

KILLER COUSIN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - CONNOR HOUSE - NIGHT

A neighborhood of older homes. Some majestic in their design. A passing storm makes the area creepy. Lightning flashes off of stone structures, accompanied by booms of THUNDER.

One house stands out from the others around it with overgrown grass and toys for older children thrown around the yard.

A light shines inside an upstairs window.

INT. CONNOR HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - SAME

MARCY CONNOR (34), frazzled in appearance and manner, paces with a cordless phone to her ear. The overhead light is on.

MARCY
(into phone)
I can't take it anymore. They're
really starting to scare me.

IN THE HALL

Full of shadows. A semi-small figure sneaks up to Marcy's closed bedroom door. A slightly smaller figure follows. Their faces hidden, they listen at the door.

IN THE BEDROOM

Marcy moves to one of the windows and looks out to the stormy night. A flash of lightning illuminates her face.

MARCY (CONT'D)
I know. That's what makes this so
hard.

IN THE HALL

MARCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
My social worker said they will be
placed in foster care.

Both figures gasp in synch. They race for the stairs.

IN THE BEDROOM

Clearly troubled, Marcy sits down on the edge of the bed.

MARCY (CONT'D)
Don't judge me. If you had to live
in fear every moment, you'd
understand.

INT. CONNOR HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The beam of a flashlight moves across the dark room, to a circuit breaker box. A small hand opens it. Flips off breakers one at a time.

A flash of lightning highlights two small figures standing together at the box.

INT. CONNOR HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marcy continues her phone conversation...

MARCY

I appreciate that, Ellen. Maybe
I'll stay with you a short...

The light goes off, bathing Marcy in darkness except for the flashes of lightning. Her eyes scan the room. They lower to her phone. She turns it on and off. No dial tone.

Marcy sets the phone on its base. She grabs her cell phone from her purse and turns on the flashlight. She keeps it in her hand and cautiously approaches the door.

IN THE HALL

The door opens slowly. The scant cell phone light shines into the hall. Marcy's face appears behind it. She steps out.

A clap of THUNDER startles Marcy. She swallows hard and moves to the top of the staircase. Uses her light to look down the steps as far as the beam allows. Eerie.

GIGGLING comes from behind Marcy. She spins around, sees a pair of halloween masks - a clown and a devil. Two small hands reach out and push...

Marcy screams as she violently topples down the stairs.

AT THE BOTTOM

Marcy slams into the wall. She lies completely still, her body contorted at impossible angles.

FOOTSTEPS approach. The small masked figures stop by Marcy's side and look down at her. The larger child removes her mask.

This is HOLLY CONNOR (10), an intelligent, devious girl. She kneels next to her mom and lovingly kisses her cheek.

Holly stands. Her little brother, MICHAEL CONNOR (7), very stoic, lifts his mask to the top of his head. Stares at the body without any emotion.

Both put their masks back on and walk away together.

EXT. SAVANNAH, GEORGIA - SOCCER FIELD - DAY

A soccer game in progress between two GIRLS' teams (10-11-year olds). The red team has the ball and attempts to move it down the field against green.

ON THE SIDELINES

PARENTS watch intently. Red team parents cheer.

TERRI MARTIN (35) is on her feet, along with her husband BRAD MARTIN (36). Both fit the middle-class suburbia stereotype quite well.

ON THE FIELD

Their daughter, KAITLYN MARTIN (11), plays offense. A mid-fielder passes Kaitlyn the ball. Using exceptional skill, she maneuvers through the green defense and approaches the goalie. Lines up her shot and shoots.

The ball sails past the goalie into the net. The REF signals "goal." The red team celebrates.

ON THE SIDELINE

Cheering explodes. Terri and Brad high-five.

LATER

After the game, parents leave with their daughters. Terri and Brad carry their fold-up chairs while walking toward the parking lot with Kaitlyn.

BRAD

You were on your A game today.

KAITLYN

I only scored two goals.

TERRI

If she scores any less than three,
it's a bad day.

A cell phone RINGS. The group stops. Terri pulls her phone from her pocket and checks the display. Looks puzzled.

TERRI (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello?... This is she.

Shock comes to Terri's face.

TERRI (CONT'D)
I'll be there as soon as I can.

Terri hangs up. Tears fight their way to her eyes.

BRAD
What is it?

Terri is too emotional to give an instant response.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - AIRPORT - DAY

A jet lands.

INT. CITY BUILDING - HALL - DAY

Terri sits alone in an area of chairs lining the wall. She writes a text and sends it.

ALLISON BAKER, Child Services Worker, leaves an office nearby and approaches.

ALLISON
Mrs. Martin?

Terri drops the phone into her purse and stands. Allison stops before her and extends a hand.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I'm Allison Baker, the children's case worker.

Terri shakes Allison's hand.

TERRI
How are they?

ALLISON
Let's talk in my office.

Allison leads the way back to her office. Terri follows.

INT. CITY BUILDING - ALLISON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Allison closes the door behind them and gestures to the chairs before her desk.

ALLISON
Have a seat.

Terri takes one of the seats. Allison sits behind her desk and opens a folder lying on top.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
It's my understanding that you were
estranged from Mrs. Connor.

TERRI
She was still my sister.

ALLISON
I understand that. Please don't
take the comment personally.

Terri inhales a cleansing breath to calm herself.

TERRI
Where are the children now?

ALLISON
In a foster home. We couldn't
locate any family outside of you.

TERRI
There really isn't anyone else.

Allison looks through the pages in her file.

ALLISON
Holly is a fifth grader. Her grades
are average. No activities. She has
some behavioral issues.

TERRI
How bad?

ALLISON
Mostly just outbursts. It's really
no wonder since they witnessed some
of the horrible things their father
did in the home.

TERRI
And Michael?

Speaking of Michael visibly troubles Allison.

ALLISON
Michael has a developmental
disability. He was left back in the
first grade because of it. I should
tell you that he stopped speaking
about six months ago.

TERRI
Why?