

BRYAN

Don't.

But Troy smashes it against a wall, it shatters.

TROY

It stinks down here. It stinks like
shit.

(beat)

Last summer, when we had a raccoon
stuck in the chimney? That's what
it smells like. Let's go find it.

BRYAN

No, it smells bad. I'm going.

Bryan starts off. Troy starts investigating, throwing the
snap and pops. Bryan is half way up the stairs, when the snap
and pops ABRUPTLY STOP.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Troy?

There is no sound. Then, a faint childish laugh.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

(freaked)

Who's down here!

Silence. He moves down the creaking steps. Until his
flashlight beam finds...

Troy...eyes wide with fear...his throat ripped out.

Terrified, Bryan feels something behind him. He hears a
noise: breathing. He slowly turns, his beam ILLUMINATES:

A blonde two year old BOY, wearing a Lindberg-era white
christening gown with seed pearls long yellowed. His mouth
and face is smeared with blood, his skin is wrinkled like an
ancient man. The INFANTATA smiles, gurgles...

Then ATTACKS.

The lightlight falls to the ground.

FADE TO BLACK.

A SINGLE WORD POPS UP: **TODAY**

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

THE SOUND OF RUNNING WATER. Come up on a TRAY of
INSTRUMENTS.

A stainless steel SPECULUM, a large SYRINGE with NEEDLE, COTTON SWABS, COTTON BALLS, RUBBER GLOVES. The water stops and the hands of DR. DAY come into view. He towels them off, pulls on the gloves.

DR. DAY
Are your periods regular again?

He messes with the instruments as a WOMAN speaks. It's VIVIEN HARMON.

VIVIEN
Pretty much. Every other month.

Dr. Day turns. REVEAL Vivien, gowned, on her back, her legs in STIRRUPS. She's pretty, forty, but she looks thirty five.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
I'm not complaining. After all of that blood.

Day inserts his gloved fingers into Vivien, beginning his exam. She takes in a sharp breath.

VIVIEN (CONT'D)
Ben hates blood.

DR. DAY
How are you two doing? Sexual relations?

Day is clinical. He's not looking to get off here.

VIVIEN
Sometimes.

He inserts the speculum. She exhales. It hurts a little.

DR. DAY
You having trouble with arousal?

VIVIEN
A little. Thought maybe it was pre-menopause.

He pulls out the speculum, takes off his gloves.

DR. DAY
Could be. Any issues achieving climax?

VIVIEN
I don't know, it depends. When I'm alone it's fine.

He nods.

DR. DAY

Well, things look great from a physical standpoint. Are you anxious about having sex? About something happening?

VIVIEN

You mean like getting pregnant?

DR. DAY

It would be a normal response.

VIVIEN

Well, I would like to go back on my birth control pills.

He takes out her FILE. Writes --

DR. DAY

I want to wait a beat on those. They can cause irregularities in your hormone levels and I think you're already having some issues in that department. Your cycle, the sexual issues.

VIVIEN

I don't have sexual issues.
(then)
Maybe I'm just depressed.

Day takes a beat, then keeps writing -- that's not his field of expertise.

DR. DAY

I've recently had some success with women your age using bioidentical hormone treatments. Estrogen, progestin.

VIVIEN

Wait, so I am going through menopause?

DR. DAY

I don't think so. This is more of a pre-emptive strike. Your body is like a house, you can fix the tiles in the bathroom and the kitchen but if the foundation is decaying, you're wasting your time.

VIVIEN

Are there any side effects?

DR. DAY

The bHRT's are great for your skin, your organs. Most of the women I give these to tell me they make them feel ten years younger.

VIVIEN

I don't let my family use plastic bottles or hold their cell phones to their ears, now you want me to put something in my body and not tell me side effects? Don't they make those things with horse pee?

DR. DAY

Feel and look ten years younger.

VIVIEN

The arousal issue is mine, not Ben's. I'm just reconnecting with my body after what happened, I don't want to give it away again.

DR. DAY

You're worried about losing control, I'm offering you something to help you get it back.

VIVIEN

I'm not a house.

DR. DAY

Vivien, what are you so afraid of?

Off Vivien, unsure of the answer --

INT. BACK BAY BROWNSTONE -- DAY

Vivien comes home with GROCERIES. Goes into the KITCHEN. Starts unloading. Along with the food is a LITTLE PHARMACY bag. She pulls out the hormone pills and creams, looks at them, thinks, then HEARS A NOISE from upstairs. A piece of furniture being moved? Her eyes go wide. Then, the sound again, longer, louder. She's TERRIFIED, dials the phone. 911.

OPERATOR

911 operator, what is your emergency?