff into a bag.

JUDE nods. She walks over to the dresser by the bed, almost like a sleepwalker. She pulls out a backpack, and throws some random clothes into it, all on automatic pilot. She half-zips the pack shut and wobbles back over to DOUG.

DOUG (cont'd)

My truck is parked up front. It's the red pickup truck. It's open. I want you to get in it, and lock the door. Wait for me in the truck, okay? I'll be down in a few minutes.

JUDE looks from his face to DERRICK, still sitting in his chair.

JUDE

Please...please, I fucked up. Doug, I fucked up. I--

DOUG

It doesn't matter. Jude, please. Go wait in the truck.

JUDE

But he didn't mean to--

DOUG

It doesn't matter.

DERRICK

(makes as if to stand)  
She doesn't want to leave me. She needs me, man. You can't just make her--

DOUG

(cuts him off)  
Kneecap, you dense prick. And that is my final warning.  
(to JUDE)  
Go on.

JUDE

(giving in)  
Just...just don't hurt him, Doug. Please. Don't hurt him.

DOUG

(ushers her out)  
It's okay. Don't worry about a thing. Go on now.

JUDE looks worried, but takes her backpack and walks out. DOUG shuts the door behind her. He turns and focuses on DERRICK, his face twisting into a mask of hatred.

DOUG (cont'd)

You.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Slow tracking shot towards the red pickup truck, presumably sitting and waiting for DOUG to return.

DOUG (V.O.)

Let me let you in on a little secret. I know Jude. Now maybe I haven't known her as long as you have, but let me tell you something: I do know her.

We are now close enough to realize that the truck is empty. Track in a semi-circle around the truck, just as slow.

DOUG (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know her. I know what she needs. A lot of times, in fact, I know it better than she does. Because sometimes Jude needs help in knowing what she needs. And this is one of those times, because I've decided to help her. And I've decided that what she no longer needs is you.

On the other side of the red truck, dwarfed by it in fact, is ROBIN's red sportscar.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

DOUG stands looking into the mirror over the dresser. This is the DOUG we're more familiar with, the slightly older version. He's holding ROBIN's Glock.

DOUG

So what do you propose we do about this?

He steps away from the mirror and revealed in its reflection is ROBIN. She's sitting, and we can see her hands are duct taped to the arms of the chair she's in. Her mouth is duct taped shut.

DOUG (cont'd)

I mean, you came here to rescue her. Didn't you? Rescue her from me. Left a note on the door for her to come see you. And you were going to just whisk her away.

DOUG leans down and rests his head on ROBIN's shoulder, startling her.

DOUG

(mock falsetto)

"But Doug...I just came to town to see my friend! I don't know what all the fuss is about!"

He begins to walk around her, lightly tapping the barrel of the gun against her in random places as he does. Each time ROBIN jerks a little in surprise--she can't help herself.

DOUG (cont'd)

I'm not stupid. I know what's going on. I know you snuck into town. And hey, you were even packing heat. Just in case, I guess. But the Fates don't like you, see? They made me forget my lunch. I came home and found your note.

(holds up the note)

I can read between the lines, girl. I found out where you were staying. And, speaking of Fate--I installed the card key readers on the rooms here. And of course, not being an idiot, I kept a master for myself.

He pauses in front of her. Then he leans in suddenly.

DOUG (cont'd)

Let's play a game.

Her eyes widen.

He RIPS the duct tape off her mouth. ROBIN cries out and gasps for breath.

ROBIN

You...fucking...animal! Get me off of this goddamn--

DOUG places the gun against her forehead.

DOUG

(too calm)  
Don't interrupt.  
(beat)  
And don't raise your voice again. I  
hear a knock at that door and it will  
be the second to last loud noise you  
ever hear.  
(pause)  
Just nod if you understand. I'll tell  
you when you can speak.

Beat. ROBIN finally nods.

DOUG  
Good girl.  
(begins pacing again)  
Did you ever wonder how I convinced  
Derrick to stay away? As protective  
and as domineering as he was, did it  
ever cross your mind why he just gave  
up?  
(smiles)  
Simple. I made him play the game. I  
call it..."Choices". And now it's your  
turn.

DOUG pulls a small red six-sided die from his pocket. He  
places it in ROBIN's hand as he talks and closes her fist  
around it.

DOUG (cont'd)  
You just take the die in your hand.  
And roll it. Or...just drop it, as the  
case may be.

She closes her eyes. Her fist stays clenched.

DOUG (cont'd)  
I said...drop the fucking die.

ROBIN does. DOUG leans down and checks it.

DOUG  
(nods approvingly)  
Three. Good roll.

He moves over to the bed, where sits a gym bag. He unzips  
the bag, and pulls out a pair of surgical gloves. He  
begins to put them on.

DOUG (cont'd)  
Now...the way you play Choices is...you  
have to choose.

He pulls a police-issue baton from the bag.

DOUG (cont'd)  
I give you options. And you have to  
choose. So. First round...  
(considers for a moment)  
...your left shin or your collarbone.  
Choose.

ROBIN  
(looking suddenly terrified)  
J-Jesus, Doug. You can't be serious.

DOUG  
Of course I'm serious. But count your  
blessings. You only have three rounds  
to deal with. Derrick rolled a six.

ROBIN  
(shaking violently, all panic)  
Oh God, don't. Doug, God, please.  
Please, don't.

DOUG  
(cuts her off)  
No no no no no. Don't start in with  
that shit. Rules are rules. You  
either choose what gets broken...or I  
do. And because it's my game, I don't  
actually choose. I can never decide.  
So I just do both. So...first round.  
And hurry, because I promised Jude I'd  
pick up a pizza on the way home.

Tears track down both of ROBIN's cheeks. She bows her head  
and mumbles something.

DOUG (cont'd)  
I didn't quite catch that.

ROBIN  
I said...I said: my shin.

DOUG  
Wise decision.

DOUG replaces the duct tape over ROBIN's mouth and smoothes  
it out, taking his sweet time. She shuts her eyes tightly.  
DOUG then steps back and winds up the baton.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S ATTIC - THE NEXT DAY

A SLAM as JUDE moves a door and it collides with the wall. This one is a light wooden door, like something one would buy cheaply from Home Depot. It has "34" carved on it.

JUDE is dressed like she's been moving things around--work jeans, a white tank top, her hair is drawn up in a bun and held in place with a pencil.

She walks over to the table and refers to the "Doors and Windows" book. Flips a couple of pages. She has a tablet of paper next to the book and is making notes in it.

Pan back to reveal that she has been organizing the doors into stacks leaning against the wall in various places.

She checks down the page.

JUDE

Okay, Jackson. Of the thirty-four doors, you said eleven were dangerous--and of those, you only kept the number two door. So you got rid of ten doors. Well...eleven, if you consider there's no number one.

(points to #2)

But you kept number two, the one that really scared you shitless.

Well...more shitless than any of the others, anyway.

(beat)

Why? Why didn't you write down what you were looking for?

She closes the book. She walks over to DOOR #34, runs a hand down it.

JUDE (cont'd)

And everything you did write down leads me to believe...you never came back from this one. Which means either it was...a really amazing place...and exactly what you were looking for...or-

-

The phone begins to ring downstairs. JUDE sighs and drops her pen, heads for the entrance. She vanishes out of sight down it. The phone continues to ring until JUDE picks it up, slow PAN across the room to the window as we hear her speaking from downstairs.

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

Hello? Yes this is--oh hey, Jerry.

Long time. What? No, I haven't heard

from her. I tried to leave a message earlier, but...coming here? She never told me she was...oh. Well, maybe she has her pager turned off. I know she's incredibly anal about such things, but...maybe the battery's gone dead. Or there might not be coverage in this-  
-I...I know, Jerry. Well, I'll keep an eye out for her. Okay. Okay. Talk to you soon.

Still looking out the window. SOUND of the front door opening and shutting. Through the window we hear JUDE walking, then the sound of a car door opening and shutting. Then we see the red pickup truck drive off, kicking up a bit of dust as it leaves. As it does, we hear the following:

JUDE (V.O.)

He has learned what helplessness truly is. And after the dog has learned this, that there's nowhere he can go to get away, he won't even try to save himself. Not even if you give him the means.

DISSOLVE TO:

DARKNESS

ROBIN (V.O.)

Just like that, you're leaving me.

Beat.

JUDE (V.O.)

Don't put it like that. You make it sound so...I dunno. Permanent.

ROBIN (V.O.)

How else do you want me to put it? He says jump, you said "How high?" Or in this case, he said move, and you said "Where?"

CUT TO:

INT. ROBIN AND JUDE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

JUDE, younger scarless JUDE, is standing over a suitcase which lays open on the bed, holding a folded T-shirt. She looks up at ROBIN, who stands on the opposite side of the bed.

JUDE  
That's not fair.

ROBIN  
Maybe not. But it is honest. Tell me, Jude, what makes him different from anyone else that you've dated? What can you do to convince me that he's any better than Derrick?

JUDE  
Are you really saying this to me? He saved me from Derrick, Robin. He pulled me out of that...that shithole. He finally made me feel loved. Worthy. All manner of words I never would have used to describe myself before.

ROBIN  
(shakes her head)  
That's always how it starts.

JUDE  
How what starts?

ROBIN  
The pattern. With you. And your choice of men. They always start off wonderful. That's how they get their hooks in you--

JUDE  
Oh, for fuck's sake--

ROBIN  
Listen to me. This is exactly what you were telling me about Derrick before. Exactly. Do you not remember this exact same conversation happening two years ago? It's even worse this time.

JUDE  
Worse? How is it worse?

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICINE CABINET - BATHROOM - ROBIN AND JUDE'S APARTMENT

DARKNESS for the briefest of moments. Then the door is literally thrown open and we are on the other side of the medicine cabinet looking out. ROBIN is standing there, and she reaches for a pill bottle immediately.

It's the same pill bottle we saw JUDE taking medication from earlier.

ROBIN pulls the bottle out of the cabinet and shuts the door, leaving us in DARKNESS again.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - ROBIN AND JUDE'S APARTMENT

ROBIN tosses the pill bottle at JUDE, who catches it instinctively.

ROBIN  
What is that?

JUDE  
They're pills. They're just some pills.

ROBIN  
They're just some Xanax, is what they just are. Whose name is on the prescription?

JUDE  
Doug's, because--

ROBIN  
Let me guess. Because he thinks you're a little too jumpy. High strung, maybe. And so he gave you those to keep you calm.

JUDE  
He's trying to help me. Robin, you...you need to stop, okay? You really have no idea what you're talking about.

ROBIN  
Don't I? You think his willingness to keep you doped up is the only warning sign that's coming through loud and clear? When have you ever needed to be medicated before, Jude? And how about the way Doug acts when you call me using his phone? Or the way he treats me in general. Or any of your friends, for that matter. The fact that one month after you officially start dating you're moving in with him and--

JUDE  
(cuts her off)  
Away from you.  
(beat)  
Is that it?

ROBIN  
(surprised)  
Oh Jesus, Jude, is that honestly what  
you think?

JUDE  
I don't know what to think, Robin. I  
really don't. I just think I need a  
chance of scenery. I think I need to  
get out of this city for a while and  
try something new.

ROBIN  
Do you really think that? Or is Doug  
thinking that for you?

Beat. They stare at each other across the bed.

JUDE  
(resumes packing)  
I'll be out of here in an hour. Doug's  
bringing the truck. I think we can get  
most of my stuff in one load.

ROBIN  
(regret)  
Jude, listen--

JUDE  
No. It's okay. It's fine.

ROBIN stands where she is for a second. Then she walks  
around the bed on her way to the bedroom door to leave. At  
the last second, she grabs JUDE and hugs her hard. ROBIN  
kisses her on the forehead, then walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - ROBIN AND JUDE'S APARTMENT - DAY

ROBIN opens the door as though she were going outside.  
DOUG is standing there, caught with his fist in the air, on  
the verge of knocking. There is an awkward moment where  
the two just stare at each other.

DOUG  
Hi. Robin. Is--

ROBIN  
(shoving a finger into his  
chest)  
Doug, I don't care how dark and scary  
you think you are. You listen and hear  
what I say. If you hurt her,  
goddammit, I will kill you.

ROBIN pushes her way around him and leaves DOUG watching  
her as the sound of her FOOTSTEPS marches off into the  
distance.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ROBIN AND JUDE'S APARTMENT - DAY

JUDE covers her face with one hand. That little exchange  
was loud enough for her to hear plainly. She snuffles a  
little and wipes at her eyes.

JUDE  
(calling out)  
Doug? Honey, is that you?

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Establishing shot. The red pickup truck passes a sign that  
says "SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - 2 mi."

JUDE (V.O.)  
(under her breath)  
This is nuts. This is nuts.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG'S PICKUP - DAY

Back in the "present," JUDE is behind the wheel, looking  
quite urgent.

JUDE  
It's nothing, Jude, and you're panicking. You're  
just jumping to a conclusion that--

She makes a quick movement with the wheel, swerving to  
avoid a car we cannot see.

JUDE  
(to other car's driver)  
Asshole! Ever hear of a turn signal?

JUDE drives and hangs a right, but she looks into her passenger side mirror as she does.

JUDE'S POV

The mirror. A flash of RED is reflected there. An ambulance's flashing light.

JUDE

She slams on the brakes and turns to look over her right shoulder. An SUV barely manages to get around her, weaving into the other lane.

JUDE'S POV

A hotel parking lot. Just over a row of cars, the flashing lights of an ambulance.

JUDE

She shifts into reverse, backs into a driveway and turns around. JUDE talks convincingly to herself as she maneuvers.

JUDE

No. This is too much. You're just being paranoid and stupid, Judy. Has nothing to do with anything. Nothing. To do. With anything. Not with Robin and not with you. Nothing.

She pulls into the parking lot. The truck comes to a quick halt.

JUDE'S POV

ROBIN's sportscar. That image remains as we hear the pickup truck door open and shut, and JUDE runs past it.

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

Robin? ROBIN?!

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY GENERAL - DAY

Brief establishing shot of the outside of the emergency room. An ambulance sits at rest. A wheelchair sits empty by the door. People walk in, walk out, the automatic doors open and shut.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - COUNTY GENERAL - DAY

JUDE sits in a chair, one hand clutching a cup of coffee, the other covering her eyes. Somewhere in another room, one of those TV sets (no doubt bolted to a wall) has a soap opera rolling on it--the faint sound of it drones on and on.

A DOCTOR in a white lab coat walks up, carrying a chart.

DOCTOR  
Judy Lewis?

JUDE takes her hand down and looks up at him. She looks extremely tired.

JUDE  
Yes.

DOCTOR  
You came in with Robin Young?

JUDE  
Yes. How...how is she?

DOCTOR  
Are you family?

JUDE  
(sighs)  
Both her parents are dead. She's an only child. I'm the closest thing she has, other than the manager at her art gallery.

The DOCTOR pauses, then sits down next to her.

DOCTOR  
All right. First things first. Bottom line is she's going to be fine.  
(re: JUDE's look of relief)  
But it's going to take some time. She's got a fractured shinbone. And her jaw's been broken as well. She won't be talking for a while. We had to wire it shut.

JUDE  
Her hand. How bad is her hand?

DOCTOR  
Her right hand has been shattered.

JUDE buries her face in her hands.

JUDE

Oh. God.

DOCTOR

You said she's an artist?

JUDE

(uncovers her face)

A painter. And she's right handed. Oh God. Robin.

DOCTOR

(patiently)

It will mend, all right? Like I said, it's just going to take some time. She's also suffered some dehydration and shock. She...she was left taped to a chair overnight.

(beat)

I'm sure the police will or have already asked you this, but...do you know anyone who would do something like this?

JUDE

(thinks a long moment)

I need to talk to her.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - COUNTY GENERAL - DAY

The room is dark, except for some sunlight sneaking in through the closed blinds. JUDE is approaching the bed slowly. In the bed is revealed ROBIN, her lower left leg in a cast, as well as her right hand. Her jaw is deformed due to the break and the wiring. An IV drip goes into her arm.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

She's heavily medicated because of the pain. I can't be sure when she'll wake up, or if she'll even be coherent enough to communicate with you. But if you can get something out of her that will help...well, I'll try anything once.

JUDE walks up to the side of ROBIN's bed and covers her mouth. Tears stand out in her eyes. She walks to the opposite of the bed where there's a chair. She sits in the

chair and places on the bedside table a tablet and a pen.  
She then waits.

DISSOLVE TO:

JUDE'S DREAM/FLASHBACK

The dark place. JUDE is grabbed from behind, a hand snakes over her mouth. There's sound now, the sound of a struggle. And the distorted sound of a MAN'S VOICE.

MAN'S VOICE

No. Don't leave. And don't scream.

We hear JUDE make a grunting noise against the hand. A low-top tennis shoe (JUDE's) kicks backward, finding air as it leaves the ground. She is picked up by large arms.

MAN'S VOICE (cont'd)

Dammit. Dammit!

JUDE is pinned face first up against a brick wall--one with the masonry not evened out--it's obvious the jagged bits sticking out are digging into her. Her attacker apparently does not care. Her forehead connects on the right side hard.

MAN'S VOICE (cont'd)

There. Now just hold still. I don't want to hurt you.

JUDE tries to lash out, but the MAN'S VOICE slows down and eventually fades out. The only sound that's left is one of SCRAPING CHALK--and seconds later that's gone as well. Silence.

JUDE manages to look to her left, just the smallest amount of blood visible on her face from the wound. The MAN doesn't seem to struggle against her as much. The atmosphere is even more dream-like than before.

To JUDE's left is a DOOR, a thick oak one not unlike one that she might find in her attic. She tentatively reaches out and touches its surface. In the dream, at least, it feels real. On the door is scrawled, in chalk, a strange sigil that looks like a percentage sign with a line through it.

JUDE leans to the side and sees that her side of the alleyway is now lined with DOORS, each exactly the same--except each one has a different, alien looking SYMBOL where the number would be on a door from JUDE's attic.

JUDE wrenches free of the MAN's grip--it's easy enough as he someone seems to have hit the "pause" button on him. His back remains turned to us--his identity remains unknown.

JUDE looks down the length of the alleyway...

JUDE's POV

...and it seems to go on forever. And forever it's coated with DOORS, again, each with its own unique and unintelligible symbol.

JUDE

She turns around completely, looking at the opposite wall from the one she was smashed against, the blood on her face forgotten.

JUDE's POV

Another DOOR just like all the others, but with "34" written on it in chalk.

JUDE

She walks up to it and her fingers simply brush the surface--

--then the MAN's arm comes into frame, clamping down on her own arm.

MAN'S VOICE (cont'd)  
I said I don't want to--

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. ROBIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - COUNTY GENERAL - NIGHT

JUDE jerks awake with a little cry. ROBIN has grabbed her right wrist and is holding it tightly, her eyes wide open and staring.

JUDE  
Robin...? Jesus, Robin!

JUDE gets up and looks for a way to embrace ROBIN, but with all of the hospital gear surrounding her friend, she can't. She just touches ROBIN's forehead.

JUDE (cont'd)  
Oh God, Robin. I need to...  
(she remembers the tablet)

Robin, I need you tell me what  
happened. I have a pad of paper here.  
Can you write?

ROBIN looks sadly at her right hand, then to her left. She  
nods weakly. JUDE, while she speaks, prepares the pen and  
puts the tablet of paper where ROBIN can reach it with her  
left hand.

JUDE (cont'd)  
I know. I know it hurts, honey. I  
just have to know. I have to know.

ROBIN nods again, and grips the pen. She writes. JUDE  
looks at the tablet. It says, in a left-handed scrawl,  
"CALL JERRY?"

JUDE (cont'd)  
(nods)  
Yes. Yes, Jerry called me first when  
he couldn't find you. And then I came  
looking for you. But I called him once  
we got you here. He knows.

JUDE flips the page. ROBIN writes some more. Then, pauses  
and writes some more. "WILL I B OK?" The part ROBIN added  
as an afterthought was: "TRUTH. PLS."

JUDE (cont'd)  
(crying a little)  
Yes. Yes, Robin, I swear to you. Some  
time, and you'll be good as new. The  
doctors promised me.  
(beat)  
Who...who did this, Robin?

ROBIN looks at JUDE seriously, as if regretting the  
question. Then she writes.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - COUNTY GENERAL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

JUDE, in the driver's seat of the red truck. Both hands  
are on the wheel and she sits completely still, tears  
streaming down her face.

Intercuts between this scene and her flashback...

JUDE'S FLASHBACK

The dark place. JUDE is grabbed from behind, a hand snakes over her mouth. There's sound now, the sound of a struggle. And the distorted sound of a MAN'S VOICE.

MAN'S VOICE

No. Don't leave. And don't scream.

RED TRUCK

CU on JUDE, sitting just as before.

JUDE's FLASHBACK

We hear JUDE make a grunting noise against the hand. A low-top tennis shoe (JUDE's) kicks backward, finding air as it leaves the ground. As it leaves the ground, a small gym bag hits next to where it was. She is picked up by large arms.

MAN'S VOICE (cont'd)

Dammit. Dammit!

RED TRUCK

One of JUDE's hands makes its way to her forehead, pushing aside her bangs.

JUDE's FLASHBACK

JUDE is pinned face first up against a brick wall--one with the masonry not evened out--it's obvious the jagged bits sticking out are digging into her. Her attacker apparently does not care. Her forehead connects on the right side hard.

MAN'S VOICE (cont'd)

There. Now just hold still. I don't want to hurt you.

RED TRUCK

CU on her fingers, moving across the scar on her forehead.

JUDE's FLASHBACK

JUDE tries to lash out, but the MAN grabs her right wrist and grips it tightly.

MAN'S VOICE (cont'd)

I said I don't want to hurt you.

The camera tracks back to reveal the owner of the voice, pinning JUDE against the wall. We've never seen him

before. He's a young blond clean-cut looking individual but for the scar snaking across one cheek. He looks to be about high school age. When he speaks next, the vocal distortion is gone.

MAN WITH SCAR

I just can't let you leave, Judy.

The MAN WITH SCAR reaches up to stroke JUDE's cheek. As he does, he MORPHS into a dark-complected man with a shaven head--a little older, college age.

MAN WITH SHAVED HEAD

I won't let you.

The MAN WITH SHAVED HEAD presses against JUDE, then reaches up to stroke at his temples, as if he had a headache. As he does, he MORPHS INTO DERRICK.

DERRICK

What would happen to you without me to take care of you?

JUDE finally stops struggling, and the camera tracks forward to see her face, leaving DERRICK out of shot. Blood runs down from the wound on her forehead as her eyes are wide and terrified.

DOUG's fingers come into shot and find the blood. Track back to reveal them both as DOUG looks down and inspects the reddened tips of his fingers.

DOUG

(strange remorse)  
Oh, honey. Look what you made me do.

CUT TO:

RED TRUCK

JUDE lets her hand drop to the gear shift on the steering column. She slams the truck into drive and speeds off.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - LATER

Quick rapid fire shots of JUDE moving about the bedroom hurriedly, throwing clothes into a suitcase.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The suitcase is zipped shut in one quick motion.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Beginning in the den, a medium-speed tracking shot down the shotgun hall and back into the utility room. As we go, we hear SOUNDS of movement from upstairs in the attic. Large objects being moved about.

Once in the utility room, track up into...

INT. ATTIC - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE

...the attic and along the floor, finally ending up with JUDE, standing with her back to us. Her suitcase is sitting by her right foot, another bag by her left.

DOOR #34 is up against the wall, ready to be opened.

CU on her HAND as she reaches for the doorknob. As she touches it, the door SINKS IN.

Beat. No sound but her intense BREATHING.

JUDE talks under her breath, trying to convince her hand. She's having to choke back sobs as she does.

JUDE

Come on. Come on, just...turn the knob. What's the worst that can happen? We'll open the Door and step through and get killed somehow. Just like Jackson did. But it doesn't matter, because we won't be here.

(beat)

Just turn the fucking knob. Please.

Then her hand withdraws. The DOOR rises away from the wall. She heaves a SIGH.

JUDE

No. I can't leave.

Track up to JUDE's face. A single tear rolls down her cheek, although her face is enraged.

JUDE (cont'd)

Goddammit. I just can't leave. Not like this.

She leans forward to pull the door off the wall, and at the SOUND that it makes--

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

JUDE flicks on the light and walks into the room. POV from the top of the bedside table. JUDE slowly walks towards the camera and then reaches down a hand.

JUDE

She picks up from the table a picture frame. Inside is a Polaroid of her and DOUG, standing on a beach. JUDE has a straw hat on and white sunscreen on her nose. DOUG is shirtless, handsome, tanned, has his arm around her.

JUDE looks closer.

CU on picture: DOUG has his arm around her, with his hand on the back of her neck. Even in this small a picture, it's apparent: he's gripping the back of her neck.

JUDE brings the frame down against the corner of the dresser, shattering it. She drops it onto the floor and then walks quickly out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The string is pulled and the light comes on, protesting all the while. JUDE walks up to the mirror, stares into it. She's holding a pair of scissors. She sets the scissors down on the sink. Beat.

She opens up the medicine cabinet and takes out the bottle of pills. She looks at the label for a moment, then twists it open. JUDE shakes out the pills into the toilet, then flushes it. After the water runs out she tosses the now empty bottle into the trash.

JUDE picks up the scissors and through a series of slow dissolves, shears her hair almost completely off. It's extremely short all around, somewhat spiky on top.

This done, she snakes a finger over the raised tissue of the scar, now with nothing to hide it.

CU ON SINK

Her tresses lie in a heap.

JUDE (V.O.)  
He won't even try to save himself. Not  
even if you give him the means.

The scissors clatter down among them. The light goes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Establishing wide shot of the house. DOUG's other car, a faded green station wagon, pulls up into the driveway. The engine and the lights cut out.

DOUG gets out and walks up to the house, pulls out his keys and unlocks the front door, walking inside--

INT. DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE

DOUG shuts the door and then looks down. He sees JUDE's bag and suitcase on the floor by the front door. He looks up and around.

DOUG's POV

The den and kitchen are both empty.

DOUG

moves aside the bag with his foot. As he talks, he pitches his voice so he can be heard throughout the house. As he moves, he does so slowly, with great patience, like any predator would.

DOUG  
Honey? I'm home!

No answer.

DOUG (cont'd)  
Were you...planning on going somewhere?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE

Shot from the far end of the hallway. DOUG walks to the entrance to the shotgun hallway, which is dark. He is silhouetted against the light from the den as he peers down the hall.

DOUG (cont'd)

And were you...planning on telling me  
about it?

CUT TO:

INT. JUDE'S STUDY - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE

DOUG throws open the door and turns on the light with a  
single, fast movement. The room is empty.

DOUG  
Or taking me with you? Were you?

A creaking NOISE from above his head.

DOUG (cont'd)  
(looks up)  
Ah. There you are.

CUT TO:

INT. UTILITY ROOM - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE

DOUG throws open the door and looks. The door leading up  
to the attic is open, a flickering light trickling down  
through the hole.

He now pitches his voice even louder to make sure he is  
heard.

DOUG  
Are you upset about something, pumpkin?  
Have I done something to offend you?  
(beat)  
So you're going to make me come up  
there, are you?

DOUG leaves the room and walks back down--

INT. HALLWAY - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE

--the hallway towards the kitchen.

DOUG  
I don't see why you can't just come  
down here.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

DOUG emerges from the hallway and into the kitchen, then stops in front of the rack of knives. He pulls out the butcher knife and walks back out of the room.

DOUG  
There's no reason why we can't talk  
this out. I'm sure of that.

Back out of the room--

INT. HALLWAY - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE

--down the hallway, slowly, quietly, except for his voice--

DOUG  
After all I've done for you, you'd  
think it wouldn't come to this.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. UTILITY ROOM - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE

DOUG slams the step ladder down under the entrance.

DOUG  
But that's all right. If you want us  
to talk up there...we'll talk up there.

He begins to climb.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE

DOUG comes halfway up through the door and is supporting himself with his arms on the attic floor. He looks towards the camera with a bemused look.

DOUG  
What's that you got there?

DOUG'S POV

DOOR #2 has been placed against two sheets of particle board. It's apparently SUNKEN INTO the boards. The light in the room is cast by the oil lamp, which is sitting on the desk behind her, lit.

JUDE  
It's amazing what will pass for a wall,  
you know that?

JUDE throws open the DOOR and then tips the particle board forward. The open DOORWAY comes falling down towards DOUG, who, half-in and half-out of the attic entrance, can do nothing to get out of the way.

DOUG's face contorts into a scream as he sees the darkness approaching. Then the particle boards slam down almost completely flush with the attic floor with no sign from the back side of the board that anything has happened. This makeshift "wall" is held together by two 2x4 blocks of wood, nailed into the sheets from the back.

JUDE (cont'd)  
That's for Robin's hand, you vicious  
son of a bitch.

If not for DOUG's screams, you would think he was gone completely. That strange CICADA-LIKE SOUND is louder than ever.

CUT TO:

INT. UTILITY ROOM

DOUG's legs are hanging out of the entrance. They spasm and kick and the stepladder is knocked out of the way. Even without it, he's still suspended in space.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE

DOOR #2 lays open against the floor and is seen partly sticking out from under the particle board.

A few stray, small BLACK TENDRILS begin to work their way around up into the attic through the opening.

CUT TO:

INT. UTILITY ROOM

A few of these tendrils snake their way quickly around the top part of DOUG that we can see. Then suddenly--

A huge tentacle about a foot in diameter shoots out and winds around him all the way to his knees. In one movement, DOUG is pulled the rest of the way up into the open door--

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE

--the entire board shudders with the force of it. The SOUND gets louder and louder.

Amongst the chaos, JUDE is a portrait of calm. She steps up to the board, a large claw hammer in her hand. She leans over to the 2x4s holding the particle board pieces together, slips the claw under one and YANKS.

There is a SOUND LIKE THUNDER and the CICADA-NOISES from the Door along with DOUG's SCREAMS STOP IMMEDIATELY. JUDE is pitched backwards, the hammer flying from her hand and spinning across the floor.

She sits up and wipes sweat from her face, then looks over to the particle board backing.

With the 2x4 removed, the "wall" was broken. Through the gap in between the boards, JUDE can see through the open door and into the utility room below. No sign of DOUG, or any of the creature(s) that had been coming through the DOOR.

JUDE sighs and lies back for a second, then stands up.

JUDE

And that...was just for me.

She pulls the particle boards completely apart and sets them aside. Then she heaves DOOR #2 up (harmless now without a wall against it) and shuts it. She stands the DOOR against a wall and goes to sit down in the chair by the desk, the oil lamp throwing flickering light up on her face.

A few moments of the room, settling. The SOUND of JUDE's breathing.

Then DOOR #2 SINKS BACK INTO THE WALL that it was put against. The doorknob STARTS TO TURN.

JUDE turns around suddenly as the DOOR is thrown open.

DOUG is standing there, covered in head to toe with gore, most of it a crimson so deep you'd swear it was black. There's no way to tell what of the gore is from his wounds and what is from whatever was inside the DOOR. Only one of his eyes is visible. His grin is a shocking white against his face. He carries the butcher's knife still in one fist.

DOUG

Nice trick.

A piece of meat, shiny black and scaled on one side, slides out of his other hand. He kicks the DOOR shut behind him and tracks black footprints into the room.

DOUG (cont'd)  
Now. Where was I? Oh yes. I like what you've done with your hair.

He lunges for JUDE but she backs out of the way. DOUG's not feeling his best, so he's not as quick as he usually is.

DOUG  
(extends a hand)  
Come on, honey, don't be like that.  
Just come on and we can talk this out.

JUDE stays exactly where she is.

DOUG  
I don't want to have to hurt you--

He lunges forward again, this time leading with the knife. Without even looking for where she's going, JUDE dodges to one side, reaches to the desk, snatches up the lit oil lamp and drives it into DOUG's face.

With a sickening crunch the glass oil lamp breaks open and so does DOUG's cheek. The knife clatters to the floor. The oil catches fire as it sprays over DOUG's face and torso, bits of the flaming stuff spilling off of him and igniting the floor along with some of the Doors behind him.

DOUG screams and beats at his face with his hands. He tries running for the entrance to the attic.

JUDE makes it there first, rears back and kicks the opening as hard as she can--

--the wooden frame goes skittering across the floor, and the camera stays with it--

--and no matter where it is as it slides, the view of the room below that it gives is entirely the same. Meet DOOR #1.

JUDE then runs to it and stomps the wooden frame into pieces, which with a sound like a CLAP OF THUNDER falls apart, taking the opening with it. The opening simply ceases to exist.

DOUG howls, totally disoriented, as JUDE runs past him towards the window. She opens it and steps out onto the slanted roof outside--

EXT. ROOF - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Smoke begins to trickle out of the open window as JUDE steps to one side to avoid DOUG's hands. She kicks at the window frame twice and splinters one corner of it. Another kick and the corner comes apart.

That SOUND OF THUNDER again as the frame falls apart. The opening into the attic is gone, DOUG with it. The effect of the window collapsing sends JUDE falling backwards off of the roof and onto the yard below with a thud.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wide shot. Apart from JUDE lying in the grass, the night looks perfectly calm and normal. Crickets sing in the distance.

A NEIGHBOR runs over and looks down at JUDE, who's lying there stunned on the grass.

JUDE

JUDE's hand is a little burnt from the fire, her face is slightly bruised and she looks dazed, almost manic.

NEIGHBOR  
Are you all right?

The NEIGHBOR looks around, confused. JUDE's not answering.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)  
I saw smoke! Is there a fire in your attic?

JUDE looks up at him, startled, as though he were some kind of alien life form. Then, inexplicably, she starts laughing hysterically and can't seem to stop.

JUDE  
No! No, of course not! We...we don't have an attic.  
(she grabs the NEIGHBOR's robe)  
We don't have an attic! Isn't that great? Isn't that just amazing?

JUDE then lets go of the robe, leans back on the ground and commences to sob, covering her face with her filthy hands.

FADE TO BLACK.

DARKNESS

Beat.

JUDE (V.O.)

I stopped having the dreams about Doug. Or any of the others. And how they hurt me. And worse, how I hurt myself. Those dreams...after that night in the attic, I never had any more dreams like that.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE

A room in flames, a FIGURE ON FIRE stumbling towards the camera, its RUINED FACE frozen in a screaming rictus.

QUICK CUT TO:

DARKNESS

Beat.

JUDE (V.O.)

Surprisingly enough, that's the truth.

FADE IN:

CU ON JUDE'S EYES

They are closed.

JUDE (V.O.)

I drove that night to a hotel and slept better than I had in...well...I don't know if I've ever slept that well before in my life.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DOUG AND JUDE'S HOUSE - DAY

Without showing her face, we see JUDE walk around to the driver's side of the red truck, and we catch a glimpse of the passenger's side of the cab.

JUDE (V.O.)

I left almost everything behind. I only took the absolute necessities. And a couple of other things.

In the floorboard of the cab are the suitcase and the bag JUDE had earlier. On the passenger side of the seat sits the book, DOORS AND WINDOWS.

As the truck starts up and begins to move away, the camera pans back to reveal DOOR #34, lying in the bed of the truck. It's propped up on a cinderblock, obviously to keep the Door from opening in the truckbed by accident.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROBIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - COUNTY GENERAL - NIGHT

Begin on ROBIN's face, lying in bed asleep. She's still bruised and recovering, obviously, but looks better--time has passed. Slow tracking shot away from the bed towards the other side of the room, shot remains on ROBIN and her bed the entire time.

JUDE (V.O.)

There were certain things that I could not do, until I had given up other things. Like living. You see--I couldn't go about living...until I had decided to stop dying.

The camera reaches the far wall and stays there. Beat.

Then--the SOUND of a door opening. Light spills into the room. Soft sounds of footsteps and the camera moves back towards ROBIN's bed.

JUDE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Does that sound corny? I suppose it does. But I've seen some amazing things, Robin. And it's not like they weren't always there. I simply had to open my eyes.

The camera reaches the foot of the bed. JUDE's hand comes into frame, holding a spiral bound notebook. She lays the notebook onto the bed next to ROBIN.

The camera begins tracking back again.

JUDE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'll be watching out for you though. I do a lot of that now. I have time for

a lot of things that I never did before. That's why I wanted to write you this. To tell you that you were right. About so many things.

(pause)

And also to let you know that you shouldn't worry about me. I'm okay. In fact, I'm better than ever. I have to be away for a while. But when it's time...I'll be back.

The door closes and the light disappears. At the SOUND of the door closing, ROBIN stirs and looks around. Her mouth makes the movement to ask "Jude?" and perhaps makes some kind of SOUND herself.

She sits up in bed and looks towards the far side of the room where the DOOR apparently had been moments before.

ROBIN'S POV

The wall is bare.

But the notebook is there.

ROBIN

sits up and takes the notebook. The cover of the notebook has the words "DOORS AND WINDOWS" on it, written in ink, in JUDE's hand. She flips to the first page and begins reading. Then ROBIN looks up again.

JUDE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I promise.

BLACKOUT.