

Haunter

Written by
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- WHITE - Mar. 29 - Complete Script (locked; asterisked changes from
Production Draft.v2)
- proto-BLUE - April ? - pages

1 INT. FULL-SCREEN IMAGE - DAY 1

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: a vintage Betamax VCR, circa 1980s, its interior mechanism visible. A cassette drops into view. The tape winds around the playback head, threads up, begins to play.

1A INT. FULL-SCREEN IMAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 1A

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Amidst static on the Betamax tape, various images appear -- blurred, bleeding onto one another: TV shows from the 1980s, music videos, a car engine, a match igniting, an eye, vague objects underwater, swirling mist, an obscenely grinning mouth...

INTERCUT WITH:

2 INT. FULL-SCREEN IMAGE [EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - FRONT] - DAY 2

A lanyard necklace. Made of coloured plastic strings. Probably woven at summer camp. The focus on it blurs, then sharpens.

FATHER (o.s.)
Okay, we're in focus!

The shot ZOOMS OUT wide. We're watching a washed-out video clip, shot by a Betamax camcorder on a tripod.

The father jogs around into frame, where he joins --

His family. A wife, daughter and son. They're smiling before a three-storey house, the kind of comfortable home seen in "Sixteen Candles" or "Ferris Bueller's Day Off."

A U-Haul truck is parked behind the family. Cardboard boxes and furniture litter the walkway. They've just moved in.

The husband is BRUCE. He's tall and strong, with a confident smile. The family's protector.

The wife is CAROL. Beautiful. Her hair coiffed stylishly, her make-up perfect, her dress impeccable.

ROBBIE, the son, is 5 years old, sports a Wayne Gretzky Oilers jersey, flashes an adorable grin with a missing front tooth that's gone off to the tooth fairy.

(CONTINUED)

2

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2

Finally, there's LISA, the daughter, and the wearer of the lanyard necklace. She's 14. Her auburn hair drapes her shoulders. She beams youthful energy, vitality and life.

Behind Lisa, a half-silhouette reflects off the house's front window. Very faint. Shadowy. Haunting.

It could be a person. Or a lens flare. Or something else.

WHISPERED VOICE

(faint)

Lisa...

3

I./(E.) LISA'S HSE. - LISA'S BEDRM. - MORN. - 1 YEAR LATER (SUNDAY) 3

A bedroom, seen from SOMEONE'S POINT OF VIEW.

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie)

LISA JOHNSON!

The POV looks over: a plastic toy-walkie is propped next to the pillow, its green light flashing.

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie) (cont'd)

Lisa! Me and Edgar found the
pirate treasure! It's a chest full
of gold! Meet us in the secret
cave so we can --

CLICK! A hand reaches into frame, shuts off the walkie.
The person appears to sit up. We HEAR a yawn.

Scotch-taped posters plaster the walls: "Depeche Mode," "New Order," "Cocteau Twins," "The Smiths," "Tears For Fears."

As the POV moves to the bedroom window, we catch a glimpse of the person's silhouette in a mirror. A hand reaches in, draws the curtain.

A white fog swirls outside. Thick and opaque. It blocks the view of the street, neighbourhood, and everything beyond.

As the person turns away from the window, we PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

Lisa. She's now 15, a year older than in the video. Her hair is not auburn any more, but Goth-black, cut short, with a few strands of New-Wave punk.

4 I. LISA'S HSE. - LIVING RM./FOYER/KITCHEN - MORN. - MINUTES LATER 4

Lisa, wearing a "Siouxsie and the Banshees" T-shirt and black jeans, stands in the living room downstairs, watches ahead.

Her brother Robbie, now 6, is sprawled on a beanbag before a TV and Atari 5200. He's playing "Pac-Man," steering the Pac through the game maze, gobbling up pac-dots along the way.

LISA
Watch out for Clyde. He always
traps you on the left.

ROBBIE
Shh! Don't --

BA-RRUPP! Clyde devours Pac-Man from the maze's left side --
"GAME OVER."

ROBBIE (cont'd)
Lisa! You messed up my game!

Lisa sighs, walks over, drops her toy-walkie next to his.

LISA
Stop waking me up with it, brat.

ROBBIE
Edgar left it, not me.

Lisa puts on headphones for her Walkman.

LISA
Tell Edgar he's annoying.

ROBBIE
You tell him.

LISA
He's your imaginary friend.

ROBBIE
He's not imaginary!

CAROL
(from the kitchen
doorway)
Lisa, go down to the basement and
start the laundry will you?

(CONTINUED)

4

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4

Lisa looks over at her Mom whisking pancake batter. A morning newscast can be heard from a TV in the kitchen.

LISA

I did it yesterday. You just don't remember me doing it.

CAROL

Stop being a smart aleck... Hey, Buster Brown, where are your glasses?

ROBBIE

I lost 'em.

CAROL

Did you fall asleep wearing them again?

ROBBIE

Nuh uh.

CAROL

Well find 'em, pronto. Lisa? Have you decided where we're going for your birthday tomorrow?

LISA

Ask me tomorrow.

CAROL

Let's just hope we get there. This morning your Dad discovered that--

LISA

(finishes the sentence)
-- the car wasn't running.

CAROL

How'd you know that?

LISA

Lucky guess.

CAROL

Well he's been working on the engine all morning, but can't figure out what's wrong.

LISA

Yeah. He won't figure it out.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

CAROL
Laundry please. Cold water only.
Hot wears out the clothes.

*

LISA
I don't think it's possible for our
clothes to wear out. *Ever.*

*

Carol gives Lisa a stern look, standing pat.

CAROL
Cold water.

5 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING - MINUTES LATER

5

A WASHING MACHINE DIAL, clicked to "HOT." Lisa punches the
button in defiance. Water flows.

She starts towards the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

5

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5

A creak.

She freezes, glances back. It came from the dryer.

She creeps over, spies around the dryer. There are cobwebs and dust. Nothing else. She listens. Waits a moment.

KA-THUMP! The washing machine lid falls shut. Lisa jolts back, rattled.

A shadow is behind her. A silhouette perhaps.

She doesn't see it, retreats to the stairs.

6

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

6

Lisa returns to the kitchen. Pancakes are stacked on plates on the counter. The morning newscast plays on a small TV.

CAROL'S VOICE
(from the dining room)
Lisa! Set the table please!

Lisa ignores her, picks the kitchen phone off the wall, listens...

Static fills the line.

She hangs up, perturbed. She goes to the back door, twists the knob, swings open the door...

The white fog swirls outside, blocks all visibility.

Lisa gazes into the clouded whiteness a moment, then makes a decision to herself. She steps forward to go outside--

WHAP! A hand pulls her back. She almost screams, looks up...

Bruce grips her with paternal protectiveness. Behind him, the kitchen-garage door is opened, a 1985 Dodge Caravan parked inside, its hood open.

BRUCE
Not a smart idea to go anywhere
today, sweetie. Not with all this
fog we're having.

Lisa stares up at her Dad, remains silent.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Stay inside, okay? Play some games
with Robbie.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6

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6

BRUCE (cont'd)
Practise your clarinet. Think of
it as a rainy day. I'm sure
everyone else in the neighbourhood
is staying home too.
(off her silence)
Lise...? Something wrong?

*
*
*
*
*
*

LISA
Even if I told you, you wouldn't
believe me. So it doesn't matter.

*
*
*

She marches past him, goes to the foyer. Bruce watches her
with bewilderment.

*
*

8 INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

8 *

CLOSE ON the needle of a record player as it drops onto a spinning vinyl disc.

The cracked squeaks of a clarinet start to accompany the music from the record.

Lisa plays on her bed's edge, emotions raw. She blows out an out-of-tune version of "Peter and the Wolf."

A low moan.

She stops mid-note, listens.

The moan continues. Very faint. Reverberating behind her.

She slides across to a heat vent in the wall, presses her ear against its thin metal slats. She listens again.

The moan changes in pitch and tone. Indecipherable. Eerie.

Carol appears in the doorway, a laundry basket in hand.

(CONTINUED)

8

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8

CAROL

Did you wash everything in this
load? Some clothes are missing.

LISA

(still listening)
I know.

CAROL

So where are they?

LISA

I don't know. Those clothes are
missing every day.

Lisa's focus remains on the heat vent. Carol eyes her.

CAROL

Come downstairs, will you? Your
father and I want to have a talk.

9

I. LISA'S HSE. - LIVING RM./FOYER/DINING RM. - DAY - MINUTES LATER 9

In the living room, Robbie plays with his Atari.

In the dining room, Lisa sits across from Bruce and Carol,
twists a Rubik's Cube, bored by her parents' interrogation.

BRUCE

Your Mom tells me you've been
acting funny all morning.

LISA

Funny how?

BRUCE

Well for one, you told her you had
already done the laundry when you
hadn't. And now there's some
clothes missing from the basket.

LISA

Honestly, I have no idea where they
went.

CAROL

Then why did you tell me you knew
they were gone?

LISA

Because they're gone every day.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

BRUCE

What do you mean, "gone every day"?

LISA

It's like Mom's pancakes. Every morning, she makes 'em for breakfast. And you're always trying to fix the car, which for some mysterious reason has stopped running. And Robbie's always in the living room playing Atari.

*
*
*

Bruce and Carol exchange an unsure glance.

LISA (cont'd)

After breakfast, I always go up to my room to play my clarinet. And then we always have mac and cheese for lunch. And meatloaf for dinner.

CAROL

Do you want me to change the menu, dear?

LISA

This isn't about the menu, Mom. Jesus.

BRUCE

Lisa. Be respectful to your mother.

LISA

We'll play Monopoly in the afternoon, and watch "Murder She Wrote" at eight o'clock. We'll go to bed and wake up tomorrow. And then we'll do it all over again.

BRUCE

You and Robbie have school tomorrow and I have work.

LISA

There is no school. There is no work.

CAROL

What about your birthday? That isn't tomorrow either?

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED: (2)

9

LISA

Nope. It never comes. It's always
the day before I turn sixteen.
Pretty frustrating.

BRUCE

Okay, pal. I'm trying to
understand where this is coming
from. Do you feel bored with your
life? Anxious?

*

CAROL

Did you have a falling-out with one
of your friends? Or is it a boy?

LISA

You guys don't understand. Neither
of you has a clue.

BRUCE

Okay, then explain it to us. See
if we can understand.

LISA

That's the thing. I already have
explained it to you many times.
But you simply refuse to believe
me.

BRUCE

Believe what?

Lisa solves the Rubik's Cube, eyes her parents.

*

LISA

That we're stuck in this house.
And we're never gonna leave here.

BRUCE

And why is that?

LISA

Because all of us are --

ROBBIE

(from the living room)
SHUT UP, LISA! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

Robbie ERUPTS into a tantrum, drops his Atari joystick.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

CAROL
 Lisa! Enough's enough!
 (rushes over to Robbie)
 Shh. It's okay, buckaroo, it's all
 okay. Your sister was just playing
 a silly game, that's all.

Carol scoops up Robbie in her arms. He's shaking.

CAROL (cont'd)
 Lisa, tell Robbie it's okay.

Lisa eyes her brother, her parents.

BRUCE
 Lisa?

LISA
 I'm gonna finish playing my
 clarinet. Tell me when the mac and
 cheese is ready.

10 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY - LATER

10

Carol sets down bowls of mac and cheese for lunch. Lisa
 watches from her chair, dismay on her face.

11 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

11

A Monopoly board is laid out on the living room floor.
 Bruce, Carol and Robbie are seated cross-legged around it,
 rolling the dice, hopping around the game pieces.

Lisa stays back on the couch, not playing, distraught.

12 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

12

It's dinner time. Carol sets down a tray of homemade
 meatloaf on the table next to bowls of mashed potatoes and
 salad.

Bruce and Robbie scoop out their portions, mock-fight each
 other with their forks, laughing.

Lisa sits across, arms folded, not eating.

13 INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

13

Bruce, Carol and Robbie are gathered around the TV to watch
 an episode of "Murder She Wrote." It's the finale of the
 episode where Angela Lansbury is identifying the killer.

*
 *
 *

(CONTINUED)

13

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13

ANGELA LANSBURY

(on TV)

... and so this means only person
one had the opportunity and motive
to shoot and kill Christopher Bundy
in cold blood...

Lisa stands alone by the living room's front windows.

ANGELA LANSBURY (cont'd)

(on TV)

... and that person would be...

LISA

(mouthing the dialogue)

... "Chester Harrington".

She gazes out the window longingly.

Wisps of the fog swirl in the dark night air.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2) 13 *

14 I./E. LISA'S - BEDRM./HALL/BEDROOMS/ATTIC STAIRS - NIGHT - LATER 14

Lisa lies in bed. She sobs softly to herself, tears bubbling, her body trembling. She's near a breaking point.

Footsteps.

She stops crying, peers ahead from her pillow.

A shadow appears under the bottom crack of the bedroom door, walks slowly past, moves down the hallway.

Lisa gets out of bed, heads to her bedroom door. She opens it, peeks out into the hallway.

She steps out of her room, peers down the dark hallway.

No one's there.

She tiptoes to her parents' bedroom, cracks the door. Bruce and Carol are both asleep. Canned laughter can be heard from a late-night program playing on the TV.

Lisa checks Robbie's room next. He's also conked out, his toy-walkie next to him, a glowing clock above his head:

"1:14" *

Creak... She looks over. The sound came from the attic stairwell. She goes to the stairs, walks up, stops.

The attic door is cracked open an inch.

Her breath quickens. She listens for a moment. Silence.

She reaches down to the knob --

WHAM! The door slams shut on its own.

Lisa gasps, races back down the stairwell. *

15 OMITTED 15

16 INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HSE. - LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 16

Lisa runs into her bedroom, dives under the blankets, shakes, lungs gasping.

Silence returns.

17 INT./EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - MORNING - SUNDAY #2 17

Morning sunlight streams upon Lisa's sleeping face.

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie)
LISA JOHNSON!!!!

She opens her eyes, groggy, the toy-walkie next to her.

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie) (cont'd)
Lisa! Me and Edgar found the
pirate treasure! It's a chest full
of silver! Meet us in the secret
cave so we can be rich!

Lisa sits up, draws the curtain, peers outside --

The thick fog remains, blocking out the rest of the world.

18 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/FOYER/KITCHEN - MORN. - LATER 18

Lisa watches Robbie playing the same Pac-Man game as the morning before. Carol enters, mixing pancake batter.

CAROL
Hey, Charlie Brown. Where are your
glasses?

ROBBIE
I dunno.

CAROL
Well find 'em pronto. Lisa? Start
the laundry, please. Cold water
only. Hot will wear out the
clothes --

Lisa turns, puts on her headphones.

CAROL (cont'd)
And figure out where you want us to
go for your birthday tomorrow,
'kay?

Lisa simply nods, having no fight in her today.

19 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING - MINUTES LATER 19

THE WASHING MACHINE DIAL, clicked to "COLD."

Lisa punches the button with defeat. Water flows.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

She starts for the stairs, stops, eyes the dryer -- the same spot where she heard the creak the previous morning.

20 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER 20

THUNK! Lisa slides back the dryer, exposing the dusty, long-undisturbed wall behind it. She kneels between the dryer and the wall, reacts at what she finds --

A small red door.

Only two feet high, built into the cement wall, its crimson paint chipped and faded. It was hidden from view until now.

Lisa grabs the knob, twists it. Locked. She twists harder. The door won't budge. She gives up, slides back the dryer.

21 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - DAY - LATER 21

The cracked squeaks of Lisa's clarinet, again accompanying the record. She's playing "Peter and the Wolf" again, but not getting much better.

Ba-thump. She stops mid-note, peers up. Something fell.

22 INT. LISA'S - LISA'S BEDRM./UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 22

Lisa looks out from her bedroom doorway, across to the stairs leading up to the attic.

23 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/ATTIC STEPS - DAY - CONT. 23

Lisa walks across the hallway, eyes the attic door at the top of the stairs. It's cracked open again. She *creaks* up the attic steps.

Cautious, she pushes the door... It swings open. She enters.

23A INT. LISA'S HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY - CONTINUOUS 23A

The attic is cluttered with crates, boxes, and random junk. It's quiet up here. Spooky.

Lisa steps in more, sees what fell on the floor --

A stack of Betamax tapes. They tumbled off a shelf. She eyes the tape on top: "OUR FAMILY" is written across the label.

24 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 24

A BETAMAX VCR, wired to a dusty, stored-away TV. Lisa inserts the tape, presses "play," eyes the screen.

The shot from the opening scene. Bruce, Carol, Lisa and Robbie smiling on the day they moved into the house.

Lisa gazes at herself from a year ago: her auburn hair, her sweet innocence, and the lanyard necklace around her neck.

She touches her own neck: bare, just skin.

She then spots the half-silhouette in the video. Reflecting off the window glass. Faint and haunting.

Laughter. The recording has switched over to --

A summer barbecue. Shot later that same year in the back yard. Lisa's auburn hair is now cut shorter.

Lisa scans the screen, and then again she sees --

The half-silhouette. This time it's looming next to the raspberry bush behind the barbecue grill.

Spooked, Lisa fast-forwards more, stops at --

*

Lisa and her family on Christmas morning. Lisa's hair is now its current short Goth-black. Her youthful innocence is gone. Her smiles have become frowns or averted glances.

The half-silhouette is next to the Christmas tree.

LISA
(whispers)
Who are you?

SSSSS!!! Static fills the screen, the tape at its end.

*

26

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

26

A spirit-board is laid out on the floor. Lisa sits cross-legged before it, a shelf of board-games and toys over her. Some dolls and stuffed animals even seem to be watching her.

*
*
*

She sets down the planchette, the heart-shaped piece of wood, over the letters. She lifts her finger. Pauses. Waits.

*

Nothing happens.

She slides the planchette around the board, touches different letters to see if this triggers anything.

It doesn't.

She gazes around the attic, unsure, nervous.

LISA

Hello?

No response.

LISA (cont'd)

Is someone here?

CAROL (o.s.)

(from below)

LISA!!!

Lisa flinches, looks back.

CAROL (o.s.) (cont'd)

What are you doing up there?

LISA

Nothing!

CAROL (o.s.)

Well come down! Lunch is ready!

Mac and cheese! Your favourite!

LISA

'Kay... Gimme a sec!

Lisa sighs, reaches back down to the planchette, freezes.

The planchette has moved. It has slid across the board, the arrow now pointing at "HELLO."

BZZZ!! BZZZ!! She jolts, looks up.

*

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

The attic lights flicker. Quick and bright. *

Lisa turns frozen, scared. *

The lights flash faster as... *

A silhouette appears behind her. It's the same silhouette from the video tapes. But now it's scarier. Malevolent. *

Lisa doesn't see the silhouette, too scared to move a muscle. *

The silhouette gets closer to Lisa with each flash. It reaches out its hand, almost touching her... *

Lisa senses the presence behind her, spins... *

The silhouette is gone. *

The flashes stop. The attic lights return to normal. *

Lisa exhales. Hyperventilating. Calming down. *

She looks back ahead, tenses again... *

The silhouette is reflected in the TV screen. *

Before she can react... *

CRACK! The TV screen splinters, the glass spider-webs. *

Lisa loses her nerve, bolts for the stairs. *

29 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING 29 *

Dinner is almost over. Meatloaf again. Lisa's mood is dour. Robbie finishes gobbling up his food, grins. *

ROBBIE *

Can I go play with Edgar? *

CAROL *

What about chocolate ice-cream for dessert? *

ROBBIE *

Edgar and me will both have double-scoops! *

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

CAROL
(rolls her eyes)
You'll each have one scoop. Go
ahead.

*
*
*
*

Robbie bolts out of his chair, dashes into the living room.

*

CAROL (cont'd)
(looks across at Lisa)
Sweetheart? You haven't touched
your meatloaf.

*
*
*
*

LISA
Meat is murder.

KA-SHHH! A match strike. Lisa looks ahead, reacts --

Bruce has just lit up a cigarette, inhales the nicotine
deeply, exhales. He pauses, sees Lisa gawking at him.

BRUCE
What's wrong, Lise?

LISA
Since when did you smoke?

BRUCE
Sorry?

LISA
I've never seen you smoke before.

CAROL
Your father always has a cigarette
after dinner, honey. You know
that.

Lisa looks astounded at her Mom. Carol smiles.

CAROL (cont'd)
Okay, who wants chocolate ice cream
for dessert?

ROBBIE
I do! Double scoops!

BRUCE
Count me in!

CAROL
How about you, Lisa?

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (2)

29

Lisa watches Bruce smoke. She's too disturbed to answer.

30 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - FOYER/LIVING ROOM - EVENING - LATER 30

Lisa enters the living room. Robbie is watching "Murder She Wrote". Carol reads a book on the couch. Lisa looks around. *

LISA *

Where's Dad? *

CAROL *

The garage. You know how he is at this time of night. Prefers to be on his own. *

Robbie gets up, goes to the TV, changes the channel. *

LISA *

(reacts) *

What are you doing? *

ROBBIE *

"Murder She Wrote" is boring. I'm gonna watch "Wonderful World Of Disney." *

Lisa is unnerved. She turns, steps out of the room... *

31 INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER 31 *

BANG... BANG... BANG... BANG...

Lisa cracks the door from the kitchen, peers inside.

LISA'S POV: Bruce stands over the opened hood of the Dodge Caravan, pounds a wrench against an engine part.

BRUCE

I know... I know, damn it! I know!

He's having a conversation with himself. An angry one. A half smoked cigarette smolders in an ashtray with other butts.

BRUCE (cont'd)

Just gotta get this son-of-a-bitch working. Can't figure out why it won't -- *

A creak. Lisa's bumped the door.

Bruce spins, looks right at her. She doesn't move. A beat.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

BRUCE (cont'd)
Lisa... Go back inside. I've got
work to do here.

She stays where she is, flustered.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

BRUCE (cont'd)
Go on, sweetheart. Good night.

LISA
(uneasy)
Good night, Dad.

As she turns back into the kitchen --

BANG... BANG... BANG... Bruce pounds away with the wrench.

32 INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

32

It's dark. Lisa lies under her blanket, peers across at her digital clock on the nightstand -- it glows: "1:13."

*

She watches the clock. Waits. Until --

"1:14"

*

She listens. Nothing happens at first. Just silence.

Footsteps.

She sits up, peers ahead at her bedroom door. She grabs a flashlight from her nightstand, turns it on.

A shadow appears under the door crack, stops.

Lisa clenches the top of her covers, terror-stricken.

A creak. Her door slowly opens.

Lisa dives under her blanket, shrouded in darkness.

More footsteps, getting closer. Then stopping.

Lisa stays under the blanket, refuses to come out.

Breathing. Inches away. Just on the other side.

LISA
(whispers)
Who are you?

The breathing turns louder. Deeper.

LISA (cont'd)
Why are you here? What do you --?

WHISPERED VOICE
Lisa...

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

Lisa gasps at hearing her name. The whisper is inches away.

WHISPERED VOICE (cont'd)
Lisa Johnson...

The impression of a hand appears, pushes against her blanket.

Lisa SCREAMS, RIPS OFF THE COVERS, glares ahead --

No one's there. Her bedroom's empty.

She stays frozen, clenches her blanket, too scared to move.

33 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - MORNING - SUNDAY #3 33

SMASHING... SHATTERING... CRASHING... From below.

CAROL (o.s.)
Stop it, Bruce! Stop it!

Lisa jolts awake. It's morning. She looks next to her. The toy-walkie is there, but Robbie isn't calling out to her.

*

35 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 35

Kitchen drawers litter the floor, silverware discarded.

CRASH!!! Bruce throws down another drawer. He's searching for something while in the midst of a manic, frightening state.

CAROL
JUST STOP IT!!!

Carol stands across from him in her morning robe, tears flowing.

BRUCE
Tell me where they are.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

CAROL

I have no idea!

BRUCE

You stole them from me.

CAROL

Why would I do that?

BRUCE

You stole them! Stop lying!

WHAM! He punches the wall. Carol is hysterical.

LISA

Mom? Dad?

They both stop, look over. Lisa watches them with shock.

CAROL

Lisa... Go up to your room, honey.
Take Robbie with you.

Lisa doesn't move, stares at her Dad with disbelief.

BRUCE

Do you know where the spark plugs
are, Lisa?

LISA

(confused)
What?

BRUCE

I've been trying to fix the car all
morning, and now I've discovered
it's just the spark plugs. They're
gone from the engine. Someone's
taken them. Was it you?

LISA

(taken aback)
No... I have no idea what you're
talking about.

He eyes her with suspicion, on edge.

DING-DONG!

Everyone jumps, looks over. The front doorbell.

36 INT./EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - FOYER/PORCH - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER 36

Robbie races up to the front door. Lisa intercepts him.

LISA

Robbie! No!

Robbie looks up innocently. Lisa eyes the door. Bruce and Carol step out of the kitchen, peer ahead too.

DING-DONG! No one moves.

DING-DONG! Carol finally walks over.

LISA (cont'd)

Mom! Don't answer it!

CAROL

Why not?

LISA

Please... Don't.

CAROL

I'm not going to shut out the rest
of the world just because your
father gets upset sometimes.

Carol wipes her tears, straightens up, opens the door.

Lisa looks ahead, eyes widening --

A silhouette stands on the front porch: the same one she saw
in the attic. It steps forward to reveal...

*
*

A TALL, PALE MAN.

*

He wears a blue uniform, a red toolbox in hand. Sunglasses
conceal his eyes. The thick fog swirls behind him.

His presence is strikingly creepy.

PALE MAN

Morning, Ma'am. I'm from the phone
company. We're checking the lines
in the neighbourhood today. We've
been getting lots of static because
of the fog.

CAROL

Oh... I see.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

PALE MAN

Has your phone been out this
morning?

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED: (2)

36

CAROL

In fact, yes, it has.

PALE MAN

Sorry to hear that. I'm sure it's
terribly inconvenient for everyone.

He gazes over at Lisa, smiles. Lisa instinctively shivers.

PALE MAN (cont'd)

May I come in to check the jacks?

CAROL

Yes, of course. Thank you.

The Pale Man steps into the foyer, sees Bruce up ahead, the
kitchen drawers and silverware spilled on the floor.

PALE MAN

Looks like you folks have got a
mess on your hands down here. I'll
check the upstairs first.

He turns to the stairs. Carol nods over at Lisa.

CAROL

Sweetie. Laundry, please. Cold
water, not hot.

Lisa stays frozen, confused and scared.

BRUCE

(from behind)

Lisa? Do what your mother says.

LISA

I... I forgot something up in my
room. I'll be right back.

Lisa turns, goes up the stairs.

37

OMITTED

37

38

INT. LISA'S - UPSTAIRS HALL/LISA'S BEDRM. - MORN. - MOMENTS LATER 38

Lisa has reached the top of the stairs. The hallway is
empty.

KA-SHHH! The sound of a match striking. From her bedroom.

Lisa approaches her bedroom door, freezes in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

The Pale Man is sitting on her bed. He smokes a cigarette, gazes at her from behind the glare of his sunglasses.

PALE MAN

How long have you been awake?

LISA

(pause; frightened
whisper)

What?

PALE MAN

How long has it been since you've known? Understood?

LISA

(pause)

I don't know... a week maybe. I'm not sure.

He drags off his cigarette, his gaze riveted to her.

LISA (cont'd)

Who are you?

He doesn't answer her, exhales smoke.

LISA (cont'd)

What's going on? What happened to us? What are we --?

He stands up. Lisa tenses. He walks towards her. She braces herself. He stops right before her, flips up his sunglasses.

His eyes are sharp blue. Penetrating. Frightening.

PALE MAN

Whenever you hear strange noises in this house, or voices calling out to you, ignore them. Pretend they don't exist, Lisa.

Lisa is speechless.

PALE MAN (cont'd)

If you try to contact the living, or anyone else, you will suffer in ways you and your family cannot fathom.

A nerve-wracking beat.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2) 38

He flips his sunglasses back on, goes into the hallway.

Lisa remains rooted to the spot, shaken.

38A INT. LISA'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING - A MOMENT LATER 38A

Lisa exits her bedroom, walks down the hall towards the stairs.

39 INT./EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - FOYER/PORCH - MORNING - A MOMENT LATER 39

ON THE STAIRS: Lisa kneels, looks through the banister spindles at the foyer below.

LISA'S POV: The Pale Man has returned downstairs. He smiles apologetically at Bruce, Carol and Robbie.

PALE MAN

Sorry, folks, couldn't get the line to work. You'll probably have a dead phone the rest of the day, at least until this darn fog clears...

Bruce and Carol exchange an unsure glance.

PALE MAN (cont'd)

But if you ask me, it's good to lose your phone every once in a while. It lets you spend more time with those you love.

(nods, smiles)

Have a good day, everyone.

He opens the front door, steps out onto the front porch.

AT THE STAIRS: Lisa arrives at the bottom, peers ahead, fear still puncturing her as she watches the Pale Man go.

The Pale Man slips into the thick white fog, disappears.

CAROL

(to Lisa)

Lisa? Are you going to do the laundry or not?

*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

39	CONTINUED:	39	
			*
42	INT. LISA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING	42	
	Dinner time. Carol's meatloaf is served along with mashed potatoes and salad. Lisa watches her family eat. They are all back to normal, as if the morning events never happened.		* * *
	Robbie finishes up his plate, beams at Carol.		*
	ROBBIE		*
	Can I go play with Edgar?		*
	CAROL		*
	What about chocolate ice-cream for dessert?		* * *
	ROBBIE		*
	Edgar and me will both have double-scoops!		* * *
	CAROL		*
	(rolls her eyes)		*
	You'll each have <u>one</u> scoop. Go ahead.		* * *
	Robbie bolts out of his chair, dashes into the living room.		*
	CAROL (cont'd)		*
	(looks across)		*
	Lisa? You haven't touched your meatloaf.		* * *
	Lisa ignores her Mom, watches Bruce. He's just finished eating, and is now leaned back relaxed, not smoking.		* *
	LISA		
	What happened to your cigarette?		
	BRUCE		
	(confused)		*
	Sorry?		
	LISA		
	Don't you always have one after dinner?		
	BRUCE		
	What are you talking about, Lise?		
	You know I don't smoke.		

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

CAROL

And don't you ever start either,
young lady. The Surgeon General
just came out with a new warning
that said --

LISA

How can you two just sit here, and
pretend like nothing happened this
morning?

CAROL

This morning? Do you mean the
clothes missing from the laundry?
Do you know where they are?

Lisa is exasperated, at the end of her rope.

CAROL (cont'd)

Oh, and have you figured out where
we're going for your birthday
tomorrow? Your father gets home
from work around 6:00 so I was
thinking we'd leave around--

*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (2)

42

LISA
(whispers)
I'm sorry...

*

CAROL
What?

LISA
I just can't do this any more.

CAROL
Can't do what any more?

Lisa gazes at her parents, a pang of guilt hitting her.

*

BRUCE
Lise? What's wrong?

LISA
(pause)
I'm sorry.

She bolts out of her chair, dashes towards the kitchen.

43

INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER

43

BA-BAM! Lisa burst into the garage, runs over to her bicycle in the corner, grabs it, wheels it to the garage door.

BRUCE
(from behind)
Lisa, come back here. You weren't excused from the table.

Lisa opens the garage door, saddles her bike.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Where are you going? It's not safe to --

She pedals away outside.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Lisa!

44 EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - FRONT/STREET - EVENING - CONTINUOUS 44

Lisa churns her bike into the fog. The house disappears from view behind her. Bruce's voice shouts out to her.

BRUCE (o.s.)
Lisa! Stop! Come back here!

Lisa keeps pedaling, doesn't look back. Her Dad's voice fades.

BRUCE (o.s.) (cont'd)
Lisa...!! Liiiiisssssaaaaa!!!

Lisa rides faster and faster, disappears into the fog.

45 EXT. FOG REALM/LISA'S HOUSE - FRONT - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER 45

SCREECH! Lisa hits the brakes, hops off her bike, breathless. The fog engulfs her on all sides. Enshrouding her.

She peers ahead, can't see more than two feet.

LISA
(calling out)
Hello? Anyone out here?

Silence.

LISA (cont'd)
(shouting louder)
Hey...! Can someone hear me?

More silence. She starts walking her bike forward.

LISA (cont'd)
My name's Lisa Johnson, and I've
just left my house!

The only sound is the click of her bike wheels.

LISA (cont'd)
I want to go, understand? I don't
want to be stuck here any more!

She keeps walking, and walking. Still no response.

LISA (cont'd)
Come on! What are you waiting for?
Take me away! Take me to --

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

She freezes, sees something ahead --

A large structure, faint and blurred in the fog.

Hope fills her. She climbs back onto her bike, starts pedaling towards it.

The structure takes on more shape. About thirty feet high. Two storeys. Angled.

She pedals faster and faster until --

EERRK! She slams her brakes again, looks ahead with shock.

Her house is before her. Bruce is still in the driveway. The fog surrounds everything. She's gone in a circle.

BRUCE
(relieved)
Lisa! There you are!

Lisa looks at her Dad with disbelief. He starts towards her.

BRUCE (cont'd)
It's not safe for riding, sweetie.
Here, give me your bike and we'll
go back in --

She flips her bike around, rides back into the fog.

46 OMITTED 46

47 EXT. FOG REALM/LISA'S HOUSE - FRONT - EVENING - MOMENTS LATER 47

FOLLOWING LISA, pedaling hard, legs churning, plunging deep into the fog again, not stopping for anything this time.

A silhouetted figure appears up ahead. Lisa is headed right for it. She SWERVES --

It's her FATHER.

EERRK! He grabs her handlebars, stops the bike dead.

BRUCE
(impatient)
Enough games, young lady.

Lisa looks ahead, incredulous. Her house is there again.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

BRUCE (cont'd)
Bring your bike into the garage.

48 INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING - A MINUTE LATER 48

Lisa, dazed, returns inside. Carol is scooping out chocolate ice cream into bowls, smiles as if Lisa never left.

CAROL
Sweetheart, finish your dinner.
We're all going to watch "Murder
She Wrote" after dessert.

49 OMITTED 49

50 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT - LATER 50

Lisa sits in the dark attic before the Ouija board. She checks a Swatch watch on her wrist:

"1:14" *

She inhales a deep breath, reaches down, touches the planchette on the board. She listens, whispers.

LISA
Are you here?

No response.

LISA (cont'd)
Sorry I told you to go away last night. I was scared. I know it should be the other way around, right? Since you're the one who's alive, and I'm the one who's... dead. Jesus, even saying that feels weird.

More silence.

LISA (cont'd)
I don't know how I died, or why, or how long I've been stuck in this stupid routine with my family. It's like we've been sleepwalking for a long time, but now I'm awake.

A creak.

Her eyes dart around the dark attic. She waits, listens.

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED:

50

LISA (cont'd)
(frightened whisper)
There's someone else here too.
He's dead like me, I think. He
scares me. He doesn't want me to
be awake or aware. He warned me
not to contact you. Maybe it's
because you're the reason I woke up
in the first place? I don't know.

Hand shaking, she sets down the planchette on the board.

LISA (cont'd)
All I know is I need to get out of
this house. I don't belong here.
But I don't know how to leave.
You're the only hope I've got to
figuring it out so please...
please, just talk to me. Tell me
what I'm supposed to do.

She eyes the planchette, focuses.

LISA (cont'd)
Who are you?

The planchette doesn't move.

LISA (cont'd)
What is your name?

She slides the planchette under the letters.

LISA (cont'd)
What's the first letter of your
name?

The planchette stays put.

LISA (cont'd)
Move the piece to the first
letter... Do you understand?

Nothing.

LISA (cont'd)
Move the piece anywhere.

Nothing. Desperation overwhelms her.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

LISA (cont'd)
(whispers)
SAY SOMETHING!

Silence.

51 INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDRM. - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER 51

Lisa returns defeated into her bedroom. She shuts the door,
starts forward, freezes.

Breathing.

She eyes her bed. Her chest clenches.

*A LUMP is lying underneath the blanket, slowly rising up and
down to the rhythm of the breathing.*

Lisa is petrified, watches the lump a moment.

LISA
Hello?

The lump doesn't stir, keeps breathing.

Lisa cautiously approaches, fear building. She stops before
the front of her bed by the pillows, gazes down at the lump.

The breathing turns deeper. Heavier.

She kneels, only a foot away, watches.

The blanket rises and falls. Rises and falls.

Trembling, Lisa reaches down, grasps the edge of the
blanket.

She peels away the blanket to reveal --

A sleeping TEENAGE GIRL. Fast asleep. Lisa's age. Pale
skin. Pretty.

Lisa stares dumbfounded at her.

The Girl continues to sleep. Inhaling. Exhaling.

LISA (cont'd)
(voice shaking)
Who are you?

The Girl doesn't stir.

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED:

51

Lisa swallows, reaches out, *touches* the Girl's shoulder --

WHAP! The Girl jolts awake, grabs Lisa's wrist.

Lisa jolts too.

The Girl stares right at Lisa. Lisa is numb with fright.

The Girl opens her mouth, lets out a gasp of air.

TEEN GIRL

Lisa...

Lisa reacts to hearing her name.

TEEN GIRL (cont'd)

(whispers)

Lisa Johnson...

LISA

(whispers back)

How do you know my --?

The Girl's grip *tightens*. Lisa tries pulling away, but the Girl keeps her wrist clamped, peers deeper into Lisa's eyes.

TEEN GIRL

Help me, Lisa... Please, help me...

The Girl begins to shake.

Lisa shakes too as --

FWOMP! The bedroom lights FLASH. Faster and faster. Strobing.

Disoriented, Lisa looks across at the bedroom mirror --

IN THE REFLECTION: There's new wallpaper. New posters. A new desk and bookshelf. It's the Girl's bedroom, not Lisa's.

MAN (o.s.)

Olivia?

Lisa looks ahead --

The Girl's room is before her. Lisa has transported into it.

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED: (2)

51

MAN (o.s.) (cont'd)
What are you doing in there? Why
are the lights flashing?

TAP! TAP! TAP! Knocking from the other side of the door.

MAN (o.s.) (cont'd)
Olivia? You're up past your
bedtime. It's a school night.

The lights flash faster, brighter.

OLIVIA
HELP ME, LISA!

Lisa looks back at Olivia, who is now glaring downward with
a visceral fear. Lisa follows her gaze to --

A hole in the bedroom floor, the carpet ripped back.

Jiggling. The bedroom door shakes, locked from the inside.

MAN (o.s.)
Olivia! What's happening? Are you
okay? Open the door!

BAM! BAM! BAM! BA-BAM!

The door jamb splinters as the door FLIES OPEN.

Olivia SHRIEKS.

Lisa breaks free of Olivia's grip.

*

The lights stop flashing.

ON LISA, not moving, quivering, holding her breath.

She finally opens her eyes, looks down --

Olivia's hand is gone. So is Olivia.

Lisa looks ahead --

She's back in her own bedroom. The door is shut. It's
quiet.

Lisa, overwhelmed, starts to stand, but *wobbles*, feels
incredibly weak. She stumbles back, collapses onto her bed.

Her eyes close.

52 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - MORNING - SUNDAY #4 52

Morning sunlight streams onto Lisa's sleeping face.

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie)
LISA JOHNSON!!!

Lisa opens her eyes. The toy-walkie flashes next to her.

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie) (cont'd)
Lisa! Me and Edgar found the
pirate treasure! It's a chest full
of emeralds!

Lisa jolts up, memories of last night rushing back to her.

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie) (cont'd)
Meet us in the secret cave so we
can be rich!

She looks down at the floor -- at the spot where she saw the
hole in Olivia's bedroom. Her bedroom carpet covers it.

53 OMITTED 53

54 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER 54

RIIIPP!! Lisa, on her knees, cuts out the section of carpet
with her dressmaker's scissors, exposes a hardwood floor
underneath.

Lisa's fingers glide over the old floorboards. She stops at
an edge, presses... It's loose. She pries, pulls.

THUNK! The board comes out. There's now a hole in the
floor -- the same one she saw in Olivia's room.

Lisa reaches into the hole, feels something, pulls out --

A thin, leather album. Worn and weathered.

Unsure, Lisa pulls it out, opens its cover. The leather
crinkles. It's been untouched for many years.

She eyes the first page, reacts at the first word she sees:

"MISSING"

*It's a pasted newspaper clipping. The paper browned, the ink
faded. "The Lakeshore News". April 20, 1954.*

Lisa eyes drop to a black-and-white photo below:

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED:

54

A 16 year old girl. Long hair. Smiling with sweet innocence.

*

Lisa eyes key phrases in the article:

*

"... Frances Nichols..."

*

"... reported missing April 20th..."

*

"... last seen at a movie theater with friends..."

*

"... second place, Northshore Debate Championship..."

*

Disturbed, Lisa flips to the next page, reacts...

*

"MISSING"

*

*Another pasted newspaper article. "The Evandale Beacon".
April 27, 1956"*

*

*

A photo of a smiling, pretty 16 year old girl: "Mary Brooks".

*

Dread building, Lisa flips to the next page...

*

"MISSING"

*

*"The Arbor Gazette." April 30, 1958. Another black-and-white
photo of smiling teenage girl: "Peggy Walker"*

*

*

Lisa flips through more and more scrapbook pages...

*

"MISSING"... "MISSING"... "MISSING"... "MISSING"...

*

*"1962"... "1965"... "1968"... "1971"... "1974"... "1977"..
"1979"*

*

*

One innocent girl after another. All taken from this world.

*

Lisa turns the next page...

*

It's blank.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

Lisa is overwhelmed.

She spots an inner sleeve in the scrapbook, slides her
finger into it. An object slips out, clinks to the floor.

Her eyes widen.

A red key.

(CONTINUED)

54	CONTINUED: (3)	54
		*
		*
56	<p>INT. LISA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER</p> <p>KA-THUNK! Lisa slides back the dryer, kneels before the red door. She inserts the key into the lock, twists it.</p> <p>CLICK! The red door <u>unlocks</u>.</p> <p>She inhales a nervous breath. She turns the knob, pushes.</p> <p>WHOOSH! A whistle of <i>circulating air</i> from within.</p> <p>The opening on the other side is pitch-black. Lisa reaches out her hand, feels goosebumps. The air is cold.</p>	56
57	OMITTED	57
58	OMITTED	58
59	<p>INT. LISA'S - STAIRS/FURNACE ROOM/STAIRS - MORN. - MOMENTS LATER</p> <p>The white beam of Lisa's flashlight reveals narrow wooden steps, descending deeper under the house.</p> <p>Lisa's shoes <i>creak</i> down the rickety steps, her flashlight clenched as she sinks deeper into the blackness.</p> <p>She reaches the last step.</p> <p><i>Ka-plunk</i>. Her shoe submerges in <u>water</u>, ankle deep. She shines around her flashlight to see where she is.</p>	59

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

A small room, its walls made of shiny black brick. The floor's been flooded by water that's accumulated over the years.

Lisa's beam stops upon a rusted coal furnace built into the black bricks. It has an iron door with a slatted window.

*

Lisa shifts her beam to a dusty shelf: it's lined with glass display cases and jars. A hobbyist's collection.

*

*

She shines her beam upon one of the cases: gnarled, half-preserved insect specimens are punctured on pins inside it.

*

*

Fear building, she sees another shelf, this one collapsed to the floor and half-submerged.

*

*

Objects float nearby. Brown glass vials.

Lisa wades closer, both her pant cuffs soaked as she reaches down, picks up one of the vials, reads its smeared label:

Ethoxyethane.

Her gaze drops to its common name --

Ether.

She spies more objects below -- not floating, but resting underwater on the floor. She aims her beam down on them.

A watch. A hair ribbon. Earrings. A silver brooch. A gold cigarette case.

She reaches under the water, pulls out the watch to examine it. It's a classic girl's style, rusted, its hands frozen in time:

"1:14"

*

Ba-thump.

Lisa spins, swings her beam -- the sound came from the furnace.

Scared, she wades through the water, aims the flashlight through the furnace's window-grate.

Shuffling inside. A hand appears, reaching up -- and then its gone.

Lisa leans in closer with the beam to see --

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED: (2)

59

An eye appears. Inches away.

Lisa SCREAMS, jolts back.

A mouth appears. A girl's lips. Opening wide and ready to SCREAM OUT.

FWOMP!!! The coal furnace ROARS TO LIFE.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (3) 59

SCCCRRREEECCHH!!! A bloodcurdling cry erupts as scorching flames engulf the furnace chamber.

Lisa turns and runs to the stairs. She sprints up the wood steps, her shoes dripping.

SCCCRRREEECCHH!!! The Girl's SHRIEKS fill Lisa's head. The orange glow of the furnace flickers below her.

60 OMITTED 60

61 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 61

Lisa tumbles out of the red door, rolls, spins back.

SLAM! She shuts the red door, gasps for air.

Silence. Lisa waits a moment. Everything stays quiet.

She gulps down a scared breath, cracks open the red door.

ON LISA as she reacts --

The stairwell is dark again. The furnace glow is gone. The Girl's awful cries have stopped.

CAROL (o.s.)
(from above)
Lisa!

Lisa flinches, keeps her gaze on the stairwell.

CAROL (o.s.) (cont'd)
(from above)
Lisa, I need you to go out and pick
some raspberries for the pancakes,
please!

Lisa can barely breathe.

62 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - MORNING - LATER 62

Raspberry pancakes, butter and syrup are laid out on the table for breakfast. Robbie gobbles down his share, smiles.

ROBBIE
Mommy! Edgar wants more pancakes!

CAROL
Ask, and Edgar *shall* receive.

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED:

62

Carol forks two more pancakes, plops them onto Robbie's plate.

BRRRINNNGGG!

Lisa jumps, looks ahead. It's the kitchen phone.

BRUCE
(standing up)
I've got it...

BRRRINNNGGG!

Bruce goes into the kitchen. Lisa watches with unease.

BRUCE (cont'd)
(answering)
Hello...? Yes, may I ask who's
calling...? One moment please.
(looks ahead)
Lisa, it's Mr. Woodley. He says
there's a change in the lab
assignment, and he needs to talk to
you about it.

Lisa stays planted in her chair.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Lisa? You don't want to keep your
teacher waiting. I'm sure he's got
lots of other students to call.

Lisa stands, walks into the kitchen. Bruce hands her the phone, smiles, goes back to the dining room.

Lisa lifts the receiver to her ear, doesn't speak.

PALE MAN (o.s., on phone)
I thought I told you to mind your
own business?

Lisa tenses. The menace in his voice chills the bone.

PALE MAN (o.s., on phone) (cont'd)
Clearly you are a Busy Betty. And
I don't like Busy Betties.

Lisa turns away from her family so they can't hear her.

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED: (2)

62

LISA

(whispers)

What's down in that room under the
basement...? *Who's* down there?
That's your scrapbook under my
bedroom floor, isn't it?

PALE MAN (o.s., on phone)

This is my house, Lisa. It always
has been. Stop opening doors that
are meant to be closed.

LISA

(getting angry)

Why? What can you do to me? I'm
already --

CLICK! Static crackles.

Lisa clenches the phone.

CAROL

(from the dining room)

Lisa? Come back and finish your
breakfast before it gets cold.

Lisa hangs up, nerves jangling. She returns to the dining
room, looks ahead, freezes in her tracks --

A BOY is sitting in the chair next to Robbie.

*He's 8 years old. Wears knee-length knickers, black shoes,
a flat cap. The dress of a child circa the 1920s.*

He smiles malevolently at Lisa, his eyes sharp blue.

Lisa stares back at him. Stunned.

The Boy leans over, whispers into Robbie's ear. Robbie
grins, laughs -- a secret shared between them.

LISA

(charging)

Get away from him!

Lisa rushes at the Boy, but Robbie jumps up.

ROBBIE

No, Lisa! He's my friend!

BRUCE

Lisa! What on earth are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED: (3)

62

Lisa spins to her parents, points at the Boy.

LISA
Don't you see him?

CAROL
See who, dear?

LISA
It's Edgar!

BRUCE
Stop teasing your brother.

From their point of view, the chair next to Robbie is empty.

PALE MAN'S VOICE
They only see what I let them,
Lisa.

Lisa spins back. Edgar is now *speaking with the Pale Man's voice*. He and the Pale Man are one and the same.

EDGAR
(Pale Man's voice)
And so do you.

Lisa is paralyzed. Edgar's evil glare intensifies.

She looks up. *The overhead lights grow unbearably bright.*

Lisa turns back at Edgar. He's gone.

She looks across the table, gasps with horror --

Bruce and Carol are corpses in their chairs. Their lips blue, their faces bloated, their eyes half opened and glazed.

Lisa looks left --

Robbie, his back to her, is also slumped postmortem.

She panics, rushes over to him, frantic as she embraces her little brother in her arms, speaks desperately to him.

LISA
Robbie, wake up. Wake up!

His head lies limp against her chest.

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED: (4)

62

LISA (cont'd)
(sobbing)
Come back, Robbie. No, no, please
come --

A crunching sound.

Lisa pulls away from Robbie with shock as --

*Robbie's body shrivels within her embrace, like a balloon
deflating.*

Lisa, too traumatized to scream, looks across --

*Bruce and Carol also crumple and decay, their bodies
decomposing down to bones and dust within seconds.*

Lisa staggers backwards, a raw, visceral panic taking over
her. Her family's gone. She's all alone in the dark house.

LISA (cont'd)
(whispers)
Bring them back... Please...

She shuts her eyes, covers her face, shaking violently.

LISA (cont'd)
I don't want to be alone here. I
don't want to be alone!!!

BRUCE (o.s.)
Lisa?

Lisa opens her eyes.

Bruce is before her, normal again. The lights are back on.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Sweetheart, what's wrong?

Lisa looks over. Carol and Robbie are both alive and in
their chairs. They gaze at her with worry and confusion.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Lisa, honey, talk to me. Why are
you so upset?

She can't speak, frightened down to her core.

BRUCE (cont'd)
It's all right. Everything's okay.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (5) 62

He steps closer, gently embraces her. Lisa sinks into his arms. Bruce holds her with comfort as Carol watches worried. *

BRUCE (cont'd) *

(to Lisa) *

Shh, I've got you, pal. I won't ever let you go. *

Lisa clings tight to her Dad. Shaking. *

63 INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HSE. - LISA'S BEDROOM - MORN. - MOMENTS LATER 63

WHAM! Lisa slams her door, tears in her eyes, still scared.

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED:

63

A low moan.

Lisa tenses, glares across her bedroom at --

The heat vent. The moan resonates from within the slats.
The same moan she heard the morning before.

The moan grows louder, changes in pitch and tone.

Lisa shuts her eyes, trembles.

The moan amplifies. Clarifies. Pieces of it are taking shape.

And then for the first time, Lisa can make out what it is.

Musical notes. From an instrument. A woodwind.

Lisa opens her eyes, stunned. She recognizes the music.

It's the theme to "Peter And The Wolf."

Lisa is flabbergasted.

"Peter and the Wolf" plays louder, faster, filling up the room. It's as if the clarinet were right next to Lisa's bed.

LISA

(whispers)

Go away, Olivia. I never should've
contacted you. Things need to go
back the way they were.

The music plays with more urgency. The halting notes cry out to her.

LISA (cont'd)

(explodes)

GO AWAY!

The music stops.

Lisa shakes.

SSSSSSSSSS. The sound of water flowing. From the bathroom.

64

INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HSE. - LISA'S BATHRM. - MORN. - MOMENTS LATER

64

Lisa enters her bathroom, stops, eyes the sink. Both
faucets are turned on, water circling down the drain.

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

She walks over, shuts off the faucets.

Water drips.

Lisa turns around. The yellow curtain of the shower is drawn over the tub.

She walks over, stops, waits. Listens.

She grasps the curtain edge, braces herself, YANKS IT BACK.

Empty. No one's in the tub.

She's jittery, on edge.

She goes back to the sink, exhales, tries to collect herself.

She looks up at the mirror --

Olivia stands in the reflection behind her.

Lisa SCREAMS, spins.

Olivia is not before her.

Lisa spins back to the mirror.

IN THE REFLECTION: *Olivia is still there. She gazes hauntingly at Lisa, her face pale white.*

OLIVIA
(reflection in mirror;
whispers)
Lisa...

Lisa, speechless, gazes back at Olivia. They are sharing an intense psychic connection.

IN THE REFLECTION: *Olivia lifts her hand up to Lisa.*

BACK TO LISA, lifting her hand as well, extending it out to the mirror until -- TAP! Her fingers touch the glass.

IN THE REFLECTION: *Olivia gazes at Lisa's reflected hand next to hers in the mirror. She reaches over.*

Olivia's hand touches Lisa's in the reflection.

Lisa jolts, as --

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED: (2)

64

An electric surge courses from Olivia's fingers to Lisa's reflected fingers to Lisa.

LISA

AHHHH!!!

FWOMP! The lights go out. The bathroom plunges into TOTAL DARKNESS.

A beat. The lights come back on.

Lisa looks ahead, turns, confused.

The shower's yellow shower curtain is replaced by a pebbled-glass screen. The towels and bath mat are also different.

She looks over at the sink: it's a different model, with a single faucet handle instead of two handles.

Stunned, Lisa steps closer to the sink, gazes at her reflection in the mirror.

Her jaw drops.

Olivia's face looks back at Lisa, not Lisa's face.

Lisa doesn't move. Terrified. And also amazed.

Slowly, Lisa brings up her hand, touches her own cheek.

IN THE MIRROR: *Lisa is touching Olivia's cheek, not hers.*

Lisa glances down, realizes she is wearing Olivia's clothes.

Lisa is possessing Olivia's body.

65

INT. OLIVIA'S HSE. - OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - MORN. - MOMENTS LATER

65

Lisa steps out of the bathroom, dazed, gazes ahead --

She is in Olivia's bedroom.

Music posters hang on the walls, artists Lisa's never heard of: "Vampire Weekend," "Muse," "Interpol," "MGMT," "Adele."

Lisa steps in more, eyes Olivia's bed --

A clarinet lies on the pillow -- white in colour, not black.

Lisa looks over at Olivia's desk --

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

An iPad is propped up in its charger, its display screen a fiery orange sunset over a blue ocean.

Lisa gazes astonished at the sparkling digital image, a technology 25 years beyond her comprehension.

Next to the iPad is a printer, and next to the printer is a printed-out page. She steps closer to read it.

The Lakeshore News, April 20, 1985.

*

Lisa's eyes drop to the headline.

"Family Of Four Found Dead"

Lisa reacts, scans the sentences in the article.

"... Bruce and Carol Johnson..."

"... two children, Lisa and Robbie..."

"... bodies found by police in garage..."

"... carbon monoxide poisoning..."

Lisa trembles. Devastated. The details of her death and that of her family revealed in the stark words before her.

A shriek.

Lisa spins. It came from downstairs.

66

I. OL'S - STAIRS/FOYER/LIV./KITCH./DINING - MORN. - MOMENTS LATER

66

Lisa walks down the stairs, tentative, still feeling the sheer strangeness of her out-of-body experience.

She enters the living room, stops.

There are new couches, chairs, wallpaper, and decorations. All modern-day. The curtains are drawn over the windows.

Another shriek.

A cute-as-a-button LITTLE GIRL, 5 years old, is crouched in front of an HD flat-screen TV. She's playing an interactive video game on an Xbox where she pets an animated monkey.

*

*

Lisa watches, her senses overwhelmed by the modern-day visuals and sounds. The little Girl keeps playing, giggles.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

LITTLE GIRL
(glances back)
Olivia! Come over and play with me!

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED: (2)

66

WOMAN (o.s.)

Olivia?

Lisa looks over --

OLIVIA'S MOTHER, mid-40s, stands in the kitchen, an apron on.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER

We're having eggs and bacon so help
your sister set the table, please.

Lisa stares at her, doesn't move. Olivia's Mother heads to the dining room with a platter of food, sets it down on the table, returns to the kitchen.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (cont'd)

How'd you sleep last night? No
more sleepwalking, right?

Before Lisa can speak --

BANG... BANG... BANG... Lisa looks over at the garage door.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (cont'd)

(sighs)
I really wish he'd keep it quiet in
the mornings.

Olivia's Mother goes back to the stove, cracks an egg.

Lisa eyes the garage door, her heart pounding.

67

INT./(EXT.) OLIVIA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

67

The garage door opens. Lisa steps inside, looks ahead.

BANG... BANG... BANG...

A MAN, his back to Lisa, pounds a wrench upon an engine part of a 2012 Ford Explorer, its hood open.

MAN

(whispers)
I know... I know, damn it! I know!

BANG... BANG... BANG...

He's having a conversation with himself. An angry one.

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED:

67

MAN (cont'd)
(pounding away)
Just gotta get this son-of-a-bitch
working. Can't figure out why it
won't...

*

He pauses, turns around, looks right at Lisa.

He's OLIVIA'S FATHER. Late 40s. Tall. Handsome. But at
the moment, pale and drawn, his eyes bloodshot. Jittery.

OLIVIA'S FATHER
Need something, Olivia?

Lisa is speechless.

*

He drops his wrench, picks up a pack of cigarettes of the
work-bench, pulls one out, jabs it into his mouth.

*

*

OLIVIA'S FATHER (cont'd)
Go back inside, okay? I'm working.

Flick... Flick... He tries to ignite a lighter, but it won't
catch, the butane low. He gets impatient, keeps flicking.

*

*

OLIVIA'S FATHER (cont'd)
(whispers)
Come on, damnit...

*

*

*

It still won't catch. He finally gives up, tosses the lighter
and cigarette-pack into the car, sighs with frustration.

*

*

OLIVIA'S FATHER (cont'd)
I don't want you coming in here
while I'm busy, understand?

*

*

*

He walks over to her, stops. She looks at him, shudders.

*

OLIVIA'S FATHER (cont'd)
(erupting)
I said GET OUT!

For a split-second, Olivia's Father appears to have a
demonic face, screaming at Lisa.

LISA
(screaming)
AHHHHHH!!!!!!

Lisa falls back, collapses onto the ground, convulses.

BA-BAM! The kitchen door flies open.

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED: (2)

67

OLIVIA'S MOTHER

Olivia!

Olivia's Mother rushes over to Lisa, kneels with panic.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (cont'd)

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED: (3)

67

Olivia's Father is now dazed, as if he just woke up.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (cont'd)
David! What happened?

OLIVIA'S FATHER
I... I don't know... She just
started screaming and --

Lisa shakes harder. Olivia's Mother grabs hold of her,
tries not to panic.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
She's sleepwalking again. I
couldn't tell when she was in the
kitchen.

Lisa shuts her eyes. Olivia's Mother shifts to a soothing
voice.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (cont'd)
Olivia... Wake up. Please,
sweetheart, wake up.

Lisa keeps her eyes shut. The voice she hears changes.

CAROL (o.s.)
Lisa... Wake up.

Lisa stops shaking.

CAROL (o.s.) (cont'd)
Lisa? Can you hear me?

Lisa opens her eyes, peers up --

Carol is hovering over her, not Olivia's Mother.

BA-BAM! Bruce bursts in from the kitchen, runs over.

BRUCE
What happened?

CAROL
I don't know. I think she's
sleepwalking.

Lisa sits up, dazed. She's back in her own time.

CAROL (cont'd)
I was in the kitchen, and she
walked right past me, came in here.

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED: (4)

67

BRUCE
(to Lisa)
Sweetheart? You all right?

Lisa gazes at her parents. She's still in a state of shock.

BRUCE (cont'd)
(reaches down)
It's all right. Let's get you
upstairs so you can lie down, okay?

Lisa trembles.

67A I. LISA'S - UPSTAIRS HALL/LISA'S BEDRM. - MORN. - MINUTES LATER 67A

Lisa lies in bed. Bruce and Carol watch over her with
worry.

CAROL
Maybe we should call the doctor?

BRUCE
The fog's knocked out the phones.

CAROL
Well we should do something.

LISA
(speaks up)
I'm fine, Mom. Could you go and
make us some mac and cheese?

Carol gazes at her with worry.

LISA (cont'd)
Just go, Mom. Please.

Carol sighs, finally turns and leaves.

68 INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 68

Bruce nods down at Lisa.

BRUCE
I'll be in the garage if you need
anything, 'kay? Don't hesitate to
call for me.

He turns to go.

LISA
Dad...

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

He stops, looks back at her.

LISA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Did you find the sparkplugs?

BRUCE
(confused)
The sparkplugs?

LISA
They're missing. That's why the car
won't start.

BRUCE
What? Oh no, I'm pretty sure it's
just an engine valve. But don't
worry, I'll get it fixed before
your birthday tomorrow. And we'll
all have a great time. You can pick
any restaurant you want to go to.
It'll be your special day.

Lisa watches her Dad with profound sadness.

BRUCE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You okay, Lise?

LISA
How about we go to Hackney's
tomorrow?

BRUCE
(knowing smile)
Craving onion rings?

LISA
I'll also get a strawberry
butterscotch sundae to share.

BRUCE
You know my weakness, don't you?

LISA
Remember when you'd pick me up from
school, and the two of us would go
there in secret without telling Mom
or Robbie?

BRUCE
I think they suspected something
when we came home with butterscotch
on our faces.

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED: (2)

68

A smile between them. Memories shared.

*

BRUCE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Get some rest, Lise. Love you.

*

*

LISA
Love you too, Dad.

*

*

He kisses her on the cheek, leaves her bedroom.

*

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED: (3)

68

The moment he's gone --

*

Lisa flips back her blanket, slides over to the heat vent,
calls out urgently through its metal slats.

LISA (cont'd)
Olivia...! Olivia, can you hear
me?

No response. She goes over to the bedroom mirror, taps the
glass, gazes at her own reflection with desperation.

LISA (cont'd)
Where are you, Olivia? You need to
bring me back again! You need to
show me everything you --

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie)
(a squelch)
Lisa?

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED: (4)

68

She spins. The toy-walkie flashes on her pillow.

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie) (cont'd)
Come in, Lisa, please!

She races over, snatches up the walkie, clicks the button.

LISA
Robbie!

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie)
Hi Lisa! Edgar says you need to be
punished for being bad! He says
you're a Busy Betty!

Fear strikes Lisa. Her voice cracks.

LISA
Robbie... Where are you?

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie)
The secret cave! Edgar's with me!

LISA
Where's the secret--?

SSSSSS.... Static takes over.

LISA (cont'd)
Robbie!

More static. The signal's gone.

*
*
*
*
*

71 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - STAIRS/BASEMENT - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER 71

Lisa barrels down the basement stairs, looks across the room -- the dryer has been moved to the side, the red door is open.

72 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - STAIRS/FURNACE RM. - MORN. - MOMENTS LATER 72

Lisa, flashlight in hand, scrambles down the rickety steps, goes down into the darkness, reaches the flooded room.

She splashes forward, shines around her beam, frantic.

LISA

Robbie?

No response. Her beam stops upon --

The coal furnace. Its door half opened.

73 INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HOUSE - FURNACE - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER 73

EEEEERK... The iron door swings open. Lisa shines her beam inside. The furnace is empty and dry, coal ash on the ground.

LISA

Robbie?

Giggling. The laughter of two boys.

Lisa steps into the furnace more, aims up her beam.

The chimney shaft is above, too narrow to crawl up.

*

LISA (cont'd)

ROBBIE!!!

Her voice echoes in the sealed space She takes another step.

Crunch.

She flinches back, shines down her beam upon --

Half a human skull. Blackened. Burnt.

She gasps with horror, swivels her beam.

Skeletal bones litter the coal floor. The burnt-up remains of skulls, arms, ribs, legs. Bodies incinerated.

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie)

Lisa?

She jolts, fumbles for her walkie, clicks it.

LISA

(into the walkie)

Robbie!

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie)

Hi, Lisa!

LISA

Robbie, where are you? You said
you were down in the --

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie)

We tricked you!

LISA

What?

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie)

I'm in the attic, Lisa! I was
hiding from you the whole time!
Edgar says we've won the game!

Static crackles.

LISA

Robbie...! Robbie!

No response, just the static.

LISA (cont'd)

Damn it!

She spins, raises up her beam --

The Pale Man stands on the other side of the furnace door.

Lisa SCREAMS, stumbles back, looks at him with terror.

PALE MAN

I'll watch Robbie for you.

*
*

He smiles, reaches down, grabs the door latch.

LISA

(rushing forward)

NO!!!

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED: (2)

73

WHAM! He slams the furnace door shut, locks it. Lisa grabs the latch, can't budge it, pounds her fists.

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED: (3)

73

LISA (cont'd)
Let me out of here! Let me out YOU
SON OF A BITCH!!!

She keeps pounding against the thick iron, but to no avail.

LISA (cont'd)
(shouts up)
MOM! DAD! HELP ME!

No response. BAM! BAM! BAM!

*

LISA (cont'd)
SOMEONE HELP ME!!!

74

OMITTED

74

75

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - FURNACE - DAY - LATER

75

The walkie is on, static hissing.

Lisa sits against the charred wall. Demoralized. She's been sitting for a while.

She places her palm over the top of the flashlight, clicks it.

The reddish-orange glow creates an outline of her hand. She gazes at her finger bones under her skin, mesmerized.

Something catches her eye: a *glint* reflecting off the beam.

She aims her beam over. It's an object buried in the ash.

She shuffles over to it, kneels, digs her fingers into the thick black coal, pulls the object out.

A half melted ring. It became twisted and deformed during the incineration process.

KA-THUNK! Lisa startles, aims up her flashlight beam as --

The flue-door opens... FWOOSH! Coal ash rains down on her.

She rolls, coughs, covered in the black soot. She recovers from the shock, shines up her beam again.

A long brick chimney shaft is on the other side of the flue-door. It ascends up into pitch-darkness.

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED:

75

LISA
(calling up)
Hello?

Her voice echoes, fades. The only sound is the *whistle* of circulating air from somewhere above.

She looks back down at the ring in her hand, realizes --

The ring is now shiny and perfect. It's brand-new again. She sees an inscription on it:

"EVANSTON HIGH, CLASS OF 1954"

Lisa looks up at the chimney shaft. She puts the ring and the flashlight in her pocket, takes hold of the flue-door edge, lifts herself up.

LISA (cont'd)
MMMMMPH!!!

Lisa pops her body up into the chimney shaft. She's wedged between its narrow brick walls, her feet dangling.

She reaches up, grabs a crevice in the bricks, slides herself up the chimney. She grabs another crevice, slides up again.

She goes up...

And up...

And up...

Tink... Tink... Tink...

She freezes high up in the shaft, listens.

Tink... Tink... Tink...

The noise is resonating above. Eerie-sounding.

LISA (cont'd)
(calling up)
Dad? Is that you?

Tink... Tink... Tink...

She fumbles for her flashlight, clicks it, shines up her beam. A metal grate is a few feet above.

Tink... Tink... Tink...

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2) 75

She swallows with fear, reaches up her hand, presses her palm against the grate above, pushes it.

THUNK! The grate pops out, not bolted, but loose. Open air is on the other side. And the same eerie, repetitive noise.

Tink... Tink... Tink...

Lisa crooks her arm, braces it against the surface on the other side, starts to pull herself up through the hole.

76 OMITTED 76

77 INT./EXT. FRANCES'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 77

Lisa sprouts out of the chimney onto the other side of the grate, rolls onto a floor in the darkness, exhausted and dirty. She gulps in air.

TINK... TINK... TINK...

The sound is louder. Lisa peers ahead into the dark.

TINK... TINK... TINK...

She finds her flashlight, aims the white beam ahead. The light hits the far wall first. She sees where she is --

The garage.

But the wall fixtures are different -- the shelves, tools, boxes, table. Everything is from an earlier era. The 1950s.

TINK... TINK... TINK...

Hand shaking, Lisa swings her flashlight left, stops at the next object in the beam's path --

A 1952 Packard. Cherry-red. Four-door. Jagged fins. Its back door is cracked open. A key dangles from the ignition.

TINK... TINK... TINK...

Lisa continues the flashlight arc, the beam now shining upon the front corner of the garage to reveal --

The BACK OF A TEENAGE GIRL. Huddled on her knees. Red hair. A blue cashmere sweater. She's tapping against the garage door with a car-jack handle.

TINK... TINK... TINK....

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

77

She's trying to shove the handle's tip under the garage's front door.

Lisa watches her a moment, hesitates.

LISA

Hello?

The Girl SCREAMS, spins, raises the handle like a weapon, the light bouncing off her frightened eyes.

Lisa freezes up as well, equally scared.

The two of them stare at each other. A tense beat.

TEEN GIRL

(whispers)

Did he get you too?

*

Lisa studies the Girl's pale white face, recognizes her.

She is FRANCES NICHOLS, one of the missing girls from the 1950s scrapbook clippings. Frances's voice quivers as she speaks.

FRANCES

Answer me... Who are you? How long have you been his prisoner?

LISA

You're Frances Nichols... You won second place at the Lakeshore Debate Championship.

*

*

Frances reacts. Lisa swallows.

LISA (cont'd)

You were the first girl he kidnapped.

*

Frances eyes Lisa a moment, shaken. She spins back to the garage door, starts pounding it with fury.

TINK! TINK! TINK! TINK! TINK!

Lisa cautiously approaches, kneels a few feet away. Frances keeps pounding away with the jack handle.

LISA (cont'd)

Who was he?

*

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED: (2)

77

FRANCES

Shh! I've got to open this door
before he --

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED: (3)

77

LISA
(insistent)
Tell me who he was. The man who
kidnapped you. What was his name?

*
*

France stops pounding, stares at Lisa with trauma.

LISA (cont'd)
(softens)
Please... Tell me.

*

FRANCES
(whispers)
I don't know his name. He's the
pharmacist.

*

LISA
The pharmacist?

FRANCES
I was walking home after the movies
last night. He was closing up his
store. He asked if I needed a ride
home. When I came closer, he
grabbed me, put a cloth over my
face. I passed out, woke up here
in his car --

*

Lisa glances back at the Packard.

FRANCES (cont'd)
I was tied up in the back seat.
The engine was running. I thought
I was gonna suffocate.

LISA
But you didn't?

FRANCES
What? I'm talking to you, aren't
I?

WHAM! She SLAMS the jack handle, and this time, it slides
under the garage door. She shoves the jack under the door's
bottom edge, then inserts the jack handle into its slot.

An understanding hits Lisa. She edges closer.

LISA
The man who kidnapped you... the
pharmacist. He's the reason I'm
here too. And my family.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED: (4)

77

LISA (cont'd)
And the other missing girls. He's
trapped all of us in this house.

*

Frances ignores her, starts pumping the jack handle.

LISA (cont'd)
He wants us to be asleep. To not
know that we're --

FRANCES
Quiet!

EEERRRRKKK. The garage door rises off the floor.

Frances stops pumping the jack, checks the crack. It's now
big enough to crawl through. Fog swirls under it.

FRANCES (cont'd)
Are you coming?

LISA
There's nothing out there.

FRANCES
I've gotta go home. My family's
worried. I've been gone all night.

LISA
You've been gone much longer,
Frances. Your family already
grieved over you, and then they
lived out the rest of their lives.

FRANCES
Grieved over me?

Lisa nods, the implication clear.

Frances trembles, upset. Deep down she knows Lisa is right,
but she doesn't want to believe her. She shakes her head.

FRANCES (cont'd)
You're wrong. That can't be right.

Lisa reaches into her pocket, takes out the class ring she
found in the furnace ash. Shiny and brand-new.

LISA
When I touched this, we connected.

Frances eyes the ring, recognizing it.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED: (5)

77

LISA (cont'd)
After he murdered you, he dumped
your body below. He burned you up
like all the other girls. He was a
monster.

*

Frances stays riveted to the ring, tears in her eyes.

LISA (cont'd)
I'm so sorry, Frances. But you
need to accept the truth. We all
do.

Frances, trembling, reaches out to *touch* the ring --

WHAP! A hand grabs her leg from under the door crack.

FRANCES
(screaming)
AHHHHHH!!!!

The hand drags Frances under the crack.

Lisa drops the ring, tries to grab Frances's foot, but
Frances's foot *kicks* away the car jack first, just as she's
pulled away.

LISA
FRANCES!!!!

WHAM! The garage door SLAMS BACK DOWN, separates them.

Lisa lies on the garage floor, defeated.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

Lisa spins. BAM! BAM! BAM! Pounding against the kitchen
door.

BRUCE (o.s.)
Lisa? You in there?

BA-BAM! The kitchen door KICKS OPEN, light shining in.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Lisa!!!

He rushes over to her. She looks around dazed at the lit
garage, at the Dodge Caravan. She's back in her own time.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED: (6)

77

BRUCE (cont'd)
(kneeling before her)
I've been looking all over for you!

Lisa looks at herself: her clothes are clean, the soot gone.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Where have you been?

She looks over at the hole in the floor to the chimney shaft: the metal grate is screwed back into place.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Sweetheart, talk to me... Please.

She gazes back at her Dad, at his face.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Lise?

She jumps up, darts over to the workbench.

BRUCE (cont'd)
What are you --?

WHAM! She shoves away her Dad's tools, frantically searches, checks his boxes and shelves and jars.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Lisa! Stop it!

She ignores him, keeps searching, pauses as she finds --

A brown pharmacy vial.

She snatches it, turns it over to read the label --

"ETHER"

LISA
(voice shaking)
It was you...

Bruce eyes the bottle with confusion.

LISA (cont'd)
You did it.

BRUCE
Did what?

She can't answer, her shock turning to anger.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED: (7)

77

BRUCE (cont'd)
Honey, I don't know what you're --

SMASH! She throws down the bottle, shatters it.

LISA
(erupting)
WAKE UP!

He stares bewildered at her. Clueless.

Lisa can't take it any more, she turns and runs.

78

INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

78

BA-BAM! Lisa bursts into the kitchen, just as Carol is coming out of the basement with the laundry basket.

CAROL
Lisa, some clothes are missing. Do you know where they --?

LISA
(furious)
You let it happen!

CAROL
(taken aback)
What?

LISA
You didn't do anything to save us!

CAROL
Sweetie, what are you --?

WHAM! Lisa knocks the laundry basket out of Carol's hands.

LISA
You let us die, Mom! You let us DIE!

Carol reacts. Lisa sobs.

LISA (cont'd)
How could you...? How?

Carol is stunned, but also clueless like Bruce. Lisa shakes her head, a fierce defiance now taking over her.

LISA (cont'd)
I won't let it happen again.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 78

Carol is more confused.

Lisa spins, rushes out of the kitchen.

79 INT. LISA'S - UPSTAIRS HALL/ROBBIE'S ROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 79

Lisa rushes down the hallway, yanks open her bedroom door to go inside, but then stops --

Video-game bleeps. From Robbie's room.

Lisa goes over to Robbie's room, stands in the doorway. She watches Robbie play "Pac-Man" on his Atari. He's alone, his back facing her. A beat.

LISA
Where's Edgar?

ROBBIE
(thumbing the joystick)
Dunno. He left.

LISA
(eyes him)
Robbie... Do you understand that you, me, Mom and Dad aren't alive any more? That this isn't the real world?

ROBBIE
(keeps playing)
Uh-huh.

LISA
(tensing)
When did you figure that out?

ROBBIE
This morning. When I found my glasses.

LISA
Your glasses?

ROBBIE
Uh-huh.

Lisa approaches, now sees Robbie from the front side for the first time: He's wearing glasses. Black, thick-rimmed.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

79

ROBBIE (cont'd)
They were under my pillow. I
didn't want to find 'em before
'cause I was too scared.

LISA
Why would you be scared of your
glasses?

ROBBIE
'Cause I was wearing 'em that
night. The night we all died.

Lisa's face pales. Robbie keeps playing his game.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
Don't worry, Lisa. It's gonna be
okay. We're just like Pac-Man.

Lisa looks at the TV screen -- at Pac-Man eluding ghosts.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
We play in the same maze over and
over, and we can never die. But we
can't ever stop playing either.
We're always in our house, and
that's just how it's gotta be.

Lisa feels more disturbed than ever.

ROBBIE (cont'd)
That's what Edgar told me.

80

OMITTED

80

81

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

81

SLAM! Lisa locks her bedroom door, rushes over to her bed,
drops to the floor, clicks open her clarinet case.

82

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

82

Lisa sits on the bed's edge, her clarinet clutched. She
gazes across the room at the bedroom mirror.

She inhales deeply, blows into the clarinet's mouthpiece.

She plays the opening verse of "Peter and the Wolf."

She finishes, looks again at the mirror. No Olivia. Only
her.

(CONTINUED)

82

CONTINUED:

82

Lisa thinks, blows into the clarinet again.

This time, she plays the "Bird Theme" from "Peter and the Wolf," the notes urgent, halting, full of warning.

Her fingers slide up and down the keys, building a quick, frenetic rhythm with each note.

She closes her eyes, going into a deep trance as --

A second clarinet begins to play. Awkwardly at first. Out of sync with Lisa's notes. It's Olivia.

Lisa keeps her eyes shut, concentrates harder.

Lisa adjusts her playing to Olivia's, and Olivia adjusts hers to Lisa's. They gradually find the same notes, rhythm, and meter, their music matching closer and closer until --

They are playing together. Connected. A duet.

Lisa stays entranced within the song's melody until --

One clarinet ceases playing, the duet now a solo.

Lisa stops mid-note, opens her eyes, looks down --

She's holding Olivia's white clarinet, not her black one.

She looks ahead at the mirror --

Olivia is in the reflection. So is Olivia's bedroom.

Lisa is back in Olivia's body.

She re-focuses with purpose, jumps to her feet, beelines to Olivia's dresser. She searches, finds what she wants:

A lipstick tube.

She twists it, writes out a message in dramatic red on her own forearm:

"GET EVERYONE OUT OF THE HOUSE! NOW!"

She glances over at Olivia's desk, pauses.

The iPad is propped up, a video paused, a handwritten post-it taped next to the on-screen "play" icon:

"PRESS PLAY, LISA!"

(CONTINUED)

82

CONTINUED: (2)

82

Lisa steps closer, studies the iPad with no idea what it is or how it works. She reaches out her finger, instinctively presses "play" on the touch screen.

*
*

ON THE SCREEN: *Olivia's face fills the iPad. It's a video she shot of herself speaking directly to the camera.*

OLIVIA

*Hi Lisa... If you're watching this,
it means you made it back.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

82

CONTINUED: (3)

82

OLIVIA (cont'd)
*Or it means I'm crazy. Either way,
I hope you find this.*

*

Lisa is stunned.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
*The one thing I do know is I'm
scared. Scared of this house.*

ON THE SCREEN: *Olivia's eyes dart around her bedroom. She
lowers her voice to an urgent whisper.*

OLIVIA (cont'd)
*First I found that scrapbook about
those poor girls under the floor...
And then this...*

ON THE SCREEN: *Olivia reaches under the front of her shirt,
pulls out a necklace that's been hanging there the whole
time.*

Lisa's eyes widen --

It's Lisa's lanyard necklace. *The one she wore in the
video.*

OLIVIA (cont'd)
*It was lying in a dusty corner of
the garage. It had been there a
long time. I was drawn to it.*

Lisa reacts with shock.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
It belonged to you, didn't it?

Lisa touches her own neck: the necklace string is there.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
*I'm so sorry about what happened to
you and your family, Lisa. It
breaks my heart.*

Lisa pulls out the necklace, clutches it, emotional.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
There's a haunter in this house.

Lisa eyes Olivia, who nods with conviction.

*

(CONTINUED)

82

CONTINUED: (4)

82

OLIVIA (cont'd)
*I read all about them on the
Internet.*

*

Lisa is even more perplexed.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
*A haunter can only be destroyed one
way. By finding an object that
belonged to each of his murder
victims.*

Lisa gazes down at her necklace, her mind racing.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
*I've searched every inch and corner
of this house, but the only object
I've ever found is your necklace.
I don't know what else to do. And
things are only getting worse.*

ON THE SCREEN: *Olivia swallows, her fear building.*

OLIVIA (cont'd)
*My Dad... He's changed. My Mom's
useless, totally in denial. And my
sister is too young to understand.
No one will believe a word I say.*

ON THE SCREEN: *tears well up in Olivia's eyes. She reaches
out, touches the camera, as if to touch Lisa herself.*

OLIVIA (cont'd)
Help me, Lisa. Please.

The video ends.

Lisa is frozen, processes what she just watched.

SMASH!!! Lisa jolts, spins. The noise came from below.

83

OMITTED

83

84

OMITTED

84

85 I. OL'S - STAIRS/FOYER/LIVING/KITCHEN/FOYER - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 85

Lisa comes downstairs. She stands in the foyer, hears someone crying softly, starts towards the living room.

SMASH!!! CRASH!!! Lisa looks over at the kitchen.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (o.s.)
Just stop it, David! Stop it!!!

Lisa hears crying again, looks into the living room.

OLIVIA'S SISTER
(softly)
Olivia... I'm scared.

Lisa looks down. Olivia's little Sister clutches a doll.

CRASH!!!

OLIVIA'S FATHER (o.s.)
Where did you hide them?

Lisa comes around the corner, looks into the kitchen. Kitchen drawers litter the floor, silverware discarded.

CRASH!!! Olivia's Father rips out another drawer. He's searching while in the midst of a manic, frightening state.

Olivia's Mother stands across from him, upset and confused.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
I told you, David. I don't know
what you're talking about.

OLIVIA'S FATHER
Liar!

WHAM! He punches the wall.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER
What's wrong with you? Why are you
acting this --?

She pauses, sees Lisa watching them in the doorway.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (cont'd)
(voice shaking)
Olivia... Go back up to your room.
Take your sister with you.

Lisa stares at Olivia's Father. He stares back at her.

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

85

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (cont'd)

Olivia!

Lisa looks at Olivia's Mother, who's traumatized, helpless.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (cont'd)

Please, sweetheart. Go upstairs.

Lisa gazes at her, doesn't move or speak.

PALE MAN'S VOICE

Do what your mother says, *Olivia*.

Lisa looks over, jolts with shock --

The PALE MAN'S FACE glares at her, not Olivia's Father.

PALE MAN

You shouldn't be down here.

Lisa is frozen with horror. The Pale Man is possessing Olivia's Father, just as Lisa is possessing Olivia.

The Pale Man's eyes twinkle at Lisa.

Lisa spins urgently to Olivia's Mother.

LISA

Listen to me. Get out of this house right now. Take the children with you, and never come back here again, understand?

Olivia's Mother is taken aback, even more confused.

LISA (cont'd)

(points at the Pale Man)

He's not your husband.

PALE MAN

(to Olivia's Mother)

Anne... she's confused. I think she was sleepwalking again.

LISA

(to Olivia's Mother)

No! He's lying! He's taken over Olivia's father... I mean my father... I mean...

Lisa's stumbling on her words, panicking.

*

(CONTINUED)

85	<p>CONTINUED: (2)</p> <p>Olivia's Mother sees the lipstick scrawl Lisa wrote on her own forearm, and then she sees her youngest daughter watching scared from the doorway.</p> <p>Olivia's Mother turns frozen, a deer in the headlights.</p> <p>The Pale Man takes control of the situation, nods at Olivia's Mother.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PALE MAN</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Go take care of Emily. I'll take Lisa up to her room.</p> <p>Olivia's Mother hesitates, nods with acquiescence.</p> <p>The Pale Man steps towards Lisa. Lisa backs away.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">PALE MAN (cont'd)</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">It's all right, Olivia. It's me. It's Dad.</p> <p>He smiles, reaches out to her wrist.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">LISA</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">(defiant)</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">NOOOO!!!</p> <p>Lisa spins, runs. She races across the foyer, reaches the front door.</p>	<p>85</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p> <p>*</p>
86	OMITTED	86
87	OMITTED	87
88	<p>EXT./(INT.) OLIVIA'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY - CONTINUOUS</p> <p>BA-BAM! Lisa bursts out of the house onto the front porch, reaches the steps, stops with astonishment.</p> <p><u>There is no fog.</u></p> <p><i>The neighbourhood street is before her, a comfortable enclave of upscale homes. There are clouds above. Blue sky. The sun.</i></p> <p>Lisa is overwhelmed. It's the real world. The living world.</p> <p>BRRRRRRRAAAWWWWWW!!!!</p>	<p>88</p>

(CONTINUED)

88

CONTINUED:

88

She looks across the street. A NEIGHBOUR is mowing his front lawn, the mower engine droning, grass shooting everywhere.

LISA

HELP!!!

He can't hear her over the drone. Lisa jumps off the porch, runs down the walkway, waving her arms hysterically.

(CONTINUED)

88

CONTINUED: (2)

88

LISA (cont'd)
CALL THE POLICE!

The neighbour still can't hear anything. He pushes the mower to the side of the house. He's about to slip from view.

LISA (cont'd)
NO! COME BACK! YOU NEED TO CALL --

Her foot *steps onto the sidewalk.*

LISA (cont'd)
AHHHH!!!

A sharp pain shoots through her. She jolts back, collapses.

The neighbour is gone. He never saw her.

Lisa shakes harder, paralyzed on the ground. She opens her mouth, gasps, can't speak a single word.

PALE MAN (o.s.)
Silly, Lisa.

*

She peers up with horror --

The Pale Man smiles down at her. He's come outside alone to fetch her.

*

*

He licks his own fingers, wets his palm, then reaches down and picks up Lisa's trembling, immobilized arm.

*

*

PALE MAN (cont'd)
Don't you know that a ghost can never leave its house?

*

He strokes his wet palm on Lisa's forearm, *rubs out the lipstick message* that Lisa had written for Olivia.

*

*

Lisa shakes harder, weakening. Her eyes close.

Everything goes black.

89

INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

89

Blackness.

CAROL (o.s.)
Lisa? Lisa, honey, wake up.

Lisa opens her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED:

89

She's lying in her own bed, back inside her bedroom upstairs. Carol is next to her.

*

CAROL (cont'd)
(touches her hand)
Shh. Easy. You've been out a
while. A few hours.

Lisa looks out her bedroom window. It's now nighttime.

CAROL (cont'd)
You collapsed on the front lawn. I
thought you were sleepwalking
again.
(pauses)
But you weren't asleep, were you?

Lisa looks back at her Mom with uncertainty.

CAROL (cont'd)
I mean. How could any of us be
asleep? Since we're all dead?

Lisa's eyes widen. Carol nods with reassurance.

CAROL (cont'd)
Yes, baby, I know. I finally know.
I've woken up too.

LISA
But how...?

Carol reaches down, picks a suitcase up off the floor, puts
it on the bed. Lisa is more confused.

CAROL
It was in my bedroom closet the
whole time. Hidden in the back. I
just didn't want to remember.

Lisa eyes the suitcase, still unsure.

CAROL (cont'd)
You told me I didn't try to save
us... but you were wrong.

CLICK! CLICK! Carol opens the suitcase. It's filled to
the brim with folded clothes. She nods down at them.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED: (2)

89

CAROL (cont'd)
These are the clothes that have
been missing from the laundry.

Lisa reacts. Carol touches the clothes gently.

CAROL (cont'd)
Mine, yours, and Robbie's. I
packed them that night. I was
going to sneak us out while your
father was asleep. I was afraid of
him. Afraid of what he might do.

Her voice trembles.

CAROL (cont'd)
But we never left the house, did
we?

LISA
Mom... have you talked to Dad?

CAROL
I've tried, but he won't listen.
He refuses to believe me.

*

LISA
I know the feeling.

CAROL
(with guilt)
You kept trying to tell me, didn't
you? Again, and again.

LISA
It's okay, Mom.

CAROL
No, it isn't. I didn't want to
know. I didn't want to accept that
we were --

She begins to cry. Lisa reaches out, touches her Mom's
hand, accepting her, a mother and daughter connected again.

CAROL (cont'd)
I'm so sorry, Lisa.

They embrace, neither letting go. Carol weeps in her arms.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (3)

89

CAROL (cont'd)
Your father... I don't know how to
convince him.

Lisa looks over at the suitcase, gathers her thoughts.

LISA
I think I do.

90 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

90

BAM! BAM! BAM! Bruce is working on the Dodge van. Lisa
watches him. He sees her, stops hammering, smiles warmly.

BRUCE
Hey-ya, kiddo, how you feeling?

LISA
Where are the spark plugs, Dad?

He turns confused. She steps closer.

LISA (cont'd)
No one stole them. You lost them
on purpose.

BRUCE
On purpose? I don't know what
you're talking about, Lise.

LISA
You hid them from yourself.

BRUCE
Why would I do that?

LISA
Because you knew what you were
turning into.

He eyes her. Her words have hit a nerve.

LISA (cont'd)
So where did you hide them? Deep
down, you know.

A beat. Bruce walks across the garage, stops at a cabinet
leaning against the garage wall. Pushing the cabinet aside
slightly, he reaches in behind it, then stands up and turns
to Lisa.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: 90

He's holding a box. He walks over to Lisa, lifts the box's lid --

A set of spark plugs are inside.

LISA (cont'd)
(from behind)
Pick them up.

BRUCE
What for?

Lisa just stares at him. He swallows, reaches down, hand shaking, picks them up, clasps them in his palm. Waits.

LISA
Feel anything?

A beat. He shakes his head with relief.

BRUCE
Not a thing. Like I said, I don't know what you're talking about.

LISA
Put them back into the engine.

BRUCE
This nonsense has gone on long enough, Lisa.

LISA
(insistent)
The engine.

91 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 91

ON THE DODGE ENGINE, as Bruce re-installs the spark plugs.

When he's finished, he goes around to the driver's side door, joins Lisa inside the car.

INTERCUT WITH:

92 I./(E.) LISA'S - GARAGE/DODGE (PARKED) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 92

Bruce sticks the car key into the ignition, hesitates, not wanting to do it. Lisa nods with conviction.

LISA
Turn the key.

(CONTINUED)

92

CONTINUED:

92

He does. VROOM! The van STARTS UP. The engine HUMS.

ON BRUCE, as sensations flood into him. He clutches the key, not letting go of it.

LISA (cont'd)
(watching him)
Dad...?

Bruce shudders, shock and horror taking over him.

LISA (cont'd)
Do you remember? Do you remember
what happened to us?

He opens his mouth, can barely speak.

BRUCE
I... I used ether. You and your
Mom and Robbie. And then I carried
each of you down into here from
your rooms, and then I...

His voice chokes. He starts to cry.

LISA
And then you did what?

He grips the key tighter, tears streaming.

LISA (cont'd)
(persistent)
Dad! What did you do?

He *jolts back*, lets go of the key, collapses back into the driver's seat, panting for air, in a state of shock.

BRUCE
(gasping)
My family... you, Mom and Robbie...
How could I...? Oh god!

LISA
It wasn't you.

BRUCE
Of course it was me!

LISA
No! It was someone else.

He looks at her, his body still trembling.

(CONTINUED)

92

CONTINUED: (2)

92

LISA (cont'd)
He got inside you. He took you
over.

*
*

BRUCE
(confused)
Who?

*

LISA
He's been here with us the whole
time. But I know how to stop him
now. I know how to --

CRACK! The rear-mirror spider-webs, breaking.

*

Bruce and Lisa both jump in their seats as...

*

BZZ! BZZ! The dashboard lights start flashing...

*

Lisa looks out through the car window as...

*

BZZ! BZZ! The garage lights flash as well...

*

A SCREAM... Carol from the kitchen.

*

93

INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

93

Bruce bursts into the kitchen, freezes, Lisa behind him.

*

The kitchen lights are flashing brighter. Faster. Strobing.

*

CAROL
(across)
Bruce!

*
*
*

She runs to him. He runs to her. They embrace. The lights
flash faster around them.

*
*

CAROL (cont'd)
What's happening?

*
*

BRUCE
I don't know.

*
*

LISA
We're awake! All of us!

*
*

Carol looks at Bruce. He looks at her.

*

BRUCE
I'm so sorry. Sorry for everything.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

93

CONTINUED:

93

CAROL
(clutching him)
It's okay. We're going to be okay.

*
*
*

Lisa watches her parents with deep emotion.

*

BZZZ! BZZZ! *The lights flash brighter.*

*

ROBBIE'S VOICE
Mommy! Where are you?

*
*

Everyone looks over. Robbie's cry came from the foyer.

*

94 INT./(EXT.) LISA'S - FOYER/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 94

Lisa, Bruce and Carol race into the foyer. Robbie is
standing by the stairs scared. Carol scoops him up as... *

BZZ! BZZ! The lights flash brighter, hotter... *

The décor of the house changes. The curtains are pleated. *
The walls are painted red. The furniture is antique. *

BZZ! BZZ! The lights flash again... *

The house is back to normal. *

BRUCE *

What's going on? *

Lisa's eyes dart around, trying to understand as... *

BZZ! BZZ! Another flash... *

The older décor is back. This time, Lisa sees a grandfather *
clock, its long pendulum swinging, a row of framed *
photographs on the wall next to it. *

BZZ! BZZ! Another flash... *

It's 1986 again. *

Lisa steps closer to the spot where she saw the grandfather *
clock, eyes the wall where the photographs hung... *

BZZ! BZZ! Another flash... *

The grandfather clock is back, and so are the photographs. *

Lisa gazes at one of the photos, her eyes widening. *

A black-and-white image of Edgar, 8 years old, posed formally *
with his MOTHER and FATHER on the front porch of the house. *

BZZ! BZZ! Another flash... *

It's 1986. *

BRUCE (cont'd) *

Lisa? *

Lisa looks back at her family with horror, and urgency. *

LISA *

We have to get out of this house! *

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED:

94

She races up to the front door, twists the knob, opens it...

The fog is on the other side. Thick and impenetrable.

BZZ! BZZ! The house lights flash faster.

The older house starts appearing more frequently.

Lisa gazes out at the fog with dismay. And defeat. There's nowhere to go. Nowhere to escape.

ROBBIE

Look, Mommy! The sun's out!

Lisa, Bruce and Carol all look in the direction to where Robbie is pointing...

A warm orb of light appears. High in the far distance. Its rays poking faintly through the thick fog.

Lisa is amazed...

It's the sun in the sky.

The fog begins to thin. The warm rays of the sun are burning it away. The fog is dissipating.

Robbie smiles with joy. He dashes out the door and into the retreating fog. He heads straight towards the welcoming sun.

CAROL

Robbie!

Carol runs out of the house after him...

Bruce goes next, stops on the front of the porch, peers ahead at what's beyond the fog. He sees something Lisa can't.

He turns around, smiles at Lisa with relief.

BRUCE

It's all right, sweetheart. It's beautiful. We can leave.

BZZ! BZZ! The lights in the house flash brighter, faster.

BRUCE (cont'd)

Lise?

She looks at him with tears in her eyes. A decision made.

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED: (2)

94

LISA
I love you, Dad... I love all of
you.

*
*
*

He turns confused as...

*

BZZ! BZZ! The lights flash a final time. Blinding white.

*

WHAM! Lisa slams the front door shut.

*

The lights stop flashing.

*

Everything in the foyer has turned quiet except for...

*

Tick... Tick... Tick...

*

She turns around with dread. The pendulum of the grandfather
clock swings back and forth. The photographs hang next to it.

*
*

Lisa steps over to the foyer window, peers outside...

*

EXT. EDGAR'S HOUSE / MOMENTS LATER

*

*The house is surrounded on all sides by the impenetrable
white fog. The sun of before is nowhere to be seen. Lisa's
face in the window looks out at her new prison.*

*
*
*

96 INT. EDGAR'S HOUSE - FOYER/STAIRS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 96 *

The soft clock ticking continues behind Lisa. *

Tick... Tick... Tick... Tick-- *

The clock pendulum abruptly stops mid-motion. *

Lisa turns around, looks at the clock face: *

"1:14" *

A jazz song like "Whispering" begins to play with a vinyl-needle hiss.

Lisa's eyes dart over to the stairs. Scared. *

Finally, she goes to the stairs, creaks up the steps. *

97 INT. EDGAR'S - UPSTAIRS HALL/BEDROOM/HALL - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 97

The upstairs hallway is dim, the wallpaper and décor all 1920s.

The jazz song resonates from a phonograph at the end of the hallway. Next to it is the open door of the master bedroom.

Fear building, Lisa walks to the door, peers inside --

She GASPS.

Edgar's Mother lies dead in a canopy bed. Facing Lisa. Her eyes opened and glazed. She was murdered in her sleep.

(CONTINUED)

97

CONTINUED:

97

A silver brooch is pinned to her collar.

Lisa, horrified, shifts her gaze to --

Edgar's Father, rolled over, twitching in a last grisly spasm of death.

A gold cigarette case rests on the nightstand next to him.

Lisa steps in more, then stops in her tracks, realizes someone else is here who had been out of view before --

Edgar. *Standing over the bedside. Smothering a rag against his Father's mouth and nose. Murdering without remorse.*

Lisa shakes, too scared to move.

Edgar lifts the rag, glares at Lisa, pure evil in his eyes.

EDGAR

Get out of my house, LISA!

He moves towards her with purpose.

Lisa looks again -- It's the Pale Man now heading towards her.

She spins, races down the hallway, glances back -- the Pale Man is coming after her.

Lisa runs into another bedroom. WHAM! Slams the door.

98

I./(E.) EDGAR'S HSE. - EDGAR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

98

CRASH! Lisa knocks over a dresser and bookshelf, barricades the door as --

Laughing, from the other side of the door.

PALE MAN (o.s.)

Lisa, you cannot hide from me in this house. And certainly not in my own room.

Lisa looks ahead, fills with dread --

She's in Edgar's bedroom. Instead of toys, the shelves are filled with glass cases of collected dead insects.

Tapa... Tapa... Tapa...

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

98

A monarch butterfly is fluttering inside a sealed mason jar, panicked, trying to escape a death of slow suffocation.

KA-THUNK! The bedroom door *shifts* behind her, the barricade loosening.

Lisa scans the bedroom, runs to the window, taps her fingers against the glass, peers frantically at her own reflection.

LISA
(whispers)
Olivia... Where are you?

SMASH! The dresser topples behind her, the door almost open.

LISA (cont'd)
(losing it)
OLIVIA!!!!

Nothing happens. Lisa sags against the window glass, her cheek pressed against it, overcome by defeat.

LISA (cont'd)
(whispers)
Olivia...

She closes her eyes, waiting for the Pale Man to come.

Rain patters against the window.

Lisa pulls back, realizes --

Olivia's face reflects in the glass, not hers.

Lisa's back in Olivia's body.

BA-BOOM! A thunderclap, a violent storm raging outside.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (o.s.)
OLIVIA!!!!

Lisa spins.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Olivia's bedroom door is pounding again, only now it's Olivia's Father shouting with rage.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (o.s.) (cont'd)
OLIVIA, OPEN THIS DOOR RIGHT NOW!

BAM! BAM! BAM! A door bolt is now keeping the door locked.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2) 98

OLIVIA'S FATHER (o.s.) (cont'd)
 OLIVIA!!!

BA-BAM! The door bolt *snaps off*.

Lisa dives under the bed just as --

Olivia's Father charges into the bedroom, his face in shadow, a silhouette in the darkness.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (cont'd)
 (furious)
 Where are you, Olivia?

UNDER THE BED: Lisa peers out with terror as Olivia's Father crosses the bedroom, searches, his voice seething.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (cont'd)
 You can't hide from me!

LISA'S POV: Olivia's Father marches over to the bathroom, enters.

Lisa slides out from under the bed, dashes to the hallway.

99 INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 99

Lisa races down the hall towards the stairs.

99A INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - STAIRS/FOYER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 99A

Lisa runs down the stairs and through the foyer towards the kitchen.

100 OMITTED 100

101 OMITTED 101

102 I./(E) OLIVIA'S HSE. - STAIRS/BASEMENT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 102

WHAM! Lisa locks the basement door, runs down the stairs, reaches the bottom, crosses to a modern-day washer and dryer.

She grabs the dryer, pulls on it, strains, pulls harder.

LISA
 ARRRGGGHHH!!!

The dryer slides out to the side. Lisa kneels, reacts --

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: 102

Drywall covers the entire wall. It was installed at some point in the last 25 years.

Lisa looks around frantically, spots a flashlight and crowbar amidst tools on a shelf. She grabs the crowbar and starts pounding at the drywall.

SMASH!!! The drywall crumbles. Lisa steps back, kneels.

The red door is before her, its paint even more chipped and worn in the present day. She tries the knob. Locked.

She checks her pockets, realizes these are *Olivia's pockets*, not hers. She doesn't have the red key on her any more.

103 OMITTED 103

104 INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 104

WHACK! Lisa punches the end of the crowbar into the red door. The old wood cracks, weakened by age.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! She keeps punching.

The wood splits more. She leans back, KICKS OPEN THE DOOR.

105 INT. OLIVIA'S HSE. - STAIRS/FURNACE RM. - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 105

Lisa scrambles down the dark, rickety steps, clutching both the flashlight and the crowbar. She reaches the bottom step.

Splash. She aims the beam down on the water surface -- the objects are still lying submerged on the floor.

Her beam follows the trail of objects underwater, lifts up to the collapsed shelf half-submerged. *

An object glints off her beam, still on the shelf, one that she didn't notice before... *

A glass jar. It's filled to the brim with more teen-girl objects. Jewelry. Make-up items. Random trinkets. *

Lisa stares at the jar with wide eyes: at the collected mementos of all of the Pale Man's victims over the years. *

106 INT./(EXT.) OLIVIA'S HOUSE - FURNACE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 106

FWOOSH! Lisa spills out all of the objects from the jar. *

She's on her knees in the furnace room, and the objects land in the coal-ash, mixing with the burnt human bone fragments. *

(CONTINUED)

106

CONTINUED:

106

Lisa props the flashlight in the ash, keeps the beam aimed.

*

LISA

(whispers)

Wake up... All of you, wake up...

(CONTINUED)

106

CONTINUED: (2)

106

She *runs her fingers* over each object, touches each of them.

LISA (cont'd)
We can leave this house, but we
have to do it together.

She touches the watch, the hair-ribbon, the earrings, the
silver brooch, the gold cigarette case. Everything.

*
*

LISA (cont'd)
You know the truth inside
yourselves. You just need to let
it out. You can't let him scare
you any more.

She spots Frances's class ring, back in the ash where she
found it the first time. She reaches down, touches it.

LISA (cont'd)
Frances... Help me.

Crunching from behind.

Hope fills Lisa. She spins, freezes with horror.

Olivia's Father stands just outside the open furnace door.
Not Frances. He glares at her with fury.

ON LISA, full of fear, as she now stares at --

The Pale Man. More terrifying than ever.

PALE MAN
No one can help you, Lisa.

Lisa panics, reaches for the crowbar.

The Pale Man reaches through the furnace door, grabs her by
the hair, smothers her face with a damp rag, covering her
mouth and nose. Lisa flails.

*
*

LISA
MMMMMMPPPHHHH!!!

PALE MAN
(whispers)
Shhh. Time to sleep.

Lisa struggles more, but turns incredibly weak, her eyes
closing.

Blackness.

107 I./(E.) OLIVIA'S - GARAGE/FORD EXPLORER (PARKED) - NIGHT - LATER 107

The patter of rain. *

Lisa's eyes open to see... *

A fogged windshield. She's sitting in the back seat of the Ford Explorer. The car is parked in the garage, the garage-door shut, the rain coming down in sheets outside. *

Lisa looks down... Her feet are bound together, duct-tape wrapped around her ankles. *

She looks across... Olivia's Mother lies passed out in the front seat. *

She tries to scream... *

LISA
MMMMMPHHH!!!! *

Her mouth is gagged with more duct-tape. *

Her eyes dart around the inside of the car. She's trying not to panic. She lifts up her bound feet, tries to flip open the car door latch with her shoe, but can't budge it. *

A moan... *

She looks back ahead. Olivia's Mother has stirred slightly in her seat, mumbles in her unconscious state. *

Lisa swings her feet, kicks the front passenger seat hard, tries to wake up Olivia's Mother. Lisa kicks, and kicks. *

Olivia's Mother rolls across the seat, her arm dangling over, but she remains passed out. *

Lisa falls back, exhausted, breathing in through just her nose. And then she notices something next to Carol's dangling arm, something on the floor between the two front seats. *

A cigarette pack and lighter: discarded earlier by Olivia's Father. *

New energy surges into Lisa. She twists around her body, drops to her knees on the car floor, reaches out behind her with her fingers, straining... *

She claws at the lighter, grunts, clutches it between her bound wrists. She flicks its spark wheel... *

(CONTINUED)

107

CONTINUED:

107

The flame doesn't catch.

*

Frantic, she flicks the lighter again, and again. No dice.

*

BA-THUMP...

*

Lisa eyes dart to the passenger window: the noise came from somewhere on the other side of the kitchen door.

*

*

Lisa is close to total panic. She flicks the lighter again, and again. She screams against her gag for it to light.

*

*

LISA (cont'd)

*

MMMMMPHHHH!!!!

*

SSSSSS.... The lighter catches...

*

The flame instantly sears away the duct-tape, splits it apart until...

*

*

SNAP! Lisa *breaks free* of the tape. Her hands are liberated.

*

KA-THUNK! The kitchen door swings open, a silhouette in the doorway: the silhouette of the Pale Man.

*

*

Lisa dives back into her seat as...

*

Footsteps outside, walking around the car.

*

Lisa shoves her hands behind her back, shuts her eyes, tries to pretend she's still bound and passed out.

*

*

The Pale Man's silhouette appears in the back seat window across.

*

*

Lisa turns motionless as...

*

THUNK! The passenger-door swings open. The Pale Man is carrying Olivia's Little Sister. He deposits her in the back seat next to Lisa.

*

*

*

Lisa remains frozen, holding her breath.

*

WHAM! The Pale Man slams shut the door, walks around the car.

*

Lisa half opens her eyes, tries to see where he went...

*

THUNK! The driver-side door opens...

*

Lisa shuts her eyes again...

*

(CONTINUED)

107

CONTINUED: (2)

107

The Pale Man climbs into the driver's seat... WHAM! He shuts the door. Lisa does her best not to flinch.

The Pale Man reaches up, adjusts the rear-view mirror until he sees...

Olivia, sitting in the passenger seat behind him.

PALE MAN

Hello, Lisa.

Lisa swallows, pauses, opens her eyes, looks ahead...

The Pale Man gazes at her through the mirror, a blood-chilling look.

PALE MAN (cont'd)

You just won't let go of her, will you?

Lisa is too scared to speak.

The Pale Man picks up a ring of keys, sticks the car key into the ignition, switches on the battery.

DING! The dash-board lights up. Lisa sees the glowing time:

"1:14"

The Pale Man twists the key...

VROOM! The engine starts up...

INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Car exhaust plumes out of the Ford Explorer's tailpipe. The garage is filling up with carbon monoxide.

INT. OLIVIA'S - GARAGE/FORD EXPLORER (PARKED) - NIGHT

The Pale Man gazes out through the windshield, a content look in his eyes, the final piece of his plan complete.

PALE MAN

Time for you to go, Lisa.

He leans back to await the death of Olivia's family...

Lisa *lunges forward*, her freed hands reaching around the Pale Man's seat, grabbing the seat-belt, pulling back hard...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PALE MAN (cont'd)
(flailing)
AHHHHHHH!!!!

Lisa is choking the Pale Man with the seat belt. Rage in her eyes.

The Pale Man fights, but can't get free. His face turns blue. He's feeling the pain of suffocation in his mortal body.

He flails his body with all his strength, *breaks* Lisa's grip, gulps for air, needing precious oxygen.

Lisa takes advantage of his momentary weakness, reaches across, grabs the key ring, twists it out of the ignition...

The Pale Man recovers, spins to grab her...

But she's already out the rear door, and pressing a button on the key ring as she goes...

KA-THUNK! The Pale Man looks ahead...

The garage-door tilts up...

And Lisa dashes outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

109 EXT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY/FRONT YARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 109 *

Lisa charges into the pouring rain, arms pumping. She runs across the soaked grass, reaches the border to the driveway.

She stops herself, knows she can't go any farther.

But she's got a plan. She raises back her clenched fist, *throws the car keys* as far as she can.

PLUNK! They land somewhere in the dark wet grass on the other side of the driveway. Unreachable.

Footsteps...

She spins.

The Pale Man marches out of the garage, rain coming down on him, a cruel smile on his lips as he approaches.

PALE MAN
You're next, Lisa.

Lisa backs away, but she's cornered against the boundary, nowhere to run. The Pale Man stops before her, nods.

PALE MAN (cont'd)
Go ahead. Step across.

She eyes the boundary, eyes him, doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

109

CONTINUED:

109

PALE MAN (cont'd)
Your own house is gone. Your own
time. There's nothing but oblivion
waiting for you.

*

He arrives before her, victory in his eyes.

PALE MAN (cont'd)
A place worse than death.

LISA
(defiant)
Send me wherever you want. But
you're not killing this family
tonight.

*
*
*
*
*

PALE MAN
I'm not?

*
*

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a another set of car
keys.

*
*

Lisa gasps.

*

PALE MAN (cont'd)
(smiles)
Olivia's Father always keeps his
spare on his work-bench.

*
*
*
*

Lisa panics, tries sprinting back to the house -- but she
slips on the wet grass, falls flat on her face.

The Pale Man laughs, reaches down, grabs her by the collar,
lifts her up into the air. Lisa flails.

LISA
NOOOO!!!!

The Pale Man wraps both arms around her torso with brute
strength. She fights and kicks, but he's too overpowering.

He grabs her by her hair, yanks back her head.

LISA (cont'd)
AHHHHH!!!!

The Pale Man carries her towards the driveway's edge. Lisa
keeps fighting, but can't break free from his grip.

They stop before the edge. He whispers into her ear.

(CONTINUED)

109

CONTINUED: (2)

109

PALE MAN

I always do enjoy killing you.

Lisa SCREAMS.

He's about to throw her into oblivion --

FLASH! Lightning strikes first to reveal--

Frances.

The Pale Man stops, surprised to see her.

Lisa, still in the Pale Man's grip, is also stunned.

Frances keeps her gaze riveted upon the Pale Man. She lifts up her hand, points her finger at him with accusation.

Her class ring is on her finger. Vengeance and wrath are coursing through her.

The Pale Man, defiant, keeps his grip on Lisa, starts to go around Frances to throw Lisa across the boundary.

BOOM! Another lightning flash.

THREE MORE GIRLS block his path.

Lisa looks at their faces, recognizes them.

They are the girls from the scrapbook clippings.

MARY BROOKS wears the watch around her wrist.

(CONTINUED)

109

CONTINUED: (3)

109

PEGGY WALKER has the hair ribbon tied back.

SANDRA GARDNER wears the earrings pierced in her earlobes.

They've each found their objects left by Lisa.

The Pale Man, now feeling more unsettled, tries to carry Lisa in another direction...

FLASH! More TEEN GIRLS appear. Their style of dress reveals them to be from the 1960s.

The Pale Man turns again...

FLASH! More TEEN GIRLS, these ones from the 1970s.

The Pale Man drops Lisa to the ground. A true fear takes over him.

All of the girls close in. He's being surrounded on all sides, confronted by every one of his murder victims.

He spins back towards the house...

FLASH! His Mother and Father are before him. His Mother wears her silver brooch. His Father clutches his gold cigarette case. They stare at their son with punishing eyes.

Desperate, the Pale Man spins for one last-ditch retreat.

Lisa blocks him. No fear in her eyes. Or mercy.

Before he can react --

Lisa SHOVES HIM with both hands.

PALE MAN (cont'd)
(flies backwards)
AHHHHH!!!!

(CONTINUED)

109

CONTINUED: (4)

109

The Pale Man crosses the boundary, falls down, and the moment his body touches the grass on the other side --

FWOOSH!!!! He bursts into flames.

Lisa steps back, shields her eyes as --

The Pale Man SHRIEKS in agony. The hellish inferno consumes him, incinerates his body into a crumbling black ash.

And then he's gone. Sent where he belongs.

Lisa looks down --

Olivia's Father lies on the wet grass. Passed out. Alive.
The Pale Man exorcised from his body.

Lisa, stunned, looks over at --

Frances. She's still standing with the other girls, and the Pale Man's Mother and Father are still next to them.

Frances smiles at Lisa, gives her a nod. A thank-you.

Lisa nods back at Frances, returns the sentiment.

FLASH! Lightning strikes, a blinding, split-second flash.

Lisa blinks, looks back ahead --

They're all gone. Liberated from the house at last.

Lisa stands alone, the rain pouring down upon her.

Moaning. She looks down --

Olivia's Father is now waking up. He gazes up bleary-eyed at Lisa. He has no idea where he is, or how he got here.

*
*

OLIVIA'S FATHER

Olivia...?

Lisa looks over at the garage. She makes a decision.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (cont'd)

Olivia? Talk to me... Please.

Lisa kneels before him, peers into his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (5)

109

LISA
We have to get everyone back up to
bed. They can't ever know what
happened.

He looks at her with total confusion.

110 OMITTED

110

111 INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

111

Olivia's Sister sleeps peacefully beside her Mother. Lisa
sits at her bedside, watches her with comfort.

Olivia's Father appears behind. He's still in a state of
shock, and now wracked with guilt.

OLIVIA'S FATHER
I'm so sorry, Olivia. I couldn't
fight him.

LISA
I know.

He reacts with surprise.

LISA (cont'd)
You had a monster inside you, but
now that monster is gone.

He looks at her comforting face. He wants to believe her.

LISA (cont'd)
We're going to be a happy family
again, Dad.

112 INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - OLIVIA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT - LATER

112

ON THE PHARMACY VIAL, as Lisa dumps out the ether into the
bathroom sink, flushes it down.

She gazes ahead at her reflection in the mirror --

IN THE MIRROR: Olivia's face gazes back at her.

ON LISA, feeling a powerful emotional connection to Olivia
that crosses over time and space. She reaches out, touches
Olivia's face against the glass.

IN THE MIRROR: A tear slides down Olivia's cheek.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 112

ON LISA: A tear slides down her cheek as well. She nods at Olivia with relief, but also sadness.

LISA
(whispers)
Have a good life, Olivia.

113 INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 113

Lisa slips into Olivia's bed, pulls the covers over her, lays her head back onto the pillow, peers up into the darkness.

She breathes in deep, ready for whatever fate awaits her.

She closes her eyes.

FADE TO:

114 INT./(EXT.) LISA'S HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - MORN. - MONDAY 114

Blackness.

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie)
LISA JOHNSON!!!

ON LISA, as she slowly opens her eyes, groggy.

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie) (cont'd)
Lisa! Wake up!

Lisa sits up, looks ahead --

She's back in her bedroom, in her own time.

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie) (cont'd)
Lisa, I found the pirate treasure!
It's a chest full of gems! We're
rich!

The toy-walkie is propped against her pillow, its green light flashing, Robbie's voice calling out over the speaker.

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie) (cont'd)
Come downstairs so I can give you
your share! Hurry!

Lisa stares at the walkie with profound despair. After all she's been through, she's back where she started?

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie) (cont'd)
It's your birthday present!

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

Lisa reacts. This part she wasn't expecting to hear.

ROBBIE (o.s., on walkie) (cont'd)
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LISA!!!!

The walkie cuts off.

Lisa is stunned. She looks over at her bedroom window. The curtain is drawn shut. Her shock turns to uncertainty. And fear.

She hops out of bed, rushes to the hallway.

115 I. LISA'S HSE. - STAIRS/FOYER/LIVING RM. - MORN. - MOMENTS LATER 115

Lisa hurries downstairs, freezes.

The living room curtains are also drawn shut. The house is shadowy and dim. Quiet.

A red bicycle is parked across the room by the couch.

Lisa walks over to the bike, gazes at it. A bow ribbon is tied to its handlebars. She reaches down, touches the seat.

BRUCE (o.s.)
Happy "16," sweetheart.

She looks over. Bruce and Carol are smiling before her.

LISA
Dad...? Mom? Where are we?

CAROL
We're home, honey. We're finally home.

Lisa is speechless. Bruce nods down at the bike.

BRUCE
Wanna take it for a spin?

ROBBIE
Will you come back for cake and pirate treasure, Lisa?

Lisa sees Robbie by the beanbag, an innocent grin on his face.

She looks over at the front door. Overwhelmed. And nervous.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

LISA
What's out there?

BRUCE
Whatever you want there to be.

Emotions hit her. She reaches to her neck... Her necklace is there.

116 EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - FRONT - MORNING - A FEW MINUTES LATER

116

Lisa gets on her bike, rides down the driveway.

It's a radiant morning. Not a hint of fog. The neighbourhood street of her own time is before her.

It's the world before she died. The one from her memories.

117 EXT. LISA'S NEIGHBOURHOOD - STREETS - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

117

Lisa pedals down her street, her hair wisping back. The day is lovely for a ride, bright and clear and warm.

She pedals faster and faster, her confidence building. She steers down the next street, picks up her speed even more.

She lets go of her handlebars, raises her hands up into the air, feels the wind against her face as she rides.

She smiles and laughs. At last, she enjoys true freedom.

She rides away from us, slips out of our view. She's off to explore the new world that awaits her beyond.

FADE OUT.

THE END