THE FLOOR PLAN

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OPENING TITLES

We drift slowly across old, yellowed architectural blueprints - panning over rooms, staircases and numbered doorways, some also marked with arrows.

The images continue beneath the opening credits until we finally settle on:

THE FLOOR PLAN

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SATURDAY MORNING, AUTUMN 1994

A slow pan across a small, lived-in apartment. Architecture books lie scattered among half-worn clothes, cassettes, coffee mugs and other signs of student life.

The lights are off. Golden morning sunlight filters through the blinds.

MAYA HALL, 29, an architecture student, sleeps with her face buried in the pillow. She is appealing in an ordinary way - natural and peaceful.

A digital alarm clock starts buzzing. After a moment, Maya reaches out and hits the snooze button with her eyes still closed.

Beside her, JULIAN MORROW, 28, lies on his left side, trapped beneath her outstretched right arm. Boyishly handsome and slightly scruffy, he's pretending to be asleep.

MAYA
Coffee. Now.

JULIAN
It's Saturday. Your turn.

MAYA
No, it isn't. I did it yesterday.

JULIAN
You know I'd die for you. Just not this early on a weekend morning.

MAYA
If you don't get up and make me some coffee I'm going to kill you myself.

Maya lazily flaps her hand across Julian's face until he finally breaks into a smile.

JULIAN
All right. You win.

He peels himself out of bed, stretches and shuffles from the bedroom with his eyes barely open.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Julian enters the kitchen. It’s small and a bit messy, but functional.

MAYA (O.S.)
Make it strong, I need to study today!

JULIAN
I will!

MAYA (O.S.)
Love you!

He loads the coffee machine and turns it on.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He continues to the tiny bathroom, picks up a toothbrush and puts some toothpaste on it. He looks at himself in the slightly cracked mirror, yawns and starts brushing his teeth.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Julian goes to the front door, picks up a pile of mail and goes through the items one by one. Overdue bills, ads... and an important-looking legal letter addressed to Maya Hall.

He opens the letter, toothbrush hanging from the side of his mouth.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maya still hasn’t opened her eyes.

JULIAN (O.S.)
Maya!

MAYA
What?

JULIAN (O.S.)
You’ve inherited a house!

Maya quickly sits up on the bed, now completely awake.

MAYA
What?

Julian pops into the bedroom holding a piece of paper. He takes the toothbrush from his mouth.

JULIAN
A big one.

CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE - TUESDAY AFTERNOON

Two ornate wooden chairs face a formidable desk.

Maya and Julian sit side by side. Across from them, a gray-haired LAWYER reviews a document. He has a calm, grandfatherly manner without being overly familiar.

LAWYER
The property consists of two floors, three bedrooms and a double-height living room.

Julian looks at Maya, astonished.

LAWYER (CONT'D)
The house and everything inside it will be transferred to you as is.

The lawyer opens a desk drawer and removes several documents. One of them states that the property is held in a PRIVATE TRUST.

He places them in front of Maya.

LAWYER (CONT'D)
All I need now is your signature here...

He indicates a line.

LAWYER (CONT'D)
...and here.

The lawyer offers Maya an expensive fountain pen.

Maya looks at Julian. He gives her an encouraging nod. She takes the pen and signs.

The lawyer checks the signatures, gathers the documents and returns them to the drawer.

He then removes a single old BRASS KEY. It looks strangely primitive against the polished desk and immaculate paperwork.

He places it in front of Maya.

LAWYER (CONT'D)
Congratulations, Ms. Hall. The house is now yours.

Maya picks up the key and stares at it. A small, giddy squeal escapes her before she can stop it. Julian smiles. They embrace.

Maya and Julian gather their belongings and get up.

LAWYER (CONT'D)
Oh. One more thing.

MAYA
What’s that?

LAWYER
The property has a history of minor electrical problems. I’d bring a flashlight when you visit, just in case.

JULIAN
Good to know. Thank you.

MAYA
Thank you. Have a nice day!

They leave the office before the lawyer has time to say his goodbyes. A fond smile crosses his face before he returns to his paperwork.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Maya and Julian exit the building and walk toward Maya’s car. The autumn sun shines weakly overhead.

MAYA
When can we go see the place?

JULIAN
This weekend?

MAYA
Oh! We could host a housewarming party!

JULIAN
Who do you want to invite?
(MORE)

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Anyone from school?

MAYA
Mira. Her new boyfriend too, I haven’t met him yet.

JULIAN
What about Iris? You two practically grew up together.

MAYA
Yes! I haven’t seen her in ages!

They reach the car. It’s a cheap, late-80s model. Maya searches her canvas bag for the car key.

JULIAN
...and Thomas?

She finds the key.

MAYA
Well, they *are* married.

Maya unlocks the driver’s door, opens it and leans across the seat to pop the passenger lock. Julian opens the passenger door and leans in.

JULIAN
You still don’t like him?

Maya gets in and closes her door.

MAYA
He’s just... a bit much.

Julian climbs in as well, sits down and reaches for the seat belt.

JULIAN
Don’t worry about it. I’m sure he’ll behave.

Maya fastens her seat belt and starts the car.

MAYA
All right. I’ll call and ask them when we get home.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - FRIDAY, EARLY EVENING

Maya's car drives through the countryside. The weather is cloudy, but it's not dark yet. Leaves are falling from the trees. The last warmth of the summer is still lingering.

INT./EXT. MAYA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Maya is driving. Julian sits in the front passenger seat, studying an unfolded road map. He's wearing blue jeans and a white T-shirt with an unbuttoned flannel shirt on top.

MAYA
How close are we?

JULIAN
I think it should be just around the bend.

He points ahead.

The car hits a rut. The seat belt jerks tight across Julian's right shoulder. He winces, lowers the pointing arm and rubs his collarbone.

MAYA
Have you taken your medicine?

JULIAN
Oh. Not yet.

Julian reaches into the glove box and pulls out a plastic medicine bottle. He twists it open, takes a pill and washes it down with some water.

He closes the medicine bottle and puts it back into the glove box. He resumes looking at the map.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
There! Take that dirt road on the right.

Maya takes it. It leads to the forest.

After a while, the dirt road turns into a driveway. Branches of trees form a natural arch over the car.

Finally the driveway ends and opens onto a gravel yard. The yard is surrounded by gentle hills filled with trees and bushes, making it feel private.

In the middle of the yard stands an enormous stone house. It appears to be two stories high, but has no windows. The walls are partially covered in vines.

The only visible entrance is set into a prominent vestibule. Above it sits a weathered stone statue of Janus, the two-faced Roman god, looking in opposite directions.

Maya and Julian watch in awe as the house comes into view.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
What the hell...

MAYA
Oh. My. God.

EXT. HOUSE - YARD - CONTINUOUS

They pull up to the right of the entrance and park the car. Both step out and stare at the otherworldly building. Maya carries her canvas bag.

Neither says anything for a while.

MAYA
Why aren’t there any windows?

JULIAN
Don’t ask me. You’re the architect.

MAYA
No, really! What kind of house doesn’t have windows?

Another car pulls into the yard before Julian can answer. It parks to the left of the entrance.

The passenger-side door opens and MIRA VALE, 27, steps out. Petite, dressed in elegant early-90s goth, she studies the house with the same grave expression she seems to wear for everything.

MIRA
When you invited me to see your house, this is not exactly what I expected.

JULIAN
Nice to see you too, Mira.

MAYA
Glad you could make it. I can’t believe this either.

The driver’s door opens and PETER CROSS, 31, follows. Short dark hair, unmistakably nerdy. He carries himself with a quiet confidence that makes him more attractive than his features alone would suggest.

MIRA
This is Peter.

Peter walks up to Maya, smiles courteously and shakes her hand.

PETER
Hi! I've heard a lot about you.

He shakes Julian's hand as well. Maya leans toward Mira.

MAYA
(whispering)
I like him.

A faint smile almost breaks through Mira's grave expression.

PETER
So, have you been inside yet?

MAYA
No. We were actually just about
to--

A third car pulls into the yard. It's newer and more expensive than the others, but not flashy. It parks beside Peter's car, closer to the entrance.

The passenger door flies open and IRIS WARDEN, 29, bursts out. Wearing a colorful overcoat and round glasses, she has the bright, exaggerated energy of a cartoon character.

She runs straight to Maya.

IRIS
Maya!

She pulls Maya into a tight hug, then leans back without letting go.

IRIS (CONT'D)
How long has it been?

MAYA
(smiling sincerely)
Happy to see you too. It's been way
too long.

THOMAS WARDEN, 36, gets out from behind the wheel. Rugged and solidly built but not towering, he has the easy confidence of a man who keeps any doubts about himself safely buried.

He looks at the building, holding the bag Iris left in the car.

THOMAS
What the hell is this?
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I thought you inherited a house, not a tombstone!

Thomas walks to them, hands Iris her bag and gives Maya a quick hug. He notices Peter.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Who's the new guy?

Peter takes a step forward and offers his hand to Thomas.

PETER
Hi! I'm Peter. Mira's boyfriend. Peter Cross.

THOMAS
Fucking Catman?

Peter drops his hand slightly.

PETER
No. Um, he's Peter Criss. I'm Cross.

THOMAS
Kris Kross? Listen, man. You can either be the drummer from Kiss or a teenage rap duo. Your choice.

Julian tries to suppress a smile.

PETER
OK, I'll take Catman.

Thomas high-fives Peter, who accepts it wholeheartedly.

THOMAS
All right! My man!

Iris leans slightly out from behind Thomas and gives Peter a little wave and a smile.

IRIS
Hi. I'm Iris. Please excuse Thomas, he's just joking around.

Thomas looks at Maya.

THOMAS
What are we waiting for? Let's see what all the fuss is about!

Maya pulls the brass key from her pocket.

MAYA
I guess it’s time.

She walks to the door, slides the key into the lock and turns it clockwise. A satisfying CLUNK as the deadbolt retracts.

She turns the knob and pulls the door open. It’s much larger and heavier than a standard door, resisting at first before slowly gaining momentum.

Iris pulls a Polaroid camera from her bag and hangs its strap around her neck.

IRIS
Can I go first?

MAYA
You always led us into adventures when we were kids. Why stop now?

Like a giddy child, Iris grabs the camera with both hands and gives it an excited shake against her chest before running inside.

Mira and Peter have grabbed their bags from the car and are waiting for their turn to enter. Thomas has opened the trunk of their car.

THOMAS
Julian! Can you give me a hand with these?

He pulls out a couple of heavy cases of food and drink and sets them on the gravel, then hoists a big duffel bag onto his shoulder.

JULIAN
I better not. I had a little accident a while ago.

He pulls on the neckline of his white T-shirt and shows a scar on his right collarbone. Faint stitch marks can still be seen.

PETER
What happened?

MAYA
Whiskey happened.

JULIAN
A staircase was involved.

MAYA
You fell from a balcony!

JULIAN
Onto a staircase.

Peter laughs. Julian's smile is embarrassed, but also somewhat proud.

MAYA
It's not funny! They had to operate on him. Six screws and a metal plate.

Peter's laughter trails off, but he can't quite hide his amusement. Thomas shouts at Julian again.

THOMAS
What? You're built like RoboCop and can't carry a case?

JULIAN
I can, but it still hurts. Better skip this one.

Thomas shuts the trunk.

THOMAS
Well, more for me!

He picks up both cases at once. Peter offers to help, but Thomas brushes him off and carries everything inside.

Mira and Peter follow. Maya and Julian hang back.

MAYA
(quietly)
Do you get it now?

She motions toward the door after Thomas.

JULIAN
Nah. It's just a man thing. He's fine.

IRIS (O.S.)
Maya! You have got to see this!

Maya peers inside, then looks at Julian.

JULIAN
I'll go get our stuff. Go ahead.

INT. HOUSE - VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

She walks into the vestibule. Iris's colorful overcoat is already hanging on the rack.

A heavy wooden bench is set by the wall. A metal box is mounted above it.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maya continues inside. She can make out some sort of double-height room, but the light coming in from the entrance isn't enough to see it clearly.

Thomas has set down the cases and heads back into the vestibule.

THOMAS (O.S.)
Hold on! There's got to be a main breaker in here somewhere!

With a series of buzzes and clicks, warm lights start coming on one section at a time, painting the house in a cozy glow.

The vestibule opens into a huge space.

Along the left wall are a closed door, an open doorway and another closed door.

To the right, the living room rises two stories high. An enormous mirror dominates the wall. Three sofas surround a coffee table in the open space before it.

Symmetrical staircases flank the mirror, leading to an upper gallery. Beneath each staircase is another closed door.

Immediately to the right of the vestibule, a sideboard stands against a short wall that runs toward the door beneath the nearer staircase.

Even the individual stories are unusually tall, giving the interior an almost monumental scale.

Maya walks into the living room. Her eyes widen in absolute wonder.

IRIS
Look at it! Just look at it!

Iris starts running around, taking photos with her Polaroid camera. The skirt of her bright dress flutters behind her.

MIRA
I must admit, this is pretty cool.

Peter nods in agreement. Maya looks around, then squints.

MAYA
It looks somehow smaller on the inside.

Julian enters the living room with a bag slung across his body from his left shoulder and a large boombox in his left hand.

JULIAN
It just feels like that, because there are no windows. Remember?

Maya looks back at Julian and notices that the front door is still open.

MAYA
Did you get everything?

JULIAN
I think so.

MAYA
You left the door open again.

EXT. HOUSE - YARD - CONTINUOUS

She walks back to the front door and takes one last look outside.

A static view from the hill, looking over a bush toward the house. Maya stands framed in the open doorway in the distance. Leaves rustle in the wind.

She pulls on the large door again, closing it with a heavy THUD.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back in the living room, the others are already exploring the house.

Maya steps through the open doorway on the left. The unusually deep opening reveals just how thick the walls are.

Beyond it is a dining room, furnished with a large dining table and eight wooden chairs.

An open door on her left leads to the kitchen. She peers inside. Opposite it, on the other side of the dining room, is another door. This one is closed.

Maya opens it, revealing a room roughly the same size as the dining room and kitchen.

A simple wooden desk and chair sit against the wall to her left. Straight ahead, a bookcase holds an assortment of books and decorative objects. Some sort of study.

She closes the door and comes back out to the living room. Mira comes out of the small room under the right staircase.

MIRA
Forget about the windows! What kind of house doesn't have a mirror in the bathroom?

She searches her purse.

MIRA (CONT'D)
I'll just use this big monster then.

She walks to the enormous mirror and starts fixing her makeup.

Maya notices that she's still holding the brass key in her hand.

MAYA
This is the only key to the house. I'm afraid I'm going to lose it.

MIRA
(without looking)
Give it to Peter. He never loses anything.

PETER
Occupational hazard. I'm an archivist.

Maya hands him the brass key.

MAYA
OK. This is your test. Don't let me down.

He nods and slips it into his pocket.

IRIS (O.S.)
Which bedroom can we take?

Maya looks up. Iris has climbed to the second floor and is peeking over the railing directly above her.

MAYA
Is there a difference?

IRIS
I didn't look. Come see!

Maya climbs the staircase on the left side of the mirror. Julian and Peter follow, carrying their overnight bags. Thomas picks up the cases again and takes them to the kitchen.

INT. HOUSE - GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

The stairs lead to an upper gallery wrapping around the living room. At the center, the gallery recedes toward three bedroom doors, leaving the middle of the room open all the way to the ceiling. The sections on either side project over the floor below.

Iris stands in the doorway of the bedroom closest to the vestibule.

IRIS
Can we have this one? It’s so nice!

MAYA
If it makes you happy.

A huge smile creeps across Iris’s face as she leaps into the room.

Maya walks to the middle door and opens it. The room is smaller than the rooms below, but still spacious.

INT. HOUSE - MIDDLE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A comfortable-looking double bed sits in the center, with matching nightstands on either side. Symmetrical wardrobes line the walls.

Maya turns and drops backward onto the bed. A puff of dust rises around her. She coughs a couple of times.

Julian enters the bedroom, sets the bag on the floor and joins Maya on the bed.

JULIAN
This is insane.

MAYA
I know.

JULIAN
You own this!

MAYA
We own this.

JULIAN
I’m pretty sure the lawyer said you.

MAYA
Shut up.

Julian puts an arm around Maya and gives her a noogie. She yelps and fights back. They wrestle on the bed, laughing.

Suddenly, a FLASH. They stop.

Iris stands in the doorway holding her Polaroid camera. A photo slides from the slot.

JULIAN
Hey!

Iris grins and shakes the Polaroid in the air.

IRIS
Where did you put the boombox? We could use some music downstairs while we set up.

JULIAN
I’ll tell you where it is if you give me that photo.

IRIS
Nope!

She runs back toward their room, giggling.

Julian gets up.

JULIAN
I’ll go set up the boombox. Come down when you’re ready, OK?

Maya nods.

INT. HOUSE - GALLERY / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julian walks downstairs, this time using the staircase above the bathroom.

Mira is still in front of the mirror, holding a black lipstick in one hand. She stares at her reflection, unusually still.

Julian walks by and gives her a pair of finger guns.

JULIAN
Looking good!

Mira snaps out of it, puts the lipstick back into her purse and follows Julian.

Julian finds the boombox behind the living room sofa where he left it and places it on the coffee table. He looks at it for a moment, dissatisfied.

Mira sits on the sofa. She watches as Julian goes to the dining room and picks up a chair.

He brings it to the living room, sets it down at the end of the coffee table and moves the boombox onto it. The chair is slightly too small.

Julian takes a cassette from his pocket. Written across the label in black marker: HOUSE MIX I. He holds it up proudly.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Let’s get this party started!

He puts it in the player, closes the lid and triumphantly pushes the play button.

Nothing happens. Julian’s posture slumps. He sighs.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Oh shit. I forgot to replace the dead batteries.

Maya comes down the same staircase as Julian did.

MAYA
Why don’t you just plug it into the wall?

She points at the outlet under the big mirror behind the boombox.

JULIAN
The cord is broken, remember?

Thomas comes in from the dining room, unwinds the cord and takes a closer look at it. The insulation is worn, exposing copper wire underneath.

THOMAS
Music man needs to watch more MacGyver! This is an easy fix.

Thomas looks around, walks to the door under the stairs to the left of the mirror and opens it.

It reveals a small, dark closet with a lightbulb hanging from the ceiling. He pulls the string.

Shelves filled with supplies line both sides of the closet. At the back, an empty paneled wall. A broom leans against it.

He rummages around, moving aside a full can of paint thinner, a sheet-metal first-aid box and some other items until he finds a roll of duct tape and a pair of wire cutters.

Thomas takes them and shuts off the light. He closes the door and walks back to the boombox.

He cuts away the damaged section of cord, strips the wires, twists them back together and wraps the repair thoroughly in duct tape.

He leaves the duct tape and wire cutters on the floor beside the chair and gets up.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
There you go, buddy!

He slaps Julian on the injured shoulder and walks back to the kitchen. Julian winces behind Thomas’s back.

Julian takes the repaired cord to the wall outlet. After a moment’s hesitation, he plugs it in. Music starts playing.

He walks to Maya, who is sitting next to Mira.

JULIAN
Even *you* have to admit that he’s handy.

Maya gives a reluctant nod of approval. The music picks up.

MONTAGE - SETTING UP THE PARTY

In the kitchen, Thomas unpacks the heavy food crates while Iris directs traffic with entirely unnecessary enthusiasm.

Cheese, a package of sliced ham, bacon and eggs disappear into the refrigerator. Two cartons of orange juice go in side by side.

Maya sets her canvas bag on the kitchen counter. A large flashlight is visible inside before she turns away to open bags of snacks and pour them into bowls.

Mira opens a cupboard and discovers a row of dusty wine glasses. She takes one, wipes it with a dish towel and pours herself some red wine.

Thomas cracks open a beer and hands it to Julian. He opens another for himself. Peter joins them with a third. Bottles clink together.

In the living room, Iris beats dust from one of the sofa cushions. A cloud rises around her. She wrinkles her nose, turns her face away and gives the cushion another whack for good measure.

Thomas sneaks up behind her and grabs her around the waist. She squeals as he tickles her, fights him off laughing, then pulls him down by the shirt and kisses him.

The repaired boombox blasts music from its chair, LED meters jumping. The duct tape and wire cutters remain forgotten beside it.

More beers are opened. One empty joins another on the coffee table, then another. By the end, at least half a dozen have accumulated among glasses and snacks.

The enormous, alien room gradually begins to look lived in. Iris moves through it all with her Polaroid camera.

Finally Iris waves everybody toward the enormous mirror. She aims the camera at their reflection, trying to fit all six of them into the frame. Everyone crowds closer.

Thomas throws an arm around Iris. Maya and Julian lean together. Peter pulls Mira against him. Even Mira gives in and smiles.

FLASH.

The Polaroid slides from the camera. Iris grabs it and watches the image slowly appear:

All six of them reflected in the enormous mirror, laughing together.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SOFA AREA - FRIDAY EVENING

Maya and Julian are sitting on the sofa opposite the mirror.

Mira and Peter are just settling on the one to their right. Mira pours herself another glass of red wine and pulls a pack of Lucky Strikes from her purse. She looks at Maya.

MIRA
Do you mind?

MAYA
Go ahead. It’s my house.

She takes a cigarette and lights it with a Zippo, then puts the lighter and the pack of smokes back in her purse.

MAYA (CONT'D)
God it feels weird to say it. It’s my house.

Thomas drops onto the third sofa, pops open another beer and takes a sip. Iris sits beside him.

He stretches out and sinks back into the cushions. As he does, his clothing shifts just enough to reveal the grip of a revolver tucked into his waistband.

Iris spots it.

IRIS
(irritated)
Oh my God. You brought that thing? In here?

Thomas puts his beer on the coffee table and draws the revolver.

PETER
Holy shit. Is that a Detective Special?

Mira looks at Peter, surprised.

Thomas releases the cylinder and swings it open. Six cartridges. He gives it a quick spin and flicks it shut.

THOMAS
Good eye. Isn’t she a beauty?

Iris points firmly toward the sideboard opposite the bathroom.

IRIS
Put it away, or I’ll divorce you first thing Monday morning.

Thomas looks at her, then rises.

THOMAS
All right, all right. Happy wife, happy life.

He walks to the sideboard and opens the top drawer, revealing some loose, unused candles.

He places the loaded revolver in the drawer, closes it, turns to Iris and gives her jazz hands.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Safe and sound!

IRIS
Thank you.

Thomas returns to the sofa. Iris gives him a quick kiss on the cheek. He smiles and takes another sip of his beer.

Mira puts out her cigarette in an ashtray beside Iris’s Polaroid camera. Iris’s eyes land on it.

IRIS
Oh! I almost forgot!

Iris starts looking through her bag. There’s a small stack of developed photos inside. She pulls out the one she snapped earlier in the bedroom.

IRIS (CONT'D)
For Mr. and Mrs. Morrow.

MAYA
We’re not married yet, Iris.

IRIS
I have a good feeling about you two. Take it!

She offers the photo to Julian.

IRIS (CONT'D)
For good luck!

Julian takes it. It’s a candid photo of Maya and Julian looking at each other on the bed, genuinely happy.

Maya looks at it too. They share a smile. Julian slides the photo into the breast pocket of his flannel shirt.

JULIAN
Thank you, Iris.

Suddenly the music stops and all lights go out. The house becomes pitch black. Iris screams. The others gasp.

A beat.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Don’t freak out! The lawyer said the house has some electrical problems.

A metallic FLICK, then a quick SCRAPE.

A small flame appears in the darkness. Mira’s face emerges behind it. She’s holding her lighter.

Julian turns to Maya.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Did you bring the flashlight?

MAYA
Yes! It’s in the canvas bag. I think I left it on the kitchen counter.

THOMAS
I’ll go get it and check the breaker.

He gets up, nods to Mira and points to the sideboard behind her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
There are candles in that drawer. Get some and light them.

He walks into the dining room and disappears into the darkness.

Mira gets up and does as instructed. She returns with six candles, wedges them into empty beer bottles and lights them one by one.

An orange glow spreads across the coffee table.

A beam of light, brighter than the candles, precedes Thomas as he strides from the kitchen through the dining room.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Found it!

He holds up a large black Maglite, then continues through the living room toward the vestibule. He returns almost immediately.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Breaker looks fine. Nothing’s tripped.

MAYA
So what happened?

THOMAS
Could be the wiring. This place is ancient.

Thomas sits back down. The flame of the candle nearest him flickers, gutters and goes out. He switches off the flashlight.

For a moment, nobody says anything. Peter turns to Maya, breaking the awkward silence.

PETER
So, what are you going to do with the house?

THOMAS
You should sell it.

MIRA
Yeah, the real estate agents would love this place.

Mira raises her wine glass and adopts an exaggeratedly proper posture.

MIRA (CONT'D)
(preppy accent)
An introvert’s dream in the countryside. Perfect for albinos. Bring a flashlight.

Iris lets out a chirp of a laugh. She immediately covers her smiling mouth with her hand.

MAYA
Maybe I’ll burn it for the insurance money.

MIRA
Can I watch? I’ll bring marshmallows!

IRIS
I think you should keep it. It’s beautiful. A bit strange, but beautiful.

JULIAN
Maybe the house was meant to find you.

Thomas switches the flashlight back on and holds it beneath his chin, lighting his face from below.

THOMAS
Ooooh!

He starts swinging the beam around the coffee table, spotlighting each speaker in turn.

MAYA
Houses don’t find people. Lawyers do.

Thomas turns the beam on Julian.

JULIAN
You don’t believe some things are supposed to happen?

Thomas turns the beam back on Maya.

MAYA
Things happen. Then people decide they were supposed to.

Iris slaps Thomas’s hand aside.

IRIS
Stop it.

Thomas switches off the flashlight and sets it on the sofa beside him. Maya’s face returns to candlelight.

MAYA
Fate is just...

She searches for the words for a second.

MAYA (CONT'D)
...hindsight wearing perfume.

MIRA
Ooh, very nice.

Mira clinks her wine glass against Maya’s beer bottle.

A beat.

JULIAN
Maybe choice is just how inevitability feels from the inside.

MAYA
Two philosophy courses and suddenly you’re Spinoza.

Julian answers a little too sharply for the occasion.

JULIAN
I’m serious.

The mood shifts. The others glance between them, suddenly aware they’re in the middle of something.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
If you could see your whole life all at once - every choice and every outcome - you'd see it couldn't have played out any other way.

MAYA
(annoyed)
That doesn't make it fate. It just means you already know what happened.

Maya gives Julian a warning look.

A tense silence.

The boombox suddenly blares back to life at full volume as the lights come back on. The group recoils, but this time no one screams.

Iris puts a hand on her chest and lets out a sigh of relief.

IRIS
Saved by the bell!

THOMAS
Time to bring out the big guns.

Iris looks at him. Before she can say anything, Thomas unzips his duffel bag beside the sofa and produces a full bottle of Jack Daniel's.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Let's get this party back on track!

He twists off the cap and offers the bottle to Julian. Julian accepts it, raises it toward Maya and smiles.

JULIAN
To Spinoza!

Julian drinks. Maya rolls her eyes, but a smile slips through.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SOFA AREA - FRIDAY NIGHT

THOMAS
I think it's time for us to hit the hay. What do you say, baby?

Iris is curled up under Thomas's arm with her eyes closed. The group has changed seats a bit. The five remaining candles have burned low.

IRIS
(yawning)
I’m still awake.

THOMAS
Yep. That’s our cue.

MIRA
I’ll join you.

Maya takes a look at her analog wristwatch and yawns as well. 1:27 A.M.

MAYA
Me too.

Maya reaches into her canvas bag and takes out a small bottle of water. She leaves the bag on the sofa and gets up.

Thomas, Iris and Mira head toward the staircase above the closet. Maya stays behind.

She looks at Peter. Then at Julian, who can barely sit upright on the sofa facing the sideboard. Then back to Peter. She doesn’t need to ask.

PETER
I think I’ll stay with him for a while longer. We’ll be up soon.

MAYA
Thanks. Don’t let him drink anymore. He’ll pass out.

Julian looks at her with a happy, drunken smile. He sways slightly on the sofa.

JULIAN
Never!

Maya ruffles Julian’s hair.

MAYA
Follow me upstairs when you remember how legs work.

Maya leaves the living room and disappears up the stairs.

The previous song ends on the boombox. A slow, brooding goth-rock track begins, heavy and atmospheric. They just sit for a while.

JULIAN
(slightly slurring)
You know she really likes you.

PETER
Maya?

JULIAN
No. Mira.

PETER
I know.

JULIAN
No you don’t. I saw her smile at you today.

Peter looks slightly perplexed.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
I’ve never seen her smile at anyone. Not like that. It’s basically...

Julian hiccups.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
...a proposal.

Peter smiles and looks down at his drink. He still has some beer left.

Julian studies him for a moment.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
You’re all right, Catman.

Peter nods and gets up.

PETER
I need the bathroom. Don’t drink any more. You’ll thank me later.

Julian has slumped even further into the sofa, but manages to perform a serviceable salute. His eyes are barely open.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter walks to the bathroom and goes in. When he closes the door behind him, he notices something odd.

The music stops.

He opens the door. The music resumes.

He closes the door again. Absolute silence.

Peter squints and listens for a while. Finally he shrugs and takes care of his business.

He flushes the toilet, turns to wash his hands and looks up where a mirror would normally be. A blank wall greets him.

Peter opens the door and the music resumes. On the sofa, Julian's chin is resting on his chest.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SOFA AREA - CONTINUOUS

Peter closes the door behind him, walks to the boombox and stops the tape. The living room becomes silent.

Peter takes the Jack Daniel's bottle from Julian's hand and places it on the coffee table. He takes a blanket from the sofa and lays it carefully over Julian.

Close on Julian under the blanket. Peter lingers at the edge of the frame, then walks away.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. HOUSE - MIDDLE BEDROOM - SATURDAY MORNING

Maya sleeps with her face buried in the pillow. Just like before, she reaches out with her eyes still closed.

This time, there's no Julian beside her. She checks her wristwatch. 8:49 A.M.

Maya gets up. She pulls a hair tie from her wrist and ties her hair back, opens the bedroom door and enters the gallery.

She closes the door behind her, looks down and sees Iris walking from the bathroom toward the dining room.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

IRIS
(almost singing)
Good morning, love! Sleep well?

THOMAS (O.S.)
Ah, Sleeping Beauty has finally awakened!

IRIS
Tom is making breakfast. You should join us.

Iris smiles up at Maya and disappears beneath the gallery into the dining room.

MIRA (O.S.)
And wake your prince. He’s still under the spell.

Maya looks toward the sofa. Julian is still fast asleep beneath a blanket, exactly where he passed out the night before.

Maya walks down the staircase above the closet and crosses to him. She gives him a gentle shake.

Julian startles awake, then immediately groans.

JULIAN
I’m never drinking whiskey again.

Maya bends down and hugs him. Julian winces.

MAYA
Sorry. How’s the shoulder?

JULIAN
I must have slept on it bad.

MAYA
You mean you passed out on it bad.

JULIAN
I guess I deserve that.

Maya straightens and walks toward the mirror. She stops in front of it.

MAYA
You know, one thing has bothered me since yesterday.

Behind her, through the opening to the dining room, Mira and Peter sit at the large dining table.

MIRA
What’s that?

Maya studies the enormous mirror.

MAYA
The front door is the only way into the house. How did they get this mirror in here?

Thomas enters the dining room from the kitchen, carrying serving dishes of scrambled eggs and fried bacon. The dining table is already crowded with food.

THOMAS
Simple.
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
They brought it in pieces and assembled it inside.

MAYA
The frame, perhaps, but the glass is one piece. There aren’t any seams.

PETER
Maybe the house was built around it?

THOMAS
Who cares? You own it now. Probably worth a fortune. Sell it with the place.

Maya places her right hand against the glass.

She studies her reflection as though searching for something she can’t quite identify.

MAYA
I get a weird feeling from it. It’s like I’m not looking at myself or something.

Behind her, the others begin settling around the dining table. She pulls her hand away from the glass and joins them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Breakfast is well underway. Half-empty plates and coffee cups cover the dining table.

Peter pours the last of the orange juice. It barely fills the glass halfway. He raises the empty carton.

PETER
Is there any more OJ?

IRIS
I’ll get it!

Iris gets up and goes to the kitchen. Peter turns to Julian.

PETER
How’s your head?

Julian startles out of his thoughts and looks at Peter, confused.

PETER (CONT'D)
I mean the hangover.

Julian realizes what he means and relaxes.

JULIAN
I've had better mornings.

MAYA
(teasing)
If you had joined me upstairs, I could have made your morning a lot better.

Julian flashes her a tired smile.

IRIS (O.S.)
Thomas!

Iris leans out from behind the open refrigerator door.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Didn't we bring two cartons of orange juice? I can't find the other one.

THOMAS
You probably just forgot to buy it.

Iris keeps rummaging through the fridge.

IRIS
No, I'm positive I got two.

THOMAS
Let it go. Catman can have coffee instead!

He pours Peter a cup without asking. Iris returns to the dining room.

IRIS
That's weird. I could've sworn--

She sneezes. Thomas reaches into his pocket and hands her a crumpled handkerchief.

THOMAS
Bless you.

MIRA
Isn't that a little... old-fashioned?

Iris blows her nose, folds the handkerchief and hands it back. Thomas slips it into his pocket.

THOMAS
Old-school gear for an old-school man!

Iris sniffles a couple of times to clear her nose.

IRIS
It’s the dust. I think I need some fresh air. I’m gonna step outside!

She smiles and walks out of the dining room toward the front door. Peter takes a sip of his coffee and turns to Maya.

PETER
What’s the plan for today?

MAYA
Well, we could follow Iris. See what else is on the property.

Thomas leans back in his chair and pats his stomach. Nothing but crumbs remain on his plate.

THOMAS
Sounds good to me. I could use a walk after all this.

He motions to the dining table.

IRIS (O.S.)
Thomas! The door is stuck!

Thomas grunts.

THOMAS
I better check it out.

He gets up and leaves the dining room. Julian follows him with his eyes and leans out to listen.

MIRA
If this party turns into a hike, I'm staying inside.

MAYA
Scared you'll catch a tan?

Peter suppresses a laugh and glances at Mira, smiling.

PETER
Yeah, we don’t go out much.

Thomas returns.

THOMAS
Peter. You still have the key?

PETER
Yes?

THOMAS
The door is not stuck. I think it’s locked.

MAYA
What?

They all get up and follow Thomas to the vestibule. Iris is waiting there, looking slightly worried.

INT. HOUSE - VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Thomas turns the knob and gives the door a firm push. The latch releases, but the door moves only slightly before catching against something solid.

THOMAS
See?

Julian looks shocked. More than the others.

JULIAN
How can it be locked? There’s no keyhole inside!

He points at the lock. Sure enough, there’s only the knob.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
We have the only key and we’re all here.

Everyone looks at Peter. He looks baffled. Thomas turns to Maya.

THOMAS
Is there a back door or something?

MIRA
I need a smoke.

She leaves the vestibule and walks toward the living room, rummaging through her purse for the pack of Luckies.

MAYA
No, I don’t think there is.

THOMAS
How about a phone?

Before anyone can answer, Mira calls out from the living room.

MIRA (O.S.)
Guys. The door isn’t the only weird thing in here.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SOFA AREA - CONTINUOUS

The others join Mira and see her standing at the coffee table. She is holding TWO IDENTICAL LIGHTERS, one in each hand. She has placed the unlit cigarette on the edge of the table.

MIRA
I don’t know what’s going on, but this is impossible.

She raises both lighters and shows them to the group. Both have the same engraving: TO MY ONE AND ONLY.

She lets her left arm drop and emphasizes the lighter in her right hand.

MIRA (CONT'D)
I’ve had this since I was fifteen. It was a gift from my dad after a particularly bad fight--

THOMAS
So he bought an engraved Zippo and the house happens to have one of the same kind.

MIRA
It’s not the same kind. It’s the same lighter! Custom engraved!

THOMAS
Don’t be silly.

MIRA
Look! It even has the same dents!

She raises both lighters again for the others to see.

THOMAS
Let’s just find the phone. No need to get irrational just yet.

Thomas walks away. Julian and Maya follow him.

Mira throws the lighter in her left hand to the floor.

MIRA
Fuck!

She drops onto the sofa.

Iris stays behind. Peter does too, keeping his distance. After a moment, Iris takes a step closer.

IRIS
Why did he give you a lighter?
Isn’t that a bit... irresponsible?

Mira turns the lighter over in her fingers, her thumb passing across the engraving.

MIRA
I was a rebellious teenager and he knew I smoked. I guess it was his way of bonding with me. And to be honest, it worked...

She closes her fist around the lighter and squeezes it.

MIRA (CONT'D)
...right until he decided to fuck the twenty-something waitress from the diner down the block.

Iris’s expression changes. She looks more sympathetic than sad.

MIRA (CONT'D)
The irresponsible part was that he left us when my mother found out. Right then and there. Didn’t even say goodbye. Goddamn coward.

Mira opens her fist and looks down at the lighter resting on her palm.

MIRA (CONT'D)
They live somewhere on the West Coast. I hear they even have a daughter now.

Peter sits down beside Mira, but doesn’t touch her. He knows better.

Mira picks up the cigarette and finally lights it. No one says a word.

Iris turns to look as Thomas comes down the staircase above the closet. Maya follows.

THOMAS
No phones in the bedrooms.

Julian emerges from the study through the door leading directly into the living room and closes it behind him.

JULIAN
No phone in the study either.

MAYA
And we just spent the whole morning in the kitchen and the dining room. Someone would have noticed a phone if there was one.

IRIS
So what do we do?

Thomas looks at Peter.

THOMAS
Peter. Show me the key.

Peter pulls the brass key from his pocket and holds it up.

PETER
Still here.

THOMAS
And it never left your pocket last night?

PETER
No.

Thomas's eyes narrow slightly as he studies Peter.

IRIS
Honey. He didn't lock the door from outside while sitting in here.

THOMAS
I know. I'm just trying to make sense of this.

Mira gets up from the sofa, still smoking her cigarette.

MIRA
Let's break it.

THOMAS
With what?

MIRA
I don't know. You're the MacGyver, figure something out.

She stubs out the cigarette in the ashtray and walks into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

Thomas thinks for a moment, then hurries back into the vestibule. The others watch as he crouches beside the heavy

wooden bench tucked around the corner.

THOMAS
Peter! Come here!

Peter gets up and looks toward him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
This thing is solid oak. We can use it as a battering ram!

INT. HOUSE - VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Peter puts the key back into his pocket and joins him. He struggles a little, but together they manage to lift the bench and get into position.

THOMAS
On three! One. Two--

CRASH. The oak bench slams into the door.

They fall into a rhythm, driving the bench into the door again and again. Finally they stop and assess the damage.

The door has a couple of scratches, but that’s it. The bench, on the other hand, has started to crack.

Peter looks at the door, confused.

PETER
What is this thing made of?

IRIS (O.S.)
We’re trapped.

Thomas turns and finds Iris standing just behind them. She looks genuinely worried now.

THOMAS
I think you might be right.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone returns to the living room. Mira has come out of the bathroom as well. Thomas sets himself in front of the others.

THOMAS
All right. Nobody panic.

He thinks for a beat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
We've got food, water and electricity. Somebody's going to notice six people are missing eventually.

Maya motions to the group.

MAYA
Did you tell anyone where you went?

Mira, Peter and Iris shake their heads. Julian perks up.

JULIAN
The lawyer knows we're here!

He suddenly looks less optimistic.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Or at least he knows we'd go sooner or later.

THOMAS
That's good enough. If we don't show up on Monday, somebody starts asking questions.

IRIS
(worried)
We brought food for two days. How long does that last?

Thomas hesitates. His eyes move across the group as he recalculates.

THOMAS
It should be enough if we ration it. No snacking.

He looks around at the others.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Until then, we stay calm and try to figure this out. There's got to be something we missed.

MIRA
Yeah, maybe we could escape using one of the windows.

Glass shatters off screen.

The group turns toward the sound and finds Julian crouching on the floor beside the coffee table. He has knocked off a wine glass and is picking up the pieces.

JULIAN
My bad. I got it.

He cuts his finger on one of the shards. He winces. Thomas notices the blood and turns to Iris.

THOMAS
Honey, could you grab some disinfectant and a bandage for Julian? There’s a first-aid kit in the closet.

Julian gets up abruptly.

JULIAN
No! I’m fine!

Iris heads to the closet.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CLOSET AREA - CONTINUOUS

IRIS
Hang on, dear! Help is on the...

A CORPSE pitches against her. A broom clatters down with it as the body collapses onto the floor.

IRIS (CONT'D)
(screaming)
...what the fuck!

She panics and runs to Thomas, who catches her in a bear hug.

He throws a quick look at the corpse. No immediate danger. He turns his back to it and holds Iris’s head against his chest so she can’t see.

THOMAS
Shh. Calm down, baby. Calm down. You’re safe.

In the background, Maya approaches the corpse cautiously as others watch in horror. She takes a closer look. The light in the closet is on.

MAYA
Thomas.

Thomas keeps comforting Iris. He doesn’t reply.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Thomas, I think you should see this.

Thomas still doesn’t react.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Tom... It’s you.

The corpse has been lying on its left side. Maya nudges it onto its back, revealing the bloodied face of Thomas. He has a bullet wound in his right temple. Some of the blood still hasn’t dried.

Thomas finally lets go of Iris and turns around. He walks to the corpse.

It has some bruising and is dressed in the exact same clothes Thomas is wearing. Shallow pressure marks circle its wrists, as if they were recently bound.

Thomas’s eyes widen as he realizes Maya is right. For a moment, he just stares.

He crouches beside it and studies the face, then the clothes. His eyes drop to the dead man’s left hand. He reaches for it and finds a wedding ring.

His wedding ring.

Thomas looks at the one on his own finger. He drops the dead arm and gets back to his feet.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THOMAS
All right. Nobody touches anything!

He looks around at the others. His breathing is a little too fast.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I don’t know what the hell is going on, but that’s not me.

PETER
It sure looks like you.

THOMAS
(shouting)
Shut up!

Iris flinches a little. Thomas catches himself. He takes a breath and lowers his voice.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Now’s not the time to lose our shit. We can figure this out.

MIRA
(to herself)
It’s the mirror...

THOMAS
What did you say?

MIRA
Remember what Maya said before breakfast? About how the mirror gave her a weird feeling?

She has their attention.

MIRA (CONT'D)
I had the same feeling when I stayed downstairs to fix my makeup last night. When you went to claim the bedrooms.

Maya looks toward her bedroom, then back to Mira.

MIRA (CONT'D)
Then the lighters. Now...

Mira points at the corpse.

MIRA (CONT'D)
...this.

MAYA
What are you trying to say?

MIRA
I think... I think the house is making copies and it has something to do with that mirror.

Everyone looks at the mirror. Mira’s eyes widen.

MIRA (CONT'D)
Oh! There’s also the statue!

THOMAS
What the hell are you talking about?

Mira points to the front door.

MIRA
The statue with the two faces! Above the entrance. There’s no way that’s a co--

THOMAS
Enough with your woo-woo bullshit. There's a rational explanation to all of this. There has to be.

Mira's flash of realization hardens into anger.

MIRA
Oh, fuck this...

She picks up the nearly empty Jack Daniel's bottle from the coffee table and starts to drink--

THOMAS
Put it down, Mira.

Mira finishes her drink and points the bottle at Thomas. Some whiskey still sloshes in the bottom.

MIRA
...and fuck you!

She stares Thomas down with a look that could freeze an ocean. Thomas stares back, but doesn't react. He turns to the others.

THOMAS
So, does any sane person have any theories?

MIRA
(shouting)
I already told you! It's that goddamn *mirror*!

She hurls the Jack Daniel's bottle at it. A trail of whiskey flies through the air and splashes onto the hardwood floor.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MIRROR AREA - CONTINUOUS

The bottle slams into the mirror. A large crack begins spreading slowly from the impact point.

Finally, a triangular piece falls to the floor, leaving a head-sized opening at eye level. Behind it is not a wall... but thick glass, revealing a brightly lit space.

A sharp beam of fluorescent light cuts through the dim living room, illuminating dust suspended in the air.

No one says a word.

Maya steps into the beam and peers through the opening into the mysterious room beyond. Iris edges closer, hands held near her chest, leaning slightly to see past Maya.

IRIS
What’s... What’s in there?

MAYA
I don’t know. Some sort of... control room.

Finally, she turns to the others.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Help me break more of this mirror!

She reaches for another piece. Julian catches her arm.

JULIAN
Wait. There’s a lot more of that thing above us.

He looks up at the towering mirror.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
We bring it down, someone’s getting cut.

Peter sets the boombox on the floor and picks up the chair that supported it. He takes a step toward the mirror.

PETER
Let’s try this.

Maya backs up. Julian follows suit.

Peter extends his arms, holding the chair as far from his body as possible, and starts smashing its legs around the edge of the hole.

A couple more pieces fall away, enlarging the opening to roughly three feet across. New cracks spread across the mirror. The existing ones widen.

THOMAS
That’s enough.

Peter stops.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Julian’s right. We don’t want a hundred pounds of sharp glass on us.

Peter nods and lowers the chair to the floor. Maya slides it out of the way toward the closet and peers through the opening again.

Beyond the glass is a long, shallow room of white concrete. The back wall is only a few feet away, but the room stretches far

in either direction.

Harsh fluorescent lights give the space a clinical feel.

Directly behind the glass is a narrow walkway. Beyond it stands a long desk, running parallel to the mirror. An old office chair on wheels sits behind it, almost touching the wall.

The desk holds some kind of console. Beside it sits a row of identical CRT monitors, their backs facing the living room.

The desktop rests on two metal filing cabinets. A thick bundle of cables disappears from the console into a recessed channel in the concrete floor.

Maya turns toward Thomas.

MAYA
Can we break the glass?

Thomas steps closer and examines the thick pane.

THOMAS
This thing’s at least three inches thick. We’re not getting through it without a bulldozer.

IRIS
Can you see a door inside?

Maya takes another look.

MAYA
Not from here... but the room continues in both directions.

Thomas takes a step back. Iris finally dares to move closer and take a look herself.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THOMAS
All right. If there’s a room back there, there’s a way into it.

Thomas takes control again.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
We go through the house again. Properly this time. Walls, floors, everything.

PETER
Wait.

Everyone turns to Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)
Maybe we should think about this before we start crawling into hidden spaces.

He motions toward the corpse.

PETER (CONT'D)
Somebody put him in that closet.

A silence.

PETER (CONT'D)
What if Mira’s right?

THOMAS
(annoyed)
Don’t start.

PETER
What if there are more?

THOMAS
More what?

PETER
More of us.

Nobody answers. Thomas looks at the control room again.

THOMAS
Whatever’s happening, we’re not going to figure it out standing here.

He thinks for a moment.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
We’ll go in pairs.

He starts pointing at people.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Maya and Julian - you take the bedrooms. Mira and Peter - you check out the kitchen, dining room and study.

Mira walks to Peter. Julian suddenly looks nervous.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Iris and I check out the rest.

Just as Julian is about to say something, Iris gasps and raises a hand to her mouth.

A SECOND MIRA rushes in from the dining room.

MIRA
(second)
Peter! You must get away from--

The others watch in horror as Thomas catches her from behind, clamps a hand over her mouth and locks his other arm around her. Second Mira thrashes against him, but in his grip she seems almost weightless.

THOMAS
Julian! Grab that chair!

Julian just stands there in shock. His eyes dart between Thomas and Second Mira, but he doesn't move. Thomas turns to Peter.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Peter!

Second Mira mumbles frantically. Her eyes try to communicate something urgent.

No one makes a move. Thomas drags second Mira across the floor and takes the chair himself. He pulls it several feet away from the others and forces her onto it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Goddamn it! Someone get that tape!
Iris!

Iris snaps out of it and fetches the duct tape from the floor beside the boombox. She holds it out to Thomas.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
No! Use it!

Iris fumbles for the end of the roll with shaking hands. She finally manages to pull out a strip of tape. Thomas lets go of second Mira's mouth and quickly reaches into his pocket.

She gasps for air.

MIRA
(second)
Stop! I'm the re--

Thomas stuffs the handkerchief into second Mira's mouth, takes the strip of tape from Iris and slaps it across her lips.

THOMAS
Tape her to the chair.

Iris takes the roll and winds it around second Mira's torso, upper arms and the back of the chair. She struggles violently, but Thomas holds her in place.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Tighter!

Once her body is secured, Thomas lets go.

He takes the roll from Iris, catches one of second Mira's kicking legs and tapes the ankle to the chair leg, then does the same with the other. Finally, he binds her wrists behind the backrest.

Second Mira keeps mumbling and thrashing, but all she manages is a helpless clatter of the chair legs against the floor.

Iris takes a step back. She looks at second Mira, shaken by what she's helped do.

Peter looks even more disturbed. Seeing second Mira bound to the chair clearly bothers him.

PETER
What was she going to say?

THOMAS
I don't give a rat's ass right now.

PETER
She was trying to warn me about something--

THOMAS
(shouting)
Enough!

Iris flinches again. She's looking increasingly worried. Thomas is too worked up to notice this time.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
We need to slow the fuck down and think this through before we do *anything*.

Peter looks at Mira. Something has changed in the way he sees her. Mira notices. She takes a step back.

Second Mira keeps mumbling louder and louder. Tears stream down her taped face as she stares straight into Peter's eyes, pleading.

IRIS
Tom. I think we should listen to Peter. What could it hurt?

THOMAS
No. Absolutely not.

Thomas looks toward the closet. The corpse is still lying on the floor nearby.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
The last thing we need right now is that thing putting ideas in people’s heads.

PETER
What ideas?

Thomas doesn’t answer.

He lowers his head, closes his eyes and rubs his sweaty forehead with his fingertips.

Second Mira’s mumbling changes tone. She’s still as desperate as before, but now she seems to be trying to say something different. Her eyes fix on something beyond Peter.

Peter has had enough.

PETER (CONT'D)
I’m taking it off.

He steps toward the chair and reaches for the tape covering second Mira’s mouth.

Close on her mouth as he rips the tape off.

BANG.

A gunshot echoes through the enormous space.

Everyone turns toward the sideboard. Mira stands there with the smoking gun, still aiming at the chair. The drawer behind her is open.

No one moves.

MIRA
I know what it was going to say.

Her lip quivers a little.

MIRA (CONT'D)
That’s a lie. I’m real.

Thomas starts inching closer to Mira, slightly crouched, his hands raised.

THOMAS
Mira. Put it down.

Mira hesitates for a moment, then lowers the gun. Thomas moves closer.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Now give the gun to me.

She hands it over and bursts into tears.

Thomas takes the gun and slowly straightens. The tension leaves his posture.

Peter looks at Mira in horror. Then at second Mira, now slumped in the chair. Blood seeps from a bullet wound in her chest, soaking into her black clothes.

PETER
Why did you do that? Now we'll never know what she was trying to say!

Mira keeps crying.

THOMAS
Maybe it's for the best.

Iris picks up a blanket from the sofa and starts covering the body, still slumped in the chair.

MIRA
(hysterical)
Don't you dare give that thing dignity! It's not human!

Iris stops. She pulls the blanket away and steps back. We linger on the bound, lifeless body for a moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SOFA AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Mira sits on the sofa, still sniffling. Iris sits beside her, doing her best to comfort her.

The others stand around the sofas, shaken and uncertain. Thomas paces nearby.

PETER
All right.
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
Let’s think this through. What do we actually know?

Everyone turns to him. Peter points at the two bodies.

PETER (CONT'D)
There are clearly copies of us in this house.

IRIS
You mean all of us? Is there another me in here too?

PETER
We don’t know that. But no one can deny that there are at least some copies.

MAYA
Peter’s right. There might be more.

THOMAS
Let’s not jump to conclusions yet.

Thomas stops pacing on the other side of the room from Peter.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I think we should continue looking for a way into that room.

Thomas nods at the broken mirror. Peter’s eyes dart around the group. Finally he shakes his head.

PETER
What if one of us is a copy?

Silence as the implication lands. Julian’s eyes flick toward Second Mira’s body.

PETER (CONT'D)
We need to know who we can trust before we make any more...

He glances at Mira.

PETER (CONT'D)
...decisions.

IRIS
How do we do that?

PETER
We can start by mapping out everyone’s accounts.
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
Maybe something sticks out.

No one objects.

THOMAS
Fair enough. We'll start with you.

He plants his free hand on his hip and stares at Peter.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
We were all together until we went to sleep. What happened here after that?

PETER
I stayed with Julian until he passed out. Then I followed Mira to the bedroom. That's it.

Mira looks at Peter, suddenly realizing something.

MIRA
I woke up with you, but I don't remember you coming in. I had already fallen asleep.

Peter looks at Mira. Then at Julian. Julian shrugs.

JULIAN
I was passed out.

THOMAS
OK. That's one gap.

MAYA
More than one. Mira was alone as well.

THOMAS
By that logic, none of you can be accounted for. You and Julian slept in different rooms.

He points at Iris.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I was with Iris the whole night.

IRIS
No you weren't. I woke up alone.

THOMAS
You woke up like five minutes after me.
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I only had time to go to the bathroom.

IRIS
I don’t know that.

Thomas looks at Julian.

THOMAS
You saw us. You were on the sofa when we came down.

Julian shakes his head.

JULIAN
Nope. Still passed out.

Thomas doesn’t know what to say.

PETER
OK. So none of us has an alibi. What else is there?

THOMAS
The key.

PETER
What about it?

THOMAS
Maya gave it to you and in the morning the door was locked.

PETER
Didn’t we already go through this earlier? There’s no keyhole on the inside.

THOMAS
But if there’s another you, there might be another key.

PETER
That sounds an awful lot like an accusation.

Peter nods toward the corpse by the closet.

PETER (CONT'D)
Pretty rich coming from the guy holding a gun when the other you has a bullet in his head.

THOMAS
How the hell could I have shot someone in here? Everyone would have heard it.

PETER
Last night, before Julian passed out, I noticed the bathroom door is soundproof. I'm pretty sure it's not the only one.

IRIS
I noticed it too. This morning.

MAYA
He's right. When I went to sleep last night, our bedroom was eerily silent. I swear I could've heard my own heartbeat.

THOMAS
(agitated)
The gun was in the drawer! You all saw Mira take it from there.

PETER
You could have put it back in.

A tense silence. Peter takes a cautious step toward Thomas.

PETER (CONT'D)
I think you should give the gun to me, Thomas.

THOMAS
No.

PETER
At least open the cylinder.

Thomas looks confused.

THOMAS
Why?

PETER
You had six rounds when we got here. Mira fired one. If you're telling the truth, there should be five live rounds left.

Thomas glances down at the gun in his hand.

IRIS
Tom...

Thomas tears his eyes from the gun and looks back at Peter. He shakes his head.

THOMAS
That doesn’t prove anything! Even if there were only four left, it still doesn’t make me a killer.

PETER
No one’s calling you a killer, Tom.

Thomas grips the gun. He looks around at the others like an animal forced into a corner.

Peter takes another step and extends his hand toward Thomas.

PETER (CONT'D)
Please give me the gun.

THOMAS
Fuck you!

Iris gets to her feet, deeply unsettled.

IRIS
Just open it, Tom!

THOMAS
I said no.

He grips the gun tighter and keeps staring at Peter.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I’m not giving this gun to anyone until I know what the fuck is going on!

He looks around at the others.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Why are you all piling on me? He’s the one you should be worried about!

He jerks his chin toward Peter.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Can’t you see? He’s turning you against me!

PETER
Then prove me wrong. Open it.

Peter inches closer and reaches toward the gun. Thomas snaps it up at him.

THOMAS
Stay back!

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter freezes, raises his hands and backs off. Mira gets to her feet and instinctively backs away toward the study.

JULIAN
Calm down, Tom. Let's not do anything stupid here.

The gun stays trained on Peter. A drop of sweat slides down Thomas's temple.

IRIS
Tom, please! Put the gun down!

THOMAS
No, Iris. I'm keeping you safe if it kills me.

IRIS
You're scaring me!

THOMAS
I'm trying to protect you!

PETER
It doesn't look like it.

THOMAS
You shut the fuck up!

MIRA
Peter, back off!

Peter looks at her incredulously.

PETER
What?

MIRA
Let it go!

MAYA
Everybody stop! Thomas, lower the gun.

The room becomes a cacophony of voices as everyone tries to say something at once:

JULIAN
Put it down!

IRIS
Listen to Maya!

PETER
Just show us the bullets!

MIRA
Stop it!

Thomas finally snaps.

THOMAS
(shouting)
I said NO!

BLACKOUT.

Absolute darkness.

For a moment, the only sound is the group’s quickened breathing.

JULIAN
Where’s the flashlight?

MAYA
I think it’s still on the sofa.

THOMAS
(shouting)
Nobody move!

Footsteps. A door opens somewhere in the darkness.

More footsteps. A rustle of clothing. Then--

A FLASH of light and a deafening BANG.

For a beat, nobody even breathes. As the echo of the gunshot dies away, the silence becomes unbearable.

Finally, a FLICK. Then a SCRAPE.

A flame appears in the darkness. Mira has found her lighter. Her face emerges in its glow again. The study door stands ajar behind her.

IRIS (O.S.)
(voice shaking)
Is everyone all right?

Nothing.

MIRA
...Peter?

PETER (O.S.)
(coughing)
I’m fine!

IRIS
...Thomas?

A beat.

The lights come back on. Everyone seems OK.

Suddenly Iris gasps. She points at Peter’s chest.

Close on Peter as he looks down. We follow his gaze to a red stain spreading across his shirt.

PETER
Oh...

His knees give out. He collapses to the floor.

Mira is still holding the lighter. Horrified, she backs into the study and closes the door behind her.

For the first time, Thomas looks like he doesn’t know what to do. He just stands there, gun in hand, staring at the motionless Peter on the floor.

MAYA
What did you do, Tom?

Thomas doesn’t answer.

MAYA (CONT'D)
(shouting)
What did you do?

THOMAS
He grabbed me... He grabbed me in the darkness. The gun just-- I didn’t mean to...

Iris snaps out of her shock and rushes to Peter. She tries to apply pressure to the wound, but clearly has no idea what she’s doing.

IRIS
Does anyone know CPR?

No one answers. Peter takes one last shallow breath and goes still. Iris stares at him for a moment.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Give me the gun.

Thomas stands frozen. Iris turns to him, still crouched over Peter.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Give me the fucking gun!

Thomas takes a step back and looks at her.

THOMAS
No.

Iris looks at him in utter disbelief. She slowly gets up.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
That wasn't Peter. Not the real one.

IRIS
Of course it was! And you shot him!

THOMAS
How do you know that?

Iris stares at him with an expression he's never seen on her face before.

IRIS
You're scared, Tom.

Something in Thomas changes. He turns and points the gun at Maya and Julian.

THOMAS
You two. Upstairs. Now.

JULIAN
What?

THOMAS
I need five fucking minutes alone with my wife without anyone getting in the middle of it.

He motions with the gun toward the stairs above the closet.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You're going to go to your bedroom and stay there while we have a little talk.

Maya and Julian just stare at him for a beat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Move!

They walk to the staircase and start climbing. Thomas follows them, keeping the gun trained on them.

IRIS
What the hell are you doing?

THOMAS
Still protecting you. So help me God.

INT. HOUSE - GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

All three reach the gallery. Iris follows a few steps behind.

IRIS
Stop it! You’re not helping anyone!

Maya stops and turns toward Iris.

MAYA
Iris, come with us.

THOMAS
Get in the goddamn bedroom!

MAYA
I’m not leaving her alone with you.

Thomas grabs Maya by the arm. She pulls free.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Get your hands off me.

Thomas lashes out and strikes her across the face.

Maya stumbles sideways.

Julian reacts before thought can catch up. He launches himself at Thomas with a sudden, animal fury.

Thomas points the gun directly at him and--

IRIS
(shouting)
No!

Iris grabs a fistful of Thomas’s shirt from behind and yanks at him.

Thomas stumbles backward, fails to grab the railing and falls down the stairs. His head hammers violently against the steps as he tumbles.

BANG.

The gun fires mid-fall as he continues down the remaining steps and finally slams face-down onto the living room floor.

He lies motionless.

IRIS (CONT'D)
(screaming)
No!

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Iris runs down the stairs to him.

Gathering all her strength, she manages to turn Thomas onto his back, revealing a long cut across his forehead. His eyes stare at nothing as blood runs freely across his face.

IRIS
(sobbing)
I didn't mean to...

She hugs Thomas and cries helplessly.

MAYA
Do you think he--

JULIAN
Yeah. Looks pretty bad.

Maya and Julian follow Iris downstairs.

Julian crouches and presses two fingers to Thomas's neck. After only a moment, he looks at Maya and shakes his head.

He pulls Maya aside.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Listen. I know how to get behind that mirror.

MAYA
What?

JULIAN
I think we should go there and try to find a way out while we can.

Maya looks at Julian, confused.

Then at Iris, collapsed over Thomas and bawling her eyes out. She spots the gun, still clutched in Thomas's hand.

She pulls herself together.

MAYA
All right. Let’s give Iris a moment, but I better take the gun. What about Mira?

JULIAN
Mira can wait. She’s probably just hiding somewhere.

Maya nods. She crouches and takes the gun while trying not to disturb Iris.

MAYA
Iris. Stay here for now. We’ll come get you, OK?

Iris doesn’t answer.

Julian offers Maya a hand and pulls her up from the floor. He leads her toward the study and opens the direct door.

Maya realizes something and stops. She runs to the sofas.

Her back to the dining room, she picks up her canvas bag and the flashlight and returns to Julian. She holds up the flashlight to him.

MAYA (CONT'D)
In case of another blackout.

She puts the flashlight in her canvas bag and they enter the study. They leave the door open behind them.

INT. HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Julian crouches and touches something on the floor. Maya can’t see what. Before she can ask, a section of the wooden paneling begins to rise silently.

Maya recoils.

MAYA
How... How do you know about this?

JULIAN
Not now. I’ll tell you later.

The panel lifts on a heavy hinge, pushed up by two hydraulic pistons. Beneath it, a 45-degree staircase descends into the unknown.

Julian grabs the wooden chair from the desk and wedges it beneath the raised panel. Maya looks even more puzzled.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
For Iris. In case she needs to-- um, decides to follow us on her own.

Julian disappears down the stairs. Maya stays behind. She hesitates.

JULIAN (CONT'D) (O.S.)
Come on!

Maya reluctantly follows.

INT. HOUSE - STUDY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

A dim, concrete tunnel stretches beneath the house.

It’s illuminated only by the light spilling in from the study, the glow of a small CRT set into the left wall, and a small open hatch at the far end.

Julian has already reached the hatch and is waiting beside the steep, ladder-like stairs leading up to it.

Suddenly the study hatch behind Maya starts to close, catches the chair and stops grudgingly. Maya proceeds cautiously.

Halfway along the tunnel, a second passage forks off into darkness on the right. She stops at the fork and peers into the dark path.

MAYA
Where does that one go?

JULIAN
You don’t want to go there. Trust me.

He motions Maya to follow him and climbs up the steep staircase. Maya takes one last look into the dark passage, then hurries after him.

INT. HOUSE - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maya’s head emerges from the hatch. She looks around. She can finally see the control room in its entirety.

The long, narrow space extends far beyond what was visible through the broken mirror, almost the full length of the living room.

At the far end is a closed, elevator-like metal door. Beside it is a metal box with a keyhole in it.

Maya climbs fully into the room while Julian paces around looking for something.

She walks toward the metal door, but stops at the hole in the mirror. From this side, the remaining surface is so distorted by the cracks that it’s practically opaque.

She looks through the hole and sees a sliver of the living room - the sofas, the coffee table and the slumped body of Mira’s double, still bound to the chair.

MAYA
You really need to tell me what’s going on.

CRASH.

Maya flinches and turns. Julian has grabbed the office chair from behind the desk and is slamming it against the metal box.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Stop!

Julian stops. There’s not even a dent on the box.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Let me take a look.

Julian puts the chair down. Maya studies the keyhole in the box.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Doesn’t that shape look familiar to you?

Julian looks confused and shakes his head. Maya looks even closer.

MAYA (CONT'D)
I think the key might fit.

JULIAN
I already tried--
(realizing)
Wait. What key?

MAYA
The one from the lawyer. The front door key.

Julian thinks for a second and perks up.

JULIAN
Peter! Peter still has it!

He rushes back to the hatch.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
I'll get the key. And Iris!

MAYA
What about Mira?

Julian has already disappeared into the tunnel below.

Maya looks around.

Through the clear hole in the mirror, she sees Iris walk toward the bathroom. Her makeup is running down her face and she's still sobbing, but she has clearly regained some composure.

A dark shape reflected in the glass catches Maya's eye.

She turns and notices a thick black binder lying face-down deep under the desk. She crouches and picks it up with her free hand.

Something underneath is revealed - a Polaroid lies where the binder had been.

It's the one Iris took of them in the bedroom last night. Surprised, Maya sets the binder back down and picks up the photo instead.

She studies it for a moment. Nothing seems amiss until she turns it around. In bold letters, written with a black marker:

DON'T TRUST HIM.

She looks at the hatch. Then at the gun.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julian runs to the living room. The bathroom door is closed.

JULIAN
Iris!

Iris is nowhere to be seen. Thomas still lies at the bottom of the stairs. Iris has covered his body with a blanket.

He runs to Peter's bloodied corpse and crouches beside him. He checks his pockets and finally finds the brass key.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Thank you, Peter.

He gently pats Peter's chest with the hand holding the key.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
You never did lose anything.

He gets up and starts looking around.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Iris! Time to go!

He hears something in the dining room. He walks closer, squinting, and stops in his tracks.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Julian emerges from the hatch. His hands are stained with blood, one holding the brass key.

JULIAN
Maya! I need to tell you something!

As he looks up, he sees Maya standing in front of the metal door. She is pointing the gun directly at him.

MAYA
Yes. You do.

She holds up the bedroom Polaroid and turns it around, showing the note. She motions Julian out of the hatch with the gun.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Climb out and back up against the wall.

Julian climbs into the control room, raises his hands and does as instructed.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Now, you’re going to tell me everything you know, or we’re going to have a bad time.

JULIAN
You don’t understand! This is not the time to--

MAYA
(shouting)
Talk!

Julian looks at the floor, sighs and closes his eyes.

JULIAN
All right.

He lets his arms drop and meets Maya’s eyes. She grips the gun with both hands, scared but utterly committed. The Polaroid still hangs in her fingers.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
This morning I woke up on the floor of this room.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. HOUSE - CONTROL ROOM - SATURDAY MORNING

A bright, unfocused light.

Julian wakes on the floor of the control room, hungover and with a splitting headache. The fluorescent lights stab at his eyes. He shields them with one hand.

JULIAN
...what?

He struggles onto all fours, then uses the desk to pull himself upright. He turns and sees the window. At first, his foggy mind can’t make sense of what’s on the other side.

Then he sees him. ANOTHER JULIAN lies asleep beneath a blanket on the living room sofa.

Julian freezes.

Before he can process what he’s witnessing, Maya comes down the staircase above the closet and walks toward the sofa. She reaches for the other Julian.

With a sudden rush of adrenaline, Julian lunges at the glass, pounding it with both fists.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Maya! That’s not me! Maya!

Julian pounds harder. The thick glass answers with only a dull thud. Maya doesn’t react. Neither does anyone at the dining table beyond the living room.

He turns and frantically searches for something to write with. He finds a black marker on the desk, but nothing to write on.

Suddenly he remembers the bedroom Polaroid in his pocket. He whips it out and writes DON’T TRUST HIM across the back. He drops the marker and slams the photo against the window.

On the other side, Maya gets up and walks toward the mirror. For a moment, it looks like she’s reading the note.

Maya says something to the others behind her, then places her right hand against the glass. Julian raises his left hand to meet hers from the other side, staring directly into her eyes.

The camera glides slowly through the glass. For a beat, the pane divides the frame perfectly in two - Maya on one side, Julian on the other, their hands aligned.

As the camera emerges on Maya's side, the true separation between them is revealed. Maya is looking at her own reflection.

Back on Julian. It finally hits him.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
She can't see me.

Maya leaves the mirror and joins the others for breakfast.

Julian lets the Polaroid slip from his fingers. It brushes against the glass and flutters beneath the desk, landing face up near the right-hand filing cabinet.

Julian quickly scans the room. He notices a metal door on the left. He runs to it and searches for a way to open it.

A metal box with a keyhole is mounted beside the door. Julian tries to pull it open with his bare hands, but it's locked tight.

He turns and spots a closed hatch in the floor to the right of the window. He dashes over and pulls at its handle. It won't budge either.

Getting back to his feet, Julian notices a control panel on the wall above the hatch. An empty keycard slot sits beneath a small digital display: LOCK ENGAGED.

Julian searches behind the desk, checking the floor and the equipment. He tries both filing cabinets, but they're locked as well.

JULIAN (V.O.)
When I couldn't find the keycard, I just... accepted it. There was no way out.

Julian walks back to the window and looks at the dining table. The panic has drained out of him.

A silent montage of the morning's events starts playing from the control room's perspective.

JULIAN (CONT'D) (V.O.)
The other Julian aside, breakfast seemed normal. Everyone looked happy.

Iris exits the dining room and disappears into the vestibule. Soon, Thomas follows her.

JULIAN (CONT'D) (V.O.)
Soon everyone went to the front door. Mira came back in and started freaking out about something.

The others come back into the living room. They have a heated conversation. Julian can’t see what it’s about - Mira has her back to the mirror.

JULIAN (CONT'D) (V.O.)
I kept watching the other Julian. He stayed in the background. Looked suspicious as hell.

Julian’s unease returns.

He turns from the window and walks behind the desk. A row of four identical CRT monitors faces him, next to a console crowded with illuminated buttons and other controls.

A digital display labeled NEXT POWER CYCLE counts down from 00:21:35. Julian gives it only a passing glance before turning to the monitors.

Labels above the screens read: BEDROOM 1, BEDROOM 2, BEDROOM 3. The fourth label has fallen off.

Small green lights indicate that all four monitors are on standby. Julian switches on the first. The degaussing coil gives a soft thump as the CRT sizzles to life.

A black-and-white image slowly emerges on the tube - blurry and dim at first, then sharpening into a view of a bed from a slightly tilted overhead angle.

Two figures lie beneath the covers, asleep on their sides.

JULIAN
What the hell...

He glances through the one-way mirror. All six of them are still there, talking in the living room. Julian turns back to the monitor and leans closer.

One of the figures rolls onto her back. Her face comes into view.

It’s Iris. Julian immediately recognizes Thomas as well.

He drops into the office chair and switches on monitors two and three. They reveal similar scenes, but with only one occupant each:

Maya on the second. Mira on the third.

Julian looks up. Peter is sitting beside Mira on the sofa.

Julian wheels himself to the right and turns to the fourth monitor. A rectangular shape has been burned into the phosphor, faintly visible even with the screen off.

He switches it on and waits.

An image appears, but it remains dim and out of focus. Every few seconds it flares brighter, as though the old tube is struggling to hold the picture, but the subject is unmistakable:

An elevator-like metal door set into concrete.

Julian looks at the missing label. Then at the metal door to his left. It looks very similar to the one on the screen.

He searches the ceiling for a camera and finds one high in the corner - but it seems to be aimed the wrong way, toward the hatch.

A button catches his eye on the console to the right of the monitor. The label above it reads: STAFF ENTRANCE.

He gives it a short push, keeping his eyes on the metal door in the control room.

It doesn’t open.

At the edge of his vision, the doors on the monitor slide open a couple of inches, then close again. He barely registers it.

A flash of light follows, brighter than the ones before.

Julian studies the console for a moment. He pushes the button again, this time holding it slightly longer. His eyes stay on the monitor.

The doors open a little farther, then close the moment he releases the button.

A flicker on the screen. Shadows seem to move across the floor, but the failing tube makes it impossible to tell.

He leans closer and presses the button a third time, holding it down. The doors open fully, revealing a pitch-black space beyond.

A FIGURE runs through the open doorway into the darkness.

Julian recoils. He releases the button and stumbles backward into the chair, driving it hard against the wall. He stares at the monitor in horror.

The doors close. Nothing else happens.

Suddenly the screen flashes white and collapses into a bright dot as the monitor gives out a loud CRACK. Julian jumps again, this time banging his legs against the desk.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ...

The dot dims and finally vanishes. White smoke rises from the monitor’s vents.

A small metal object clatters to the floor. He pushes the chair aside, crouches beneath the desk and finds a key.

Looking up, he sees a partially detached strip of tape hanging from the underside of the desk, a key-shaped impression pressed into the yellowed adhesive.

Julian picks up the key and rushes to the metal door. He tries it in the keyhole on the metal box, but it doesn’t fit.

Disappointed, he returns to the desk and tries the key in the lower drawer of the right-hand filing cabinet. The drawer clicks open, revealing a thick binder inside:

PROJECT JANUS - OPERATOR’S MANUAL

Julian leaves the key in the lock and picks up the manual. He stands up and starts skimming through.

The text is mostly technical jargon, strange schematics and scientific formulas, but some of the headings and formatting catch his eye:

REFERENCE CLOCK SYNCHRONIZATION
AUTOMATIC POWER CYCLE SEQUENCE
FAILSAFE PROCEDURES
SECURITY LEVEL OMEGA

He turns a page and finally reaches EMERGENCY OVERRIDE PROTOCOL.

It shows a blueprint of an unfamiliar space. A marked route snakes through it, sections of the line disappearing into dashes.

Before he can study the page more closely, the hatch on the floor CLUNKS and hisses open.

Julian drops the binder. It tumbles to the floor and tips over onto the Polaroid under the desk, hiding it from sight. He runs to the opening, almost tripping on the open drawer at his feet.

The hatch reveals a steep drop. A narrow, ladder-like staircase descends to the dim space below. Julian crouches and leans his head through the opening.

A dark tunnel stretches ahead.

At the far end, a gentler staircase seems to rise straight into the ceiling. Halfway along the tunnel, another passage branches sharply to the left and disappears into the shadows.

Julian stands up, takes a deep breath and descends.

INT. HOUSE - STUDY TUNNEL - SATURDAY MORNING

Slowly, his eyes adjust to the darkness as he inches forward. The passage on the left remains pitch black. He peers inside.

He continues toward the staircase. Up close, it doesn’t lead into the ceiling at all, but to a large, closed hatch. Two hydraulic pistons flank it.

Julian spots a control panel on the wall and examines it.

Mounted in it is a CRT monitor, similar to the ones in the control room, but smaller. A green light glows beside the power button.

He pushes it.

This tube makes no sound. The image emerges just as before - dim and out of focus, slowly sharpening into a bright, black-and-white view of a room.

It’s the study. Both doors are visible from a high angle, along with most of the floor. A slight fisheye distortion bends the edges of the image.

The monitor paints the wall in an eerie glow. Julian can now make out the rest of the panel. Below a bigger, unlabeled button, a black-and-yellow striped warning reads:

Enter residence area with care. Hatch will close automatically when motion sensor countdown reaches zero.

Julian looks at the monitor. The room is empty and both doors are closed.

He presses the button and watches the pistons push the hatch open. They move in complete silence. Only the floor panel above gives a faint creak.

INT. HOUSE - STUDY - SATURDAY MORNING

The hatch opens in the study, revealing a startled Julian at the bottom of the staircase. He climbs up cautiously to the silent room.

Julian steps away from the opening. For a few seconds, nothing happens. Then the hatch starts closing. It lines up flush with the floor, disappearing into the paneling.

Julian crouches on the floor and studies the almost invisible seam. He finds a small, round indentation near the edge of the hatch.

It’s a button.

From standing height, it’s practically invisible. But up close, Julian can make out the engraving of a two-faced figure.

He presses it. The hatch starts opening. Before it fully rises, he presses the button again. The hatch reverses and closes.

Julian gets up and walks to the door opposite the bookcase and eases it open a crack. Distant voices begin to seep in.

MIRA (O.S.)
I need a smoke.

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julian opens the door just wide enough to slip through and edges into the dining room. He stays hidden behind the wall beside the opening.

He sees Mira approach the coffee table with a cigarette between her lips. She searches her purse, finds her lighter--

Then stops.

She takes the cigarette from her mouth and sets it on the edge of the coffee table. Another lighter is lying there. Mira picks it up and compares the two.

She turns toward the vestibule. Julian ducks behind the corner.

MIRA
Guys. The door isn’t the only weird thing in here.

JULIAN (V.O.)
Suddenly it all clicked. I had seen this before. I just hadn’t heard it.

The scene continues beneath Julian’s narration as he listens from hiding.

JULIAN (CONT'D) (V.O.)
I had gone back in time. I don’t know how, but it’s the only explanation that makes any sense.

More fragments of the morning.

Julian peeks around the corner again. The other Julian spots him. He hesitates for a beat, then deliberately knocks a wine glass from the coffee table.

JULIAN (CONT'D) (V.O.)
I listened as you found the body. I was as shocked as you were. From that point on, everything was new to me.

We see flashes of the body, Maya turning it, Thomas studying it, Mira shouting and finally throwing the Jack Daniel’s bottle at the mirror.

JULIAN (CONT'D) (V.O.)
When you broke the mirror, I didn’t know what to think. Was I still in there? Was this some different timeline?

Julian remains behind the wall, desperately trying to make sense of it.

Suddenly, a noise from the study. Julian turns toward the ajar door as it begins to open. He slips behind it just before it opens fully.

Second Mira enters cautiously.

MIRA
(under her breath)
What the...

She stops dead, drops her lighter on the dining room floor and rushes into the living room.

Julian edges back to the wall and picks up the lighter. He keeps listening.

JULIAN (V.O.)
I heard what Thomas did to her. I didn’t want to get taped to a chair myself, so I went back to the tunnel.

INT. HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Julian slips back into the study and eases the door almost shut, stopping before the latch clicks. He finds the button on the floor again and presses it. The hatch rises.

INT. HOUSE - STUDY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Julian climbs back down into the tunnel. The hatch closes silently behind him. He walks to the fork and stares into the darkness of the unknown path.

JULIAN
(whispering)
Are you sure you want to do this?

He raises Mira’s lighter, flicks it open and spins the wheel. A flame appears.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Me neither.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

He starts down the tunnel. The faint orange glow of the lighter flickers across the walls, but reaches only a couple of feet ahead.

Julian continues cautiously. His posture is ready for anything. He isn’t.

JULIAN
OK, so we’re talking to ourselves now. Don’t go crazy on me, Julian.

He reaches a turn to the right. He peeks around the corner and sees a staircase and control panel identical to the ones beneath the study.

He relaxes a little and goes straight to the panel. He switches on the CRT.

An image of the kitchen appears. As with the study, this angle also shows both doors and most of the floor. No one is inside, but the door leading to the dining room is fully open.

He puts the lighter back in his pocket, takes a deep breath and pushes the button that opens the hatch above.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Julian climbs a couple of steps and peeks through the hatch. Through the open doorway, the dining room is empty. The house

is silent.

He creeps up the rest of the stairs as quietly as he can and enters the kitchen. A couple of seconds later, the hatch closes just as before.

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He cautiously enters the dining room and looks toward the living room. He startles and quickly ducks back behind the wall beside the opening.

Someone is sitting on the sofa.

After a beat, Julian carefully peeks around the corner again and sees younger Julian. He sleeps beneath a blanket, his chin resting against his chest.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julian walks toward the coffee table, crowded with empty bottles, some holding burned-down candles. The bathroom door is open, but everyone else seems to be asleep in their bedrooms.

Suddenly younger Julian stirs.

JULIAN
(younger)
...Maya?

JULIAN (V.O.)
I panicked.

Julian grabs the flashlight from the sofa and strikes younger Julian in the back of the head. Younger Julian goes limp.

Julian drops the flashlight back onto the sofa. He stands there, holding his head, staring at younger Julian as the reality of what he just did sinks in.

JULIAN (CONT'D) (V.O.)
I didn’t know if I could change what was going to happen, but one thing was for sure.

He lets go of his head and looks toward the bedrooms, his hands still hovering awkwardly beside his face.

JULIAN (CONT'D) (V.O.)
I couldn’t let you find two of me when you woke up, so I did the only thing I could think of.

He hooks his arms beneath younger Julian's armpits and starts dragging him across the hardwood floor toward the door leading directly to the study.

Pain shoots through his injured shoulder. He grimaces, but keeps dragging.

JULIAN
(strained whisper)
We need to lose some weight.

He opens the door and drags the unconscious Julian inside.

INT. HOUSE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Julian opens the hatch and continues down into the tunnel. He tries to be quiet, but younger Julian's shoes clank against each step.

The hatch closes silently behind them.

INT. HOUSE - STUDY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Arriving at the steeper staircase at the end of the tunnel, Julian stops. A realization hits him. He looks up through the open hatch at the fluorescent lights above.

JULIAN
Ahh. This is gonna suck.

He plants one foot on the first step and starts hauling the limp body upward, one agonizing step at a time.

Pain tears through his injured shoulder. By the time he reaches the top, tears are running down his face.

INT. HOUSE - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He pushes younger Julian onto the floor and climbs out after him. He drags the body beneath the window and looks around.

His eyes land on the control panel above the hatch. This time, the keycard slot isn't empty. Above it, the small digital display reads: LOCK DISENGAGED.

Julian sees a button labeled TOGGLE LOCK STATE and presses it. The panel beeps and something inside the hatch frame gives a sharp click.

The display changes: LOCK ENGAGED.

He takes the keycard from the slot and pushes the button again. Nothing happens.

INT. HOUSE - STUDY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

He slips the keycard into his pocket and descends into the tunnel again, pulling the hatch closed behind him. The locking mechanism answers with a satisfying, heavy CHUNK.

Julian pushes against the hatch. It doesn’t budge.

A flicker of satisfaction crosses his face. He turns and runs down the tunnel, disappearing from view. The locked hatch and empty ladder remain.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Julian peeks through the open study doorway into the living room. Still clear.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SOFA AREA - CONTINUOUS

Julian closes the door behind him, strides to the sofa and sits down in the same spot where younger Julian had been sleeping. He pulls the blanket over himself, shuts his eyes and tries to relax.

It doesn’t work.

Julian fidgets, sits up and takes the lighter from his pocket. He flicks it open and spins the wheel. He notices the engraving.

Suddenly a door opens and closes upstairs. Thomas appears in the gallery.

Julian panics. He nearly drops the lighter and singes his fingers, but manages to set it silently on the coffee table.

He pulls the blanket back over himself, closes his eyes and slumps on the sofa just as Thomas walks down the staircase above the bathroom.

Thomas takes a look at Julian and lets out a little chuckle. He walks straight into the open bathroom and takes a leak without closing the door.

He comes out still fastening his belt, starts whistling the MacGyver theme and walks through the dining room into the kitchen. Julian lifts his eyelids just enough to see where he goes.

Soon a door opens and closes upstairs again. Julian slumps right back under the blanket.

Iris comes down the same staircase. She spots Julian asleep on the sofa, gives him a sympathetic little look and tiptoes toward the dining room.

IRIS
(quietly)
You snuck out on me.

THOMAS (O.S.)
I didn’t want to wake you.

IRIS
You know I don’t like waking up alone.

Thomas appears in the opening to the dining room and hugs Iris.

IRIS (CONT'D)
You could’ve at least kissed your wife good morning.

Thomas gives her an exaggerated kiss.

THOMAS
Better?

IRIS
Much.

They both disappear into the kitchen. The sounds of pots and pans begin echoing through the house. Julian continues to pretend to sleep on the sofa.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - CONTROL ROOM - SATURDAY

Close on Julian’s face. His gaze is fixed on the floor.

JULIAN
After a while, the rest of you came down. And, well...

He raises his eyes to Maya.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
...you know the rest.

Maya looks at him incredulously.

MAYA
Under any other circumstances I wouldn’t believe you...

She places the gun on the desk.

MAYA (CONT'D)
...but now, I think I have to.

Julian walks to her, takes the photo from her hand and hugs her, relieved.

MAYA (CONT'D)
What were you going to say?

JULIAN
Hmm?

MAYA
When you climbed up the hatch?

Julian lets her go. A sense of urgency takes him again.

JULIAN
Iris is dead.

Maya looks at him in horror.

MAYA
What?

JULIAN
I found her on the dining room floor with a bullet in her neck.

MAYA
How? You said everyone else was dead!

Maya looks at the gun on the desk.

JULIAN
That’s what I thought - but it seems I don’t have the complete story either.

He tucks the photo in his pocket.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
We need to get out of here.

They turn toward the metal door. Julian inserts the brass key into the lock on the metal box. He opens it, revealing an unlabeled button. He looks at Maya and pushes it.

The doors slide open onto an elevator. Julian steps inside. Maya removes the key from the lock and follows him. She slips it into her pocket.

INT. HOUSE - CONTROL ROOM ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

They look around for controls. There are none. Suddenly the doors start to close.

Julian spots the gun on the control room desk.

JULIAN
The gun!

He tries to stop the doors. They almost take his fingers. The elevator groans and starts to descend.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Looks like we’re going down.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open onto a dim, eerie space.

The basement is built from the same white concrete as the control room, but deterioration has stripped away its clinical feel. Most of the fluorescent lights are dead. A few still flicker.

Maya and Julian step slowly out of the elevator.

At the far end of the long room, a large wooden desk pops in and out of the light. In front of it sits a chair, occupied by the silhouette of what appears to be a person. Each time the light dies, the figure disappears with it.

They inch a little closer.

JULIAN
Hello?

No answer.

The elevator doors close behind them. Julian rushes back to stop them, but can’t get close enough in time. Maya looks for a call button that doesn’t exist.

The elevator machinery groans. It returns to the control room automatically.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Looks like we’re staying down.

They look at each other.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Do you still have that flashlight?

Maya searches her canvas bag, pulls out the flashlight and switches it on. They start moving toward the desk again. The beam slowly sweeps across the room as they proceed cautiously.

INT. BASEMENT - METAL DOOR - CONTINUOUS

They notice another metal door set into the right wall, almost identical to the elevator. No button. No handle. No visible controls of any kind.

Maya looks at the door and squints. She turns and searches the ceiling. Sure enough, a small red LED glows in the darkness, accompanied by the glimmer of a lens.

JULIAN
What?

MAYA
Probably nothing.

INT. BASEMENT - DESK - CONTINUOUS

They continue farther down the room and finally reach the desk. On top of it, an assortment of papers and a brass notary lamp.

JULIAN
Hello?

Still no answer.

They slowly move around the desk. Maya shines the flashlight on the figure in the chair.

The figure is revealed as the NEAR-SKELETAL REMAINS of a man. His clothes have badly deteriorated, but a white T-shirt and blue jeans can still be made out. What remains of the neckline exposes both collarbones.

The face is simply gone.

Maya gasps and recoils. Julian’s eyes widen. He stands motionless, paralyzed by the sight.

MAYA
We need to find a way out of here.

Julian doesn’t respond. His eyes remain fixed on the remains.

Maya forces her attention away from the sight and spots some blueprints among the papers on the desk.

She turns on the notary lamp. A golden glow slowly builds, illuminating the contents of the desk. Maya sets her canvas bag down beside it, switches off the flashlight and slips it back

inside.

She picks up a blueprint and studies it carefully.

The blueprint is yellowed and worn, but perfectly legible. It shows the first floor of the house. Every doorway is marked with a number. Most are zero, but a couple stand out.

The door from the kitchen to the dining room is marked 125, while the study door opposite it is marked 12. Both have arrows pointing away from the dining room.

Maya picks up another sheet. It shows the tunnels beneath the living room, connecting the control room, study and kitchen. Every doorway is marked zero.

A third depicts the basement. Only the elevator has an arrow and a distinct number: 52.

Something else catches her eye. The blueprint doesn’t show what lies beyond the metal door they noticed earlier, but it does give the passage a name:

STAFF ENTRANCE.

A sudden realization washes over Maya’s face. Her focus sharpens.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Julian.

Julian snaps out of his trance.

MAYA
What did you say your route was earlier today?

JULIAN
Huh?

MAYA
Through the house. How did you eventually get back to the living room from the control room?

JULIAN
Ah. First I went to the study through the tunnel. Then I entered the dining room and Mira walked in.

Maya follows Julian’s route on the blueprints with her finger.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Then back to the study tunnel, through the other branch to the kitchen and finally to the living room.

MAYA
Which door did you take from the kitchen?

JULIAN
Does it matter?

MAYA
Just answer the question.

JULIAN
It must have been the dining room one. Yes, I went through the dining room.

MAYA
And the kidnapping?

JULIAN
Study, tunnel, control room, and then the same way back to the living room.

MAYA
Study door, no dining room in between?

JULIAN
I’m not following at all. Why does this matter?

MAYA
Please, Julian, we may not have the time for this. Was it the study door?

JULIAN
Yes. Study door. Both times, there and back.

Maya picks up a pencil and starts making notes on a piece of paper lying on the desk.

The lead snaps. She finds a ballpoint pen, shakes it and keeps writing.

MAYA
What does your watch say right now?

Julian looks at his digital wristwatch.

JULIAN
It’s 12:38. Why?

Maya checks her own analog watch. 10:33 A.M. She makes the last calculations and looks at her finished work.

MAYA
If my theory is correct, that door is going to be opened in six minutes.

Julian’s jaw drops.

JULIAN
How? By who?

Maya gathers the blueprints and her notes. She rolls them together, pulls the band from her hair and secures the roll with it. She points the roll at Julian.

MAYA
By you.

She picks up her canvas bag and heads toward the exit. Julian stays behind, looking confused.

MAYA (CONT'D) (O.S.)
Come on!

INT. BASEMENT - METAL DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Maya walks to the exit door. Julian reaches her.

JULIAN
I don’t get it.

MAYA
You told me you traveled back in time, but didn’t know how.

Maya raises the blueprint roll.

MAYA (CONT'D)
These blueprints have numbers on some doorways. I think they’re time offsets.

She slides the roll into her canvas bag.

MAYA (CONT'D)
I don’t know how it works either, but it has to be the doors!

JULIAN
Sounds crazy, but I'll take anything at this point.

MAYA
Me too. I wasn't sure at first, but the numbers line up with the difference between our watches. That can't be a coincidence.

Julian takes a look at his watch. He grabs Maya's wrist and compares her watch to his. He still looks confused.

MAYA (CONT'D)
We're now in the past compared to the earlier you in the control room.

Julian finally gets it.

JULIAN
So, in a couple of minutes I'm going to push the door button upstairs?

MAYA
Yes. Three times, remember?

JULIAN
I'm never making fun of architecture ever again.

Maya kisses him.

MAYA
You better not.

The adrenaline begins to wear off. They sit down against the wall across from the exit door, behind the CCTV camera in the ceiling.

For a while, neither of them speaks.

JULIAN
I had a dream about you last night.

Maya tries to lighten the mood.

MAYA
You know, people don't usually dream while passed out?

Julian smiles faintly.

JULIAN
Well, I did. It was pretty vivid, actually. There were two of you.

MAYA
(suggestively)
I can guess where this is heading...

JULIAN
No, you were having a conversation about something.

MAYA
About what?

JULIAN
I don’t remember. Something about a door.

Julian suddenly looks troubled.

MAYA
What’s the matter?

JULIAN
You mean besides our friends being dead and us still being trapped inside this nightmare?

Maya’s worry gives way to sadness. She lowers her gaze to the floor.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Sorry. Bad joke.

He puts his arm around Maya. She leans against him.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
I was just thinking.

Maya raises her face to him. Julian nods at the exit.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
That door can only be opened from upstairs. No one can get through unless someone’s already here to open it, right?

MAYA
What are you getting at?

Julian looks at her.

JULIAN
What if someone else has been inside the house this whole time?

Maya stares at him, following the implication.

Suddenly the elevator machinery GROANS to life.

They scramble to their feet and watch in horror as the doors slowly slide open. Against the bright light stands the silhouette of a limping man.

THOMAS
What happened to Iris?

A dying fluorescent light flickers across his bloodied face.

MAYA
Thomas! You're alive!

Thomas limps closer. He raises his arm. He's holding a gun.

THOMAS
Answer the goddamn question!

Maya opens her mouth, but nothing comes out. She looks at Julian, searching his face.

The elevator doors start closing behind Thomas. Julian starts to sprint--

JULIAN
Don't let the doors close!

Thomas points the gun at Julian. He raises his hands and freezes. Thomas sees the bloodstains.

THOMAS
What did you do to her?

The elevator doors finish closing. It groans and returns to the control room.

JULIAN
Nothing! You don't under--

THOMAS
I saw her! She was alive when I fell down the stairs! You had the gun. What did you do to her?

Maya's eyes flick to the gun in Thomas's hand. She looks at Julian for another beat, then forces the doubt aside.

MAYA
Please, Thomas! You need to listen!

Thomas relaxes his stance, but does not lower the gun.

MAYA (CONT'D)
There never were any copies. The house doesn’t create duplicates, it creates time jumps!

Thomas points the gun at Maya.

THOMAS
Stop lying to me!

JULIAN
She’s telling the truth! I’ve seen it with my own eyes. I brought the lighter back in time myself!

Thomas’s confidence wavers. His shoulders slump. He’s grasping at straws now.

THOMAS
...so you’re saying there’s a way to save Iris?

Julian looks at him with helpless compassion.

JULIAN
No, Tom. She’s gone.

THOMAS
But you said we can travel in time! Let’s go back and stop whatever happened to her!

The hydraulic system of the exit door fires up for a second. The doors slide open a couple of inches, then close again.

Maya takes a step closer to the door. Thomas notices and shoots at her feet. Maya recoils and screams.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You’re not going anywhere until we figure out a way to bring Iris back.

MAYA
(voice breaking)
Goddamn it, Tom! We don’t have time for this!

Thomas continues to point the gun at them. His stare could leave a burn mark.

MAYA (CONT'D)
That door is about to open and it’s our only chance of getting out of here alive!

She’s starting to get desperate.

THOMAS
How... how do you know that?

MAYA
Because it already happened! Julian remembers opening it from the control room!

She reaches toward Thomas, pleading with him to understand.

MAYA (CONT'D)
You can’t save her, Tom. What has happened will always happen.

Thomas’s anger gives way to disorientation. He slowly lowers the gun. For the first time, he looks defeated.

He bows his head, squeezing his eyes shut. His lip quivers. He raises the hand holding the gun and briefly covers his eyes with the back of it.

As the hand lowers, his fingers linger against his right temple. His eyes open.

His expression hardens again. He raises the gun back up, points it at Julian and looks him dead in the eye.

THOMAS
If I can’t leave with Iris, you’re not leaving together either.

For a moment, Thomas looks torn. The gun wavers as his grip tightens. Suddenly he turns it on HIMSELF, presses it to his right temple and pulls the trigger.

His body slams onto the concrete floor. A pool of blood starts forming under his head. For a moment, Maya and Julian just stare in horror, their backs to the exit door.

The hydraulics fire up again, making Maya snap out of it.

MAYA
Come on! We need to go!

The doors separate a bit wider this time. Maya pulls on Julian’s arm, but he is still staring at Thomas’s corpse. He doesn’t budge.

The doors close again.

JULIAN
...what has happened will always happen.

Julian looks at the skeleton. His eyes settle on its deteriorated white T-shirt. He looks down at his own and pulls at the fabric.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Looks like I’m not getting out of here.

MAYA
What? No, let’s go!

Maya is now pulling on Julian’s arm with both hands.

Julian turns around and looks at Maya.

JULIAN
Someone has to move the body.

Maya stops pulling. She quickly looks at Thomas’s corpse, then back to Julian. Tears well up in her eyes.

MAYA
No... No no no...

JULIAN
Only one figure went through that door on the CCTV. I didn’t understand it at the time, but it was you.

The hydraulics fire up for the third and final time. The doors begin to separate. This time they keep going.

MAYA
(crying)
I wanted you to be more responsible, but not like this.

They hold each other tight.

MAYA (CONT'D)
How are you going to--

JULIAN
It happened. I’ll find a way. Go.

Maya looks at the doors. They’re now wide open. She kisses him one last time, tears herself away and runs through the exit.

INT. EXIT TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The doors close behind her, leaving her in absolute darkness. She bangs on the metal surface with her fists and slumps to the floor, crying helplessly.

INT. BASEMENT - METAL DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Julian just stands for a while, looking at the closed exit. The basement is silent. Dying fluorescent lights keep flickering on and off.

Finally he pulls himself together and turns to Thomas’s corpse.

JULIAN
Looks like it’s just you and me, buddy.

He starts looking around.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Now, how do we get you to the closet?

He looks at the elevator, then traces a straight line across the ceiling with his eyes toward the other end of the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - DESK - CONTINUOUS

He walks to the wall behind the desk and drags his hand along the concrete. The dying fluorescents illuminate it only in brief flashes.

Suddenly, his fingers catch on something. He returns to the desk, grabs the notary lamp and stretches its cord toward the wall.

In the light, a round indentation is barely visible in the concrete. Engraved into it: the same two-faced figure.

He pushes it. A section of the wall slides aside, revealing a small space behind - a space that wasn’t on the blueprints before.

He takes a cautious look around the corner and sees another elevator-like metal door to the right. This time there’s a call button where you’d expect one.

Julian lets out a small breath of relief.

Julian sets down the lamp and walks back to Thomas’s corpse. The gun lies beside his hand. Julian picks it up and tucks it into Thomas’s waistband.

He then grabs both Thomas’s wrists and starts pulling. He winces, lets go and briefly touches his right collarbone.

He thinks for a moment, removes his belt and loops it around Thomas’s wrists, cinching it tight. He wraps the loose end around his own left hand and starts dragging the corpse.

This time, he strains without pain.

INT. BASEMENT - HIDDEN SPACE - CONTINUOUS

He reaches the opening in the wall, drags the corpse through and pushes the call button. Nothing happens.

He tries again. Still nothing.

Disappointed but not defeated, Julian studies the door frame more closely and finds a keycard slot. He freezes for a moment, then pats his pockets.

He finds the keycard he took from the control room panel, pulls it out and inserts it into the slot.

A green light appears.

Julian pushes the button again. This time the elevator doors slide open, painting him and Thomas’s corpse with harsh light. Julian squints, shielding his eyes until they adjust.

INT. CLOSET ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

He pulls the keycard from the slot, puts it back in his pocket and drags the corpse into the elevator.

He looks at the control panel. There’s a column of buttons with labels:

0 EMERGENCY ENTRY
-1 COVERT ACCESS
-2 STAFF ENTRY
-3 INTERROGATION
-4 CYCLE GENERATOR
-5 RESTRICTED

There’s no button beside -1. An empty keyhole sits beside -5.

JULIAN
Yeah, that’s a no from me.

He pushes 0. The elevator doors close and the cab starts moving upward.

INT. HOUSE - BEHIND CLOSET - SATURDAY MORNING

When they open again, they reveal a cramped space that appears to be a dead end. A dim fluorescent light hums in the ceiling.

Unlike the concrete walls around it, the back wall seems to be a thick wood panel, set within a heavy reinforced metal frame.

Julian drags Thomas's corpse over the threshold.

The elevator doors start to close behind him. He quickly checks for a call button. Seeing one, he lets the doors finish closing.

Julian finds a control panel with two small CRTs, identical to the ones in the tunnels. Below each is an unlabeled button. A large warning reads:

EMERGENCY USE ONLY

Julian looks at the framed wall, then back at the panel. With the confidence of a man who knows he can't fail, he pushes the button on the right.

Nothing happens.

He switches on the CRTs above the buttons.

An image of the control room appears on the right one. Before the tube has finished focusing, something disappears through the open floor hatch.

Julian doesn't notice. He's too busy studying the image on the left.

A zoomed, high-angle image of the closet door has appeared. The door is closed. No movement can be seen. Julian pushes the button below this CRT.

The framed wall to his left begins to rise. The mechanism itself is silent, but something is scraping the other side of the wall.

Looking down, the closet floor comes into view, along with the base of a broom tipping toward the opening. Julian catches it before it can fall.

The wall disappears into a rectangular slot in the ceiling and stops. Julian looks into the closet, more amused than surprised.

He reaches up and pulls the string. The lightbulb comes on.

He drags Thomas's corpse inside, removes the belt from its wrists and throws it toward the elevator. He takes the gun and slides it across the floor beside the belt.

After a couple of painful attempts, he manages to wedge the corpse upright against the closed door, its feet braced against the floor.

The head keeps slumping forward. He reaches for the broom and uses it to balance the body like a house of cards.

Julian backs up carefully behind the closet and pushes the left button on the control panel again. The wall comes back down, hiding Julian from sight.

He takes a step back and slides down the wall, finally sitting against it on the floor.

His open flannel shirt rides up his back. He pulls it off completely, wipes the sweat from his forehead with it and throws it into the corner.

He looks up at the monitor mounted on the wall opposite him. On its screen, the closet door swings open.

IRIS
(muffled)
...what the fuck!

Thomas's body pitches out of the closet and crashes into Iris. She recoils, scrambles free and runs.

Soon Maya appears and studies the corpse. Julian looks at her for a while. He pulls out the bedroom Polaroid and looks at the two of them together.

Finally, Julian picks up the gun from the floor and looks down at it.

FOUR SILENT, RAPID THREE-IMAGE FLASHES:

Thomas pulls the trigger.
The bullet hits the concrete floor.
Maya recoils.

Thomas pulls the trigger.
He falls to the concrete floor.
Maya and Julian stare in horror.

Younger Mira pulls the trigger.
The bullet hits older Mira.
Peter looks at younger Mira, horrified.

The gun goes off in the darkness.
Peter collapses to the hardwood floor.
Mira runs into the study.

A FIFTH FLASH:

Iris emerges from the bathroom, still shaken. No one else is around. She remembers where Maya and Julian went and walks into the study, finding the open floor hatch.

Suddenly, a distant shout seeps through the ajar door leading to the dining room:

IRIS (O.S.)
(younger, shouting)
No!

She rushes into the dining room.

The gun fires as Thomas tumbles down the stairs. We follow the bullet in SLOW MOTION as it crosses the living room and passes through the dining room opening...

...just as Iris peeks around the corner. The bullet strikes her in the neck.

Iris jerks back out of sight and collapses against the wall. She clamps both hands over her neck as blood gushes between her fingers.

IRIS (O.S.)
(younger, screaming)
No!

She tries to call for help, but nothing comes out.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SATURDAY MORNING

JULIAN (O.S.)
Iris! Time to go!

Julian appears in the dining room opening and sees Iris sitting against the wall just around the corner, barely breathing.

Adrenaline kicks in, washing away his shock. He rushes to her, falls to his knees and presses both hands against the wound.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
No, Iris! No... Who did this to you?

Iris’s eyes focus on Julian, but she can no longer answer. The adrenaline doesn’t stop his tears as Iris finally goes still.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - BEHIND CLOSET - SATURDAY MORNING

The gun is still in Julian’s hand. He looks at the Polaroid again and turns it over:

DON’T TRUST HIM.

Julian lets his arms fall beside him and stares at the wall for a moment. Exhaustion finally wins. He closes his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. EXIT TUNNEL - SATURDAY

The ambience changes, but the screen remains pitch black. The sound of Maya’s canvas bag rustling. Finally a click.

Maya switches on the flashlight and reveals a dark tunnel.

The tunnel is built from the same white concrete as the basement, but is even more deteriorated. Dead light fixtures disappear into the darkness ahead.

The beam flickers faintly. Maya gives the flashlight a couple of smacks, but it only settles into a weak cone of light.

MAYA
(whispering)
Not now!

The basement exit remains closed behind her as she starts making her way through the tunnel. She’s almost too scared to breathe.

Soon the tunnel bends sharply to the right. Maya hesitates before rounding the corner.

After what feels like forever, she reaches a wooden door at the end. She opens it. Beyond is a staircase climbing farther into the darkness than her flashlight can reach.

MAYA
You’ve got to be kidding me...

INT. EXIT TUNNEL - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

She climbs the staircase and finds a hatch in the slightly slanted ceiling. She tries to push it open, but it won’t budge.

She inspects the hatch more closely with her flashlight and sees a keyhole. She takes the brass key from her pocket and inserts it into the lock above her.

Still holding the key, Maya closes her eyes and bows her head.

MAYA
Please work.

She turns the key.

EXT. FOREST - FRIDAY EVENING

A mound of leaves starts to move. After a couple of bumps, years' worth of rotting leaves shift and slide away as Maya pushes the hatch open and emerges from the darkness.

She looks around, but doesn't recognize where she is. The sky is overcast.

She stumbles through the forest for a while, until she can see an opening. She runs toward it.

EXT. HOUSE - YARD - CONTINUOUS

The view opens up to the yard of a big house. She sees three cars and six people. She stops in her tracks.

It's them. From yesterday.

She instinctively ducks behind a bush and watches as the group enters the house. Soon, younger Maya returns to the door and looks outside before finally closing it.

Maya thinks for a second and runs down the hill to the front door. She is just about to grab the knob when she realizes something.

She takes the brass key from her pocket and looks at it. She looks at the door.

After a moment she puts the key in the lock and turns it counterclockwise. It makes a familiar sound.

She walks to her car, takes the car key from the canvas bag and opens the driver's door. She sits inside, throws the bag onto the passenger seat and closes the door.

INT./EXT. MAYA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

After a while she starts the car, backs it up, turns it toward the driveway, and starts driving away.

Her face is emotionless, but there's death behind her eyes. The music swells as the house grows smaller in the distance. She keeps driving. Tears start flowing again.

The car hits a rut. Her expression changes.

Suddenly she slams the brakes. The car comes to a dead stop. The arched branches of the trees above sigh in the wind.

She opens the glove box, finds Julian's plastic medicine bottle and looks at it.

She takes the blueprints and previous calculations from her canvas bag and lays them over the steering wheel. She starts going through them and making new notes.

Outside, the overcast sky is still bright with the last of the evening sun.

Close on the car's digital clock. 7:10 P.M.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAYA'S CAR - FRIDAY NIGHT

Close on the car's digital clock. 1:59 A.M.

It's dark outside. Maya sits in the driver's seat, nervously tapping her fingers on the steering wheel. The car is back in the yard of the house.

She looks at the car clock, then at her notes, then at her own analog watch. 5:36 P.M.

Finally she opens the door and steps out of the car. She walks to the front door, pulls out the brass key and opens the door very carefully.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She enters the vestibule and listens. The house is silent.

Moving cautiously, she reaches the corner and peers into the living room. Julian is passed out on the sofa under a blanket. Everyone else appears to be asleep upstairs.

The mirror is intact. No lighter on the coffee table. The bathroom door is ajar.

She relaxes a little and walks to the dining room entrance. She looks at the open door leading to the kitchen, then at the closed one leading to the study.

She pauses.

Suddenly, a familiar voice behind her.

MAYA (O.S.)
(older)
Yes, you will try it.

Maya turns around and sees...

HERSELF.

MAYA (CONT'D)
(older)
Just to see how it feels.

Younger Maya takes a step back, equally amazed and startled. She raises a hand to her open mouth.

MAYA
(younger)
Oh my God.

Older Maya keeps her distance.

MAYA
(older)
Yes, it’s weird for me too... but I’ve had this conversation once already, so it’s not scary anymore.

Older Maya takes a step closer.

MAYA (CONT'D)
(older)
You shouldn’t be scared either.

Older Maya cautiously reaches out, then opens her arms.

Younger Maya hesitates for a beat, then steps into the embrace. Tears begin to flow.

MAYA
(younger)
You don’t know how much I need this right now. Iris--

Her voice breaks into a sob.

MAYA
(older)
Shh. I know.

She holds herself for a moment in the silence. Framed by the dining-room opening, their identical faces look in opposite directions over each other’s shoulders.

Finally older Maya lets go.

MAYA (CONT'D)
(older)
I had some time to think while waiting for you. We shouldn’t take the shortcut. We need the sleep more.

Younger Maya looks at older Maya.

MAYA (CONT'D)
(older)
The plan works. We made the right calculations, but we need to wait it out and hope we’re right about the rest.

Younger Maya looks at older Maya and finally nods.

MAYA (CONT'D)
(older)
I’m going to grab some breakfast for us and head back to the car. You know what to do.

Older Maya goes to the kitchen and returns with a carton of orange juice and a pack of sliced ham. She walks toward the front door.

MAYA
(younger)
See you soon. Don’t forget to lock the door on your way out.

A reluctant smile creeps across older Maya’s face. She doesn’t look back.

She walks outside and closes the door. She takes the brass key, locks the door again and walks out of frame.

INT. HOUSE - BEHIND CLOSET - SATURDAY

Julian startles awake to a thumping noise. The gun and the bedroom Polaroid lie on the floor beside him, having slipped from his hands while he slept.

Confused, he checks his watch. 1:34 P.M.

MAYA (O.S.)
(almost inaudible)
Julian?

More thumping. It comes from the closet, behind the fake wall.

MAYA (CONT'D) (O.S.)
(muffled)
Julian! Are you there?

Julian recognizes Maya’s voice and reaches up for the control panel. He presses the button. The wall rises again.

JULIAN
...Maya?

Maya ducks beneath the rising wall and throws her arms around Julian. The blueprints slip from her hand and fall to the floor. They embrace, both on their knees.

MAYA
It didn’t have the plate!

JULIAN
How... How are you here?

MAYA
(crying)
The skeleton! It didn’t have the metal plate on the collarbone!

Julian stares at her. Finally, it hits him. His face crumples. Tears fill his eyes.

For a moment, they just hold each other.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Close on Mira’s lighter on the living room floor. A hand picks it up.

Close on the lighter in Maya’s hand. She flicks it open and strikes the wheel.

She touches the flame to the blueprints in her other hand. Fire begins eating through the old paper. She waits until the flames take hold.

Finally she lets go of the burning blueprints. A WHOOSH. The fire suddenly spreads across the floor, throwing brighter light across Maya’s face.

Maya watches for a while.

Beside her, Julian holds an empty can of paint thinner and the group Polaroid from the night before:

All six of them are smiling in the mirror. The firelight dances across their faces as well.

EXT. HOUSE - YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Maya and Julian step outside beneath a solid gray sky.

Maya is carrying Iris’s Polaroid camera and Mira’s lighter. Julian still has the group photo. The brass key remains in the lock of the front door.

They get into the car, back away from the house and drive off.

Through the open doorway, an orange glow grows brighter. Smoke begins to curl from the entrance, rising past both stone faces of Janus.

The music swells.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END