

MISSY  
Quick fix?

CHRIS  
Yeah. Nerves got me I guess.

MISSY  
Come. Let's nip this in the bud.

INT. MISSY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Missy sits in a chair and directs Chris to sit across from her. She pours them both some tea. Chris sits.

CHRIS  
I still don't know if this is right for me.

MISSY  
There really is no need to be nervous.

CHRIS  
I'm good. The dude was running out there. Scared me.

MISSY  
Walter starts early every day. He's borderline obsessive compulsive. Tea?

CHRIS  
Nah, I'm good. It'll keep me up.

Missy puts two sugar cubes in her cup. She begins to stir slowly, CLINKING the SPOON softly and rhythmically against the sides of the cup.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY  
How's the bed. Good?

CHRIS  
Yeah.

MISSY  
Comfortable enough?

CHRIS  
It's perfect, thanks.

MISSY  
Enough sheets?

CHRIS  
Yep.

TING TING. TING TING.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
So, how does this work? Are you  
going to swing a pocket watch in  
front of my face?

MISSY  
You watch a lot of Television.  
Now, you are feeling very  
sleepy...

They share a smile.

MISSY (CONT'D)  
We do use focal points sometimes,  
but just about any object or  
simple motion can guide someone to  
a state of heightened  
suggestibility.

CHRIS  
Heightened suggestibility. Okay,  
where do we start?

MISSY  
Your childhood.

CHRIS  
Yeah, my memory sucks.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY  
Wounds get locked in your heart  
and they fester and grow into ugly  
little things like depression and  
addiction. But, they are all in  
there somewhere. All we need to do  
is find the key.

TING TING. TING TING.

The world around Chris slowly goes out of focus.

CHRIS  
I guess if it makes me quit...  
Wait... Has it started--?

MISSY

--we're going to go back to a place that might be uncomfortable for you. Your Mother's death to be specific. Were you there when she was hit?

CHRIS

I was home. I was watching TV.

MISSY

Let's go back there. Hear this place. Let the vibrations rush run through your body and ears. Hear it... Find it... Tell me when you find it.

The sound of RAIN AGAINST a WINDOW slowly fades up along with the MUFFLED sound of a SITCOM ON TELEVISION.

CHRIS

Okay... Yeah, I found it.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY

Good. How did you find out she died?

CHRIS

I knew it. She was never late after work. When she didn't come home, I just knew something was wrong.

MISSY

Good. Now touch. Feel your surroundings. Feel every part of your body and what you touched. Feel it. Find it... Tell me when you find it...

FLASHBACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT. NIGHT

Close on 11 year old Chris' hands scratches the bed post nervously.

MISSY (V.O.)

Tell me when you find it.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I found it.

His toes brush the carpet as his dangling legs swing off the side of his bed.

TING TING. TING TING.

PRESENT DAY - INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. - NIGHT

Chris' feet try to swing but are too long. He scratches the arm of the chair in Missy's office.

MISSY

You said 'you knew something was wrong.' What did you do?

CHRIS

Nothing.

MISSY

Nothing?

CHRIS

I just sat there. Watching TV.

MISSY

You didn't call someone? Your Aunt or the police?

CHRIS

No.

MISSY

Why not?

CHRIS

I don't know. I thought if I did, it would make it real.

MISSY

Next is smell and taste. Breathe in and let the scent fill your nose. Smell that place. Taste it. Find it.

Chris is getting emotional. He breathes deep through his nose.

FLASH BACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Young Chris finishes inhaling. The rain hits the window sill.

MISSY (V.O.)

Tell me. Tell me when you find it.

Young Chris takes sip of a juice box.

PRESENT DAY - INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. NIGHT

26 year old Chris sips from an invisible straw.

CHRIS

I found it.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY

Good. Now lastly, you must see it.  
Let the light flood into your  
eyes. Every color, every detail.  
See it. See it. Find it.

Chris' eyelids flutter. He continues to scratch the armchair.

TING TING. TING TING

FLASHBACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

11-year-old Chris scratches through the wood on his bed,  
splintering the wood. He watches TV from his bed next to some  
action figures.

MISSY (V.O.)

Tell me when--

11-year-old Chris nods.

TING TING. TING TING.

PRESENT DAY - INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Chris nods and cries.

CHRIS

--Found it.

MISSY

(realizing)

You think it was your fault.

Chris nods.

TING TING. TING TING.

MISSY (CONT'D)

I want you to feel that fear  
again, Chris.

CHRIS

I don't want to.

MISSY

It's okay. I'm here.

Chris trembles anxiously.

MISSY (CONT'D)

Are you afraid now? Paralyzed like  
that day?

He nods. Her empathetic expression turns into a sick smile.

MISSY (CONT'D)

Good. Now sink into the floor.

CHRIS

Wait--

MISSY

Sink! Now!

TING TING...

Chris' hand has compulsively scratched open the arm of the  
chair. His hand stops. His mouth drops and eyes open, frozen.

FLASHBACK - INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

...TING TING.

Suddenly, 11-year-old Chris falls through the bed and floor.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DARKNESS

Terror. Chris, 26 again, breathes fast but falls in slow  
motion though darkness as if through water.

TING TING. TING TING.

He flails towards a pitch black abyss. He's illuminated by the  
fading blue flicker of a large downward facing TV-like screen.  
On it Missy sits Speaking to him and clinking her teacup.

Missy's voice is everywhere.

MISSY

Good. Good. Sink. Sink.

PRESENT DAY - INT. MISSY'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Chris' body sits in his chair motionless. He can't move. His  
eyes are wide open, staring strait at Missy.

INT. DARKNESS

Chris continues to slowly fall backwards. Missy approaches on the screen above him. It shows what his eyes are seeing.

CHRIS  
No! NO!!! I'm done! Bring me back!  
Please!!!!

There is no response. Chris cries. Eventually he slows down and comes to a stop. He lands feet first on a soft ground. This place sounds like it's crawling with insects. He looks up. He can still see the screen above but it is far away, like the mouth of a deep and expansive well.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Armitage!!!

On the screen, Missy stands. She walks towards Chris' body and looks down at him through his own eyes.

MISSY  
Now you are in the Sunken Place.

Missy reaches towards the screen and shuts his eyelids. The abyss goes almost completely dark. Now he's alone in the dark. He cries in terror.

Chris hears a DEEP HULKING BREATHING in the darkness.

CHRIS  
(whispering)  
Something's down here...

No response.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Bring me back. Bring me back.  
Bring me back. Bring me back...

In the darkness, the SOUND OF HOOVES CRUNCHING ON SOFT GROUND approaches.

THUNK THUNK. THUNK THUNK.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Bring me back. Bring me back.  
Bring me back.

The sounds get louder and louder.

THUNK THUNK. THUNK THUNK.

An antlered thing emerges from the shadow. It's head is that of a deer, but with the flesh stripped off and with mostly its skull exposed.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

No!

Its eyes glow and flicker faint blue in its sockets. It MOANS A WRONG SOUNDING MOAN; in hateful anguish. It charges Chris...

THUNK THUNK. THUNK THUNK. THUNK THUNK.

The bloody deer impales Chris on its antlers. They both MOAN.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Chris wakes up with a start in Rose's bed sweaty and heaving. He's alone and confused. Bad dream? Headache.

The SHOWER RUNS inside Rose's bathroom. SHE HUMS.

DING DING

He's gotten a message. It's a picture of Rod pretending to pour beer in Sid's mouth. Chris smiles. The batteries are low. He plugs his phone in and puts it on the dresser.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAWN

It's Golden hour. Beautiful. Chris walks through the yard to the edge of the forest with his camera.

Chris keeps walking. He looks through a long-zoom lens into the wilderness. He sees a bird and snaps a picture.

He turns to the house. Georgina can be seen through an upstairs window knitting. He raises his camera. She's beautiful. She stands and begins to remove her wig. Then as if aware she's being watched, she turns towards him. Chris turns away, taking a picture in another direction. He glances back at the window. Georgina is gone.

BANG. A sparrow slams against the gazebo and falls to the ground. Startling Chris.

CHRIS

Damn.

He turns away and is startled even more by Walter smiling serenely at him about 50 feet away in the yard. Embarrassed, Chris gathers himself. He walks towards Walter.