

HAUNTER

Written by  
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WGAw Registered

A PHOTOGRAPH, its color faded, slowly panning across it...

A family of four. A husband, wife, daughter and son. They're smiling before a three-story house in Chicago's Northshore, the kind of comfortable, Midwestern home seen in "Sixteen Candles" or "Risky Business" 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, BRUCE, is 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 down to 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.

SOFT WHISPERED VOICE

Lisa? ... Are you there?

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

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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.

*It's a gloomy, overcast day. A thick, white fog swirls in front of her house, borders the sidewalk. It blocks the view of her street, neighborhood and anything beyond.*

INT. BATHROOM - LISA'S BEDROOM

Lisa stands under a hot shower spray, her eyes closed in contemplation as water pours down upon her.

INT. BATHROOM - LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa, a towel around her, brushes her teeth.

She spits, rinses her mouth, shuts off the faucet, pauses at her reflection in the mirror. She gazes at herself.

She reaches out, touches her face against the glass.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa, dressed in a "Cure" T-shirt and black jeans, stands in the living room downstairs, watches ahead.

Her brother Robbie, now 6, is sprawled on a beanbag before a rabbit-ear TV. He's riveted to a Road Runner cartoon.

LISA

Coyote's about to slam into a--

ROBBIE

Shh! Don't tell me!

LISA

You've seen it a hundred times.

ROBBIE

Have not! This is a new one.

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

LISA

Stop waking me up with it, brat.

ROBBIE

Edgar left it, not me.

LISA

Well tell Edgar he's annoying.

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\*  
\*  
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ROBBIE  
You tell him.

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\*

LISA  
He's your imaginary friend, not  
mine.

\*  
\*  
\*

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...  
(to Robbie)  
Hey, Buster-Brown. Where are your  
glasses?

ROBBIE  
Edgar stole 'em!

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\*

CAROL  
Well tell Edgar you want '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  
(sighs)  
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, as it's clicked to "HOT". Lisa punches the button in defiance. Water flows.

The basement is dark and musty. She peers up at the laundry chute opening above, at the black void.

*Shuffling...*

She glances over. It came from behind the water furnace.

She creeps to the furnace, spies around it. There's cobwebs and dust. She peers down, flinches back...

A nest of baby spiders are swarmed in a cluster over their mother spider. They're devouring her alive.

FWOMP!! The furnace's gas flames ignite. Lisa bolts for the stairs like a scared rabbit.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa bursts out of the basement, stops, rattled. Carol glances over, pours batter onto a hot griddle.

LISA  
This house really needs to be  
fumigated.

CAROL  
Did you see a rat?

LISA  
Spiders.

CAROL  
Oh, that's okay. Spiders are the  
good insects. They kill other  
pests.

LISA  
Well I hate them.

CAROL  
 Hey, while I've got you here, why  
 don't you go outside and--

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 \*  
 \*

LISA  
 Pick raspberries so we can have  
 raspberry pancakes.

CAROL  
 (surprised)  
 How'd you know that?

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

CAROL (CONT'D)  
 It's been out all morning. Your  
 father's calling the phone company  
 tomorrow.

Lisa keeps listening, unnerved.

*The static crackles and hisses.*

EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

Lisa stands in the middle of the backyard. She picks red-ripe  
 raspberries from an overgrown bush, plops them into her bowl.

She eyes her finger-tips, stained crimson red.

She gazes across the backyard...

*The white, thick fog swirls along the driveway's edge. It  
 borders the yard, blocks the view of the neighbor's house.*

Lisa makes a decision, crosses over to the driveway, stops a  
 foot away from the fog. She peers into its hypnotic swirl.

She raises up her red-stained fingertip, inches it out  
 forward, about to touch the fog's misty skin...

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

BRUCE  
 Lisa? What are you doing?

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

BRUCE (CONT'D)

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

She gazes at her Dad, doesn't speak.

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 anyhow.

She goes back to the house. He watches her confused.

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 to its thin, metal slats. She listens again.

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

CAROL'S VOICE

Lisa?

She jumps, looks back...

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

CAROL

What are you doing?

LISA

... Playing my clarinet.

CAROL  
(nods down at the basket)  
Did you wash everything in this  
load? Some clothes are missing.

LISA  
I know.

CAROL  
You know? So where are they?

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

Carol eyes her. A beat.

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

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Lisa sits across from Bruce and Carol. Robbie stays exiled in  
the living room, plays "Super Mario Bros" on a Nintendo NES.

BRUCE  
(to Lisa)  
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.

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 tonight. 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 simply don't understand what's going on. 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 looks at her parents with dread.

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

SHUT-UP, LISA! SHUT-UP! SHUT-UP!  
SHUT-UP!

Robbie drops his Nintendo, ERUPTS into a tantrum.

CAROL

Lisa! Enough's enough!  
(rushes over to Robbie)  
Shh. It's okay, sweetie. 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.

She leaves the kitchen.

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 drift in the night air, border the front  
yard, swirl in the darkness.*

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa lies in bed. She sobs softly to herself, tears streaming, 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 creaks open her door, peeks out into the hallway.

No one's there.

She tip-toes down the hall, arrives at her parents' bedroom door. A white light flickers. She cracks the door...

INSIDE: Bruce and Carol are asleep, "Johnny Carson" on TV.

Lisa continues down the hall, peers into the next bedroom.

INSIDE: Robbie is also asleep, his toy-walkie next to him.

Lisa takes another step, freezes.

The attic door is cracked open an inch.

Her breath quickens. She reaches down to the door's 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! Edgar and I found the pirate  
treasure! It's a chest full of  
silver!

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Lisa sits up, peers outside with disappointment.

*The fog is still there. It blocks out the rest of the world.*

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Lisa watches Robbie on his beanbag. He's enthralled by the same Road Runner cartoon as the day before.

CAROL

(from the kitchen)

Hey, Charlie Brown. Where are your  
glasses?

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\*  
\*  
\*

ROBBIE

Edgar's got 'em!

\*  
\*

CAROL

Well tell Edgar you want 'em back,  
lickety-split...

(to Lisa)

Sweetheart, 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?

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\*  
\*

Lisa simply nods, having no fight in her today.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

THE WASHING MACHINE DIAL, as it's clicked to "COLD"...

Lisa punches the button. Water flows.

She starts for the stairs, stops, looks back at the water  
heater: the spot where she saw the spiders.

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\*

There's nothing there today.

\*

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 on the floor above.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Lisa eyes the attic door. It's shut.

She reaches down, grasps the knob, turns it.

This time, the door opens...

INT. ATTIC - DAY

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

It quiet up here. Dark. Spooky.

She steps in more, spots a box tipped over on its side. Thick leather photo albums have spilled out of it.

She walks over, kneels, turns the box back upward. She picks up one of the albums, opens it...

THE ALBUM PAGE: A collage of faded 1970s color photographs of Lisa's family from earlier times.

*Carol holding Lisa as a baby in her arms.*

*An eight year old Lisa smiling with baby Robbie.*

*Lisa, eleven, grinning in front of a birthday cake, other kids smiling around her.*

ON LISA, affected by these images of her past, the captured happy moments that she and her family once enjoyed.

She shuts the album, puts it back with the others.

She eyes a pile of board games: Scrabble, Clue, Backgammon, Chutes and Ladders, Risk.

One game box catches her attention. She 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? ... Can anyone hear me?

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, stops.

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

*WHOMP! The lights go out. The attic is plunged 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

Lisa!

Carol runs over. The flickering stops. They wait a moment.

CAROL (CONT'D)

What on earth was that?

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

KA-THUNK! Bruce opens a fuse box built into the back of the house. He checks the wiring, flicks the switches.

ON THE BACK PORCH: Lisa watches along with Carol and Robbie.

CAROL

Can you tell what happened, dear?

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, goes back inside.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

It's dinner time. Another tray of meatloaf is on the table along with the mashed potatoes and salad.

Lisa chews her food, lost in the routine of it.

TSSK! She looks ahead, reacts...

Bruce sips thirstily from a can of Pabst Blue Ribbon. He pauses mid-swallow, sees Lisa gawking at him.

BRUCE

What's wrong, Lise?

LISA

Since when did you drink beer?

BRUCE

Sorry?

LISA

That's not part of the routine.

CAROL

Your father always has a beer with dinner, honey. You know that.

Lisa looks at her Mom with disbelief. 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 is 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 this time of night. Wants to be on his own.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

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

Lisa opens the door that connects the garage to the kitchen, pokes her head inside.

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 can of Pabst Blue Ribbon sits on the bench next to him.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get it fixed! I just need to figure out why it won't--

A creak... Lisa's bumped the door.

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

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Lisa... Go back inside. I've got work to do in 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... He goes back to pounding the wrench.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

It's late. Lisa is back up in the attic, the box of photo albums opened, a single light on.

She opens another album: this one contains more recent photos, all of them taken within the last year.

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

Lisa gazes at this image of herself from a year ago: her long auburn hair, her youthful innocence.

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

Spooked, she flips to more pictures...

*A 4th of July barbecue. Lisa's auburn hair is cut shorter.*

*Lisa at Robbie's birthday party.*

*Lisa dressed for Halloween.*

*Lisa and her family at Thanksgiving dinner.*

As the photos progress over the single year, Lisa's hair changes to its current short goth-black. Her youthful innocence fades. Her smiles become frowns or averted glances.

She eyes a final photo...

*Bruce in the garage, next to the Dodge Caravan, a can of Pabst Blue Ribbon on his work-table.*

She leans closer, spots something behind her Dad...

*Another silhouette, watching her Dad from the shadows.*

She reaches down, touches the silhouette...

SMASH! A box of toys falls over...

Lisa jolts, drops the album.

DA-DING! A jack-in-the-box pops out of its shell, its handle cranks around and around.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! A cymbal-banging-monkey-toy claps violently, smashes its cymbals together.

WHAAAAA! A baby-doll erupts into pre-recorded cries.

And then everything stops.

Lisa stays where she is, shakes with fear.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa lies under her covers, still scared. She listens for more noises. Footsteps. Voices. Anything.

There's only silence.

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, watches "Road Runner" transfixed, doesn't glance back at her.

LISA  
(unsure)  
Robbie?

SMASH!!! Lisa spins...

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Shattered plates, bowls and glasses litter the kitchen floor, the cupboard doors pulled open.

CRASH!!! Bruce throws down another plate, shatters it with fury. He's 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 and now you're lying!

SMASH!!! Bruce shatters another bowl. 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.

BRUCE

Do you know where the sparkplugs  
are, Lisa?

LISA

(confused)  
What?

BRUCE

I was working on the engine for  
over an hour this morning, and then  
realized it's just the sparkplugs.  
They're gone. 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...

Carol wipes her tears, straightens up.

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

She grasps the knob, 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 fog swirls behind him at the sidewalk, blocks off the  
 view of the street and neighborhood beyond.

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 shortages  
 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 smashed plates and glasses on the kitchen floor behind him.

PALE MAN  
It 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, frightened and confused.

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, peers down the upstairs hallway. Empty.

*The jingle of a tool belt.* From her parents' bedroom.

INT. BRUCE AND CAROL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa steps into the bedroom, stops.

The Pale Man has his back to her, stands over a wall-jack with a screwdriver. He pauses, senses Lisa, turns around.

He gazes at her, the light reflecting off his sunglasses.

A beat.

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 screws the phone jack back into place.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

He doesn't answer her, shuts his tool box.

LISA (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

He walks back towards her. Lisa braces. 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, goes into the hallway.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

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

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,  
strolls down the walkway.

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

OUTSIDE: The Pale Man reaches the sidewalk, keeps walking,  
slips into the thick fog, disappears from view.

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.

Bruce pours a tall glass of milk for himself. No Pabst Blue  
Ribbon for him tonight.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone's gathered around the TV for "Murder She Wrote". The  
family's normal, predictable routine is back in place.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - 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.*

LISA  
(whispers)  
Leave me alone. Please leave me  
alone.

*The footsteps stop.*

Lisa stays under the blanket, refuses to come out.

*Breathing. Inches away. Just on the other side.*

LISA (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Go away... I can't talk to you.

*The breathing turns louder. Deeper.*

LISA (CONT'D)  
Please go away.

*A SOFT WHISPERED VOICE, only inches from her.*

SOFT WHISPERED VOICE  
*Lisa? ... Are you there?*

LISA  
(jolting up)  
GO AWAY! GO AWAY! GO AWAY!

Lisa RIPS OFF THE COVERS, glares ahead...

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

Running footsteps... BA-BAM! The door flies open, the lights switch on, Bruce in the doorway, Carol behind him.

BRUCE  
Lisa? You okay?

Lisa trembles, stares at the empty space where the voice was.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
(approaches)  
Sweetheart? Did you have a  
nightmare?

LISA  
 (whispers)  
 I'm fine. Go back to bed.

CAROL  
 But you screamed out and--

LISA  
 I'm fine! Please... Go to bed.

Bruce and Carol are taken aback, watch Lisa with worry.

BRUCE  
 We're in our room if you need us,  
 honey. We're always here for you.

Lisa looks at her parents. She isn't at all reassured.

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! Edgar and I found the pirate  
 treasure! It's a chest full of  
 rubies! We're rich!

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

INT. SHOWER - MORNING

Lisa stands under a hot shower, eyes shut, dread overwhelming her. She doesn't want to face the day that awaits her.

INT. BATHROOM - LISA'S BEDROOM

Lisa, a towel around her, gazes at her reflection in the mirror, at her face. She looks lost. Defeated.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Lisa watches Robbie watching "Road Runner".

CAROL  
 (from the kitchen doorway)  
 Hey, Mr. Magoo. Where are your  
 glasses?

\*  
 \*

ROBBIE  
Edgar took 'em!

\*  
\*

CAROL  
Well tell Edgar you want 'em back,  
on the double... Lisa, go down and  
start the laundry, please. Cold  
water only. Hot will wear out the  
clothes. Oh, and do you know where  
you want to go for your--

\*  
\*  
\*

LISA  
(interrupts)  
I'm sorry.

CAROL  
What?

LISA  
I can't do this anymore. I'm sorry.

CAROL  
(confused)  
You can't do what anymore?

Lisa looks at her Mom with guilt, then Robbie.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Lisa? What's wrong?

LISA  
... I'm sorry.

Lisa darts to the kitchen...

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

BA-BAM! Lisa burst into the garage. Bruce looks over.

BRUCE  
Hey, cupcake. What's up?

She ignores him, goes over to her bicycle in the corner.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Lise, there's some thick fog out  
there today. Not a good idea to...

She climbs on her bike, pedals towards the opened door.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Lisa!

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa rides her bike down the driveway, picks up speed, steers straight towards the fog bordering the front sidewalk.

BRUCE  
(from behind)  
Lisa! Stop! Come back here!

She rides faster, doesn't look back.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Lisa! No!

She rides into the fog.

EXT. FOG REALM - MOMENTS LATER

FOLLOWING LISA, as she rides blind into the whiteness. Bruce's voice cries out to her from somewhere behind.

BRUCE'S VOICE  
Lisa!!! Come back!!! Please!!!

She rides faster and faster.

BRUCE'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Liiiiisssssaaaa!!!

Her Dad's voice fades.

She keeps riding, and riding...

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 out here?

Silence.

LISA (CONT'D)  
(shouting louder)  
Hey! ... Can someone hear me?

More silence. She starts walking her bike forward.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 My name's Lisa Johnson! And I've  
 just left my house!

The only sound is the click of her bike wheels.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 I want to cross over to the other  
 side! I don't want to be stuck in  
 my house 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 the other--

She stops, 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...

FWOOSH! The fog clears away from her...

She slams the brakes, looks ahead, shocked.

Her house is before her. Bruce is in the driveway. The fog borders the property. She's gone in a circle.

BRUCE  
 (relieved)  
 Lisa! There you are!

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

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 It's not a safe day 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

FWOOSH! The fog clears away again...

Lisa slams the brakes, looks ahead, exasperated.

Her house is there again, and so is her Dad, now impatient.

BRUCE

Enough games, young lady. Bring  
your bike into the garage. We're  
spending the rest of today indoors.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Lisa, dazed, enters the kitchen from the garage. Carol looks over from the stove, smiles as if Lisa never left.

CAROL

Sweetheart, go down and do the  
laundry, will you?

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Lisa sits on the edge of her bed, her clarinet clutched. She stares at the heat-duct in the wall, waits.

No moans come out of it today.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Lisa and her family eat meatloaf for dinner. Another day is ending, another routine coming to completion.

Lisa stares at her food. She feels more trapped than ever.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa lies awake in bed, gazes up into the dark, lost in her thoughts, having a debate in her mind.

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

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa marches down the upstairs hallway, stops at the attic door, eyes it. It's cracked open.

INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa, on her knees, pulls out the Ouija board from its box, sets it on the attic floor, grabs the planchette.

She gazes around the dark attic, listens, finally speaks.

LISA

Are you here?

No response.

LISA (CONT'D)

I know you've been trying to contact me. I've heard you in the house. Felt you near me. I'm sorry I told you to go away last night. I was frightened. 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 it feels weird.

More silence.

LISA (CONT'D)

I don't know why I've been existing like this. I don't know how long my family and I have been stuck in this stupid routine. It's like we've been sleepwalking for a long time, but now I'm awake.

She swallows, the fear palpable in her voice.

LISA (CONT'D)

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 of anything. He doesn't want me to contact you. Maybe it's because you're the reason I woke up in the first place? I don't know.

She sets down the planchette on the Ouija board.

LISA (CONT'D)

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

She eyes the planchette, focuses.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

The planchette doesn't move.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Why are you trying to contact 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. Lisa loses all patience.

LISA (CONT'D)  
SAY SOMETHING!!!

Silence.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lisa comes out of the attic. Defeated.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa returns into her bedroom, shuts the door.

*Breathing...*

She freezes, looks ahead in the dark. Her chest clenches.

*A LUMP is lying in her bed 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  
(whispers)  
Hello?

No response.

Lisa walks over, 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)  
(frightened)  
Can you hear me?

The Girl doesn't stir.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Who are you? Why are you in my--?

WHAP! The Girl grabs Lisa's wrist.

Lisa jolts...

The Girl opens her eyes, stares right at Lisa.

Lisa doesn't move a muscle, 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...

The Girl begins to shake...

Lisa shakes too as...

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

Lisa, disoriented, looks around her bedroom...

*There's different wallpaper. Different posters she can't make out. A different desk. A different bookshelf.*

MALE VOICE  
 OLIVIA!

Lisa looks ahead...

*BAM! BAM! BAM! Pounding from the other side of the door.*

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
 Olivia? What's wrong in there?

*The door knob jiggles.*

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
 Olivia! Open the door!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

TEEN GIRL  
 (screams)  
 Help me, Lisa! Help!

Lisa looks back at the Teen Girl, "OLIVIA", who's glaring terror-stricken at the door ahead.

*The lights flash faster, brighter.*

MALE VOICE

OLIVIA!!!

*BA-BAM! The bedroom door FLIES OPEN from the hallway...*

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*, turns 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! Edgar and I found the pirate  
treasure! It's a chest full of  
emeralds!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

Lisa is down in the basement with the laundry basket, back in the routine. She's about to press "COLD" on the washer...

*A creak.*

She freezes, looks over.

This time, the noise came from behind the dryer.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

THUNK! Lisa grunts, slides the dryer a foot away from the washing machine, widens the crack to reveal...

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 grasps the door's knob, turns it...

Locked. She turns the knob harder, shakes it. It won't budge.

*A low moan...*

She looks up.

*It resonates above, somewhere within the laundry chute.*

It's the same moan she heard when practicing the clarinet.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa bursts back into the kitchen, rushes over to the laundry chute door by the stove, opens it, listens.

*The moan is louder up here, but still from higher above.*

CAROL

(at the stove)

Lisa? What are you doing?

Lisa ignores her, dashes towards the foyer.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Hey! I want you to pick some raspberries for the pancakes!

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

WHAM! Lisa slams her bedroom door shut, locks it, runs over to the heat-duct in the wall, listens.

*The moan is even louder, changes in pitch and tone.*

Lisa presses her ear right against the metal slats, keeps listening...

*The moan amplifies. Clarifies.*

She closes her eyes, concentrates on the sound.

*The moan shifts...*

For the first time, Lisa can make out what it is:

*Musical notes. From an instrument. A woodwind.*

Lisa opens her eyes, stunned, recognizing the music.

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

The music abruptly stops.

Lisa reacts, frantically presses her ear closer, listens.

LISA  
 (into the duct)  
 No! Don't stop!  
 (listens more)  
 Come on! Where did you go?

*EEEEERRRRKKKKK...*

She jumps, looks back...

The sound of running water is coming from her bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - LISA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lisa enters her bathroom, stops.

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

She looks across at her shower: its yellow curtain is drawn over the tub.

She walks over to the tub, stops, listens.

Water drips...

She grasps the curtain's edge, waits, YANKS IT BACK...

Empty. No one's in the tub.

She's jittery, on edge.

She goes back to the running sink, turns off both faucets.

She tries to collect herself, looks up at the mirror...

Olivia stands right behind her.

LISA  
 AHHH!!!

Lisa spins...

Olivia stays before her, doesn't retreat, gazes at Lisa hauntingly, her face pale white.

Lisa stares back at her. Frozen.

OLIVIA  
(whispers)  
Lisa...

Lisa instinctively backs up against the sink.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
(scared)  
I need your help, Lisa. It's going  
to happen again.

LISA  
What's going to...?

Olivia grabs Lisa's wrist...

Lisa jolts...

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

Lisa stumbles... SMASH! Knocks over a glass.

Lisa grabs the sink's edge, stops herself from falling. She can't see. She listens, scared, whispers out into the dark.

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 around, bumps the wall, gropes more, finds the wall-switch...

CLICK! The lights come back on.

She looks ahead...

Olivia is gone.

Lisa looks across the bathroom, turns confused.

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

Lisa looks back down at the sink: it's a different model with a single faucet handle instead of two handles.

Lisa peers up at her reflection in the mirror.

Her jaw drops...

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

Lisa doesn't move. Stunned. Terrified.

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

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

She 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 further, 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.

She spots something else on the desk...

A wood chest. The size of a bread-box, coated with dust.

She reaches down, touches it, wipes the dust. The wood grain is old and faded.

MOTHER'S VOICE

Olivia?

Lisa spins...

MOTHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Olivia, are you in there?

The MOTHER'S VOICE is from the other side of the door.

MOTHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Olivia, answer me, please!

The door knob jiggles, a dead-bolt locking it.

MOTHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Olivia! We've discussed this! Stop  
locking your door!

Lisa doesn't move, scared.

MOTHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
It's time for lunch, and then I  
want you outside! You're spending  
too much time cooped up in your  
room! No more clarinet! You've  
practiced enough!

The door knob jiggles harder.

MOTHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Olivia! Open this door!

Lisa stumbles backwards...

ON LISA'S FOOT, as she *trips* over a hole in the hardwood  
floor, falls backwards...

SMACK! Lisa's head strikes the floor.

MOTHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
Olivia!!! What's happening?

Lisa's eyes shut...

Blackness.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa opens her eyes, disoriented.

She's still lying on her back on the floor.

She sits up, peers ahead...

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

She eyes the floor where she had tripped...

The white carpet of her room covers it.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Bruce lies under the Dodge Caravan, his legs sticking out.

Lisa tip-toes across the garage, stops at his work-table, surveys his tools, makes sure he doesn't see her.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

RIIIPP!! Lisa, on her knees, cuts out the section of white carpet with an X-acto knife, exposes the hardwood floor of her bedroom underneath...

CUT TO:

LISA'S FINGERS, gliding over the old floorboards. She stops at an edge, presses... It's loose.

CUT TO:

A HAMMER, its claw wedged into the crack of the loose board. Lisa pulls, strains, pries out the board...

CUT TO:

A HOLE IN THE FLOOR, the same one Lisa had tripped over in Olivia's time, and now exposed in Lisa's time as well.

Lisa crouches closer, peers into the hole to find...

The same wood chest. It was hidden here at some point in the house's past, before Lisa's era, never meant to be found.

CUT TO:

THE WOOD CHEST, now in Lisa's hands, dust coating it. She wipes off the top, finds a hooked-latch, flips it.

She opens the chest's lid, sees what's 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 opens to the first page...

\*

A single photograph. Faded black-and-white. Very old. \*

*It's the front of Lisa's house circa the 1920s. The street is dirt. A Ford Model-T is parked in the driveway. A FATHER poses formally in the driveway with his EIGHT YEAR OLD SON.* \*

Lisa leans in closer to inspect the photo... \*

*The Father wears a long, white pharmacist's coat. His eyes are stern and cold.* \*

*The Boy wears a sailor's suit. He clutches a pet rabbit in his hands. His face is pale. His eyes piercing.* \*

Lisa, spooked by this creepy image, turns the page to... \*

A newspaper clipping. The Aurora Beacon. March 10th, 1954. \*

"FAMILY MISSING" \*

Lisa's eyes drop to the article's photo... \*

A smiling FATHER, MOTHER and THREE CHILDREN, a blurb next to them: \*

"... missing since summer travels last July..." \*

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

More clippings. All with "MISSING" in the headlines. \*

*The Indianapolis Star, The Kalamazoo Gazette, The Dayton Daily. Each article shows RANDOM FAMILIES who disappeared during the 1950s in the Midwest.* \*

Lisa flips to the next page... \*

A collage of amateur photos. They belonged to one of the families, and were arranged together in the scrapbook: \*

*The youngest sister blowing out birthday candles...* \*

*The middle brother smiling in a baseball uniform...* \*

*The teenage sister wearing a long white robe. She grins in front of a Catholic church.* \*

Lisa eyes an invitation card next to this photo: \*

"Please Join Our Family In the Confirmation Of Frances Anne Nichols, Sunday, April 15th, 1958." \*

Lisa, disturbed, surveys more of the photos, taken later in the roll, showing the family's summer trip in progress: \*

*The family smiling next to a Studebaker at a 1950s gas station, luggage tied to the car's roof...* \*

*The family posing next to a '50s motel...* \*

*The family enjoying a roadside picnic next to a lake...* \*

Lisa gazes at the final photo, tenses... \*

*The family in front of Lisa's house, the Studebaker parked in the driveway, their luggage on top.* \*

Lisa inspects the photo closer... \*

*A sign is posted on the front porch behind Frances:* \*

*"BOARDING HOUSE, FAMILIES WELCOME"* \*

Lisa feels a deep chill.

She spots a sleeve pocket along the inner-side of the scrapbook, slides her finger into it, pulls out an object.

Her eyes widen...

A red key.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Carol pours raw macaroni into boiling water. Lisa rushes past her, ignores her Mom, beelines to the basement door.

CAROL  
(glancing over)  
Sweetheart, lunch will be ready in  
twenty min--

Lisa's gone into the basement...

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

THUNK! Lisa slides the dryer to the side, kneels before the red door built into the cement wall.

She takes out the red key she found in the scrapbook, inserts it. It fits perfectly into the lock slot.

She turns the key...

CLICK! The red door unlocks.

Nervous, 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.

It's too dark to see what's beyond.

CUT TO:

A BASEMENT SHELF, as Lisa quickly searches it, finds what she's looking for...

CUT TO:

CLICK! Lisa switches on a 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

*Creaking...*

Lisa navigates down the rickety steps, her flashlight clenched as she sinks 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 falls 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 picks it up, removes its dirty lid, shines her beam into it...

Aged, faded objects lie inside. \*

A Timex watch. A silver brooch. A hair-ribbon. A toy red fire-engine. A baby doll. Earrings. Mementos from the past. \*

Lisa reaches in, touches the watch... \*

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. \*

Scared, Lisa steps closer to the furnace, peers through the window slats. The furnace flames dance off her eyes. \*

A MAN'S FACE appears. \*

Lisa jolts back... \*

*The Man stares out at Lisa with agony. He's the FATHER from one of the scrapbook photos. He's being incinerated by the flames. A surreal, hellish image.* \*

BA-BAM! The furnace grate swings open by itself... \*

Lisa stumbles back as... \*

FWOOSH! Flames shoot out of the furnace, quickly spread. \*

*SCCCRRREEECCHH!!! A blood-curdling shriek resonates from within the furnace. A terrifying sound.* \*

Lisa spins, flees from searing flames and heat... \*

INT. WOODEN STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER \*

Lisa sprints up the wood steps as... \*

*SCCCRRREEECCHH!!!* The flames are right behind her, "chasing her". She reaches the top of the stairs... \*

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER \*

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

SLAM! She shuts the red door in time, cuts off the flames. \*

Silence... \*

Lisa, gasping, waits a moment. It's quiet. \*

She touches the knob of the red door. It's not hot. \*

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

The flames are gone. There's no evidence of any fire. The shrieking has stopped. The dark stairwell is empty.

\*  
\*

Lisa doesn't move, shakes.

\*

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 sit around the table for lunch, everyone with a bowl of mac-and-cheese in front of them.

BRRRINNNGGG!

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

BRUCE

(standing up)

I've got it...

BRRRINNNGGG!

Bruce goes into the kitchen. Lisa watches with unease.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(answering)

Hello? ... Yes, may I ask who's calling? ... One moment please...

(looks ahead)

Lisa, it's Mr. Woodley, 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 swallows, 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 willful girl. And I don't like willful girls.*

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?

*PALE MAN'S VOICE*

*Stop exploring this house, Lisa. 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, walks back to the table. She sits in her seat,  
 still freaked out, her bowl of mac-and-cheese before her.

BRUCE  
 (to Carol)  
 Mmm. This is really delicious,  
 sweetheart.

CAROL  
 Thank-you, hon. It's a new recipe I  
 wanted to try.

ROBBIE  
 It's yum-yum, Mom! I want more!

Lisa picks up her fork, gazes down at her bowl, jolts... \*

*A nest of spiders has replaced the mac-and cheese. The  
 spiders are crawling over each other. Alive.* \*  
 \*

Lisa drops the fork, revolted. \*

BRUCE \*  
 What's wrong, Lise? \*

She looks ahead at her Dad... \*

*He's holding a forkful of the spiders.* \*

BRUCE (CONT'D) \*  
 Thought mac-and-cheese was your \*  
 favorite? \*

He pops the fork in his mouth, chews, swallows the spiders  
 whole without missing a beat. \*

Lisa looks left... \*

*Carol is also eating from a bowl full of the spiders.* \*

Lisa looks right... \*

*Robbie is scooping out spiders for a second helping.* \*

Lisa covers her eyes, trembles with fright, whispering. \*

LISA \*  
 Go away... None of it's real... \*  
 None of it's-- \*

BRUCE'S VOICE

Lisa?

She opens her eyes, looks ahead...

The spiders are gone. The mac-and-cheese is back. Bruce, Carol and Robbie are all gazing at her with worry.

BRUCE

Everything okay?

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

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa lies under her covers in the dark, listens with fear.

It's quiet. No noises. No voices.

Her eyes close, exhaustion taking over her.

She drifts off to sleep...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning sunlight streams upon Lisa's sleeping face.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE

OLIVIA!!!

Lisa opens her eyes, groggy.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Olivia, wake up please!

Lisa looks ahead, blinks with confusion.

A CUTE 9 YEAR OLD GIRL stands at the foot of her bed, a wide, innocent grin on her face.

LITTLE GIRL

You promised I could play "Dora The Explorer" today!

Lisa jolts up, looks around...

She's back in Olivia's bedroom, and dressed in Olivia's clothes. She transitioned when she was asleep.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

Olivia, come on! I wanna play "Dora"! Pleeeazze!!!

The Little Girl darts over to Olivia's iPad on the desk.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)  
 You said I can never, ever touch it  
 'til you do first!

Stunned, Lisa slides out of Olivia's bed, walks over, gazes down at the iPad, at its orange sunset display screen.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)  
 Come on, Olivia! Touch it!

Lisa sees the "Slide To Unlock" icon, still bewildered.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)  
 (points at icon)  
 Touch it!

Lisa, unsure, touches the slide bar...

The iPad activates, pops into its most recent screen:

*A paused YouTube video link, the number "5" filling the screen in garish blue color, static frozen at its edges.*

More confused, Lisa instinctively touches the "5"...

*News theme-music BLASTS. The video plays. The sound and look of the broadcast is distinctly 1980s.*

Lisa flinches back, not sure what she did.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE  
*Eyewitness News, Channel 5!  
 Chicago's top rated newscast!*

ON SCREEN: *The "5" pulls away to reveal a LOCAL TV NEWSROOM with a 1980s ANCHORMAN behind a desk, his face grim.*

NEWS ANCHORMAN  
*Good evening, tragedy and murder has struck a North Shore family tonight, and our reporter, Dan Wilkes, is at the scene... Dan?*

ON SCREEN: *A REPORTER stands in front of Lisa's house at night, yellow police tape blocking off the driveway, red-and-blue siren lights flashing behind him.*

TV NEWS REPORTER

*Yes, Mort, police are telling us that a family of four were found dead in their garage inside a Dodge Caravan, apparently killed by carbon monoxide poisoning...*

ON LISA, shocked, trembling.

TV NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

*They include a father, a mother, a fifteen year old daughter, and a five year old son. The police are now investigating whether--*

LITTLE GIRL

Okay! You touched it!

The Little Girl hops onto a chair, taps the iPad with expertise, quits out of the video.

LISA

Hey! Wait! Bring it back!

LITTLE GIRL

You promised I could play "Dora"!

The Girl scoops up the iPad, gleefully runs off with it.

WOMAN'S VOICE

OLIVIA!!!

Lisa looks over. The bedroom door is wide open.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(from downstairs)

Olivia, honey, I need you! Come down here, please!

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

Lisa comes 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.

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.

## OLIVIA'S MOTHER

I'm making eggs and bacon for  
everyone. It's your turn to set the  
table.

Lisa stares at her, 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...

She looks over. The sound is coming from the garage.

## OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

(sighs)

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

She 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 engine fixed!  
 Give me some more time, okay? Give  
 me more...

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 can of Pabst Blue Ribbon on the work table.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
 Go back inside. I'm busy working.

She doesn't move. He puts 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 leave right now.

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

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

He grabs her by the shoulders...

LISA  
 AHHHHHH!!!!!!

Lisa falls back, collapses to the ground.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER  
 DAVID!!!

Olivia's Mother rushes in from the kitchen. Olivia's Father steps back, snaps out of his rage.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 (furious)  
 What did you do this time?

OLIVIA'S FATHER  
 Nothing... She just started  
 screaming and--

OLIVIA'S MOTHER  
 You son-of-a-bitch!

She kneels over Lisa.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 Oh my God! She's sleepwalking  
 again! I couldn't tell when she was  
 in the kitchen!

Lisa convulses on the floor.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 Olivia! Wake up!

Lisa shuts her eyes...

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 OLIVIA!!!

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?

She 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, 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 shakes...

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  
make raspberry pancakes?

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, sweetheart, 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, okay?

She pauses, nods.

He smiles, turns, leaves her bedroom.

The moment he's gone...

Lisa flips back her blanket, slides over to the heat-duct in the wall, whispers urgently through its metal slats.

LISA

Olivia!... Olivia, can you hear me?

She listens. No response.

LISA (CONT'D)

(whispers louder)

You need to bring me back again, Olivia! You need to show me everything you know!

ROBBIE'S VOICE

Lisa?

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

\*

\*

\*

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

She reaches over, snatches the walkie, clicks the button.

LISA  
(into the walkie)  
Robbie?

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
Lisa! Edgar's here!

LISA  
Robbie, I want you to stop playing  
this stupid game, understand?

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
But Edgar says you need to be  
punished for being bad! He says  
you're a willful girl!

Lisa tenses.

LISA  
Robbie... where are you?

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
Downstairs with Edgar!

LISA  
Stay where you are! Don't move!

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lisa rushes downstairs, charges into the living room, 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!

Fear strikes Lisa.

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 into the basement, looks across...

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

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - LATER

Lisa scrambles down the rickety steps, her flashlight clutched as she goes down and down into the darkness.

She reaches the bottom, steps into the cavernous room.

LISA

Robbie?

She swings her beam in a wide arc to the right... \*

The cellar room is empty. Quiet. No sign of Robbie. \*

She swings her beam back to the left... \*

A BOY stands in the light. \*

Lisa freezes, stares at the boy with fear. \*

The boy is inside the coal furnace, the iron door half-opened. He wears a sailor's suit, clutches a white rabbit. \*

*He is the 1920s boy from the scrapbook. Lisa's beam bounces off his sharp, frightening eyes. They are blue.* \*

Lisa can barely speak. \*

LISA (CONT'D) \*

Where's Robbie? \*

The boy turns, walks deeper into the furnace, disappears. \*

LISA (CONT'D) \*

Wait! \*

INT. FURNACE - MOMENTS LATER

EEEERK... The iron door swings open all the way as Lisa charges into the furnace. She shines around her beam.

LISA  
Robbie!

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

LISA (CONT'D)  
Robbie? Can you hear me?

Her voice echoes. She aims up her beam...

There's a chimney shaft above, the whistle of circulating air within the blackness.

LISA (CONT'D)  
ROBBIE!!!

No response, just her echoing voice.

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. They are the incinerated remains of mothers, fathers and children. The 1950s families murdered by the Pale Man.*

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
(over the walkie)  
Lisa? Can you hear me?

LISA  
(snatches up her walkie)  
Robbie!

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
Hi, Lisa!

LISA  
(into walkie)  
Robbie, where are you?

ROBBIE'S VOICE  
We tricked you!

LISA \*  
 What? \*

ROBBIE'S VOICE \*  
 Me and Edgar! \*

LISA \*  
 What are you talking about? \*

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

LISA \*  
 Game? What game? \*

Static crackles. \*

LISA (CONT'D) \*  
 (into the walkie) \*  
 Robbie! .... Robbie! \*

No response, just the static. \*

LISA (CONT'D) \*  
 Damn it! \*

She spins to flee, raises up her beam... \*

The Pale Man stands on the other side. \*

Lisa SCREAMS, jolts back, stares at him with horror... \*

He is now wearing a long, white pharmacist's coat. His \*  
 piercing blue eyes are identical to Edgar's eyes. \*

*He is Edgar grown up.* \*

He smiles with malevolence, grabs the door latch. \*

LISA (CONT'D) \*  
 (rushing forward) \*  
 NO!!! \*

WHAM! He slams the iron 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, but to no avail. \*

INT. FURNACE ROOM - LATER

Lisa stands in the middle of the furnace room, shouts up the chimney shaft at the top of her lungs.

LISA  
MOM! DAD! HELP ME!

Her shouts echo, fade.

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

No response.

She 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. 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 cross.

It's smeared in soot but intact, not having melted during the incineration process.

She wipes off the grime, finds an inscription imprinted on its back side. She holds it under her beam to read:

"CONFIRMED IN CHRIST"

*Rustling...*

She swings up her beam. The chimney shaft is dark.

LISA  
Hello...?

*More rustling.*

LISA (CONT'D)  
Who's up there?

She pivots her beam...

*The light catches a GIRL'S EYES above, somewhere up in the chimney, peering down.*

LISA (CONT'D)  
(jolts back)  
Oh God!

She drops her flashlight, recovers, snatches it up, aims up the beam again...

*The eyes are gone. So is the girl. Only darkness.*

LISA (CONT'D)  
Olivia? ... Is that you?

Silence.

INT. FURNACE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa searches the ash with her beam, finds a piece of burnt human bone, its edge broken and sharp.

MOMENTS LATER: Lisa wedges the bone-edge into the crevice of a brick, pushes, grunts, pushes harder until...

THUNK! The brick *pries out*, drops to the floor.

MOMENTS LATER: Lisa's right foot is jammed into the open brick space. She lifts her body off the ground.

She reaches above, wedges the sharp bone into another brick, pulls herself up just below the chimney-shaft.

Soot crumbles. She coughs, spits, hangs on. She pulls up...

LISA  
MMMMMPH!!!

She pops her body up into the chimney-shaft, now wedged between its narrow walls...

INT. CHIMNEY SHAFT - HIGHER UP

THUMPA... THUMPA... THUMPA... Lisa grunts, slides herself up the chimney foot-by-foot. She goes up...

And up...

And up...

She finally reaches the top, stops, fumbles for her flashlight, clicks, shines up her beam...

A metal grate is a few feet above, slid open, a pitch-black opening on the other side.

LISA  
(calling up)  
Hello? Olivia?

No response.

She reaches up with her fingers, feels fresh air on the other side.

She crooks her arm, braces it against the surface on the other side, grunts, pulls herself up through the hole...

She slips, *loses her grip*...

LISA (CONT'D)  
AHHHH!!!

*She starts to fall...*

WHAP! A hand grabs her wrist at the last second.

Lisa dangles over the drop, looks up, can't see who's on the other side, doesn't have time to question it.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Pull me up!

The hand pulls her up...

INT. OTHER SIDE OF THE GRATE - MOMENTS LATER

LISA  
ARRRGGGHHH!!!!

Lisa sprouts out of the chimney, rolls onto a floor in the dark, exhausted. She gulps in air.

WHISPERED VOICE  
Did he kidnap you?

Lisa SCREAMS, swings her beam upon...

*A TEENAGE GIRL. Not Olivia. She has blonde hair. A pink, cashmere sweater. A plaid skirt. Her face is pale white.*

TEEN GIRL

(whispers)

I heard you below so I opened the grate. Has he been keeping you a prisoner down there?

Lisa, stunned, recognizes her...

She is "FRANCES NICHOLS", the girl from the 1950s scrapbook photos who was on the summer trip with her family.

FRANCES

(whispers)

It's okay! I'm getting all of us out of here! We're not gonna let that monster hurt us, promise!

She darts off into the darkness. Lisa sits up, shines her beam, realizes where she is...

The garage. The chimney shaft is a hidden chute for dumping items down into the furnace room.

FRANCES' VOICE

(urgent whisper)

It's too risky for us to escape through the kitchen...

Lisa swings back her beam on Frances, who's now pressed against the kitchen door with her ear, listening.

FRANCES

(whispers)

We'll have to go out the front!

She slides the dead-bolt, locks the kitchen door from the inside, dashes across the garage in the dark.

Lisa, confounded, shines around her beam...

The garage has a different layout: the tools, shelves, boxes and fixtures all post World War II.

She's shifted back into an earlier era of the house.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

(at the garage door)

Can't budge it! Gotta force it open somehow...

(runs across the garage)

Hey! Shine your beam over here!

Lisa does...

Frances stops before a work-table, searches the tools frantically, snatches up a metal car-jack.

FRANCES (CONT'D)  
This'll work!

She races back to the front garage door, sets down the jack, tries to jam it under the crack.

FRANCES (CONT'D)  
Thank-god I turned off the ignition  
in time!

Lisa spots a car across the garage...

A 1952 Studebaker. A luggage rack on top. It's the same car from Frances' family photos. Its back door is cracked open.

Lisa walks over to the Studebaker, aims her beam inside, gasps with horror...

Frances' family lies passed out in the back seat. Her DAD, \*  
MOM, SISTER and BROTHER. The key dangles from the ignition. \*

FRANCES (CONT'D)  
Aim your beam on me, could you?  
Can't see what I'm doing.

Lisa, stunned, swings her beam back upon Frances, who's fiddling with the jack. Lisa approaches, kneels, eyes her.

LISA  
Who put your family into the car?

FRANCES  
(whispers)  
Shh! Let me get this open!

She presses the jack harder. It *slips*, clanks to the floor.

FRANCES (CONT'D)  
Darn it!

LISA  
Please! Tell me who it was.

FRANCES  
(fiddling with the jack)  
The pharmacist...

LISA  
The pharmacist?

FRANCES

I don't know his name. This is his house. He rents it. We arrived this morning on our way to Grand Rapids where Mom's sister lives. I wanted to stay in a motel, but Dad said he was tired of motels, and the price he was offering was such a good deal. Now we know why, right?

WHAM! She SLAMS the jack. It slides under.

LISA

Got it!

LISA (CONT'D)

You're Frances Nichols?

FRANCES

(looks at her)

How do you know my name?

KA-THUNK! A noise from behind.

Lisa and Frances spin...

THUNKA-THUNKA-THUNKA! The door knob *jiggles violently*, trying to open from the other side.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Oh no...

*More jiggling.* And then it stops. Silence.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

(whispers)

He's coming!

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...

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

LISA (CONT'D)

That man out there... The pharmacist... He can't hurt us.

FRANCES

(pumping the jack)  
Of course he can! If I hadn't woken  
a few minutes ago, he'd be in here  
right now to kill us!

LISA

He did kill you. He suffocated you  
and your family in your car with  
the exhaust running. None of you  
are alive anymore.

FRANCES

(pumping the jack)  
Shut up!

LISA

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

FRANCES

(pumps harder)  
SHUT UP!

EEERRRRRKKK!!! The jack rises another inch...

Frances stops pumping the jack, checks the crack. It's now  
big enough to crawl through. She glares back at Lisa.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Believe what you want! I'm getting  
me and my family out of here!

LISA

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

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 and your family were  
murdered in 1958. You've been  
replaying it for a very long time.  
It's like you're stuck in a bad  
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 with my family. We're from 1986. Almost thirty years after you.

FRANCES  
 You're wrong...  
 (points at the Studebaker)  
 I can still save them!

LISA  
 No, Frances. It's too late for all of us. 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 gold cross she found in the ash down in the furnace room.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 When I touched this, you appeared above me. We connected.

Frances eyes the cross, recognizes it.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 It's from your confirmation, right?

Frances says nothing, tears in her eyes.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 After he murdered you and your family, he dumped your bodies below. Just like the other families he killed. He was a monster.

Frances stays riveted to the cross. Lisa holds it out, nods.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 It's yours...

Frances hesitates, reaches out, clasps the cross...

ON FRANCES' FACE, as her eyes widen, her body shakes, her mouth opens. Horror overwhelms her. She can't speak.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 (watching her)  
 Frances...?

FRANCES  
 (clutching the cross)  
 I remember...  
 (MORE)

FRANCES (CONT'D)  
 Oh, God, I remember everything. I  
 woke up in the back seat with my  
 family, but it was too late. The  
 engine was already running. And he  
 was in here. He had locked us in  
 our car and--

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

FRANCES (CONT'D)  
 (screaming)  
 AHHHHHH!!!!

LISA  
 (reaching down)  
 Frances!!!

The hand yanks Frances under the crack, drags her to the other side.

Lisa tries to grab Frances' foot, but her foot *kicks* away the car-jack, just as she's pulled to the other side...

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

LISA (CONT'D)  
 FRANCES!!!!

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

Lisa tumbles back onto the floor, the garage pitch-black.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

Lisa spins...

BRUCE'S VOICE  
 Lisa? You in there?

BAM! BAM! BAM! Pounding from the kitchen door.

Lisa stays frozen in the dark as...

BA-BAM! The kitchen door KICKS OPEN, the dead-bolt snapping off, 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 the lit garage.

She's back in her own time. The shelves. The work-table. The 1985 Dodge Caravan.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 (arriving before her)  
 I've been looking all over for you!  
 What happened? You're supposed to  
 be resting in bed!

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

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 (eyes her)  
 Lisa? Were you sleepwalking again?

She's speechless. Bruce sees she's covered in soot.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 Where were you? Talk to me, Lisa.  
 Please.

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 garage 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, confused.

LISA  
 (voice shaking)  
 You knocked us out... and then  
 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 Carols' 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 the sound of a video game. She eyes Robbie's bedroom, its door cracked open.

INT. ROBBIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa steps inside, stops, watches Robbie play "Super Mario" on his Nintendo NES. He's alone, his back facing her.

LISA  
Where did Edgar go?

ROBBIE  
(tapping the controls)  
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)  
(playing the game)  
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 tapping the controls.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry, Lisa. It's gonna be  
 okay. We're just like Mario.

Lisa looks at the TV screen: at Mario jumping over obstacles.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
 We play the same level 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 edge of the bed, her clarinet  
 clutched. She gazes around her room, listens...

Silence.

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

*She plays the opening notes of "Peter and the Wolf".*

ON LISA'S FINGERS, sliding up and down the clarinet's keys  
 with precision.

ON LISA'S MOUTH, building a rhythm and flow with each note.

ON LISA'S FACE, closing her eyes. She concentrates harder as  
 she plays, goes into a trance.

ON LISA'S FINGERS, tapping the clarinet's keys 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 drops it, looks ahead...

She's sitting in Olivia's bedroom, not hers.

She's 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 swallows, reaches out her finger, presses "play"...

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. And  
since you're inside my body, this  
is the only way I can talk to you.*

ON LISA, stunned as she watches.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

*Or it means I'm completely crazy,  
and I created you in my head, and  
that's why I'm sleepwalking. I  
don't know. All I know is I'm  
scared. Scared of the evil that's  
in this house.*

ON SCREEN: Olivia trembles, inhales a frightened breath.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

*It's gotten inside my Dad. My Mom  
refuses to believe me. And my  
brothers and sisters are too young  
to understand. No one listens to  
me, and there's nothing I can do to  
stop what's happening. Except talk  
to you... 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 carefully. I think it's the only way to clean this house, and get rid of what's haunting it once and for all. But I don't know how to do it. I'm hoping you might.*

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

"ENCYCLOPEDIA DEMONICA"

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
*Please help me, Lisa. Please help me save my family.*

Lisa looks back at Olivia on the iPad...

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

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
*I'm so sorry about what happened to you. I wish I could be there for you right now as your friend. Because you've been mine.*

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

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
*... Thank-you for listening to me.*

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

OLIVIA'S MOTHER  
(in the doorway)  
What are you doing?

Lisa jumps, looks over. Olivia's Mother eyes her.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Thought I told you to stay out of  
your room the rest of the day?

Lisa stares back at her, doesn't speak.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
(sees the book)  
What's that?

She marches over, snatches the book out of Lisa's hand, examines it with disapproval.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
So now you're going out and buying  
this junk instead of downloading it  
off the Internet?

Lisa has no idea how to respond.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Listen to me, Olivia. No more books  
about ghosts. No more Tarot cards.  
No more Ouija boards. Understand?

Lisa stays silent. Olivia's Mother sighs.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Look. I know things haven't been  
easy here lately, and you aren't  
happy with what's going on. But  
reading this nonsense isn't going  
to make it better. It's why you've  
been sleepwalking. You've gotten  
yourself all worked up, and--

SMASH!!!! Lisa startles. So does Olivia's Mother.

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

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 (with dread)  
 No, please... Not today.

Olivia's Mother rushes back into the hallway.

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

Shattered plates, bowls and glasses litter the kitchen floor, the cupboard doors wide open.

CRASH!!! Olivia's Father throws down a plate, shatters it.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER  
 STOP IT!!!

Olivia's Mother stands across, tears streaming.

OLIVIA'S FATHER  
 Where did you hide them?

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

OLIVIA'S FATHER  
 Liar!

SMASH!!! He shatters another bowl.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER  
Please, David! Let's call the  
doctor and tell him you're having  
another episode. We need to--

She pauses, sees Lisa watching them in the doorway.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Olivia... Go back up to your room  
right now.

Lisa stares at Olivia's Mother, can't speak.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Take your sister with you. Please!

Lisa still doesn't move.

PHARMACIST'S VOICE  
You heard what your mother said...  
Olivia.

Lisa looks over, gasps with horror...

It's the PHARMACIST'S FACE glaring at her, not Olivia's  
Father. He is possessing Olivia's Father.

PHARMACIST  
Go to your room. You don't belong  
here. You don't belong here at all.

ON LISA, paralyzed with fear.

ON OLIVIA'S MOTHER, not seeing what Lisa sees.

ON THE PHARMACIST, his scary blue eyes boring into Lisa. He  
steps closer to her, stops, unleashes a MONSTROUS RAGE.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)  
I SAID GET OUT!!!

Lisa runs...

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, leaps off the front  
porch, looks ahead, stops with astonishment...

There is no fog.

*The neighborhood street is beyond the sidewalk, a comfortable enclave of Northshore homes. Kids play basketball next door. There's clouds above. Blue sky. The sun.*

Lisa is overwhelmed by this sight. The real world is actually before her. The living world.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER'S VOICE

Olivia!

Lisa looks back. Olivia's Mother is rushing out of the house.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER

Come back here!

Lisa runs ahead, reaches the sidewalk's edge. She's about to go into the street, into the world beyond...

But the moment her foot *steps off the sidewalk...*

LISA

AHHHH!!!

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

OLIVIA'S MOTHER

Olivia! Oh my God!

Olivia's Mother reaches her, kneels with panic.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Olivia! Wake up!

Lisa's body convulses on the lawn.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Wake up!

Lisa shuts her eyes tight, doesn't move.

OLIVIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

OLIVIA!!!!!!

Lisa stops shaking. The pain ebbs.

CAROL'S VOICE

*Lisa? ... Lisa, wake up, sweetheart.*

Lisa opens her eyes, peers up at...

Carol, smiling warmly down at her.

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

Lisa sits up, realizes...

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

CAROL (CONT'D)  
(touches her hand)  
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,  
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 had gotten too scared of him. Scared 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? How--?

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 like I did, but it didn't work. He still insists we're all alive and the fog is only temporary and everything's fine. It's maddening.

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  
Better.

BRUCE  
Good, good. You had me very  
worried, you know.

He drops his hammer, picks up a wrench, goes back to work on  
the car. Lisa walks over, eyes him cautiously.

LISA  
So Mom told me she tried telling  
you that we're all dead.

BRUCE  
(turning the wrench)  
Yup. Don't tell me she's got you  
convinced too?

LISA  
We can't convince each other. It  
has to come from within ourselves.

BRUCE  
Sure. If you say so, sweetheart.

LISA  
Where are the sparkplugs, Dad?

He stops the wrench, looks back at her.

LISA (CONT'D)  
No one stole them. You lost 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. You wanted to stop what  
you were turning into.

He eyes her, turns quiet. Her words have hit a nerve.

LISA (CONT'D)  
So where did you hide them, Dad?  
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)  
(from behind)  
Pick them up.

BRUCE  
What for?

LISA  
Just pick them up.

He reaches down. His hand shakes. He picks up all the  
sparkplugs all at once, clasps them in his palm. Waits.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Feel anything?

A beat. He shakes his head with relief.

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

LISA  
Put them back into the engine.

BRUCE  
This nonsense has gone on long  
enough, Lisa.

LISA  
(insistent)  
Put them in the engine, Dad. Now.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

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

INT. DODGE CARAVAN - MOMENTS LATER

WHAM! Bruce shuts the driver-side door, now inside and behind  
the wheel, Lisa in the passenger seat.

BRUCE  
Okay, Nancy Drew, what next?

LISA  
Start the car.

BRUCE  
We can't go anywhere today. The  
fog's too thick to--

LISA  
Start it.

BRUCE  
(sighs)  
Whatever you say.

He reaches into his pocket, takes out his keys, sticks the  
Dodge key into the ignition, hesitates.

LISA  
Turn the key, Dad.

He swallows, turns it...

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 knocked you out in your  
sleep with the ether. You and your  
Mom and Robbie. I carried each of  
you down into here from your rooms,  
and then I...

His voice chokes, tears well up.

LISA  
And then you did what?

He grips the key tighter, tears streaming.

LISA (CONT'D)  
(persistent)  
Dad! What did you do?

BRUCE  
(jolts)  
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, Dad. Possessed  
 you. Made you become like him.

BRUCE  
 (confused)  
 "Possessed me"? Who--?

BA-BAM! THE ENTIRE HOUSE SHAKES VIOLENTLY!

CRASH! Garage shelves fall over, tools spill everywhere.

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

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa and Bruce rush back into the kitchen as...

BA-BAM! THE HOUSE SHAKES AGAIN.

Carol and Robbie are cowered under the kitchen table.

WHAM! All the kitchen cupboard doors FLY OPEN.

SMASH! Plates, bowls and glasses SHATTER on the floor.

WHAP! The refrigerator door SWINGS OPEN.

A milk carton EXPLODES. Eggs COMBUST.

Bruce and Lisa dive under the table with Carol and Robbie.

The sink SPRAYS.

The blender WHIRS.

UNDER THE TABLE: Robbie stays clutched in Carol's arms. Lisa and Bruce both peer out at the mayhem.

CRACK! The kitchen walls SPLIT, plaster spilling out.

LISA  
 (shouting over the noise)  
 We don't belong in this house  
 anymore! We're awake!

Bruce looks at her, at his family.

BRUCE  
 EVERYONE OUT! NOW!

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BA-BAM! The front door flies open. Lisa and her family scramble outside, run across the porch as...

CRASH! The porch swing collapses nearby.

BRUCE

GO!

Lisa and her family jump off the porch steps, race down the walkway, reach the sidewalk, stop.

They look ahead with awe...

*The fog is lifted. Gone. But the neighborhood street and other houses aren't there either.*

*There is only white light. Radiating the entire landscape.*

BACK TO LISA AND HER FAMILY, mesmerized by the warm and inviting glow, the promise of a better realm beyond.

SMASH!!!! The living room windows shatter from behind.

KA-CRUNCH!!!! The house's frame splinters.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Keep going!

Bruce ushers his family towards the white light, but Lisa stays planted, stares back at the house.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(looking back)

Lisa! Let's go!

She doesn't move.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Lisa!

LISA

I have to go back!

CAROL

What!!!

WHAM! More pieces of the house rip apart.

Lisa faces her family, her decision made.

LISA

I love you! I love all of you!

She spins, runs back to the house.

BRUCE

Lisa!!!

FOLLOWING LISA, as she scrambles up the front porch...

CRACK! The porch steps rip apart like cardboard...

Lisa dives forward, hits the front door...

BEHIND HER: Bruce is thrown back onto the walkway. He gets back to his feet, but the porch steps are now gone.

Lisa yanks open the front door, goes inside...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

LISA! NO!

The porch collapses behind her...

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa crosses the foyer, freezes in her tracks... \*

The decor of the house has changed. The curtains are pleated. \*  
A chandelier hangs from the ceiling. There are curved chairs \*  
and a small sofa. A mahogany RCA radio has replaced the TV. \*

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

WHAM! The walls crack. The house is ripping apart, splitting \*  
in both time and space. Lisa races for the stairs... \*

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER \*

Lisa reaches the top of the stairs. The upstairs hallway \*  
shakes. She starts down the hallway towards her bedroom. \*

She passes her parents' bedroom, looks inside, reacts... \*

*An OLDER MAN in a white pharmacy coat lies dead on a 1920s \*  
bed. His face is pale white. A syringe needle sticks out of \*  
his vein. A pharmacy vial of morphine is next to him.* \*

He is Edgar's Father from the scrapbook photo. \*

BOY'S VOICE \*

Lisa... \*

She spins... \*

*Edgar sits cross-legged in the hallway. He wears his sailor's suit. Empty pharmacy vials are scattered around him.* \*  
\*

EDGAR \*  
\*

I know how to murder them now. \*

Lisa sees Edgar's pet white rabbit lying dead before him. \*

EDGAR (CONT'D) \*

I'm going to kill them all when I \*  
grow up. All of the happy families. \*

He glares at Lisa with his frightening blue eyes. \*

WHAM! The entire house jolts. \*

Lisa darts for her bedroom... \*

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER \*

SLAM! Lisa shuts her bedroom door, looks ahead... \*

She's back to her own time in 1985. The house is jumping back \*  
and forth in time as it's disintegrating. \*

CRASH! Her bookshelf topples over...

She dodges it, reaches her bed.

LISA

(shouting out)  
Olivia!!!

KA-THUNK! The bedroom ceiling splits above.

LISA (CONT'D)

Take me, Olivia! Please take me! I  
know how to save you!

Lisa yanks back the bed's blanket, jumps into it, pulls the  
blanket over her tight like a cocoon.

LISA (CONT'D)

Olivia! I'm here! I'm lying here  
next to you!

SMASH! The bedroom windows shatter, spraying glass on her...

Lisa shuts her eyes tight, concentrates.

LISA (CONT'D)

Please, Olivia... Hear me... Hear  
me in your dreams...

The entire bedroom shakes with the violence.

Lisa keeps her eyes shut, tries to block everything out.

*CRACK! A RIFT appears in the wall, a BLACK VOID on the other side, a rip in the space-time fabric.*

WHOOSH! Lisa's books and record albums hurtle towards the void, getting sucked into it like debris in a vacuum.

Lisa refuses to budge, concentrates harder...

FWOMP! Lisa's desk chair flies into the void, then her desk and bookshelf. Everything's going.

*CRUNCH! The bedroom walls crack open more, the black void EXPANDING, taking over the room.*

Lisa's bed lifts up off the floor. It's going to get sucked into the void next, and take Lisa with it.

ON LISA, her eyes shut tight as she cries out a final time.

LISA (CONT'D)

OLIVIA!!!!

*BOOM! A crashing ROAR strikes...*

MALE VOICE

OLIVIA!!!!

Lisa opens her eyes, jolts up...

She's lying in Olivia's bed, in the present day.

The house is stable again.

FLASH! Lightning fills the room. It's POURING RAIN outside.

OLIVIA'S FATHER'S VOICE

OLIVIA, OPEN THIS DOOR RIGHT NOW!

BAM! BAM! BAM! The bedroom door shakes violently, Olivia's Father pounding it with rage from the other side.

BOOM! A crack of thunder rumbles.

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

YOU CAN'T KEEP ME LOCKED OUT!

BAM! BAM! BAM! The door shakes harder, only the single dead-bolt keeping it shut.

Lisa jumps out of Olivia's bed, re-orienting herself.

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

BA-BAM! The dead-bolt *snaps off*...

Lisa dives under the bed 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)  
 Stop hiding from me!

LISA'S POV: Olivia's Father marches over to the bathroom.

Lisa slides out from under the bed, darts 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)  
 (whispers louder)  
 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 races back to the door, slams it shut before...

BA-BAM! The door pounds from the other side.

Click! Lisa locks the door, backs away...

BAM! BAM! BAM! The bedroom door shakes harder.

OLIVIA'S FATHER  
(other side)  
Olivia! Open this door!

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

BAM! BAM! BAM! Olivia's Father punches furiously against the door, his voice monstrous. Inhuman.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
Open this door and take your  
medicine!

Lisa 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.

CRACK! The door splinters behind her...

Lisa leaps out the window...

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

WHAM! Lisa hits the side of the tree, falls...

WHAP! She hits a thick branch below...

Falls again...

SMACK! She strikes the muddy ground. She's bloodied, bruised and soaking wet. She peers up with fear.

LISA'S POV: The silhouette of Olivia's Father appears in the bedroom window, gazes down at her.

FLASH! BOOM! A crack of lightning floods the night sky, followed by a crash of thunder.

Lisa shields her eyes, looks up again...

The silhouette is gone.

Lisa jumps to her feet, races to the front of the house.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa reaches the sidewalk, peers ahead in the downpour...

ACROSS THE STREET: A light is on in the living room of another house, a NEIGHBOR on a couch watching TV.

Lisa starts forward, but abruptly stops herself at the sidewalk's edge, remembers, glances left and right...

The sidewalk is her border. If she goes out farther, she'll be expelled from Olivia's body like last time.

She looks ahead again. The Neighbor still watches TV.

LISA  
(shouting out)  
HEY! HELP! HELP US!!!!

BOOM! Another THUNDER CRACK. The Neighbor can't hear her.

LISA (CONT'D)  
(waving her arms)  
CALL THE POLICE! CALL THE--

*A light switches on from behind...*

She spins...

The foyer lights shine downstairs. Olivia's Father is coming.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa sprints into the house's backyard, *slips* in the mud, scrambles back up, keeps running...

INT. KITCHEN - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BA-BAM! Lisa bursts into the kitchen from the back porch, looks ahead. The foyer is empty, the front door open.

She dashes to the basement door...

INT. BASEMENT - TOP OF STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

WHAM! Lisa shuts 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.

LISA  
 (pulling harder)  
 AARRGGGHHH!!!

The dryer slides out to the side. Lisa kneels...

The red door is before her, its paint even more chipped and worn in the present day.

Lisa turns its 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 frantically searches, spots a small hatchet-axe hanging on the basement wall, grabs it.

She spots a flashlight on a table, 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 finally drops the hatchet, leans back, KICKS OPEN the red door...

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa scrambles down the dark, rickety steps, the flashlight in one hand, the hatchet in the other.

She arrives into the cavernous room. It's pitch-black.

She goes to the shelf in the corner, shines the flashlight, finds what she's looking for... the shoebox.

INT. FURNACE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SLAM! Lisa shuts the furnace room door, hurries forward, stops in the middle of the ash, drops to her knees.

LISA  
 (shouts up)  
 Can you hear me?

Her voice echoes up in the chimney, fades.

She tips over the shoebox. The mementos of all the murdered families fall out...

\*  
 \*

The Timex watch. The silver brooch. The hair-ribbon. The fire- \*  
engine. The baby doll. The earrings. Other random objects. \*

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

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

LISA (CONT'D)  
(desperate)  
Please, hear me.

She keeps touching the mementos, trying to make contact.

LISA (CONT'D)  
I know you're in this house with  
me. All of you.

She also touches the burnt pieces of human bone in the ash.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Please come out. Let me help you  
leave. We can go to a better place.

*Crunching from behind...*

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

The Pharmacist stands before her, the furnace door opened  
behind him. He's possessing Olivia's father.

PHARMACIST  
No one leaves this house, Lisa.

Lisa panics, reaches for the hatchet...

The Pharmacist snatches it first, swings it down at her...

Lisa SCREAMS...

WHACK! He STRIKES HER with the blunt-end, not the blade...

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. A bruise swells above her eye, her mouth 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  
MMMMMPHHH!!!!

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 a foot 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 Pharmacist enters the garage, carries Olivia's passed out Mother with both arms.

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

The Pharmacist 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...

PHARMACIST

Hello, Lisa.

She jolts, looks up.

The Pharmacist smiles down at her.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

Thought I had knocked you out of Olivia already. But I guess you hung on tight to her.

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

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

You really are a willful girl, aren't you?

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

PHARMACIST (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 Pharmacist's chest.

The Pharmacist HOWLS in pain, flails back...

Lisa leaps to her feet, darts to the half-open 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.

PHARMACIST  
Keep on going, Lisa.

She spins...

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

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

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

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)  
The question is where exactly will you go? Your own house is gone. Your own time. There's nothing but a void waiting for you. Oblivion.

He stops before her, victory in his eyes.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)  
Another kind of death.

Lisa panics, tries to sprint back to the house...

But she *slips* on the wet grass, falls on her face.

The Pharmacist laughs, reaches down, grabs her by the collar, lifts her up into the air.

LISA  
(flailing)  
NOOOO!!!!

The Pharmacist 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)  
(crying out)  
AHHHHH!!!!

The Pharmacist carries her towards the driveway's edge. Lisa keeps fighting, but can't break free from him.

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

PHARMACIST  
I always do enjoy killing you.

Lisa SCREAMS...

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

FLASH! Lighting strikes first...

A *FAMILY* blocks his path. \*

The Pharmacist jolts back, drops Lisa, looks ahead stunned. \*

*The Family is ghostly pale, their eyes filled with fury.* \*

Lisa recognizes their faces... \*

*It's FRANCES' FAMILY from the scrapbook photos.* \*

*FRANCES' FATHER is wearing the Timex watch...* \*

*FRANCES' MOTHER is wearing the silver brooch...* \*

*FRANCES' BROTHER is clutching the toy red fire-engine...* \*

*FRANCES' SISTER clings to the baby doll...* \*

*They've each found their memento left by Lisa.* \*

BOOM! Thunder rumbles... \*

*Footsteps...* \*

The Pharmacist looks over, reacts... \*

*Frances appears. Lightning flashes on her face. Vengeance and wrath are coursing through her.* \*

BACK TO LISA, astonished to see her again. \*

*Frances keeps her gaze riveted upon the Pharmacist. She lifts of her hand, points her finger at him with accusation.* \*

*Her gold cross hangs around her neck...* \*

The Pharmacist steps back. For the first time, there is true fear on his face. Terror. \*

*Frances opens her mouth...* \*

SCREEEECCCCCHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! \*

*Frances' family SHRIEKS OUT as well, the same blood-curdling cry Lisa had heard down in the basement before.* \*

PHARMACIST (CONT'D) \*

NOOOO!!!!!! \*

*MORE FAMILIES appear out of the rain. All of them from 1950s. All of them murdered by the Pharmacist.* \*

*The Families attack the Pharmacist.* \*

The Pharmacist tries to escape, can't, every part of him grabbed: his arms, his legs, his head, his torso. He writhes. \*

PHARMACIST (CONT'D) \*

LET ME GO! LET ME GO! \*

The Families clutch him tight, carry him across the wet grass towards the driveway. The Pharmacist panics. \*

PHARMACIST (CONT'D) \*

NO! NO! NO! \*

The Families reach the driveway border, keep going, *step off the grass* with the Pharmacist. \*

PHARMACIST (CONT'D) \*

AHHHHHH!!!!!! \*

ON THE PHARMACIST'S FACE, as his eyes bulge out, his skin bubbles, and his face deforms. A hellish, unimaginable pain. \*

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)  
 (gasping)  
 Help me... Lisa...

Lisa stares at him...

For a split-second, she sees the Pharmacist's face as Edgar, eight years old, the eyes of a scared child.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)  
 Please... Help me...

*FWOMP! His face IMPLODES...*

And then he's gone, into oblivion.

So are Frances and all the families. They are liberated from the house at last.

Silence.

Lisa doesn't move, 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 Pharmacist exorcised from his body.

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

OLIVIA'S FATHER  
 Olivia...?

She doesn't move. He looks around, disoriented.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
 Why are we out here?

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? Please, talk to me.

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. Understand, Dad?

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 now sleeps peacefully in her bed. Lisa sits at her side, watches her with comfort.

OLIVIA'S FATHER  
(from behind)  
I'll go down and get the boys.

Lisa looks back at Olivia's Father in the hallway. He's still in a state of shock. Guilt consumes him.

OLIVIA'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Olivia. I'll call the police so they can lock me up forever.

LISA  
That isn't necessary. You're never gonna do this again. Ever.

OLIVIA'S FATHER  
(breaking down)  
I swear to God, I don't know how any of it happened! I swear!

LISA  
I know. It's okay. Really.

He looks at her, at her comforting face.

LISA (CONT'D)  
There was a monster inside you. But that monster's gone. You're all better now. Things will change.

He trembles, wanting 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 jolts up. 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.

*Laughter...* She goes to the front windows, peers outside.

IN THE FRONT YARD: Carol and Robbie are lying together in the grass, playing with Robbie's action figure toys.

BRUCE'S VOICE  
Happy birthday, sweetheart.

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

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

BRUCE  
We crossed over, Lise. We're home.  
We're finally home.

Emotion hits her...

EXT. LISA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Lisa walks her bike out of the garage, the wheels clicking.

She comes down the driveway, looks over at Carol and Robbie in the front yard grass. 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

CREDITS ROLL...

*Over the credits, a series of shots:*

A MOVING BOX, filled with Olivia's supernatural books, tarot cards, and Ouija board. The box is shut, taped and sealed...

ANOTHER MOVING BOX, filled to the brim with tools from the garage. Also taped and sealed...

A THIRD MOVING BOX, a black magic-marker writing "KITCHEN" across it in big, bold letters...

TWO UNIFORMED MOVERS, lugging a couch out of the living room, and carrying it over to the opened front door...

A U-HAUL TRUCK, the inside loaded up from front to back with all of the furniture from the house...

THUNK! The truck door is pulled down, shut, and locked...

THE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET, as the U-Haul drives away from the house. Olivia and her family follow behind in the Ford Explorer. They have moved out of the house...

FRONT OF THE HOUSE, another day, a "FOR SALE" sign posted on the front lawn...

THE EMPTY LIVING ROOM, as a REALTOR AGENT gives a tour of the house to a MARRIED COUPLE, their TWO CHILDREN in tow...

THE EMPTY BEDROOM, as the couple's TEENAGE DAUGHTER steps inside, gazes around, imagines this being her bedroom...

ON THE GIRL'S FACE, as she eyes the walls, sees the tape-markings from where Olivia's posters once hung...

THE EMPTY GARAGE, as the Father steps inside, gazes around, imagines this as his private work-space.

He steps forward... CRUNCH!

He stops, steps back, kneels to pick up...

A can of Pabst Blue Ribbon, crushed by his shoe.

NEXT TO HIM: *His face is reflected in the car window.*

ON THE FATHER, as he turns the beer can over in his hand, feels a strange but visceral connection to it...

NEXT TO HIM: *The Pharmacist is now reflected in the car window. His scary blue eyes glare at the Father.*

The Father senses something, looks over at the window...

IN THE WINDOW: *The Father's reflection has returned. The Pharmacist is gone.*

DAUGHTER'S VOICE

Dad! Mom wants you! She says she  
loves the house!

The Father drops the beer can, turns, goes off to rejoin his family...

END OF CREDITS