

Sunflower  
by  
Misha Green

CLICK! A slide projector changes over. Picasso's "GUERNICA" fills the screen.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Picasso said, "Every act of  
creation, is first an act of  
destruction."

FADE IN:

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

The blinds are shut. The projector light baths JOHN HENRY, in an unnatural glow. He's 43. Very put together. Amiable.

JOHN  
He was speaking of the duality of  
art...

A SUITED MAN watches from the back doorway. His eyes intense. Not at all interested in the lecture.

JOHN  
...how artist must mold the chaos  
to give way to order. Picasso  
understood you couldn't have one  
without the other.

He shuts off the projector. The remaining light slices through the blinds. He moves between the desks of STUDENTS.

JOHN  
The final question I'll pose before  
you all run off into the summer sun  
and forget everything I've taught  
you this semester is; if God  
created the world from chaos in  
Genesis, does that make every  
artist God?

STUDENT  
Only if they complete their  
masterpiece in six days.

John laughs with his students as the bell RINGS. He turns back for the front as the students disperse. The suited man flips on the lights. Makes his way to John.

SUITED MAN  
Excuse me, Professor? Do you have a  
moment?

He pulls a PICTURE from his suit jacket pocket...

**SUPERTITLE: DAY 172.**

INT. JOHN'S HOME - EVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

A SKINNY WOMAN sits on the window ledge, a copy of "ROBINSON CRUSOE" open in her lap. She uses a dull pencil to make a single mark in the book.

This is EVE. 24. Her face is gaunt, a little too skinny, which highlights the severeness of her beauty. She wears a blank expression. Her eyes out the barred window.

Three storeys below, a field of GIANT YELLOW SUNFLOWERS stretches toward the horizon. It's too bright. Too sunny. Nothing like the girl sitting in the window.

EXT. BACK ROAD

A barbwire fence, next to a 15 foot irrigation DITCH, lines one side of this empty road. A CHEVY TRUCK flies down it. CLASSICAL MUSIC comes from

INSIDE

John whistles along in perfect pitch. Taps the wheel keeping time. The empty fields roll past out the windows.

INT. JOHN'S HOME - EVE'S BEDROOM

Eve's still at the window, still staring out. She turns her head slightly, anticipating the SOFT CLICK by the door.

EXT. BACK ROAD

John's Chevy drives through the gate of the SUNFLOWER FARM.

EXT. BARN

JP -- 28. Skinny trailer trash. -- huffs as he lifts a bag of fertilizer, carries it over and drops it next to the stacked piles in front of the MASSIVE WOODEN BARN.

RICK (O.S.)

Come on, you gotta do it like I  
told you. Stacks of four, lined up.

Rick -- 40. A fat trucker -- wipes his brow with a towel.

JP  
What's it matter?

RICK  
That's how he wants it, so that's  
how we do it.

Rick picks up a bag. Plops it down on a pile.

JP  
What kind of asshole cares about  
how you stack shit?

RICK  
(correcting:)  
Fertilizer...

JP gives him a whatever shrug. Plops down on one of the  
stacks. Eyes the

THREE STORY VICTORIAN-ERA FARM HOUSE

20 feet away. It's freshly painted. Pristine. If you could  
see into the rain gutters, they'd be spotless. A 30 foot  
clearing leads from the house the sunflower fields. 3 dogs  
BARK in the fenced in kennel on the other side.

John's Chevy roars around from the front of the house. Pulls  
to a stop in front of JP, cutting off his view of the house.

RICK  
Hey John.

JOHN  
Rick.

John eyes JP as he climbs from the truck.

RICK  
This here's JP. He's working with  
me now.

John nods. Inspects their set up of the fertilizer.

INT. BARN

John slides open the massive doors. Rick and JP carry three  
sacks in. JP's eyes widen as his eyes fall on all the  
EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT sitting around.

A 15 drawer toolbox sits in one corner. A car covered by a  
tarp in another. A crop dusting tractor on monster truck  
wheels is parked next to it. Rick WHISTLES in appreciation.

RICK  
When'd you get that?

JOHN  
A couple of weeks ago. Helps when  
you're working all by yourself.

JP turns in a circle, looking like a kid in a candy store.  
His brow already scrunched up in scheming lines.

RICK  
How fast that thing go?

JOHN  
55 miles an hour.

Rick WHISTLES again.

INT. JOHN HENRY'S HOME - KITCHEN

Eve chops something at the counter. Her back to us. She finishes. Dumps the cut veggies into a pot on the stove. She grabs a dish towel and wipes her hands, turning to the window over the sink.

John emerges from the barn with Rick and JP in tow. A slight smile finds its way to Eve's lips. Love...or maybe a mischievous inside joke? Hard to tell.

EXT. BARN

John closes the driver side door to Rick's van. Smiles.

JOHN  
I'll have that check for you next  
week.

Rick nods, starts his van up. JP eyes the house again.  
There's just something about it.

INT. KITCHEN

Eve stares into the refrigerator. Pulls out a plastic bowl of saran-wrapped salad. The door slides closed as she goes to the trash can in the corner.

She stares into the garbage bag. Considers. Is she really going to do this? She glances behind her, at the corner ceiling, like someone's perched up there watching.

After another thought beat, she turns back to the trash.  
Dumps the salad in. Bowl and all.

EXT. BACK PORCH

The screen door slams behind John as he crosses the closed in back porch. He unclips the MASSIVE KEY ring clipped to his belt. Shuffles through it. There's four locks on the back door, but he quickly finds the keys that belong to them.

INT. BACK HALLWAY

John reaches a security key pad by the door at the end of the thin hallway. He punches in a code. Goes into the...

DINING ROOM

...where Eve is setting the table with plastic utensils. She glances up. Smiles. He smiles back. Walks over to the cabinet in the corner. Uses his key ring to unlock it. Turns on a little CLASSICAL DINNER MUSIC.

Eve's setting out the utensils perfectly. She adjusts the bowl of dinner rolls slightly, so it's in line with the sunflowers in the glass vase in front of it. John comes up behind her, kisses her on the cheek.

JOHN  
How is my Sunflower?

EVE  
Good.

He adjusts the rolls just another inch. Now it's perfect. He notices her PINK TOENAILS in her flip flops.

JOHN  
I like that color on you.

EVE  
I'm glad you picked it out for me.  
It's perfect.

He sits at the head of the table. She opens the casserole dish in front of her. A perfectly cooked ROAST. John's face drops slightly. She clocks the reaction. Pleased.

JOHN  
Roast is for Sundays.

Eve sits and unfolds her napkin in her lap.

EVE

I thought we could break the routine this week.

A tense beat. Obviously Eve thought wrong...but John smiles through the annoyance. Scoots his chair back.

JOHN

Excuse me.

He goes to the door. Pushes the security code in. Eve strains to see where his finger lands. He disappears behind the door.

UNDER THE TABLE, Eve's pink polished feet slip out of her flip flops and into the sneakers next to them.

The door lock CLICKS. John enters with a MEDIUM SIZED KNIFE.

JOHN

Did you do any reading today?

He cuts into the roast, slicing with exact precision.

EVE

Almost finished Robinson Crusoe.

JOHN

One of my favorites.

Another pleasant smile from Eve. John's eyes drift over the table. A pitcher of lemonade. Mashed potatoes. Rolls --

JOHN

There's a salad with this meal.

EVE

Oh? Sorry, I must have missed it.

She gives him an apologetic smile and goes into the...

KITCHEN

...where her smile drops. She crosses to the stove quickly. Grabs the pot. It's filled with water and the chopped veggies, COMPLETELY UNCOOKED.

She dumps them in the sink. Glances into the dining room on her way to the refrigerator. John's still slicing. Good.

She opens the refrigerator and bends to lace up her sneakers. We get a full view of the inside now -- it's nothing but PLASTIC CONTAINERS. They're all labeled with date cooked and date for consumption.

Eve pulls her laces tight -- takes a deep breath, building up her courage, and --

EVE  
(calling out:)  
I don't see the salad.

IN THE DINING ROOM, John slices into the roast. Hard.

JOHN  
Are you sure?

EVE (O.S.)  
Maybe you forgot it.

His face clouds. He stabs the knife into the roast and goes into the

KITCHEN

Eve's ass hangs out the refrigerator door.

JOHN  
Let me see...

He pulls the door back, and --

BAM!

She UPPER CUTS HIM WITH THE POT. He stumbles back. Stunned. She SLAMS him in the face two more times. He topples back into the trash can, the salad spilling across the floor.

JOHN  
Don't...

She slams him across the face again. He falls over to the side. Spits out blood. She goes for the key ring clipped to his pants. He flips LIGHTNING FAST -- YANKS her arm and -- SNAP! 20 or so keys FLY EVERYWHERE.

EVE  
Shit!

She brings the pan around -- it's a weak swing -- he grabs her arm -- brings his foot up, and -- SMASHES her in the stomach with his steel-toed work boot.

She reels back into the refrigerator. He springs to his feet. Advances with fire in his eyes. She lashes her foot out -- CONNECTS WITH HIS CROTCH. His hands go to it on instinct. She brings her leg up again -- kicks him square in the chest.

He drops. She gets to her feet, and with two hands on the handle, brings the pan down. Not once, but twice. He's down for the count. She scrambles to pick up keys.

JOHN HENRY

Eve...

He reaches out for her, fighting to get to his feet. She grabs up as many keys as she dares to, and runs into the

DINING ROOM

slamming the kitchen door behind her. She takes a beat. What the fuck is she doing again? Her eyes lock on the knife. She drops the pan and pulls it from the roast.

JOHN (O.S.)

Eve!

She moves for the other door. Pushes in the code. It's wrong.

JOHN (O.S.)

EVE!

She tries to concentrate. Gets the code wrong again.

EVE

Shit.

She smashes the buttons in. CLICK! John CRASHES through the kitchen door as she RIPS the keypad from the wall -- throws open the door, and -- slips through as he lunges --

BACK HALLWAY

John SLAMS against the other side. She runs for the back door. Jams the first key in...

IN THE DINING ROOM, John RAPS on the door. Tries the code in the broken key pad. No luck. He smashes it with his fist. Rips it the rest of the way off the wall.

AT THE BACK DOOR, Eve has two locks unlocked. She's getting down to her last few keys. What if she didn't pick up the right ones?

BACK IN THE DINING ROOM, one last bang on the door, then John stops. Takes a deep breath. No need to get the blood pressure up. He stalks over to the cabinet in the corner.

He feels around the top. Smiles when his hand lands on a SYRINGE filled with yellow liquid...

AT THE BACK DOOR, Eve's got three locks opened. She has two keys left. She tries one. Doesn't work.

EVE  
Please...please...

She sticks the last one in. Hesitates. Turns...click!

EXT. JOHN HENRY'S HOME - NIGHT

Eve tares across the back porch, through the screen door, and down the stairs. The FLOODLIGHTS on the house click on, illuminating Eve running for her life, and --

JOHN BARRELING AROUND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE like the maniac we'll soon come to know him as. Eve doesn't even see him. It's not until he's right behind her that she senses him, turns slightly, and --

BAM!

He LINEBACKER TACKLES her to the dirt. Rolls on top. For a second she just lies splayed out. John catches his breath.

JOHN  
I can't...let you go, Eve...

She struggles now. KICKING. SLAPPING. BITING.

EVE  
FUCK YOU!

John holds her down. Occasionally gets a hit in. They roll over. Eve gets her arm out, and -- with a ROAR -- she stabs him with the KNIFE.

He freezes. Surprised to find a blade in his side. She crawls from under him. Steps back.

EVE  
Fuck. You.

A LAUGH escapes his throat. It's the amused laugh of a child enjoying his favorite game.

JOHN HENRY  
I win.

She gives him a wild stare. What the -- ? He lifts his other hand to show her the EMPTY SYRINGE. Oh fuck. She backs away, shaking her head in complete disbelief.

JOHN HENRY

You know I hate myself when you  
make me do this.

EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD

Eve thrashes through the flowers as tall as her.

EVE

SOMEBODY HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!

She knows it's pointless. She knows she's doomed. The syringe was empty, but she can't give up. She can't...not even as she slows to a jog...then a walk...then a stagger...

Her arms dangle listlessly at her sides. She stops. Sways back and forth. Turns back to the house, and -- DROPS. She lays face first on the ground. Paralyzed.

John staggers through her destroyed sunflower path clutching his bleeding stomach. He falls to his knees next to her. With some effort, he turns her over. Her body just flops around.

JOHN

I understand why you have to do  
this. I do...

He caresses her cheek, staring at her with the eyes of someone deeply in love. Her eyes flicker back and forth, the only thing on her body she can still move.

JOHN

...and I hope you understand why I  
have to do this.

He SLUGS her. Her head rocks to the side, then back. He winces at the pain that movement caused him, the anger bubbling back to the surface. He slugs her AGAIN.

JOHN HENRY

You can't feel any of this now,  
Eve. But it's going to hurt later.

The sunflowers dance in the night breeze as he walks away.

EXT. 24 HOUR DINER - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

GRACE smokes against the wall in her waitress uniform. We only see her profile, but she's pretty. Innocent pretty.

She takes a deep drag. Really blows the smoke back out her nose, like it could take all her problems with it.

The back door slams open. She quickly snubs out her cigarette. Turns. It's just BETH, her overweight coworker.

GRACE

Jesus, Beth. I thought you were Ronnie.

Beth pulls a pack of cigarettes.

BETH

Sorry.

She lights one. Offers to Grace. She waves it off.

GRACE

I should get back in. He catches me taking another break...

BETH

Yeah, he wanted me to talk to you.

GRACE

About what?

BETH

Your face. That asshole actually told me to give you some make up advice.

Grace turns away. Ashamed. Now we see the BRUISING around her eye and jaw. She's done a terrible job of covering it.

GRACE

It looks worse than it really is.

Beth sighs. Shakes her head, she's heard all the excuses.

BETH

You should probably stay at my place tonight. Let Bobby cool off.

Grace gives Beth a half smile.

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - STALKER'S POV

*We're staring out the window of a truck parked in front of the diner. Wall to wall windows and florescent lighting exposes everything inside like a diorama.*

*Grace takes plates to a table. Laughs at something one of the customers says. Turns back for the counter.*

*MUSIC escapes the radio. The stalker turns it down. Starts to whistle. Something classical. In perfect pitch as he watches Grace count receipts at the register now.*

*A CAR DOOR SLAMS across the parking lot. The whistling peters off as the suited man crosses the parking lot for the diner.*

INT. DINER

Beth pulls her apron off as the suited man sits at the counter. He smiles over at Grace, then turns to Beth.

SUITED MAN

Can I get a coffee to go?

BETH

Sorry, honey, but we're off. Wait for Meg to come over.

He watches Beth walk off with an incredulous look.

GRACE

I'll get it for you.

SUITED MAN

Thanks. I appreciate that.

She sets about pouring his coffee. He tries not to eye her bruised face.

GRACE

There you go.

They lock eyes. The sympathy floods out of his. For a moment Grace is caught in it...

BETH (O.S.)

Grace, will you hurry up?

Beth waits, one foot already out the door.

EXT. DINER

Beth notices a TRAILER TRASH TRUCKER strutting towards them.

BETH

Shit, Bobby...

Grace glances up. Oh shit is right. Bobby smiles. He looks like trouble. Sexy trouble if we didn't already know better.

BOBBY

Hey baby. I came to give you a ride home.

He looks to Beth. Back to Grace. Daring her to say different. She's clamming up, so:

BETH

She's staying with me tonight, honey. We're going to have us a little sleepover.

Behind them, the suited man exits the diner with his coffee.

BOBBY

Oh yeah? You guys going stuff your faces with ice cream while bitching about your men? Well hell, you don't have a man Beth, and it's probably cause you should be staying away from the ice cream.

He steps between them as she blinks back her hurt. The suited man watches the scene brewing from his car door.

GRACE

Bobby, I just thought you might need some time to yourself --

BOBBY

I already apologized for earlier, baby. You trying to punish me? I know you're not trying to make me mad on purpose, are you?

GRACE

No...Beth just thought --

Bobby grabs her arm. Pulls her toward the car.

BOBBY

Beth should mind her own damn business.

SUITED MAN (O.S.)

Is there a problem here?

Bobby stops. The suited man's a few feet away. His car door left open behind him.

BOBBY

We're fine, man.

SUITED MAN

(to Grace:)

You okay?

Bobby pushes Grace behind him. Advances on the suited man.

BOBBY

Why can't anybody mind their own  
fucking business?

The suited man pushes back his jacket, his hand instinctively going to the GUN holstered at his side. Grace jumps at the sight of it. She grabs Bobby's arm, holding him back.

GRACE

Bobby...come on, lets just go home.  
Take me home, okay?

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - STALKER'S POV

*Grace and Bobby cross the parking lot. For a second Grace looks into this truck. Locks eyes with us, but it's only the fleeting look of embarrassment. She climbs into Bobby's car. The stalker starts up his truck.*

EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD - NIGHT

Eve twitches slightly, getting some feeling back. It takes all her effort to slide her arm from her stomach to her side. She closes her eyes. Spent.

When she opens them again John's there. She actually looks relieved. He takes her into his arms.

INT. JOHN'S BATHROOM

John sits shirtless on the closed toilet seat. Eve's on her knees before him. Bandages his stab wound. She's still caked in dirt and blood. Moves slow, still getting used to having feeling back.

JOHN

I think she's ready.

Eve smooths the tape over John's side.

EVE

Did she tell you that?

JOHN

She said it with her eyes.

He lifts Eve's chin, bringing her eyes to his.

JOHN  
Just like you did. Just like you  
do. Am I wrong?

EVE  
No.

He holds her stare for a moment, then leans down and kisses her. She lets him. He pulls back only slightly.

JOHN  
Yet you keep trying to escape.

She doesn't respond to that. He drops her chin. Goes to leave, but pauses in the doorway:

JOHN  
This was the first time you've  
tried to hurt me.

She can hear the disappointment. He leaves. She gets up and goes over to the plastic bathroom mirror. Stares at her cut up and bruised reflection. It's a sad sight.

INT. GRACE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Grace stares at her own reflection, and it's an equally sad sight. Only difference is her bruises are fading.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
I can't sleep with that light on,  
baby. Come to bed.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

Eve comes out of the bathroom cleaned up and ready for bed. John's already tucked under the covers. She climbs in, pointedly ignoring the cup of milk on her night stand.

JOHN  
We can always do it the hard way.

She grudgingly picks up the cup. Drinks. She pulls it from her lips, but --

JOHN  
All of it.

She hesitates, then brings it back to her lips. John smiles as the last of it disappears. She puts the cup back on the night stand. He turns off the lamp. Pulls her close.

JOHN

You'll feel better tomorrow.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eve hits the floor HARD, wrapped in a ball of covers. She's ash white. Sweating. The room SPINS. PULSATES. Goes IN AND OUT OF FOCUS.

She clutches the night stand. Tries to pull herself to her feet. KNOCKS the milk glass away --

EVE

Damnit.

She stumbles into the BATHROOM and sticks her finger down her throat. A second later she HEAVES VIOLENTLY into the toilet.

INT. DINER

Grace wipes the counter down. Beth rings up a ticket at the register. Grace stops. Preoccupied with something heavy.

GRACE

I'm leaving Bobby.

Beth looks at Grace. Is she serious?

GRACE

I packed my bags. They're in the car. I think I'm going to go stay with my sister. It'll be tight with the kids, but it'll only be for a little while.

BETH

It's about time.

Grace nods. They share a smile. Beth gives her a reassuring arm squeeze before moving off. Grace turns to the suited man settling in at the counter.

GRACE

What can I get you?

SUITED MAN

Just another coffee, please.

His eyes follow her as she fixes it.

SUITED MAN

I wanted to apologize for butting  
into your business last night --

Grace glances self-consciously at the other costumers. He leans forward, trying to be private now:

SUITED MAN

I have this annoying habit of  
sticking my nose where it doesn't  
belong.

He holds out a card. She reluctantly takes it.

GRACE

Patrick O'Leary. Private Detective?  
What are you doing in nowhere,  
North Dakota?

O'LEARY

I'm actually trying to track down  
this girl.

He pulls the picture from his jacket pocket. Hands it to her.  
IT'S A PICTURE OF EVE. A happier, full-bodied, Eve.

GRACE

Is she missing?

O'LEARY

Missing might be too strong of a  
word for this case. Her parents are  
paying a small fortune for me to  
track her down. Probably just a  
spoiled rich girl who forgets to  
call while blowing the trust fund.

Grace hands the photo back.

GRACE

If she's rich, why is she anywhere  
near here?

O'LEARY

Don't know. She enrolled in some  
classes at the local college. She's  
probably halfway to Europe by now.

Grace nods politely. Another customer over sharing. She writes out O'leary's tab. Puts it down in front of him. He touches her hand lightly.

O'LEARY

I'm sorry. I know it's not my place, but you shouldn't let him hit you.

They lock eyes. He's so sincere.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

John reclines in his La-Z-Boy. Watches VIDEO CAMERA FOOTAGE of Eve in the kitchen. She walks to the trash can. Considers for a moment. Turns. LOOKS RIGHT AT THE CAMERA, then tosses the salad.

John smirks. Amused. His watch BEEPS. He shuts off the TV. EJECT. He takes the tape over to a cabinet. Unlocks it. HUNDREDS of tapes, all labeled, are stacked neatly inside.

INT. JOHN'S BATHROOM

Eve has her head on the toilet seat. Eyes closed. John bends down next to her. Taps the syringe in his hand. Eve opens her eyes. Weakly shakes her head.

EVE

No more drugs...

John ignores her. Plunges the syringe into her arm.

INT. BARN

John pulls the tarp away, revealing an old station wagon.

EXT. BACK OF DINER - NIGHT

There's only one little 60 watt bulb bathing the back of the diner in a yellow glow. Grace pulls her keys as she comes out the back door. Heads for BOBBY'S CAR and gets in.

She considers her bags in the backseat, then pulls her cell from her purse. Dials. It rings twice.

BOBBY'S VOICE

Hey baby. You on your way home?

Is she? She looks off. Hesitates, then:

GRACE

(Goodbye.)

I love you.

BOBBY'S VOICE

I love you too, baby. I know it's been hard lately, but it's going to get better. You know that right?

Grace catches her own eyes in the rearview mirror. Fights the emotion bubbling up.

GRACE

I know.

BOBBY'S VOICE

Good. Now get your ass home. I been missing you all day.

A smile escapes her.

BOBBY'S VOICE

Hey, are you going to bring some leftovers back?

She glances back at her bags. Conflicted.

BOBBY'S VOICE

Baby?

She sighs.

GRACE

What do you want?

EXT. BACK OF DINER

Grace climbs from the car. Turns -- JOHN IS THERE. Frantic. Right in her face. And all this happens FAST --

JOHN

Please. I need your help. My sister...my sister's in the car, something's wrong with her --

He points. Grace looks, but he's speaking too fast --

GRACE

-- d...what? --

JOHN

I need you to stay with her --

GRACE

I'm sorry --

JOHN

Please. She's sick. Something's wrong. I need to call for help inside...

Grace is already halfway across the back lot, being herded by John. He's not giving her a chance to think.

GRACE

I can call --

She turns. He spins her back toward the station wagon.

JOHN

I just don't want to leave her alone. Please. You have to help us. It's my sister...

The light doesn't reach this far out, but Grace can vaguely see the FIGURE in the backseat of the station wagon now.

GRACE

Oh my god, what happened?

JOHN

I don't know, we were driving and she -- she just got sick...

He pops open the passenger side door.

JOHN

I'm just going to go inside and...

Grace leans around the seat, eyes widening as she sees a drugged out Eve slumped across the backseat.

GRACE

Are you okay?

BAM!

John whacks Grace across the back of the head with a blunt object. She slumps into the front seat. Out cold. John whacks her two more times just for good measure.

He pulls back -- slides the rest of Grace's body in -- and slams the door. Eve diverts her eyes, not wanting to look at Grace bleeding from the gash on the back of her head.

Bobby's car STARTS UP somewhere out in the lot. Eve moves a shaky hand toward the door handle. It's taking everything in her to focus enough for this simple movement. She wraps her fingers around it. Pulls. It's locked of course.

She slides her hand up the door towards the lock, but she's fading. She fights it. Tries to stay conscious, but --

FADE OUT.

STROBE LIGHT FLASHES as John WHISTLES...

The station wagon pulls into the barn. He carries Eve back into the house. Puts her in bed. Kisses her good night.

He carries Grace over one shoulder down the road between the sunflower field. He cuts into the field, navigating two rows. He lays her gently out on the ground. Kicks around until his foot catches on a LATCH.

He pulls the door open leading down into his UNDERGROUND WORK LAB. He carries Grace down the steps, disappearing into the darkness, then -- he emerges back into the light for a split second, an eerie smile on his face, and slams the doors shut.

BLACKOUT.

Out of the darkness a thin whisper:

JOHN HENRY (V.O.)  
If you're good, I'll let you come  
into the house.

Silence, then --

A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM that kicks off a series of rapid fire images. An A.D.D.'S FRENZIED DRUG INDUCED HAZE -- all the terrible things that happen in John's dirty, chaotic, little work lab.

Grace is face down on a stained mattress. Naked. Each limb stretched out and chained to the posts of the brass bed. She's gagged. Tears streaming from her eyes.

John presses PLAY on a old tape player. RANDOM NOISE fills the room. It's the opposite of the classical music he loves.

John stands in front of a wooden cabinet filled with various sharp instruments. Needles. Shears. Hunting knives. He chooses a tiny needle.

EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD - NIGHT

The sunflowers sway to the non-beat of the random noise leaking up and out.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eve bolts upright. Her hands clutching her chest. Her eyes wildly scan the room. Where is she -- ? What day is it -- ?

She's hyperventilating. A PANIC ATTACK in full swing. There's a CREAK in the hallway. Another. Someone's coming.

She slides down in bed. Pulls the covers up. The door lock CLICKS. She tries to control her breathing. Tries to swallow the panic.

The door swings open. John is backlit by the hallway light. His clothes are covered in dirt and blood. Sweat glistens on his forehead. He breathes heavy and satisfied.

He takes a step into the room, the wooden floor boards CREAKING under his weight. Eve shuts her eyes -- please God let him think she's asleep.

He still has one hand on the doorknob, reconsidering...then -- he turns. Closes the door behind him. Eve opens her eyes. Her heartbeat has slowed to almost normal again...almost.

**SUPERTITLE: DAY 178.**

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Eve comes from the bathroom, wrapped in a towel. She sees the YELLOW FLOWER DRESS laid out on the bed.

INT. DINING ROOM

John sets food out, looks up to see Eve in the doorway wearing the yellow dress.

EVE

I love it. Thank you.

He doesn't react. Sits. That unnerves her slightly, but she brushes it off. Sits across from him.

EVE

Where did you get --

JOHN

It wasn't for you.

Eve's fork stops halfway to her mouth.

JOHN

I've decided to bring Grace into the house. You'll need to help her get cleaned up...

Eve sits back. Stunned.

JOHN

...and tell her the rules.

INT. BATHROOM

Grace huddles in the bathtub. Dirty. Bruised. Damaged. She rocks back and forth. Mumbles to herself. Lost. Eve considers her from the doorway. Why did he bring her into the house?

After a beat, she goes over to the tub. Grace just mumbles and rocks. Rocks and mumbles. Eve turns on the faucet and reaches for the soap.

INT. KITCHEN

Grace sits at the two seater table. An untouched sandwich on a plate in front of her. Eve washes dishes at the sink.

EVE

So we don't actually do anything. Not really. There's a lot of specific shit to remember, he likes his house in order, but as long as you do it right, it's not so bad...

She turns. Grace stares out the kitchen window. Eve frowns.

EVE

You can't escape...

Grace flinches slightly. Like that's the first thing she's registered in a long time.

EVE

Trust me I've tried. There's automatic locks on all the inner doors. The front door? Bolted shut. It doesn't even open. I learned that the first time I tried to escape.

Grace swallows hard.

EVE

And there's a lock you need a security code for on the back door, courtesy of my last attempt. There's bars on all the bullet proof glass windows, and cameras everywhere.

Eve's getting off on intimidating Grace.

EVE

John carries drugs and a set of handcuffs on him at all times. And he won't even hesitate to use them...

She trails off, talking more to herself than Grace now:

EVE

He's smart. He's thought of everything. There's no way out...

She stares out the window with Grace. Lost in the idea of being free, then her face hardens. She reaches over and pulls the curtains closed.

EVE

Did you hear me? There's no way out. So stop daydreaming, and pay attention to what's going to keep you alive.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner. Grace stares at her full plate. Eve TALKS to John as she eats. John's eyes are on Grace. He picks up the bowl of dinner rolls.

JOHN

Grace, would you like a dinner roll?

Eve stops talking, a little irritated with being interrupted. Grace doesn't look up from her plate. John waits.

EVE

I'll take one.

John GRABS HER HAND IN MID-AIR, stopping her fingers inches from the rolls. Grace's eyes snap up, full of fear.

JOHN

I asked Grace.

Eve bites the inside of her cheek as John SQUEEZES her wrist. She cuts her eyes at Grace. Say SOMETHING. Grace opens her mouth. Shuts it again, then finally:

GRACE  
No...thank you.

John releases Eve's wrist. Her arm drops to the table.

JOHN  
Would you like a roll, Eve?

She doesn't move. He sets one on her plate. She'll have one rather she wants to or not now.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Grace sits on the sofa. Stares at the painting above the mantle. A FEW PIANO KEYS are played. There's a flash of life in her eyes -- it's a tune she recognizes. The KEYS are played again, but slightly different.

EVE (O.S.)  
Like that?

JOHN (O.S.)  
No. Listen.

John and Eve share the piano bench on the other side of the room. Grace turns her head slightly. Listens to the NOTES played again perfectly.

EVE  
Isn't that what I just played?

John sighs. Eve's a terrible student. He looks to Grace. She turns her eyes back to the painting.

INT. BEDROOM

Grace lies on the right side of the bed. Eyes on the ceiling. The bathroom light clicks off. Eve crawls into her side of the bed. She turns away from Grace, then:

EVE  
It's my fault.

A beat. Another. If Grace heard her, she makes no sign.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Grace SLAMS HER PALM against the side window.

GRACE  
HELP ME! PLEASE, UP HERE! LOOK UP  
HERE! WE NEED HELP!

Eve bolts up in bed. It takes her a moment to focus on Grace beating the bulletproof glass with everything she's got. YELLING at the top of her lungs. Eve covers her ears.

EVE  
Stop. Hey. They can't hear you.

Grace screams LOUDER. Hits the glass HARDER.

EXT. BARN

JP lifts a bag on top of a stack. Leans back, stretches.

ANGLE ON the window to Eve and Grace's room. Not a peep. It's tinted. You'd have no idea there's a kidnapped girl flipping out behind it.

INT. BEDROOM

Grace YELLS and HITS the window between sobs now.

EVE  
Seriously...

Eve throws the covers back. Stalks over, and -- GRABS Grace by the arm. Spins her to face her. YELLS right in her face:

EVE  
Shut up! They can't hear you!

Grace breaks down into deep sobs now. Sinks to the floor.

EVE  
(a half apology:)  
The windows are soundproof.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Eve comes out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel, walks over to the dresser. Grace watches her from the window ledge. Her eyes tear free now.

GRACE  
Last night...

Eve startles a little at the sound of Grace's voice.

GRACE  
...when you said it was your fault.  
What did you mean?

A beat. Eve had forgotten she said that, or wishes Grace had.

EVE  
Every time I try to escape, he  
takes another girl.

GRACE  
How many?

EVE  
Since I've been here? Three.

Grace sucks in a deep breath. Eve turns to her.

EVE  
But none them came into the house.  
You're the first.

Grace doesn't know how to process that information -- what it means to be the first. Then another thought clouds her mind, something more disturbing:

GRACE  
If they don't come in the house,  
where do they go?

Eve gives her a look. She already knows the answer to that.

GRACE  
How could he have taken five girls  
and no one's noticed?

EVE  
Nine. Three since I've been here,  
but there's been others.

Eve crosses to the bookcase. Pulls the copy of "Robinson Crusoe." Tosses it to Grace.

EVE  
Look in the front.

IN THE FRONT, under the title, are the scribbled names of FIVE GIRLS with dash marks next to them. The first girl's name has the second most marks, the most being next to EVE.

GRACE

Megan...

Eve drops her towel. Changes in front of Grace without even a second thought.

EVE

I guess she's the first. Or just the first to start marking --

GRACE

Oh my God...

Grace has turned the page. Sees that Eve's marks continue, almost HALFWAY DOWN IT.

GRACE

...is this really how long you've been here?

EVE

Almost six months.

Eve sees the horrified expression on Grace's face.

EVE

Don't worry. I doubt you'll be here that long.

Was that supposed to be comforting? Eve glances at the wall clock. Moves toward the door. Reaches out for the doorknob just as the lock clicks open. Grace just watches her leave.

EVE (O.S.)

Let's go. There's chores to do.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Eve vigorously wipes down the table with Windex. Grace uses the duster to dust the mantle. She wiggles one of the picture frames. It's screwed down. All of them are.

She reaches up to dust the painting. Notices a spiral scar on her arm. She rubs it.

GRACE

(to herself:)

I can't tell the difference.

EVE

Between what?

Grace turns. Watches Eve rub the chairs down with Pine. She moves quickly. An expert at this cleaning routine.

GRACE

The scars he gave me and the ones  
Bobby did.

Eve continues to clean, not interested in chatting.

GRACE

Bobby's my boyfriend. Was my  
boyfriend. He hit me.

EVE

I know.

How could she know that?

EVE

John told me.

Oh. Grace fidgets. Suddenly embarrassed.

GRACE

I was going to leave him the night  
I was kidnapped. But then I  
couldn't. If I hadn't gotten back  
out of the car to get Bobby some  
leftovers...

EVE

You'd still be kidnapped. John's  
been watching you for a while. It  
was only a matter of time.

Grace sits at the table. Considers that simple truth. Eve glances over at her. Annoyed. Why isn't she cleaning?

GRACE

Why me? Why you? We're-- we seem so  
different.

Eve takes the duster from her hand. Clearly she'll have to do the cleaning herself.

EVE

Look, if I've learned anything in  
six months with a psycho, it's not  
to try to understand him.

JOHN (O.S.)

Understand who?

John's in the doorway. Wipes his brow. He's dirty from farming. Grace's eyes go to the floor. She tightens up. Scared. Eve doesn't miss a beat:

EVE

Chekov. Everything he writes is just a Russian mess.

John smiles.

JOHN

You're always trying to get a rise out of me.

EVE

Always.

Grace's eyes flick to Eve. How can she be flirting with him?

INT. DINER

Beth's at the counter. Bobby's on the other side. Pissed.

BOBBY

Where is she?

She moves down the counter with a plate of eggs. He follows.

BOBBY

Just tell me where the fuck she is.

She sets the plate down. Moves back the other way.

BOBBY

I just wanna talk to her.

BETH

Yeah. Sure.

She moves around the counter. Bobby follows, bumping into things, not used to navigating the tables like Beth.

BOBBY

She stole my fucking car. I just want my car back.

Beth scoffs. Yeah right. He leans in close now:

BOBBY

If I have to find her myself, it's gonna be worse for her.

BETH

I can't help you, Bobby. I really  
don't know where she is.

With that, she turns for her tables. Bobby seethes.

BOBBY

Cunt.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dishes fill the sink. Eve washes. Grace dries.

JOHN (O.S.)

Grace...

She almost drops the dish in her hands.

JOHN

...will you join me in the living  
room please.

She throws an unsure look at Eve. She ignores her.

JOHN

Grace?

GRACE

Ye-- Yes.

He holds the door open for her. She knocks into the side  
trying to stay as far from him as possible.

Eve washes and dries now. Moments later, PIANO NOTES drift  
under the closed door. Eve stops. Listens. The same NOTES are  
played again, just as perfect as the first time. Grace is a  
better student than her.

She smiles. Then a terrible thought flashes through her mind.  
Grace is a better student than her.

**SUPERTITLE: DAY 183.**

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A tupperware container hits the floor. Spaghetti splashes  
everywhere. Eve's hands slap against the tile as she falls to  
her knees, sucking in air.

She brings her head down against the floor. Tries to will the  
room to stop spinning. Grace bends down next to her.

GRACE  
What's wrong?

Eve tries to speak. Can't.

GRACE  
Should I get John?

Eve shakes her head. Grace's eyes search the kitchen. What can she do? She's starting to panic too.

GRACE  
I don't know what to do. I'm-- I'm  
just going to get John.

Grace stands. Eve grabs her arm. Drags her back to the ground. No John.

GRACE  
Okay...you need to -- to breathe.

Eve cuts her a look. That's obvious. Grace gets up and moves behind her. She wraps her arms around Eve, pressing her chest into Eve's back. Eve fights her for a second --

GRACE  
Hold still. It's a breathing thing  
I learned.

Grace exaggerates her breathing. Two in, one breath out.

GRACE  
It works. Just focus on my  
breathing.

Eve gives in. They breathe together in silence as they sync up. Another beat of normal breathing and Grace sits back.

EVE  
I have these panic attacks  
sometimes. I think it's a side  
effect of all the drugs.

Grace nods. Waits. This is the moment for a 'thank you' from Eve, but instead:

EVE  
Where did you learn that?

Grace's face clouds.

GRACE  
A Lamaz class.

That surprises Eve. Grace notices the spilled spaghetti.

GRACE

He's going to kill us if he sees  
this mess.

They look at each other. Grace face pales.

EVE

Probably.

She laughs out of the absurdity. Grace smiles, but her fear keeps the laughter down.

EXT. BACK PORCH - EVENING

Eve sits sideways on the porch swing. Tries to sew a button on one of John's shirts. He sits next to her, gently swinging the swing, snapping one of the handcuffs around, then pushing it through when it catches. Eve pokes her finger.

EVE

Ow.

John stares out, his forehead wrinkled by thought.

JOHN

I shouldn't have planted them.

She can't re-loop the thread and it's frustrating.

EVE

(half-listening:)  
Huh?

JOHN

The new seeds I planted last week.  
Maybe they're more hassle than  
they're worth.

EVE

Maybe...but what can you do about  
it now?

JOHN

Over saturate. The seeds won't be  
able to take all the moisture...

Eve's eyes drift to John now. She can hear the slight maniacal glee in his voice. A killer talking about killing.

JOHN

Flowers wouldn't be able to grow.  
They'd be dead in the ground.

Are they really talking about flowers? Eve looks through the window behind them. Where's Grace? She glances at the handcuff spinning in his hands.

EVE

That sounds like a lot of trouble.

JOHN

It's easy...wouldn't be any trouble  
at all.

EVE

Then do it.

She's back to attempted threading, says this casually:

EVE

Or, you could just let them grow  
out, see if it's really too much to  
handle. You can always cut them  
down later.

John stops with the handcuffs, considers that.

EVE

I can't sew this. I tried, but --

JOHN

Leave it. I'll take care of it.

Eve sits back. It worries her that he's still considering.

EVE

You know, maybe Grace could do it.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Grace brushes her teeth at the sink. Eve soaks in a bubble bath in the tub behind her.

EVE

Do you know how to sew?

GRACE

(mouth full of  
toothpaste:)

Yes. Why?

EVE  
Just wondering.

Water splashes over the sides as she reaches for the soap on the tub rim. It slips from her grip.

EVE  
Damn.

It slides across the wet floor and into the wall by the sink.

EVE  
Grab that for me.

Grace spits, reaches for the soap. She notices the water stained wallpaper. It's curling back on itself at the sink edge. She pulls it back slightly...

EVE  
Grace...

Grace lifts the wallpaper back more. Underneath it, there's what looks like a mouse hole. The wood around it is molded and soggy. She presses against it. It bends easily.

EVE  
Take your time, really.

GRACE  
(whispering:)  
I think I found something. There's a hole here.

Grace pushes the wood harder. It breaks away. Eve stands behind her, dripping suds.

GRACE  
(whispering:)  
Look. The wood, it's weakened here. The overflow from the tub must have done it.

Grace pulls back more of the wallpaper. The water erosion goes about a foot off the floor.

GRACE  
(still whispering:)  
See?

EVE  
Why are you whispering?

GRACE  
Cause of the cameras.

Eve glances back at the camera in the corner above the door.

EVE  
They don't have sound...

Grace breaks away more of the wood. Gets down on her stomach and peeks her head into the

VENT SHAFT.

Wires and air ducts run up and down this 3 foot space that spans the entire LENGTH OF THE HOUSE.

EVE (O.S.)  
I saw him watching the tapes once --

GRACE  
Oh my god...it's a way out.

EVE (O.S.)  
What?

Grace pulls her head back out. Eve has stepped out of the tub. Covers herself with a towel.

GRACE  
It's a vent. For the heat...

Eve pulls Grace out of the way. Sticks her head in.

GRACE  
Where do you think it leads?

EVE  
Down.

Eve pulls her head out, nowhere near as excited as Grace.

GRACE  
It could be a way out.

EVE  
Doubtful. All you're reading from this is "way out," and you should be focusing on the "could be." It's a vent shaft going down the middle of the house. It's only going to lead to more locked rooms.

Grace's face drops, all the little hope she had gone.

GRACE  
So what do we do?

EVE  
Cover it back up and forget about  
it.

Eve throws open the door to JOHN. There's a flash of surprise in Eve's face, but she hides it quickly. Grace moves away from the wall, bumping into the tub. John looks between the two for a second. Did he hear them?

JOHN  
(to Eve:)  
I thought you'd be ready for bed.

EVE  
I just have to put on my pajamas.

She slides past him.

JOHN  
Goodnight, Grace.

GRACE  
Goodnight.

She says it to the wet floor.

**SUPERTITLE: DAY 183.**

INT. DINING ROOM

Chores. Grace has become a well oiled machine just like Eve. They move around in a odd ballet of cleaning.

GRACE  
What were you like? Before John  
kidnapped you.

EVE  
Does it matter?

They both hesitate. That came off harsher than intended.

EVE  
The same. A bitch.

Grace smiles.

GRACE  
What else? Tell me more.

EVE  
Bored. Spoon fed life by my  
parents.

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

I just wanted to get so far away  
from their little predictable world

--

GRACE

They were looking for you.

EVE

Who?

GRACE

Your parents.

That stops Eve cold.

EVE

My parents were here?

GRACE

No. But a detective was. He was  
showing your picture around. He  
thought you were gone by now  
though. In Europe or something...

Eve considers that for a second. Goes back to cleaning. Grace  
sighs, she wanted more of a reaction than that.

GRACE

I don't think there's anyone  
looking for me. Not even Bobby.

EVE

How long were you guys together?

GRACE

Three years.

Eve's asking questions more out of boredom than curiosity.

EVE

Was he hitting you from the  
beginning?

GRACE

Yes.

(then:)

When I found out I was pregnant, I  
didn't even tell him, cause I was  
going to leave.

Eve continues to clean, which makes it easier for Grace to  
continue. It's like she's just talking to herself.

GRACE

Every day I kept saying to myself tomorrow I'll do it. Tomorrow. Then one night I told my friend Beth I was pregnant, and she wanted to take me out to celebrate. I forgot to call. I was just so excited to finally tell someone, it just slipped my mind.

Eve's stopped cleaning. She watches the emotion bubble up in Grace with mixed feelings. A little bit of sympathy and a lot of discomfort.

GRACE

He was mad, of course. I tried to protect my stomach. I tried to tell him, but he just kept hitting me. Over and over again, and...

Grace chokes up.

EVE

You had a miscarriage.

It wasn't a question. Eve's just finishing the part Grace can't bring herself to say.

EVE

And you still didn't leave him after that?

Grace quickly wipes at the tears on her cheeks.

GRACE

You must think I'm pathetic. You'd never let something like that happen to you.

EVE

Excuse me? What do you think this is that's going on here?

GRACE

With Bobby I wasn't kidnapped.

EVE

Fine. You're right. But you act like there's some magic potion that's going to make you stronger. There isn't. Take some responsibility and decide to stop playing the victim.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grace plays the piano. Eve reads. John smokes his cigar.  
Grace FUMBLES A FEW NOTES. She goes to start back up, but --

JOHN

That was an amateur mistake, Grace.  
You need to pay more attention to  
the page.

Eve glances at John. Gauging his anger. She's always watching  
him like he's a ticking time bomb.

GRACE

Sorry.

JOHN

Start again from the beginning of  
the stanza.

Grace flips the page back. Starts up again -- messes up --  
keeps going -- messes up again. Stops. She holds her hands  
up. They're shaking.

GRACE

I'm sorry...

John gets up from his chair. She can feel him getting closer.  
She doesn't meet his eyes. She can't.

JOHN

I know you wouldn't ruin a  
beautiful piece of music on  
purpose, would you?

And for some reason, that little accusation sparks something  
in Grace. It's Bobby all over again. Her face hardens.

GRACE

Never.

Eve heard the contempt in Grace's voice. John's eyes narrow.

JOHN

From the beginning, then.

She flips the page back. PLAYS. He studies her. His eyes  
trying to figure out what's different all of a sudden.  
There's a sort of defiance in Grace's body language now.

Her hands move over the keys quickly. Efficiently. She knows  
how to play this piece, and -- she HITS THE WRONG NOTE. She  
stops. THAT she did on purpose.

She turns her eyes up to his. A beat. He reaches down and gently takes her right hand in his.

JOHN  
 Sometimes it's the easiest keys  
 that are the hardest to remember.  
 You use this --

Grace CRIES OUT as John BREAKS HER FINGER.

JOHN  
 -- finger to hit the C note.

He caresses her broken finger. She fights the pain surging through her entire arm. He casually locks eyes with Eve. She goes back to her book. She's staying out of this. He lets go of Grace's hand. It drops back onto the keys.

JOHN  
 Start from the beginning, again.

Grace flips to the first page. PLAYS. And it hurts. That C note is common. And every time she hits it, the anger builds, and just as she gets in a rhythm, she messes up again.

GRACE  
 Sorry, my finger slipped.

Eve smirks behind her book. John SMASHES the wooden key cover down HARD. Grace cries out. Tears fall. She can't hold them back. He opens the cover and SLAMS IT DOWN AGAIN.

GRACE  
 Please!

He stops. Triumphant. That's what he wanted to hear.

JOHN  
 Try again. And please, take your  
 time. I really hope that you  
 succeed this time.

Red lines slash across Grace's hands. They tremble sporadically. She places them on the keys. The fear in her eyes. Here goes...

Eve slides in next to her. Moves Grace's right hand off the keys. Flips to the first page. Settles in.

EVE  
 Ready?

A moment passes between them. It's them against John. Grace nods. They PLAY. No mistakes.

INT. BATHROOM

Grace sits on the rim of the tub. Eve bandages her hands.

GRACE

I gave in.

EVE

I'm surprised you didn't sooner.

Grace smiles. Proud of herself.

GRACE

Did you see his face?

EVE

Yeah, I saw his face, and you're lucky this is all he did to you. Messing with crazy is a very fine line. You have to pick and choose your battles.

Grace sighs. There's the reality.

GRACE

I don't know if I can play his game. I don't know how you do it.

EVE

It's better than the alternative. Than out in that field...

They sit together in silence. Not looking at each other. They both know the horror of being out in the field.

EVE

Sometimes I wonder who's luckier. Us, or the girls who never make it into the house.

Their eyes meet. Neither of them really wanting to know the answer to that.

INT. DINER - DAY

O'Leary sits at the counter, a file open before him. There's that photo of Eve. His eyes drift around the diner.

BETH (O.S.)

What can I get you?

She's preoccupied with finding space to write on her pad.

O'LEARY  
Grace working today?

BETH  
She doesn't work here anymore.

O'LEARY  
Did something happen to her?

Beth reacts to the concern in his voice, looks up from her pad. Slowly recognizes him.

BETH  
She left town. Went to stay with  
relatives I think she said.

O'Leary smiles. Nods knowingly. Beth notices the file.

BETH  
What's all this?

O'LEARY  
A case I'm working.

Beth picks up Eve's picture.

O'LEARY  
You wouldn't happened to have seen  
that girl, would you?

A glimmer of recognition passes over Beth's face.

BETH  
No. Well, she kinda looks familiar.

O'LEARY  
She was here?

BETH  
Yeah, well, she didn't come in. She  
was waiting, in I guess, her  
boyfriend's truck.

Beth puts the photo back. Not thinking much of it.

BETH  
I was getting off my shift and  
walked past. It was dark though. I  
could just be making it up.

O'LEARY  
You know the name of the boyfriend?

Beth is back to flipping through her pad.

BETH

Nope. He's come in a few times. He brought in some sunflowers for us once. He runs a farm like that somewhere around here.

How vague, but it's enough to kick the wheels in O'Leary's head into overdrive.

**SUPERTITLE: DAY 189.**

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Eve wakes. Looks down at the book in her lap. Around the empty room.

EVE

Grace?

She looks at the clock. Moves to the doorway of the bathroom. Empty. She turns back into the room. Where is Grace? She goes over to the window. Squints. She can barely make out something that surprises her.

EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD

The sky is full of clouds. It's the perfect day for a walk. John TALKS and Grace listens intently as they move through the sea of yellow.

JOHN

The simplicity of the flower has always fascinated me...

They emerge onto the road cutting through the field. Grace falls out of step with John. Her eyes drift down the road.

John bends at the edge of the second field. Runs some dirt through his fingers. He's not paying attention to Grace at all. She could make a run for it. She looks back down the field, thinking about it...

JOHN

Grace?

She snaps out of it.

GRACE

Sorry, there's just so many of them, it's amazing.

He studies her for a moment.

JOHN  
Do you miss him?

GRACE  
Who?

JOHN  
Bobby.

That catches her by surprise.

GRACE  
No.

She can see that wasn't the best answer, covers quickly:

GRACE  
Maybe. Only sometimes.

John nods. That's what he expected. Grace is looking at him the same way Eve does. A meteorologist trying to map a storm.

JOHN  
I remember how every morning you would stare into your bedroom closet for a moment. I always wondered what was in there. What was the first thing that called to you when you opened your eyes...

Grace looks away, then back.

JOHN  
You don't have to tell me if you don't want to.

Grace milks the dramatic pause...

GRACE  
Two black suitcases. We kept them in the corner of the closet.

JOHN  
I saw what he did to you. It's important to me that you know what you had with Bobby is nothing like what we share.

GRACE  
I know. With him it was...

She looks away. It's hard for her to talk about this. John steps forward and places a comforting arm on her shoulder.

GRACE

What you've given me is simple and beautiful. Just like what you said about the sunflowers. With Bobby it never was.

She smiles up at him. He leans down, and she closes her eyes as they share a gentle kiss. He wraps his arms around her.

JOHN

I'm glad you understand.

Grace opens her eyes. They're hollow. Empty. Bored. But she continues to hug him tight. And the Oscar goes to...

INT. JOHN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

John lounges in the tub. Puffs on his cigar as Eve runs a sponge over him.

JOHN

What do you think of Grace?

Eve takes a moment, choosing her words wisely, then:

EVE

She's...different.

JOHN

From you, yes. In fact, you two are so different that you might just be opposite sides of the same coin.

Eve scoffs. John locks serious eyes with her.

JOHN

It's true. Now I see that I could never have hoped to fully appreciate either of you without the other. It's the differences that help me to better understand both of you.

EVE

But you already understand everything about me.

JOHN

I thought I did, then it became painfully obvious that I don't.

His hand goes to his side. To his healed stab wound.

EVE

Is that why you brought her into  
the house?

They stare at each other for a moment.

JOHN

You, Grace, and I...maybe it's  
enough. Now maybe you don't have to  
feel like you need to escape...

He brushes a string of hair from her face.

JOHN

...or maybe now I just won't chase  
you.

He holds her stare long enough to sear that point home, then  
he climbs from the tub and leaves.

INT. DINING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Grace and Eve set the table. Eve sets out a glass. It's not  
quite perfect. Grace moves it slightly. Eve tries not to let  
it annoy her. The back door opens. They look up as John  
enters with some sunflowers. They both give him a smile.

John walks around the table. Eve waits. Expecting the kiss.  
He passes her. Goes to Grace. Sticks a flower in her hair.

JOHN

For my Sunflower.

Eve flinches at the nickname. Her nickname. John puts the  
rest of the flowers in the vase. Leaves. Grace touches the  
flower. Almost smiles. Almost. And that scares her.

EVE

It's weird, right? How for a split  
second you can forget all the  
terrible things he's done to you.  
He almost seems normal.

Grace looks away. Ashamed she could feel that. Eve doesn't  
really want to say it, but:

EVE

It happens to me too.

GRACE

So I'm not crazy.

EVE

No. When it last for more than a second, then you should be worried.

Eve leaves Grace to mull that over. Should she be worried?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eve lies in bed all alone. JOHN'S GRUNTS drift up from the room below. She listens. Her jaw clenches.

**SUPERTITLE: DAY 195.**

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Grace slams her book shut. Impulsively gets up from the window ledge with a frustrated groan.

GRACE

I can't read this stupid book anymore.

Eve reads on the bed.

EVE

(not looking up from her pages:)  
So pick another one.

GRACE

I'm sick of reading. I hate reading. God!

She HURLS the book across the room. It slams into the camera in the corner. It falls off the wall. Hangs by its cord. Grace's anger is cut off. She didn't mean to do that.

EVE

That was stupid. You'll pay for that later.

Grace sneers at her, the anger coming back.

GRACE

Maybe.

Eve goes back to her book. Brushing Grace off.

GRACE

How can you stand to be in this house all the time?

EVE

Because freaking out isn't going to do anything but give you, and me, a headache. The door unlocks in 20 minutes --

GRACE

Like being trapped downstairs is any better.

EVE

You know what I miss? Catatonic Grace.

That stung. Grace stews. Her eyes drift to the bathroom. An idea hits her like a freight train.

GRACE

I'm going into the hole.

She moves for the bathroom.

EVE

Don't be stupid. It's not going to lead outside.

GRACE

I don't care. I have to get out of this room.

Eve scrambles up now. Blocks the bathroom door.

EVE

Will you calm down for a second and think. How are you going to get back?

Grace turns. Pulls the bedsheet off the bed.

GRACE

I'll rip the bedsheet. Use it as a rope.

EVE

Are you kidding me? Come back from fairy-tale town, that's not going to work.

Grace tries to get past. Eve steps in her way again.

GRACE

Move.

EVE

Obviously you've made the mistake of thinking you're safe because you've been in the house for a couple of weeks and you've fucked him a couple of times --

GRACE

Are you jealous?

EVE

I'm trying to save your life! Do you really think after you try to escape he's going to bring you back? Why would he, when he has me?

GRACE

Because if you were enough, I wouldn't even be in this house.

Grace has just put a spotlight on the elephant in the room, and it STAMPEDES right over Eve. An excruciatingly long beat ensues, then --

DING DONG. It was faint. They both stop breathing...

DING DONG. Holy shit. They weren't imagining it. The bedsheet floats to the ground, forgotten, as they rush to the window. They can just make out the REAR OF A CAR PARKED OUT FRONT.

EVE

Someone's here?

She sees the car. She hears the DOORBELL. But she still can't believe it.

EVE

No one ever comes here.

GRACE

We have to signal them somehow. Let them know we're trapped in here.

EVE

How? They can't see or hear us from up here.

Grace makes a beeline for the bathroom.

GRACE

The vent. Wherever it leads could be close enough to the door to get their attention.

EVE

Grace...

Grace grabs up the bedsheet and shoves it at Eve.

GRACE

Rip the sheet and tie it while I climb down.

They move into the BATHROOM. Grace pushes the wallpaper back.

EVE

Grace! No. Let's just wait. Our door opens in five minutes, then we'll be downstairs --

Grace sits on the floor. Slides her legs through the hole.

GRACE

But no where near the front door...

She turns over on her stomach. Scoots in further.

GRACE

...and whoever it is could be gone by then.

EVE

Grace...wait, this is a bad --

She slides all the way in. Out of view now.

EVE

Shit!

INT. VENT SHAFT

Grace climbs down, using the wooden support beams as foot holds. She slowly lowers herself, not releasing the beam above until her foot touches the one below.

EXT. JOHN'S HOME - FRONT PORCH

O'leary reaches for the doorbell.

INT. BEDROOM

DING DONG. Eve frantically rips the bedsheet.

INT. VENT SHAFT

Grace moves faster. Confident. Only two stories from the bottom. She lowers herself toward the next beam.

EVE (O.S.)

Grace! You have to go faster.  
They'll be gone before you get to  
the bottom.

Grace looks up to see Eve's head stuck through the hole. A MOUSE scampers across the beam, right over Grace's fingers. She SCREAMS, releases her hands on instinct --

EVE

Grace!

She TUMBLES DOWN -- ripping wires and coils as she goes.

EXT. JOHN'S HOME - FRONT PORCH

O'Leary peeks through the side window. Can't really see much. He walks to the edge of the porch. Stares out.

INT. VENT SHAFT

Eve screams down:

EVE

Grace? Grace! Fuck! Answer me!

AT THE BOTTOM

Grace lies in a pile of heating tubes and dust. Eve's FRANTIC CALLS echo down. Grace stirs. Painfully comes to.

EVE

Are you okay?

GRACE

Yeah.

EVE

What do you see?

Grace looks out the medium sized grate in front of her.

GRACE

I think it's the basement.

She kicks out the grate. Crawls through.

EVE

Grace. Wait. Tell me what you see.

No answer. Eve pulls her head out.

EXT. BACK ROAD

John's Chevy drives through the rusted gates of the farm.

INT. BATHROOM

Eve sits on the floor underneath the camera. She's ripped the bed sheet into long thin strips, ties them together, pulling the knots tight.

EXT. JOHN'S HOME - FRONT PORCH

O'Leary comes down the porch steps. Heads around the side of the house. A beat later, JOHN'S CHEVY PULLS INTO FRAME.

INT. BASEMENT

Grace stands in the middle of the dark basement, lit by the glow of the of the TV screens. There's 15 MINI TV'S, each displaying a different room of the house, all sitting on top of their own VCR's.

She notices a monitor to the right. Nothing but snow. She REWINDS a bit. PLAY.

It's from their bedroom. Eve reads on the bed. Grace impulsively gets up from the window ledge, hurls the book a beat later. The camera goes out. Snow. She hits REWIND. Then RECORD. Destroying the evidence.

EXT. BARN

O'Leary walks toward the barn. The dogs BARK.

O'LEARY

Hello?

IN THE BASEMENT, Grace holds her breath. Listens.

O'LEARY (O.S.)  
 (muffled:)  
 Hello?

She moves to the water heater in the corner. Wedges behind it. There's a tiny window. It's barred up. She stands on her tippy toes. She can just make out O'Leary from the waist down. She BANGS on the window. Yells:

GRACE  
 Down here! Can you hear me? Help!  
 I'm down here.

A PAIR OF COWBOY BOOTS step in front of the window. Grace stops immediately. She knows those boots...

BACK OUTSIDE, O'Leary cups his hands over his mouth, yells:

O'LEARY  
 Hello? Anybody?

JOHN HENRY (O.S.)  
 You're trespassing.

O'Leary whirls, his hand going to his gun, but it stops when his eyes land on the 20 gauge shotgun in John's hands.

INT. BASEMENT

Grace backs away from the window. She heard John's voice. The panic is in her entire body. She turns for the vent shaft.

INT. BATHROOM

Eve's almost tied all the strips together.

GRACE  
 EVE!

She scrambles over. Sticks her head into the VENT SHAFT. Grace stares up at her from the bottom.

EVE  
 I've almost got --

GRACE  
 He's back. John's back.

EVE  
 What?

GRACE  
Hurry, throw down the --

Eve disappears.

GRACE  
Eve!

IN THE BEDROOM, Eve runs to the window. Sure enough, there's John holding a shot gun on O'Leary.

EVE  
Shit!

CLICK! She looks to the clock. It's time to be downstairs.

EXT. BARN

O'Leary puts his hands up slowly.

O'LEARY  
Now hold on a second...  
(recognizing:)  
Professor? Patrick O'Leary. I  
stopped by your class a couple of  
weeks ago.

John doesn't lower the gun.

JOHN  
What are you doing here?

O'Leary points to the house, keeps his hands in the air.

O'LEARY  
Do you live here?

JOHN  
For sixteen years. You haven't  
answered my question.

O'LEARY  
It's kinda hard with a gun in my  
face.

INT. VENT SHAFT

Grace is trying to climb back up herself, SCREAMING out for Eve in the process. Eve pops back through the hole.

EVE  
You have to hurry.

GRACE

Help me!

Eve disappears. A beat, then -- the bed sheet rope is thrown through the hole. It stops well above Grace's reach.

EVE

Take the sheet!

GRACE

I can't reach it.

EXT. BARN

John's lowered the gun now.

O'LEARY

No one answered. Thought someone might be out working in the fields.

JOHN

Fair enough, but you still haven't told me why you were ringing my doorbell.

O'Leary straightens up at John's tone.

O'LEARY

I was following a lead...about Eve Michaels.

John doesn't react at all.

O'LEARY

Your student? Somebody told me they might have seen her with you at a diner near here.

JOHN

No, that was my wife.

O'LEARY

Your wife?

JOHN

Yes, married for 10 years.

INT. VENT SHAFT

Grace hasn't progressed much. She can't pull up her own body weight. She's still four beams from reaching the bedsheet.

EVE

Grace, come on! We should be downstairs by now.

GRACE

I'm trying!

EXT. BARN

O'Leary turns in a small circle.

O'LEARY

This is a beautiful spread you got here. It's just you and your wife.

JOHN HENRY

Yes, she has leukemia.

O'Leary stops accessing the area. Locks eyes with John.

O'LEARY

I'm sorry to hear that.

John's face is washed in sadness.

JOHN

I try to get her out as much as possible, but she says people look at her like she's sick. So we keep to ourselves and sunflowers. Sometimes I work all day, don't have time to cook, so we get take out from the diner. She always waits in the car.

O'Leary nods, believing every word, kind of.

INT. VENT SHAFT

Grace slips a little. Gains her bearings again. She's two beams from the bed sheet rope now.

INT. BATHROOM

Eve opens the cabinet under the sink and wedges the bedsheet in it. She goes into the BEDROOM and over to the window. John and O'Leary are still talking. Thank god.

EXT. BARN

O'Leary moves back for the front.

O'LEARY

Well, I'm sorry to have bothered you.

JOHN

You said someone saw her. In my truck, huh?

O'LEARY

Thought they did, that's all. I'm just grasping at straws, coming up with nothing.

JOHN

Usually a man keeps coming up with nothing, he learns to move on.

O'Leary hesitates for a moment. Was that a threat?

INT. VENT SHAFT

Grace stretches her hand up, tries to grab the bed sheet. Eve pokes her head back through.

EVE

Hurry! He's coming in!

GRACE

I'm trying! Help me!

Grace drags herself up to the next beam. Eve watches her. She sees Grace's strength is waning.

EVE

(under her breath:)

I have to get downstairs.

Grace's eyes snap to Eve. She sees it...

GRACE

Eve, no, you have to help me.

EVE

He's coming. We won't make it.

Grace reaches up. Grabs the bedsheet.

GRACE

Yes, we will. Just pull, and I'll climb.

Eve's face has hardened.

GRACE

Eve..no...Eve...don't leave me!

EVE

I have to check, I have to see where he is.

Her head disappears.

GRACE

No. Eve! Come back.

INT. BEDROOM

Eve crosses to the window. The back of O'Leary's car pulls off. She scans the area. No John. She backpedals from the window. She looks between the bathroom and the door. Considering. Help Grace or save herself?

INT. VENT SHAFT

Grace stares up, waits for Eve to pop her head back in, and --

GRACE

(sheer panic:)

Eve! EVE!

She pulls on the sheet. It doesn't hold. It floats down the vent shaft. She's on her own. And that knowledge comes first as SHOCK, then HORROR, then ANGER. She swallows back the betrayal, and CLIMBS.

OUTSIDE, John casually walks over to the dog pen with his shotgun. He sticks his hand through the fence. Pets his dogs for a second, then turns for the house...

IN THE VENT SHAFT, Grace grits her teeth against the strain of pulling herself up. She gets up to the next ledge. Takes a small break to catch her breath. She looks up. There's the hole. She can make it...

AT THE BACK PORCH, John crosses to the door. Flips the keypad cover up. Punches in the code. The door clicks open...

IN THE VENT SHAFT, Grace's hand grips the beam right below the hole...

IN THE BACK HALLWAY, John stops at the keypad...

IN THE BATHROOM, Grace's arm comes through the hole and clutches desperately at the bathroom tile, trying to grab some kind of leverage...

INT. DINING ROOM

John comes through the door. Eve's setting the table. Nothing out of the ordinary. She looks up, a flash of panic in her eyes. John has a SHOTGUN.

JOHN

I just brought it in to clean it.

He comes over and gives her a kiss.

EVE

I wasn't worried.

JOHN

I know you weren't.

He goes to the cabinet. Unlocks it. Places the gun inside.

GRACE

Where's Grace?

Eve freezes. The moment she's been dreading...

JOHN

Eve?

EVE

She's --

GRACE (O.S.)

Right here.

Grace stands in the doorway. A salad bowl in her hands. She doesn't look at the shocked look on Eve's face, her eyes are on John. He walks over to her.

JOHN

We set the table before we bring out the food.

GRACE

I know, I'm sorry. I try to time it just right, but Eve was going a little slower than usual today.

Now she turns her eyes to Eve. Daring her to challenge that statement. Eve wants to, but keeps her mouth shut.

JOHN

You've got some dirt on your face.

He gently wipes it away. If Grace could shoot fire from her eyes, Eve would be toast.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grace and Eve lie as far apart as possible in the bed. Turned away from each other. There's a palpable tension in the moonlit room.

EVE

If he came in and neither of us were downstairs, he would have come looking, and we'd be caught.

GRACE

Thank God you left me.

A pain of guilt runs through Eve, but --

EVE

I told you not to go into the wall.

Grace's jaw sets. She tightens her grip on the covers.

INT. DINER - DAY

JP hunches over a table in the back, conspiring with someone across from him.

JP

We park around back, stupid mutts will never even know we're there. Stuff he's got in that barn. We'll get at least 3000 for. Maybe more.

JP waits for a reaction from his friend. It comes slow...

JP'S FRIEND (O.S.)

I don't know man...

JP

What the fuck is your problem? I'm talkin' easy money. I know you need the cash. Grace left your ass high and dry --

REVERSE ANGLE

Bobby is JP's friend, and he's livid.

BOBBY

Shut the fuck up. You don't know  
what you're talking about.

Bobby's eyes drift to Beth taking an order. He frowns up.

JP

Look, the only thing standing  
between us and payday is a single  
bolt padlock. You in or not?

**SUPERTITLE: DAY 200.**

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

It's a silent dinner. Eve studies John's morose expression, eating as an after thought. Grace's eyes flick between them. John doesn't look at either. Grace clears her throat:

GRACE

How's the attic cleaning going?

John forks peas into his mouth. A beat, then:

EVE

John, is something wrong?

JOHN

Who broke the camera?

He doesn't look up from his plate. The color drains from Grace. Eve smiles slightly. Grace plays it remarkably cool:

GRACE

What camera?

John scoots back. Stands.

JOHN

I want to know who broke it.

Grace sits up straighter. Eve pushes away from the table slightly. She wants to tell. Grace pleads to Eve with her eyes not to.

JOHN

NOW!

John SLAMS his fist on the table. Plastic rattles. Eve and Grace flinch. Eve opens her mouth, but --

GRACE

It was me. I did it.

John doesn't react. Grace looks to Eve, unsure of how that went over. Eve has no clue. Grace turns back to John.

GRACE

I'm sorry, I didn't mean --

He BACK HANDS her. She topples back in the chair. It was so sudden and violent that no one moves for a second.

JOHN

If it was an accident, you wouldn't have kept it a secret from me.

Grace cowers on the floor. He advances. Eve stands.

EVE

John...

He grabs Grace by the arms. YANKS her to her feet. She throws her hands up to shield herself.

GRACE

Please!

Eve scans the room quickly. What could be a weapon? John pulls his arm back, to get a full swing, but --

GRACE

Eve did it!

He hesitates. Eve's eyes snap right back to Grace.

EVE

What?

GRACE

She threw a book at it.

Eve's mouth drops.

EVE

You threw the book.

John's eyes narrow on Grace.

GRACE

I said I did it because I knew  
you'd get mad. I didn't want you to  
hurt her.

And Grace does what she does best. She looks innocent. John's  
rage falters a bit. He looks to Eve.

EVE

John, she's lying. Why would I  
break it? Why now?

GRACE

She's trying to escape again.

And those were the magic words. John lets go of Grace  
completely, turns to Eve across the table.

EVE

No...

GRACE

She found a hole in the bathroom  
wall.

Eve points the finger at Grace. Takes a step towards her.

EVE

She found the hole!

GRACE

She's been in the heating vent. In  
the basement.

JOHN

You've been in the basement?

Eve steps towards him, almost pleading:

EVE

No.

(to Grace:)

Why are you lying?

Grace ignores her. Continues to pump John full of hot air:

GRACE

She told me she was going to break  
the camera, and then erase the tape  
so you wouldn't know.

EVE

Erase? I don't even know --

GRACE

She's been down there more than once. Trying to find a way out. Messing with your stuff.

Grace is pushing all the right buttons. John's quiet rage is about to spill over.

EVE

Shut up.

GRACE

All she talks about is how she's going to really get away this time.

EVE

Shut up!

GRACE

I was going to tell you. I should have told you.

EVE

SHUT UP!

SLAP! Grace's head rocks to the side and back. Eve slapped her that HARD. John grabs Eve. THROWS her back into the wall. Grace allows a tiny smile. She's not in trouble anymore.

EVE

No. John, she's lying.

He drags her to her feet. Pulls her towards the door.

EVE

What are you doing?

JOHN

You've disrespected my house, Eve. You're going outside.

She struggles now. She CAN'T go back outside.

EVE

No! Listen to me. No!

Grace watches Eve KICK and SCREAM. Attempt to put her body weight against the door so he can't open it. And it slowly dawns on her what she's done. What winning this little competition between her and Eve really means...

GRACE

(oh god...)  
John...

He throws open the door. Drags Eve through it. Grace moves after them, stretches out a hand.

GRACE  
John, wait! Stop!

He SLAMS the door in her face.

EXT. BACK PORCH

Eve's ass bumps down the steps as John drags her. She has one hand on his hand gripping her hair. The other one thrashes out at him --

EVE  
Listen to me! She's lying...

-- it's useless. She can't get her feet back under her. She's at an odd twisted angle, and too close to John to get enough momentum to hit him.

JOHN  
Stop it, Eve. You knew this day was coming.

EVE  
Fuck you.

She DRAGS HER NAILS SAVAGELY across his arm. He drops her with a curse. She scrambles to get to her feet. He wraps his arms around her from behind -- they come up together, and -- they both STOP DEAD, their eyes staring across the clearing.

REVERSE ANGLE

JP and Bobby shuffle out the barn carrying an expensive, and heavy piece of equipment. They keep to the shadows -- moving quickly, then -- Bobby stops cold. JP turns to see why --

A frozen forever moment. JP and Bobby stare. John and Eve stare. It's the quiet before the storm. Eve reacts first:

EVE  
Help me!

Bobby drops his end of the equipment. RUNS. JP's only a step behind. John whirls -- lifts Eve and carries her quickly over to the dog pen. Four presses of his finger on the electronic lock, and -- three RAVENOUS DOGS tear across the clearing.

EXT. BACK OF BARN

JP rounds the barn at full speed. Slips in the dirt. Bobby slams into the front of the truck parked 10 feet away. He clambers around to the passenger side. Yanks the handle but --

BOBBY  
You locked it?

JP gets to the driver's door. Digs for his keys. Bobby slams his palms against his window.

BOBBY  
YOU LOCKED IT!

1...2...3 dogs barrel around the barn. BARKING. Killer eyes on them. JP fumbles with the keys, his eyes darting from them to the dogs.

JP  
Shit. Shit. Shit!

The dogs are getting too close. Fuck this. He TAKES OFF for the sunflower field. Bobby watches him go.

BOBBY  
JP! JP!

He runs after him, the dogs on his heels now.

EXT. JOHN'S HOME

John throws Eve against the GIANT TRACTOR parked on the side of the barn.

EVE  
John...

He handcuffs her to it. Moves off.

EVE  
John, wait!

EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD

JP and Bobby run -- pushing -- pushing -- pushing -- on a mad sprint through the sunflowers, spurred on by the sound of the dogs SNAPPING at their heels.

EXT. BARN

Eve yanks her arm with abandon, once, twice, harder. Desperate attempts to wrench her hand free. The SPOTLIGHTS on top of John's truck wash over her. It spits dirt into her face as it powers down the road between the fields.

EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD

Eye level with the still sunflowers. Just FAINT at first, but growing LOUDER, we hear the POUNDING FOOTSTEPS of JP.

He rips through the flowers. Some break, some just bend, others sway back into place in his wake, only to be pushed aside again as BOBBY plows through them.

He stumbles a bit, and it's enough. A dog LEAPS onto his back, bringing him down instantly. The other two dogs are on top of him at once, BITING, SPITTING, and CLAWING at him.

JP doesn't even turn back at Bobby's SCREAMS.

INT. DINING ROOM

Grace sits alone at the table. Utterly devastated. Still caught in the horror of what she just did. She looks around at the remains of the interrupted meal. Starts to clear the table in a daze.

EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD

The dogs have backed off slightly. Bobby is a mess of shredded skin and blood, muttering in pain on the ground.

John pushes through the flowers, shotgun at his side. Bobby holds up a weak hand, tries to say something but spits up nothing but blood.

John raises the shotgun. Hesitates. For a moment he doesn't believe his eyes. Is that --

JOHN

Bobby?

There's a flash of acknowledgement in Bobby's face. John considers for a moment. Lowers his gun. He pulls a yellow filled syringe from his pocket.

EXT. BARN

Eve slumps against the tractor. Defeated. A wave of emotion threatens to take her, but she swallows it back.

JP stumbles out of the edge of the sunflower field. He's staggering back towards his truck. Eve jumps up.

EVE

Hey! Over here. Hey!

He turns to her, still half moving away, sees she's handcuffed to the tractor.

EVE

You have to help me!

He looks back towards the field. How close is John?

EVE

Please! He's going to kill me!

JP slows, and against his better judgement, he runs toward Eve. The relief floods her face. She actually smiles.

JP

What the fuck is going on here?

EVE

He kidnapped me.

She pulls at the handcuffs.

EVE

We have to get these off.

JP pulls frantically at the cuffs. Eve bites back the pain. She can't take it anymore:

EVE

Stop. That's not working.

He starts to backpedal.

JP

You're stuck.

Eve grabs his arm. She's not going to let him get away.

EVE

You have to get something to break the chain.

JP  
What --

EVE  
In the barn. Cutters or something.  
Hurry...

JP has a post traumatic beat. How did he get in this situation? Eve lets go of his arm, pushes him away.

EVE  
Go. Before he comes back.

JP does as she says, and that's when he sees the FLOODLIGHTS of John's truck floating back towards them. He stops cold. He turns back. Locks apologetic eyes with her.

EVE  
No...you can't leave me.

JP  
I'll call the police.

EVE  
No --

He turns and runs.

EVE  
NO! DON'T LEAVE ME!

She tries to grab him, but the cuffs snag her back. He disappears around the barn.

John's Chevy blasts off the road between the sunflower fields. U-turns and comes to a swerving stop. John throws open his door. Stands on the ledge, reaches up, and moves the floodlights around. Using them to search the fields.

JOHN  
(yelling:)  
Where are you?

Eve slowly turns to look at John, then back the way JP went. She could keep her mouth shut, let JP get away, maybe he'll call for help, maybe she'll still be alive, but that's one too many maybe's for her --

EVE  
He went that way!

She points with her non-cuffed hand.

EVE

Around the barn! He's around the  
barn!

John hops back in the truck. Whips it around. Eve drops her head. Disgusted with herself.

INT. JP'S TRUCK

JP jams the keys into the ignition. Turns them as he looks up through the windshield -- John's Chevy FISHTAILS around the barn, slowing slightly as it regains traction.

JP

Shit!

He throws the truck in reverse. Hits the gas. The tires spin, and the truck lurches back just as John's Chevy comes nose to nose with it.

EXT. BACK OF BARN

There's a narrow strip of a dirt road that leads out. JP's truck picks up speed fast, bumps over the uneven ground. John's Chevy's rides the front bumper.

INT. JP'S TRUCK

JP looks back -- narrowly misses a GIANT POT HOLE -- looks forward, sees -- John's SHOTGUN poking out the window, aiming right for him.

JP

Shit!

He ducks, turning the wheel as he goes -- his truck cuts quickly off the dirt path. John's Chevy swerves madly to the side -- NARROWLY MISSES clipping the front bumper.

JP sits back up now -- has a brief second of relief, turns to see where he's going --

BAM!

His truck bed accordions in on itself as it SLAMS INTO A TREE. The window above the seats spider cracks as JP SMASHES INTO IT FACE FIRST.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

John's Chevy door pops open. He gets out, bringing his shotgun with him. He casually walks the few feet it takes to get to JP's truck. Pops open the driver's side door.

JP falls out, barely conscious. Blood covers his entire face. He's missing his front teeth. John watches him squirm on the ground for a second, raises his shotgun and --

EXT. BARN

KLACK! Eve flinches as the SHOT RINGS OUT, more blood technically on her hands in her quest to survive.

INT. DINING ROOM

Grace stares into the empty dining room. She's cleared everything off the table. She still can't believe Eve's gone. A beat. Another. Then she clicks off the light.

EXT. BARN

John's Chevy pulls to a stop in front of Eve. He gets out. She doesn't say anything. He unlocks the handcuffs.

JOHN

Thank you. For not letting him get away.

Eve breaths a sigh of relief. Rubs her sore wrist.

EVE

I did it for us.

John smiles. Kisses her softly as he takes her hand.

JOHN

Come on.

Eve lets him lead her, until -- she realizes they're heading AWAY FROM THE HOUSE.

EVE

Wait. Where are we going?

John tightens his grip on her hand.

EVE

John, I thought -- I told you where he was...

JOHN

And I appreciate that...but it doesn't change anything.

Eve's face drops. She tries to resist walking with him -- he YANKS her around -- grabs a fist full of her hair with the other hand, and -- continues to drag her SCREAMING out to the sunflower field, just like before.

INT. BEDROOM

Grace lies awake in bed, facing away from the door. There's a CREAK in the hallway. Another. Someone's coming.

The door swings open. John is backlit by the hallway light. She turns over, looks at him expectantly...

EXT. JOHN'S HOME

Grace wraps her arms around herself, shivering in the night breeze. John leads her towards the barn. She glances down the path to the sunflower field with trepidation.

GRACE

Where's Eve?

John doesn't answer, and she doesn't dare ask again. He slides open the barn door. Waits for her to go inside, she steps in reluctantly --

INT. BARN

-- and her eyes go wide as they fall on BOBBY STRUNG UP. Hanging on a long chain going up to the rafters, his toes barely scraping the ground.

His clothes are ripped into shreds, exposing the bite marks everywhere. His head hangs down, his chin to his chest.

GRACE

Bobby...

She can barely push his name out past her shock. She goes to him. Gently lifts his head. His eyes are glazed over, vacant at first, then they focus on her. He screams, but with the drugs, it only comes out as a GUTTURAL MOAN.

GRACE

Oh god...

Bobby continues his ragged moans.

JOHN (O.S.)  
He can't feel anything.

Grace whirls around and steps away from Bobby. His head sags to the side, resting on his arm. John just stands in the doorway, completely calm.

JOHN  
Phenprobamate. It's an anaesthesia.  
It completely paralyzes you.

John steps into the barn. Pulls the door closed behind him.

JOHN  
Bobby and one of his friends were  
trying to steal from me.

Grace looks to Bobby. Is that true? All he can do is plead with his eyes, scream his muted screams.

JOHN  
My dogs got to him first. I  
apologize that you have to see him  
this way.

Grace doesn't shy away as John comes up and takes her hands. Bobby stops screaming, shocked by this display of intimacy.

GRACE  
What are you going to do to him?

JOHN  
I'm going to kill him.

A surge of emotion hits Grace. She looks away. Tries to bite it back. John pulls her chin back to him.

JOHN  
You loved him. It was difficult,  
but you did. And you might think  
that makes you weak, but it's just  
the opposite, Grace. It's much  
harder to love someone through the  
bad.

They lock eyes now.

JOHN  
That's what makes you special.

He moves over to the tool cabinet in the corner. Unlocks a drawer. Grace glances back at Bobby. His eyes have turned into cold hatred.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Here, Grace.

John holds a MEDIUM SIZED HUNTING KNIFE. Grace looks from the knife to Bobby's wide eyed stare, realizes...

GRACE  
No.

JOHN  
Yes. You want to. Take it.

Bobby's eyes go wider as Grace tentatively reaches for the knife. Wraps her hand around the handle. She just holds it for a second, feeling the weight of it.

JOHN  
It'll help you to let go of it.

She turns towards Bobby, raising the knife. He starts his muffled screams again. Struggles to move. John comes behind Grace. Close. Whispers in her ear almost:

JOHN  
He used you to feel strong and he deserves just as much pain as he gave you. Everything I have tried to teach you, you understand. That's why I'm sharing this with you. It'll change everything.

John's been slowly moving Grace toward Bobby. She's within striking distance now. Tears roll down Bobby's cheeks.

JOHN  
Trust me.

There's an intensity building in Grace. She wants to, God, does she want to, but --

GRACE  
I can't.

She backs right into John. Let's the knife fall from her hand. And then it hits her in a wave of nausea -- she really did want to do it. She bends and THROWS UP.

John stares down at her. Disappointed. Then he picks up the knife and steps around her. He dusts off the handle, his eyes falling on Bobby. What's the best way to cut him?

**SUPERTITLE: DAY 203.**

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Breakfast. John reads the newspaper. Grace pushes the food around on her plate. She's got no appetite left. John checks his watch. Stands.

JOHN

After your morning chores, can you draw a bath for me please?

GRACE

Yes.

JOHN

In your bathroom.

Grace's head snaps up. What? Why?

JOHN

I'm bringing Eve back into the house...

Grace drops her fork. Shocked.

JOHN

...you should help her get cleaned up.

INT. BATHROOM

The wall hole has been snugly boarded up with a steel plate. Eve sits deathly still in the half-filled tub. She's covered in cuts, bruises, and dirt.

Grace stands right outside the doorway. Doesn't dare go any further in than that. An ugly silence fills the gap. Eve reaches forward. Picks up the soap. Slowly begins to wash the blood and dirt away.

INT. BEDROOM

Eve sits in the window. Updates her notches from the time she was gone. Grace sits on the bed. Not reading her book, but watching Eve. Someone has to break the silence. She closes her book, gets off the bed.

GRACE

Eve, listen --

BAM! Grace staggers back. What the fuck just happened? EVE THREW "ROBINSON CRUSOE" IN HER FACE. She jumps up now -- SLAMS against Grace, pushing her back into the bookcase.

EVE  
YOU FUCKING LIAR!

Books fall as Eve slams Grace again.

EVE  
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!

Eve's had days to build up this rage. Grace tries to fight back, tries to spit out a response, but she's being suffocated by Eve's fury.

EVE  
BITCH! I'LL KILL YOU!

They spin around. Fall onto the bed. Eve gets on top. Wraps her hands around Grace's neck and SQUEEZES.

EVE  
I'll kill you.

Grace flings her arm out -- hits the book she was reading. She gets a grip on it, and -- SLAMS it across Eve's face. Eve falls over to the side. Grace coughs up a lung, pushes away and stumbles into the BATHROOM.

Eve slams against the other side of the door. Grace grabs the doorknob. Struggles to keep the door closed as Eve struggles just as hard to get in.

GRACE  
Eve! Stop. Stop! Please! I'm sorry.  
I'm so sorry. Just listen to me.  
Why are we fighting? Why are we  
doing this to each other?

Eve's rage is exhausting her, and Grace's words seep in through the cracks.

GRACE  
It's supposed to be us against him!

Eve beats the last of it out on the door. Slumps down against it, breathing hard. She's just exhausted. She leans her head against the door frame.

ON THE OTHER SIDE, Grace is still braced for an attack. After a second of nothing, she slumps to the ground too.

GRACE  
(beyond relieved:)  
It's supposed to be us against him.

A beat. Both girls catch their breath.

EVE  
He's going to kill both of us both.  
It's just a matter of time.

Grace opens the door wider so that she can see Eve.

GRACE  
Our only chance is if we escape.

EVE  
I've tried.

GRACE  
Not with me.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Grace places her fingers on the piano keys. The SONG she begins plays throughout the following scenes...

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Grace and Eve lean up against the wall by the door. Wait.

GRACE (V.O.)  
Our best chance is to get out while  
he's not here.

EVE (V.O.)  
No, when he leaves, this place is  
locked down. He holds all the keys.  
If we're going to get out...

GRACE (V.O.)  
...we have to go through him.

The door lock CLICKS. Finally.

EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD - DAY

Eve rides the giant tractor through the sunflower field with John. Her attention on the isolation of the surrounding area.

EVE (V.O.)  
What are we going to do when we get  
outside?

GRACE (V.O.)  
Run.

EVE (V.O.)  
Where?

GRACE (V.O.)  
Until we find somebody to help us.

EVE (V.O.)  
There's nobody.

GRACE (V.O.)  
You don't know that.

EVE (V.O.)  
If there was somebody who could  
possibly hear our screams, he'd  
never let us outside. We'll never  
make it on foot.

Eve can just barely see where the fields end.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

GRACE (V.O.)  
So we need his keys to the truck,  
and a way to make sure we get out  
of the house together. How?

Eve is handcuffed to the bed. Post-coital. John reaches into  
his night stand. Grabs his key ring. Eve eyes the key he uses  
to unlock her.

EVE (V.O.)  
The handcuffs.

INT. JOHN'S BATHROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT

Grace turns the faucet on the bathtub.

EVE (V.O.)  
We'll have to get a code to the  
back door somehow.

GRACE (V.O.)  
 Not necessarily. I saw something.  
 An air conditioner in the attic  
 window.

EVE (V.O.)  
 So?

Grace tests the water, making sure it's just right.

GRACE (V.O.)  
 The bars are gone. He's been  
 cleaning the attic out, probably  
 got too hot up there. He figures  
 there's no way we could get to that  
 window.

EVE (V.O.)  
 You run his bath every night...

The water spills over the rim and to the floor. Grace lets  
 it. She watches as it inches its way towards the wall.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Grace's fingers flow over the keys and come to a gentle,  
 decisive stop. They have a plan.

**SUPERTITLE: DAY 216.**

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Grace and Eve in bed. Neither of them attempt sleep. They  
 stare up at the ceiling in silence, then:

GRACE  
 When he took you out to the  
 sunflower field, I thought for sure  
 he was going to kill you.

EVE  
 He was.

Grace turns on her side, so she can see Eve.

GRACE  
 How did you change his mind?

EVE  
 I did something I've never done for  
 him before. I begged and pleaded. I  
 cried. I became you.

Grace's face bunches up. That stung. There's a long deep pause. Eve takes a deep breath, and:

EVE

By the third time I tried to escape, I knew he needed the girls in the sunflower field, or else he couldn't keep a girl in the house. Trying to escape gave him the excuse he needed. I gave him an excuse even though I knew it would cost another girl her life.

(then:)

I don't want to die.

Grace turns back on her back.

GRACE

What happens after we escape?

And that just hangs in the air...

EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD - EVENING

The sun's lowering against the horizon. The last rays set the sunflower fields ablaze.

INT. DINING ROOM

Grace sets the last plastic fork out. She locks eyes with Eve across the table.

GRACE

Are we really going to do this?

INT. BASEMENT

John sits at his TV's. Cigar smoke drifts away from him. He ashes his cigar in the ashtray, and notices something...

He leans forward to get a better view of the monitor. Curses as he gets up from the desk.

PULL IN on the monitor and it's Eve and Grace fighting in the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM

Eve pulls Grace's hair. Grace claws at her arm.

GRACE

Bitch!

EVE

I'll kill you.

John bursts from the kitchen door and is instantly pulling Eve and Grace apart.

JOHN

What is this?

Eve and Grace continue to try and swing at each other.

GRACE

She started it.

EVE

You're a liar, bitch.

JOHN

Eve, that's enough!

He lets go of Grace. Grabs a tighter hold of Eve, and --  
Click!

EVE

If I'm going outside, so is she.

John looks down to see Eve and Grace handcuffed. He's furious. BACKHANDS Eve. She falls to the floor, bringing Grace with her.

JOHN

How dare you?

He drags Eve back up, throws her against the wall, and Grace by default. They crumple back to the ground.

GRACE

John, please...

He hesitates. He doesn't want to hurt Grace. His cold eyes turn to Eve.

JOHN

You've gone too far.

He steps over them towards the door. Pushes the code in. Leaves. Eve and Grace scramble to their feet.

EVE

We timed it just right, we have  
about a minute until the door  
unlocks.

INT. LIVING ROOM

John crosses with keys in hand. He puts the lock code in.  
Opens the door and moves into the

DINING ROOM

surprised to find no Grace or Eve. He turns just as they COME  
FROM BEHIND THE DOOR, VASE raised and -- SMASHES it across  
his face. Glass, water, and sunflowers rain down on John as  
he hits the floor.

EVE

Grab the keys!

Grace bends, gets a hold of the keys, slips in the water and  
lands on her ass in the GLASS SHARDS with a SCREAM. Eve  
almost slips too, but catches herself.

EVE

Come on!

She drags Grace to her feet.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

Eve pauses so Grace can slam the door shut. They cross into  
the BATHROOM slamming the door again. Eve grabs the keys from  
Grace. Shuffles through them.

EVE

Okay... Okay...

GRACE

Come on...

INT. LIVING ROOM

John pulls himself to his feet. Staggeres to the kitchen door.  
Sees the broken keypad. He can barely contain his rage:

JOHN

EVE!

He pulls back and KICKS the door entirely off its hinges.

INT. JOHN'S BATHROOM

Grace's eyes go from the door to the keys in Eve's hand.  
Scared. Filled with adrenaline.

EVE

Shit.

She shuffles through the keys slower now.

GRACE

Which one is it?

EVE

Shit.

GRACE

You remember don't you?

EVE

It's not here.

Grace can't even speak. How can it not be there?

EVE

He must have left it in the night  
stand.

INT. BEDROOM

They run to the night stand. Eve pulls the handle. Locked.

EVE

Damnit.

She tries keys. John's RAGE FILLED CALLS ECHO through the  
door. Grace pulls toward the bathroom.

EVE

Wait! Just wait.

BANG! BANG! BANG! John is going to huff and puff and blow the  
door right down.

GRACE

(come on...)

Eve...Eve!

INT. HALLWAY

John throws his full weight against the door. Once. Twice.  
It's buckling. One more heave, and it gives.

He staggers into the bedroom. No Eve. No Grace. He stalks over to the bathroom. Pushes the door open, and sees

THE WALL HOLE.

Freshly made. Smaller than the one Grace found. John's face distorts in pure rage. They've been planning this.

He turns back into the bedroom. Goes to the bed. Flips the mattress completely off. He picks up the shot gun taped to the bed frame.

INT. VENT SHAFT

Eve and Grace climb slowly. And it's difficult. They hadn't planned on going at this handcuffed.

EVE

Okay, go.

They reach their handcuffed hands up for the next beam.

EVE

Pull.

GRACE

Wait.

EVE

No, Grace, we can't slow down.

GRACE

My foot's slipping --

BLAM! They cough up plaster as a hole blasts into the wall to the left of them. Grace SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER, slides over quickly, smashes herself against Eve.

BLAM! Another hole. Grace slips. Falls, her arm slamming into the beam below. Eve holds on as the handcuff connecting them DIGS INTO HER WRIST.

EVE

Fuck!

GRACE

Eve! Hold on. Don't let me fall.  
Don't let me...

EVE

Pull yourself up.

IN THE BEDROOM, John calmly and coolly loads two more shells.

BACK IN THE VENT SHAFT, Grace struggles. Eve tries to pull her up, but it's taking all her strength to keep Grace from dropping completely.

BLAM! That one was thisclose to Eve's face. She falls back, and they TUMBLE together down the heating vent.

Grace hits the bottom hard. Eve lands right on top of her. Knocking the wind out of her. Eve doesn't give her a chance to get her breath back. She kicks out the vent, and moves into the BASEMENT.

She scans the room as Grace sucks in air.

GRACE

What...are we going to...do now?

Eve moves over to the monitors. Scans them. There. She finds John. He's coming down the stairs to the second landing.

EVE

He's coming for us.

She points at the monitor. Grace follows John as he flips from the different cameras, making his way to them.

GRACE

What are we going to do?

Eve's eyes search the half lit basement.

GRACE

Eve, what are we going --

EVE

Shut up and let me think!

Grace shuts up. Eve's eyes lock on a box by the water heater.

EVE

Over there.

She drags Grace with her. Grace's eyes stay on John jumping across monitors. Eve throws open the box. Red wires. Blue wires. She smiles. Starts savagely ripping at everything.

INT. JOHN'S HOME

LIGHT'S CUT OFF throughout the house in a domino effect.

ON THE STAIRS, John curses. Someone is really going to pay for this.

EXT. JOHN'S HOME

CLICK! The lock on the dog pen. The door drifts open a crack.

INT. BASEMENT

BLACK OUT. A slither of light comes from the window behind the water heater. The sheer panic is in Grace's voice:

GRACE

What are you doing? I can't see  
where he is.

EVE

It's easier to hide in the dark.

There's a familiar CLICK by the door. Eve sucks in a deep breath. Grips Grace's arm. Grace heard it too.

GRACE

The locks...

They run blind across the basement. Scramble up the stairs.

EXT. JOHN'S HOME

The BACK UP GENERATOR near the dog pen HUMS to life.

INT. BASEMENT

The lock CLICKS back just as Eve turns the doorknob.

EVE

No!

EXT. JOHN'S HOME

The door to the dog pen blows in the night breeze. One of the dogs trots happily out.

INT. BASEMENT

Eve slams her fist against the door. The TV's blink back to life. Grace slumps down on the steps.

GRACE

We're dead.

Eve hears something. She puts her ear to the door. Oh shit...

EVE  
He's coming.

They stumble back down the stairs.

INT. BACK HALLWAY

John stops halfway down the hallway at the basement door. He pushes the code in. Opens it slowly...

INT. BASEMENT

...raises the gun as he takes one cautious step in. He can barely see anything. The light from the TV's help, but not much. He takes another step down, and now we see

GRACE AND EVE

under the stairs. They hold their breaths. Watch as John takes another step. Another. He lets go of the door, moving more confidently down the stairs now.

Eve quietly slides the broom in her hand up. Catches the door before it has a chance to close. She nods to Grace. Grace reaches out through the stairs -- she really doesn't want to be the one to do this, but -- she GRABS John's leg.

He's taken by surprise, trips up, and TOPPLES the rest of the way down the stairs. The shot gun skids across the floor.

EVE  
Go!

They come out from under the stairs. John's dazed, doesn't try to chase them. They slam the door behind them as John shakily gets to his feet.

IN THE DINING ROOM, Eve and Grace run through the darkness.

BACK IN THE BASEMENT, John reaches under the desk. Comes back with a case of shells. He picks up his shotgun. Grabs a flashlight from a shelf as he takes the stairs two at a time.

IN THE LIVING ROOM, Eve and Grace navigate the furniture.

JOHN (O.S.)  
You two should just give this up  
now! There's no way out!

Grace stops on a dime. Eve snags back.

EVE

Come on.

GRACE

Where? He's right --

EVE

We have to get back upstairs.

IN THE DINING ROOM, John searches with his flashlight.

JOHN

EVE!

IN THE KITCHEN, Eve runs into the counter, KNOCKING the dish rack over. It hits the floor an explosion of noise.

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM, John smiles. Moves with a purpose now. He know's exactly where they are.

JOHN

GRACE!

INT. HALLWAY

Eve pulls Grace down the hallway.

GRACE

How will we get to the attic? We can't go in the walls again.

Eve shushes her as they disappear out of frame.

A beat later, John crashes onto the landing at the far hall. He flashes the light around. Walks slowly down the hallway. Stops. Listens. Puts his ear to the wall. Are they in there?

He moves to the door on the right. Pushes the key code in. It pops open. It's a storage closet. He makes sure to keep a look out as he pulls a long thin wire rod from it.

He closes the door with his foot. Lifts the rod up, and uses it to catch on the latch to the door of the attic. He pulls it down, the steps leading to the attic coming with it.

INT. ATTIC

Junk is strewn here and there. It looks like someone was trying to organize it all. John's head pokes up through the floor. Scans the room. A NOISE echoes from down the hall.

## INT. HALLWAY

John slides back down the stairs. Pushes them back up, his eyes on the hallway in front of him. The noise came from Eve and Grace's room. He cautiously makes his way towards it.

The door is cracked. He pushes it open with his gun, ready to fire, and --

GRACE AND EVE COME OUT OF THE DARKNESS behind him. They both use two hands to shove him into the room. Grace pulls the door closed.

BLAM! He shoots out a section of the door. Grace stares at the hole, at how only a few more inches to the left and he would have put a hole right through her.

Eve pulls her over to the rod. Uses it to drag the stairs down as John continues to BLAST through the door.

## INT. ATTIC

Eve helps Grace up. They move to the window with the AC unit and PUSH -- the AC topples, end over end, down the sloped shingles, and over the side.

Grace stares after it with trepidation. Eve's already climbing out the window.

IN THE HALLWAY, John breaks through the rest of the door.

## EXT. ROOF

Eve and Grace slide down the roof to the edge. Stare over. There's a GIANT TREE on this side of the house. Other than that, it's three very long stories to the ground.

EVE

Ready?

She throws her legs over the side.

GRACE

No. I can't do this. Maybe we can climb from the edge.

EVE

No. We have to jump. It's the quickest way.

GRACE

We'll never make --

JOHN (O.S.)

Grace!

Her attention snaps to the window. There's John looking furious. Eve capitalizes on the distraction -- JUMPS -- taking Grace with her.

They fall through the air, Grace just a bit behind Eve, SCREAMING her head off. Eve SLAMS into a tree limb. Hangs on. Grace passes her, and YANKS her down with her. They crash to the ground with BONE SHATTERING IMPACT.

INT. ATTIC

John stalks back toward the attic stairs.

EXT. JOHN'S HOME

Eve drags herself to a sitting position, and it's painful. It takes her a moment to realize Grace isn't moving...

EVE

Grace...

(She shakes her:)

Grace.

Nothing. There's a flash of panic in Eve.

EVE

Come on, Grace, you gotta wake up.

She lightly slaps Grace on the face.

EVE

Grace...wake up.

Eve looks around. They're wasting valuable time. Grace stirs.

EVE

Grace! Grace...can you hear me?

Grace MUMBLES something incoherent. Completely out of it.

EVE

You have to get up. We have to go.

Grace pushes Eve's hand away. Moan's something to the tone of no. Eve's impatient, she draws her hand back, and --

SLAPS

-- Grace hard across the face. Grace's eyes focus. She stares at Eve first in disbelief, then anger.

EVE  
We have to go!

She gets to her feet. Drags Grace up. Grace leans on her, every part of her body hurting. Eve picks up the key ring.

INT. JOHN'S HOME

John stalks through the house. Reloads. Livid.

EXT. JOHN'S HOME

Eve basically carries Grace around the side. The flood lights snap on ILLUMINATING TWO ATTACK DOGS across the clearing. Eve and Grace freeze.

GRACE  
Oh fuck...

The dogs haven't noticed them yet. They're busy hunting something near the barn.

EVE  
We're going to have to make a run  
for the truck...

Eve looks across the clearing to the truck. Judges.

EVE  
And we're going to have to go fast.

GRACE  
Okay...

EVE  
Ready?

Grace nods even though the answer is no.

EVE  
On three. 1... 2...

A BARK from behind them. They spin around to see the THIRD DOG. He's already back on his hind legs, ready to attack.

EVE  
RUN!

They tear off, and it's like the dog understood the word too, because he springs off at the same time, BARKING, which alerts the other dogs to the chase.

It's clear the dogs are going to meet with Eve and Grace before Eve and Grace meet with the Chevy. The dog behind them leaps, and SINKS HIS TEETH into Eve's wrist.

She SCREAMS OUT in pain as she's yanked to the side. She trips over Grace's legs and they both go down. Grace quickly gets to her feet. The other two dogs are in hot pursuit.

The dog has his teeth deep in Eve's wrist, shaking it back and forth like a chew toy. The keys fly from Eve's hand.

EVE

Get him off me!

Grace reacts on instinct. Her leg shoots out -- slams into the dogs nose. Jackpot. It's whirled away with a whimper.

Eve crawls back on her ass. Grace pulls her up. And they're running again. The other two dogs right behind them.

They slam into the truck, breaking momentum, and wrench the door open. Grace goes first, drags Eve in after her. Eve pulls the door closed as the dogs LEAP against it. Grace slides right over to the driver seat.

GRACE

Give me the keys.

A desperate, hollow, laugh escapes from Eve.

GRACE

Eve!

EVE

I dropped them.

GRACE

What?

Eve holds up her bloodied hand. Laughs again.

EVE

I dropped them.

Grace leans over Eve and stares out the window, past the jumping, snarling dogs, at the keys on the ground.

GRACE

How could you drop them?

EVE

I think the dog had something to do with it.

Grace shoots her a wild stare. How can she be laughing right now? Eve's losing it, that's how.

The front windshield SHATTERS. Eve and Grace duck. Once the glass stops flying they look up to see

JOHN

coming down the porch steps. Shotgun smoking. They duck again as he FIRES.

GRACE

We can't stay here.

EXT. JOHN'S HOME

John snaps open the shotgun. Loads two more shells. The driver side door of his Chevy pops open. Grace and Eve make a run for the barn. The dogs run around the Chevy after them.

John snaps the shotgun closed. Eve and Grace make it to barn door. Slide it open slightly. John aims. FIRES. The buckshot smashes into the thick wood of the barn door as it...

INT. BARN

...slides closed. Grace and Eve pull the beam lock down. They back away. Wait for something to happen. The dogs just BARK on the other side. They wait for another beat, then:

GRACE

He knows he can't get in.

She allows a little smile...

EVE

And that we can't get out.

...that goes right back into a frown. They just can't catch a break. And in this semi-still moment it's catching up to her. A quick sob escapes.

EVE

Grace.

She turns away, bites her lip.

EVE

Grace...

GRACE

I'm okay, okay?

Eve grabs her chest with her handcuffed arm, pulling Grace back around, and now she sees Eve's in PANIC ATTACK MODE. Her chest heaves up and down erratically. She shuts her eyes.

GRACE

No...Eve, you can't do this now.  
Please...

OUTSIDE, John pulls a gasoline can from the truck bed.

INSIDE, Grace holds Eve at arm's distance.

GRACE

You have to breath, okay? Cause if  
you don't. We're going to die, so I  
need you to control this.

OUTSIDE, John douses the front of the barn with gasoline. Tosses the can. Pulls out his matchbook. Strikes a match.

INSIDE, Grace and Eve hunch down, doing Lamaz breathing now. Two in and one out. Two in and one out. It's not helping. Grace shakes Eve by the shoulders.

GRACE

Come on, focus on your breathing.

Two in and -- she caught a whiff of the SMOKE. She rises, her eyes widening...

GRACE

Get up.

Eve continues to hyperventilate. Grace pulls her up.

GRACE

Get up! The barn is on fire!

She moves to the door. Grabs the steel beam lock. Pulls back with a hiss. She holds her burnt hand.

OUTSIDE, John stands in front of the burning barn.

JOHN

Come out!

INSIDE, Grace startles at his voice. Eve is only focused on her panic attack. She curls up, moves to sit down again.

JOHN (O.S.)

There's only one way out. You wait too long, and you'll be coming out as ashes.

The anger overtakes Grace, she screams:

GRACE

YOU'LL DESTROY YOUR BARN!

No answer. Grace screams out in frustration. She's had enough of this. Enough. She scans the barn. Locks on the toolbox.

She stalks over to it, dragging Eve behind her. PULLS at the drawers. They're all locked. She pushes the entire toolbox over. It hits the ground, a drawer or two POPPING OPEN.

Grace's face says it all. Finally some luck. She bends and digs quickly through the tools. Black smoke fills the barn now. She coughs, chokes a little, digs deep in the drawer, and comes back out with a BAND SAW.

OUTSIDE, the flames almost cover the entire front of the barn. John waits. He could wait all day for killing.

INSIDE, Grace knocks the shit off the table in the corner and stretches the handcuff chain out.

GRACE

Hold it tight.

Eve holds on to her chest with one hand, watches Grace and her newfound determination as she goes to work on the chain.

GRACE

Okay, Eve, by the time these handcuffs come off, you've gotta be breathing again, because we're going to have to make a run for it. And if you can't, I will leave your ass behind.

Grace pauses. Locks eyes with Eve. She serious. She gets back to sawing. Fueled by a familiar anger, Eve attempts to fight the panic attack now.

OUTSIDE, John picks up his keys. One of the dogs trots up. He pets it. Lets it lick his hand, his eyes on the flames.

BACK INSIDE, the chain finally BREAKS. Grace immediately covers her mouth from the smoke.

GRACE

You okay?

Eve nods. Her breathing has returned to normal, as much as it can in the haze of smoke, at least. Grace turns.

GRACE

There's probably something else you can use for a weapon in here --

Eve grabs her arm. Grace turns back. What?

EVE

Thanks.

The word sounds weird on Eve's tongue, but she means it. A BEAM near the front of the barn buckles. COLLAPSES. That brings the reality back in. They're in a burning barn. They move for the toolbox. Dig through it.

GRACE

We could use the saw to cut a hole in the back...

Eve notices something out of the corner of her eye.

GRACE

If we're lucky he'll still think --

EVE

I have an idea.

Her eyes are on the giant tractor in the corner.

OUTSIDE, flames engulf the entire front of the barn. John looks on with a quiet reverence. He's sacrificing everything inside, including his girls.

There's a slight REVVING from inside. He raises his shotgun. Cocks his head. He knows that noise, but can't quit place it. Suddenly, his eyes go wide, realizing a second too late as --

THE TRACTOR BURSTS THROUGH THE WALL OF FLAMES.

He dives out of the way as the tractor plows by with Eve at the wheel, and Grace riding shotgun. John's on his feet in a flash. Takes off for his truck.

EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD

The tractor shoots down the road between the sunflower fields. John wasn't lying about how fast it could go. But it's still just a tractor and John's truck is gaining fast.

GRACE

Faster!

Eve's got her foot all the way down on the gas.

EVE

I can't!

BLAM! Sparks fly as the buckshot hits the back of the tractor. John's got his shotgun pointed out the non-existent windshield. Grace screams. Eve swerves the tractor back and forth, trying to be a hard target.

BLAM! More sparks. More screaming. Eve cuts into the field. John fishtails across the dirt as he follows. Sunflowers are ruined as the tractor bulldozes over them.

GRACE

He's still coming.

Eve glances back.

GRACE

Eve!

EVE

I heard you!

GRACE

Do something!

John's almost on top of them...and -- Eve BRAKES.

John's Chevy SMASHES into the back of the tractor at 50 mph. Eve and Grace are rocked forward, then back. Eve cradles her neck. Grace looks back. John's slumped over in the front seat. She allows a small breath of hope in:

GRACE

Is he dead --

John sits back. Blood pouring from his nose. Locks deadly eyes with her.

GRACE

Go...go!

Eve hits the gas. The tires spin for a second, then the tractor lurches off.

INT. JOHN'S CHEVY

John reaches for the keys in the ignition. Turns them. The engine SPUTTERS. Dies. He slams the steering wheel with a curse. Turns the keys again.

EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD

Eve has the pedal to the metal again. They're crashing through the sunflowers, heading for the edge of the field.

EVE  
Is he back there?

GRACE  
No. Keep going, he's not following.

They break out of the sunflower field.

EVE  
Oh fuck...

She sees the massive ditch coming up before the road. She hits the brakes, but the tractor doesn't slow down.

ON THE BACK OF THE TRACTOR, the brake line is torn to pieces.

GRACE  
What are you doing? Stop!

EVE  
I'm trying to!

But she can't. They SCREAM as the tractor runs the ditch down. Grace BAILS at the last second as the tractor goes right over the edge and CRASHES.

INT. JOHN'S CHEVY

The engine finally catches. The Chevy lurches forward.

EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD

Grace blinks up at the starless sky for a beat, then drags herself to her feet.

GRACE  
Eve...

The tractors on its side in the ditch. Grace stumbles over.

GRACE  
Eve!

EVE (O.S.)  
I'm stuck!

Shit. Grace looks back towards the field with dread.

EVE (O.S.)

Help me.

Grace cautiously climbs down onto the tractor. Crawls to the passenger area, peers over the side...

Eve is lodged between the steering wheel and the seat, the front end of the tractor bent inward.

GRACE

Can you move at all?

EVE

No, my right legs caught.

Grace lays flat on her stomach, reaches her hands down.

GRACE

Give me your hands. Maybe I can pull you out.

Eve reaches up. Clasps hands with Grace, and she PULLS. They strain with the effort...but Eve doesn't move an inch.

EVE

Damnit.

Grace repositions herself.

GRACE

Maybe if I...

She trails off. John's floodlights appear in the distance.

EVE

Maybe if you what? Grace...

GRACE

He's coming...

She reaches down.

GRACE

He's coming. Give me your hands.

Grace DESPERATELY PULLS, but Eve's still not moving. Grace pulls until she can't anymore.

GRACE

No. No! We're so close.

Grace looks out to the road...they're so close. Her eyes well up. It's just not fair. Eve sighs.

EVE

Go.

Grace looks at her. Sees her resigned look.

GRACE

What? No. Give me your hand --

EVE

Go before he gets here.

GRACE

No...

EVE

Yes. Run. Get some help.

GRACE

He'll kill you --

EVE

One of us has to make it.

She's right, but Grace still can't move.

EVE

Grace, go!

Grace is up. Clambers across the tractor. Drags herself out of the ditch. Climbs through the barb-wired fence. Runs.

Eve takes a deep breath -- chokes out one DEEP GUTTURAL SOB -- then steels herself as John's Chevy pulls up.

EXT. ROAD

Adrenaline and fear drives Grace, heaving, stumbling, running down the deserted road.

INT. JOHN'S UNDERGROUND WORK LAB

Eve tumbles down the stairs. Head first. Then feet first. Lands on her stomach, sliding across the wet floor. John bounds down, the doors shutting behind him. BLACK OUT.

JOHN

I gave you so many chances...

Eve scrambles to her feet in the darkness. John MOVES AROUND.

JOHN

...and you ruined everything!

EVE

Am I supposed to apologize?

Her eyes search. Where is he? Where the fuck is he? Click!  
The work lamp dangles from the cord, illuminates --

BAM!

She falls back onto the bed from the blow. Scrambles across it. John grabs an ankle. Drags her back. She lashes out with her free foot. Catches him in the shoulder. Ear. Mouth.

He drags her right off the bed. She hits the dirt hard. He picks her up and slams her back on the bed. Reaches for the chains. She lashes out with her hands, legs, just trying to make some significant damage, and --

Catches him in the CROTCH. She's able to get a hand up -- RAKES him across the face with her nails. He falls over onto the bed, a hand protecting his face and crotch.

Eve grabs one of the chains. It CLINKS around the brass bed, coming free as she wraps it around John's neck and PULLS. He rears back, his hands immediately going to the rusted chain digging into his neck.

Eve jumps on his back to stay with him. She pulls as hard as she can. Twists the chain around tighter in her hands.

EVE

DIE!

And she means it. She twists and turns with him, riding him like a mechanical bull.

He reels back. FAST. SLAMS HER AGAINST the wooden cabinet in the corner. It shatters. Eve is stunned. She drops to the ground among the shit that falls from the cabinet.

EXT. ROAD

Grace slows now. First to a jog, then stops completely. She breathes heavily, stares out at the dark, empty road stretching out before her...then --

Something changes in her. The fear is gone. She turns around.

INT. JOHN'S UNDERGROUND WORK LAB

John drags Eve up. Slugs her twice in the face. Then two hard ones to the gut. Eve doubles over. He grabs her by the hair. Snaps her head back so she can see him.

JOHN

After everything I gave you, this  
is what you do to me.

She SPITS in his face. He SMASHES HIS FOREHEAD against hers. Drags her around, and THROWS her across the table in the corner like a pro-wrestler, only this shit is REAL.

She slides across the top of the table and to the ground on the other side like a rag doll. She turns over on her stomach. Holy fuck did that hurt. John moves to the shattered cabinet. Digs through it.

JOHN

You've overstayed your welcome, Eve.

He pulls out a hunting knife. Turns back for her.

From where Eve is on the floor, she can see a SYRINGE under the table. She reaches out for it. John grabs her legs, drags her back. Flips her, pulls her up, and --

She STABS HIM IN THE NECK WITH THE SYRINGE. Grinds the plunger down. He pushes her back. She staggers into the far wall as he rips the syringe from his neck. He stares at it in disbelief. Eve smiles through the pain.

EVE

I win.

And the fury comes back to John now. He advances. She grabs a thick piece of the broken cabinet. Swings when he's in striking distance. He takes the blow. Slashes with the knife.

She dodges. Swings again. John clocks her with a right. She slams the wood into his side. They're playing for keeps now.

Eve manages to hit John's hand. He drops the knife, but continues to come at her with his fist. Another beat of ASS KICKING on both sides, then the drugs start to kick in. Eve doesn't let up.

Wood splinters FLY as she continues to beat John until it's absolutely clear that he's on the ground paralyzed. She staggers to a stop. Stares down at him, taking deep breaths. Deep, relieved, breaths. And she LAUGHS.

EVE

Don't worry...you won't feel any of  
this later. You'll be dead.

She raises the piece of wood high. This is the end -- she GASPS...her eyes go wide. Her face distorts in pain, followed by confusion. She brings the wood down, turns to see first...

EVE

Grace...

...then the HUNTING KNIFE in her hand, then the blood on it. HER BLOOD. And because none of these things are making sense to Eve, Grace offers:

GRACE

I can't go back...

Eve just stares into Grace's apologetic eyes.

GRACE

He saved me...I can't go back to being that weak girl.

She steps forward, PLUNGING the knife into Eve's gut. The wood drops from Eve's hand. Grace takes her in a half embrace. Tears welling up in her eyes.

GRACE

I just can't...

Eve coughs up blood. Grace holds on for another beat, her eyes drifting down to John paralyzed on the ground. There's a bit of fire in his eyes, no doubt put there by Grace coming to his rescue.

She lets go of Eve now, goes to him. Eve collapses to the floor. Dead. Grace takes John's head into her hands.

GRACE

Are you okay?

She gently brushes his hair to the side.

FADE TO:

EXT. DINER - DAY

The station wagon parks in front. Grace steps out. She's wearing the YELLOW DRESS Eve mistakenly thought was hers. She looks better than we've ever seen her. No bruises. She has an air of confidence. A smile on her face.

INT. DINER

Grace waves over to Beth as she makes her way to the counter.

GRACE

Hey Meg, can I get a slice of pie to go.

O'Leary sits three seats down. Looks up when he hears Grace's voice. A smile comes over him.

O'LEARY

Grace.

She doesn't recognize him at first.

O'LEARY

Detective O'Leary.

Grace's smile falters a bit, but she recovers it.

GRACE

I remember.

He walks over to her.

O'LEARY

I didn't mean to call out at you like that. I was a little surprised to see you. I heard you'd left town.

GRACE

I did, but I'm back.

Meg sets a togo container on the counter.

MEG

There's your pie, Grace.

O'LEARY

Here, let me get that.

GRACE

Oh, no.

O'LEARY

No. Please. It's a welcome back gift.

Grace doesn't put up anymore of a fight. She watches him count out the bills.

GRACE

Thank you.

They smile at each other. What next?

GRACE

I'm actually surprised to see you too.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

I thought you'd be half way to Europe chasing that rich girl by now.

O'LEARY

I probably should be, but...

GRACE

But what?

O'LEARY

Someone might have seen the girl with one of her college professors and when I went by his sunflower farm to ask some questions, there was just something --

GRACE

Are you talking about John?

O'LEARY

Yes. Do you know him?

Grace looks off, like she knows something, but doesn't know if she should say it.

O'LEARY

Grace, what is it?

GRACE

I think there's something you should see.

EXT. ROAD

O'Leary's car pulls up behind the station wagon parked a little ways from the gate to the fields. They get out.

O'LEARY

What are we doing here?

GRACE

One of Bobby's friends used to deliver fertilizer to John. I overheard him telling Bobby one time that he saw John taking a girl down into this cellar in the middle of the sunflower fields.

O'Leary's shocked, but he's definitely believing the story.

GRACE

I didn't think anything of it  
because all of Bobby's friends are  
liars, but when you said you  
suspected John...

O'Leary's eyes are already assessing the fields.

GRACE

What if that girl is out there  
right now? Somewhere in the ground.

Grace sounds absolutely petrified. O'Leary turns back, places  
a comforting hand on her arm.

O'LEARY

I want you to stay here.

GRACE

What are you going to do?

O'LEARY

I'm just going to look around. I'll  
be back in ten minutes, okay?

Grace nods, unsure. O'leary gives her a reassuring smile. She  
gives a half smile back. She watches him move off with dread.

He pulls his gun as he moves through the gate and ducks  
quickly into the field. The dread immediately leaves Grace.  
She smiles. Looks up and down the road. Yep, they're alone.

INT. SUNFLOWER FIELD

O'Leary searches the field, gun at the ready. He moves  
quickly, scans, scans, and sees -- THE LATCH in the ground.  
He wraps his hand around it. Does and sweep of the  
surrounding area first, then pulls the door open.

INT. JOHN'S UNDERGROUND WORK LAB

He takes one step at a time. Gun raised. It's dark down here,  
but there's a little light. He stops at the bottom of the  
stairs. Raises his gun higher.

O'LEARY

Hello?

He moves in further. Tries to see with his eyes. He's only  
getting glimpses of things, and it's making him more nervous.

He comes to one of the hanging work lamps. Reaches up and clicks it on. Now he sees JOHN CHAINED FACE DOWN on the bed. He's dirty and bloodied. Naked. Unconscious. There's a LOW GROAN across the room.

RICK is strung up against the far wall. His eyes flick back and forth. He's paralyzed. O'Leary can't even really process any of this because --

BAM!

He's hit over the back of the head. He drops to his knees. His gun slides away. He's HIT again, goes down completely now. He turns over. Dazed. Stares up at Grace and her BAT.

GRACE

Eve's dead. I'm sorry about that.

His eyes go wide as she raises the bat...

GRACE

I really am.

...and brings it down.

BLACK OUT.

Out of the darkness...a quiet whisper:

GRACE (V.O.)

If you're good, I'll let you come into the house...

THE END.