

HAUNTER

Written by  
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WGAW Registered

A washed out video clip, shot by a Betamax camcorder on a tripod. A FATHER jogs around into the frame where he joins... \*

His family. A wife, daughter and son. They're smiling before a three-story 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 five years old, sports a Michael Jordan Bulls jersey, flashes an adorable grin with a missing front tooth that's gone off to the tooth fairy. \*

Finally there's LISA, the daughter. Fourteen. 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. \*

FAINT WHISPER

Lisa...

CUT TO:

LISA'S EYES, waking from a deep slumber. She's now 15, a year older than the photo. Her hair is not auburn anymore, but goth-black, cut short, with a few strands of New Wave-punk.

ROBBIE'S VOICE

LISA JOHNSON!

She looks over: a plastic toy-walkie is propped next to her pillow, its green light flashing.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (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! She shuts off the walkie, sits up, yawns.

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

She peers out her window, frowns with disappointment.

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa, wearing a "Siouxsie And The Banshees" T-shirt and black jeans, stands in the living room, 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! Pac-Man has just been devoured by Clyde from the maze's left side... "GAME OVER". \*

ROBBIE (CONT'D) \*  
Lisa! You messed up my game! \*

She 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  
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?

Lisa looks over at her Mom whisking pancake batter.

LISA

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

CAROL

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

ROBBIE

I lost 'em.

CAROL

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

LISA

Ask me tomorrow.

CAROL

Let's just hope the car's running. Your father's been working on the engine all morning, but can't figure out what's wrong.

LISA

Yeah. He won't figure it out.

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.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

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

She starts toward the stairs...

*A creak.*

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

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

FWOMP! The water heater ignites, gas flames hissing. Lisa bolts for the stairs like a scared rabbit.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa bursts out of the basement, stops, rattled. Carol is oblivious, pours batter onto a griddle.

Lisa marches past her without a word, lifts the kitchen phone off the wall, listens... *Static fills the line.*

CAROL

It's been out all morning. Your  
father's gonna call the phone  
company from work tomorrow.

\*  
\*  
\*

Lisa keeps listening to the static. Unsettled.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Sweetheart, could you please go  
outside and--?

LISA

Pick raspberries so we can have  
raspberry pancakes.

CAROL

(surprised)  
How'd you know that?

Lisa hangs up the phone, doesn't answer.

EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

Fog swirls. Lisa picks red-ripe raspberries from a bush growing next to the garage. She plops them into a bowl.

She eyes her finger-tips, stained crimson red.

\*

She peers ahead. There's nothing but clouded whiteness beyond the driveway. She makes a decision, steps forward...

\*  
\*

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

Bruce grips her with paternal protectiveness. Behind him, a 1985 Dodge Caravan is parked in the garage, its hood open.

BRUCE

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

\*

She stares up at her Dad, remains silent.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Stay inside, okay? Play some games  
with Robbie. Practice your  
clarinet. Think of it as a rainy  
day. I'm sure everyone else in the  
neighborhood 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 goes back to the house. Bruce watches her bewildered.

INT. LISA'S ROOM - LATER

The cracked squeaks of a clarinet...

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-duct 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 from behind, a laundry basket in hand.

\*

CAROL

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

\*

\*

\*

LISA

(still listening)

I know.

\*

\*

CAROL

You know? So where are they?

LISA  
I don't know. Those clothes are  
missing everyday.

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.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY \*

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 everyday.

BRUCE  
What do you mean "gone everyday"?

LISA  
It's like the raspberries. Every  
morning, Mom asks me to pick them.  
And you're always trying to fix the  
car, which for some mysterious  
reason has stopped running. And  
Robbie's always on the beanbag 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?

LISA

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

BRUCE

Lisa. 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 have 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 stops twisting 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 joystick. \*

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.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

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.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

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.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is gathered around the TV to watch an episode of "Murder She Wrote".

Lisa stands alone by the front windows, gazes out longingly.

*Wisps of the fog swirl in the dark night air.*

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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.*

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

No one's there.

She tip-toes to her parents' bedroom, cracks the door. Bruce and Carol are both fast asleep, "Johnny Carson" on TV.

She continues down the hall, checks Robbie's room next. He's also conked out, his toy-walkie next to him.

She takes another step, freezes.

The attic door is cracked open an inch. \*

Her breath quickens. She swallows, reaches for the knob... \*

WHAM! The door slams shut on its own. \*

Lisa SHRIEKS, races back towards her bedroom... \*

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa dives under her blanket, shakes, lungs gasping.

Silence returns.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Morning sunlight streams upon Lisa's sleeping face.

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
LISA JOHNSON!!!!

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

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Lisa! Me and Edgar found the pirate  
treasure! It's a chest full of  
silver!

Lisa sits up, peers out her window with disappointment.

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Lisa watches Robbie on his beanbag. He's enthralled by the same Pac-Man game as the day before.

CAROL  
(from the kitchen)  
Hey, Charlie Brown. Where are your  
glasses?

ROBBIE  
Edgar's got 'em!

CAROL  
Well tell Edgar you want 'em back,  
lickety-split... Lisa? Start the  
laundry, please. Cold water only.  
Hot will wear out the clothes. And  
figure out where you want us to go  
for your birthday tomorrow, 'kay?

Lisa simply nods, having no fight in her today.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

THE WASHING MACHINE DIAL, clicked to "COLD"...

Lisa punches the button with defeat. Water flows.

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

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING \*

KA-THUNK! Lisa slides back the dryer. The wall behind it is  
revealed. Lisa kneels before it, reacts with surprise... \*

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,  
strains, but it's no use. The red door won't budge. \*

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - LATER \*

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

*Ba-thump...* \*

She stops playing, peers up. Something fell from above. \*

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY \*

Lisa eyes the attic door. It's cracked open again. \*

She grasps the knob, turns it... This time, it opens. \*

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Lisa walks up the creaky attic steps, arrives in the main room crowded with crates, boxes, toys and random junk.

It quiet up here. Dark. Spooky.

She steps in more, sees what fell onto the floor...

A Betamax tape: "OUR FAMILY" written across the label.

INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

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 long auburn hair, her youthful innocence.

She spots the half-silhouette that reflects in the window glass behind her. Faint and haunting.

*Laughter.* The recording has switched over to...

*A 4th of July barbecue. Shot later that same year in the backyard. 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, she "fast forwards" more, stops at...

*Robbie's birthday party. The half-silhouette is behind a group of kids blowing into party-favors.*

Lisa, freaked, "fast forward" to...

*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 is its end.*

INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa eyes a shelf of board games: Scrabble, Clue, Backgammon, Risk. She pauses at one of the boxes, pulls it out...

A Parker Bros "Ouija Board", circa 1986.

INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

The Ouija board is laid on the floor.

Lisa 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'S VOICE

(from below)

LISA!!!

Lisa flinches, looks back.

CAROL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

What are you doing up there?

LISA

Nothing!

CAROL'S VOICE

Well come down! Lunch is ready! Mac and cheese! Your favorite!

LISA

'Kay... Gimme a sec!

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

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

MEEEOOWWW!!! Lisa jumps, spins... \*

A Mattel "See 'N Say" blares out recorded cat cries, its plastic arrow spinning around by itself. \*

BOMP-BOMP-BOMP-BOMP! A "Simon" game flashes colors. \*

WHAAAAA! A 1970's baby-doll erupts into pre-recorded cries. \*

WHOMP! The lights go out. The basement plunges into darkness.

Lisa shivers, her breath froths. The air's turned cold.

BZZZ!! BZZZ!! The lights flicker. Faster and faster.

Lisa loses her nerve, darts for the stairs... \*

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER \*

BA-BAM! The attic door flies open. Lisa charges out. \*

The hallway lights are flickering too. Carol is clutching the laundry basket, frozen. The flickering stops. A beat. \*

CAROL  
What on earth was that?

EXT. KITCHEN - LATER \*

KA-THUNK! Bruce opens a fuse box, checks the wiring, flicks the switches. Lisa watches along with Carol and Robbie. \*

BRUCE  
Fuses seem okay. Must've been a short-circuit in the wiring. I'll call the electrician tomorrow. I'm sure everything's closed today 'cause of the fog.

Lisa frowns, walks away. \*

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

It's dinner time. Meatloaf, mashed potatoes and salad. Lisa's mood has soured. Robbie finishes gobbling his food, grins.

ROBBIE  
Mommy! Edgar wants more!

CAROL

Oh my, Edgar has a big appetite!

Carol scoops out more meatloaf, plops it on Robbie's plate, then sees that Lisa hasn't touched her food.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Sweetheart? Why aren't you eating 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

That's not part of your routine.

BRUCE

My routine?

CAROL

Your father always has a cigarette with 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?

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Lisa enters the living room. Robbie is watching "Pete's Dragon" on TV. Carol reads a book on the couch.

LISA  
What happened to "Murder She Wrote"?

ROBBIE  
That's boring. I'm watching "Wonderful World Of Disney".

LISA  
(looks around)  
Where's Dad?

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

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

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, damnit! I know!

He's having a conversation with himself. An angry one. A half-smoked cigarette smolders in an ash tray with other butts. \*

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Just gotta get this shit-kicker 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.

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

She stays where she is, flustered.

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.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lisa lies under her blanket in the dark, tries to sleep.

*Footsteps...*

She opens her eyes, peers ahead at her bedroom door.

*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 ...*

Lisa gasps at hearing her name. The whisper was only inches away. And then the air turns cold, her breath froths.

WHISPERED VOICE (CONT'D)  
*Lisa Johnson...*

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

LISA

NOO!!!

Lisa RIPS OFF THE COVERS, glares ahead...

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

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

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

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

CAROL'S VOICE

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.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa rushes downstairs. Robbie lies on his beanbag, plays Pac-Man transfixed, doesn't glance back at her.

LISA

(unsure)

Robbie?

SMASH!!! Lisa spins...

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kitchen drawers litter the floor, silverware discarded.

CRASH!!! Bruce throws down another drawer. He's searching for something while in the middle of a violent rage.

CAROL

JUST STOP IT!!!

Carol stands across in her morning robe, tears flowing.

BRUCE

Tell me where they are!

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 sparkplugs  
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 sparkplugs. 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.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

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 TALL, PALE MAN stands on the front porch.

He wears a blue uniform, a tool box 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 neighborhood today. We've  
been getting lots of static because  
of the fog.

CAROL  
Oh... I see.

PALE MAN  
Has your phone been out this  
morning?

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. Hot will wear out the clothes.

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.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa reaches the top of the stairs. The hallway is empty. \*

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

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER \*

Lisa steps into her room, freezes. \*

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  
(frightened whisper)  
... What?

PALE MAN

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

LISA

(hesitates)

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, exhales smoke. \*

LISA (CONT'D)

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

He stands up. She 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, you and your family will suffer in ways you cannot possibly imagine.

A nerve-racking beat.

He flips his sunglasses back on, stubs out his cigarette on the bedroom carpet, goes into the hallway. \*

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The Pale Man returns downstairs, smiles apologetically at Bruce and Carol and Robbie waiting below.

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.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Carol sweeps up the broken glass into a broom pan, discards  
the glass into the trash bin under the sink.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

The "Monopoly" game board lies on the living room floor.  
Bruce, Carol and Robbie sit cross-legged around it.

Lisa watches as her family laughs, has a good time, as if the  
morning trauma had never happened. Everything's forgotten.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Carol's meatloaf is served for dinner along with mashed  
potatoes and salad. Lisa gazes across the table at Bruce.

He eats quietly, not smoking like the night before.

LISA

What happened to your cigarette?

BRUCE

(looks across)

Sorry?

LISA

Aren't you going to smoke one?

BRUCE

What are you talking about, Lise?  
You know I don't smoke.

CAROL  
And don't you ever start either,  
young lady. The Surgeon General  
just came out with a new report  
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)  
Okay, who wants chocolate ice-cream  
for dessert?

ROBBIE  
I do! So does Edgar!

BRUCE  
Count me in!

CAROL  
Lisa?

LISA  
(whispers)  
I'm sorry...

CAROL  
What?

LISA  
I just can't do this anymore.

CAROL  
Can't do what anymore?

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

BRUCE  
Lise? What's wrong?

LISA  
... I'm sorry.

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

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

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

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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

BRUCE'S VOICE  
Lisa! Stop! Come back here!

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

BRUCE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Lisa!! ... Liiiiisssssaaaaa!!!

She rides faster and faster...

EXT. FOG REALM - FARTHER AHEAD

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 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 anymore!

She keeps walking, and walking. Still no response.

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

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 40 feet high.  
Several stories. Angled.*

She pedals faster and faster until...

EERRK! She slams the 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 into the--

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

EXT. FOG REALM - FARTHER AHEAD

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

EXT. FOG REALM - FARTHER AHEAD

EERRK! Lisa slams the brakes again, looks ahead incredulous.  
Her house is there again, and so is her Dad, now impatient.

\*

\*

BRUCE

Enough games, young lady. Bring  
your bike into the garage.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

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.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

\*

Lisa sits up in bed next to the heat-vent. She listens for  
sounds or voices or moans. Tonight, there's nothing.

\*

\*

She makes a decision, yanks back her blanket...

\*

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

\*

Lisa sits in the dark attic before the Ouija board, touches  
the planchette, gazes around. She listens, whispers.

\*

\*

LISA

Are you here?

No response.

LISA (CONT'D)

Sorry I screamed at you 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. All  
I know is I must get out of this--

\*

\*

A creak.

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

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)  
I don't belong here, but I don't  
know how to leave either. I feel  
like we're connected somehow. That  
you're the answer. So please. Talk  
to me if you can, okay?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She eyes the planchette, focuses.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

The planchette doesn't move.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me?

\*

Nothing.

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.

LISA (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
SAY SOMETHING!

Silence.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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.

*The lump doesn't stir, keeps breathing.*

LISA  
Hello?

No response.

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.*

Lisa 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. Red hair. 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. \*

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.*

MALE VOICE

Olivia? \*

Lisa looks ahead...

The girl's room is before her. Lisa has transported into it. \*

MALE VOICE (CONT'D) \*

What are you doing in there? Why  
are the lights flashing? \*

TAP! TAP! TAP! Knocking from the other side. \*

MALE VOICE (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 visceral fear. Lisa follows her gaze to...

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

*Jiggling.* The door knob shakes. It's locked from the inside.

MALE VOICE  
 Olivia! What's happening? Are you  
 okay? Open the door!

BAM! BAM! BAM! BA-BAM!... The door FLIES OPEN...

Olivia SHRIEKS...

Lisa shuts her eyes tight...

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...

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Morning sunlight streams on Lisa's sleeping face.

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
 LISA JOHNSON!!!

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

ROBBIE'S VOICE (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.

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

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

CUT TO:

LISA'S FINGERS, gliding 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 wood box. Dust coats it. It was hidden here sometime in the  
 house's past, before Lisa's era, never meant to be found.

Lisa unhooks the latch, opens the lid, peers inside...

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...

*A pasted newspaper clipping, the paper browned, the ink  
 faded. The album is a scrapbook of some kind.*

Lisa reads from the top of the article:

*The Lakeshore News. March 10th, 1954.*

Her eyes lower to...

*A black-and-white photo of a TEENAGE GIRL, fifteen, brunette,  
 pretty, a beaming grin as she proudly displays a trophy.*

Lisa's gaze shifts down to photo's caption:

*"Mary Brooks, First Place, Cook County Science Fair"*

Curiosity building, Lisa flips to the next page... \*

*More clippings. All "The Lakeshore News". All with 1950s photos of pretty, smiling TEENAGE GIRLS.* \*

*"Peggy Walker, Third Place, Chocolate Chip Cookie Bake-Off"* \*

*"Frances Nichols, Second Place, Swimming Invitational, 100 Meter Backstroke"* \*

*"Sandra Gardner, Third Place, Regional Debate Championship"* \*

Lisa flips to the next page... \*

*More clippings, these from bigger city dailies.* \*

She scans the articles, reacts... \*

*November, 1954: "Second Girl Reported Missing"* \*

*April, 1955: "Third Disappearance, Northshore Families Living In Terror"* \*

*July, 1955: "No New Leads After Fourth Disappearance"* \*

Each article has a photo of the abducted girl, the same girls from the earlier articles. They were all singled out. \*

Lisa, disturbed, flips to the scrapbook's final page... \*

*November, 1957: "Police Closing Northshore Investigation, Killer's Identity May Never Be Known."* \*

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. \*

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER \*

Carol is whipping up pancake batter over the stove. Lisa rushes past her, beelines to the basement door. \*

CAROL \*

Sweetheart, please go down and start the laund-- \*

Lisa's already gone into the basement... \*

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

\*

KA-THUNK! Lisa slides back the dryer, kneels before the red door. She inserts the key into the lock slot, twists it...

\*

\*

CLICK! The red door unlocks.

She inhales a nervous breath. She turns the knob, pushes...

WHOOSH! A whistle of *circulating air* from within.

The opening on the other side is pitch-black. Lisa reaches out her hand, feels goosebumps. The air is cold.

CUT TO:

A BASEMENT SHELF, as Lisa grabs a flashlight...

\*

CUT TO:

CLICK! Lisa switches on the flashlight, aims the white beam down into the dark opening to see what's there...

Narrow wooden steps, descending deeper under the house.

INT. STAIRS - OTHER SIDE OF DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa's shoes *creak* down the rickety steps, her flashlight clenched as she sinks deeper into the blackness.

She reaches the bottom, swings around her beam...

A cavernous room, its walls made of crimson red brick.

Dust, grime and cobwebs cover everything. It's been a long time since anyone's been down here.

Her beam shines upon a rusted coal furnace built into the red bricks. It has an iron door with a slatted window.

Lisa spots a shelf next to the furnace, lined with opaque brown glass vials. She aims her beam upon the dusty labels:

*Ethoxyethane... Trichloromethane... Dinitrogen Monoxide...*

She lowers her beam, reads their common names:

*Ether... Chloroform... Nitrous Oxide...*

She spies an old shoebox on another shelf. She lifts off its dirty lid, shines her beam into it...

Aged, faded objects lie inside.

A charm bracelet. A hair-ribbon. A cross necklace. A lipstick tube. A make-up case. Earrings. Eyeliner. A silver watch.

Lisa reaches in, touches the charm bracelet...

FWOMP!!! *The coal furnace ROARS TO LIFE behind her.*

She drops the shoebox, swings her beam on the furnace. A fiery glow flickers from within it.

Scared, Lisa steps closer to the furnace, peeks through its window slats. The furnace flames dance off her eyes.

A TEENAGE GIRL'S FACE appears.

Lisa jolts back...

*The girl glares out at Lisa with agony. Her mouth opens...*

*SCCCRRREEECCHH!!! A blood-curdling cry erupts. Her face melts. Her body incinerates. A surreal and hellish vision.*

INT. WOODEN STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa sprints up the wood steps...

*SCCCRRREEECCHH!!! The girl's CRIES fill Lisa's head. The orange glow of the furnace flickers below her...*

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

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...

LISA'S POV: The stairwell is dark again. The furnace glow is gone. The girl's awful cries have stopped.

CAROL'S VOICE

Lisa?

Lisa SCREAMS, spins...

Carol stands across the basement, a quizzical look.

CAROL  
What on earth are you doing?

Lisa can't speak.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Lisa? You're white as a sheet. You  
look like you've just seen a...

LISA  
(cutting her off)  
Nothing's wrong. I was getting a  
sock that fell between the crack.

CAROL  
(unsure)  
Oh... Well get cleaned up, sweetie.  
You're all covered in filth. We're  
having lunch in ten minutes.

Lisa can barely breathe.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Lisa and her family are having lunch, bowls of mac-and-cheese  
in front of them. Robbie gobbles down his share, smiles.

ROBBIE  
Mommy! Edgar wants more mac-and-  
cheese!

CAROL  
Ask, and Edgar *shall* receive.

Carol scoops out more mac-and-cheese for 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)  
(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Lisa, it's Mr. Woodley, your chemistry teacher. He says there's a change in the lab assignment, and 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'S VOICE

*I thought I told you to mind your own business?*

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

PALE MAN'S VOICE (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.

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'S VOICE

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

LISA

(getting angry)

Why? What will you do to me?

CLICK! Static crackles.

Lisa clenches the phone.

CAROL

(from the dining room)

Lisa? Come back and finish your lunch before it gets cold, dear.

Lisa hangs up, freaked. She turns, goes back into the dining room. She looks ahead, freezes in her tracks...

*A BOY is sitting in the chair next to Robbie.*

*He's 8 years old. Wearing 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.

ROBBIE

Mommy! Daddy! Can I be excused?

BRUCE

You didn't finish your mac-and-cheese, sport.

ROBBIE

Edgar's not hungry anymore. He wants to show me something.

LISA

(charging)

Get away from him!

Lisa rushes at Edgar, but Robbie jumps up, blocks her.

ROBBIE

No, Lisa! Stop it! He's my friend!

BRUCE

(also getting up)

Lisa! What on Earth are you doing?

Lisa spins to her parents, points at Edgar.

LISA

Don't you see him?

Bruce and Carol look over. From their point-of-view, the chair next to Robbie is empty.

CAROL

See who, dear?

LISA

It's Edgar!

BRUCE

Stop playing jokes on your brother.

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

Lisa spins back, gasps...

Edgar is now *speaking with the Pale Man's voice* as he glares at her. He and the Pale Man are one in the same.

EDGAR  
 (Pale Man's voice)  
 Perhaps I should show Robbie what  
 you already know?

Before Lisa can respond, Edgar's glare intensifies...

*FWOMP! The house plunges into TOTAL DARKNESS.*

Lisa, disoriented, looks around as...

*The lights flash, create an extreme LIGHTNING EFFECT, showing Lisa SCARY VISIONS only she can see.*

*FIRST FLASH: Bruce, still gazing at Lisa with worry, is now a decaying corpse, his jaw bone visible under his rotting, putrid flesh.*

BRUCE AS A CORPSE  
 Lisa, what's gotten into you?

Lisa, horrified, get hit by another flash...

*SECOND FLASH: Carol, also a living corpse, is in her chair at the table, her eyeballs sticking out of their sockets.*

CAROL AS A CORPSE  
 Sweetheart? You okay?

*THIRD FLASH: Robbie is a corpse too, his hair half-gone, his skin black and decayed.*

ROBBIE AS A CORPSE  
 Don't hurt, Edgar, Lisa! Please!

BACK TO LISA, gazing across at the dining room window. The next flash creates a mirrored reflection...

*FOURTH FLASH: Lisa is a living corpse like her family, only she is the most grotesque and horrifying of them all.*

LISA  
 NOOOOOO!!!!

Lisa shuts her eyes, covers her face.

The flashes stop. The overhead lights return to normal.

BRUCE

Lisa? ... Lisa, what's wrong?

Lisa keeps her eyes covered, shakes.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Lisa, look at me. Please!

Lisa finally lowers her hands, opens her eyes, looks ahead...

Bruce is back to normal. So are Carol and Robbie. All of them are gazing at her with worry and confusion.

Lisa looks over at the table... Edgar is gone.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Sweetheart. Tell us what's the matter. Why are you so upset?

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

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - DAY

\*

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

*A low moan...*

\*

She tenses, glares across her bedroom at...

\*

The heat-duct. The moan resonates from within the slat. The same moan she heard the morning before.

\*

*The moan grows louder, changes in pitch and tone.*

\*

Lisa shuts her eyes, trembles as...

\*

*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)  
 No... Leave me alone... Just leave  
 me alone...

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

LISA (CONT'D)  
 (explodes)  
 LEAVE ME ALONE!

The music stops.

Lisa shakes...

INT. BATHROOM - LISA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lisa enters her bathroom, freezes.

Both faucets are turned on, water flowing into the sink.

She walks over, shuts off the faucets.

Water drips...

She 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  
 AHHH!!!

Lisa 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 IN THE REFLECTION  
(whispers)  
Lisa...

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

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

BACK TO LISA, lifting her hand as well, extending it out to the mirror until...

Lisa's hand goes through the mirror. She freezes up, staggered by this outré experience.

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

Lisa and Olivia's hands touch. And the moment this happens...

Lisa jolts, as if hit by an electric shock...

LISA  
AHHHH!!!!

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

Lisa stumbles back... SMASH! Knocks over a glass. She trips backwards, grabs the bathtub's edge, stops her fall.

She listens, scared, whispers out into the blackness.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Olivia? ... Olivia, where are you?

No response. Just darkness.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Olivia! Talk to me! Please!

More silence.

Lisa gropes her hand, stands, bumps the wall, gropes more, finds the wall-switch... CLICK! 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.

Lisa 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. \*

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER \*

Lisa steps out of the bathroom, dazed, gazes ahead... \*

She is in Olivia's bedroom, not hers. \*

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

Freaked, Lisa steps in more, eyes Olivia's bed... \*

A clarinet lies on the pillow: silver in color, not black. \*

Lisa looks over at Olivia's desk... \*

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

Lisa, astonished, gazes 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 16, 1985.* \*

Lisa's eyes drop to the headline: \*

*"Family Of Four Found Dead"* \*

Lisa tenses, 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 her family's revealed in the stark words before her. \*

A shriek... \*

She spins. It came from downstairs. \*

INT. LIVING ROOM - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER \*

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, then a yell. \*

BOY'S VOICE  
Gotcha sucker! Take some of this! \*

SECOND BOY'S VOICE  
Think you're bad, huh? Here comes the pain! \*

TWO TWIN BOYS, 11 years old, are crouched in front of an HD flat screen TV, playing "Call Of Duty" on an X-Box. \*

Lisa watches them, her senses overwhelmed by the visuals and sounds. The two boys keep blasting away. \*

FEMALE VOICE  
Olivia? \*

Lisa looks over... \*

OLIVIA'S MOTHER, mid-40s, stands in the kitchen, an apron on. Next to her is a cute as a button LITTLE GIRL, 5 years old. \*

OLIVIA'S MOTHER  
We're having eggs and bacon so help your sister set the table, please. \*

Lisa stares at her, at the little girl, doesn't move. \*

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.

INT. GARAGE - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

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, damnit! I know!

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

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

MAN (CONT'D)  
 (pounding away)  
 Just gotta get this shit-kicker  
 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 eyes a half-smoked cigarette smoldering in an ash tray.

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

She doesn't move. He sets down his wrench, approaches her. \*

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D) \*  
 Olivia, hear what I said? I don't \*  
 want you and the other kids coming \*  
 in here so please go. \*

He stops before her. She looks at him, shudders. \*

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D) \*  
 (erupting) \*  
 I said GET OUT! \*

LISA \*  
 (screaming) \*  
 AHHHHHH!!!!!! \*

Lisa falls back, collapses to the ground, convulses. \*

BA-BAM! The kitchen door flies open... \*

OLIVIA'S MOTHER \*  
 Oh my God! \*

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

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D) \*  
 What happened? \*

Olivia's Father is now dazed and disoriented, as if coming \*  
 out of a waking dream. \*

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. \*

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

Lisa shuts her eyes. Olivia's Mother pleads to her. \*

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D) \*  
 Olivia! Wake up! Please wake up! \*

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

CAROL'S VOICE  
LISA, WAKE UP!

Lisa stops shaking.

CAROL'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Lisa? Can you hear me?

Lisa opens her eyes, peers up...

Carol is hovered over her, not Olivia's Mom.

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)  
(to Bruce)  
I was in the kitchen, and she  
walked right past me, came in here.

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...

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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. Go back to making  
raspberry pancakes.

CAROL  
How did you know I was going to--?

LISA  
Just go, Mom. Please.

Carol gazes at Lisa, turns and leaves.

BRUCE  
(nods down at Lisa)  
I'll be in the garage if you need  
anything, 'kay?

He kisses Lisa on the cheek, turns to go.

LISA  
Dad...

He stops, looks back at her.

LISA (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)  
Get some rest. Love you.

LISA  
Love you too.

He smiles, turns, leaves her bedroom.

The moment he's gone...

Lisa flips back her blanket, slides over to the heat-duct, 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 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'S VOICE  
(a squelch)  
Lisa?

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

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Come in, Lisa, please!

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

LISA  
Robbie!

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
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'S VOICE  
Downstairs with Edgar!

LISA  
Stay where you are! Don't move!

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lisa races downstairs, charges into the living room, stops, looks around. The beanbag chair is empty. Robbie is gone.

LISA  
(clicks the walkie)  
Robbie? Where'd you go?

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
I told you! Downstairs!

LISA  
I am downstairs! You're not here!

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
I mean under the house! I'm in the  
secret pirate cave!

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Carol is reaching for a pot under the sink as...

Lisa dashes past her to the basement door.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa barrels down the basement stairs, looks across...

The dryer has been moved to the side. The red door is open.

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - LATER

Lisa, flashlight in hand, scrambles down the rickety steps,  
goes down and down into the darkness.

She reaches the bottom, steps into the cavernous room.

LISA  
Robbie?

No response. She shines around her beam, stops it upon...

The coal furnace. Its door is half-opened.

INT. FURNACE - MOMENTS LATER

EEEEERK... The iron door swings open all the way as Lisa  
enters the dark furnace. She shines around her beam.

LISA  
Robbie? Are you in here?

The furnace is empty, nothing but coal ash on the ground.

LISA (CONT'D)  
ROBBIE!!!

Her voice echoes. She aims up her beam. The chimney shaft is shut, sealed by a flute-door.

She takes another step... her shoe *crunches*.

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.*

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
*Lisa?*

\*  
\*

She jolts, fumbles for her walkie, clicks it.

\*

LISA  
(into the walkie)  
Robbie!

\*

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
*Hi, Lisa!*

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

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
*We tricked you!*

LISA  
What?

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
*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 turns to go, raises up her beam...

The Pale Man stands on the other side.

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

PALE MAN  
You lose, Lisa.

He reaches down, grabs the door latch.

LISA  
(rushing forward)  
NO!!!

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

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.

INT. FURNACE ROOM - LATER

Lisa, on her tip-toes, shines her flashlight along the flute-door above, searches for a latch or lever to open it. But there's nothing. The flute is locked from the other side.

LISA  
(shouts up)  
MOM! DAD! HELP ME!

No response. BAM! BAM! BAM! She punches the flute-door.

LISA (CONT'D)  
SOMEONE HELP ME!!!

She stumbles back down, gasps for air, panicked, close to hyperventilating in the cold darkness.

She's a prisoner...

INT. FURNACE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

She places her palm over the top of a 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 gold ring. \*

Old and faded, its metal twisted. It had deformed and half-melted during the incineration process. \*

Lisa wipes off the grime, finds an imprinted inscription on the base that's still readable. She holds it under her beam: \*

"EVANSTON HIGH, CLASS OF 1954"

She touches the inscription...

KA-THUNK! She jolts, aims up her flashlight beam as...

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

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 gold ring in her hand, realizes... \*

The ring is now shiny and perfect. It's brand new again. \*

INT. FURNACE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

LISA  
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 few feet above.

*Tink... Tink... Tink...*

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...

*She slips...*

LISA (CONT'D)  
(falling)  
AHHHH!!!

She grabs the ledge above at the last second, hangs over the chimney drop, strains with all her strength to not fall.

She grunts, pulls herself up again...

INT. OTHER SIDE OF THE GRATE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa sprouts out of the chimney, 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 1950's.

*TINK... TINK... TINK...*

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

A 1952 Packard. Emerald green. Four-doors. Jagged fins. Its back door is cracked opened. A key dangles from the ignition.

*TINK... TINK... TINK...*

She continues the flashlight arc, the beam now arriving upon the front corner of the garage to reveal...

The BACK OF TEENAGE GIRL. Huddled on her knees. Blonde hair. A pink cashmere sweater. She's tapping against a car-jack.

*TINK... TINK... TINK....*

She's trying to wedge the jack under the garage's front door. \*

Lisa watches her a moment, hesitates. \*

LISA  
Hello?

The Girl SCREAMS, spins, glares at Lisa, the light bouncing off her frightened eyes. She raises the jack like a weapon.

Lisa freezes up as well, equally scared.

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

TEEN GIRL  
(whispers)  
Did he kidnap 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. Her voice quivers.

FRANCES

Did he knock you out, put you into  
his car? How long have you been  
here?

Lisa is speechless.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Answer me!

LISA

You're Frances Nichols... You won  
second place, 100 meter backstroke.

Frances reacts. Lisa swallows.

LISA (CONT'D)

You were the third girl kidnapped.

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

*TINK! TINK! TINK! TINK! TINK!*

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

LISA (CONT'D)

You got knocked out? Brought here?

FRANCES

Shh! I've got to open this door so  
we can escape!

LISA

Who was he? Who kidnapped you?

FRANCES

Quiet! He's gonna hear us, and--

LISA

Tell me who he was!

France stops pounding, glares at Lisa with trauma.

LISA (CONT'D)

(softens)

Tell me, Frances... Please.

FRANCES

(whispers)

The pharmacist.

\*  
\*  
\*

LISA  
The pharmacist?

FRANCES  
I don't know his name. 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 gagged and tied in the  
back-seat. The engine was running.  
I thought the exhaust was gonna  
suffocate me to death.

LISA  
But it didn't?

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

WHAM! She SLAMS the jack, and this time, it slides under. She  
snatches up the jack-lever, inserts it into its slot.

LISA  
Frances... Wait. There's something  
you need to know.

Frances ignores her, starts pumping against the jack-lever...

EEERRRRKKK... The garage door rises an inch off the floor.

LISA (CONT'D)  
That man who kidnapped you... The  
pharmacist. He can't hurt us  
anymore.

FRANCES  
(pumping the jack)  
Of course he can! He almost killed  
me last night!

LISA  
He did kill you. He suffocated you  
in his car.

FRANCES  
(pumping the jack)  
Quiet!

LISA  
I'm not alive either. All of us in  
this house are--

FRANCES  
(pumps harder)  
LEAVE ME ALONE!

\*

EEERRRRRRKKK... The jack rises another inch...

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

LISA  
There's only fog out there. There's  
nowhere for you to go.

FRANCES  
I'm trying to save us!

LISA  
You can't save us. You've been  
replaying this night over and over.  
The night you died in 1954. You've  
been replaying it for a very long  
time. It's like you're stuck in a  
dream and you can't wake up and  
remember what really happened.

Frances is furious, but stays where she is.

LISA (CONT'D)  
I've been stuck here too. More than  
thirty years after you.

FRANCES  
You're wrong. My Mom's out there.  
My Dad. My family. All my friends.  
They're waiting for me.

LISA  
No, Frances. They're gone. They  
grieved over you, lived out the  
rest of their lives. You won't find  
them out there. I'm so sorry.

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

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

\*

LISA (CONT'D)  
When I touched this, we connected.

\*

\*

Frances eyes the ring, recognizing it.

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

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

Lisa holds out the ring to her, nods.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 Take it.

Frances hesitates, reaches to take 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 her foot, but it *kicks*  
 away the car-jack first, just as she's pulled all the way...

LISA  
 FRANCES!!!!

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

POP! The bulb in Lisa's flashlight explodes. Sparks fly.

Lisa tumbles back onto the floor. The garage is pitch-black.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

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

BRUCE'S VOICE  
 Lisa? You in there?

BA-BAM! The kitchen door KICKS OPEN, the overhead lights  
 clicking on...

Bruce stands in the doorway. He sees Lisa across the garage.

BRUCE  
 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.

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?

\*

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

\*

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 Lisa? Talk to me!

\*

She gazes back at her Dad, at his face, anger hitting her.

LISA  
 It was you...

BRUCE  
 (confused)  
 What?

LISA  
 (losing it)  
 It was you!

She jumps up, darts over to the work-table.

BRUCE  
 Lisa!

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

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 (behind her)  
 What are you doing?

She ignores him, keeps searching, stops as she sees...

A brown pharmacy vial.

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

"DIETHYL ETHER"

Bruce eyes the bottle in her hand, bewildered.

LISA  
 (voice shaking)  
 You did it. You--

She can't finish the sentence.

BRUCE

Honey, I don't know what you're--

SMASH! She throws down the bottle, shatters it.

LISA

Get away from me!

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

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, I don't know what you're--

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 speechless. Lisa flees.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa barrels upstairs, stops, hears video-game bleeps. She eyes Robbie's bedroom, its door cracked open.

INT. ROBBIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa steps inside, stops, watches Robbie play Pac-Man on his Atari. He's alone, his back facing her. \*

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  
anymore? That this isn't the real  
world?

ROBBIE  
(keeps playing)  
Uh huh.

LISA  
(tensing)  
When did you figure that out?

ROBBIE  
When I woke up this morning. After  
I found my glasses.

LISA  
Your glasses?

ROBBIE  
Uh huh.

She approaches, now sees him from the front side for the first time... He's wearing glasses. Black thick rimmed.

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.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

MOMENTS LATER: Lisa sits on the bed's edge, her clarinet  
 clutched. She gazes at her reflection in the bedroom mirror.

She inhales deep, 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. \*

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.*

ON LISA'S FINGERS, sliding up and down the keys, building a  
 quick, frenetic rhythm with each note.

ON LISA'S FACE, closing her eyes, going into a trance. \*

ON LISA'S FINGERS, tapping the keys even faster.

ON LISA'S FACE, totally lost within the melody.

ON THE CLARINET, as the notes suddenly *lower in pitch*...

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

She's holding Olivia's silver 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.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa stops before Olivia's desk...

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

*"PRESS PLAY, LISA!"*

Lisa stares at the iPad a moment, unsure. She reaches out her finger, hesitates, presses "play" on the touchscreen... \*

ON 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. Or it means I'm schizo-crazy. I'm not sure which.*

ON LISA, stunned as she watches.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

*All I know is I'm scared. Scared of this house.*

ON SCREEN: *Olivia shakes, exhales a frightened breath.*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

*There's something evil here. I can feel it more everyday. And now my Dad's acting strange. He's not himself. My Mom's in denial. My brothers and sisters are too young to understand. I've got no one to talk to... except you, Lisa. Do you see the book to your left?*

Lisa looks over: a thick book lies next to the iPad.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

*Read the page I marked. Read it very carefully. I need your help.*

Lisa eyes the title on the book's faded, worn cover:

*"ENCYCLOPEDIA DEMONICA"*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
*I'm so sorry about what happened to  
 you and your family. I wish I could  
 have saved you. I just don't want  
 the same thing to happen to mine.  
 I'm so scared.*

\*

Lisa looks back at Olivia on the iPad...

ON SCREEN: *Olivia turns emotional, tears in her eyes.*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
*Help me, Lisa. Please.*

\*

\*

ON SCREEN: *Olivia reaches out, touches the camera, as if to  
 touch Lisa herself.*

The video ends.

Lisa is frozen, processes what she just watched.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER: Lisa flips through the book's pages. It's a  
 categorical listing of demons, ghosts, ghouls and spirits.

She stops at the page book-marked by Olivia, reads its  
 underlined heading:

*"HAUNTERS"*

She scans the passage below...

*"... a murderer and tormentor while alive..."*

*"... has transformed into a powerful demon..."*

*"... possesses the living to murder again"*

Lisa pauses at a final paragraph on the page, which Olivia  
 has circled in red pen and scrawled "HOW???" next to it.

Lisa reads the paragraph in question...

*"... a hunter can only be exorcised when all of his captured  
 spirits depart his realm willingly."*

SMASH!!!! Lisa jolts, looks over.

\*

MORE SMASHING... CRASHING... From below...

\*

INT. LIVING ROOM - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa comes downstairs. The twin boys are playing X-Box, riveted to their game, lost in their own world.

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

OLIVIA'S MOTHER'S VOICE  
Just stop it, David! Stop it!!!

The boys refuse to look over or react to the fighting.

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

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

INT. KITCHEN - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kitchen drawers litter the floor, the cupboard doors yanked open, silverware discarded.

CRASH!!! Olivia's Father throws down another drawer. He's searching for something while in a violent rage.

OLIVIA'S FATHER  
Where did you hide them?

Olivia's Mother stands across, angry and shocked.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER  
I told you! I don't know what  
you're talking about!

OLIVIA'S FATHER  
Liar!

WHAM! He punches the wall.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER  
What the hell is wrong with you,  
David? Have you lost your--?

She pauses, sees Lisa watching them in the doorway.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Olivia... Go back up to your room.  
Take your sister with you. Now.

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)	*
Olivia!	*
Lisa looks at Olivia's Mother, who nods with reassurance.	*
OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)	*
Let me handle this. Everything's	*
under my control. Promise.	*
Lisa eyes her, still doesn't move or speak.	*
PALE MAN'S VOICE	*
You heard what your mother said,	*
Olivia.	*
Lisa looks back ahead, jolts with shock...	*
<u>The PALE MAN'S FACE glares at her, not Olivia's Father.</u>	*
PALE MAN	*
You shouldn't be here at all.	*
Lisa is paralyzed with horror. The Pale Man is possessing	*
Olivia's Father, just as she is possessing Olivia.	*
PALE MAN (CONT'D)	*
You need to go back to where you	*
belong.	*
LISA	*
(whispers)	*
Don't hurt them.	*
The Pale Man's eyes twinkle. Olivia's Mother turns confused.	*
LISA (CONT'D)	*
(to the Pale Man)	*
Don't do the same thing you did to	*
my family. Please. I'm begging you.	*
OLIVIA'S MOTHER	*
Olivia? What are you talking about?	*
Lisa, panicked, sees the house phone on the kitchen counter.	*
The Pale Man is blocking her from grabbing it.	*
PALE MAN	*
(to Olivia's Mother)	*
I think she's sleepwalking again.	*
Let's not upset her. I'll take her	*
upstairs.	*
He steps towards Lisa. Lisa backs away with fear.	*

PALE MAN (CONT'D)  
It's all right, Olivia. I'd never  
hurt you. It's me. It's Dad.

He reaches out to her wrist...

LISA  
(erupting)  
NOOOO!!!!

Lisa spins, runs away...

INT. FOYER - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa races across the foyer, reaches the front door...

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BA-BAM! Lisa bursts out of the house onto the front porch,  
reaches the steps, stops with astonishment...

There is no fog.

*The neighborhood street is before her, a comfortable enclave  
of upscale homes. There's clouds above. Blue sky. The sun.*

Lisa is overwhelmed. It's the real world. The living world.

BRRRRRRRAAAWWWWWW!!!!

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

LISA  
HELP!!!

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

LISA (CONT'D)  
CALL THE POLICE!

The neighbor still can't hear anything. He pushes the mower  
to the side of the house. He's about to slip from of 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 neighbor is gone. He never saw her.

Lisa shakes harder. She's helpless, her body paralyzed. She opens her mouth, gasps, can't speak a single word.

PALE MAN'S VOICE

Silly, Lisa.

She peers up with horror...

The Pale Man smiles down at her. He's come outside to fetch her. Olivia's Mother stays behind, watching with worry. \*

PALE MAN

(to Lisa) \*

Don't you know that a ghost can  
never leave her house?

Lisa shakes harder, weakening. Her eyes close...

Everything goes black.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAROL'S VOICE

Lisa? Lisa, sweetheart, wake up.

Lisa opens her eyes. Carol smiles warmly down at her.

CAROL

It's okay, Lisa. I'm here.

Lisa jolts up, realizes...

She's lying in her own bed, back inside her bedroom upstairs.

CAROL (CONT'D)

(touches her hand)

Shh. It's okay. You've been out a  
while. A few hours.

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

CAROL (CONT'D)

At first, you walked downstairs and  
went into the kitchen. And then you  
suddenly ran outside and 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, sweetheart, I know. I finally  
know. I've woken up too.

LISA  
But how...?

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

CAROL  
It was in my bedroom closet the  
whole time. Hidden in the back. I  
just simply refused 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.

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 that  
night, did we?

Lisa looks at her Mom, pauses, shakes her head.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
I don't remember what happened  
next.

LISA  
Neither do I. We were all passed  
out.

CAROL  
Passed out? What do you mean?

LISA  
Mom. Have you talked to Dad?

CAROL  
I tried, but he refuses to listen.  
(nods at the suitcase)  
I had him touch the clothes to  
remember. It didn't work. I told  
him we're stuck in the same day  
over and over, but he won't accept  
it. No matter what I say, he  
refuses to believe...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Carol pauses mid-sentence, her frustration boiling over.

\*

LISA  
I know the feeling.

\*  
\*

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

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.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Your father won't believe me. I  
don't know how to convince him.

Lisa looks over at the suitcase, gathers her thoughts.

LISA  
I think I do.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

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

BRUCE  
Heya, kiddo, how you feeling?

LISA  
Where are the sparkplugs, 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 tried hiding 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. He walks across the garage, stops at his work table, reaches under, opens a hidden drawer, peers down into it.

A set of sparkplugs are inside.

LISA (CONT'D)  
(behind him)  
Put them back into the car.

\*  
\*  
\*

\*  
\*  
\*

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

ON THE CAR ENGINE, as Bruce re-installs the sparkplugs...

INT. DODGE CARAVAN - MOMENTS LATER

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

LISA  
Turn the key.

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...?

He 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?

BRUCE  
(jolts back)  
NO!!!!

He lets go of the key, collapses back into the driver seat, gasps for air, in a state of shock. Shaking.

LISA  
It wasn't your fault.

BRUCE  
Not my fault? ... Of course it was  
my fault!

LISA  
No! It was someone else. Someone  
who had gotten inside of you.

He looks at her with disbelief.

LISA (CONT'D)  
He took you over. Possessed you.  
Made you become like him.

BRUCE  
(confused)  
Like *him*? Who?

BA-BAM! THE ENTIRE HOUSE SHAKES VIOLENTLY! As if struck by a  
powerful earthquake. Lisa and Bruce both freeze up.

CAROL'S VOICE  
(from the kitchen)  
OH MY GOD!

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa charges into the kitchen, Bruce behind her. The house  
keeps shaking, dishes and plates crashing from cupboards.

Carol and Robbie cowered under the kitchen table. Lisa is  
about to go towards them when...

SMASH! The kitchen wall to her left cracks. It spider-webs  
into jagged pieces as if it were the reflection of a mirror.

Lisa is frozen, slack-jawed by this surreal sight as...

SMASH! The kitchen wall to her right cracks. The inside of  
the house is splitting into fissures like a broken mirror.

Everyone else is also stunned. Lisa understands.

LISA  
We're all awake!

\*  
\*

The house shakes more. Ready to crack again.

BRUCE  
EVERYONE OUT! NOW!

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa and her family race up to the front door, open it...

*Enveloping, warm light shines in from the outside.*

The fog is gone.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa and her family step off the porch, stop amazed...

*The glowing light is everywhere. Extending out into infinity.  
It is another plane of existence. The "other side".*

They gaze at it with astonishment for a moment...

SMASH! The front facade of the house cracks. It spider-webs  
into broken mirror shards, just like the inside did.

BRUCE

GO!

Bruce ushers everyone towards the light, but Lisa stays  
planted, stares back at the house. Bruce looks back.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Lisa! Let's go!

She doesn't move, her mind racing, making a decision.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Lisa!

LISA

I have to go back!

CAROL

What!!!

LISA

I love you! I love all of you!

She races back up the porch steps.

BRUCE

Lisa! No!

She runs through the front door, back into the house...

Bruce chases after her, but before he can grab her...

SMASH! The entire house shatters. Its gone, and so is Lisa.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

SMACK! Lisa hits the foyer floor, rolls, winces in pain. She recovers, scrambles back to her feet, looks back.

The front door is shut. And it's a different door.

*The jazz song "Whispering" plays softly from behind.*

Lisa looks ahead, reacts...

The decor of the house has changed. The curtains are pleated. The chairs and sofas curved. A chandelier hangs above. A phonograph is playing the song with a vinyl needle hiss.

*It's the house, circa the 1920s.*

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa reaches the top of the stairs. The wallpaper and decor are all 1920s. It's quiet and eerie. Lisa's fear builds.

She arrives at the doorway of what will be Robbie's bedroom in 60 years. She peers inside, gasps with horror...

*TWO LITTLE GIRLS lie dead in a pair of beds. Sisters. Dressed in 1920s blue nightgowns. Their faces sheet white. Damp rags left limp on their lifeless faces.*

Horrificed, Lisa keeps walking down the hallway, peers into the master bedroom, reacts to another vision...

*A MOTHER and FATHER lie dead in a canopy bed. They were also murdered in their sleep.*

Edgar is standing over them. He is smothering a rag over his father's face, his final victim. His father's body twitches in a last grisly spasm of death.

BACK TO LISA, frozen, shaking.

*Edgar lifts the rag, looks at Lisa, pure evil in his eyes.*

EDGAR

Get out of my house, LISA!

He charges at her with terrifying fury...

Lisa spins, races down the hallway, glances back...

It's the Pale Man now charging down the hall at her...

She goes into the final bedroom... WHAM! Slams the door...

INT. EDGAR'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CRASH! Lisa knocks over a dresser and bookshelf, barricades the door as... BAM! The door pounds from the other side.

PALE MAN'S VOICE  
Get out of that room, Lisa!

Lisa, panicked, looks ahead...

She's in Edgar's bedroom. A child's bed is in the corner, toys scattered on the floor, along with chemistry-set vials.

A standing mirror is across. She runs towards it, taps her fingers on the glass, peers frantically at her reflection.

LISA  
Olivia! Olivia, where are you?

BAM! BAM! BAM! The door pounds more behind her.

LISA (CONT'D)  
(to the mirror)  
Olivia! Please! Hear me!

BAM! BAM! BAM! The door is almost open. Lisa loses it.

LISA (CONT'D)  
OLIVIA!!!

Nothing happens. Her reflection in the mirror remains.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Time has run out. Lisa sags against the mirror glass, her cheek pressed. She's overcome by defeat.

LISA (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Olivia...

She closes her eyes, waiting for the Pale Man to come.

*The sound of rain pattering...*

Olivia's face reflects in the mirror.

Lisa pulls back, realizes. She made it back to Olivia.

BA-BOOM! A thunderclap, a violent storm raging outside.

OLIVIA'S FATHER'S VOICE  
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'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
OLIVIA, OPEN THIS DOOR RIGHT NOW!

BAM! BAM! BAM! A new dead-bolt is keeping the door locked. \*

OLIVIA'S FATHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
OLIVIA!!!

BA-BAM! The dead-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  
(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.

Lisa slides out from under the bed, dashes to the hallway...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa races down the hall, reaches the next bedroom...

INT. OLIVIA'S PARENTS' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa bursts into the bedroom, sees Olivia's Mother asleep, runs over, kneels, shakes her with urgency.

LISA  
(whispers)  
Wake up! Wake up!

Olivia's Mother doesn't stir, breathes deep.

LISA (CONT'D)  
We've gotta get everyone out now!

No response. Lisa sees a brown pharmacy vial on the nightstand. Olivia's Mother has already been drugged.

*Footsteps from the hallway...*

Lisa runs to the bedroom window, rain spattering against the glass outside. She tries to pull it up, but it's locked.

She finds a latch, slides it, yanks up the window...

WHOOSH! Howling wind and spraying rain blast into the bedroom. A hanging tree-branch swings violently a foot away.

Lisa eyes the branch, ready to jump out...

BA-BAM! The bedroom door swings open behind her...

Olivia's Father charges in. He stops, stares ahead...

Lisa is gone, the window opened. He rushes over, peers outside into the storm, tries to see where Lisa went.

BEHIND HIM: Lisa appears from behind the door. She never left. She darts out into the hallway before he sees her...

INT. KITCHEN - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa arrives down in the kitchen, snatches up the house phone, but the cord has been cut. She can't call the police.

INT. BASEMENT - TOP OF STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

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...

Dry-wall covers the entire wall. It was installed at some point in the last 25 years.

Lisa frantically feels along the dry-wall surface, finds a crevice at the top, pries in her fingers, pulls...

RIIIPP!!! The dry-wall 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 anymore.

MOMENTS LATER: Lisa finds a hatchet-axe hanging on the far wall, grabs it. She spots a flashlight, grabs it as well...

MOMENTS LATER: WHACK! Lisa swings the hatchet blade into the red door. The old wood cracks, weakened by age.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! She keeps swinging.

The wood splits more. She leans back, KICKS OPEN THE DOOR...

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa scrambles down the dark, rickety steps, the flashlight and hatchet both clutched. She enters the cavernous room.

She goes to the shelf, finds what she wants... the shoebox.

INT. FURNACE - MOMENTS LATER

SLAM! Lisa shuts the furnace door, goes to the middle of the coal ash, drops to her knees. She tips over the shoebox.

The 1950s objects spill out...

The charm bracelet. The hair-ribbon. The cross necklace. The lipstick tube. The make-up case. The earrings.

Lisa props the flashlight in the ash, keeps the beam aimed.

*She runs her fingers over each object, touches each of them.*

LISA  
(desperate)  
Please, hear me.

She keeps touching the objects, trying to make contact.

LISA (CONT'D)  
I know you're in this house. All of  
you. We can leave here forever. But  
we have to do it together.

\*  
\*

She spots Frances' class ring, back in the ash where she found it the first time. She reaches down, touches it.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Frances... Let's send that bastard  
to Hell where he belongs.

*Crunching from behind...*

Hope fills her. She spins, freezes with horror...

Olivia's Father stands before her. Not Frances. The furnace door is opened behind him. He glares down at her with fury.

ON LISA, full of fear, as she now stares up at...

The Pale Man. More terrifying than ever.

PALE MAN  
I'm not going anywhere.

She panics, reaches for the hatchet...

The Pale Man grabs her first, smothers her face with a damp rag, covering her mouth and nose. Lisa flails.

LISA  
MMMMMMPPPHHHH!!!

PALE MAN  
(whispers)  
Shhhh. Time to sleep.

Lisa struggles more, but turns incredibly weak, her eyes closing...

Blackness.

INT. FORD EXPLORER - PRESENT DAY - LATER

*A low hum...*

ON LISA, slowly opening her eyes...

She's lying in the back seat of the Ford Explorer. Her mouth is gagged with duct-tape.

She tries to sit up, can't, her hands tied back with more duct-tape. She looks ahead...

The engine is running, the key dangling from the ignition. The front seats are empty.

FLASH! BOOM! Lightning and thunder strike outside.

Lisa looks ahead...

The garage door is half-open, blowing in the night air, the rain still pouring down in sheets outside.

Terrified, Lisa looks right...

Olivia's twin brothers and little sister are lying in the back seat with her, all of them passed out.

Lisa tries to scream against her gag...

LISA  
MMMMMPH!!!

Olivia's siblings don't stir, completely out.

Lisa's eyes dart around. She's trying not to panic. She looks at the door-latch next to her.

She shifts her body back, raises her leg, maneuvers her shoe over the latch, presses. Her shoe *slips*.

She inhales, refocuses. She raises her shoe again, catches the latch this time...

CLICK! The car door opens...

INT. GARAGE - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa slides out of the Explorer, struggles to stand, her hands taped-back.

She staggers across the garage, stops at the work-bench, desperately scans the array of tools scattered over it.

She spots a Philip's screwdriver, its tip pointed and sharp.

She edges back, lowers her face over the table, nudges the screwdriver with her nose...

It rolls, falls off the work-table, clanks against the floor.

Lisa drops to her butt, shifts, maneuvers her body, reaches back with her bounded hands...

BEHIND LISA: She grasps the screwdriver handle, turns it over in her palm, presses its sharp point against the duct tape.

She strains, starts to cut into the tape to free herself...

KA-THUNK!

She freezes, looks ahead with fear.

The kitchen door unlocks, opens...

Lisa edges back, slides under the work-table as...

The Pale Man enters the garage, carries Olivia's passed out Mother with both arms.

UNDER THE WORK-TABLE: Lisa holds her breath, quivers.

The Pale Man carries Olivia's Mother over to the passenger-side door, stops, sees that the rear-door is cracked open.

He doesn't move a moment, reaches down, opens the passenger front door, lays Olivia's Mother inside the car.

He goes to the back door to check on Olivia's siblings...

BACK TO LISA, frantically jamming the screwdriver tip against the duct tape, but she can't get the tape to break.

She strains, presses the screwdriver harder...

PALE MAN  
Hello, Lisa.

She jolts, looks up.

The Pale Man smiles down at her.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)  
You just won't let go of her, will you?

Lisa is helpless, gagged and tied, nowhere to escape.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)  
You really are a Busy Betty.

He kneels before her, gently strokes her cheek with his finger. She flinches back with abhorrence.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)  
But it's time for you to leave.

RIIIP! He tears off the duct-tape from her mouth.

She SCREAMS OUT in pain.

He reaches down to grab her...

But Lisa raises back a clenched fist first, *her hands now freed...*

LISA  
AHHHHHHHH!!!!

She stabs the screwdriver into the Pale Man's chest.

The Pale Man HOWLS in pain, flails back...

Lisa leaps to her feet, darts to the half-opened garage door, dives under the crack...

EXT. BACKYARD - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa charges into the pouring rain, arms pumping. She runs across the soaked grass, reaches the border to the driveway.

She stops herself, looks ahead at the next yard.

PALE MAN  
Keep on going, Lisa.

She spins...

The Pale Man marches towards her in the downpour, blood soaking his chest, a cruel smile on his lips.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)  
You'll be saving me the trouble.

Lisa backs away, but she's cornered, nowhere to run.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)  
The question is where exactly will  
you go? Your own house is gone.  
Your own time. There's only  
oblivion waiting for you.

He stops before her, victory in his eyes.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)  
A place worse than death.

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 grasp.

They stop before the edge. He whispers into her ear.

PALE MAN  
I always do enjoy killing you.

Lisa SCREAMS.

He's about to throw her into oblivion...

*FLASH! Lighting strikes first.*

*THREE TEEN GIRLS block his path.*

The Pale Man drops Lisa, looks ahead stunned.

*The girls are ghostly pale, their eyes filled with fury.*

Lisa looks at their faces, recognizes them...

*They are the girls from the scrapbook clippings.*

MARY BROOKS wears the charm bracelet around her wrist...

PEGGY WALKER has the hair ribbon tied back...

SANDRA GARDNER wears the cross necklace around her neck...

They've each found their personal objects left by Lisa.

BOOM! Thunder rumbles...

Footsteps... The Pale Man looks over. So does Lisa.

A FOURTH GIRL appears out of the rain, her face illuminated as LIGHTNING FLASHES in the sky.

Frances. Vengeance and wrath coursing through her.

BACK TO LISA, astonished to see her again.

Frances keeps his gaze riveted upon the Pale Man. She lifts of her hand, points her finger at him with accusation.

Her class ring is on her finger...

She opens her mouth... SCREEEECCCCCHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

The Pale Man backs away. For the first time, he's scared.

*The other girls close in, form a semi-circle around him at the border, pointing their fingers, opening their mouths...*

SCREEEECCCCCHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

The Pale Man instinctively retreats more. And then he stops in his tracks, looks down, realizes with horror...

He is on the other side of the boundary.

He panics, races forward to return to the other side...

FWOMP! He jolts to a stop. His feet have sunk down into the mud. Something is *pulling him* from underneath the driveway.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)  
 AHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

Visceral, raw pain shoots through him. Whatever is grabbing him, it's devouring into him piece-by-agonizing-piece.

He makes a mad scramble forward, reaches out to the other side... WHAP! He grabs Lisa's wrist. She jolts, almost falls.

The Pale Man grabs her harder. He's trying to pull her to the other side with him. Lisa fights back with all her strength.

PALE MAN (CONT'D)  
 You're coming with me!

Lisa peels off his fingers, screams right back.

LISA  
 GET OUT!!!!

The Pale Man *loses* his grip, flies back to the other side, gets sucked down more underneath the mud...

FWOOSH!!! *Flames burst out of him*. He's being incinerated from the inside. His face melts. He unleashes a final cry.

And then he's gone. Sent where he belongs.

ON LISA, not moving, shaking. She looks over at...

Frances. She's still standing with the other girls. She gazes back at Lisa. She gives Lisa a nod. A thank-you.

Lisa nods back at Frances. Returning the sentiment.

*FLASH! Lightning strikes, a blinding, split-second flash.*

Lisa shields her eyes, looks back ahead...

Frances and the girls are gone.

Lisa stands alone, the rain pouring down upon her.

*Moaning*. She looks down...

Olivia's Father lies half-conscious on the wet grass.

He's now back to normal, the Pale Man exorcised from his body. His shoulder bleeds from where Lisa stabbed him.

\*

He gazes up bleary eyed at Lisa, no idea where he is.

OLIVIA'S FATHER

Olivia...?

Lisa looks over at the garage. Olivia's Mom and siblings are still passed out in the Explorer. She makes a decision.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Olivia? Talk to me. Please.

Lisa kneels before him, peers into his eyes.

LISA

We have to get everyone back up to bed. They can't ever know this happened tonight.

He stares back at her with total confusion.

INT. FOYER - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Olivia's Father, dazed and soaking wet, clutches Olivia's sleeping mother in both arms, carries her upstairs.

Lisa follows behind, carries Olivia's sleeping sister.

INT. OLIVIA'S SISTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Olivia's sister sleeps peacefully. Lisa sits at her bedside, watches her with comfort. Olivia's Father appears behind.

OLIVIA'S FATHER

I'll go down and get the boys.

He's still in a state of shock, and now racked with guilt.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

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.

INT. BATHROOM - OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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 connection to Olivia, one 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...

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.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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:

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
LISA JOHNSON!!!

ON LISA, as she slowly opens her eyes, groggy.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Lisa! Wake up!

Lisa sits up, looks ahead...

She's back in her bedroom, in her own time.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (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'S VOICE (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'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
It's your birthday present!

Lisa reacts. This part she wasn't expecting to hear.

ROBBIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LISA!!!!!!

The walkie cuts off.

Lisa scrambles to her window, peers outside, gasps with awe.

*It's a beautiful, sunny morning. There is no fog.*

*The neighborhood of her own time is before her, and so are all the homes, sidewalks and streets. Lake Michigan glistens in the distance, the sunlight reflecting off the blue water.*

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa rushes downstairs, looks around, amazed.

The living room curtains are open. The morning sunlight streams in, imbuing the house with a golden radiance.

She is standing in a happy home, one full of life.

A shiny red bicycle is parked in the middle of the living room. It's brand new, a bow-ribbon tied to its handle-bars.

She walks over to the bike, gazes at it, touches it.

BRUCE'S VOICE  
Happy "16", sweetheart.

She looks over. Bruce is next to her, a loving smile.

LISA  
(overwhelmed)  
Dad? ... Where are we?

BRUCE  
We're home. We're finally home.

Emotion hits her...

EXT. LISA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Lisa walks her new bike out of the garage, the wheels clicking. She comes down the driveway, looks over...

Carol and Robbie are sitting in the front yard grass, playing with Robbie's action figure toys. Carol smiles warmly at her.

CAROL  
Have a good ride sweetie.

Lisa smiles back.

ROBBIE  
Are you coming back for cake and pirate treasure, Lisa?

LISA  
Are you kidding, Captain Kidd? I wouldn't miss it for the world.

She hops onto her bike, begins to pedal...

EXT. LISA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - FARTHER AHEAD

Lisa pedals down her street, her hair wisping back. It's a lovely day 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