THE ORDINARY HOUSE OF EXTRAORDINARY LANE

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EXT. WEEPING WILLOW LANE - DAY

An ordinary street of ordinary homes with ordinary people going about their ordinary lives...

Except for 1228 Weeping Willow Lane, the last house on the cul-de-sac. It has no signs of life. Weeping willow trees enshroud the overgrown yard. And behind this leafy veil is a Gothic manor of gray stone and gabled roof.

A **FOR SALE** sign stands at the curbside. A car pulls tight to the curb, a skittish REALTY AGENT reaches out the window to hang a **SOLD** placard on the sign, and the car speeds away.

SUBTITLE: **ONE WEEK LATER**

EXT. WEEPING WILLOW LANE - DAY

A minivan and moving truck pull into the cul-de-sac. Curious NEIGHBORS peer over their fences.

INT. 1228 WEEPING WILLOW LANE - DAY

The two-story foyer is wood-paneled, its chandelier and sweeping staircase coated in cobwebs.

The front door swings open and sunlight stabs into the gloom.

GERALD and WENDY CUMBERLAND enter. They're both in their mid-30's, he with little hair and a big nose, she with blonde hair and a button nose. 12-year old JESSIE CUMBERLAND squirms between them. Luckily for her, she takes after her mother.

They all gaze around.

WENDY
You weren't lying when you said it was big. So I guess we'll put the suit of armor in that corner. Oh, wait a minute. We don't have a suit of armor. And do you know why we don't have a suit of armor? Because we don't belong in castles.

GERALD
But you do belong in a castle, my dear. You're my queen.

WENDY
Do you know how much work it's going to take to keep this place clean?

GERALD
Less work than it would take to keep a small house clean.

WENDY
How do you figure that?

GERALD
Because in a small house the clutter piles up. But in a house this size you can space the clutter out.

A pair of MOVING MEN enters carrying a sofa.

MOVING MAN
Sheeze Louise. It's like that house in the movie.

GERALD
Which movie?

MOVING MAN
The one with the kid who sees dead people.

GERALD
The Sixth Sense.

MOVING MAN
No. The one where the guy busts through the door with an axe and says *Daddy's home*.

GERALD
That was a hotel. Hardly an apt comparison. That sofa goes in the southwest sunroom. That's through the dining room and then hang a left in the pantry. If you hit the solarium you've gone too far.

The Moving Men advance through the dining room, glancing around as if expecting an attack from the shadows.

JESSIE
I like our house.

GERALD
That’s the spirit! Now go find yourself a bedroom, Jess!

She stampedes up the stairs, kicking up dust as she goes.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jessie explores the long bending corridor, poking her head in each doorway along the way:

INT. FIRST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dark and empty except for a full-length wall mirror.

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dark and empty except for a full-length wall mirror.

INT. THIRD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sunshine spills through the dormer window. Jessie skips across the room, locating a nook with built-in bookshelves and a vaulted ceiling with polished wood beams.

There’s also a full-length wall mirror.

Gerald and Wendy take a gander from the doorway. Jessie does a little twirl, face aglow.

WENDY
Well, maybe it’s not too big after all.

She clutches Gerald around the waist and kisses his cheek.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Jessie watches as Wendy takes a pizza out of the oven. Half unpacked moving boxes are everywhere.

JESSIE
This room has a mirror, too.

She nods toward the full-length wall mirror next to the broom closet.

WENDY
I guess it does.

JESSIE
That's every room in the house.

WENDY
The guy who lived here must've liked looking at his reflection.

The patio door slides open and Gerald enters with a box labeled **KITCHEN STUFF.** A howling gust and flurry of leaves come blowing through the door.

GERALD
Quite a storm coming in.

He shuts the door and digs the pizza cutter out of the box. Everyone takes a seat at the table.

JESSIE
So the guy who lived here put up all these mirrors?

WENDY
I suppose so. What was his name, Gerald?

Gerald, slicing the pizza, seems not to hear.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Gerald?

GERALD
Yes, my dear?

WENDY
What was the name of the house's prior occupant?

GERALD
Orville Winternight. What's the sudden interest?

WENDY
Jessie was just wondering why the house has all these mirrors.

GERALD
Well, she can wonder all she wants tonight. But tomorrow, she starts school.

Jessie's jaw drops.

JESSIE
Tomorrow?! But I need a few days to settle in.

GERALD
Making friends will help you settle in.

JESSIE
No, seriously. I need to settle into our new house before I can settle into a new school.

GERALD
And I say you can settle into both simultaneously.

JESSIE
But I can't. I need more time. Just a week.

Gerald shakes his head.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Four days. Three days.

GERALD
Where does she get this knack for negotiating?

WENDY
It's quite a talent.

JESSIE
Two. Two days to get my room in order.

GERALD
No. You start school tomorrow.

Jessie drops her slice of pizza and scowls.

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rain and wind batter the dormer window. The night-stand lamp is on. Jessie lies in bed, studying her reflection in the mirror across the room.

She turns off the lamp. A few licks of lightning illuminate Jessie's mirror image staring back at her.

INT. SEVENTH GRADE CLASSROOM - MORNING

Jessie, huddled low in her desk near the back, watches nervously as STUDENTS file in and take their seats.

A boy with red hair takes the desk behind Jessie. His teeth are full of braces and his braces are full of food. This is DONNIE DUNPHY.

The bell rings. The teacher, MRS. WITTICKER, ambles in. She wears lots of plaid and broaches.

MRS. WITTICKER
Good morning. We have a special surprise today. I'd like you all to welcome a new student. Miss Cumberland, would you please introduce yourself?

JESSIE
I'm Jessie Cumberland.

MRS. WITTICKER
Stand up, please.

Jessie uncoils herself from the desk and stands.

JESSIE
I'm...

Donnie makes a fart sound against his arm. The class roars with laughter.

MRS. WITTICKER
Donnie, do we need another morning in Principal Mayhew's office?

DONNIE
I'm good.

MRS. WITTICKER
Try again, Jessie.

JESSIE
I'm Jessie Cumberland.

She plops down into her seat.

MRS. WITTICKER
Welcome to our school, Jessie. Today we're multiplying fractions.

She turns her attention to the white board. Donnie leans forward, putting his metal teeth near Jessie's ear.

DONNIE
(whisper)
I know where you live.

Jessie turns, carefully whispering her reply.

JESSIE
No, you don't.

DONNIE
1228 Weeping Willow Lane. It's a paranormal hot spot.

JESSIE
It's not a paranormal hot spot.

DONNIE
It's one-hundred percent a paranormal hot spot.

JESSIE
And where do you live?

DONNIE
Next door.

JESSIE
Well, your house is just ordinary.

DONNIE
If, by ordinary, you mean not a paranormal hot spot, I agree.

JESSIE
Will you stop saying paranormal hot spot?! My house is not haunted!

Mrs. Witticker turns from the white board as Donnie sinks back into his seat.

MRS. WITTICKER
Jessie, is there a problem?

JESSIE
No.

MRS. WITTICKER
Then how about coming up here and multiplying these fractions?

Jessie freezes.

MRS. WITTICKER (CONT'D)
Do you know how to multiply fractions?

JESSIE
No.

MRS. WITTICKER
Then why don't we pay attention and maybe we'll learn.

She turns back to the white board as Donnie quietly cackles. Jessie turns an indignant shade of pink.

INT. LUNCH ROOM - DAY

Jessie sits alone at a table, pushing a slab of meatloaf around with her fork. Two girls from Mrs. Witticker's class approach. PATRICIA wears an eggshell-blue sweater and KELLY wears a canary-yellow sweater. They both wear a superior air.

PATRICIA
Today's meatloaf is yesterday's chili mac.

KELLY
And yesterday's chili mac is Tuesday's burrito meat.

PATRICIA
And Tuesday's burrito meat is Monday's meatloaf.

KELLY
It's the circle of lunch.

They take seats. Jessie perks up.

PATRICIA
So what do you think of Mrs. Witticker?

KELLY
We call her Mrs. Nose-picker.

PATRICIA
She picks her nose.

Jessie cracks a smile.

JESSIE
Really?

PATRICIA
That's not the half of it. She also passes wind in class.

JESSIE
No way.

KELLY
It's a fact. Check out all the air fresheners by her desk.

Jessie laughs.

PATRICIA
So where do you live?

JESSIE
Weeping Willow Lane.

KELLY
So do we! Which house?

Jessie fidgets with her fork, stabbing the meatloaf several times.

JESSIE
1228.

KELLY
Really?

Patricia and Kelly exchange a sly look.

PATRICIA
You know, they say the old guy who lived there before you disappeared.

JESSIE
What do you mean?

KELLY
We mean nobody knows where he is. No body, no clues. Just poof.

INT. 1228 WEEPING WILLOW LANE/FOYER - AFTERNOON

Wendy uses a feather duster and step ladder to clear the cobwebs from the chandelier. Jessie sits on the top stair, watching from above. She wears a scowl.

Gerald, in suit and tie, enters the front door. A battered briefcase hangs at his side.

GERALD
How goes the restoration?

WENDY
Making progress. Which isn't saying much. I don't think Orville Winternight ever lifted a finger to do any high-dusting.

GERALD
Orville Winternight was an old bachelor, Wendy. I'm sure high-dusting wasn't high on his to-do list.

Gerald starts up the stairs.

GERALD (CONT'D)
(to Jessie)
What's with the frowny face?

JESSIE
She got me a babysitter.

WENDY
Marge Dunphy from next door came over and introduced herself today. They invited us over this evening. Jessie evidently had a bad experience with their son today at school and has chosen to stay home.

JESSIE
I don't need a babysitter. You're going to be right next door.

WENDY
Until we're more familiar with our surroundings, I'd like you to have company when we're out of the house.

GERALD
Your mom raises a good point.

Jessie gets up, marches to her room, and slams the door.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Wendy and Gerald are giving the babysitter a tour of the kitchen and pantry. HANNAH, sixteen, wears enough make-up for a platoon of babysitters.

WENDY
Help yourself to anything from the pantry or refrigerator.

GERALD
Our kitchen is your kitchen.

HANNAH
That's dope.

Jessie peeks from around the corner of the dining room. Gerald catches sight of her.

GERALD
Caught you, you little spy. Now come meet Hannah.

Jessie shuffles forward like her feet are tied to cinder blocks.

GERALD (CONT'D)
Hannah, this is Jessie. She's not too happy with us this evening.

JESSIE
Dad.

GERALD
But I'm sure the two of you will find something in common. Might even form a bond.

JESSIE
Dad!

WENDY
That's enough, Gerald. You have our numbers, Hannah. We should be home no later than nine.

She ushers Gerald from the room.

GERALD
You two have fun.

Jessie, mortified, avoids eye contact with Hannah.

EXT. DUNPHY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Wendy knocks. MARGE DUNPHY answers. She's plump and effervescent, greeting the Cumberlands with a pair of aggressive hugs.

MARGE
Hello hello! It's so delightful to finally have next-door neighbors! You must be Gerald!

GERALD
Well, if I must.

MARGE
Wendy warned me about your wit!

Wendy hands Marge a bottle of wine.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Oh, Wendy! But you're the new homeowners! I should be showering you in gifts!

INT. 1228 WEEPING WILLOW LANE/SUNROOM - NIGHT

Jessie lies on the sofa. She's watching as Hannah, seated in front of the wall mirror, adds a new layer of eye-liner while speaking into a phone propped on her knee.

HANNAH
(into phone)
And then Lucas told Melissa that he'd been at Adam's but then Renee called Melissa and told her...

INT. DUNPHY HOUSE - SAME

Gerald and Wendy are seated on a couch. Marge and DERRIN, red-haired and cheerful, are seated across from them on a matching love seat. The women hold glasses of wine, the men have bottles of beer.

DERRIN
So what's your line of work, Gerald?

GERALD
Pharmaceuticals. I'm an account manager for Armstrong and Wellner. Got transferred over from the Milwaukee office.

DERRIN
Did you hear that, Marge? Pharmaceuticals. We'll never run out of aspirin again.

Marge and Derrin chortle with delight. Donnie passes through the room, preoccupied by the tablet in his hand.

MARGE
Donnie, come say hello to our new neighbors. This is Mr. and Mrs. Cumberland.

Donnie, without taking his eyes off the tablet's screen, parks himself on the coffee table between the pair of couples.

DONNIE
Hey.

GERALD
What're you watching, Donnie?

DONNIE
A run-through.

GERALD
A run through what?

DONNIE
A video game. A gamer is live-streaming. Shh.

Marge and Derrin don't seem to notice his flagrant rudeness.

MARGE
Donnie, they've got a daughter your age named Jessie. Have you met her?

DONNIE
Possibly.

INT. SUNROOM - SAME

Hannah is still seated in front of the mirror, now carefully touching up her lip stick. Jessie, still on sofa, looks bored silly.

HANNAH
(into phone)
And I don't see why Renee would make up a story about Lucas when he's not even her type.

Jessie shoves off the couch and wanders out of the room.

INT. DUNPHY HOUSE - SAME

The pair of couples talks around Donnie, who's still parked between them on the coffee table.

MARGE
And if you ever need Donnie to do any raking, just say the word.

DERRIN
Those willow trees are such dirty trees. Always dropping their leaves and clogging up the gutters.

MARGE
Lord knows Orville never did any raking.

WENDY
Never did any high-dusting either.

DERRIN
No surprise there. That man never left his garage. Always too busy working on his precious cars.

INT. 1228 WEEPING WILLOW LANE - SAME

With Hannah's voice droning in the background, Jessie explores through the dark downstairs. She passes through the pantry and then laundry room's shadowy interiors, finally reaching an uncharted door.

She opens it, finding nothing but open-air darkness beyond it. She feels around for a nearby light switch, discovers it, and flicks it.

A series of overhead florescent lights clicks on, revealing a spacious garage. The bay, big enough to hold three cars, is completely empty except for dirty pegboard on the walls and oil stains on the sunken floor.

INT. DUNPHY HOUSE - NIGHT

Derrin hands Gerald another beer while Marge tops off Wendy's wine glass. Donnie is still watching his tablet, still a conversation roadblock.

WENDY
So Orville Winternight was a mechanic?

MARGE
A grumpy one. He never came to any of the neighborhood parties.

DERRIN
Rarely even waved.

WENDY
And how long did he live next door?

MARGE
Oh, goodness. He was living next door when we built our house.

Wendy perks up.

WENDY
So our house predates the rest of the neighborhood?

DERRIN
Definitely. This whole neighborhood only went up about twelve years ago.

MARGE
About the time our Donnie was born.

She smiles upon her angel, who has a finger halfway up his nose digging for treasure.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Before that, this whole area was nothing but your house and empty forest.

DERRIN
However, interestingly enough, the only weeping willow trees to be found in the whole neighborhood are in your yard.

INT. 1228 WEEPING WILLOW LANE/GARAGE - SAME

Jessie advances slowly across the cavernous bay. Something at the far end draws her attention: A full-length wall mirror. She steps towards it... her mirror image stepping towards her...

INT. DUNPHY HOUSE - SAME

The couples are finishing their second round of drinks.

WENDY
What did you mean earlier when you said it was nice to finally have next-door neighbors?

MARGE
Oh, I just meant that your house has been empty for some time.

WENDY
Empty? Why? What happened to Orville?

Derrin and Marge shrug.

DERRIN
Disappeared.

MARGE
Didn't the realtor tell you?

GERALD
She might've mentioned something.

Wendy shoots him an angry look.

MARGE
Orville was such a recluse that it didn't seem odd to miss him for months at a time. Especially during the winters.

DERRIN
But when last spring came, and still no sign of Orville, I went next door looking for him.

He pauses to subconsciously look toward 1228 Weeping Willow Lane.

DERRIN (CONT'D)
All of his furniture, clothes, and cars were gone. And so was he.

Wendy's phone rings. She fumbles it out of her purse and answers it.

WENDY
Hello?... We'll be right there.

She hangs up and turns to Gerald.

WENDY (CONT'D)
It's Hannah. Something's wrong.

EXT. 1228 WEEPING WILLOW LANE - MOMENTS LATER

Gerald, Wendy, Derrin, and Marge all rush over from next door. Donnie trails along.

Hannah is standing alone on the front porch, the front door wide open. She's ashen-faced and bug-eyed.

HANNAH
It's the mirror... The mirror in the sunroom.

WENDY
Hannah, where's Jessie?

HANNAH
I was putting on some make-up and my reflection *didn't act right*.

GERALD
Where's Jessie?

Hannah points to the house.

INT. 1228 WEEPING WILLOW LANE/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Gerald, Wendy, and Derrin all scramble into the foyer.

GERALD
Jessie?!

WENDY
Jessie!

No answer.

WENDY (CONT'D)
I'll check down here. You two try upstairs.

As Gerald and Derrin rush up the curved staircase, Wendy hurries across the dining room and through the pantry. She notices the doorway on the far end of the laundry room is cracked open with light streaming from beyond it.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Jessie is crouched next to the full-length wall mirror in the far corner. Wendy bursts through the doorway.

WENDY
Jessie! We've been calling for you!

JESSIE
(re: mirror)
Mom! Look what I found!

WENDY
Hannah got spooked by something in the house. Do you know anything about that?

JESSIE
No. Why would he put a mirror in the garage?

WENDY
Okay, let's go.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

The Cumberlands and Dunphys are all crowded around Hannah. She's still visibly shaken.

GERALD
I'm sure it was just the lighting, Hannah. Nothing's wrong with the mirror.

WENDY
I'm sorry things didn't work out tonight. Why don't we pay you for three hours instead of one?

HANNAH
I think you should save your money for the exorcism.

Derrin and Marge laugh nervously. Donnie's eyes open wide.

JESSIE
What's an exorcism?

GERALD
Nothing but a joke. She's joking.

HANNAH
Not a joke. I'd like to go home now.

DERRIN
We'll take her home, Gerald.

GERALD
Thanks, Derrin. I'd appreciate that.

Gerald, Wendy, and Jessie watch as the Dunphys and Hannah depart across the lawn.

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

A full moon shines through the dormer window. Jessie lies in bed, staring at the wall mirror. Her mirror image looks ghostly in the pale moonlight.

INT. SEVENTH GRADE CLASSROOM - MORNING

Jessie, already in her seat, watches as Patricia and Kelly enter with a third girl, NATALIE. The threesome parades to their desks like preening show ponies. They're clearly a clique and Jessie is mesmerized by their cliquishness.

PATRICIA
What about your place, Nat?

NATALIE
It's too soon since the oven incident.

KELLY
I'd volunteer my house but my parents are going through a neat freak phase.

Jessie perks up, smiling as casually as possible. The others ignore her.

PATRICIA
Then where are we going to have our sleep-over?

The bell rings as Mrs. Witticker ambles in.

MRS. WITTICKER
Good morning. Today we're going to start with a review on multiplying fractions for a test that may or may not be this week.

She smiles mischievously as Donnie straggles in and takes his seat.

MRS. WITTICKER (CONT'D)
Mr. Dunphy, the bell has tolled which makes you late. So, after school you'll be late going home. You have detention.

She turns her attention to the white board and begins lecturing. Donnie leans forward into Jessie's ear.

DONNIE
(whisper)
Your house is possessed.

Jessie, without turning, whispers her reply:

JESSIE
Shut up. It's not possessed.

DONNIE
Hannah saw her reflection in the mirror wink at her.

JESSIE
She's delusional. Now shut up.

DONNIE
Maybe you're delusional. Maybe you're possessed, too.

JESSIE
My house is not possessed!

Mrs. Witticker turns from the white board. Donnie sinks back into his seat.

MRS. WITTICKER
Jessie, is there a problem?

JESSIE
No.

MRS. WITTICKER
And have you suddenly learned how to multiply fractions?

JESSIE
No.

MRS. WITTICKER
Then you'll be staying after school with Mr. Dunphy so you can learn. Detention.

She turns back to the white board. Jessie mumbles something under her breath as Donnie cackles quietly.

INT. WEEPING WILLOW LANE/SUNROOM - EVENING

Wendy is wiping down the wall mirror with a bottle of glass cleaner and squeegee. Gerald enters, outfitted in his suit and accompanying briefcase.

GERALD
Hey there.

He attempts to kiss Wendy but she pulls away.

WENDY
So let's review: Orville Winternight mysteriously disappeared from this house and you failed to mention that to me?

GERALD
We got such a great deal on the place that I just assumed that you assumed something like that might've happened.

WENDY
You assumed that I assumed that you chose this house because the realty agent desperately wanted to unload it since the previous occupant mysteriously disappeared and is probably lurking behind all of these mirrors watching us as we speak?

Gerald looks at his reflection in the mirror.

GERALD
You don't really think he's creeping around in the walls, do you?

He tries lifting the mirror away from the wall. It won't budge.

WENDY
Every room has a mirror and every mirror is fastened down. There's no way of knowing what's behind them.

GERALD
Well the mirrors aren't haunted, Wendy. I can tell you that much. Hannah had on so much war paint last night that she was probably high on the fumes.

WENDY
I don't care what she did or didn't see in the mirror. You had no business buying this house without--

Jessie enters with her backpack. Wendy and Gerald put on happy faces.

GERALD
Hey, Jess! How was school?

JESSIE
I'm the new girl. So it sucks.

Gerald's eyes spark.

GERALD
Why don't you invite some of your classmates over? Then you won't be the new girl anymore.

JESSIE
Well, Patricia and the others were talking about a sleep-over this Saturday.

WENDY
In light of everything, I don't know if that's such a good idea.

GERALD
It's a great idea! Invite Patricia and those girls over for Saturday night. We'll make it a sleep-over to remember!

Jessie smiles big. Wendy glares at Gerald.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wendy is asleep in bed. Gerald lies awake in bed, facing the full-length wall mirror. He climbs out of bed and tries prying the mirror away from the wall. It won't budge.

By the moonlight, he studies his reflection, testing his mirror image with quick arm swings and head bobs. His reflection successfully mirrors his every move.

Satisfied, he returns to bed.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Jessie waits near the door to the classroom, watching as Patricia and Kelly saunter her way. Jessie takes a deep breath and steps in front of them.

JESSIE
Hey, Patricia. Hey, Kelly.

KELLY
Jessie.

PATRICIA
So what things are you going to blurt out today in Nose-picker's class?

JESSIE
What do you mean?

PATRICIA
My house is not possessed!

KELLY
My house is not haunted!

They giggle. Jessie blushes.

JESSIE
Donnie's always whispering stuff to me. Always saying the most annoying things. But, honestly, my house isn't a paranormal hot spot. It's not possessed.

KELLY
We're just joking with you.

PATRICIA
We're sure your house doesn't have evil spirits.

JESSIE
It doesn't. And, if you'd like to see for yourselves, we could have the sleep-over at my house Saturday night.

Patricia and Kelly exchange a look.

PATRICIA
What sleep-over?

JESSIE
I overheard you talking yesterday. I asked my parents about it and they're all for it.

Patricia and Kelly remain silent.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Natalie can come, too.

They're still silent. Jessie starts fidgeting with her backpack straps.

PATRICIA
You know what? I think your house would be a great place for a sleep-over.

A wave of relief washes over Jessie.

KELLY
It'll give us a chance to know you better.

PATRICIA
We'll tell Natalie. See you Saturday night, Jessie.

Patricia and Kelly continue down the hall. Jessie jumps for joy.

INT. 1228 WEEPING WILLOW LANE/LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Wendy is mopping the hardwood floor. The wall-to-wall bookshelves are mostly empty, containing the Cumberland's meager collection of books. Jessie bursts through the front door, all smiles.

JESSIE
They said yes! They're all coming Saturday night!

Wendy pauses her mop.

WENDY
Oh. Well, about that...

JESSIE
Everything's okay, right?

Wendy studies Jessie's hopeful face.

WENDY
Sure. You girls can make camp in here. It's the biggest room.

She smiles and resumes mopping.

INT. 1228 WEEPING WILLOW LANE/GERALD'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is dark except for the computer screen. Gerald sits at his desk reading old newspaper archives. Wendy enters.

WENDY
Still working?

GERALD
No, just a pet project. Why are you still awake?

WENDY
The house needs to be cleaned for tomorrow night. Orville Winternight obviously never hosted a slumber party for seventh grade girls.

GERALD
About Orville... I should've discussed everything with you. I'm sorry.

WENDY
No more secrets.

GERALD
That's my pet project. Take a look at this.

He hits a couple keys. A newspaper photo of their house comes up.

PHOTO: A slender gray-haired man with beady eyes is standing on the front porch, scowling into the camera. A caption reads: **Orville Winternight takes up residence in Weeping Willow Manor.**

Wendy takes a seat on a filing crate and studies the photo.

WENDY
It's dated October of 1993. That's almost thirty years ago.

GERALD
I know. It's the only article I can find.

WENDY
Why is the house called Weeping Willow Manor?

GERALD
There were no other addresses around back then. It was just our house and the willow trees.

Wendy skims the article.

WENDY
It doesn't say who he bought the house from.

GERALD
No, it does not.

INT. 1228 WEEPING WILLOW LANE - SATURDAY NIGHT

The doorbell rings. Jessie races to answer it, whipping open the front door. On the doorstep are Patricia, Kelly, and Natalie. They all carry bed-rolls and backpacks.

JESSIE
Hey! Welcome!

PATRICIA
Jessie.

She leads the way in. The girls gaze around the foyer and adjacent rooms.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
This house has a definite aura.

NATALIE
Big time aura.

KELLY
I feel it as well.

JESSIE
I guess there's some aura.

Gerald and Wendy are standing in the library beyond the front parlor, waving them all over.

GERALD
Who likes pepperoni?!

He’s slicing a pizza on a folding card table. The girls all approach, gawking around like they’re explorers on a jungle safari.

The doorbell rings again.

WENDY
Who could that be? Isn’t this everyone?

Jessie shrugs and returns to the foyer, Wendy following along. They answer the door. On the doorstep are Marge and Donnie. Donnie is clutching his tablet.

MARGE
Hi, Wendy! Hi, Jessie!

WENDY
Hello, Marge. To what do we owe the visit?

Jessie eyes Donnie. His metal teeth glint within his evil smirk.

MARGE
I have a big favor to ask. Derrin’s sister has just given birth. Our very first niece. And we’d like to go see the little one. Donnie doesn’t have any interest. Would you mind if we drop him here? Just for a few hours, Wendy.

WENDY
I don’t see why not. We’re hosting some of the girls from class.

MARGE
I owe you, Wendy. We’ll be back before midnight. Be good, Donnie.

She hurries across the lawn. Donnie enters.

WENDY
You’re just in time. We’ve got pizza and...

DONNIE
I’ll entertain myself. All I need is a quiet room and a wifi password.

WENDY
Um. The sunroom is through there. The password is password.

DONNIE
The password is password? That's an open drawbridge to hackers. Later, skater.

He marches away through the dining room, opposite the party in the library. Jessie gives Wendy an unhappy face.

WENDY
Don't let him spoil your fun. Now, c'mon.

She marches her by the shoulders back toward the library.

INT. LIBRARY - HOUR LATER

Jessie and the girls have turned the room's spacious floor into a slumber party campsite. They all lounge around on their sleeping bags.

NATALIE
Once, I saw Nose-picker fish a booger out and actually teach a lesson with it dangling on her finger.

The others cringe.

KELLY
I've caught her wiping them under her desk.

NATALIE
I've seen her wipe bloody ones under her desk.

PATRICIA
Enough. Can we be done with Mrs. Nose-picker stories? I have a sweet tooth and I'd like to keep it that way.

NATALIE
Yeah, I'd kill for brownies.

KELLY
Cinnamon rolls.

PATRICIA
Tollhouse.

All eyes are on Jessie.

JESSIE
I'll make a run to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Wendy is doing dishes. Jessie comes running.

WENDY
How's it going in there?

JESSIE
They're ready for dessert.

WENDY
And dessert is ready for them.

She pulls a baking sheet out of the oven.

JESSIE
What's that?

WENDY
Snickerdoodles.

Jessie hunts through the refrigerator.

JESSIE
Don't we have Tollhouse or cinnamon rolls?

WENDY
What's wrong with Snickerdoodles? You love my Snickerdoodles.

JESSIE
No. It's got to be Tollhouse or cinnamon rolls or brownies.

WENDY
I think I might have brownie mix.

She steps into the pantry.

JESSIE
Please hurry!

Jessie rushes back toward the library.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Jessie comes rushing into the room, but no one is there. She wanders through the parlor and foyer and dining room, searching and listening for signs of the girls.

Hearing the murmur of voices from the direction of the sunroom, she steps stealthily toward the doorway and spies into the room.

JESSIE'S POV: Donnie is on the sofa, staring into his tablet. Patricia, Kelly, and Natalie stand in a half-circle around him.

PATRICIA
I thought you said this place was haunted.

DONNIE
Wrong. I said the mirrors were possessed. That's the story from the babysitter.

KELLY
Possessed mirrors?

She gives the wall-mirror a look. Natalie and Patricia copy her eyeline.

KELLY (CONT'D)
It's just a mirror. The place has a bunch of mirrors. What's interesting about that?

NATALIE
No aura whatsoever. It's just a boring old house.

PATRICIA
We're wasting our Saturday night here.

Jessie is in tears.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Jessie flees up the staircase.

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jessie enters, slams the door closed, and dives into her bed, burying her face against the pillow.

JESSIE
(muffled)
I hate this place. I hate this house.

She looks toward the wall mirror. Tears roll down her face as tears roll down her mirror image's face. She wipes her eyes as her mirror image wipes its eyes.

The mirror image suddenly *winks at her*. Jessie flinches. The mirror image smiles and beckons her toward the mirror.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
(awestruck)
Are you... possessed?

The mirror image shakes its head no.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Is this house possessed?

The mirror image shakes its head no.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
I don't think I should be talking to you.

The mirror image beckons her toward the mirror again, this time curling its finger with an eager expression.

Jessie slowly steps off the bed and takes baby-steps toward the mirror. The mirror image waves her forward, its hands getting more demonstrative the closer Jessie gets.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Is there another Patricia on your side? Or Kelly? Or Donnie?

The mirror image shakes its head no.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Okay, well I guess I'm trusting you...

She hesitates inches from the mirror, then places her hands on the glass, meeting her mirror image's hands... Jessie is quickly sucked through the surface of the mirror--

INT. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

--and comes out in the same bedroom, except that it has no furniture. She looks around the empty bedroom, then back at the mirror.

JESSIE
Where’s my things? What happened to it all? Am I somewhere different?

The mirror image winks at her, then flicks its hands, encouraging Jessie out the bedroom door. Jessie slowly complies, easing open the door. The upstairs hallway is missing the new floral carpets her parents added, and the wall sconces are all dark. She wanders toward the foyer.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

She descends the stairs, slow and measured. The house has a different ambient hue to it, everything radiating a rich purple rather than the nighttime darkness.

INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

She reaches the library and stops dead in her tracks: There’s no slumber party campsite. No sleeping bags. No furniture. Just dusty bookshelves.

JESSIE
Mom?!

She rushes toward the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jessie enters. Nobody is there. Her family’s kitchen furniture is gone, replaced with a couple grungy vinyl chairs and a sagging chrome-rimmed table. Old milk cartons and cigarette boxes clutter the counter-tops. The sink is filthy with dirty plates and cigarette butts.

INT. GERALD’S HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jessie pokes her head into the room. Her father’s baseball pennants, file crates, and computer desk have been replaced with stacks of old newspapers and car-part catalogs.

As Jessie’s eyes sweep across the room, the sound of a revving car engine suddenly vibrates the walls, causing her to nearly jump out of her shoes.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jessie advances breathlessly toward the door to the garage, toward the loudening sound of the revving car engine, and eases the door open...

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jessie peeks past the door. The empty bay has been transformed into a fully furnished mechanic's garage, complete with hydraulic lifts and various tools and benches and cabinets.

A mint-green 1957 Ford Thunderbird Convertible is up on the lift. A royal-blue 1955 Cadillac Coupe De Ville Convertible is on the floor. And working under the hood is a slender man with gray hair. He wears dirty coveralls.

It's Orville Winternight.

ORVILLE
Stop jerking me around! I need a real carburetor! Not this useless clunker!

He bangs his wrench against the engine. The wrench bounces out of his hand and clatters across the garage floor. As he bends over to retrieve it, he spots Jessie peeking from the doorway.

ORVILLE (CONT'D)
Who are you?!

Jessie ducks out of view.

ORVILLE (CONT'D)
You came through the mirror, didn't you?! Which room?!

Jessie peeks back around the door. Eyes wide. Lips quivering.

JESSIE
My bedroom.

ORVILLE
Anyone else know you came through?

JESSIE
No... what's happening?

ORVILLE
We'll get to that.

JESSIE
Where am I?

ORVILLE
We'll get to that, too. Hold your horses.

Orville sizes her up with his beady brown eyes. He wipes his wrench with a rag.

ORVILLE (CONT'D)
So, I assume you're living in Weeping Willow Manor.

JESSIE
You mean 1228 Weeping Willow Lane?

ORVILLE
Oh, that's right. They gave it a street address when all those ugly little boxes got built around it. When the neighborhood went to seed.

JESSIE
We thought you disappeared. Nobody knows what happened to you.

ORVILLE
Oh, I'm probably the talk of the town. *Where's Orville? Where's Orville? What happened to Orville?* Everybody crying in their cornflakes.

Jessie bites her lip nervously.

ORVILLE (CONT'D)
What?

JESSIE
I'm not really sure what crying in their cornflakes means, but if it means that they miss you, then they're not crying in their cornflakes.

ORVILLE
Well I don't miss them, either. When I first moved into Weeping Willow Manor, I found the mirrors, just as you did. I had no idea who hung them, didn't even know who built the house.

He goes back under the hood of the Cadillac with his wrench. Jessie inches her way into the garage.

ORVILLE (CONT'D)
But it was paradise all the same. No neighbors, no noise... Then the mirror started behaving odd. That mirror.

He motions to the wall mirror at the far corner of the garage.

ORVILLE (CONT'D)
So I stepped through.

He gives Jessie a long piercing look.

ORVILLE (CONT'D)
And I discovered that this house, on the other side of the mirror, is located in a very different neighborhood.

He steps to the big roll-up garage door and grabs the handle.

ORVILLE (CONT'D)
A neighborhood about six-hundred thousand light years away.

He rolls up the door.

EXT. ALIEN PLANET - CONTINUOUS

The ground is purple and pitted, like a lavender lunar landscape. The sky is dark green, with streaks of starbursts and swirling super novas.

Jessie is breathless. She inches toward the open door and looks around.

A purple road winds past the house. And along either side of the road are houses of various alien architecture:

* A giant yellow pea pod. SEVEN-FOOT WORMS with large eyelashes squirm from various holes.

* A green pulsing gelatinous blob. Several smaller pulsing GREEN GELATINOUS BLOBS detach and slough away down the street

* A metallic black disc. Small and hairless HUMANOIDS work in the yard harvesting stalks of snapping beaks.

* A tiny brown cylinder. The lid irises open and wisps of translucent BLUE CLOUD BEINGS materialize and drift overhead.

* A mound of reflective onyx. Several reflective ONYX BALLS roll up, down, and around the mound.

* A volcanic cone gushing molten lava. A rust-colored ARMOR-PLATED GOLIATH bathes her ARMOR-PLATED BABY GOLIATH in the steaming red current.

* A jumble of silver domes with smokestacks. Dozens of ORANGE FURRED PINT-SIZED LABORERS scurry in and out of the domes.

Jessie ogles one house after the other.

JESSIE
It can't be real.

ORVILLE
Heh heh. It's real.

JESSIE
I can't believe what I'm seeing.

ORVILLE
It takes a moment to sink in.

Jessie rattles her head.

ORVILLE (CONT'D)
I don't got any answers. I assume these houses were all built by the same hand, outfitted with special transporter mirrors, and planted across the cosmos.

JESSIE
But why? Who?

ORVILLE
Why is easy. Because they can. Who is the difficult one. Any of these aliens might be the culprits.

A family of three shaggy RED YETIS stomps past. The smallest (eight feet tall) waves to Orville.

GIRL YETI
Hi, Mr. Winternight.

FATHER YETI
Good evening, Orville.

ORVILLE
Yeah yeah.

He dismisses them with a wave of his rag and buries his nose back under the hood of the Cadillac.

JESSIE
They speak *English*?

ORVILLE
Some of them do. Makes it harder to ignore them.

JESSIE
Why on Earth would you want to ignore them?

ORVILLE
Because I don't cotton to neighbors. I don't care what planet they're from.

JESSIE
But they're amazing... it's all so remarkable...

She wanders out of the garage and along the purple road.