

MINUS TWO

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - DAY

A cookie cutter wooden house on a pleasant leafy road.

This house stands out from the others, a blotch of grey in a line of white washed order. Its lawn is overgrown, the flowers are dead, the gate left open and the curtains closed.

A BATTERED PICK UP TRUCK pulls up to the curb and ENOCH (30) plaid shirt, hard hat, an outdoors man who works with his hands, steps out onto the sidewalk.

He looks at the mess and sighs as he walks to the front door.

He knocks... no answer.

He knocks again, moves to a window, tries to peer inside.

ENOCH

Connor? Come on, pal, it's me
Enoch, let me in, buddy!

The front door opens to reveal CONNOR (32) good looking but unshaven, scruffy and in a dressing gown. Marred by sleepless nights.

He shuffles back into the house, Enoch follows.

INT. CONNOR'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hasn't been cleaned in weeks, a pile of unopened mail sits on the doormat.

Enoch wrinkles his nose at a nasty smell.

ENOCH

How have you been buddy? The guys
are missin' you down at the depot.

He picks up the mail as he follows Connor into the...

INT. CONNOR'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Empty bottles, takeout cartons and pizza boxes cover most surfaces. The trappings of a man who's given up.

Connor slumps into a chair.

CONNOR

How do you think I've been?

He picks up a bottle of whiskey, offers some to Enoch.

ENOCH
 It's ten in the mornin', Connor.

Connor shrugs, takes a long drink.

 CONNOR
 What do you want?

 ENOCH
 I want you to drag yourself out of
 this mess and sort your God damn
 life out.

 CONNOR
 Why?

 ENOCH
 For a start...

He throws the mail onto a table covered in unwashed dishes.

 ENOCH (CONT'D)
 These aint' gonna' pay themselves.

Connor shrugs again, takes another drink.

Enoch angrily snatches the bottle out of Connor's hand, puts it on the table and pulls the curtains open letting a stream of dusty light into the greyness almost blinding Connor.

Enoch moves through to the adjoining...

KITCHEN

Just as messy, Enoch opens the fridge and looks inside, recoils at the rotten contents.

 ENOCH
 I pulled in a lot of favors to keep
 your job open, mopin' around here
 aint' gonna' bring Michelle back!

Enoch pulls out a carton of milk, tentatively sniffs it, nearly hurls with repulsion.

 CONNOR (O.S.)
 I don't feel ready yet, I--

 ENOCH
 Connor, it's been a month, just
 think about it, okay?

He starts to empty the fridge of mouldy cheese, rotten eggs and lumpy milk into a bin liner.

 CONNOR (O.S.)
 She knows.

ENOCH
Who knows what? Helen?

He takes the garbage and moves back into the...

LOUNGE

CONNOR
She knows where Michelle's gone, if only I could just talk to her.

ENOCH
Helen already said she don't know nothin'. Please, buddy, at least just have a shower, I could smell you out on the porch.

Enoch pulls a wallet from his jacket, recovers a few dollars and puts them on the table.

ENOCH (CONT'D)
That is for groceries, okay? No booze! This has gone on long enough, don't let her beat you!

Connor looks at his concerned friend, Enoch smiles warmly, Connor takes a deep cleansing breath and nods.

CONNOR
You're right. I'll try.

INT. CONNOR'S KITCHEN - DAY

Connor flicks on the light as he enters from the lounge and dumps a bag of groceries on the table.

He rubs the stubble on his chin, reaches into the bag and pulls out a packet of disposable razors.

He tears the packet open but stops halfway, notices the...

KITCHEN/GARAGE BACK DOOR

...Is open, the light from the kitchen illuminates a set of WET FOOTPRINTS from the door and through the kitchen.

He stares at the prints, bare foot, small, perhaps a woman's.

He slowly moves to the door, peering carefully to get an angle on the garage beyond.

His voice is hopeful, a little scared.

CONNOR
Michelle? Is that you? Honey?

INT. CONNOR'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Connor stands silhouetted in the kitchen doorway at the top of a small flight of steps looking in.

A SILVER HONDA dominates the space surrounded by the dark outlines of tools on shelves, a dryer, a bike, lawn-mower.

Connor reaches in and flicks the light on, has a good look.

CONNOR

Michelle?

A beat of silence.

Connor sighs, switches the light off and closes the door.

INT. CONNOR'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Connor turns, bumps into HELEN (25) prissy and uptight, dressed for the office, god help her co-workers.

HELEN

Connor!

CONNOR

Helen, what the hell?

HELEN

I was knocking for ages, the door was open so--

CONNOR

You decided to walk right in?

HELEN

I still have a key, Connor, I was ringing the door bell out of respect.

Connor is clearly annoyed.

CONNOR

Michelle gave you that key.

HELEN

Yes, and--

CONNOR

You let yourself in when you thought I wasn't home? Going to have a snoop around were you?

Helen sighs.

HELEN
I'm here for the rest of my
sister's stuff.

INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Connor stands in the doorway as Helen throws a few of Michelle's things into a box - shoes, jewelry, a sweater.

He looks around the room, the bed is unmade, a picture sits on a bedside cabinet next to an empty whiskey bottle.

INSERT - PICTURE

Connor with MICHELLE (28) beaming smile, bright eyes, full of life and very much in love.

BACK TO SCENE

Helen notices the picture and the bottle.

HELEN
You want me to take that?

CONNOR
No.

Connor stuffs the bottle inside the cabinet.

She closes the box and picks it up.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Where is she, Helen?

Helen bristles with annoyance.

HELEN
Not this again, I told you a
hundred times, I don't know!

CONNOR
Why would she just vanish without
telling anyone? It doesn't make
sense!

HELEN
You're right, it doesn't make
sense, Connor!

She fixes an accusing glare at Connor.

CONNOR
She took her damn car!

HELEN
The car could be anywhere, couldn't
it?

She moves to leave but Connor blocks her way.

CONNOR
Please, just tell her I'm sorry!

HELEN
I told you, I don't know where she
is!

Connor grabs her by the shoulders, she can't react, the box
in her hands.

CONNOR
Liar!

HELEN
Let go of me!

Helen wriggles free, pushes past him and hurries out with
Connor hot on her heels.

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Helen leaves the house, the box in her arms, and paces
towards her CAR parked on the driveway.

Connor chases after her.

CONNOR
Helen! Please!

Helen opens the car, throws the box on the passenger seat.

HELEN
What?

CONNOR
We had our problems, everyone does--

Helen confronts him, stands in his face, doesn't blink.

HELEN
You made her life hell, I'll never
forgive you for driving her away--

CONNOR
I miss her too you know.

HELEN
If anything...

She finds the words too difficult, her eyes fill up.

HELEN (CONT'D)
If anything has happened to her...

She gets in her car, SLAMS the door and SPEEDS away. Connor watches the car vanish into the distance.

INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Connor restlessly sleeps, he tosses and turns, mumbles and whimpers incoherently. He wakes with a START.

CONNOR

Michelle!

He sits up, looks about, gets his bearings. He collapses back onto the pillow and stares at the ceiling.

A beat, then the sound of RUNNING WATER is heard. It comes from the en-suite bathroom.

He looks to the bathroom door, slivers of LIGHT from the other side frame the closed door.

Connor flicks the lamp on, makes his way to the bathroom.

WATER spills under the bathroom door, something overflows.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Shit!

He opens the door.

INT. CONNOR'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bathroom is steamy, the bath overflows, the faucet in full flow.

Connor lunges forward and turns off the water, instinctively reaches to pull the plug.

He YELPS in pain as he plunges his hand into the hot water.

He turns to the basin GASPING in pain, turns on the cold water and holds the injured hand under the flow.

He grabs a towel and wraps his hand.

He looks up into the steamed up mirror.

INSERT - MIRROR

A scrawled message, written in the steam.

"I'm going to kill you"

BACK TO SCENE

Connor gasps in fear and retreats back into the...

INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He calls out into the house as if she is there somewhere.

CONNOR
Michelle!

He runs from the room into the HALL.

INT. CONNOR'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Connor hurtles down the stairs taking two steps at a time, he skids into the lounge, flicks on the lights.

No one.

CONNOR
Michelle!? Are you here!?

On a frantic hunt, he continues through and into the...

INT. CONNOR'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Connor flicks the lights on, desperate, hopeful.

The room is empty.

He runs to the back/garage connecting door, it is OPEN.

Connor runs into the...

INT. CONNOR'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The GARAGE MAIN DOOR is open to the driveway and street beyond, no traffic, no people, no Michelle.

Connor runs out the garage and into...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Connor falls to his knees on the driveway and sobs.

CONNOR
Please... I'm sorry. Please come
back.

THE HOUSE OPPOSITE

In one of the windows, A NEIGHBOR (50s) peaks out from behind his curtains, watches as Connor curls up into a pathetic ball and cries.

INT. CONNOR'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Connor stands in the doorway confused and scared.

The steam has gone, the bath is empty, the floor is dry.

He stares at the scene for a beat, unsure what to make of it. He unwraps his injured hand, fearful of what he might find.

His hand is fine.

INT. BAR - DAY

Connor sits at the bar with Enoch, he looks down into his whiskey and ice. Enoch looks concerned for his friend.

 ENOCH
Maybe you left the bath runnin'?
Fell asleep and forgot?

 CONNOR
I told you, there was no flood.

Connor takes a drink, Enoch watches him carefully.

 ENOCH
I think you ought see a doc about
all this, buddy.

Connor looks at his friend as he absently rubs the hand he thought he had burned.

 CONNOR
You don't believe me?

 ENOCH
That's not what I meant.

 CONNOR
You think I dreamt the whole thing?

 ENOCH
Maybe, look--

 CONNOR
Enoch, there was writing in the
mirror, I burned my hand!

 ENOCH
Dreams can seem really real, I read
somewhere that the brain can't tell
the diff--

Connor cuts him off, angry, frustrated.

 CONNOR
It wasn't a dream!

ENOCH

Okay, okay! Then how do you explain
your hand?

Connor looks back into his drink, an awkward beat passes.

ENOCH (CONT'D)

I'm just sayin' that maybe the
stress of Michelle leavin' an' all
is gettin' to you.

Enough, Connor gets up, grabs his jacket, heads out.

ENOCH (CONT'D)

Hey!

CONNOR

(Over his shoulder)
See you later, Enoch.

Connor SLAMS the door as he leaves.

MONTAGE - CONNOR'S HOUSE

A) Connor checks the locks, draws the curtains in the GARAGE.

B) Double checks the KITCHEN/GARAGE connecting door.

C) He checks the LOUNGE.

D) He double checks the FRONT DOOR.

E) He checks the BATHROOM.

F) He runs the hot water, waits for the MIRROR to steam up,
holds his breath with anticipation but nothing, the message
has gone.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. CONNOR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The curtains are drawn, Connor pours himself a whiskey,
drinks as he sits in the darkness.

He opens the FRIDGE, recovers some ice, closes the door to
reveal--

Michelle, dressed in a loose summer dress, no make up, pale
and barefooted, her hair hangs lank and obscures her eyes.

MICHELLE

Connor.

Connor drops his glass, it SMASHES on the floor as he falls
over a chair and stumbles backwards.

CONNOR
Michelle? Oh my god!

He rushes forward and embraces her, she doesn't move, her arms remain at her side as she regards him with hatred and disgust.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
I'm so glad you're okay... where--

MICHELLE
"Okay"? You think I'm "okay"?

CONNOR
We have to tell the police, let Helen know, everyone is--

MICHELLE
I'm far from "okay", Connor, very fucking far in fact.

Connor releases her, backs away.

CONNOR
I didn't mean... I didn't mean to hit you, I would never--

MICHELLE
But you did hit me.

Michelle takes a step towards him.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
And that wasn't all was it?

CONNOR
Please, can we talk about this.

MICHELLE
I *am* talking.

She moves towards Connor, he backs off.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
I have bad news, Connor, very bad news.

CONNOR
What? Please--

MICHELLE
I'm going to make you suffer, just like you made me suffer.

Suddenly, she pulls the largest KNIFE from a knife block on the kitchen counter, she fingers the point, carefully runs her thumb along the edge.

Her eyes are reflected in the steel, she is transfixed by the blade, Connor backs off a bit further.

CONNOR

(Nervous)

Michelle, I know you're mad at me,
I did some awful things, but I can
change, I need help.

MICHELLE

I'm *going* to help you, Connor.

She turns and walks to the garage connecting door, it is wide open, she grins at him and ducks inside out of view.

CONNOR

Michelle!

He follows her.

INT. CONNOR'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The main doors into the drive are OPEN.

No sign of Michelle.

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Connor shouts into the night.

CONNOR

Michelle!

He runs to the end of his driveway, looks all around,
desperate and confused.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I need help!

INT. CONNOR'S KITCHEN - DAY

Two cops inspect the room.

OFFICER MILLS (33) examines the knife while OFFICER PARKER
(42) interviews a shaken Connor.

PARKER

...And she left no address? Gave
no clue as to where she's been this
past month?

CONNOR

I told you, No, she... she was
angry.

Parker checks back through his notes.

PARKER

Right, because of the fight you had on... the fifth of August.

CONNOR

I don't know, like I said, it was a pretty... bad argument.

PARKER

According to the report, it turned "physical", right?

Connor looks ashamed as the two cops look down on him.

CONNOR

You should check with her sister Helen.

PARKER

She's our next stop.

CONNOR

If anyone knows, she does, I think she's always known where she's been. I think they're in it together!

Mills looks to Parker with raised eyebrows.

PARKER

If she has withheld information in an ongoing missing persons case, then she's in a whole heap of trouble.

CONNOR

"On going"? She's still down as missing?

PARKER

Until we can talk to her and find out where she's been, yes she is.

MILLS

You have to understand, until we see her, she has to stay on the missing list.

CONNOR

But--

MILLS

Just make sure you call us if she turns up again, okay?

PARKER

If you feel in any danger from her
stay with a friend if you have to.

Connor nods.

MILLS

Call if you have any more...
trouble.

The cops leave.

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - DAY

A TRUCK is parked up, "ABC Locksmith" painted on the side.

The LOCKSMITH finishes up, packs his tools away and heads to
his truck.

Connor watches him from the front door.

INT. CONNOR'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Connor shuts the FRONT DOOR, checks the new locks.

Checks them again.

INT. CONNOR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Connor watches a bowl of noodles go around in the microwave.

The sound of an IDLING CAR ENGINE comes from the garage.

Connor listens for a beat, his heart pounding. He closes his
eyes and takes a deep breath.

CONNOR

Michelle, I'm calling the cops.

He pulls his cell phone from his pocket, his thumb hovers
over the buttons.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Unless you want to talk about it?

Connor notices the knife block.

All the knives are gone.

He panics, dials 911 as he moves towards the garage
connecting door.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
 I'm calling them now! You'd best go
 back to that bitch of a sister of
 yours!

He reaches for the NEW LOCK, unlocks it while holding the
 phone to his ear.

911 (V.O.)
 (Over phone)
 What is your emergency?

CONNOR
 Yes, hello, there's someone in the
 house with me, my wife, I think
 she's back.

911 (V.O.)
 "Back", sir?

Connor opens the door, the ENGINE sound rumbles clearly in
 the darkness, Connor shouts into the garage.

CONNOR
 Michelle!? Is that you? Stop
 fucking with me!

911 (V.O.)
 Sir? Are you in danger? Would you
 like me to call a patrol?

Connor shouts into the darkness again.

CONNOR
 I've called the police!
 (To phone)
 Yes, yes please.

INT. CONNOR'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Connor flicks the light switch, the silver Honda is gone, a
 RED FORD is in its place, covered in pond weed, mud and
 leaves, its ENGINE running.

Connor gasps with surprise.

CONNOR
 Michelle? What the fuck?

The garage is HAZY with exhaust fumes, Connor coughs.

911 (V.O.)
 Is there somewhere safe you can go?
 Have you got a place you can hide
 until a patrol gets there?

CONNOR

I don't understand, her car is
here, but--

Connor is STRUCK over the back of the head from behind by an unseen assailant, he drops the phone and falls down the steps into the garage.

CONNOR'S POV - GARAGE/KITCHEN DOORWAY

Everything is a sideways hazy blur, the phone rests on its side where it fell.

911 (V.O.)

Sir? I'm sending a car! Hello?

Michelle stands in the doorway, a hammer in her hand.

She turns the garage light off.

She is silhouetted in the doorway before she shuts the connecting door plunging the room into near darkness.

BACK TO SCENE

Connor passes out in the dark on the garage floor, the car engine still running, the fumes getting thicker.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A white ceiling comes into focus.

Connor awakens in a hospital bed, he wears an oxygen mask, has a bandaged head and is hooked up to a machine.

A DOCTOR (50s) checks charts, gives a comforting smile as he notices Connor awaken.

DOCTOR

Ah, how are you feeling?

Connor tries to speak, his voice is raspy, dry, it fails him.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'll have the nurse fetch you some
water.

He hangs the chart back on the end of the bed, the door opens and Enoch enters.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(To Connor)

You're lucky to still be with us.

ENOCH
 (To Doctor)
How is he?

 DOCTOR
It should be fine for him to go
home later tonight, I'll get the
relevant paperwork prepared.
 (To Connor)
Make sure you get some rest.

The Doctor leaves.

Enoch approaches the bed, smiles with sympathy.

 ENOCH
Damn, I'm sorry, buddy.

Connor tries to speak, he can't, his voice damaged.

 ENOCH (CONT'D)
Good job the police found you when
they did. Another few minutes in
the fumes and...

His voice tails off. Connor manages a few words, barely a
whisper. He tries to sit up, desperate to be heard.

 CONNOR
 (Whisper)
Michelle... She...

 ENOCH
I know, buddy.

Connor relaxes back into his pillow.

 ENOCH (CONT'D)
The cops want to speak to you, ask
about what happened.

He opens the door, stands for a moment and glances at Connor
as if he needs to ask something.

 ENOCH (CONT'D)
Connor... there's something I need
to know... what with the fumes...
and the locked door and all. I
just wanna' know... Did you try and
kill yourself?

Connor whispers, his voice is an incomprehensible croak.

 CONNOR
 (Raspy)
She... hit...

ENOCH

The doctor said that you hit your head pretty hard.

CONNOR

She attacked me, she hit me with a hammer.

ENOCH

What? The doctor said that you hit your head when you fell.

(Beat)

Connor, the doctor stitched you up, your head hit the floor, he should know.

CONNOR

No! It was her!

Enoch shakes his head in pity for his friend.

ENOCH

We'll get you through this, buddy. I'm here for you, anytime you need to talk... you know... when you can.

Enoch leaves.

INT. CONNOR'S GARAGE - DAY

Connor looks at his bloodstain at the bottom of the steps.

He looks to where the red Ford was, it has gone, the clean silver HONDA back where it belongs.

MONTAGE - CONNOR'S HOUSE

A) Connor rushes around the house with purpose, picks up whiskey bottles, thrusts them into a black trash bag.

B) More bottles are collected by Connor from the KITCHEN, the fridge is emptied of more booze.

C) Connor notices the KNIFE BLOCK, the knives are back in place. He puts the knives in the bag too.

MONTAGE ENDS

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Connor dumps the bottle filled trash bag into the garbage with a SMASH and a RATTLE.

INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Connor lies in bed, stares up at the ceiling.

He turns on his side and looks through into the BATHROOM, the door is open.

He doesn't see...

Michelle on the bed next to him, she startles him with an eerie whisper, like ice on the back of his neck.

MICHELLE

They thought you tried to kill
yourself?

Connor tries to leap out of bed but Michelle is quicker, she quickly straddles him, presses a pillow hard over his face.

He STRUGGLES but her petite frame somehow holds him down, he reaches up and kicks out, fights back but to no avail.

His MUFFLED WHIMPERS begin to weaken, her face is contorted into a mask of hatred and murderous intent as she leans into the pillow, pushes it down harder.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Suffer like I did!

She releases him, he pushes the pillow off of his face and sits up GASPING for air.

Michelle is nowhere to be seen.

He gasps, rubs his throat, reaches for his cell phone as he struggles to bring his breath back, eyes move from corner to corner, shadow to shadow looking for her.

He stumbles off of the bed, SLAMS the bedroom door, he slumps against it, terrified, shaking.

He is about to press the dial button, changes his mind.

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Connor drives his silver Honda like a maniac, pulls into the driveway with a SCREECH of tires and comes to a stop at an angle, half on the lawn.

Connor gets out, opens the doors and retrieves bundles of wooden boards from inside.

He's frantic, desperate as he drags the wood towards the house, dropping some of it as he does.

He opens his front door, throws the wood inside the house, goes back to the car for more, piles up the wood and several large bags of groceries.

MONTAGE - CONNOR'S HOUSE

A) Connor HAMMERS wood across the LOUNGE windows, he is focused but desperate, frantic, maniacal.

B) The same for the KITCHEN windows.

C) The FRONT DOOR is barricaded in the same manner.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. CONNOR'S KITCHEN - DAY

Connor grins as he hammers the last board across the KITCHEN/GARAGE Connecting door.

CONNOR

(Raspy)

Let's see you get past that you
fucking bitch!

He sweats hard as he works, the bandage on his head comes loose, it gets in his way so he tears it off to reveal a WOUND across his forehead.

He finishes the last board, throws the hammer onto the floor and laughs in defiance.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Come and get me!

INT. CONNOR'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Connor sits with his back against the wall with a FLASHLIGHT and a HAMMER within reach.

He is surrounded by packets of snacks and bottles of water, every light in the room is switched on as he watches the front door.

He clutches the hammer to his chest, his eyes dart about.

LATER

There is a KNOCK at the FRONT DOOR.

Connor sits bolt upright.

The KNOCK comes again, Connor stands and sneaks into the...

INT. CONNOR'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Connor moves closer to the boarded up front door.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Let me in, Connor, we need to talk!

Connor is startled by her voice and tone, he backs off a little from the door, unsure, suspicious.

Her silhouette on the door glass is barely visible through the cracks between the boards.

MICHELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I think this has gone too far,
don't you? Can't we talk about
everything that has happened!?

Connor's eyes dart back and forth, he grips the hammer tighter as he listens to her voice.

MICHELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I know you're in there, the
neighbors heard the hammering, what
the hell are you doing!?

Her voice is gentle and calm, his is still damaged.

CONNOR
(Raspy)
If I let you in, are we going to
talk about this? Will you listen
to me?

MICHELLE (O.S.)
I promise! Call the police if you
like, they're concerned too.

Connor relaxes a little, he takes the hammer to a board, begins to work it free.

MICHELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's it, let's talk about it.

The first board falls to the floor, he moves to the next.

As soon as the last board is removed, he unlocks the door, unhooks the chain but keeps an eye on her silhouette.

He keeps the hammer gripped ready in one hand as he slowly opens the door, not entirely convinced.

CONNOR
I'll defend myself if I have to!

MICHELLE stands on the door step, a large KNIFE in one hand, her face covered in mud and blood, evil eyes stare from beneath matted and bloodied hair.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The headlights of the Honda illuminate Connor as he digs a hole, covered in mud, the rain hammers down.

He throws the shovel onto the grass, pulls himself up and makes his way to the trunk.

He pulls a sheet wrapped BODY from the trunk, blood seeps through the white.

He drags the corpse to the hole, pitches it in with a grunt of effort.

Connor collapses to the mud, out of breath, soaked through, he sobs, scrambles to his feet.

CONNOR

You made me do it! You fucking made me do it!

Connor is filthy, covered in blood and mud as he shovels earth on top of the body and begins to fill the hole back in.

INT. CONNOR'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Connor is in the bath, he scrubs hard at the blood and dirt, his clothes lie in a filthy pile on the bathroom tiles.

He lies back in the water, dips his head beneath the surface.

Connor lies there for a beat, eyes closed.

CONNOR'S POV - LOOKING UP

Connor opens his eyes - MICHELLE looks down on him, her shape distorted by the ripples in the water.

BACK TO SCENE

Michelle is covered in dirt and soaking wet, she reaches in and grabs Connor by the throat, holds him under as he THRASHES about to free himself from her unnatural strength.

Her voice is calm in contrast to the sound of the struggle and splashing.

MICHELLE

I'm going to kill you now.

She holds him under, the thrashing slowly subsides, his struggle nearly at an end, he falls still.

She releases him, he lies motionless in the water.

A long beat passes, she smiles thinly at his still body.

CONNOR ERUPTS from the water.

Like a man possessed, wide eyed and screaming, he hurls himself out of the bath and at her.

They struggle on the floor, try to get a grip on each other as they slip and slide on the tiles leaving blood and mud smears on the whiteness.

They fall into the...

INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Connor has the upper hand, his hands are around her throat, she struggles against his grip, barely able to whimper, her evil determination has given way to begging, pleading.

MICHELLE

(Choking)

Please... I can't breathe... Let go... You're choking... Me!

Connor is possessed by his anger, her eyes roll back, her face relaxes as he chokes the life from her.

He screams and throws her lifeless body onto the bed, collapses to the floor and sobs in despair.

CONNOR

Please... Stay dead. Please be dead!

He sobs louder, harder, steadily it transforms into laughter.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Stay dead!

He reaches into a bedside cabinet, retrieves a bottle of whiskey from inside, takes the top off and drinks from it.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Stay DEAD!

He lets most of it fall down his chin and onto his skin, he tips the bottle away from his mouth, drenching himself in it, pours the rest on the bed and over Michelle's body.

Discarding the empty bottle, he laughs louder and pulls a lighter from the cabinet, lights it, stares into the flame.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Stay dead!

He lets it fall onto the whiskey soaked bed.

The bed, Connor and Michelle's body are ENGULFED in ROARING flames, intense and immediate.

Connor continues to laugh.

The FIRE quickly spreads through the room, Connor's laughter is tinged with insane pain and screams.

Michelle's body is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE (DESTROYED) - DAY

The house is reduced to a smouldering ruin, the silver Honda still in the driveway untouched by the fire, covered in mud.

Enoch watches, pained and upset as a black body-bag on a gurney is wheeled out of the burned down house by PARAMEDICS.

EMERGENCY VEHICLES tend the scene, NEIGHBORS are interviewed by POLICE.

DETECTIVE RAYNOR (45) grey and stressed, speaks with Enoch.

RAYNOR

Seems he burned his house down,
with himself in it... You were his
friend, right?

ENOCH

Yeah, he was a work buddy.

INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Connor is strangling Michelle, she struggles against his grip, barely able to whimper, begging for her life.

RAYNOR (V.O.)

You knew him before his wife went
missing a month ago?

MICHELLE

(Choking)
Please... I can't breathe... Let
go!

ENOCH (V.O.)

Yeah.

Connor is gripped by his anger, her eyes roll back, her body relaxes as he chokes the life from her.

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE (DESTROYED) - DAY

Raynor and Enoch look over at the ruin.

RAYNOR

Did you know her sister?

ENOCH

Sure, well, I knew of her, she was givin' Connor a hard time over Michelle's runnin' away.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

A RECOVERY TRUCK pulls the RED FORD from the river, COPS stand by, POLICE CARS and a CORONER'S TRUCK sit ready.

RAYNOR (V.O.)

Michelle's body was pulled from the river this morning.

MICHELLE, decomposed and bloated, is in the driver's seat.

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE (DESTROYED) - DAY

Enoch looks at Raynor with disbelief.

ENOCH

Michelle? What? She's dead?

RAYNOR

For some time. We don't know exact cause of death yet, but as the car was in neutral and the handbrake released, it looks like the car was pushed into the river.

EXT. RIVERBANK (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Connor pushes the RED FORD into the river, MICHELLE is in the driver's seat, dead.

ENOCH (V.O.)

She left him.

RAYNOR (V.O.)

Well, that's what he told people.

INT. CONNOR'S KITCHEN (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

He opens the FRIDGE, recovers some ice, closes the door to reveal--

Michelle, dressed in a loose summer dress, no make up, pale and barefooted, her hair hangs lank and obscures her eyes.

A FLASH OF WHITE and Michelle is gone, no one stands there.

Connor drops his glass, it SMASHES on the floor as he falls over a chair and stumbles backwards, talking to nothing.

CONNOR
Michelle? Oh my god!

He rushes forward and embraces nothing.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
I'm so glad you're okay... where--

INT. CONNOR'S GARAGE (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Connor flicks the light switch, his ear is to his cell phone.

The silver Honda is gone, a RED FORD is in its place, covered in pond weed, mud and leaves, its ENGINE running, a haze of exhaust fumes.

A FLASH OF WHITE and it is replaced by the SILVER HONDA.

CONNOR
(Into phone)
I don't understand, her car is here, but--

Connor passes out, drops the phone and falls down the steps SMASHING his head on the floor as he falls.

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE (DESTROYED) - DAY

A COP approaches Enoch and Raynor.

COP
Detective, we've got another.

RAYNOR
I'm busy here--

COP
It's the sister of the girl they pulled out of the river.

INT. CONNOR'S HALLWAY (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Connor stares at the BOARDED UP FRONT DOOR.

Michelle's silhouette on the door glass is barely visible through the cracks between the boards.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
I think this has gone too far, don't you? Can't we talk about everything that has happened!?

ENOCH (V.O.)

Helen?

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE (FLASHBACK) - CONTINUOUS

HELEN stands on the doorstep, shouts at the boarded up door.

HELEN

I know you're in there, the
neighbors heard the hammering, what
the hell are you doing!?

INT. CONNOR'S HALLWAY (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

MICHELLE stands in the open doorway, a large KNIFE in one hand, her face covered in mud and blood, evil eyes stare from beneath matted and bloodied hair.

CONNOR

What the fuck!?

A FLASH OF WHITE and Michelle is replaced by HELEN, Connor falls back away from her.

Confused and concerned, Helen steps forward, tries to take Connor by the arm.

He screams and brings the hammer down on Helen's head with a sickening CRUNCH, the front of her skull caves in, her eyes roll back, her legs give way and she crumples to the carpet.

EXT. FOREST (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

The headlights of the Honda illuminate the shallow grave. Connor pulls a sheet wrapped BODY from the trunk, blood seeps through the white.

COP (V.O.)

Some old lady found a shallow grave
while walking her dog in the woods
before breakfast.

He drags the corpse to the hole, pitches it in with a grunt of effort.

Connor collapses to the mud, out of breath, soaked through, he sobs, scrambles to his feet.

EXT. CONNOR'S HOUSE (DESTROYED) - DAY

Enoch is stunned, Raynor puts his notes away.

RAYNOR

(To Enoch)

If you think of anything, let me know, I may have more questions once we've formerly identified the bodies.

Enoch nods in acknowledgement, Raynor walks back to his men.

Enoch watches in a daze as the paramedics load the body bag into the ambulance and SLAM the doors.

FADE OUT: