

JESSICA'S WINDOW

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. ATTIC - DAY

The attic is dusty and barren. A shaft of sunlight from a lone window illuminates a corner. In the corner rests a large trunk.

Footsteps SCUFF across the dull wood floor. A shadow momentarily darkens the trunk making it suddenly appear sinister.

JESSICA CAMPBELL (7), stands in front of the window. With sadness in her eyes she stares at a U-Haul parked directly across the street.

She puts her hand to the window, her fingertips lightly touching the glass. A tear rolls down her cheek.

SARAH (O.S.)

Don't be sad Jessica.

SARAH MYERS (8), a waif of a girl with stringy long hair wearing a soiled pink dress, sits on the floor.

Jessica looks at Sarah whose vacant eyes are fixed on the Barbie she holds. She robotically brushes the doll's hair.

SARAH

You'll get used to it here. We'll be best friends.

Jessica studies Sarah for a moment then returns to the window. She watches as MARK CAMPBELL (37), appears behind the U-Haul.

JESSICA

(quietly)  
Dad.

Tears stream down Jessica's face. She SLAPS her hands repeatedly on the window.

JESSICA

(screams)  
DAD!!

Sarah's eyes never leave her Barbie as she continues to brush her hair.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Mark, unshaven, dark circles under his eyes, stands behind the U-Haul parked in front of a cute yellow house. He's surrounded by boxes.

A WOMAN (45), walks out of the house next door. In her hand a coffee cup. She appears concerned as she approaches Mark who stands staring at the boxes.

WOMAN

Hey Mark. I brought you some coffee.

With painstaking effort he looks up at the woman. He forces out a weak smile as he accepts the coffee.

WOMAN

How's Laura?

INT. U-HAUL - CONTINUOUS

LAURA CAMPBELL (35), hair messy, clothes wrinkled, sits in the passenger seat. Her red, swollen eyes are fixed on the framed photo she holds. Her fingers tremble as they run over the face of Jessica.

MARK (O.S.)

Not good. I need to get her out of here.

Laura brings the photo to her chest. She embraces it as she weeps.

INT. ATTIC - LATER

Still at the window, Jessica watches as Mark gets in the U-Haul.

She pounds on the window with glass shattering force. It doesn't even crack. She screams.

JESSICA

DADDY!

Sarah stares at her Barbie and speaks calmly.

SARAH  
They can't hear you.

INT. U-HAUL - CONTINUOUS

Mark pulls away from the yellow house. He glances over at Laura who appears catatonic.

He turns the U-Haul around at the cul-de-sac at the end of the road and heads back up the street.

They drive passed a long line of police vehicles. There is a flurry of activity taking place at a blue house directly across the street from their cute yellow house.

Laura suddenly looks up.

Yellow caution tape surrounds the property. Police work diligently, removing articles from the blue house.

Two investigators walk out of the front door, each holding one side of the black trunk.

Laura suddenly panics. She claws at the window like she's desperately reaching for something.

LAURA  
JESSICA!!

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Jessica helplessly watches her mother's despair.

JESSICA  
MOMMY!

She watches as Mark stares blankly ahead, driving forward, leaving their life behind.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

A police officer moves a barricade and allows the U-Haul to drive through.

Beyond the barricades is a line of news vans, each sporting gigantic satellites.

A pretty REPORTER (30), holds a microphone and speaks toward a camera labeled "FOX 5".

Behind her is the blue house. The video camera captures the activity including workers excavating the back yard.

REPORTER

Two days ago the morbid discovery of seven year old Jessica Campbell shocked this once quiet neighborhood.

People gather behind the barricades gawking at the scene.

REPORTER

Yesterday police discovered another body. That of Sarah Lewis, the little girl who went missing last April from Harbortown, just ten miles from here.

EXT. BLUE HOUSE

Forensic teams document and bag evidence on the dry, brown lawn.

REPORTER (O.S.)

For twenty years Ted Jackson lived alone in this house. His neighbors describe him as a quiet man.

The paint on the blue house is faded and peeling. The windows are streaked and dirty.

REPORTER (O.S.)

A quiet man hiding a horrible secret. A quiet man who hid little girls in a trunk in his attic then buried them in his backyard.

A cluster of shingles are missing from the roof, an ancient antenna hangs by a thread.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Were there only two? Investigators

REPORTER (CONT'D)  
are searching property now, hoping  
of course, they don't find anyone  
else.

A light shines from inside the attic window.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Jessica stands at the window, her eyes now vacant.

SARAH  
Come on Jessica. You're gonna like  
it here. We'll be best friends.

Sarah stands, reaches out her hand. Jessica takes it.

They walk away from the window toward the now empty  
corner. Dust outlines a perfect rectangle where the  
trunk once sat.

SARAH  
We're all best friends here.

From out of the darkness walk six little girls, all in  
tattered clothes, all with vacant eyes.

FADE OUT