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EXT. OUTSIDE OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The sun sets low above an old dilapidated farm house with peeling white paint. An old red barn, a worn wooden tool shed, and broken snow fences pepper the landscape nearby.

A van pulls into the long circle driveway and parks. Three people pile out. SAM, 32, casual and comfortable, and LORNA, 28, yoga pants and tee, look up at the house.

JIM, 50, beer gut in athletic attire, unloads cameras and sound equipment from the back of the van.

SAM

This is it.

LORNA

I've heard about this place my whole life.

SAM

Thanks for contacting us about it, Lorna. I'm excited. What a story this house has.

LORNA

Sounds like Jim is excited too.

With a surfer-like bounce in his step, Jim carries a shoulder bag and a camera over to Sam and Lorna.

JIM

Dude, I'm stoked! This place has been on my list for years.

LORNA

Mine too. I grew up down the road and heard all the legends.

They all walk to the back of the van and grab equipment.

SAM

Let's get started. I hope it's not as hot in there as it is out here.

Sam hands Lorna bags and flashlights.

SAM (CONT'D)

It'll be hot in that house. And it'll take us until dark to set up.

They all carry the equipment to the house.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam, Jim, and Lorna stand in a dimly lit run down old living room. Lorna looks around with disgust and holds her nose.

LORNA

What is that smell?

JIM

Mildew. Try not to breathe deep.

SAM

It's the smell of old moth balls and death. 1978, right? When he murdered the kids?

LORNA

Just after the New Year. Early '79.

They set up cameras, run cords, and hook up equipment. Sam walks through an arched doorway. Lorna uses her flashlight to look around at the decor: an old armchair and a box TV.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam peeks around the corner into the kitchen with a light. Lorna and Jim follow. Dust and grease cover old appliances. Cobwebs cover nesting fruit baskets hanging from the ceiling.

SAM

Not much in here. We'll just do a bit of audio and video.

SOBS and SCRAPES come from upstairs. Lorna and Jim back up into the hallway. Sam jumps and looks toward the ceiling.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lorna looks at a few crooked photos on the walls as she walks down the hall which is missing sections of wallpaper. Other areas are faded and moldy.

Sam and Jim follow with audio and camera equipment.

SAM

There was a daughter too? I thought it was just a little boy.

LORNA

Son and daughter. And Mom was never seen again. But the dad did it.

She touches one family photo. It falls and SHATTERS.

EXT. OUTSIDE FARMHOUSE - DAY

COURTNEY, 50, in fitted professional attire, heels, and a briefcase, stands on the front walkway in the middle of a lush green yard. She closes her eyes, sighs, then opens them.

She looks up at the large house, beautiful and well kept and turns toward a large maple tree with a rope swing. A small cross pokes up between a circle of tulips under the tree.

COURTNEY

God, I haven't been back here in years.
Bobbi, I'm sorry I buried you, but you
saw some bad stuff.

She walks with her briefcase toward the front porch.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

It's long past time to move on.

She pulls a single key from her suit jacket pocket.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Don't get caught up in memories. Just
sell the damn house.

She puts the key into the old brass doorknob and slowly turns it. The door CREAKS as it opens slowly.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Courtney steps into the same room which looks like it came right out of a '70s Better Homes and Gardens with floral furniture and a box TV on a stand with an antenna on top.

COURTNEY

It's like a museum. Nothing has aged. He
didn't change a thing.

Her cell phone RINGS. She startles then shakes it off and pulls her phone from her jacket pocket.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Josh! Where are you? I'm waiting.

She pauses at a buffet with small lamp near a doorway.

She looks around again and takes it all in. '70s wallpaper and shiny parkay floors cover the room. An Archie Bunker chair sits in the corner and faces the old box TV.

She rifles through a large stack of mail on the buffet.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

No, I didn't see anything from the attorney. I just know that bastard died and left me with the house.

She scoffs and slams a few envelopes onto the table.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I'm selling it As-Is. Just get over here and help me with inventory.

She shoves the paperwork and mail into her briefcase and leans it against the wall.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I'm donating everything. I just need to know what's here, you know, for tax purposes. I want nothing but the profits.

She pauses at the doorway and nods.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Just hurry. I'll see you when you get here. Front door's unlocked.

She hangs up and drops her phone into her pocket. She peers around the corner of a doorway then walks through.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Courtney walks into the kitchen which also looks like a '70s TV show set with green and almond appliances and farm decor.

COURTNEY

Does this stuff even work anymore?

She wipes her finger along the pristine stove.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

STARLA, late 30s, 70s bell bottom slacks and button up blouse, stands in front of the green oven. She laughs and shoos everyone away with a flowered oven mitt.

STARLA

I made brownies, but they look like cookies. They got all flat. Back up, kids. I'm opening the hot oven.

YOUNG COURTNEY, 10, in cute dress, and her brother, NOAH, 8, in a clean baseball uniform, back up away from Starla and the oven. Courtney holds his shoulders in a protective stance.

YOUNG COURTNEY

Momma, they look beautiful.

NOAH

Can we eat them?

STARLA

Just a minute. They need to cool.

She pulls out a cookie sheet filled with a large block of brownies. She smells them then sets them on the stove.

YOUNG COURTNEY

They don't look like brownies, Momma.
But, I bet they are yummy!

She places her hands on Courtney's face and squeezes Noah.

STARLA

I so appreciate your positivity, baby.
We're not all perfect. We must embrace
our mistakes.

Noah flashes a toothless smile. A door SLAMS. They all look toward the archway. Starla smiles weakly and hugs the kids.

STARLA (CONT'D)

Daddy's home. Go on upstairs.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - BACK TO SCENE

Courtney moves from the stove to another doorway off the kitchen. She turns again toward the stove as it flashes from looking new to old and then to new again.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Courtney walks down a dark hallway lined with framed photos. She pauses at a few and touches them. Some are of a young girl, others of a young boy.

She stops at one photo of the girl and boy hugging one another. As she places her hand on the frame, a SCREAM comes from a distant room. Courtney jumps and steps back.

As she pulls away from the photos, dust not there before settles to the floor. A door SLAMS. Courtney startles again.

COURTNEY

Josh? Is that you?

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam, Lorna, and Jim come out of the hallway that wraps around the stairs from a different arch on the opposite side of the living room. They shine their lights and expose more decay.

SAM

We should set cameras at the base of the stairs.

JIM

And I want infrared pointing toward that hall. There's something about those photos.

LORNA

I shouldn't have touched it. That's why it fell. It wasn't --

A SCREAM makes them all jump.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

SAM

Time to go upstairs.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Sam, Lorna, and Jim all walk slowly up the staircase. A child's voice SINGS and the stairs CREAK with each step.

LORNA

Is that a child singing?

SAM

Shhh...

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - COURTNEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam opens the door and steps inside a room that looks as if a tornado hit with a twin mattress against a wall and the bed broken. A tattered David Cassidy poster hangs on the wall.

The indiscernible SINGING gets louder. Lorna steps in and looks around. Sam looks behind the mattress. Jim gently pushes past Lorna and comes in with a camera on his shoulder.

LORNA

(whispers)

Do you hear that?

CRASH.

SAM

And that?

JIM

We're not even set up yet.

SAM

Ghosts don't care if we are ready.

Sam rushes to the door and steps into the hallway.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jim and Lorna step into the hall. Sam stands in awe. All the photos from the walls lie in ruins on the floor.

GIGGLES followed by a STERN INAUDIBLE VOICE come from the next room. Lorna jumps. Sam and Jim ready their equipment

Lorna walks to a door with faded superhero stickers. Sam and Jim stand behind her, Jim with the camera and Sam with a mic and audio box.

Lorna opens a door She readies her flashlight and a rush of WIND pushes her back.

A SCREAM follows the wind.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Courtney comes around the corner from the hallway. JOSH, 30s, GQ timeless business attire, stands in the middle of the living room with a look of disgust.

JOSH

I'm sorry about your dad. I am not sorry about this place!

COURTNEY

He was a monster. And this place is a time capsule.

Josh walks slowly around the room. He gazes at the photos and decor then runs his fingers along the doilies on the chair.

JOSH

Who's the other kid?

COURTNEY

My brother.

Josh perks up.

JOSH

Oh! Noah, right? Where is he?

A SQUEAL sounds from a distant room. A THUMP follows. Josh and Courtney both look up wide eyed.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Court, what was that?

COURTNEY

I don't know. I heard something earlier, just before you came in.

Courtney waves off Josh.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I'll go upstairs and take a look. It's an old house.

She hands him the legal pad and pen.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I need you to write down the furniture. The appliances will stay with the house.

She looks around at the photos on the walls once more.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I guess we'll take these down, but I bet the wallpaper has faded. The stark difference might not be good for an AS-IS sale. Maybe leave 'em?

Josh walks to a wall and lifts a frame. As he peers beneath the frame, the wall appears to move in waves. He drops the frame which BANGS against the wall then falls and SHATTERS.

JOSH

Sorry.

COURTNEY

That's okay. Nothing's changed. I'm sure I know where the broom is.

Courtney turns to leave the room. She pauses and turns back to look at the staircase. Meanwhile, the bright space on the wall darkens as if no frame was there.

INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Courtney tiptoes from the top of a steep staircase toward the end of a dark hall. Framed photos fill the walls with little empty space in between. Many are repeats of other photos.

Courtney looks at sections of photos, all of two kids.

She stops at a closed door. With hesitation, she reaches her hand out toward the doorknob but pauses. THUMP. She turns her head, looks down the hall, and moves her hand away.

COURTNEY

I don't even remember which room was mine.

She turns back to the closed door then walks to the next door. Without pause, she opens the door and peers inside.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Bastard.

She closes the door. SINGING comes from a room nearby, then GIGGLES, then a THUMP sounds from down the hall.

Courtney continues her walk to the next door. She looks at the photos on the wall. They are different than before but still of the two kids. The same photo repeats every few feet.

She places her hand on the doorknob and turns.

The door opens to a small bedroom with a twin bed and green shag carpet. David Cassidy posters cover the walls. A dresser with a mirror sits opposite the doorway.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

This was my room.

She steps inside. As she steps in, the reflection of the young girl from the photos fills the mirror instead of older Courtney. Her eyes get wider as she steps into the room.

INT. FARMHOUSE - COURTNEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Young Courtney watches her little feet cross the shag. The changes before her. It is brighter, the carpet cleaner, and more accessories and books fill the empty spaces.

YOUNG COURTNEY

(singing)

...think I love you...

Young Courtney crosses the room and sits on the carpet. She holds a pretty dark haired doll and runs her fingers through the doll's hair.

YOUNG COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I'm not afraid, Bobbi.

Courtney moves the doll's legs so she sits. She turns the doll's head so they face one another.

YOUNG COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I love you. But not the way he loves me.
And Noah. And Joshie.

She jumps up and grabs a small plastic brush from her dresser then sits back down in front of her doll.

YOUNG COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I don't like the way he loves me, Bobbi.
Oh! You can't talk.

She picks up the doll, flips her over, lifts her dress, and flips a switch on her back. Then, she sits her back down.

YOUNG COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Now you can talk.

She squeezes Bobbi's hand. The doll BABBLES baby talk.

YOUNG COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Yes, dear. I know you me love. How about some tea? One lump or two?

She pretends to pour tea into a pretend cup.

YOUNG COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Oh goodness, Bobbi. I sound like him. Lump. I meant one cube or two?

She pretends to grab two sugar cubes and plops them into the pretend cups one at a time.

YOUNG COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Two! I know how you like your tea.

Young Courtney stands and looks in the mirror. Her reflection shows black eyes and bruised tear stained cheeks.

She screams, turns toward the door, and opens it.

INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Courtney steps out of the old room, aged to today. The photos on the walls have changed again. They repeat every few feet.

She walks to the next room. Superhero stickers decorate the door. GIGGLES come from inside. She places her hand on the doorknob and opens the door.

NOAH (O.S.)

No, Joshie! It's mine!

YOUNG COURTNEY (O.S.)

Noah, we share our toys.

NOAH (O.S.)

Not this one. This one you gave me.

YOUNG COURTNEY (O.S.)

That's right. Joshie, this is his. Can you pick something else to play with this time? How about this one?

Courtney steps into the room. As she crosses the threshold, her foot changes to that of a young girl.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NOAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Young Courtney walks across Noah's room. A neatly made twin bed sits against one wall and a dresser with a mirror on the other. Noah sits alone, stoic as he plays with his toys.

NOAH
Where have you been?

Young Courtney sits next to Noah and rubs his back.

YOUNG COURTNEY
I've been busy.

Noah remains stoic. He holds a toy in each hand.

NOAH
It's been too long, Court.

He turns and faces her. For a moment, his face appears bruised and beaten but then flashes back to unharmed.

YOUNG COURTNEY
I had things to do, Noah.

NOAH
You left me here with him.

Young Courtney stands and walks toward an original Star Wars poster on the wall. Her reflection in the mirror shows more bruises and dried blood in her hair.

NOAH (CONT'D)
It's too late. You can't leave.

YOUNG COURTNEY
I got away the first time. He's dead, you know.

NOAH
I know. I watched it happen.

Noah stands and walks toward her. He takes her hand. The mirror shows his face bashed in and dried blood in his hair.

NOAH (CONT'D)
I stood at the top of the stairs while he grabbed his chest.

Noah steps back and grabs his chest.

NOAH (CONT'D)

He tried to come up the stairs on his hands and knees.

Noah mimics crawling using the air for steps.

NOAH (CONT'D)

When he got to the top, I was waiting. I didn't even have to touch him. Just looked him right in the eyes.

He leans over and stares with intent.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I said, 'Daddy?'

Noah stands upright again. His face changes from bruised to unharmed again. He tugs on Courtney's hand.

NOAH (CONT'D)

He tumbled down the stairs. No one found him for days.

YOUNG COURTNEY

You killed him?

NOAH

No. He was already dying.

Noah sits back down and plays with his toys.

YOUNG COURTNEY

He should have died years ago.

Noah ignores her.

YOUNG COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Noah? He killed you. I heard it.

A tear falls down Noah's cheek.

YOUNG COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I tried. You have to believe me. I tried to stop him. Momma too.

NOAH

He killed me first. You ran.

Young Courtney sits next to him.

YOUNG COURTNEY

No, Noah. Momma took me and ran.

Noah gets up and paces his room. Pieces of his body fall off as he walks. First a hand. Then an arm. He walks to the dresser and looks into the mirror.

The reflection shows a headless, armless boy.

His head rolls toward Young Courtney. She screams and runs out of the room and into the hallway.

INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Courtney closes Noah's bedroom door behind her. She leans against it and pants.

COURTNEY

Josh! Josh, where are you?

Courtney runs toward the staircase, but the hallway grows in length making the stairs farther away.

Noah's bedroom door opens. A headless Noah walks out. He carries his head in his only hand.

NOAH

Big sister. You can't leave me again. I won't let you go.

COURTNEY

Josh!

Courtney runs, her back to Noah, toward the stairs.

JOSH (O.S.)

Courtney? I wrote down the pieces from --

A SCREAM comes from downstairs.

JOSH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Court, something's --

Another scream.

COURTNEY

Josh?

The long hallway goes back to normal. Noah stands directly behind Courtney.

NOAH

Courtney?

Courtney, shaky, slowly turns to her little brother who is put back together, head and all.

As she faces her brother, his face changes to beaten and bruised and back again.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You said you would protect me.

Courtney drops to her knees and wraps her arms around Noah.

COURTNEY

Noah. It wasn't like that. He was a monster. Every night he came into my bed and touched me. He --

NOAH

Why did you leave, Courtney? I've been here all this time. Alone.

Courtney pulls away from Noah and looks at him.

COURTNEY

I tried to survive. I couldn't take you with me. Momma and I ran. Noah, you were already gone.

NOAH

So were you, sis. You died.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NOAH'S ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Snow falls and sticks to windows and trees outside.

Young Courtney and Noah huddle in Noah's room. Starla screams from downstairs. A man's voice BOOMS across the house. The kids shake and hold on to one another tighter.

Noah's door opens. Starla stands in the doorway bloody, beaten. She sobs and holds her arms out toward the kids.

STARLA

Kids, come on. It's ok.

YOUNG COURTNEY

Momma? Momma, he hurt you.

STARLA

Yes, baby. Let's go.

NOAH

He can't do this anymore.

Noah stands up, squares his shoulders, and leaves the room.

STARLA

Noah! No!

Noah ignores his mother. Starla crumples to the floor. Young Courtney crawls closer to the corner and huddles alone.

SCREAMS and BANGS come from downstairs.

NOAH (O.S.)

No, Daddy!

More SCREAMS.

Starla shakes and crawls to Young Courtney.

STARLA

Come on, baby. We have to go.

YOUNG COURTNEY

No, Momma. Go get Noah. Let's stay here with Noah.

STARLA

Noah's gone, baby.

INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY - BACK TO SCENE

Noah takes his sister's hand and looks up at her.

COURTNEY

I asked to stay here with you.

NOAH

She told you to bury your doll. The day before the storm. Then the snow came and soaked our blood. Daddy --

Courtney turns toward Noah's open bedroom door.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jim and Sam compose themselves and ready their equipment again. Lorna turns toward the stairs. She shakes as she looks in the opposite direction from Jim and Sam.

Courtney and Noah stand at the top of the stairs. The house changes to the dilapidated and aged in ripples and waves.

LORNA

Sam?

Sam turns and points the mic with shaky hands.

NOAH

Momma took you outside, but you came back. I watched from my window. I didn't leave my room all these years. Not until he was old and ready to die.

Courtney cries and falls to her knees in a THUD.

Jim turns with the camera and faces Courtney and Noah.

JIM

What the hell?

COURTNEY

She did. She told me Bobbi had watched all the things my father had done to me, and she had to go.

Noah nods.

NOAH

She put you in the car, but you argued and ran back when she went to the driver's side.

Courtney sobs harder and shakes.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You were never supposed to leave, Courtney. You were supposed to stay here with me forever.

Courtney stands and wipes her hands on her suit pants.

COURTNEY

He's dead now. He's gone.

She rubs her arms and fidgets.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I'm selling this shit hole of a house and moving on.

Noah cries. Lorna shakes in fear as Sam and Jim record.

NOAH

You can't!

COURTNEY

I can. And I will.

Noah leaps up to her and grabs her throat. Courtney jumps back and tries to pull him off.

NOAH

Courtney, you need to stop! You don't understand.

Courtney shakes Noah off.

COURTNEY

Noah! Stop!

She turns toward the stairs and starts to descend down.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Josh?

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Josh lies on the floor. The previous pristine appearance of the living room looks as if it been abused for many years.

The walls are bare with wallpaper peeling off. The furniture tipped over or slashed and worn.

Courtney wobbles into the room with a tear streaked face. Noah follows. He carries his head in his hand again.

Jim leads with camera in hand. Sam descends the stairs behind him, his mouth open in shock. Lorna looks terrified as she follows down the CREAKY stairs.

NOAH

You can't leave. Not anymore.

Courtney jumps and turns. Noah stands right behind her.

COURTNEY

Watch me! Josh!

Courtney turns to Josh. She screams and kneels down to him.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Oh, Josh.

She rolls him over and reveals YOUNG JOSHIE, 12, in jeans, jean jacket, and bloody Chucks.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

No! What's going on here?

She jumps up and runs toward the front door.

NOAH

You can't go out there.

Courtney stops.

COURTNEY

You can't stop me. You're dead!

Noah sits on the Archie Bunker arm chair that practically swallows his small body. He sets his head in his lap.

NOAH

You are too, Courtney. Joshie too.

Courtney, stoic stops, her hand on the doorknob. She slowly turns toward Noah who sits still with his head in his lap.

COURTNEY

I don't understand! I'm not dead. My father is dead. You are dead. Noah, I'm so sorry. I tried to save you. Momma tried to save you.

Noah tosses his head back on his shoulders and laughs.

NOAH

Momma ran. She won't be back here.

Courtney leans against the door and slides down to the floor.

The front door swings open. Jim runs to the door with his camera. The door SLAMS shut. Sam rushes behind him, mic in hand. Lorna skirts past the Archie Bunker chair which rocks.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Starla stands at the driver's door of her car and screams. Young Joshie runs over from the long driveway and stops in front of the car.

YOUNG JOSHIE

What's happening, Mrs. James?

STARLA

Joshie, don't go in there!

She fumbles her keychain for her car key.

YOUNG JOSHIE

Courtney!

SCREAMS come from the farm house. Young Joshie runs inside.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO SCENE

Young Courtney stands against the door. Noah, again with his head on his neck, sits back in the arm chair. His feet barely touch the edge of the cushion.

YOUNG COURTNEY

Momma didn't die.

NOAH

I don't think so. But you did. And Joshie did.

Courtney cries.

YOUNG COURTNEY

Why? Why did she leave us?

Her small body stands up in her large heels. She wobbles.

YOUNG COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I'm not staying. I'm alive. Somewhere, I am alive.

She turns to open the door.

YOUNG COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I am a real estate agent. Josh is my assistant. My father died, dammit, and I'm selling this house!

She breathes heavier.

NOAH

Courtney, you're here now. To stay.

Courtney opens the front door.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Haven't you noticed Joshie stopped aging at some point. You look like our grandmother while Josh is a young boy again.

Courtney walks toward a mirror near the door. Her reflection is of a young beaten and battered girl.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Neither of you exist in the real world.
Not anymore. You're dead.

Courtney steps outside. A bright white light swirls around the doorway. Jim and Sam follow outside.

SAM (O.S.)

Lorna! Come out here!

Lorna's eyes don't leave the arm chair as she walks toward the front door. Photos from the walls spin in a white tornado in the room. It pulls the chair with Noah to the center.

EXT. OUTSIDE OLD FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Crickets CHIRP as the moon lights an old barn on a hillside.

SCREAMS and CRIES sound out of the darkness.

The old farmhouse fades into view then IMPLODES into a great white light then disappears.

A softer moon lights the hillside as the CHIRPS stop.

Jim, Sam, and Lorna all stand next to the van and gawk at the empty lot that was once the farm house.

JIM

Did we get any of that on film?

Sam and Lorna stand by staring at the empty spot where the house stood.