

YOU WILL ALWAYS BE MINE

Written by

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EXT. CABIN - DAY

A long dirt driveway leads up to a small cabin tucked away in the woods. There are no other houses in sight.

INT. BEDROOM

Shades drawn prevent sunlight from entering the windows.

Candlelight flickers against the face of SHANNON (30). Her head rests on a pillow, her curly blonde hair in disarray. She looks up at MARK (45).

Their faces are so close, their lips almost touching. His dark eyes are intense, his breath labored, his movement slow and deliberate.

MARK

Say it again. Tell me you love me.

SHANNON

I love you Mark.

He moves faster, his eyes squeeze shut, his face contorts. He groans. His body shudders and he collapses, his face now buried in the pillow.

Shannon stares at the ceiling, eyes empty. Her bottom lip quivers, she bites it, holding back tears.

Mark gets up, leaving Shannon's gaunt, naked body exposed. He sits on the edge of the bed. His eyes scan the abnormal amount of framed photos of he and Shannon displayed around the room. He focuses on their wedding picture.

He rubs his forehead. Without giving her a look he gets up and walks to the bathroom. Shannon lies with her limbs spread, her wrists and ankles chained to the bedposts.

From the bathroom, a shower starts followed by a shower curtain opening then closing. Now alone, she falls apart.

INT. SHOWER - LATER

Shannon stands under the shower head, the water hitting her face. She brings up her hands to wring the water from her hair. Her wrists are scarred and bruised from the chains.

Just outside the curtain, Mark stands guard. He glances at his watch then reaches in and shuts off the water.

MARK

You're as clean as you're gonna get.

INT. BEDROOM

Shades now up, sunlight fills the room. Shannon, wet hair, in sweatpants and t-shirt, shows no emotion as Mark secures her ankles and wrists to the bed.

SHANNON

How long will you be gone?

He half smiles and answers without looking at her.

MARK

You sound like you might miss me.

He locks the last cuff then walks out of the room.

Shannon looks out the window. For a moment her eyes light up as she watches RYAN MURPHY(32), playfully chase her on the beach then pull her down to a blanket. They kiss passionately.

She cries. Unable to wipe her tears she closes her eyes. When she re-opens them the only thing she sees is a dead, withered tree right outside her window.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The lights are dim, soft music plays. Shannon, no make-up, hair a mess but wearing a beautiful red dress that hangs off her thin frame, sits alone at the table set for two.

Mark walks in holding a platter. He places it on the table and lifts the lid. Steam rises, underneath is a pot roast surrounded by vegetables. He sniffs and is pleased.

Shannon is expressionless. He's disappointed.

MARK

It's your favorite. Come on baby.  
Tonight's a special occasion. One  
year that we've been back together.

He pours wine in both their glasses and holds up his for a toast, knowing she can't reach hers. Her arms are stuck to her sides, her wrists and ankles cuffed to the chair.

MARK

To us.

He sips his wine. He looks at Shannon and smiles then dishes the food onto both of their plates.

She stares at him in disgust as he enjoys his meal.

MARK

This is very good.

The steam from Shannon's food rises up to her nose, taunting her. Mark gestures toward her full plate.

MARK

You haven't touched your dinner.  
I guess it'll be bread and water  
again tonight?

She studies his face. He can't look her in the eyes.

SHANNON

How long do you think this can go  
on Mark?

He stops chewing. He lays down his fork and stares at it.

MARK

What do you mean?

SHANNON

They're going to find me. I don't  
know why it's taking so long but  
they will find me.

He looks up at her, finally making eye contact. His eyes filled with hate, his expression terrifying.

MARK

No one's looking for you Shannon.

His cold response obviously chills her. Satisfied with that, he picks up his fork and continues to eat.

INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

12 JURORS listen intently as a LAWYER (60), makes his closing argument.

LAWYER

The evidence in this case is overwhelming. Ryan Murphy, murdered Shannon Hill in a jealous rage.

Seated between his attorneys, Ryan Murphy looks like a beaten man.

Across the aisle Mark sits, glaring at Ryan. His arm is around Shannon's MOTHER (55), who dabs her teary eyes with a tissue. He squeezes tight to comfort her.

LAWYER

He manipulated this girl into leaving her loving husband. . .

The lawyer gestures toward Mark who puts his head down in a convincing act of despair.

LAWYER (CONT.)

and when he found out they were going to reconcile, he killed her!

FLASHBACK

INT. RYAN'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Darkness. The garage door slowly opens. Headlights reveal Mark hiding next to the door. A car pulls in. The headlights turn off, Mark disappears in the darkness.

The car door opens and Ryan steps out. Mark sneaks up from behind and Tazers him. Ryan instantly falls to the ground.

Mark's every step, calculated. With surgical gloves already on, he pulls a syringe from his jacket pocket and quickly injects Ryan. He then enters the house.

INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM

Shannon is naked and bound, duct tape over her mouth.

Mark enters. Her eyes plead with him but he's not moved. He pulls out a syringe, she panics. He injects her.

He works diligently, his actions precise. Like a pro, he sets up a perfect murder scene.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. CABIN - DAY

The front door opens. Mark walks in, wearing a suit and a menacing smile.

INT. BEDROOM

Mark, not acknowledging Shannon, excitedly rolls in a small television and turns it on. She watches him nervously. He locates the right channel then leaves.

Shannon watches a female REPORTER on the CHANNEL 12 NEWS.

REPORTER

Today, Ryan Murphy was convicted of the murder of Shannon Hill. They've yet to find the body of Mrs. Hill who was married to Mark Hill, a Brick Township police officer.

Shock washes over her face. She panics but can't move.

Mark appears by the dead tree outside her window. He revs up a chainsaw. The sound startles her and the sight of Mark with the chainsaw causes her to SCREAM. He laughs (MOS) as he begins to cut down the tree.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

No Shannon, no cuffs on the bedposts, and the only framed photo displayed is Mark and Shannon's wedding picture.

Outside the window a beautiful young tree surrounded by flowers grows where the old, rotted tree once stood.

EXT. TREE

Under the tree a decorative sign sticks out of the flowers. "SHANNON'S GARDEN - MY LOVE, YOU WILL ALWAYS BE MINE".