

HART  
I can drive.

EVIE  
Too late.

HART  
What'd she say to you?

Silence

EVIE  
She knew her name. Her name's  
Faith too, and she's like '*Like  
your Daughter*'.

HART  
What?

EVIE  
She put her greasy hand on me, and  
said '*It's not your fault*'.

HART  
What's not your fault?

EVIE  
Failing as a Mother.

HART  
Hey. No one thinks that.

Evie starts crying-- her speed on the road increases (*as seen  
from the rising speedometer*)

EVIE  
I just wanted to go home, get  
drunk, and forget about it.

HART  
You know you've been going too hard  
with that, lately.

EVIE  
Her birthday's Friday.

Silence

EVIE (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Today's Wednesday... we're  
not getting there until the night,  
which means we'll have to spend all  
Thursday... come back Friday  
morning.

(MORE)

EVIE (CONT'D)

I'm psyched about spending three, four hours the morning she would've turned six... just sitting in this car driving... thinking about it... that's gonna be so awesome.

HART

I'm sorry. I was thinking we could use the money.

EVIE

We can use the money, but the date never crossed your mind? Not at all?

HART

What do you want me to say?

EVIE

I want you to remember your *FUCKING DAUGHTER* Hart!

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EVIE

Our stuff's in the car.

HART

Fuck it.

EVIE

No... give me the keys.

He stuffs them in his pant pocket

HART

Come get it.

She tries reaching in. He mockingly fights her for control. They wrestle and tumble, until their lips intertwine. She holds him back

EVIE

Did you read what happened in this room?

HART

Nope.

EVIE

He strangled his wife in '68.  
Decapitated another woman in '74.

HART

You sure know how to set the mood.

EVIE

That girl lived here with her  
Father, through all of it.

HART

She's not a girl anymore. She's an  
old senile bitch.

EVIE

Who's rich.

HART

That's key.

Evie pulls out the keys, dangling them in front of his face.  
She leaves the bedroom. Hart sighs, sitting up in the bed,  
then getting self conscious

HART (CONT'D)

*(calling out)*

They changed the sheets, right?

She sticks her head back in the room

EVIE

Fifty years ago hun.

HART

So?

EVIE

I worry about you sometimes.

INT. MANSION, NIGHT

HART

What was it you said? Strangled in '68. Decapitated in '74. This room's due for an update.

He laughs

EVIE

Listen to me! There's something in the cellar, it's making us sick.

HART

I never felt better.

He takes out a knife

HART (CONT'D)

I used this on Margaret. She didn't suffer.

EVIE

I saw the photos.

HART

Well, she didn't suffer *long*.

He ekes out a giggle

EVIE

Why'd you do it?

HART

I didn't like the way she spoke to me. Another passive-aggressive woman in power! They'll never find her body. They'll find yours, though, and I'll collect from the lawsuit. Rich woman shacks us up... mean to us. You end up dead. It's a sad state of affairs.

EVIE

This isn't you! You're sick. Let me go.

HART

See, there you go ordering me around, again!

CHILD (O.S)

Daddy.