

DAYLIGHT AGAIN

Screenplay by
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Based on the short film
"HECTOR"

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Draft 6.2



1 DARKNESS 1

Out of the silent void, Pietro Mascagni's "Intermezzo" slowly becomes audible.

2 EXT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY 2

Push into a driver's side mirror - in the reflection, we see MAGGIE, mid-twenties, staring down the house in front of her.

"Intermezzo" can be heard on the radio, but the music cuts off as Maggie swings open her car door.

CUT TO:

Maggie - carrying a small backpack, hurries across the front lawn and around the back of the house.

3 INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY 3

Maggie arrives at the french doors that sit at the rear of the dining room. She twists the handle on one of them and lets the weight of the door carry it open.

She hesitates to enter, staring at the open doorway for a moment, before she steps inside.

She listens closely - intently - to ensure she's alone. Nothing but the whirring of the AC.

She walks past a small table, and on it takes a moment to look at a particular photo - a photo of Maggie and her mother.

She stares at the photo with a melancholic expression on her face but quickly returns to the task at hand.

CUT TO:

Maggie rushing over to the pantry in the kitchen and opening it, filling her bag with cans and other food items, but as she grabs one final can, the kitchen lights flick on.

Maggie, startled, turns around to see her MOTHER standing at the opposite end of the kitchen.

MOTHER
(accusatory)
What are you doing here, Maggie?

Maggie looks down at her bag and then back at her mother.

MAGGIE

I... I just need somewhere to stay
for a bit.

Her mother looks at the bag full of food and walks over
toward the kitchen counter, leaning on it.

MOTHER

Doesn't look like you were planning
on staying.

MAGGIE

I didn't think you were home, I just
needed-

MOTHER

Don't make me call the police.

MAGGIE

Mom, I-

MOTHER

I said don't make me call the police.

Maggie sighs and stands up.

MAGGIE

I didn't do what they said I did.

MOTHER

Then turn yourself in, and prove
that.

MAGGIE

You know that's not how it works.

They both stand in silence.

MOTHER

Your father is going to be home in
five minutes. I'd be gone before then
if I were you.

Maggie starts to pull the food out of her bag to return it
to the pantry.

MOTHER (cont'd)

Just take it.

Maggie returns her attention to her mother, and zips up her
bag, rushing towards the exit.

MAGGIE
(as she passes)
Thank you.

Maggie gets to the front door and turns around, looking at her mother.

MOTHER
Don't thank me. I'm not helping you.

Maggie looks down at the ground and walks out the door, leaving it open.

4 EXT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

4

Maggie gets to her car and puts the bag of food in her back seat, beside a duffle bag.

She sits down in the front seat and turns the keys, but the car chokes. The engine sputters for a moment. Maggie twists the keys again and the engine revs to life. She drives off.

Maggie's mother stands at the front door, watching her daughter drive off. With a defeated expression, she closes the door.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

5

Maggie sits in her car. She grips the steering wheel, whitening her knuckles.

Dropping her head, she rubs her temples with her hands and holds back tears.

She pulls back and takes a deep breath, getting out of the car.

CUT TO:

6 INT. GROCERY/OUTDOORS RETAIL STORE - DAY

6

Maggie stands in front of a shelf of sleeping bags. There are numerous brands, and more importantly, prices. She looks back and forth between one for \$30+ and one for around \$22.

After a bit of deliberation, she grabs the \$22 one and heads to the checkout.

She puts it down on the conveyor and the young CASHIER scans the item.

CASHIER
\$22.50, how will you be paying?

MAGGIE
Debit, please.

CASHIER
Whenever you're ready.

Maggie tries to tap the card but the machine beeps at her.
Card declined.

She inserts the card and it declines again.

CASHIER (cont'd)
Do you have another card you'd like
to try?

MAGGIE
Uh... No. I- This one should work.

Maggie inserts it again and it is declined once more.

She looks up at the cashier, who stares at her with a blank expression.

She then looks down at the sleeping bag in front of her, and over to the front door.

She tightens her fist and prepares to grab the sleeping bag and run, her focus building and building until:

PETER
Maggie?

Maggie snaps out of her daze and turns to see PETER, her ex lover from years ago, standing at the end of the checkout.

MAGGIE
Peter?

PETER
I thought it was you.

Peter puts his items (a tarp, some other outdoors supplies) down on the checkout and approaches Maggie.

PETER (cont'd)
Oh, sorry - Have you paid?

Maggie looks over at the cashier.

CASHIER
 (deadpan)
 Are you going to use another card or
 would you like me to put the item
 back on the shelf?

Maggie is mortified.

MAGGIE
 Um...

PETER
 Just put that on my bill.

MAGGIE
 What? No, no no. It's fine, my card
 does this all the time, I just have
 to run over to the bank and-

PETER
 Maggie, it's twenty dollars, surely I
 can do that for you. I won't even
 make you marry me for it.

Maggie lets out a subdued laugh.

MAGGIE
 You really don't have to.

PETER
 (to the cashier)
 How much?

CASHIER
 \$58.43.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. GROCERY/OUTDOORS RETAIL STORE - DAY

7

Maggie and Peter exit the store and stop on the sidewalk
 outside - Maggie carrying her sleeping bag and Peter with
 his items.

MAGGIE
 Thank you again for that. It was very
 nice of you.

PETER
 No need to thank me, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Why are you down here anyway? I'd heard that you had moved away. Up north somewhere.

PETER

I'm up in Spruce Creak now.

MAGGIE

(teasing)

You can afford that?

Peter chuckles.

PETER

What about you?

MAGGIE

I'm... Between places, you know. Trying to find somewhere permanent.

PETER

The everlasting limbo, huh.

MAGGIE

That's an apt description.

PETER

So you're not seeing anybody?

MAGGIE

No, why?

PETER

Just curious.

MAGGIE

Nope, still on my own... You?

PETER

Not at the moment, no. Not really anybody since you.

MAGGIE

Really?

PETER

Just haven't found anybody worth the time, I suppose.

Beat.

MAGGIE
You seem different.

PETER
How do you mean?

MAGGIE
You just... Seem lighter. More relaxed.

PETER
Well, that's a good thing isn't it?

MAGGIE
It's nice.

PETER
Apologies if this comes across as forward but, is your number still the same?

MAGGIE
Technically, yes, but my phone just broke the other day so it won't do you much good.

PETER
Hm.

Beat.

PETER (cont'd)
Would you like to go to dinner tonight?

MAGGIE
What?

PETER
Would you like to go to dinner with me tonight, up north?

MAGGIE
I... I don't think I could just go up there on such short notice.

PETER
What about down here, then?

MAGGIE
I... Look, I'd love to, it's just not a great time.

PETER

Well, I'm not going to force you out
to eat.

Peter smiles at her.

PETER (cont'd)

I hope I see you again soon.

Maggie laughs.

PETER (cont'd)

What?

MAGGIE

You're just so... Grown up.

PETER

Are you calling me old?

MAGGIE

Maybe. I'll see you around, Peter.
I'll come have that dinner sometime.

PETER

I'll hold you to that.

Maggie smiles.

MAGGIE

Drive safe.

PETER

You too.

Maggie walks away, around the store to her car. Peter watches her as she leaves as though he has something else he'd like to say, but decides against it and walks away.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

8

Maggie returns to her car and tosses the sleeping bag in the back seat.

She pulls open the driver's seat door and sits down, staring blankly in front of her.

Her brow furrows as she thinks about her conversation with Peter.

After a moment, she pulls out her keys and turns the ignition, but the car once again sputters.

She tries again and the car still chugs and stops. Again and again, the same result.

Maggie presses her head against the steering wheel out of exhaustion. She deeply inhales and lets out a large sigh, holding in her anger.

She tries the ignition again and the car once more refuses to turn on.

She rips out the keys from the ignition and gets out of the car, throwing them far away. She leans on the side of her car and runs her hands through her hair.

She looks over at her keys on the ground and walks over to pick them up, when a nicer, relatively expensive car pulls up beside her.

Peter rolls down the window and she stands up to look at him.

PETER

Are you having engine trouble?

MAGGIE

It's a... Old car, it does this sometimes.

Peter looks at her car, and then back at Maggie.

PETER

Come with me.

MAGGIE

What?

PETER

Come with me.

MAGGIE

(laughing)

I can't just... Leave my car here.

PETER

How much is it worth to you?

MAGGIE

What?

PETER
How much is that car really worth to
you?

Maggie looks over at her car.

PETER (cont'd)
You don't have to stay long but it'll
give you a chance to think and you'll
have an actual bed to sleep in.

Maggie looks back over at Peter.

CUT TO:

Maggie pulls her duffle bag of clothes out of the back seat,
leaving her backpack full of food in the car.

DISSOLVE TO:

Maggie stares at her car drifting away in the rear-view
mirror as Peter drives them both off.

9 INT./EXT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

9

SERIES OF SHOTS

Peter and Maggie drive. She focuses on his hands as he
steers. He looks over at her, as the wind blows her hair.

The dense suburbia rolls back into sparser winding country
roads.

Maggie watches the rows of trees drift past her.

CUT TO:

10 INT. DRESS SHOP - DAY

10

Maggie exits the change room in a beautiful dress.

She spins around for Peter, who admires how stunning she
looks in it.

PETER
I would like you to wear this to
dinner tonight. What do you think of
it?

MAGGIE
It's beautiful.

Peter smiles at Maggie.

Maggie looks at herself in the mirror with a smile.

CUT TO:

11 INT./EXT. PETER'S CAR - DAY 11

They continue their drive up north. The summer sun beams through the trees above.

Maggie is finally happy, but as she looks over at Peter, her mind wanders. How long can she use this to her advantage?

CUT TO:

12 EXT. GUELPH DAM - DAY 12

Maggie and Peter walk along the ridge of Guelph Dam.

Peter trails behind Maggie as she admires the view.

She spins around to face him, and smiles.

Peter stares at her with intention, and walks over, close to her.

He takes her hand and they continue to walk together.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - EVENING 13

Maggie walks up to the front door, looking up at the old stone and wood house that sits beneath the large trees.

Peter walks by her and opens the front door for her with a smile.

14 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - EVENING 14

She enters and looks at the kitchen entrance, followed shortly by Peter who closes the door behind him.

MAGGIE

It's lovely.

PETER
Thank you. I've been doing some work
on it since I bought it, but it's
beautiful by it's own right.

Maggie looks over at Peter.

MAGGIE
(gently)
Why are you doing this?

Peter walks over to her and takes her bag from her hand.

PETER
Trying to make things right.

Peter walks off into the house and Maggie smiles. She's
relieved that things seem to finally be looking up for her.

PETER (cont'd)
If you follow me upstairs I can show
you your room.

CUT TO:

15 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (MAGGIE'S ROOM) - EVENING

15

Peter opens the door to Maggie's room and puts her bag down
at the foot of her bed.

PETER
Here you are.

Maggie looks around the room and over at the window.

PETER (cont'd)
Do you like it?

MAGGIE
Yes, it's beautiful...

PETER
Something else?

MAGGIE
Nothing. It's lovely. Thank you,
Peter. Really.

PETER
You don't have to thank me.

He walks out of the room as Maggie pulls her bag up onto the bed and starts to unpack.

PETER (cont'd)

(O.S.)

We're going to one of my favourite places to eat. I think you'll love it.

Maggie pulls her new dress out and looks at it as Peter returns to her door.

PETER (cont'd)

Will you be hungry in an hour?

MAGGIE

I'm good for whenever.

PETER

(with a smile)

Perfect. You'll be the talk of the whole town in that dress.

Maggie laughs.

PETER (cont'd)

I'm going to leave the keys for the second car by the front door in case you ever need to run out and pick anything up. But there's plenty here as well, so just ask if you can't find anything.

MAGGIE

Thank you.

PETER

It's an old car so it can take a bit to get it started-

MAGGIE

Nothing I'm not used to.

PETER

Fair point.

CUT TO:

16 INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

16

(48 FPS slow-mo) Maggie and Peter enter the nice Italian restaurant, tracking along with them as they walk by the bar. Peter, wearing a nicer suit jacket and button-up, is greeted by several patrons and the bartender.

One of the patrons, SAMMY, makes eye contact with Maggie. He smiles at her and she smiles back.

(24 FPS) Slow push in as they sit at a large table in the corner of the restaurant. Their plates are empty, and Maggie sips on a glass of wine. She and Peter stare at each other in silence with a deep intensity.

CUT TO:

17 INT. PETER'S CAR - EVENING

17

Maggie watches Peter with a warm gaze as he drives them back home.

CUT TO:

18 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - EVENING

18

Peter and Maggie sit on the living room couch, close to each other. She leans her head on his shoulder.

Silence fills the room.

MAGGIE

I'm glad you found me today.

PETER

So am I.

Maggie looks at Peter and thinks for a moment.

MAGGIE

Is there something more to this?

PETER

What?

MAGGIE

Something I'm missing?

PETER

What do you mean?

MAGGIE

It just all seems so... unlike you.

PETER

I was a different person five years ago than I am now.

MAGGIE

It just... Seems so spontaneous but planned at the same time.

PETER

How do you mean?

MAGGIE

I don't know. Not that I'm complaining - please don't think that. It's just... It's a nice surprise. Seeing you like this. And I never thought it would be.

Peter pulls himself away from her to look at her more head on.

PETER

Stay as long as you like.

He takes her hand and kisses it, and sits for a moment, staring into blank space.

He turns to her and smiles.

PETER (cont'd)

I'll see you at daylight. Goodnight, Maggie.

He gets up and leaves, heading to bed.

Maggie sits alone in the living room - for the first time she feels unsure, and her smile fades.

CUT TO:

19 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (MAGGIE'S ROOM) - NIGHT

19

Maggie enters her bedroom and closes the door behind her.

She walks over to her bed and lays down on it, sideways, sighing while she stares up at the ceiling.

Without warning, a muted, bassy rhythmic pounding echoes from the floor vent in the corner of her room.

She walks over to the vent and crouches down to look at it, pondering what the source could be.

She shrugs, assuming it's nothing, and goes off to bed.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - MORNING (ESTABLISHING) 20

Peter's house glows in the morning sun.

21 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - MORNING 21

Peter sits in the kitchen sipping on a cup of coffee and reading a book.

Maggie enters and joins him at the table.

PETER
Did you sleep well?

Maggie nods and smiles, resting her head on her hands.

PETER (cont'd)
Can I make you something to eat?

MAGGIE
There was a noise last night coming from the vent in my room - a really deep banging sound?

PETER
I apologize for that - The house is old and the boiler with it. Sometimes it makes those noises, it's perfectly safe although... a bit annoying.

MAGGIE
Do you leave it on for the summer?

Peter stands up and walks towards the cupboards.

PETER
I tend to, perhaps out of laziness. Now, what can I get you for breakfast?

CUT TO:

22 EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

22

Maggie sits on the front porch reading.

She puts her book down for a moment and looks at the large tree standing on the front lawn.

She watches the branches sway in the wind, and the swing hanging from it rock back and forth.

Peter comes out the front door and sits down beside her. She greets him with a smile.

PETER

Would you like to go for a walk?

Maggie stretches.

MAGGIE

I could use a walk, yeah.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. FOREST - DAY

23

Maggie and Peter walk through the trails of the nearby woods. Extreme long of the woods, Maggie and Peter small in the frame as they talk.

PETER

There have been some cougar attacks up here - well, allegedly. A few joggers have been injured by something.

MAGGIE

Cougars?

PETER

Again, allegedly. I think it was probably some coyotes or something. I've never seen a cougar this far south. But the authorities think they might be being pushed down by developments up north.

MAGGIE

Do you know anyone who's been attacked?

PETER

No, mostly just hearsay. But don't come out here alone, I guess. Don't want you to get eaten.

MAGGIE

(sarcastically)

Ha-ha.

They continue to walk up and down the trails.

PETER

It's funny being up here with you. A few days ago, the thought wouldn't have even crossed my mind.

MAGGIE

I do appreciate all this. I don't know if I show it well.

PETER

You do.

MAGGIE

I'm glad.

PETER

I'm finally happy, Maggie. There was so much I was unhappy about before that it had begun to feel like I was reaching a dead end.

Peter stops and looks around at the trees, and then at Maggie.

PETER (cont'd)

But I feel freed up here. I hope you do, too.

Maggie smiles, and Peter back at her.

MAGGIE

You seem to be doing better. I don't think we were good for each other.

PETER

Do you still think that?

MAGGIE

I don't know. There's always going to be a part of me that remembers how things were.

Maggie turns and continues walking.

CUT TO:

Peter sits on a small bank of a creek while Maggie stands closer to the water.

They sit in silence, Peter playing with some grass, Maggie walking back and forth alongside the creek.

PETER

You know, to be entirely honest, I don't remember much of our relationship. At least, from an emotional sense.

MAGGIE

What do you mean?

Maggie continues to stare at the creek, occupied. Peter too doesn't stare directly at Maggie, but rather the grass in his hands.

PETER

I can recall details, moments, things like that. But on a grand scale I can't remember how I felt in those moments.

MAGGIE

Why do you think that is? Apart from it being five years ago.

PETER

I couldn't say. It's just not something I can remember. I was very jaded then - angry, jealous.

Maggie swipes her hands together a few times to get some dirt off of them and goes to sit beside Peter. They both look out in front of them at the creek.

PETER (cont'd)

I just want to apologize for that.

Beat.

MAGGIE

Is that why you brought me up here?

PETER

No. That was much more spur of the moment.

Beat.

MAGGIE

Did you think about me? Since you last saw me?

PETER

On occasion, sure. Though it came to a point where I assumed I'd never see you again.

MAGGIE

Did you want to?

PETER

I don't know. I've been through a lot since you last saw me.

Beat.

MAGGIE

So have I, I suppose.

PETER

You hated me, didn't you.

Maggie thinks about her response.

MAGGIE

I was angry at you. I spent a long time wondering if you'd ever come back, and I think when I realised you weren't, I had to blame someone.

They both sit in silence once again, the light breeze waving the trees above them.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Can I ask you something?

PETER

Of course.

MAGGIE

The things that we used to do... Is that why you left?

PETER

I can't say I didn't want to leave that behind. There's not a lot you can do with a criminal record.

MAGGIE

My parents won't even talk to me anymore. We were never hurting anyone. Those people just filled their pocketbooks with cash they didn't earn.

PETER

I suppose we did the same. I'm sorry about your parents, though. They'll work through it, one day.

Peter looks around at the nature surrounding the two of them.

PETER (cont'd)

It's a beautiful area, isn't it?

MAGGIE

Forgive me for asking, but how'd you manage to afford this? Where did all of this come from?

PETER

A lot of luck. I met a friend a few years ago who introduced me to some colleagues. They took a risk with me, and it paid off for them. I don't know what would have happened if I didn't have that opportunity.

MAGGIE

Do you invest for them or something?

PETER

That's one way to put it.

Peter stands up and dusts off his pants, and holds out his hand to help Maggie up.

PETER (cont'd)

Come.

Maggie takes his hand and pulls herself up onto her feet.

PETER (cont'd)

We'll head back and get cleaned up for dinner.

MAGGIE

Which way's home?

PETER
 This way. It's easy to lose your way
 in here if you don't know the trails.

CUT TO:

24 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (MAGGIE'S ROOM) - LATE AFTERNOON 24

Maggie stands in front of a mirror in her dress, examining herself. Push into the mirror.

DISSOLVE TO:

25 INT. PETER'S CAR - EVENING 25

Maggie and Peter drive to dinner. Maggie once again stares at Peter as he drives. He smiles back at her.

26 INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING 26

Maggie and Peter sit at the same time as the night before. Maggie looks over at Peter as he sips from a glass of wine.

PETER
 How was your meal?

MAGGIE
 Perfect.

PETER
 I'm glad.

MAGGIE
 If you'll excuse me, I'll be right
 back.

Maggie stands to go and use the restroom. Peter watches as she walks away.

27 INT. RESTAURANT (ACCESSIBILITY WASHROOM) - EVENING 27

Maggie washes her hands and dries them off with a paper towel, and then heads back out to the bathroom exit.

28 INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

28

As Maggie passes the bar once again, Sammy from the night before stands up and accidentally bumps into her.

MAGGIE

I'm so sorry.

SAMMY

Don't be. It's alright.

Maggie smiles.

SAMMY (cont'd)

Is that your husband over there?

MAGGIE

(laughing)

Peter? No, we're not... We're not together.

Maggie looks over at Peter, at the table. He's occupied, cleaning a small stain off his jacket with a napkin.

SAMMY

You two were here last night as well, weren't you?

MAGGIE

Yes. I remember seeing you.

SAMMY

I'm Sammy.

MAGGIE

Maggie.

SAMMY

Are you from around here?

Peter, in the background, perks his head up and notices Maggie talking to the man. He slides out from behind the table and approaches them.

MAGGIE

No, I'm just staying with my friend temporarily. I guess you could say I'm between places.

SAMMY

Ah, right. How are you liking it?

PETER
(interrupting)
Hello.

SAMMY
Hello, you must be Peter.

Sammy extends his hand out to greet Peter.

PETER
(shaking his hand)
Yes, yes. That's right. I do hope she
hasn't told you all about me.

Sammy lightly laughs.

SAMMY
No, she was just telling me that
she's new around here.

MAGGIE
Yeah, I was explaining to him that
I'm just staying with you for a bit.

PETER
Would you like to join us for a drink
at our table?

CUT TO:

The three of them sit at the large table.

Peter and Maggie drink their wine and Sammy finishes off his
beer.

SAMMY
There are a few wealthy pockets that
seem to have gotten the town its
reputation, but there really are a
lot of people struggling to make ends
meet around here.

PETER
I suppose that's how most towns are
up here. The wealthier people come
for the summer and the businesses all
suffer for it in the winter.

SAMMY
When did you move into your place?

PETER

Oh, not too long ago. I think two or so years is coming up soon.

MAGGIE

Do you live nearby or out of town?

SAMMY

No, I live a two minute walk from here. Been there all my life.

Peter looks at his watch.

PETER

Tell me, Sam, would you like to come back to our house for a few drinks?

SAMMY

My car's parked at home, but I can run over and get it and meet you guys there.

PETER

No, no, don't worry. We can drive you back home after.

Peter turns his attention to Maggie.

PETER (cont'd)

If that's okay with you? You're not too tired, are you?

MAGGIE

No, no. Sounds fun.

Peter smiles at Maggie.

CUT TO:

29 INT. PETER'S CAR - EVENING

29

Peter drives as Maggie sits in the passenger seat and Sammy in the rear middle seat.

Peter's eyes remain on the road as Maggie watches him drive.

30 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - EVENING

30

Peter opens the door allowing Maggie and Sammy to enter.

Sammy looks around before Peter takes his coat and hangs it up for him.

PETER
You two make yourselves comfortable
in the living room -

Sammy and Maggie walk over to the living room entrance.

31 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - EVENING

31

Maggie takes a seat on one of the chairs flanking the couch as Sammy sits down on the couch. He removes his keys and wallet from his pocket and sets them on the coffee table in front of him.

PETER
(O.S.)
Sam, a drink?

SAMMY
Uh, anything's good for me!

Maggie and Sammy sit for a moment in silence until Peter enters - he hands Maggie a glass of wine and Peter a rocks glass with some whisky in it, but brings nothing for himself.

PETER
You don't mind whisky, do you?

SAMMY
No, that's great.

Peter sits down on the chair opposite from Maggie's.

SAMMY (cont'd)
So how long have you been here
Maggie?

Maggie is about to answer but Peter interrupts.

PETER
She just arrived yesterday, actually.

SAMMY
Ah. How are you liking it up here?

Maggie waits for a moment as though to see if Peter will once again interrupt her answer.

MAGGIE
It's beautiful. Really nice.

SAMMY
Yeah, I suppose we sort of take it
for granted, don't we.

Peter smiles at Sammy in an affirmative way.

SAMMY (cont'd)
So how do you two know each other,
then?

MAGGIE
It's a long story-

PETER
Not all that interesting,
really.

Peter and Maggie look at each other.

PETER (cont'd)
Maggie and I dated about five years
ago.

SAMMY
Ah, and you just... reunited?

PETER
I suppose that's what you could say.

MAGGIE
Peter's letting me stay here for a
bit while I find a new place.

SAMMY
(to Peter)
That's nice of you.

PETER
Do you like her dress?

Sammy looks back over at Maggie.

SAMMY
It's very nice. Is it new?

MAGGIE
Yeah we... just got it the other day.

PETER
Maggie tends to look good in whatever
you put her in.

Maggie feels odd about the situation and gives Peter a questioning glare.

PETER (cont'd)
You think she's attractive, no?

SAMMY
Uh... Sure, yes.
(to Maggie)
You're very pretty.

Sammy laughs off the awkward tension.

PETER
Do you think you would have asked her out had she been alone tonight?

SAMMY
What?

Maggie once again looks at Peter - she's getting more and more uncomfortable, as is Sammy.

PETER
Well, it's a simple question. You find her attractive, you like her dress, you struck up conversation this evening. I think we can all follow the steps beyond that, can't we?

Sammy looks at Maggie.

SAMMY
I didn't- I'm sorry if I seemed like I was coming on to you or something.

MAGGIE
(to Peter)
What are you talking about, Peter?

PETER
Just making conversation.

MAGGIE
Are you?

PETER
Am I what? Making conversation? We're talking, are we not?

MAGGIE
Talking about what?

PETER
 What do you mean, talking about what?
 I think we're all on the same page,
 are we not, Sam?

SAMMY
 I'm not sure I am, no.

Beat.

MAGGIE
 What is this, Peter?

PETER
 (to Sammy)
 When I asked you to come here
 tonight, what did you think we were
 going to do?

Peter focuses his gaze on Sammy. It's piercing.

SAMMY
 I—

PETER
 I'm not saying there's any wrong
 answer. I'm just simply asking, what
 did you think we were going to do
 tonight? What did you have in mind?

SAMMY
 I thought — I don't know?

MAGGIE
 Why are you doing this?

PETER
 What do you mean...?

MAGGIE
 I... Is this what you brought me here
 for? I — I don't even know what I'm
 doing here, Peter.

Peter looks at Sammy, who sits in silence between them.

PETER
 Would you excuse us for a moment?

MAGGIE
 (to Sammy)
 I'm so sorry.

PETER
(to Sammy)
Apologies.

CUT TO:

32 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (PETER'S ROOM) - EVENING

32

Maggie walks into Peter's room, followed by Peter, who closes the door behind him.

PETER
What's gotten into you?

MAGGIE
What's gotten into *me*? What's gotten into you!

PETER
I'm just having some fun!

MAGGIE
This isn't fun, Peter! This is awkward and uncomfortable, and clearly Sam thinks so too!

PETER
What's the issue?

MAGGIE
I don't even know why I'm here Peter. Is that what you brought me up for? Some fucked up game or something?

PETER
Oh, come on, Maggie.

MAGGIE
Come on? Come on!?! Peter you were down there making it seem like he was only here to have some big orgy!

PETER
Again, I was just joking around.

MAGGIE
Well it wasn't very funny!

PETER
I'm sorry.

MAGGIE
Yeah, like hell you are.

PETER
I'm sorry, Maggie. Really. I was just trying to have some fun and I didn't realise I was off base.

Maggie sighs and sits on the end of the bed.

MAGGIE
Why am I here, Peter?

PETER
What do you mean, why are you here? Have I not explained that to you numerous times? There's no master plan here.

MAGGIE
I just, I don't feel right.

Beat.

PETER
I'll take Sam home and then we can talk about it.

MAGGIE
I think I'd rather just go to bed.

PETER
Well, then you can do that, too.

Maggie thinks for a moment.

MAGGIE
Let me just apologize to him. I'm sure this isn't how he expected his night to go.

PETER
Be my guest.

Peter opens the door.

MAGGIE
Wait, Peter.

Peter turns around to face her.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
 You weren't... Was the idea of
 bringing Sam here to... Were you
 trying to get me back in on...

PETER
 Maggie, it was just a big joke. I
 invited him over for drinks because
 he seemed nice. That's all it was.

MAGGIE
 Okay.

Maggie walks past Peter and over towards the stairs.

33 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - EVENING

33

Maggie enters the living room but Sammy is nowhere to be
 seen.

Peter follows her in shortly behind.

MAGGIE
 He's gone.

PETER
 He must have left while we were
 upstairs.

MAGGIE
 God. I feel like such a--... He
 probably thinks I'm insane.

PETER
 I'm sure he doesn't. I'm sorry again.

Peter walks out of the living room towards the kitchen when
 Maggie notices Sammy's wallet and keys still on the table.

MAGGIE
 Peter...

PETER
 (O.S.)
 Yes?

MAGGIE
 He left his wallet and keys on the
 table.

PETER
(O.S.)
What?

MAGGIE
His wallet and keys are on the table
here. He forgot them.

Peter walks back into the living room.

PETER
Oh. Huh.

MAGGIE
Shouldn't you go bring them to him?

PETER
I don't know where he lives.

MAGGIE
What if he can't get into his house?

PETER
Well, he knows where we are. If he
doesn't have a spare I'm sure he'll
come back. Otherwise I'll just give
them back to him when I see him at
the bar, I'm sure he'll be there
again.

Beat.

MAGGIE
I'm going to bed.

Maggie walks out of the living room and over to the stairs.

PETER
Alright. Sleep well.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - MORNING (ESTABLISHING) 34

Morning outside Peter's house. Dew melts on the grass. Trees
wave in the wind.

35 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - MORNING 35

Maggie sits at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee in
front of her.

Peter enters and walks over to the kitchen counter, looking through the cupboards.

PETER
 (as he looks for food)
 Morning.

Maggie stares at her cup.

Peter turns around to face her.

PETER (cont'd)
 Are you still upset?

MAGGIE
 I'm just gonna go for a walk.

PETER
 Why don't I join you.

MAGGIE
 I'd really rather I go alone.

Maggie stands up and walks out the front door, Peter watches her go.

PETER
 Be careful.

Maggie closes the door behind her, leaving Peter alone in the kitchen.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. FOREST - DAY

36

SERIES OF WIDE SHOTS:

Maggie walking through the woods. The trees stretch above her, she walks along creeks, off trail.

Finally, she crosses paths with a trail once more.

She looks both ways - but ultimately, she is lost.

In the distance, Maggie spots a jogger running along towards her.

As he nears her, she stops him:

MAGGIE

Hey! Sorry, I'm a little turned around. Do you know which way would lead me to a main road?

The jogger, still running on the spot, catches his breath.

JOGGER

Sure - Follow this trail down about 2K that way and you'll come to the parking lot where the main entrance is.

MAGGIE

Thank you so much!

JOGGER

No worries.

The jogger continues off in the same direction, but turns around after a few paces.

JOGGER (cont'd)

(as he runs backwards)

And watch out for any large cats!

Maggie laughs to herself.

MAGGIE

Will do!

The jogger rounds a bend in the trail and disappears out of sight.

The sounds of the forest return, highlighting Maggie's isolation in the woods.

Maggie turns to walk after a moment but hears a sudden struggle coming from the direction the jogger ran.

She turns back around to look and tentatively walks towards the noise - the struggle is more clear, and she can hear the jogger fighting something off.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Hello...?

Suddenly the jogger's noises stop and a feral sounding animal blurts out a rough sounding call.

Maggie takes this as a cue to hide - she runs over to a large tree and slumps down behind it.

From behind her she hears the animal approach - its feet crunch the sticks and leaves below it, and it sniffs and pants like a tired dog.

It nears her tree - by her estimate, it's sniffing directly the opposite side.

She closes her eyes and presses up against the tree as hard as she can, when, far off in the distance, two quick blasts of a whistle ring out.

The animal is distracted by this noise and runs off towards the source of the sound without Maggie getting a look at it.

She wastes no time once it's gone and starts to run towards the exit as quickly as she can.

CUT TO:

37 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY

37

Maggie bursts in through the front door, out of breath.

As she enters and braces herself with her hands on her knees, Peter comes up from the basement and closes the door behind him.

PETER

Maggie?

Maggie turns and rushes over to Peter.

MAGGIE

I have to call the police!

PETER

What? Why?

MAGGIE

There's something - an animal - out there, it attacked a jogger!

PETER

Woah woah - you *think* it attacked a jogger, or it did? Did you see it happen?

MAGGIE

No, I heard it!

PETER

Are you sure that's what it was?

MAGGIE

Yes! The thing came after me! I heard the jogger struggling and then whatever it was came for me!

PETER

I did say there were cougars out there.

MAGGIE

Where's your phone, I have to call 911.

Peter thinks for a second.

PETER

Let me call them and you just go relax for a minute, okay? Maybe shower, you've got some dirt on you.

Maggie takes a few deep breaths and comes down from the adrenaline, leaning against the wall.

MAGGIE

I heard it, Peter.

PETER

I know - I believe you. Just tell me where you were and I'll call the police and tell them what happened.

MAGGIE

I was - I don't know, I was like - 15 minutes down the trail from the big parking lot.

PETER

Okay. Go upstairs and clean yourself up and I'll call the cops - and if you want I'll put together some lunch.

MAGGIE

Okay... Okay.

She gathers her thoughts.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Okay, thanks.

Maggie walks out as Peter picks up his phone off the counter, but as she rounds the corner towards the stairs, she stops to listen to him.

PETER
 Hi - Yeah, I'd like to file a report
 for a possible animal attack? Yes,
 Norm Forest - No, it wasn't me, a
 friend of mine heard the attack.

Maggie, content with what she's heard, continues upstairs.

CUT TO:

38 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (MAGGIE'S ROOM) - DAY

38

Maggie, cleaned up, lays on her side in bed on top of the covers.

She's stressed - it wears on her, and comes through her expression. She clenches the blanket with her hand.

PETER
 (entering)
 Maggie?

Peter creaks the door open.

Maggie rises and sits up to look at Peter.

PETER (cont'd)
 I've got some lunch downstairs if you
 want it. Are you okay?

From an extreme-long, Maggie nods and stands up.

CUT TO:

39 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY

39

Maggie stares at the rare pork loin in front of her. Peter eats his, but Maggie hasn't touched hers.

Peter stops eating for a moment and looks at Maggie.

PETER
 Is everything okay?

MAGGIE
 Yeah. I was - I was just thinking.

Maggie picks up her knife and fork and cuts off a piece. She looks at it and puts it in her mouth.

PETER
Is it to your liking?

Maggie, with the food still in her mouth, nods.

She forces herself to swallow, and sits for a moment, paying close attention to her stomach.

PETER (cont'd)
Are you... okay?

Maggie nods again. She covers her mouth, trying to hide a gag.

MAGGIE
I — I don't usually eat red...
meat...

Maggie gets up from the table and rushes to the bathroom.

Peter sits at the table, the noises of Maggie's sickness echoing out.

After a moment he stands and walks over to the bathroom door.

Maggie sits on the ground, leaning against the wall.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
I'm sorry, I should have told you
before.

PETER
No, it's okay. Never was a good cook.

MAGGIE
No no, it tasted fine, I just... I'm
not used to it, I guess.

PETER
That's not a problem. Can I get you
anything?

Maggie pushes herself up off the floor.

MAGGIE
I think I just... Need to go lay down
for a while.

She holds her head as she walks out, Peter watching her move towards the stairs groggily.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY (ESTABLISHING) 40

Peter's house sits in the mid-day sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 INT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY (VARIOUS SHOTS) 41

The empty halls and rooms of the house have an eerie stillness.

42 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (MAGGIE'S ROOM) - DAY 42

Maggie stands by her window, looking outside.

She has a concerned expression on her face - still unsure what to think of her situation.

Softly, below her, she hears a voice - Peter's voice - speaking with someone.

She looks down at the floor, curious.

43 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (STAIRS) - DAY 43

Maggie creeps down the stairs as quietly as she can and sneaks over towards the kitchen, following the sounds of Peter's voice.

But he's not anywhere to be found.

44 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY 44

Maggie walks by and notices the basement door is cracked open - Peter's voice is heard down the steps, but she can't understand what he's saying.

She hears his footsteps rising towards her and backs away from the door, as Peter steps out from the door and sees her.

He sighs.

Maggie leans against the counter and stares at him, waiting for an answer.

PETER

You heard me down there, I assume.

Maggie nods.

Peter walks over to the sink and runs his hands under the water, splashing some on his face and running his hands back through his hair.

Maggie glares at him.

PETER (cont'd)
Do you want to sit down and talk?

Maggie doesn't respond - she continues to stare at Peter.

Peter takes a deep breath and ponders his next words.

PETER (cont'd)
This is going to sound strange... And I want to apologize in advance for not telling you earlier.

MAGGIE
Telling me what?

PETER
I... I have a friend named Hector.

MAGGIE
Hector?

PETER
Yes. He... He has some physical ailments. It's all very new to him and, well, a few months ago he came to me and asked to stay with me. Until he got better.

MAGGIE
...Why didn't you mention this?

PETER
I don't... I don't know. I guess I didn't think it would come up, or that you'd stay long enough to notice. His privacy is very important to him and I didn't want to accidentally impede on that.

MAGGIE
So he's... Living down there.

PETER
Yes, a sort of... Basement tenant. If that makes sense.

MAGGIE

And he never comes up here...?

PETER

I bring him food, his meals. Again, I try not to judge him, he's very self conscious about all of this.

Maggie looks over at the basement door.

PETER (cont'd)

Again, I'm sorry for not telling you. I wasn't trying to *hide* it from you, I just thought it wasn't very important and didn't want to bother you with any unneeded information.

MAGGIE

Well I... I guess that makes sense. Does he know I'm here?

PETER

Yes, I mentioned that to him earlier.

MAGGIE

Okay.

Maggie goes to leave.

PETER

Do you want to freshen up and get changed? I've made us another reservation for tonight.

Maggie looks at Peter hesitantly.

PETER (cont'd)

I know, last night wasn't fun for you, but I promise it'll just be dinner tonight. I have a few guests coming over afterwards so we can't be too late, anyway.

Maggie nods, still unsure but she decides to go along with it anyway.

MAGGIE

I'll get dressed, then.

Maggie exits the kitchen.

CUT TO:

45 INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

45

Slow push in on Maggie sitting alone at the table - Peter's seat is empty. She stares intently towards the bar:

Where Sammy's seat remains empty, and he's nowhere to be seen.

Maggie shifts her gaze over to Peter, who's standing at the bar with another patron, talking to him.

He nods in the direction of Maggie, and the patron turns around to look at her.

Maggie takes notice of this and looks away to avoid eye contact.

She shifts uncomfortably for a moment before standing up and walking over towards Peter.

MAGGIE

(as she walks)

I'm just running to the restroom.

Peter nods as she walks by and goes back to his conversation.

Maggie gets around the corner of the bar and looks back towards where Peter is standing, and then continues walking.

46 EXT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

46

Maggie walks out into the little courtyard by the restaurant.

She examines her surroundings - a few cars drive by, however it's quiet.

More and more frantic, she searches for somewhere to go, when, as if on cue, a bus pulls up to a nearby stop, it's doors opening with a squeak.

The bus sits in place as if it's waiting for her to get on.

She stares at the bus, building up the courage to make her move, to get on, but:

Peter walks up from behind.

PETER

Getting some fresh air?

Maggie is slightly startled and turns around to face him.

MAGGIE

Yes, yeah – just was getting a bit hot in there.

PETER

Ready to head home? Bill's all paid.

MAGGIE

Okay.

Peter turns around and walks towards the rear parking lot.

Maggie watches as the bus leaves and drives off, down the road, before turning and walking back towards Peter.

CUT TO:

47 INT. PETER'S CAR - EVENING 47

Maggie sits in the passenger seat. She stares into blank space as Peter speeds along the road towards home.

48 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - EVENING 48

Slow push in on Maggie, sitting on the chair at the end of the couch, as Peter and his guests chat.

The sound is muffled and Maggie stares out in front of her at nothing.

She looks to her left, towards the kitchen, and stands up.

Nobody in the room seems to notice her as she leaves the room.

49 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - EVENING 49

Maggie walks into the kitchen and spots Peter's phone.

She looks back into the living room as if to check if she's alone, and then walks over to his phone, picking it up.

She scrolls through the recent calls but can't find what she's looking for.

She closes the phone app and goes over to Google.

In the search bar she types:

SPRUCE CREEK POLICE PHONE

Maggie clicks the number and holds the phone up to her ear as it rings.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Spruce Creek Police Department.

Maggie takes another step to further herself from the living room before speaking.

MAGGIE
Hi, I wanted to check on the status of a police report that was filed this morning?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
What was the nature of the report?

MAGGIE
Animal attack, a jogger was attacked in the woods?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
One moment please.

Maggie waits for a moment, looking over at the living room once again.

OPERATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)
Hello?

MAGGIE
Yes?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
No such report has been filed in the past few days, are you sure you filed it with this department?

Maggie stands unmoving for a moment, a stark look across her face.

MAGGIE
No... Sorry, I... must have the wrong number.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Would you like to fil-

Maggie hangs up and steps into the centre of the kitchen, looking over at the living room.

The noise of Peter and his guests echo through the entire house.

Maggie looks back down at the phone and then walks towards the living room entrance.

50 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - EVENING

50

Peter and one of the guests are having a playful argument, the other three guests speaking separately.

PETER

I know your stocks are safe there because *I* put them there.

ANTHONY

I know, I know.

PETER

Have I ever been wrong? Have I ever been wrong?

ANTHONY

Yeah yeah, I know! I got it.

Maggie enters and stands near the doorway.

MAGGIE

Peter?

The room goes quiet and all eyes are on Maggie, who is staring directly at Peter.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Why didn't you file that police report this morning?

Peter slightly laughs.

PETER

What?

MAGGIE

Why didn't you file that police report this morning?

Peter notices Maggie holding his phone.

PETER

Is that my phone?

MAGGIE

You said you were going to file it. I heard you start speaking to the police - were you - were you pretending?

PETER

What are you on about Maggie?

(to guests)

Sorry, everyone.

(to Maggie)

Yes, you heard me file it, what's the issue?

MAGGIE

I just called the police department and they said no report was filed.

PETER

Why'd you do that?

MAGGIE

What do you mean "why'd you do that"? Why didn't you file the report?

Peter shuffles awkwardly in his seat and then stands up.

PETER

(to guests)

Sorry, excuse me for a moment.

Peter and Maggie walk into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

51 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - EVENING

51

Peter sits at the table while Maggie leans against the counter, staring directly at him.

The muffled conversations of the guests can be heard from the other room.

MAGGIE

So? Why didn't you?

PETER

Maggie...

MAGGIE

Don't "Maggie" me.

Peter laughs.

PETER

What do you want me to say? I'm sorry I didn't file it.

MAGGIE

That guy could have been *killed*.

PETER

I'm sure the jogger was fine, Maggie.

MAGGIE

You yourself said people have gone missing in there. You said that!

PETER

Yes, I did say that, but it's like - Once a year! At most!

MAGGIE

That's not what it seems like - I don't even know why I'm arguing with you about this, I was *there*! I heard it! I heard what happened!

PETER

You heard some noises!

MAGGIE

I heard the man struggling and then I heard an animal!

Beat. Peter takes a deep breath.

PETER

Maggie, I'm gonna be frank with you for a second.

MAGGIE

Oh, please, be frank. God forbid you tell me the truth.

Another pause.

PETER

Listen, I *know* you're in trouble with the law.

MAGGIE

What?

PETER

Just, hang on a second. I figured that it wouldn't be a great idea to have the police come here and question you about all this stuff considering your circumstances.

MAGGIE

How do you know that?

Peter looks around as though searching for an answer.

PETER

I came across the information.

MAGGIE

You "came across the information"?
What?

Peter exhales again.

PETER

Look, I'm not here to judge you Maggie. Whatever happened to that jogger is probably nothing, okay? And even if something did happen, you have bigger things to worry about right now than that.

MAGGIE

Peter — How do you know any of this?

PETER

I said, I came across it.

Maggie looks at Peter for a moment.

Her expression changes. She's realized something.

MAGGIE

You...

PETER

What?

MAGGIE

You were the one who put them onto me, weren't you!

PETER

Maggie, I think you're really tired and I think you should relax for a minute.

MAGGIE

I can't believe this! Was this your plan? To scoop me up and save me from the situation *you* put me in?!

PETER

Can you hear yourself right now? God, you sound like a conspiracy theorist! Maggie, I have not spoken to the police about you - Ever!

MAGGIE

Then how do you know about any of it!

PETER

Things are passed around! It's not difficult to find out if an old friend is wanted by the police!

MAGGIE

I can't believe this.

PETER

Look, Maggie. I have guests to attend to, okay?

Peter stands up.

Maggie breaths heavily.

PETER (cont'd)

Why don't you just, sit down, and calm down, and then once you've calmed down you can go up to bed. Or whatever. I don't care. Okay?

Peter exits and goes back to his guests.

Maggie pulls out the kitchen chair nearest to her and sits down.

Push in on Maggie's face, stress strewn across it.

CUT TO:

Peter shows his guests out the front door.

Long from Maggie's POV:

PETER (cont'd)

Yeah, I'll see you later Rich.

ANTHONY
When's your next buy-time?

PETER
Should be soon, I've got some new
stuff in.

ANTHONY
Okay, great. I got some events coming
up. Alright, see ya, Peter. Thanks
again.

PETER
Yep. Bye.

Peter closes the door.

Maggie still sits in the same position. She stares, angrily,
off into space.

PETER (cont'd)
You going to bed?

Maggie doesn't respond.

PETER (cont'd)
Alright, well. I'm going up to sleep.

Peter goes to walk upstairs but stops on his way out of the
kitchen.

PETER (cont'd)
Oh, also, I'm out tomorrow morning.
Have some errands to run. I'll be
back sometime in the afternoon.

Maggie still doesn't respond.

PETER (cont'd)
I'm sorry, Maggie. I'm not judging
you.

Peter exits.

A few moments pass.

After a while, Maggie shifts her attention over to the
basement door.

She shakes off her jitters and stands up, walking over
towards the cupboard.

She grabs a glass from one of the shelves and walks to the kitchen sink, turning on the tap and filling the glass.

Right as she turns off the tap, the deep bass from the basement rings out again.

Maggie jumps, startled, and turns around to face the basement.

She looks at the door for a moment before putting her glass down on the counter and approaching it.

She gets to the door and pulls on the handle, opening it slowly.

As it opens the sound becomes more clear - ever distant, but clearer than before.

It's music. Deep, rhythmic, raw - Somewhat frightening - but it's music.

Visually, however, all she sees is darkness. The bottom of the stairs aren't even visible from where she's standing.

She squints to try and get a better look, but seemingly from nowhere, Peter is suddenly behind her.

Maggie jumps.

MAGGIE

Jesus!

She holds her chest.

PETER

Sorry.

Peter walks past her and down the stairs.

After a few moments, the music stops, and she hears Peter's steps returning.

He reaches the top of the stairs, and closes the door behind him.

Maggie looks at him suspiciously.

He smiles at her and heads back upstairs.

She walks back over to the counter to get her water, and leans on it for a moment. She has an off feeling about everything.

She shakes her head and heads out of the kitchen, over to the stairs.

52 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

52

As Maggie passes the living room entrance to head upstairs, she hears a noise coming from the vent - something soft.

She looks over at the vent, and then upstairs, questioning whether it's worth investigating.

She rolls her eyes and runs her hand through her hair, walking over to the vent on the ground.

She puts her water down and kneels down to get closer to the noise.

As her ear gets closer and closer to the vent the noise becomes clearer - it is weeping, presumably Hector's.

She's not quite sure what to do, so, without any other ideas, she taps on the top of the vent.

The metal clang reverberates through the vents and the crying seems to stop on the other end.

Maggie furrows her brow as though it'll help her hear better.

After a moment, a tap can be heard returning.

Maggie smiles a bit, and then taps twice.

Two taps return.

She takes a deep breath and thinks about her next move.

She slowly lowers back down to the vent...

MAGGIE
(whispering)
Hector...?

The taps return - as if acknowledging her.

She sits back up from the vent, not sure what to think - or do.

CUT TO:

53 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (MAGGIE'S ROOM) - NIGHT 53

Maggie sleeps but is almost forcing her eyes closed.

Unable to sleep, they shoot open.

She sits up in bed and contemplates her next move.

As if she's reached an epiphany, she looks over at the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

The same shot of the window as the previous night - Except it is now daytime.

CUT TO:

54 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY 54

Maggie stands by the living room window, looking down towards the driveway.

We hear the sound of Peter's car starting and driving off.

CUT TO:

55 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY 55

Maggie grabs the keys for the second car off of the counter near the front door.

She walks over to the basement door and stands in front of it. Thinking long and hard, keys in hands, about what to do next, she makes her move.

We push in on her as she stands and finally decides to leave...

With Hector.

CUT TO:

56 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (MAGGIE'S ROOM) - DAY 56

Maggie throws what she can into her bag - only what she needs. Her makeup, the dress, and other unimportant accoutrements are left.

She rushes out the door and back downstairs.

57 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY

57

Maggie comes back downstairs and hypes herself up to go downstairs.

She tosses the duffle bag over by the table.

She's not scared - just doesn't know what to expect.

And after the week she's had she's not about to rush into anything unknown.

Finally, her courage is built up, and she opens the door to the basement.

The darkness greets her with a cold stare.

She takes a deep breath...

MAGGIE

...Hector?

Silence.

She shuffles back and forth on her feet.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

...Hector, you can come up, it's okay!

As if on cue, Maggie hears the front door starting to open and slams the basement door shut as Peter enters.

She shoves the car keys into her pocket so as to not let Peter see them.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Peter...!

PETER

Hello.

MAGGIE

Morning.

PETER

I forgot something in my room, had to come back to get it.

MAGGIE

Right.

They stand, staring at each other awkwardly - until:

BANG!

Something slams into the other side of the basement door.

Maggie jumps back and Peter steams his focus to the door.

BANG

Maggie looks over at Peter, who looks back at her.

BANG

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Is that... Hector?

BANG

Peter closes his eyes out of frustration.

PETER
Could you go to your room while I
deal with this?

BANG

MAGGIE
If he wants to come out, why can't
he?

PETER
If he wanted to come out he would
open the door.

BANG

PETER (cont'd)
I'd really rather you let me handle
this alone, Maggie. Please.

BANG

Maggie looks down at her duffle bag. She knows she's stuck - if she picks it up, Peter will ask about it, but if she leaves, she risks Peter looking inside and finding out she was trying to leave.

BANG

PETER (cont'd)
Maggie? Please?

BANG

Maggie looks back at Peter.

MAGGIE

Okay.

She heads upstairs.

BANG

Once Maggie is gone far enough, Peter approaches the door.

BANG

He clenches his fist and slams on the door - silencing Hector on the other side.

He slows his breathing to regain his composure and turns around - but notices Maggie's bag on the ground.

He peers at it for a moment and then goes over, picking it up and placing it on the kitchen table.

He opens it up and sees the contents - clear that Maggie was attempting to leave.

He squeezes one of her pieces of clothing and throws it back in the bag.

CUT TO:

58 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (MAGGIE'S ROOM) - DAY

58

Maggie paces back and forth in her room, certain that Peter will find out about her plan to leave.

She hears him approaching and looks over at her door, already slightly open.

Peter pushes it the rest of the way and enters, carrying her bag.

PETER

You forgot this downstairs.

He places it on the end of her bed.

Maggie stands in silence.

Peter rubs his hands on his face and exhales deeply - he slowly walks back and forth.

After clearly thinking for a moment, Peter purses his lips and taps on the nearby table with his hands.

PETER (cont'd)
 (interrogative)
 Maggie, have I... Done something to
 upset you...

Maggie stares at him, silent.

Peter thinks some more, trying to contain his anger.

PETER (cont'd)
 Because I recall bringing you hear
 out of the kindness of my heart.

Maggie gulps.

PETER (cont'd)
 I've fed you, I've housed you... I've
 spent a lot of money on you here.

Beat.

Peter now looks directly at her.

PETER (cont'd)
 And all I've expected from you is to
 respect the privacy of my business.

Beat.

MAGGIE
 What business is that, Peter?

PETER
 What... What business is that?

He laughs.

PETER (cont'd)
 It's none of yours, Maggie!

Maggie stares at him, awaiting for him to get to his point.

Peter takes another moment to think.

MAGGIE
 So... What are you gonna do, kick me
 out?

Peter looks at her.

PETER

No Maggie, I'm not going to kick you out.

(beat)

In fact I think it would be better if you stay in the house from now on.

MAGGIE

What, like Hector? Stay in the house like... Like I'm a prisoner here?

PETER

Well, you're either a prisoner here or you're a prisoner out there. I'd say there's better conditions here.

MAGGIE

What are you saying...

PETER

Maggie I've been nothing but kind to you thus far. Sure, maybe I pushed some jokes too far, but I've provided for you. And I let you stay here despite *knowing* your legal trouble.

MAGGIE

Don't you dare bring that up to me again.

PETER

Maggie, if you leave here, what's your plan? Go back to a life of stealing and fraud? Ripping people off until you get caught?

MAGGIE

Fuck off, Peter.

PETER

Oh and you will get caught, Maggie.

MAGGIE

What's that supposed to mean?

PETER

It wouldn't look very good for me if I aided the evasion of a wanted criminal.

MAGGIE

And what have you been doing this entire week if not that?

PETER
I've been giving you a choice,
Maggie. A way out.

MAGGIE
A way out? What, so you can keep me
locked in my room all day? So you can
take me to dinner and whore me out to
your friends? Is that your way out?

Peter is offended at this accusation.

PETER
I've done no such thing, Maggie.

MAGGIE
You told me you had brought me up
here to make things right between us.
Is that what this is to you?

PETER
So giving you the chance to start
again isn't making things right? It's
not up to your standards?

MAGGIE
My *standards*!? What standards Peter!
Not being dragged around like a doll?
The *bar* is on the floor! I'm not here
to take orders from you because
you've got some delusions about—

PETER
(shouting)
Enough!

Maggie stares at him defensively.

PETER (cont'd)
(matter of fact)
Maggie, if you leave here, I will
have no choice but to call the
police.

Beat.

MAGGIE
Then call the police, Peter. I don't
give a shit at this point.

Maggie walks out, past Peter, and down the stairs.

Peter stands in her room and exhales harshly. His face turns into something angry.

CUT TO:

59 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY

59

Maggie walks over to the front door, but as she pulls it open, Peter's hand slams it back shut.

MAGGIE

Let me go, Peter.

Peter begins to walk closer and closer to her, forcing her back towards the kitchen counter.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Peter, stop!

He towers over her at this point until Maggie's backed up as far as she can go.

She looks to her left and then her right for anything to defend herself with, and sees an empty wine bottle.

Peter's almost on top of her now, walking faster and faster.

She grabs the bottle and swings it aside, swiping his head with a clunk.

PETER

(grabbing the impact)

Ow!

Peter stumbles backwards and then regains his composure. He looks at her, shocked that she actually did it.

And charges at Maggie once more.

This time, she swings the bottle downward, bouncing it off the top of his head. The sound is even louder.

Peter falls backwards onto the ground by the basement door.

Blood starts to run down his forehead.

Maggie quickly jumps up into action - She looks at the basement door, then at Peter, then over to the front door.

She makes her decision.

MAGGIE
Sorry Hector...

Maggie rushes over to the front door just as Peter regains his footing.

60 EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

60

Maggie runs down the front steps and down the pathway.

About halfway down she realises she's still holding the wine bottle and tosses it onto the front lawn.

She gets to the car and sits in the drivers seat, clicking and twisting the keys into the ignition - but nothing happens.

She twists the keys once more, and the car is dead silence. Not even a spark.

MAGGIE
Oh shit.

From beside her, Peter yanks open the drivers door and pulls Maggie out of the car, but not before she grabs hold of the keys and takes them out with her.

He continues to bleed from his forehead as he pulls her back up to the house.

61 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY

61

Peter drags Maggie back inside and across the kitchen floor, but as soon as Maggie gets the chance, she thrusts the keys into his thigh.

Peter belts out in pain.

PETER
Ow, shit!

Maggie uses this opportunity to rush over to the basement door and yank it open.

Music blares from the basement.

Peter pulls the keys out of his thigh and looks at the bloody end, then over at Maggie, standing at the top of the stairs.

Maggie looks over at Peter.

Peter's expression changes from anger to concern.

PETER (cont'd)
Maggie, I really wouldn't go down
there!

Maggie darts into the basement and pulls the door closed behind her.

Peter sighs, now alone.

PETER (cont'd)
Shit.

He sits down at the table and touches his forehead, seeing the blood.

PETER (cont'd)
God dammit.

CUT TO:

62 INT. BASEMENT CELLAR - DAY

62

Maggie reaches the bottom of the steps and the muffled but loud music consumes the entire space.

It's a labyrinth of damp, dark hallways - each one seeming longer than the last.

She grabs a flashlight that's placed on a stand beside the stairs, and then spots a whistle.

Her eyes widen as she picks the whistle up and looks at it, realizing what's going on.

Maggie aims the flashlight down the hallway that the music seems to be coming from and heads down it. She puts the whistle around her neck as she walks.

Turn after turn she seems to be making no progress, until finally, she sees a glowing light coming from the same direction as the music.

She slows her walking to a cautious pace - approaching the end of the hallway carefully and quietly.

As she gets to the end of the tunnel, and into the room, she sees a projector spewing images onto the old decrepit wall across from it.

The images are blurry, but Maggie can tell it's some sort of snuff film.

And in the beams of light, a figure. Hector.

He dances slowly to the music - trance like movements that don't line up with the beats but somehow still match.

She watches him silently for a few moments, almost entranced by his dance.

Finally, she snaps out of it and musters up the courage to say...

MAGGIE

...Hector?

Hector freezes in place.

Maggie's not sure if she's made a good move or a massive mistake.

Hector turns to face her, the images of the snuff film still illuminating him.

But now she's got a full view of him.

Through the darkness, in the flashes of light, she can make out:

His decrepit, pale face.

His lanky arms.

Torn clothes.

Strands of hair that barely cover his head.

Sunken cheeks.

Dead eyes.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

I...

Maggie stands, not sure of what to do. It's akin to staring down a tiger in the wild.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

If... if we hurry we can go. Peter...

Hector opens his mouth.

Disgusting, dark drool pools down onto the floor.

His teeth - the few that remain - are stained.

Maggie takes a second to look around the rest of the room.

There's bags full of god knows what strewn about.

A sleeping bag on the ground.

She notices a table with a knife on it and a pile of discarded meat.

She gulps.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
(under her breath)
Oh my god...

She looks back at Hector.

His eyes are fixed on her.

With his gangling arm, he reaches out towards the projector and clicks it - the images continue, but the music cuts off.

He returns his hand to his side.

In a swift movement, he crouches down low.

Maggie looks at him, still unable to move out of fear.

They both stand at an impasse for another moment.

And then Hector shambles on all fours over to Maggie, who stumbles backwards, trying to run away.

She tries to make it back to the hallway but he grabs hold of her, hissing, clawing and biting at her, causing her to drop the flashlight onto the ground.

Maggie struggles to fight him off and finally manages to kick him back.

She stumbles back onto her feet and grabs the whistle around her neck, blowing it.

Hector squeals and squirms on the floor as it goes off.

She blows it again to keep him away.

But as she walks backwards she trips into the projector -

(120 FPS SLOW MO)

And the whistle goes flying out of her hands as she falls down onto the ground.

The projector crashes down next to her, its light pooling all over the room. This crash causes the music to resume playing, blasting out of the speakers.

The whistle bounces along the ground further and further away from her.

(24 FPS)

Maggie looks at the whistle on the ground, and then back at Hector, who also seems to know he's got his chance to strike.

He charges at her but right as he's about to strike she grabs the projector and shines it in his eyes, blinding him.

He falls backwards onto the ground in pain, grasping at his sensitive eyes.

She tosses the projector to the side and stands up, not before falling into a pile of bags full of discarded body parts.

In this pile is also articles of clothing - including Sammy's.

She sees some large chain on the ground and looks back at Hector, who still squirms on the ground, grasping his eyes, bathed in the light and images from the projector.

She grabs the chains and runs over to him, tying them around his hands and neck and then shoving a metal rod through two of the loops to lock him in place.

At the same time, images of chains and blood are being projected onto the wall and onto Hector - And he smiles. His fantasy come true.

Maggie stumbles backwards and grabs the knife from the butcher's table.

As she runs back for the exit she picks up the flashlight once more.

She runs through the hallways, flashlight in one hand and knife in the other.

Once again turning corner after corner, trying not to lose her way in the dark labyrinth.

63 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY 63

Peter sits in the living room chair, still holding his bloodied head.

He's tired and defeated.

After a large, exaggerated sigh, he looks over at the archaic speaker system next to him and presses play.

Pietro Mascagni's "Intermezzo" begins to play.

Push in to Peter as he frowns, staring off into blank space.

CUT TO:

64 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (MAGGIE'S ROOM) - DAY 64

Peter mopes into Maggie's room with a large black garbage bag.

He collects her items one by one, examining a few that seem to have sentimental value.

His large (borderline comedic) frown growing ever and ever larger.

He dumps the clothes from her duffle bag into the garbage bag and then spot the dress he bought Maggie.

He picks it up, looking at it, and drops his arms to his side with a huff.

He's majorly disappointed with how things went.

As the song continues, so does Peter.

CUT TO:

65 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY 65

Peter walks back into the kitchen with the garbage bag.

He stands for a moment, staring at the kitchen table seat where Maggie sat.

His shoulders droop.

He looks like he's on the verge of tears.

Behind him, unbeknownst to Peter, the basement door slowly creeps open.

Peter's body obscures Maggie from being seen -

But at the last moment, he hears a noise behind him.

As if it were fate, as he turns around to face Maggie, "Intermezzo" reaches its climax - and with it, Maggie plunges the large knife into Peter's abdomen.

He drops the bag on the floor next to him - his face stark with shock.

He looks down at the knife, still held by Maggie, sticking into his lower chest.

Maggie stares at him - unsure of what to do - as his gaze rises from the knife back to her.

She lets go of the knife and takes a small step back as Peter puts his hand on the handle.

He stumbles backwards, slowly, and sits down in the chair.

At this point his shirt is pooling with a large amount of blood.

He stares at her as he loses energy, she stares back.

Maggie gives him a "what did you expect?" shrug.

Realizing any fight is futile, Peter shrugs back at her and slides further down into the chair.

They stare at each other in silence as the song continues...

And continues...

And continues...

Maggie's expression shifts to something more akin to someone who wants to wrap things up. If she had a watch on she'd have checked it.

But, out of some sliver of respect she still has for Peter, she lets the song play out.

Peter stares at the door to the living room - the source of the music.

And finally...

After what seems like an eternity...

The song concludes.

But they still stand in silence.

Maggie doesn't really know where to begin the conversation, but she knows that they've got to have one.

Peter, having accepted his fate, looks down at the floor.

But after a few moments, Peter looks up at her.

PETER
(weakly)
Well... this isn't how I expected
things to go.

Maggie stands in silence. She's waiting for an apology.

But Peter's lost so much blood at this point he's hardly able to stay awake, let alone talk.

PETER (cont'd)
I'm guessing you saw everything
downstairs...

Maggie's expression becomes angrier as she's reminded what Peter has done.

PETER (cont'd)
Hector?

Finally, she breaks her silence.

MAGGIE

Hector's fine. A little tied up, but he's fine.

Peter shifts in the chair to sit up slightly.

PETER

I wasn't lying to you Maggie...

MAGGIE

Uh-huh...

PETER

About wanting to give you a way out.

Maggie can't help but laugh.

MAGGIE

I'm sure, Peter.

Peter tries harder to sit up straight, but winces from the pain.

PETER

I'm serious... You — You would have never ended up like those people downstairs.

Maggie can't believe what she's hearing.

MAGGIE

Those people downstairs, right. The piles of dead bodies in your *basement* Peter.

PETER

I know, I know...

MAGGIE

When were you planning on telling me about that? "Hey, Maggie, I know you've been here for a bit so just thought I'd let you know—

PETER

(stern)

I know, Maggie.

Maggie crosses her arms and looks back at him.

PETER (cont'd)

But you... You were here because I wanted you to be...

MAGGIE

"Cougars". Unbelievable. You really thought you'd figured it all out, didn't you.

Peter looks at her.

PETER

I know you won't ever believe me, but just let me—

MAGGIE

Listen, Peter — I just found out my ex-boyfriend is a cannibal who has a feral man living in his basement to butcher the bodies of his victims. I'm not quite in the mood for making amends.

Peter takes that to heart and quiets down for a moment. He looks back down at the floor. Perhaps he's finally learned his lesson.

After a period of silence, Peter lets out a quiet sigh.

PETER

I suppose it would be inappropriate of me to ask for an ambulance, wouldn't it...

Maggie stares at him.

PETER (cont'd)

Bad joke.

Another brief moment of silence.

Maggie's expression shifts — Peter looks up at her — and rather than seeing anger, her face softens.

She almost looks like she feels bad for him — pities him.

She takes a few steps over to him and crouches down in front of him.

She looks at the knife, still stuck in his body, and then up at his face.

Peter's unsure of what she's thinking, but she almost looks like she wants to kiss him.

She leans in closer, and closer.

Peter perks up a bit -

But at the last second, she reaches into his shirt's breast pocket and pulls out his car keys.

She smiles at him and stands up - Peter deflates back into the chair.

"Sundown" by Gordon Lightfoot begins to play.

She walks over to the basement door and shouts down -

MAGGIE
Hector, come get something to eat.

Peter looks over at the door, and then at Maggie.

He looks like he's been betrayed, pathetically pleading with his eyes.

Maggie picks up the garbage bag full of her belongings and walks over to the front door.

She opens it and looks back at Peter, who's breathing is getting faster and faster despite not being able to get out of the chair.

She gives him one last smile as she closes the door behind her.

66 EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

66

Maggie makes her way across the front porch and over to the stairs, descending one by one.

67 INT. PETER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - DAY

67

Peter slides down and down in the chair until he flops onto the floor. He's on the verge of passing out from blood loss.

PETER
(slurring)
Maggie... Maggie... Wait...

Push into the basement door from Peter's POV - sounds echo of something rising up the steps from the darkness.

Push in on Peter's dismayed expression. He looks at the basement door, then at the front door, then back to the basement door.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

68

Maggie walks down the path towards the driveway, right towards camera.

She stops as she gets close and looks up at the sky.

Finally, she takes a deep breath and sighs. What a week.

CUT TO:

69 BLACK

69

TITLE CARD:

DAYLIGHT AGAIN

Roll credits.

The end.