

INT. WALKER HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

OVERHEAD CU: A smart phone voice recording ap. A finger moves into frame, and hits "record."

Legend: **SACRAMENTO. NOW.**

MRS. WALKER (O.C.)

Carl was driving on Rural 86 during the storm. Do you remember that storm? Course not, you were in LA. It was a bad one. Cats and dogs, worst I've seen in ten years.

REVEAL MRS. WALKER (50's), seated on her sofa. The sunlight pouring in through the windows. She looks TIRED, bags under her eyes. Absently holding a cup of tea in her hands.

MRS. WALKER (CONT'D)

He was out there in the boons and he lost control of the car. He went over the guardrail, down a ravine. The car flipped over and you couldn't see it from the road, especially with the rain. Couldn't even see the lights.

Reveal STEVEN CRANE (now grown up, in his mid 30's, a patient expression on his handsome face.) In front of him, his phone records her story.

MRS. WALKER (CONT'D)

Took me an hour to figure he was late. Almost three hours for someone to start looking for him. And I kept thinking maybe he just stopped off, waited out the weather.

She sips her tea. Steven watches, patient.

MRS. WALKER (CONT'D)

He was, um... he was hanging there, that whole time. Hours. Upside down, tangled up in his seat belt. They said he could reach the horn, but he couldn't hold it long because - see, his arm was broken.

(beat)

And that's how he died. Upside down, pressing on that horn whenever he could stand to.

Steven nods, scribbling a NOTE in his notebook.

STEVEN

So when did it start?

MRS. WALKER

The night after he died. It started with drops of water. I'd be asleep, in our bed, and I'd be woken up because I'd feel... rain, I guess. Raindrops, falling onto my face. I'd wake up, there'd be nothing there. But my face would be a little wet, and my pillow.

She leans forward.

MRS. WALKER (CONT'D)

It got worse. I'd hear a car horn. Short bursts. Distant, I think, but close enough to wake me and then, finally - this was right after the funeral itself, the night after he was buried, you see -

Her voice quiets to almost a whisper.

MRS. WALKER (CONT'D)

I felt the water. On my cheeks, and I heard the horn, and I looked up at the ceiling and... there he was. Hanging there, upside down.

She makes eye contact with Steven, shaking her head.

MRS. WALKER (CONT'D)

I could see the water dripping off his hair, his face was a deep purple, like the blood had all just - pooled - in his cheeks.

(beat)

It's funny, you think you'd scream when you see something like that, but you don't. You just stare. You just stare at it like an idiot, like your brain just... *tripped*.

She swallows. This is hard for her to talk about.

MRS. WALKER (CONT'D)

So it was dripping off him, the rain and blood too, and he was just staring at me and then his mouth dropped open. But instead of a scream it was - a *car horn*. Coming out of his mouth. So loud.

(MORE)

MRS. WALKER (CONT'D)

So loud I fell off the bed. *Then* I screamed. I screamed because I hit the floor and it startled me, and it was like I only just remembered - "oh, right. I can scream. I should probably scream."

Steven nods, smiling gently.

MRS. WALKER (CONT'D)

So I screamed all right, and then I ran. Tripped in the hall and looked back and he was gone, and I laid there and I cried and that was... that was the last time I've slept in that room.

Steven nods. Waits, but it seems her tale is over. He reaches forward, and TURNS OFF THE RECORDER.

STEVEN

That's a very interesting story, Mrs. Walker.

MRS. WALKER

Irene.

STEVEN

Irene. This is what I'd like to do. I'd like to look around your house, and I'd like to set up some equipment. I'd also like to sleep in that room tonight.

MRS. WALKER

Goodness -

STEVEN

I'll be fine. I can't promise that I'll include your story in my book -

MRS. WALKER

Of course -

STEVEN

But it's possible. And I thank you for sharing it with me.

MRS. WALKER

Well... thank you. For listening.

CUT TO: